Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

079909

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ETHODIST CHURCH
n for Religious Relevance
079909
079909

TIME

THE NEWSMAGAZINE

BISHOP
GERALD
KENNEDY

Collection of Panjab

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ARENYO DE MAR

Any time's time to have fun... with Martini ! For Martini goes with life's best moments. Chilled, with soda or on the rocks, you'll taste with every sip the expert blending of the very best wines and aromatic plants. And whatever you do, be sure to enjoy yourself with MARTINI on the rocks

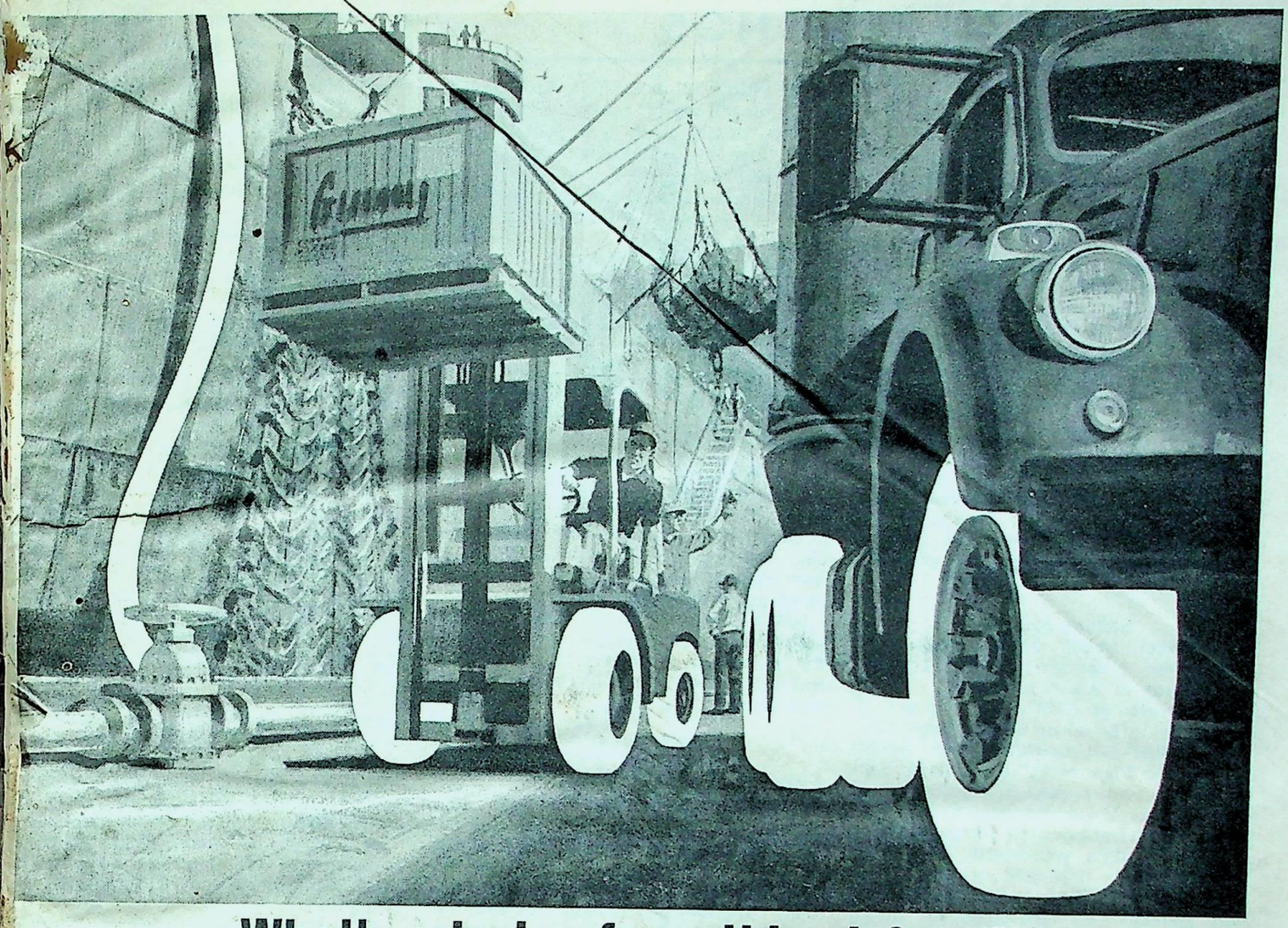
MARTINI

vermouth

In the U. S. it's **MARTINI and ROSSI,** in the rest of the world it's simply Martini, wherever you go it's the same superb vermouth.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



What's missing from this picture?

(Three of **39,000 different B. F. Goodrich products** on the job around the world!)

Take away the B.F.Goodrich products and not much would move on this dockside. But things do move—here and almost everywhere—thanks to more than 39,000 different products from BFG. Have some examples: tires for everything from airplanes to wheelbarrows—about 250 different types in all. Hose for every job, every climate, every specification. All types of conveyor belts. Quality, service and satisfaction are built into every B.F.Goodrich product.

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Don't these products belong in your picture?

DOCK LOADING HOSE is reinforced with nylon cord for extra strength, surprising lightness. Other advantages—highly resistant to surge and shock pressures, longer life, lower operating costs!

TIRES for power trucks and tractors soak up shocks and vibration in irregular floors; give fragile loads extra-gentle protection. Results? Better control, lower maintenance on equipment, less damage to loads.

32% EXTRA MILEAGE! This Extra Miler truck tire beat all other tires tested for mileage economy! Made with extra strong SUPER-SYN and a new 3-rib tread design for better traction, more even wear.

For complete information about any B.F.Goodrich product, write: International B.F.Goodrich, 500 South Main Street, Akron, Ohio, U.S.A.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 6

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* The second of two parts on De Gaulle.

Friday, May 8

BURKE'S LAW (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Gisele Mackenzie, Buster Keaton, Betty Hutton, Nina Foch, Joan Blondell and Anne Helm are all suspects in "Who Killed One-Half of Glory Lee?"

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Richard Burton will read either from Shakespeare or Churchill, also chat.

Saturday, May 9

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). M-G-M's 1954 all-star *Executive Suite* with William Holden, Nina Foch, Barbara Stanwyck, June Allyson, Fredric March, Shelley Winters, Walter Pidgeon, Dean Jagger, Paul Douglas and Louis Calhern.

Sunday, May 10

DISCOVERY (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). The first of two programs on the history of folk singing in America.

DIRECTIONS '64 (ABC, 2-2:20 p.m.). A film made in Israel on archaeology.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "The Fighting E," a tribute to both aircraft carriers named *Enterprise*, World War II's heroic conventional version and the new nuclear-powered successor.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Another sample of Disney's wonderful way with animals—this time elephants, shown both live on location at Angkor Wat and in animation drawn by the Disney Studios.

Monday, May 11

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A repeat of the documentary on movie vamps, flappers, sirens and glamour girls.

Tuesday, May 12

COMBAT (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Guest stars are Eddie Albert and Alida Valli.

THE CAMPAIGN AND THE CANDIDATES (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A preview of the May 15 Oregon primary.

THEATER

On Broadway

HAMLET. Witty, virile, supremely intelligent, Richard Burton's Hamlet is a masterful prince of language, though never quite the fallen prince of tragedy.

HIGH SPIRITS. A house was never haunted by so blithe a spirit as Tammy Grimes, and Bea Lillie is the comic conjurer who brings her back to earth to tempt her husband and torture his second wife.

FUNNY GIRL. Singing, loving, wheedling, Barbra Streisand is a shower of bright lights as she re-creates Comedienne Fanny Brice's star-crossed career.

ANY WEDNESDAY. As sunny and as teary as a fickle April day, Sandy Dennis makes the mistressing game just slightly more complicated than doll-housekeeping.

DYLAN. Alec Guinness plays Dylan Thomas on his last U.S. reading tour, his humor biting but not bitter, his heart in neither his life nor his poetry.

HELLO, DOLLY! Cast as a matchmaker, Carol Channing dangles her gay, carrot-topped self in front of a stuffy moneybags (David Burns) who is slow off the mark. Gower Champion's dancers set a brisk pace for the chase.

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS. As a fast-talking TV producer-director, Robert Preston gives a sly, light touch to a play full of caustic mass-media mockery and plotting.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford bring to an early married life, dollops of humor and bright good looks.

Off Broadway

THE BLOOD KNOT. Two half brothers—joined in kinship, disjunctively opposite in color—prey on each other's weaknesses, but stay together in a communion of spirit that is full of laughter, envy, good intent and deep fears.

AFTER THE FALL. Angry and autobiographical, Arthur Miller's play questions the limits of responsibility, and details tormenting relationships with friends, family and wives.

RECORDS

Folk Music

HEATHER AND GLEN (Tradition). Folk singers in Aberdeenshire and the Hebrides tell their tales, most often laments—for James MacPherson, dangling from the gallows when his pardon arrives; for William Chisholm, the young husband who died for Prince Charlie in 1746. There are also work songs. *Gentle Lady* is sung to the rhythmic accompaniment of milk squirting into a pail. It would be hard for any cow to resist Kate Nicholson crooning: "Ruddy-faced and smooth-cheeked, gentle lady, you are my dear one. The calves have sucked, O gentle lady." The real thing by real folk, collected and selected by Alan Lomax and two Scottish experts.

ADVENTURES FOR 12-STRING, 6-STRING AND BANJO (Elektra). Leadbelly used to be about the only fellow to play the 12-string guitar, but now even the boy next door is learning the strums. One of the dozen new records featuring the instrument is this extravaganza of plucking by Richard Rosmini, who plays everything in sight. The 12-string alone sounds like a guitar accompanying itself, but here Rosmini uses three other guitarists, plus Jazz Bassist Red Mitchell picking away stylishly at the likes of *John Hardy, Jelly Roll, St. James Drag*. No singing.

JUDY COLLINS #3 (Elektra). Joan Baez is still queen, but many of her subjects owe allegiance to Collins as well. Her voice is less pure, but it has body and conviction, and she has a good repertory of songs that are more indigenous to Greenwich Village than her native Colorado. In her third and best album, she sings Dylan and Seeger, but her stopper is a haunting new ballad about an ancient injustice done to a girl named Anathea, in bed, of all places.

EVENING BELLS AND OTHER RUSSIAN FOLK SONGS (Capitol). Dark nostalgia dished out by Metropolitan Opera tenor, Nicolai Gedda, with the help of the Cappella Russian Male Chorus and some balalaikas. Gedda was born in Sweden of a Russian father, and he sings of the snow-swept steppes, the willows and the fields of rye like one of the dispossessed.

THE VOICE OF AFRICA (RCA Victor) is Miriam Makeba, late of South Africa and also dispossessed. The music here is not only African: there is a taste of gospel, a pop tune and even opera (the *Willow Song* from *Otello*). Makeba can manage them all, but her heart is in the songs of her own people, like *Ohude* and *Uyadela*. "When all the beasts of the earth had gone to fetch their tails," she sings in Zulu, "the rock rabbit had long given up all hope, hence the absence of his tail."

CINEMA

THE ORGANIZER. Playing a sad, scraggly revolutionary who leads an unsuccessful strike of textile workers, Marcello Mastroianni sews up his status as the international cinema's most versatile leading man.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. The incredible adventures and immoderate amours of Agent 007, alias James Bond, alias Actor Sean Connery, lead to Istanbul in this uproarious parody of Ian Fleming's fiction.

THE NIGHT WATCH. Five men seek an underground escape route from a Paris prison—a commonplace theme developed with uncommon skill in this taut *French* thriller.

BECKET. A superior film spectacle based on Jean Anouilh's superior drama has a prodigally talented cast headed by Richard Burton as England's 12th century religious martyr and Peter O'Toole as Henry II.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT introduces Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth as a pair of antic New York juveniles scotching the adult delinquency of a lecherous concert pianist (Peter Sellers).

THE SERVANT. Hell-fire gleams through the tea-party façade of Dirk Bogarde, the conniving "gentleman's gentleman" who serves up Director Joseph Losey's message about class distinction in Britain with a dash of bitters.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. The knowing eye of Director Vittorio De Sica scans Italy's greatest natural wonder, Sophia Loren, whose Vesuvian warmth bubbles through this three-part comedy co-starring the ubiquitous Mastroianni.

THE SILENCE is celestial, the passion [illegible] in Ingmar Bergman's bold, beautifully acted drama of life among the damned. Pleading humanity's case are a lesbian, a nymphomaniac and a child.

DR. STRANGELOVE, OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB. Sterling Hayden, George C. Scott and Peter Sellers detonate the bitter laughs in Stanley Kubrick's comedy of terrors.

THE GUEST. In this film version of Harold Pinter's drama *The Caretaker*, Donald Pleasence stunningly re-creates his stage role as a grubby, bigoted old derelict.

BOOKS

Best Reading

SELECTED POEMS OF HERMAN MELVILLE, edited by Hennig Cohen. The finest U.S. novelists was not an outstanding poet, but there are enough good poems in this chronological sampling, such as the final lines of *Billy Budd*, to make it more than just a literary curiosity.

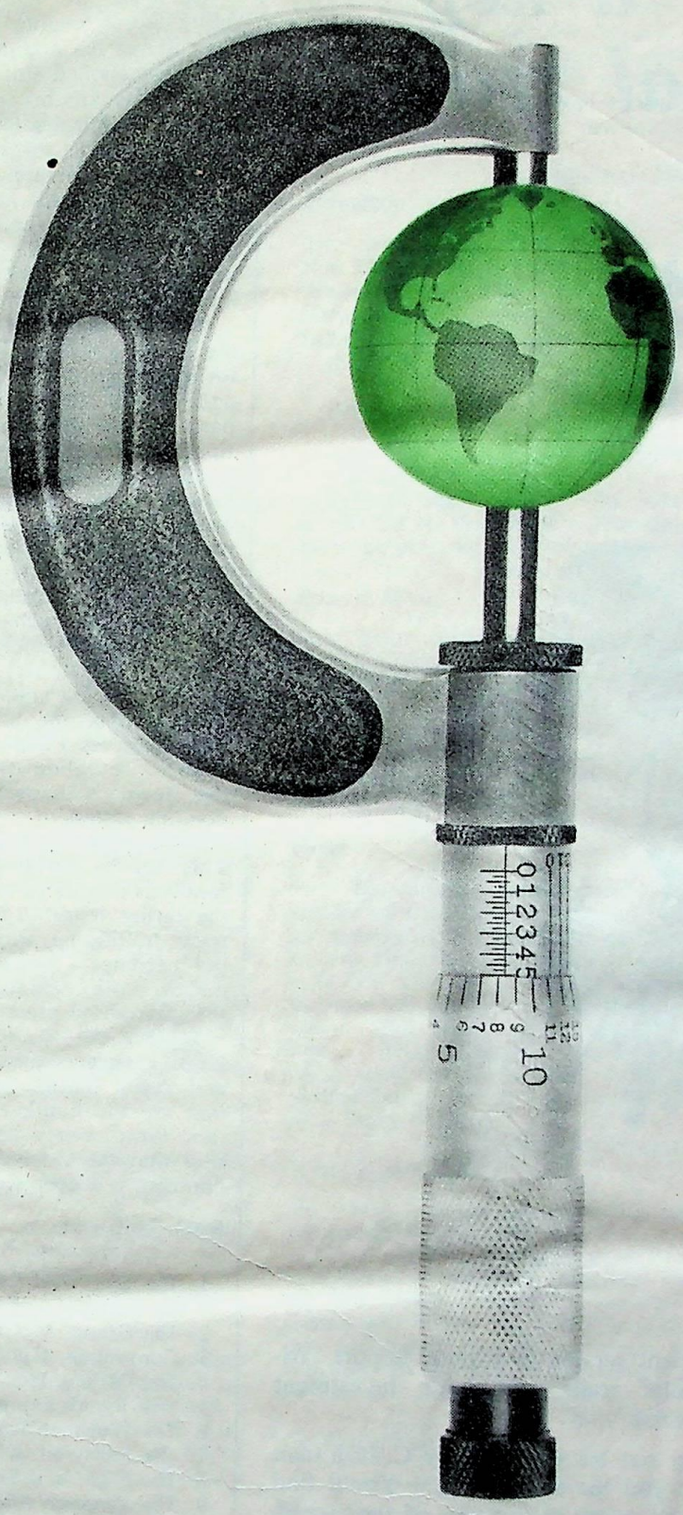
IN HIS OWN WRITE, by John Lennon. The oldest Beatle ("He's the arty one") explains his startling collection of pure Joycean jabberwocky: "As far as I'm

* All times E.D.T.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection. Haridwar

TIME
Address changes and subscription inquiries to TIME, [illegible], D.F. Mexico. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc. at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at
Volume LXXX
Number

Digitized By Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Be precise!

You can't afford mistakes when you're specifying a grade of fuel for a customer, or a lubricant for his heavy machinery. You've got to be precise. That's why so many managers of the world's industries look to Esso. They know that Esso has a wealth of international experience in petroleum production and research. They know that Esso maintains a world-wide network of modern service facilities, staffed by highly trained technical personnel. And they know that Esso takes pride in its exacting standards. Perhaps these are major reasons why Esso is the **World's First Choice.** Refer your petroleum product needs to our local organization.

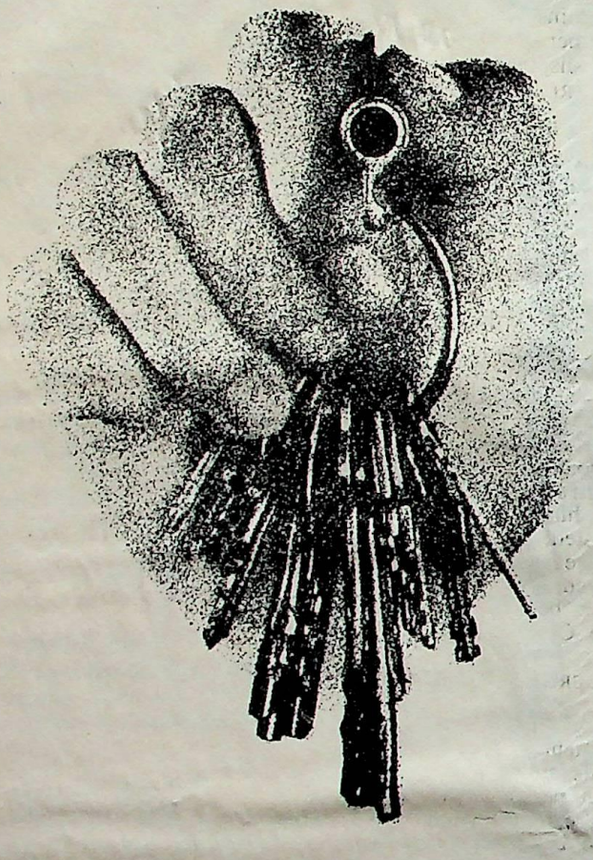
Esso

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Looking for a key to international trade?

YOUR MAN FROM C. ITOH HAS A KEY FOR EVERY DOOR



C. Itoh, one of Japan's oldest and most experienced trading companies, is a master locksmith when it comes to opening the doors of international trade.

With a staff of almost 6,000 experts and over 70 branches and affiliates throughout the world, C. Itoh offers you fast efficient service in export, import, triangular trade and joint investment ventures.

Why not let your nearby C. Itoh man give you his expert help? You'll find one in every major city of the world.

C. ITOH & CO., LTD.
(ITOCHU SHOJI KAISHA, LTD.)

International Traders/General Importers and Exporters/Business Consultants

HEAD OFFICE: C.P.O. Box 117, Osaka, Japan Cable: "CITOH OSAKA"
TOKYO OFFICE: C.P.O. Box 136, Tokyo, Japan Cable: "CITOH TOKYO"
OVERSEAS OFFICES: Hong Kong, Bangkok, Saigon, Phnom Penh, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Djakarta, Sydney, New Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Colombo, Teheran, Karachi, Dacca, Lahore, New York, Los Angeles, Mexico City, São Paulo, Buenos Aires, London, Paris, Hamburg, Beyrouth, Johannesburg and other major cities of the world. (Liaison) Manila and Rangoon.

ceived this correction of short writty is most wonderfoul larf I've ever ready." readers shrdlu too.

THE SPIRE, by William Golding. O riding church, chapter and parish, a s dean drives his architect to build a prayer-envisioned stone spire on the s foundations of his cathedral, and realizes on his deathbed that his spir inspiration was probably only wor ambition. A metaphysical summation his four previous novels (*Lord of Flies, Free Fall*, etc.), William Goldi medieval fable is a provocative and o brilliant statement of the helpless and iquitous nature of man.

DREAMTIGERS, by Jorge Luis Borges. G ing blind, Argentina's greatest writer turned inward to the mirrors of his m and in this slight volume of poems parables has dreamed himself into tiplicity of recollections and roles.

STRANGERS ON A BRIDGE, by Jame Donovan. As onetime defense counsel Soviet Spy Rudolf Abel, Lawyer Dono reviews the trials and recounts his in the subsequent spy-thriller negotiati that led to a dramatic moment of cold war—the exchange of Colonel A for U-2 Pilot Francis Powers.

FLOOD, by Robert Penn Warren. Wi his considerable talent for narrative sense of place, the author of *All the K Men* observes Fiddlersburg, Tenn., i strange, revealing twilight that pre the town's disappearance beneath th flooding waters of a federal dam project.

THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL, by John Cheev This second novel about the Wapsh family is related to but very different fr the earlier *Wapshot Chronicle:* the *Chro icle's* traditional way of life is not lo but becomes a vision in the *Scandal* th makes more bearable the absurdities the improvised present.

KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE, by Shirley A Grau. Miscegenation, political vengea and racial hatred unto the third gene tion are the Faulknerian themes, but A thor Grau writes with such quiet dire ness that the violence serves to define contrast, a deeper sense of order and

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came in from the C Le Carré (1 last week)
2. The Group, McCarthy (2)
3. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (3
4. The Deputy, Hochhuth (6)
5. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer (8
6. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever (4)
7. The Martyred, Kim (7)
8. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (9)
9. The Venetian Affair, MacInnes (5)
10. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West

NONFICTION

1. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (1)
2. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, Bishop (2)
3. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (3)
4. The Naked Society, Packard (5)
5. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (4)
6. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (7)
7. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris (6)
8. The Great Treasury Raid, Stern
9. When the Cheering Stopped, Smith (8)
10. That Special Grace, Bradlee

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

Yips & Yelps

Sir: President Johnson succeeded in providing the Republicans with two of the greatest campaign issues of our time: driving too fast and pulling dog's ears.

He needs only four more crises and he too will be able to write a book.

ORVILLE O. COLIANNI

Chicago

Sir: The support of full body weight by the ears is not recommended for the care and handling of dogs, children, or any mammal, even if you want to "let them bark." I am shocked and dismayed.

GILBERT O. SEWALL, D.D.S.
Secretary
German Wirehaired Pointer Club
of California
Los Angeles

Sir: I've been a straight-ticket Democrat for 50 years but if Lyndon Johnson picks them beagles up by the ears one more time, he's a dead duck in my book.

J. S. WHITE

West Palm Beach, Fla.

Sir: Why all the fuss about L.B.J. yanking the ears of his pet beagles? He's been doing the same thing to those poor dogs up on Capitol Hill ever since he took office.

T. ANTHONY QUINN

Washington, D.C.

Plaudits & Prunes

Sir: Such an admirable and unbiased account of our whirlwind President and a really delightful cover picture of him [May 1]!

Sometimes I wonder just how lucky we American people can be to have such a splendid man as Mr. Johnson holding the reins of government in steady hands at this awesome time. I'm of the rank-and-file but feel we should all be united in one thing—prayer for his continued health.

(MRS.) CAROLINE C. JOHNSON

San Jose, Calif.

Sir: What puzzles me is the fact that Johnson is making a joke of being President. His driving escapade in Texas, his reception of tourists at the White House, and his crude conversations are not characteristic of a good President.

RICHARD RADFORD

Perry Point, Md.

Sir: Whenever we turn on TV, President Johnson is on the screen. He drones on with Pollyanna prunes and prisms and a string of soppy platitudes. He is the talkingest President we've ever had. It would be better for the country if he did less talking and more thinking.

MARGARET A. MANN

Charlottesville, Va.

Sir: The disrespect shown the President of the U.S. at the World's Fair was shocking. Anyone who is so self-centered as to show this disrespect to the President deserves no rights.

MRS. NEAL COMPTON

St. Louis

Sir: At last the Southerner feels a ray of hope, since President Johnson conceded that demonstrators should be arrested. It is noteworthy that he made this assertion only after he was inconvenienced by their unruliness.

CARL M. FOSTER

Columbia, S.C.

The Big Split

Sir: Your comprehensive report on the Communist split and the history of Leninism [April 24] was greatly appreciated. I am a student who is at present studying the Communist "isms and schisms," and I found your article an invaluable aid in my research.

BONNIE-JEAN HEASLIP

Hampton, N.H.

Sir: When you explained the procedure that the Russians go through to preserve the body of Lenin, I was reminded of those wonderful lines from Robert Service in his *The Ballad of Lenin's Tomb:*

And there was Lenin, stiff and still, a symbol and a sign,
And rancid races come to thrill and wonder at his Shrine;
And hold the thought: if Lenin rot the Soviets will decay.

Perhaps this explains why Khrushchev & Co. go to the expense that they do to keep the old goat on display.

CHARLES A. PETERSEN

Powell, Wyo.

Sir: Your cover on the occasion of Lenin's anniversary is an unpardonable sacrilege. Your utilization of such a flagrant artistic mediocrity to defame the memory of the George Washington of millions of people throughout the world is a sad comment on your own lack of fairness, objectivity and cultural comprehension.

GASTON BROSSOLET

Paris

Sir: Ben Shahn's cover picture of Lenin speaks of Communism with an eloquence as powerful as Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*. Here is Lenin's face, not the likeness that God gave him at birth, but the likeness of the twisted, humorless, mad, rationalized world he built for his followers. That cramped, despotic teaching hand with the three bent fingers is the perfect portrait of a Communist textbook or a Party meeting.

GERHART NIEMEYER

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sir: May I compliment you on your report on the Communist split.

There are no such persons as Communists because nowhere, not even in Russia, has Communism been achieved. Nor indeed will it ever be. For Russian socialism will never pass beyond state capitalism, and all the talk of the disappearance of the state is pure mythology.

M. F. CLEWS

Coventry, England

Sir: I was born in Russia very shortly after Lenin's brother was hanged as a *Narodovolets*, and in high school I was wooed unsuccessfully by both Mensheviks and Bolsheviks.

"*Narodnaia Volia*" was still recent history, and the agitators used this slogan in the meaning of "People's Freedom" as well as "People's Will."

Obviously they didn't mean it either way; it was always "The Party's Will," but it was better for brainwashing.

S. GINZBURG

Berkeley, Calif.

Word from the Palace

Sir: In the article you devote to my person [April 3], one sentence strikes me as being particularly to the point: "Then why not leave Sihanouk to his theatrics and ignore him?"

Since it is clear you consider me "unbalanced," "eccentric" and a "playboy," and believe my country to be a repair of cobras, vipers and cockroaches—to say nothing of the Viet Cong—where those who do not contract dysentery are liable to die from the heat, I am at a loss to understand why you should give such generous coverage to a topic which hardly seems to merit this treatment.

I gave up expecting anything from the Americans long ago, having had previous occasions to note the tenacious hatred with which they regard me, due to my refusal to be one of their Asian "puppets."

You imply that I am mad. I consider myself justified in returning the compliment. For the policy you are pursuing in Asia may be truly said to be an insane one, and is disquieting even your most trusted allies. Wherever you go, you spread war, revolution and misery.

What do you reproach me with exactly? Not to have abased myself before the dollar? To have succeeded, where so many others in this troubled region have failed? With providing my enslaved Asian brethren with a "bad example" by my pride, patriotism and independence? With placing the interests of Washington after those of my country?

I am, Sir, Yours

NORODOM SIHANOUK
Chief of State

Pnompenh, Cambodia

Wallace in Indiana

Sir: Before Governor Wallace's visit to Indiana University [April 24], reports came that one of his favorite devices was to stand before the audience, wave a copy of the civil rights bill and shout, "Do you see this bill? Have you read it? Do you know what it says?" With hardly any listeners having read the bill, he could then

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
Sullivan 31
Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city state or province country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

QUEEN OF YOUR TIME, WITH MOVADO!

You will reign over the fleeting hours . . .

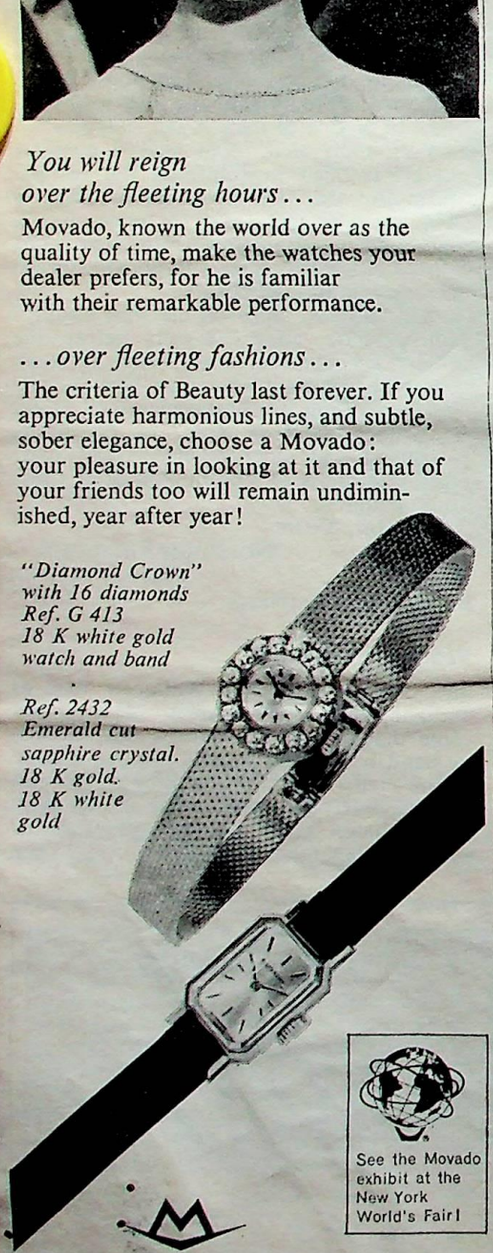
Movado, known the world over as the quality of time, make the watches your dealer prefers, for he is familiar with their remarkable performance.

. . . over fleeting fashions . . .

The criteria of Beauty last forever. If you appreciate harmonious lines, and subtle, sober elegance, choose a Movado: your pleasure in looking at it and that of your friends too will remain undiminished, year after year!

"Diamond Crown" with 16 diamonds Ref. G 413 18 K white gold watch and band

Ref. 2432 Emerald cut sapphire crystal. 18 K gold. 18 K white gold



See the Movado exhibit at the New York World's Fair!

MOVADO

Sold and serviced all over the world.

exclaim, "Well, I'll tell you what it says!" and proceed to distort the truth.

But when he came to Indiana University, held up the bill and shouted, "Have you read it?", several hundred informed students replied with a resounding "Yes!", as they held up their own copies. It was one of the few cases in which he lost his composure.

CHARLES A. WALLS III

Bloomington, Ind.

Sir: Thank you for printing Hoosier Governor Welsh's denunciation of Alabama's Wallace. It appears that Wallace's "armor-plated skin" has met its match in another Governor's valor.

It is not the first time Matt Welsh has stood up for principles that are perhaps politically unpopular.

ROBERT R. BROWN

Seymour, Ind.

Sir: You quoted Wallace as saying, "I think the Negro race ought to stay pure and the white race stay pure."

As a Negro, I find it necessary to say that it is unlikely that there are any pure Negroes in the entire U.S.—that is why the Negro race here has such a variety of skin tones.

PHYLLIS L. COX

Richmond, Ky.

Remarried Widower

Sir: In your story on Chuck Percy, the G.O.P. candidate for Governor of Illinois [April 24], you identified three of the members of his family as "children of a previous Percy marriage."

By failing to add that Chuck Percy's first wife died long before he even knew his present spouse, you left the highly erroneous impression that he may have been divorced.

HENRY J. COUCH

Chicago

None but the Brave Deserves the Fair

Sir: Undoubtedly Robert Moses, more than any other man, is responsible for the New York World's Fair [May 1]. It is his genius that has molded the predominant theme of the fair—mediocrity.

Moses has botched a unique opportunity for positive good creatively accomplished. The 1964 World's Carnival and its drab, sterile skyline will be timeless reminders of Robert Moses' total ignorance of things artistic. May he retire and give humanity another chance!

WILLIAM FUNK

Harvard College
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: Thank you for the priceless portrait of the *Pietà* at the World's Fair. This marvelous work, and all other great works of art, belong to mankind. Now thousands of Americans who otherwise could not have known this deep experience can view it. It is fitting that it should be on display for all who pass by at the fair.

ELEANOR SANDS

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Sir: How can the Protestant Council possibly justify spending $3,000,000 on a pavilion in the face of incredible world need? With people overseas starving and dying of diseases that we can help cure! I pray that God will not let us bury ourselves in such crass materialism before it is too late to hear his call!

(THE REV.) RICHARD G. VINEY
Pastor

First Methodist Church
Casey, Iowa

Sir: TIME was erroneously informed that some of the proceeds from "It's a Small World—A Salute to UNICEF" ride at the World's Fair go to the United Nations Children's Fund.

UNICEF benefits from Pepsi-Cola generosity in the form of free land, an exhibit, and a sales counter staffed by volunteers. These are an outright donation—but not the proceeds of Walt Disney's delightful ride.

C. LLOYD BAILEY
Executive Director
U.S. Committee for UNICEF
New York City

Sur la Pointe

Sir: I agree with Mr. Balanchine [May 1] that dancing to music with no theme or story can be entertaining, but it should never comprise the entire repertoire of a ballet company. The tremendous emotional and popular appeal of the great story ballets are the very lifeblood of the art.

(MRS.) LEE CASTER

San Francisco

Sir: Your statement that George Balanchine has "undisputed stature as the world's leading choreographer" sure needs qualifying. He may be the world's leading ballet choreographer, but there are those of us who believe that in musical sensitivity, theatrical sense, urgency of communication, and pure choreographic inventiveness, Martha Graham leaves him far behind.

JAY KLEES

Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

High Endorsement

Sir: In your account of the leading law reviews of the country [April 24], you failed to mention the *Virginia Law Review*.

The *Virginia Law Review* is one of our outstanding reviews. It has, indeed, the largest circulation of any, with the exception of Harvard and Columbia.

It has no superior when it comes to quality.

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS
Associate Justice
Supreme Court of the U.S.
Washington, D.C.

Drug Plug

Sir: Reporting on Dr. Nathan S. Kline's view of the humane, economic and social benefits of tranquilizing drugs [April 24], TIME reached millions of people with a most significant message.

The prescription-drug industry has tried to obtain public understanding of value received when prescription drugs are purchased. We feel that a story like yours definitely contributes to more objective discussion of the role of this industry.

AUSTIN SMITH, M.D.
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Assoc.
Washington, D.C.

From the Butter of Their Harps

Sir: We were so hobby to see your rebue on Beatle John Lennon's wr [May 1]. We all considerate quite a gr larf, you know, and think John w cleaver.

Bu'really you should not hab ought said that Beatle fiends could not ima stamp this bit of writty, becorpse we frum the butter of our harps. We not began to talk like good owld Re and Anne yet, buck we do lick to m writty as that.

MARGARET CHESKA
Chicago

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ..... ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT ..... JAMES A. LINEN

EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ..... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ..... ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
A. T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George G. Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Anatole Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, Gilbert Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Marshall Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert McLaughlin, John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, Jon Borgzinner, Clell Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Dudley Doust, Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, Barry Farrell, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Grossman, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ronald P. Kriss, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Mitchel R. Levitas, George Love, Everett Martin, Richard Murphy, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, Jerrold L. Schecter, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Essie Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Berta Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.
Virginia Adams, Roy Roscoe Ails, Nancy Atkinson, Priscilla B. Badger, Reva Berger, Jean Bergerud, Karen B. Booth, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, Nicolette Caliendo, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian Coxhead, S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Shanks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Lea Guyer, Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Anne S. Hopkins, Andria E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Krieger, Judith Liersch, Mary McArdle, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Merrin, Shirley Monck, Deborah Hanson Murphy, Nancy Newman, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Pampel, Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Pikul, Ruth Reed, Eleanor Robbins, Wendy Kupsick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Statler, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Lynn Thomas, Fortunata Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanaman, Susanne S. Washburn, Helgard Wienert, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Smith, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Jess Cook Jr., Simmons Fentress, Jean A. Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, Christopher Porterfield, William Rademaekers, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin H. Zim. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Clark, Miriam Rumwell, Arlie W. Schardt, John L. Wilhelm. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Robert W. Glasgow, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Kaiser, Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. McWhirter. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Christopher T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA: Harry Johnston, Dudley E. Morris. BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Ray Kennedy, Robert A. Ellis. HOUSTON: Mark Sullivan. DENVER: Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Leon Jaroff, Benjamin W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: Roger Stone, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.
LONDON: Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Charles Champlin, Donald S. Connery. PARIS: Curtis Prendergast, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Main, Friedel Ungeheuer, James Wilde. COMMON MARKET: Jason McManus. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, Peter Forbath. ROME: Robert E. Jackson. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. BEIRUT: George de Carvalho. MOSCOW: Israel Shenker. HONG KONG: Frank McCulloch, Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. NAIROBI: William E. Smith. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. TOKYO: Lee Griggs, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. OTTAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Martin Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed Ogle. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan, Roger M. Williams. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO DE JANEIRO: John Blashill, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Gavin Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Berningham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ..... LAWRENCE E. LAYBOURNE, JOHN J. FREY
GENERAL MANAGER ..... JAMES A. THOMASON

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR ..... EDGAR R. BAKER
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR ..... DAVID W. BALLARD
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN ..... YASUO KITAOKA
TIME ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... WILLIAM S. HOUMEUS

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THE news is often given a sharper edge by the things people are saying—lines that tell a lot in daily conversation but may get lost in routine day-to-day reporting. A few examples from this week's TIME:

"Parting the waters"—newsmen's description of President Johnson's favorite oratorical exercise, a spreading breast-stroke-like gesture.

"The Westmoreland Stretch"—the term that military men have applied to the ability of Army Lieut. General William Westmoreland, the new U.S. military-assistance commander in South Viet Nam, to get more than a day's work out of his men every day.

"The Mail-Order Bride"—what some Oregonians are calling Henry Cabot Lodge, following a tart cue from the Portland Journal.

"This downward career from home to House"—Nancy Astor's description of her course when she became the first woman to sit in Britain's House of Commons.

Fräuleinwunder—a truly delightful transformation in West Germany.

"Sanctified common sense"—the phrase with which Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy, this week's cover subject, sums up his church's pragmatic but perfection-aimed faith.

In other cases it is the almost passing comment that bears pondering in terms of what may happen in the future. Also in this week's issue:

"Now things are going to be settled one way or the other in Viet Nam"—the surprising statement of onetime Army Deputy Chief of Staff James Gavin.

"We don't need publicity. We will show them by doing"—Paraguayan Dictator Alfredo Stroessner's response to the suggestion that his image needs improving.

"The frequency and intensity of the local battles warn us clearly to get at the root of the trouble before we have a full-scale war"—not a warning from a military man but from the president of the National School Boards Association about the conflict between school officials over roles and responsibilities.

"I can't ever tell what he is going to do. He can't either"—the disarming comment of Luci Baines Johnson about her daddy.

READERS are writing to TIME in pleasingly growing numbers—the letters we received in the first three months of this year topped the same period of last year by 48%. Most of the readers write to us about stories we have printed—at times to make caustic comment and at other times to praise and approve. When a public question arouses a large number of readers, however, they sit down to write to us immediately, even though our issue carrying the story they want to comment on has not yet gone to press.

This was the case last week as letters began to pour into TIME almost as soon as they reached the White House after President Johnson lifted his beagles by the ears and, as one reader put it, "landed in the dog house." And so while The Nation reports on the dog howl, the Letters section gives some readers their own say on the subject. Like most people, we like to get mail; we also like to be thought of as people who should hear what you think. Thanks for writing.

INDEX

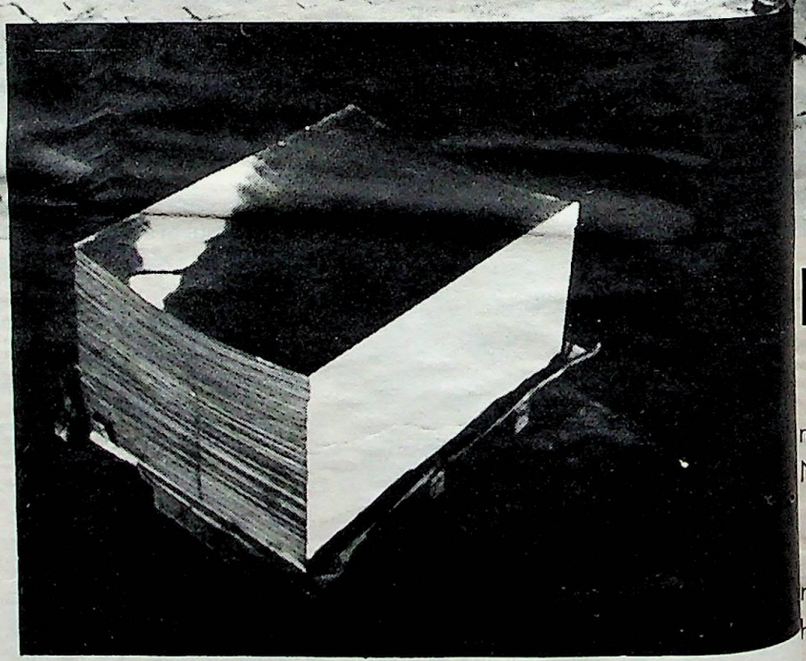
Cover Story ... 46

Art 38	Medicine 53	Science 34
Books 66	Milestones 50	Sport 41
Cinema 64	Modern Living ... 32	Time Listings 2
Education 44	Music 63	The U.S. 11
The Hemisphere 26	People 31	U.S. Business ... 57
The Law 51	Press 36	The World 17
Letters 5	Religion 46	World Business .. 61

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Designed and executed by world-famous Wean Engineering, ELISCO's electrolytic line, above, taken at the entry end has a full rated capacity of 40,000 tons annually, with tin coatings varying from one-fourth pound per base box to one and a half pounds per base box. Variable tin coatings as well as special tin coating weights can be manufactured per your specifications.



ELISCO electrolytic tinplates vary in thickness ranging from .214 mm. to .357 mm. with minimum width of 24" and a maximum of 36"; minimum length of 18" and a maximum of 43".

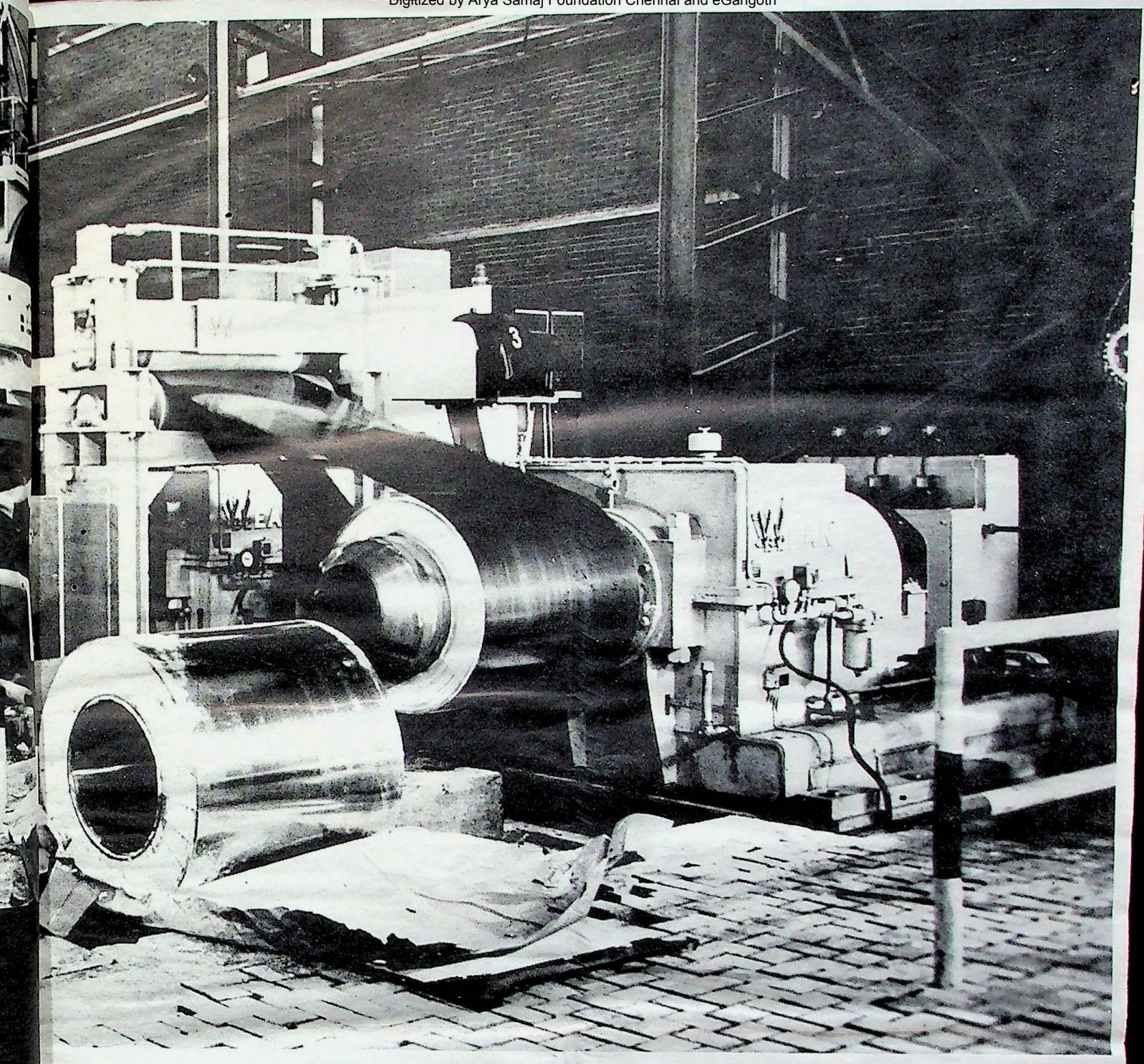
ELISCO

ELIZALDE IRON & STEEL CORPORATIO

PHILIPPINES' FIRST TINPLATE MANUFACTURER

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Keeping Work on Schedule

When WEAN ENGINEERING of Warren, Ohio, supplier of 80% of the world's electrolytic equipment, was consulting with us to conceive and execute our electrolytic line, we were WORKING PARTNERS in establishing the first tinning plant in the Philippines.

If you market products which need tin containers, your tinplate supplier is a working partner.

We of Elizalde Iron & Steel Corporation, the Philippines' first tinplate manufacturer, have assumed this role and as such, we coordinate with our clients in tin packaging designs and construction, in material handling systems, in inventory outlays that provide flexibility to expand production, in cost-saving estimates and in other packaging problems that can make the difference between KEEPING WORK ON SCHEDULE and within the budget or not. We are equipped to supply the total tinplate demand of the Philippines at the lowest price possible.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PICTURE OF A RIVER CHANGING ITS COURSE

for the biggest blast on the 200 ft. canal – some 5,000 plastic tubes d with 56 tons of dynamite stretch h water-logged overburden into drock.

This is no ordinary blast. It was the début of a new method that cut a 4-mile seaway overland to double the shipping tonnage of Sweden's port of Norrköping. Four miles of problems to short-circuit the long, winding estuary to the Baltic that no large modern vessels could clear.

Some thirty feet of clay covered the rock bed to be blasted. Too costly for conventional excavation. A new method was evolved—Overburden Drilling. The bedrock was drilled and charged *without removing the overlying clay.* Rock and overburden were blasted as one and removed by dredging.

Sounds simple. It wasn't. It took advanced compressed air technology, new Atlas Copco air-powered equipment, plus special Coromant Extension steels. Most of all it took experience. Experience in putting air to work. The same method has been used for deepening Genoa's new harbour, for prospecting in Africa, and for strengthening dam foundations in Canada.

This is the kind of experience Atl Copco brings you from co struction sites, mines and i dustry the world over, and wh is reflected in the smallest tool and the largest compress

Atlas Copc

puts **compressed ai** to work for the wor

P HEADQUARTERS · ATLAS COPCO AB · STOCKHOLM 1 · SWEDEN · SALES & SERVICE IN OVER 100 COUNTRIES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
May 8, 1964 Vol. 83, No. 19

THE U.S.

REPUBLICANS

The Man to Beat

Suddenly, like a brush fire racing out of control, the word crackled among informed Republicans: Goldwater's almost got it.

It seemed hardly possible. Here was Arizona's Barry Goldwater, who only a few weeks ago appeared to be flat on his back in his quest for the G.O.P. presidential nomination. He had been counted out because of the supposed political effects of John Kennedy's assassination and Lyndon Johnson's accession to the White House. He had been counted out as he campaigned about the country seeming to hate every minute of it and, entirely too often, shooting from the lip. He had been counted out as the polls showed his popularity dipping drastically. And he had been counted out after his loss in the New Hampshire primary.

Yet as of last week, Goldwater was clearly the man to beat in San Francisco come July.

This was what top Republicans finally realized, having taken out their pencils and started totting up the only thing that really counts at a convention. It took them quite a while to get around to the tallying process, but there were several reasons for the delay:

AP

GOLDWATER & PHOENIX AUTOGRAPH SEEKERS
Pointing toward the first ballot.

▶ There was the national preoccupation with primaries, which usually make more headlines than delegates. All Goldwater actually lost in New Hampshire was 14 delegates, a mere handful. When he won in Illinois, there were ohs and ahs about the size of the vote for Maine's Senator Margaret Chase Smith, about the write-ins for Henry Cabot Lodge and Richard Nixon. Yet it was Goldwater who gathered up at least 47 delegates. Last week in Massachusetts, Native Son Lodge amassed a 69,000-vote write-in, against only 9,000 for Runner-Up Goldwater. In Pennsylvania, Governor William Scranton piled up some 225,000 write-ins to break the record of 183,000 set by Jack Kennedy in 1960. Lodge got an impressive 80,000 in Scranton's home territory, Nixon received 37,000 and Goldwater was a poor fourth with 33,000. All but unnoticed was the fact that Goldwater snatched a few delegates from beneath the noses of the native sons—two or three in Pennsylvania, four or five in Massachusetts.

▶ There was the obsession with polls. For months, surveys have shown Goldwater's stock down with "rank and file" Republicans and with that elusive voter classified as "independent." This week the Gallup poll reported Lodge favored by 37% of Republicans, Nixon by 28%, Goldwater by 14%, Rockefeller by 9% and Scranton by 4%. Such figures have fooled a lot of people into thinking that Goldwater was through. But no pollster has ever nominated a presidential candidate, and Goldwater has been and remains the favorite of G.O.P. professionals—the people who go to conventions.

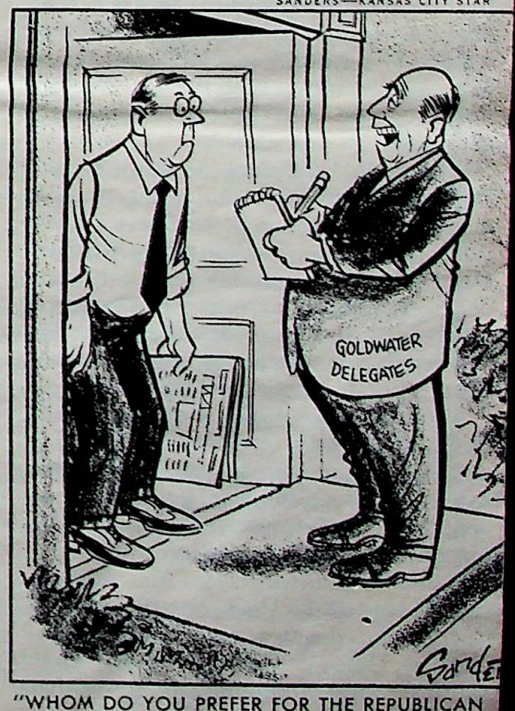
▶ There was the generally muddled Republican situation. With the party's highest prize up for grabs, the G.O.P. presidential contest should have been a rousing, issue-sharpening affair. Instead, it has turned out to be a thumping bore. Then President Johnson's rising popularity seemed to make the whole show academic. Ironically, Goldwater gained strength from his party's defeatist attitude. Since no Republican had a chance against Johnson anyhow, the argument went, why not let the party's conservative wing have the nomination it has been demanding for so long?

Thus, slowly but steadily, Goldwater kept collecting delegates while the unavoweds and the disavoweds collected press clippings. The success of his efforts was dramatically disclosed in a secret survey just completed by a group of the G.O.P.'s most experienced professionals. The canvass, based on conversations with state and county Republican leaders over a national telephone network, was deliberately cautious: wherever a delegate's loyalty was in doubt, his vote was not counted in Goldwater's column. The poll's projections, state by state:

Alabama, all 20 delegates for Goldwater; Arizona, all 16; Arkansas, 11 of 12; Florida, 32 of 34; Georgia, all 24; Idaho, 12 of 14; Illinois, 47 of 58; Indiana, all 32; Iowa, 10 of 24; Kansas, 15 of 20; Louisiana, all 20; Maryland, 15 of 20; Minnesota, 11 of 26; Mississippi, all 13; Missouri, 20 of 24; Montana, all 14; Nebraska, all 16; Nevada, all 6; New Mexico, 10 of 14; North Carolina, 20 of 26; North Dakota, 6 of 14; Oklahoma, all 22; South Carolina, all 16; South Dakota, all 14; Tennessee, 20 of 28; Texas, all 56; Utah, all 14; Virginia, 26 of 30; Wyoming, all 12.

Feeling Chipper. These alone would give Goldwater 550 first-ballot votes of the 655 he needs for nomination. But

SANDERS—KANSAS CITY STAR



"WHOM DO YOU PREFER FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION . . . NOT THAT IT MAKES A GREAT DEAL OF DIFFERENCE."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ROCKEFELLER & OREGON'S CAVEMEN
The woodpecker vote isn't much either.

Goldwater also has impressive reserve strength in some of the states presently planning to support favorite sons on the first ballot. Among these are Ohio with 58 delegates, Michigan with 48, Wisconsin with 30, Kentucky with 24, Colorado with 18 and Maine with 14. Colorado, for example, has Senator Gordon Allott as its favorite son. But there is strong Goldwater sentiment in Colorado and Allott can probably swing most of the delegation to Barry whenever he wishes.

These facts and figures have left the Goldwater forces feeling understandably chipper. Realizing that Barry could still blurt out some remark that would hurt his cause, they plan from now on to keep him pretty much off the stump, concentrate instead on a series of filmed, edited, nationwide television appearances. And already they are talking about a possible running mate for Goldwater. The most logical choice: Scranton, whose state, with its 29 electoral votes, would be vital to a successful campaign.

But such confident Goldwater talk fails to take into account what could be a real stumbling block to Barry's ambitions: the June 2 California primary. Goldwater has already virtually conceded the May 15 Oregon primary, and a loss there figures to do little more than further flaw his image as a popular vote getter. But California is different.

Time to Combine. For one thing, Goldwater badly wants the state's 86 delegate votes, which might put him over the top at the San Francisco convention. For another, Goldwater has placed his political prestige squarely on the line in California, to the point of saying that if he does not win in California, he doesn't deserve the nomination. Thus, a California loss might cause second thoughts in the minds of some delegates who presently favor Goldwater.

California's is a winner-take-all primary between Goldwater and Rockefeller, with no other candidates entered and no write-in votes counted. With the stakes involved, it would seem good political sense for all anti-Goldwater forces to combine behind Rocky in an effort to head Barry off. But so far only the Lodge camp has made a tentative offer of cooperation, and little has come even of that.

It goes without saying that a lot can happen in the two months before the Republican convention. But as far as a stop-Goldwater movement is concerned, the best place for something to happen would certainly be in California. If it doesn't, then the Republican presidential race may be all over except for the convention shouting of "The Man Who. . . ."

Oregon Roundup

Here it was, just two weeks before the Oregon presidential primary, and the only Republican candidate still in there personally swinging was Nelson Rockefeller.

Rocky delivered a speech in Portland and drew an enthusiastic crowd of 2,000. When he got to Grants Pass (pop. 10,000), a bunch of characters wearing animal skins descended and made him a member of the Oregon Cavemen, a local society that quadrennially pops up to embarrass presidential candidates by making them look like idiots in photographs. In Albany (pop. 13,000), several colorfully clad "Princesses" belonging to the Timber Carnival and some red-suited gents ceremoniously made Rocky an honorary Woodpecker.

Alas, neither woodpeckers nor cavemen swing much weight, votewise, in Oregon. And the latest Portland Oregonian poll, even while showing Rocky up by three points, still gave him only 21%. Barry Goldwater looked worse than before (from 14% to 12%), and had all but kissed Oregon off. Even so, Field Director Steve Shadegg brought Goldwater Sons Barry Jr. and Mike to let for a campaign swing, and insisted the garden "right now, Goldwater has 25% of the ganized vote in Oregon, and maybe more. Winvestm need about 20,000 votes more to win nor the I wouldn't be surprised if we'd pick the inc them up. Anybody who writes off Goldwater is nuts." As for Dick Nixon, But Oregon friends professed an uncongry tel mon amount of cheer over a telegram In New that was, if nothing else, cautiously can So worded. "I shall look forward to working with you in the final campaign," Nixon wired, "in whatever role our colears, y vention decides I can best serve the chairm cause."

That left the fellow whom the Portland Journal sniffed at and called "the Mail-Order Bride." According to the Oregonian's poll, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge still led the field with 40% of the vote. Lodge's Oregon campaign chief, David Goldberg, sent out a broadside promotion mailer to 353,000 Republicans, and within a week got back 22,000 pledge cards. "That's already better percentage than we had in New Hampshire," he said happily. Thus, bring a last-minute surge on someone's part, it still looked as if Oregon were about to hand its primary to Lodge.

THE PRESIDENCY

Another One of Those Weeks

What with wooing and wowing businessmen, preaching to preachers, ringing in Oscar Wilde as a press critic stamping on poverty, playing proud papa to a queen, and pulling his dogs' ears, Lyndon Johnson had another wingding week.

The only sore spot came in the Rose Garden. The President gave the White House beagles, Him and Her, some candy-coated vitamin pills, then lifted the dogs up onto their haunches to pulling their ears and noted their yapping with apparent pleasure. "It's good for them," he said. "It does them good

THE PRESIDENT & THE BEAGLES
Their ears were the only sore spot.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

to let them bark." Assembled in the garden was a 13-man task force organized to promote increased foreign investment in the U.S. Neither they nor the President thought much about the incident.

But dog lovers howled in disagreement, flooded the White House with angry telegrams, letters and phone calls. In New York, an official of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals said knowledgeably, "If somebody picked you up by the ears, you'd yelp too." In London, the chairman of the League Against Cruel Sports snapped, "This is a most extraordinary way to treat a dog." In Charleston, W. Va., a dog catcher said to a reporter, "The President did that? You're kidding. If he were in Charleston, I'd run him in." But beagle experts came to Johnson's rescue, said that it was indeed common practice in hunt country to tug the dogs' ears to be sure they are in good voice.

Wish for the Whatnots. The President was at his crowd-pleasing best when he spoke to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in Washington's Constitution Hall. He loosed a flock of his favorite yarns (*see box*), and got a warm reception even while needling the businessmen: "All of you feel sorry for yourselves now—all of you have a martyr complex, and all of you think you are mistreated." Ticking off his Administration's economic accomplishments, he cried: "I came here this morning because I want you to be a part of this Administration, of this Government, whether you are Democrats, Republicans or whatnots."

Once warmed up, the President put on a display of oratorical gestures that would have made William Jennings Bryan look like a cigar-store Indian. His arms worked like pistons; he pointed up, down and into the audience; he

LYNDON'S FABLES

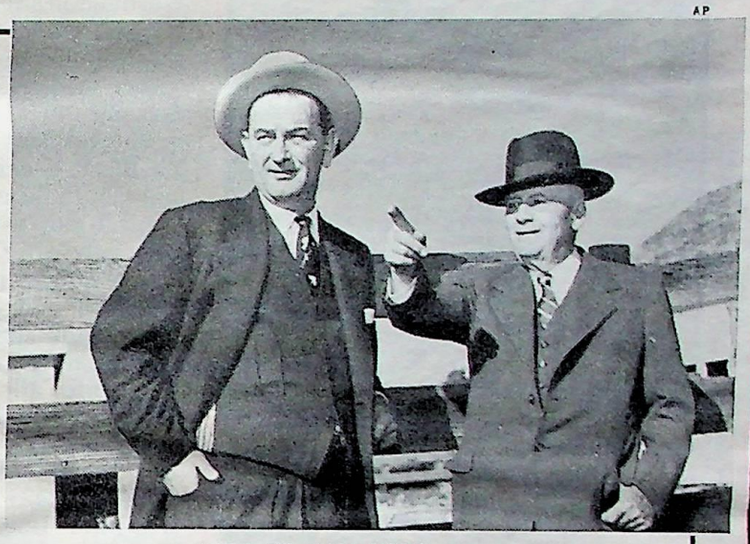
Lyndon Johnson is the hardest-working presidential tale spinner since Abraham Lincoln. Some of his yarns are long and tangled and full of Johnson's long-winded Texas syntax. Some are funny, some are pithy, and as often as not they are used to draw an Aesopian moral or to make a contemporary point. Some examples:

The Game is the Same. "Twenty-seven years ago this month, I came here as a newly elected Congressman. Washington has changed very little since then. Not long ago I called in one of the very bright and very busy young men I have working with me, and I said to him, rather brusquely, because I was in a hurry, 'The people want to know what we are going to do about the farm bill. Let's get our recommendations up right away.' He came right back and said, 'Mr. President, I don't think we have to consider that. I don't have a file on it. I will look it up, but I think you ought to go tell them if we owe it, we will pay it.' "

The Drunk and the Courthouse. When Johnson gets excuses about why something cannot be done, he often tells of "a fellow down in Blanco County who wanted to find the courthouse. He asked the town drunk, who lurched up to the car and began to give directions. 'You go down to the creek, take the first right past the bridge, then go left—no, you can't get to the courthouse that way.' He tried again. 'Let's see, you go on up to the top of the hill, turn left at the cedar grove and cross the bridge—no, you can't get to the courthouse that way either.' After a couple of more stabs at it, the drunk gave up, looked at the other fellow and said, 'You just can't get to the courthouse from here.' "

The Case of the Sleepy Parishioner. "The goal of my Administration is to work for a greater society. I have come here today to ask your help in that work. I don't want you to answer me like the man who slept through the preacher's sermon down in my hill country. Every Sunday he would come and get in the front row and sleep all during the sermon. Finally the preacher got a little irritated, and one Sunday he said, 'All you people'—the fellow was snoring in the front row—he said in a low voice, 'All you people who want to go to heaven, please rise.' Everyone stood up except the man that was asleep. When they sat down, the preacher said in a very loud voice that was calculated to arouse him, 'All of you men that want to go to hell, please stand up.' The man jumped up. He looked around in back of him, he looked at his wife, and she was sitting down. He looked at his grandmother and she was sitting down, at his children and they were sitting down. He looked at the preacher somewhat frustrated and he said, 'Preacher, I don't know what it is we are voting on, but you and I seem to be the only two for it.' "

AP



WITH MR. SAM (1954)

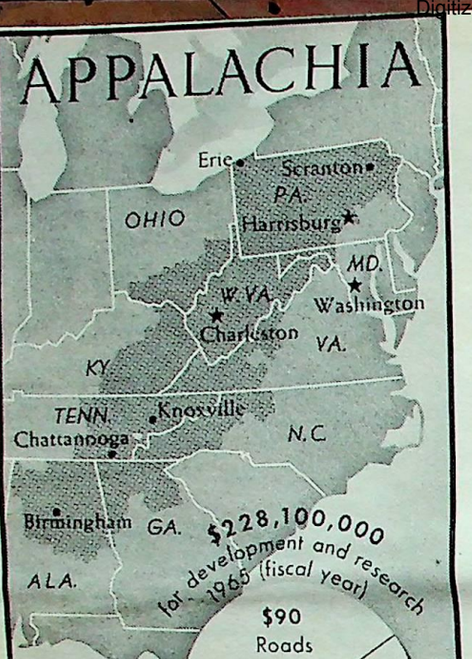
Mr. Sam, The Answer Man. "I was confident that the railroad men [negotiating the settlement] know more about the railroad business than I do. Back in the war, I remember when some people came to Mr. Sam Rayburn and asked if he didn't want to go down to Oak Ridge and inspect the place where they were making the atomic bomb. And he said to General George Marshall, 'I am not a physicist. That is not my business, and I would not know any more about how to win a war after I went to Oak Ridge than I did before I came.' And he said, 'If you don't know how to win a war any more than I do, we sure as hell have wasted a lot of money on West Point all these years.' "

The Uneaten Meal. "I was an NRA director back in the early days of the Roosevelt Administration in 1935 when we were taking kids out of boxcars who were riding the rails. We saw them getting their breakfast by culling grapefruit rinds that had been thrown in the garbage can. I knew a lot of social workers during those days, and I still do. One of the finest women that I ever knew, a social worker, told me that she had called on a family at mealtime not long ago. She told me the surroundings were meager. During the mealtime, she noticed one of the many small children was not eating. When she asked the child why, the answer was, 'It is not my day to eat.' "

The Heckler's Rebuke. "Al Smith was addressing a crowd when a heckler yelled, 'Tell 'em what's on your mind, Al. It won't take long.' Smith grinned, pointed at the man and shouted, 'Stand up, pardner, and I'll tell 'em what's on both our minds. It won't take any longer.' "

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



rocked his body back and forth—once leaning so far forward between the microphones that the public-address system lost his voice. He spoke of patriotism, looked around for Old Glory, couldn't locate it, and went on in pantomime, holding high and waving an imaginary flag standard. Repeatedly, he used a sort of breast-stroke-like gesture that has come to be known to newsmen as "parting the waters."

The Poverty Pitch. Applying profit-and-loss logic along with his hand- and flag-waving, Johnson implored the businessmen to join his war on poverty: "The poverty of other people is already a mounting burden. How much? You are now paying $4 billion a year for public assistance. You are now paying $8 billion a year for police and health and fire departments. The costs are high, and they are going higher and higher. Unless you attack the causes of poverty itself, you are going to be shoveling it out to the tax eaters instead of producing and training taxpayers."

Turning talk into deed, the President sent to Congress a proposal—marked urgent—to spend $228 million to help the troubled Appalachia area, which covers sections of ten states, includes 165,000 sq. mi. and 15 million people (*see map*). The biggest portion of the money would go for highway construction, the rest for flood control and water projects, plus development of new coal-mining techniques, better timber production, and conversion of poor farm land to more profitable pasture land. Pennsylvania's Republican Governor William Scranton had called earlier at the White House with some new recommendations about reclaiming mining areas, gave what Johnson called "a persuasive argument," and sold the President on adding a last-minute $10 million to the program.

Forever & Ever. Next day Johnson greeted religious leaders who had come to Washington to lobby and pray for the civil rights bill. Said the President to the preachers: "It is your job as prophets in our time to direct the immense power of religion in shaping the conduct and thoughts of men toward their brothers in a manner consistent with compassion and love. So help us in this hour." Some of the clergymen responded with reverent amens.

A group of U.S. historians, in town for the 175th anniversary of George Washington's inauguration, listened and laughed as Johnson took the opportunity to slice up the reporters on hand. "Since the press is temporarily with us," said the President, "I might explain in the words of Oscar Wilde: 'In America the President reigns for four years and journalism governs forever and ever.' I can assure you that at times, especially after I read the newspapers, I have strong urges to be a writer. In fact, if I may turn the tables, I sometimes think some of my friends in the press need some new writers."

Despite all the action, the White House seemed relatively calm until week's end. Giving just ten minutes' notice, the President charged off to Winchester, Va., 79 miles away, to see Daughter Luci, 16, crowned Shenandoah Apple Blossom Queen XXXVII. Followed by three cars full of Secret Service men and a Greyhound bus carrying 30 reporters, the President's car moved through the countryside at a relatively sedate 55 m.p.h., arrived in time for the coronation.

Luci was pleased when her daddy turned up, since she had held out no great hopes that he would come. Earlier, reporters had asked if her father would attend and Luci neatly summed up the President's whirlwind way of life when she replied: "I don't know. I can't ever tell what he is going to do. He can't either."

PENNSYLVANIA

Cleaning It Up

Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael Musmanno ungallantly declared that his lady opponent was ignorant. The lady, State Secretary of Internal Affairs Genevieve Blatt, charged that Musmanno was violating professional ethics by running for political office while still on the bench. A third contender, 300-lb. Pittsburgh Politician David Roberts, indignantly complained that everybody else was "mudslinging." In short, it was good old not-so-clean political fun.

Fun, that is, for everybody except Pennsylvania's Democratic Party. All of the name callers were Democratic candidates in last week's voting for the U.S. Senate nomination, and their bitter struggle may keep the party in populous Pennsylvania split for a long while.

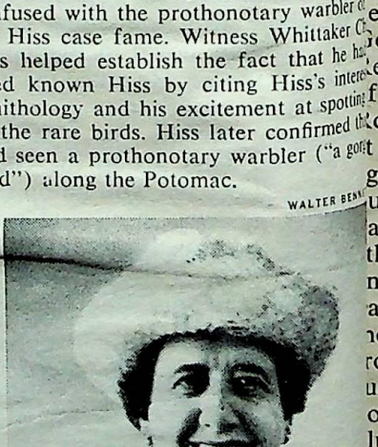
High-Kaflutin'. The snarling s... ed last January when the Democ... three), Policy Committee met to name its ... of "hig didate to oppose Republican Sen... "Sle Hugh Scott. Up to the last minute ... paign, odds-on favorite was "Gen" Bla... against 50-year-old spinster who has dev... of Phi much of her life to the party. A one... the ci protégée of former Governor D... rolled Lawrence, she is now the darling of ... Green, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh A... sylvani chapters, enjoyed solid support ... ried C liberal Democratic Senator Joe Clar... Desp

But two days before the state ... went i mittee met, Philadelphia's old-line D... favorit ocratic organization endorsed J... prises. Musmanno, 67, a colorful, controver... Philade lawyer who has written eleven b... ning a helped defend Sacco and Vanzetti ... y. Inst their Massachusetts murder trial, ... ively t a judge at the Nürnberg war-cri... n Alle trials, is so ardent an anti-Commu... deeply that he once implored baseball's ... im w cinnati Reds to change their nick... pluralit With the Philadelphia machine b... the big him, Musmanno easily wrapped ... among Dave Lawrence's Pittsburgh fief, ... was all the state committee's endorsement ... no wo

Furious, Gen Blatt accused the ... 6,000 a ty's bosses of meeting in a "sm... district filled hotel room" to ditch her, ... led M to bow out. To complicate ... 452,00 Roberts, 66, who holds the po... votes), Allegheny County (Pittsburgh) P... thonotary,* also jumped into the r... A baggy-pants type who never ... ightn past grade school, Roberts scoffed ... Some his opponents' education (Musma... Govern claims seven college degrees, B... is tim

* Introduced to Roberts, Harry Truman ... ightnin "What the hell is a prothonotary?" An ... truck English term (accented on the second syll... omne it is still used in some parts of the U.S. for ... enefac clerk of the common-pleas court. It is not ... First confused with the prothonotary warbler ... ey, ve ger Hiss case fame. Witness Whittaker C... eerlin bers helped establish the fact that he ha... epubl deed known Hiss by citing Hiss's intere... f the ornithology and his excitement at spotting ... omne of the rare birds. Hiss later confirmed th... in s had seen a prothonotary warbler ("a gol... getting bird") along the Potomac. ... ublica

WALTER BENN... ad "



STATE SECRETARY BLATT
No ladies in smoke-filled rooms

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

three), spoke scornfully if confusedly of "high-kaflutin' " politicians.

"Sleazy Politics." During the campaign, Senator Clark worked hard against Musmanno. A former mayor of Philadelphia, he has little love for the city organization that was controlled for years by Representative Bill Green, who died in December. "Pennsylvania has had enough sleazy politics," cried Clark. "Let's clean it up."

Despite Clark's effort, Musmanno went into last week's election a solid favorite. But he was in for some surprises. Musmanno counted on taking Philadelphia by 100,000 votes and winning a big plurality in Allegheny County. Instead, he left Philly with a relatively thin cushion of 59,000 votes, and in Allegheny, Roberts' 30,000 votes cut deeply into Musmanno's margin, left him with a disappointing 35,000-vote plurality. Beyond the influence of the big-city machines—in the suburbs, among independents and liberals—it was all Gen Blatt. Statewide, Musmanno won only nine of 67 counties. With 6,000 absentee ballots and a handful of districts still to be counted, Gen Blatt led Musmanno by 455,100 votes to 452,000 (Roberts had some 91,000 votes), appeared a certain winner.

MICHIGAN

ightning Strikes Thrice

Some say that Michigan's Republican overnor George Romney is still biding is time while waiting for presidential ightning to strike. Recently, lightning truck three times—but in each case, omney was the political victim, not the enefactor.

First, in a blistering attack on Romey, veteran G.O.P. State Senator Clyde eerlings publicly resigned from the epublican Party. Geerlings, chairman f the senate tax committee, accused omney of supporting the biggest budgt in state history ($633 million), and getting it by twisting the arms of Reublican legislators." Romney, he raged, ad "kicked farmers in the teeth," thrown small business into a tailspin," nd had taken credit for measures assed by the legislature. "I am tired of he front office taking credit for going rom payless paydays to a $60 million urplus. The payless payday, as everyody knows, was a hoax. And the surlus is due to legislation passed in 1962 y a previous Republican legislature and y an expanding Michigan economy." aid Romney when he heard of the iatribe: "This is not the sort of thing expect from someone loyal to the epublican Party."

Second, former State Senator George iggins, another Old Guard Republican, nnounced that he will run against Romey in this year's G.O.P. gubernatorial rimary because "the man who sits in he executive office at Lansing and now alls himself a Republican is an imostor. He used the Republican Party to et himself elected and has abused the epublican Party ever since." Legislators, he said, "know that when I say something, they can depend on it. And that's one of the problems up there in Lansing—they can't depend on anything Romney says."

Third, while Romney was preparing to submit a new U.S. congressional district reapportionment plan that would keep intact the present split of eleven Republicans and eight Democrats, his Democratic Lieut. Governor T. John Lesinski sandbagged him. Lesinski came up with a plan of his own—which would probably give Democrats at least one additional seat in Congress—and slipped the scheme through the state senate with the cooperation of ten conservative Republicans who had fallen out with Romney. This, complained Senate Majority Leader Stanley Thayer, a Romney loyalist, was a "secret diabolical move." Fuming with anger, Romney accused the dissident Republicans of a sellout, but ironically, he may have to sign the bill into law if it passes the lower house. If he does not sign it, Michigan in all likelihood will have to elect its congressional representatives at large. And if that should happen, there is the possibility that Democrats would take even more seats than in a district-by-district vote.

CALIFORNIA

No Kidding

Before he entered Doctors Hospital in Washington two weeks ago for his second major brain operation in eight months, California's Democratic Senator Clair Engle prepared two statements for the press. The first said that he was still a candidate for renomination to the Senate in his state's June 2 primary. The second announced that he was quitting the campaign because of his health.

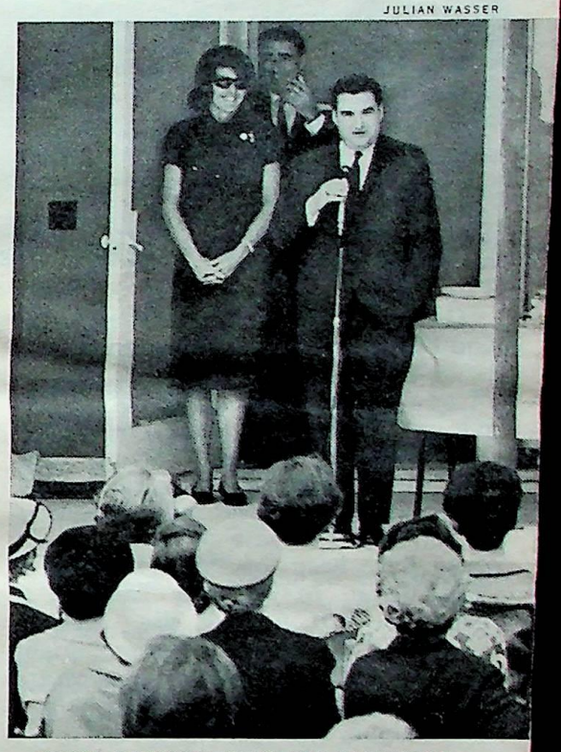
There was never much doubt about which statement would be released. Since August, Engle, 52, had not made a single speech in the Senate. Last month, when he rose at his desk to introduce a bill, he was able to utter only the monosyllable, "A. . .," before he lapsed into agonizing silence. Through it all, he clung to the hope that he could still run. But last week, after the results of his second craniotomy were in, Engle sent a telegram to his California headquarters advising, "It is with deep grief that I now ask my state campaign chairman, Tom Carrell, to release the second statement."

Slow Down. Engle's withdrawal left no fewer than eleven Democrats in the race for the Senate nomination, but only two of them matter. One is State Controller Alan Cranston, 49, a tense, balding liberal who spews out words so swiftly that his aides write marginal notes in his speeches advising him, "Take it easy. Slow it down." The other is portly Pierre Salinger, 38, who quit as White House press secretary in March and filed as a candidate just two hours before the deadline.

Having started last, Salinger is running hardest of all. At first, people had trouble taking him seriously. He had, after all, once taken a fully clad dip in Bobby Kennedy's Hickory Hill pool, and he was always doing things like holding press conferences in Bermuda shorts or showing up for tennis at the Newport Casino clothed in gorgeous hues of canary yellow and powder blue instead of the traditional white. Even when he quit gagging, his audience sometimes kept on laughing. Once, after his usual quota of jokes, he told his listeners that he wanted to discuss education in a serious, nonpolitical vein. The audience roared, and Pierre later wondered exasperatedly, "What was so funny about that?"

"Doll Baby, Let's Go." But Salinger has since made it clear that he is not just kidding around, now impresses audiences with his grasp of California

JULIAN WASSER



PIERRE SALINGER WITH THE LAWFORDS
"What's so funny?"

problems. He works 18-hour days, often gets by on five hours of sleep, has dropped 13 lbs. to 190 in five weeks.

Hastily assembled, Salinger's campaign crew committed such initial mistakes as printing leaflets and posters with his name misspelled SALLINGER, but it is now functioning with considerable precision. Some 10,000 people are working for him across the state, including a galaxy of Hollywood stars and starlets. A squad of six shapely coeds called "Sweethearts for Salinger," clad in white sailor shifts and red, white and blue berets, has been formed to pass out pink champagne and campaign propaganda at Salinger rallies.

Last week the first of a series of "Parties for Pierre" was held at the orange-roofed ocean-front home of Salinger's campaign co-chairman, Pat Kennedy Lawford. The "Sweethearts" wandered around distributing bumper stickers reading I'M FOR PIERRE, and heart-shaped red balloons inscribed P.S. I LOVE YOU, in addition to the finger

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

sandwiches. When the speechmaking was over, ladies clustered excitedly around Pierre, and he only broke away when a female aide whispered, "Doll baby, it's getting late on the campaign trail. Let's go."

The Late Show. Pierre is going strong, but Alan Cranston may prove a tough man to beat. Cranston has Governor Pat Brown, the 70,000-member California Democratic Council and organized labor behind him. He is expected to pick up more votes among Engle supporters than is Salinger. And he is a strong vote getter who won his job in 1962 by a 1,300,000-vote majority.

But Salinger has the covert support of State Assembly Speaker Jesse ("Big Daddy") Unruh, perhaps the ablest politician in the state. Salinger's past association with Jack Kennedy is doing him no harm. He is slowly overcoming his image as a "carpetbagger" who was born in San Francisco but had not lived in California for seven years (he was a Virginia resident when he jumped into the Senate race). Occasionally, however, when the brass bands strike up *California Here I Come* or *P.S. I Love You,* a comic in the crowd suggests a rendition of *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny*.

On the Republican side, retired Song-and-Dance Man George Murphy, 61, is considered the front runner, but as of now is given little chance of defeating either Salinger or Cranston in November. Still, Murphy goes over big with middle-aged matrons, gets good laughs when he tells audiences, "They say I'm just an actor. Well, there have been lots of bad actors in Washington. Maybe they can use a good one." If nothing else, Murphy is getting plenty of exposure: right now some 20 old Murphy movies are making the rounds on television's late-show circuit.

TEXAS

Trying for the Truth of It

Jack Ruby's main chance of escaping the electric chair lies in being found insane. Last week he was certainly trying to act like a madman.

During a predawn card game with a guard in his Dallas County jail cell, Ruby asked for a glass of water and, when left alone, charged headfirst into a plaster cell wall. He suffered only a two-inch cut and a knot on his skull; moments later, guards found him trying to rip his white jail uniform into strips —presumably to fashion a noose.

Later that day, Dr. Louis J. West, a University of Oklahoma psychiatrist, interviewed Ruby for an hour, found him full of obsessions. Ruby had crashed into the wall, said West, in an effort to "end it all." His reason: "Last night the patient became convinced that all the Jews in America were being slaughtered. This was in retaliation against him, the Jew responsible for 'all the trouble.' " The psychiatrist said that Ruby also believed he had recently watched while his own brother was tortured and incinerated in the street outside the jail and that the screams still echoed in his ears. "Once or twice," said West, "the patient seemed about to attack me."

Later in the week, Dallas Judge Joe B. Brown, who presided at Ruby's trial, flatly rejected defense attorneys' request for a new trial based on their claim of 203 errors in Brown's handling of the proceedings. The defense, now led by Texas University Law Professor Hubert W. Smith, who replaced bellowing Melvin Belli, said it would submit a motion for a new trial to the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals within six months.

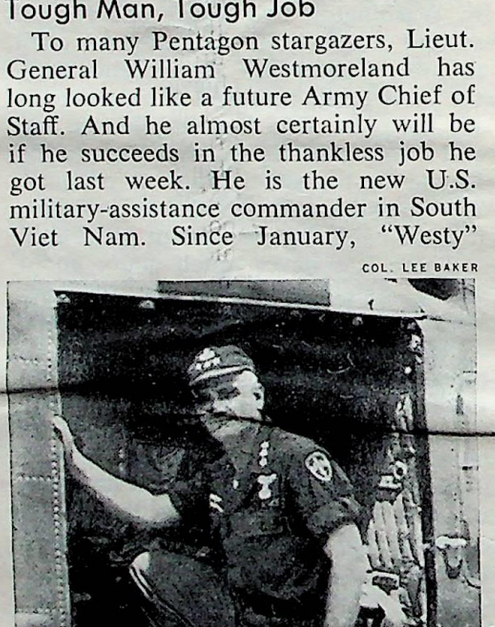
But there was still the question of a defense request for a sanity hearing for Ruby, and Judge Brown seemed more sympathetic toward that. After he had heard Dr. West's report, Brown said: "I would like some real disinterested doctors to examine Ruby for my own benefit. I want to get the truth of it. If the man is insane he should not be executed. If he is sane, he should be amenable to the law." Later Brown assigned Dallas Psychiatrist Robert L. Stubblefield, who had found Major General Edwin Walker mentally competent after the Oxford, Miss. riots, to test Ruby's sanity.

ARMED FORCES

Tough Man, Tough Job

To many Pentagon stargazers, Lieut. General William Westmoreland has long looked like a future Army Chief of Staff. And he almost certainly will be if he succeeds in the thankless job he got last week. He is the new U.S. military-assistance commander in South Viet Nam. Since January, "Westy"

COL. LEE BAKER



GENERAL WESTMORELAND
An end to the drifting.

Westmoreland, 50, had been deputy General Paul Harkins, who, after experiences, must look forward to tirement Aug. 1.

Where most of Harkins' army ca was spent in administrative jobs, W moreland is an elite combat officer South Carolina native, he attended Citadel for a year, switched to W Point and graduated in 1936. W moreland was first captain during senior year, Sunday-school teacher the faculty children, and appare something of a ladies' man. His cheek bore a scar from a boyhood a mobile accident, but Westmoreland not discourage the idea among local girls that he acquired the wo in a duel.

Westmoreland commanded an a lery battalion in the 1942 invasion North Africa, fought in Tunisia Sicily. On D-day he landed on t beach as executive officer of the Infantry Division. After the war served as chief of staff of the 82nd Airborne Division, led airb troops in the Korean war, at 4 came the youngest major gener the Army, commanded the 101st borne Division, served as superinte ent of West Point.

In South Viet Nam as Harkins' d uty, Westmoreland works seven day week, gets out into the field at le twice a week. Two weeks ago, he w fired on by snipers. His ability to huge amounts of work out of his s has come to be known as "the W moreland Stretch." There are those think that the job of U.S. comman in South Viet Nam is an impossi one. It may be, under the present r But there are also those who think Westmoreland is one man who achieve the impossible. Says one Army Deputy Chief of Staff Ja Gavin: "Now things are going to settled one way or the other in Nam; Westy won't let things drift ab He won't mope around about it."

In the Ready Room

In another key military shift, ident Johnson last week named Ge John P. McConnell, 56, to be Air F vice chief of staff on July 31, repla retiring General William F. M A West Pointer ('32) who got his at Randolph Field in 1933, McCo served in the Far East in World W was vice chief of staff at SAC, is rently deputy commander of the pean Command.

McConnell's new assignment put in line for the top Air Force job Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay retir February. That prospect disposes mors that LeMay's successor w General Bernard Schriever (TIME er, April 1, 1957), boss of the Air Systems Command and pioneer in ballistic missiles development possibility for Schriever: comma SAC, now in the hands of Ge Thomas Power, who plans to ret November.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COMMUNISTS

Fathers & Sons

There was a sense of *déjà vu* about the whole affair—an uncanny, paramnesic feeling that all of this had happened before. And of course it had. Half a million Muscovites filled Red Square with song and holiday color, as usual. Through the balmy spring weather rumbled the same long lines of tanks and rocket launchers, as usual. Defense Minister Rodion Malinovsky delivered his usual threats of rocket-borne retaliation against any imperialist aggressor. From high on the façade of the Moscow Hotel, the usual giant portrait of Nikita Khrushchev eyeballed the crowd, and—as usual—the man himself, surrounded by the same Presidium, waved his Homburg in the middle of the line-up atop Lenin's tomb.

The Presidium was, of course, older: it now averages 62, a fairly advanced age for a group that claims to represent the world's future. (Communist China's Politburo is even more decrepit: its average age is 65.) Former Member of the Secretariat Frol Kozlov, 55, was not on hand; the severe stroke he suffered last spring had dropped him from the front rank. Theoretician Mikhail Suslov, 61, the victim of a kidney or liver ailment late last year, was back at the stand, invigorated, no doubt, by the heady air he had whipped up with his ideological attack on Peking last month. Khrushchev himself, at 70, appeared in fine settle, although his own health problems have lately forced him to ease up on meat in favor of cabbage. He sounded only mildly carnivorous later in the day, warning that U.S. reconnaissance flights over Cuba might have "disastrous consequences."

For the first time since World War I, there were no Red Chinese officially on hand to witness the May Day parade. At the last minute, Russia had withdrawn its invitation to the delegation of Chinese workers who had come to Moscow especially for the occasion.

Rumanian Revolt. But if the Chinese were *non grata* in Moscow, there was at least one Eastern European Communist capital where Peking was still welcome. In Bucharest, Rumanian Party Boss Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, 62, went out of his way to include Mao Tse-tung in his May Day message of greeting. In the Red world, it was a significant gesture, and every Communist from Auckland to Zanzibar took note of it. For Dej is playing a double game in the Sino-Soviet conflict, one that could lead to plenty of trouble—or perhaps to a certain amount of freedom.

Before the Chinese attack on Moscow last month, Dej had sent a delegation headed by Premier Ion Maurer to Peking to plead for an end to the polemics. Dej was afraid that any worsening of the split would force Khrushchev to tighten his grip on the Eastern European satellites, and Rumania was doing well without any more help from Nikita. Rumania boasts the highest industrial growth rate in Europe, a phenomenal 15%, and has achieved that growth by defying Moscow. The original role Khrushchev had charted for Rumania under its Comecon plan—the Red version of the Common Market—was that of an agricultural exporter and supplier of oil and petrochemicals. Dej refused to accept this "dumb-peasant" role, struck out on his own three years ago to do as much business with the West as possible.

Since then, Rumanians have imported or contracted for some $400 million in industrial installations from the West. In 1960, when the Rumanian Galati (pronounced Galatz) steel combine was formed, Russia grandly offered its help. But Rumania turned elsewhere, and the $42 million contract for the combine's rolling mill went to a British-French group. The Ploesti oilfields, today producing more than in the best prewar years, are studded with Western-built plants, which produce everything from automobile tires to women's stockings, and Rumania's petrochemical industry is booming.

A Heartfelt Call. But if greying, brush-browed Boss Dej is willing to trade with the West, he is loath to accept any of its political ideals. Few Communist countries have a tougher, more hawk-eyed police force than Rumania. Unlike Budapest, Warsaw, Prague, and even East Berlin, Bucharest is a city without political cabarets or satirical magazines. There is no discernible ferment among the literati, and even the young people are afraid to wear the zoot-suit *stilyagi* clothes popular elsewhere in Eastern Europe.† Party Boss Dej, a strong-handed ex-railroad worker, keeps as tight a grip on the throttle as any old-time Stalinist could have a decade ago.

Last week Dej continued his struggle to stay clear of Moscow's grasp in the fight with China. The Rumanian Workers' Party newspaper, Scînteia (Spark), published a 10,000-word statement summarizing Rumania's efforts to mediate in the dispute between Moscow and Peking. It also addressed "a heartfelt call" for a cessation of the fight—indicating that Rumania would not take sides in the dispute, but preferred the "polycentrist" approach of independent Communist parties, most strongly proposed by the Italian Reds. Said the statement: "There does not and cannot exist a parent party and a son party, parties that are superior and parties that are subordinate." And as for Comecon, the Rumanians were still playing the maverick. The statement proclaimed that any Communist state should have the right to develop economic links "with all states, regardless of their social system."

AP

GRANDFATHER & FAMILY STROLLING ON MAY DAY*

Paramnesic and only mildly carnivorous.

* Ivan Adzhubei, child of Khrushchev's daughter, Rada, and Izvestia Editor Aleksei Adzhubei; Big Nikita; Little Nikita, child of Khrushchev's son, Sergei, and Daughter-in-Law Galina (right).

† By contrast, in Prague's Kinsky Park 3,000 students who had gathered for a poetry reading turned May Day into a melee, chanting antigovernment slogans and "Down with the Gestapo" when Czech Boss Antonin Novotny's cops charged in with clubs and dogs.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE NETHERLANDS

The Troubled Orange Family

Queen Juliana of The Netherlands and her consort, Prince Bernhard, last week watched their daughter, Princess Irene, get married. But they watched from a distance of 800 miles and over television in a room at Warmelo palace, near Amsterdam.

The TV power failed at 12:15 p.m., but there had been time to see Princess Irene become the bride of Prince Hugo Carlos de Borbón y Parma, and fortunately, the Dutch royal family was spared the spectacle outside Rome's Santa Maria Maggiore that looked more like a political rally than wedding festivities. The crowd rang with Carlist* battle cries of *"Vivan los reyes!"*, and students from Spain's Loyola College, in the heart of Carlist country, serenaded the pair with guitars, tambourines and castanets. Irene's father-in-law, Prince Xavier de Borbón y Parma, as gaunt and straight-backed as an El Greco grandee, arranged a brief interview with Pope Paul VI, who gave the newlyweds his personal blessing and their first wedding present—a crucifix. No reigning monarchs attended the wedding, but the guests included such ghost royalty as Austria's ex-Empress Zita and Portugal's Duke of Braganza. Emotionally the Roman weekly L'Espresso addressed an open letter to Irene telling her "you are like a lamb caught in a den of tigers."

Petty Game. Dutch opinion, though in less perfervid language, essentially agreed that the princess was letting herself be used by the Carlists for their own purpose, however absurd, of gaining the Spanish throne. To a lot of people outside Holland, this petty political game—and the government's anxious insistence that the Dutch monarchy must stay out of it—did not seem reason enough for Irene's own parents to boycott the wedding. But under the Dutch constitution the government is held responsible for the monarch's actions. Besides, Holland maintains a sometimes precarious balance between its Protestant and Catholic citizens, was thus bound to take the issue seriously.

The Dutch were upset by the entire tragicomedy of errors, from their belated discovery that Irene had been converted to Roman Catholicism and become engaged, through the Queen's radio announcement that the engagement had been broken, which then had to be retracted, down to the arrival in The Netherlands of the flamboyant Bourbon-Parmas with their preposterous suggestion that the Roman Catholic wedding take place in a Dutch Protestant church. All this made the Dutch, who have a cozy, middle-class relationship with their monarchy, feel a sense of family embarrassment at the dissension in the House of Orange.

Muddled Queen. Most Dutch people now feel that Irene was too headstrong, but that the Queen could have prevented a lot of the trouble if she had been tough a little earlier in the day. Juliana was brought up under the domineering thumb of her mother, the great Wilhelmina, and was determined that her own daughters should have a happier childhood. Crown Princess Beatrix received a good education with a stress on her coming constitutional role, but the three other girls were scarcely trained as princesses and had wide freedom. A friend of the royal family recalls, "Sometimes weeks would go by when the Queen had no idea what Irene was doing."

ITALY'S NEWS

IRENE & PRINCE AT WEDDING
A lamb in the tigers' den?

Juliana herself is a somewhat uncertain and muddled Queen, always late for appointments because she gets too involved in whatever she is doing. In the 1950s, she fell under the influence of a faith healer named Greet Hofmans. Juliana had long felt a personal guilt for the near blindness of her youngest daughter, Christina, an affliction probably caused by an attack of measles during the Queen's pregnancy. Hofmans claimed she could cure Christina, and Juliana soon depended on her for spiritual and political advice as well. It was Prince Bernhard who got rid of the faith healer. While Dutch papers remained loyally silent, Bernhard leaked the story to the foreign press, and the resulting uproar brought the Queen and government into direct conflict. As a result, Greet Hofmans moved out of the palace and now lives in an old-fashioned wooden trailer on the estate of a Dutch banker.

Active Member. The Queen calls Prince "Bernilo," and he calls "Julie." He is as slim and debonair she is shy and plump. At 52, he has since overcome the handicap of b German by birth, is one of the bu men in the kingdom, sits as an ac member of the boards of Royal Fok Aircraft, Royal Netherlands steelwo and KLM (in the interest of fairn he serves only on the board of com nies that have no Dutch competito Not only is he his nation's most effec representative abroad, but he also p vides the authority and humor Queen lacks. In the case of Irene, backed the view of the Queen the government that, given the C ist political complications, the wedd must take place without official fan sanction.

With the embattled wedding fin over and Irene formally ruled out the line of succession by Parliame attention turned to Beatrix, who a is already surer of herself than Ju ever was. Particularly close to he ther, "Trix" shares his spontaneou joyment of life. Once, when christe a new ship, she drenched the assem dignitaries with champagne, and laughter at the sight was heard throu out the country on TV. Her only parent major problem is getting ma ried. The government would dearly l to break the habit of finding royal co sorts among the Protestant Germ aristocracy. But suitable Protest princes, German or otherwise, are h to find nowadays. The remaining dau ter, pretty, 21-year-old Princess M griet, shares her mother's stoutness, her hairdos have a lamentable tende to come down about her ears.

Rinse & Set. While Irene and her husband were honeymooning in I Juliana received the good wishes of people on her 55th birthday. Wea glasses and with a new hair rinse set, she drove along the road in fron the palace in a Chevrolet convert so that the crowds could get a b look. Later, on TV, she told the na a little unconvincingly that her rol Queen and mother had never cla in the matter of Irene's wedding thanked her subjects for "the love have shown our daughter Irene, w we love so much. Difficulties often us realize how much we love some and we know that you hope with us our daughter will find true happi

WEST GERMANY

Brünnhilde Reshaped

Though less celebrated than the nomic miracle, or *Wirtschaftswu* another happy postwar transform has overtaken West Germany. It be called the *Fräuleinwunder*. In of the pigtailed, fat-at-elbow g who used to be the popular ima Teutonic womanhood, a new gene of luscious, leggy girls has grown the delight of girl watchers every

* In 1833, Spain's King Ferdinand VII, dying without a male heir, named his daughter Isabella as monarch of Spain. His younger brother Carlos opposed this decision, and his supporters fought two civil wars in a futile effort to put a Carlist king on the throne. The feud still continues among Spanish monarchists, with Carlists backing Irene's husband, and anti-Carlists the far more likely pretender Don Juan, a descendant of Isabella.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

INSTRUCTION POSTERS IN HANOI STREET

Fighting on the outside, crying on the inside.

39109

BERNARD FALL

PRESIDENT HO

as his major-generalcy, was awarded "several medals" and allowed to accumulate $100,000 in "back pay" in Moscow, in addition to cash handouts of $750-$1,000 per month.

VIET NAM

Remember the *Card*!

Although Saigon had been ready for trouble and had taken special precautions against terrorism by the Communist Viet Cong, May Day had come and gone quietly. But at 5 the next morning, the South Vietnamese capital was jolted by a roar from the harbor. There, the 9,800-ton U.S. aircraft-transport ship *Card* was sinking fast—it touched bottom in just 24 minutes—into the silt of the Saigon River, a 28-ft. by 3-ft. hole ripped in her starboard side. Apparently Viet Cong agents had placed plastic charges on the hull 10 ft. below the water line.

Of 73 crewmen, none was seriously hurt. A World War II baby flattop with seven Nazi U-boats to its credit, the New Orleans-based *Card* had arrived in Saigon with a load of new helicopters, had been scheduled to sail in five hours with a return cargo of bullet-riddled, scrapped "banana" transport choppers. Because of the *Card's* deep draft, her superstructure remained above water, and within hours she was being raised for repairs. While the incident was hardly grave, it gave further evidence of growing Viet Cong boldness and the frequent inefficiency of South Vietnamese security measures. Only weeks earlier, American advisers had requested that the dock be better guarded, but received no response. On the evening after the *Card* explosion, eight U.S. servicemen in Saigon were wounded when a terrorist on a bicycle threw a bomb.

In the guerrilla war, the Viet Cong distinguished themselves with one of their grisliest blows. Ambushing a truck convoy transporting twoscore women and children in the central mountains, 150 Communist terrorists shot or stabbed to death six women and five children, wounded 21 other women. Then the Reds mutilated several of the bodies, carving out the victims' hearts and spleens. The government retaliated with less savage successes of its own. Three hundred miles north of Saigon, Rangers overran a Viet Cong ordnance depot, capturing 166 weapons, TNT, and 1,000 detonators. Twenty miles north of the capital, a self-defense corps post even tried a bit of Viet Cong-type cunning. Getting word that the Reds planned to cut the post's barbed-wire fence by night and stage a raid, the corpsmen lay in ambush outside the post. They allowed the Viet Cong to snip through the first layer of wire, then pelted them with hand grenades. The defenders lost one man; but the Viet Cong's 37 attackers were wiped out.

In addition to their U.S. advisers, the government troops stand to receive some additional expert counsel. Last week, in line with U.S. President Johnson's recent call for "more flags" in South Viet Nam, the Philippines were negotiating to dispatch 75 Filipino special-forces troops to Saigon. Many will be veterans of Manila's successful anti-guerrilla campaign against the Communist Huks.

And Meanwhile What's Happening up North?

North Viet Nam has long served with impunity as a base for war and subversion against the rest of Southeast Asia. It is under Hanoi's direction that the Communist Viet Cong wage their guerrilla war in South Viet Nam, aided by men and matériel smuggled from the North down the famed Ho Chi Minh Trail, which is named for North Viet Nam's longtime Red ruler. But despite its aggressive stance, the Red North is beset by serious internal troubles. Last week, amid streamers and red lanterns, wispy-chinned President Ho Chi Minh himself strode into polling station No. 24 in his dismal capital of Hanoi. Officially described as "solid, nimble and in high spirits" despite his 74 years, Ho delivered a speech praising his "free and democratic" regime, then elaborately marked his ballot.

The election was to renew the rubber-stamp National Assembly—which, according to Hanoi, also represents South Viet Nam—and the vote was of course neither free nor democratic. The slate of candidates had been carefully chosen beforehand. But the West, which gets precious little news out of the tightly closed country north of the 17th Parallel, watched the election carefully. The real outcome might not be clear for months, but which candidates were picked, and the margins by which they were allowed to win, might provide clues to the power struggle obviously going on inside North Viet Nam.

Forced Choice. Sorely in need of Russian aid but living next door to Red China, Ho Chi Minh had long managed an agile course between Moscow and Peking. But last year, faced with lining up behind Moscow and signing the nuclear test-ban or following Peking in rejecting it, Ho reluctantly fell in with the Chinese—whereupon the Russians chopped off most of his aid. The decision made Ho's own pro-Chinese faction more aggressive.

The clash between Hanoi's Sinophiles and old-guard pro-Muscovites reached a showdown at a stormy session of the Lao Dong Central Committee last December. The Peking partisans evidently were in control of the meeting—Ho did not even speak. They put out a communiqué denouncing the "rightist ideologies that exist among a number of our cadres," meaning such pro-Moscow Ho Chi Minh followers as Premier Pham Van Dong. During Ho's 23 years at the head of Vietnamese Communism, he has weathered many storms and is such a father figure that he may never be toppled by anything short of death. But "Uncle Ho" is believed to have lost much control over his party and looks increasingly like a figurehead.

Eggshell Candidate. In last week's vote, Ho, standing for re-election to the Assembly, rolled up a Marxist-style 99.92% majority. Finishing close behind him were two top functionaries of North Viet Nam's Communist movement, known as Lao Dong, or Workers'

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Party: First Secretary Le Duan, who won 99.83% and Politburo Member Truong Chinh with 99.81%. Duan, 57, and Chinh, 55, are leaders of the party's pro-Peking wing, and their margins are a measure of the growing challenge by the Peking men to Uncle Ho.

But the Peking patron faces a potential pro-Moscow challenger in Ho's old comrade-in-arms, tough little General Vo Nguyên Giap, 51, victor of Dienbienphu, author of a celebrated book on guerrilla warfare that is studied from Havana to Algiers, and military overseer of the war in the South. Recruited largely from the peasantry, Giap's 400,000-man, Russian-equipped army is closer to the people than the party. His 27 divisions, decked out in eggshell-white uniforms with green badges, help build public works, even bake bricks and construct their own barracks. Naturally, the army also has the guns.

Last week came another indication that perhaps the pro-Soviets still had some say: Hanoi mysteriously announced that a "protocol on an exchange of experts" had been signed with Russia, indicating that Moscow might be preparing to resume some aid.

To Cao Bang. North Viet Nam could use it. Thanks to inefficiency and "natural calamities," the rice crop fell to below 5,000,000 tons last year (down from 9,700,000 in 1962), cutting the minimum ration to less than 26 lbs. per person per month. To expand arable land, the regime has ordered the crash-digging of irrigation canals and the migration of 300,000 peasants from the overcrowded Red River Delta, where two-thirds of the 17 million North Vietnamese live.

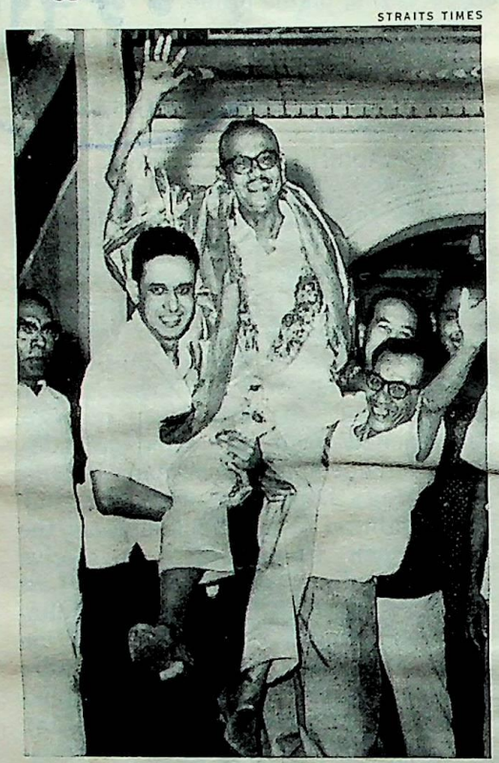
Last week in the Delta, among fields of tender spring-rice shoots, cadres of women peasants—many of whom had never performed farm labor before the Communists took over—hacked at ditches with picks and hoes, hauling off the heavy clay in baskets. To dramatize the pathos of the forced migration, Red River peasants had made up a song:

Carrying a sack of rice, a wife says goodbye to her husband,
And sadly cries: "I love you very much,
You who have to go far to the mountain region
Of Cao Bang."

As for North Viet Nam's rickety industry, even its traditional anthracite production is down. Describing the deadening bureaucracy, a French correspondent reported: "No one in a factory moves as much as a stool without asking the advice of an entire ministry." On Hanoi's broad avenues, which under the French were abustle with Renaults and Citroëns, traffic consists mostly of bicycles and pedicabs, and shop windows are bare. The principal diversions are 5:30 a.m. exercises, reading propaganda posters, and endless indoctrination sessions.

The U.S. last week announced plans to build a 50-kw. Voice of America radio transmitter in South Viet Nam near the 17th Parallel to beam some propaganda of its own into the miserable North. Harassing raids into North Viet Nam by South Vietnamese Rangers, which have been quietly going on for more than a year, are being slightly stepped up; Hanoi itself has announced 14 trials of "spy commandos" since last June, denouncing the "plot of the U.S. imperialists to intensify sabotage against our North." The sabotage, such as it is, is of course not seriously harming the Northern regime or coming even close to blocking the Ho Chi Minh Trail. But it is undeniably making Hanoi nervous and demonstrating just how vulnerable an aggressor North Viet Nam really is.

STRAITS TIMES



TUNKU SHOULDERED BY SUPPORTERS
"To hell with Sukarno."

MALAYSIA

Confrontation at the Polls

"The momentous victory gives us very much courage," said Malaysian Prime Minister Tunku Abdul Rahman. "I pray that God will give us help and shelter from adversity and that Malaysia will continue to flourish and prosper in peace. To hell with Sukarno."

It was quite a post-election statement, but justified in the sense that the big issue at the polls had indeed been Sukarno and his vicious guerrilla and propaganda offensives against the new Federation of Malaysia. In a lively five-week campaign, heated slogans in Malay, English, Tamil and four dialects of Chinese filled the air as candidates ran for most of Malaysia's national Parliament and state assembly seats. Charges flew that politicians were luring women voters with love potions. More serious were charges that some of the parties were playing into the hands of the Indonesians by opposing the Prime Minister's stand against Sukarno.

The Tunku aimed his sharpest shots at the Socialists, alleged that they were cooperating with the Indonesian Communist Party; leftist workers have become increasingly militant since the stoppage of trade by Indonesia caused layoffs. But the Tunku also condemned the right-wing, fanatical Moslem groups, who might be receptive to Indonesian arguments because of their distaste for the multiracial, multireligious character of the federation. Preferring hard for a decisive endorsement, the Tunku exploited every appeal. He offered tidy development funds to strategic regions. Two days before elections, the government published a 64-page white paper charging an Indonesian plot to assassinate the Prime Minister and annex most of Southeast Asia.

Casting their ballots at 3,400 polling stations, voters gave Abdul Rahman's policies landslide approval. His three-party, multiracial Alliance won 89 of 104 seats at stake in the federal Parliament, 241 out of 282 seats in the state assemblies. In Indonesia, Sukarno responded with irritation, blustered that he had "ordered all 21 million volunteers to hold simultaneous roll calls throughout Indonesia to receive a command of action."

GREAT BRITAIN

Jack the Stripper

In the sleazy lower reaches of Soho and Notting Hill, scores of rouged recruits have joined London's army of prostitutes. In hip-tight skirts and needle heels, the tyros wiggle from drinking club to strip joint brazenly soliciting customers. But whenever a man shows interest, the girls identify themselves as policewomen and, flashing photographs of a pinched-looking brunette, inquire with sudden crispness: "Have you seen this woman recently?"

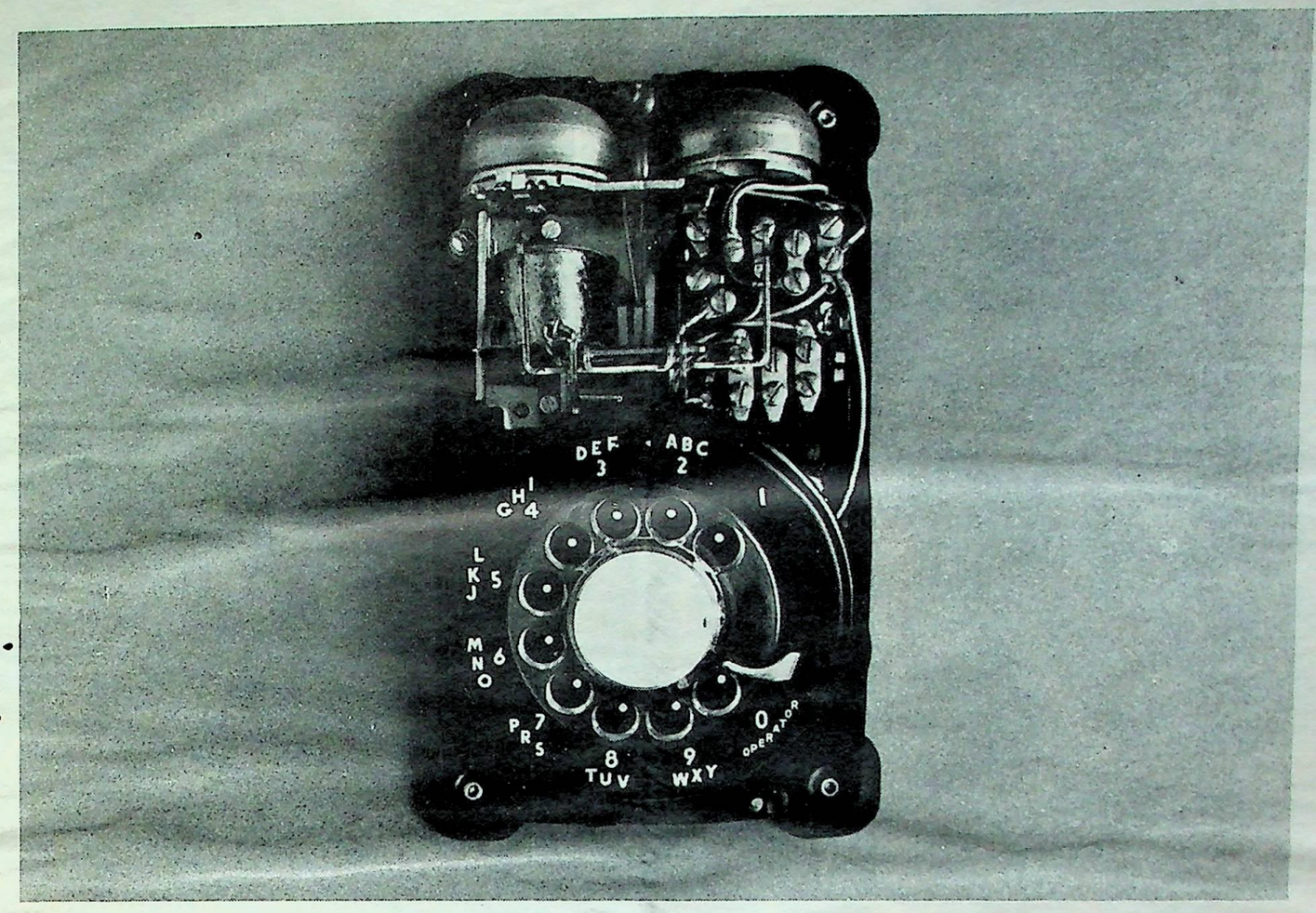
The policewomen are members of a 140-strong task force of bobbies and detectives who are engaged in one of the biggest murder hunts in London history. It started last week when the nude strangled body of brunette Hélène Barthelemy, a stripper turned tart, was found in an alley close to the Thames in Brentford, miles from her Bayswater beat. She was the fourth prostitute to be killed since last November.

Although London's West End streets have been more or less cleared of prostitutes, they still solicit outdoors in many areas, and indoors practically anywhere. Many ply their trade in cars, thus do not remove their clothes. Scotland Yard's Commander George Hatherill appealed to the traditionally hostile demimonde, urged "any prostitute who has been made to strip and has been assaulted" to call Shepherds Bush police station (telephone number: WOO 1113), where, he promised, specially picked officers would arrange to meet any informant "when and where she wishes," without fear of arrest.

"The impact of the appeal has been staggering," said one top cop. "Wom-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



What makes it ring?

In 115 countries the answer is ITT.

ITT telephone equipment is manufactured in 25 countries. Over 60 nations use ITT telephone systems and ITT operates telephone companies for 5 others. 115 lands rely on ITT equipment.

You're never very far from an ITT phone.

ITT provides private telephone exchanges. Malaysia's new Parliament Building has one.

Vietnam and Laos also have ITT automatic telephone exchanges, and ITT is installing a complete telephone network in the Philippines. The trunk telephone network between Kuala Lumpur and Singapore was installed by ITT.

Telephone service needs many kinds of skills. ITT has those skills in 173,000 employees, most of whom are citizens of the countries they work in. And ITT educates and trains the people who will operate its equipment, giving them useful skills and their nations a reservoir of technical talent.

The ITT System companies that produce telephone equipment and systems have some of the most famous initials in world telephony, companies such as BTM, Belgium; SEL, Germany; CGCT, France; STC, Great Britain; FACE, Italy.

It takes a lot to make a telephone ring.

ITT has what it takes.

ITT, the world's largest international supplier of electronic and telecommunication equipment.

For information or service, contact your ITT distributor or write: ITT Far East and Pacific, Inc., 24 Des Voeux Road, Central, Hong Kong. World Headquarters: 320 Park Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10022.

ITT SYSTEM REPRESENTATIVES AND ASSOCIATES:

AUSTRALIA Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Sydney / BURMA Fairweather Richards & Co., Rangoon / CAMBODIA Ets. Denis Freres, Phnom Penh / CEYLON Brown & Co., Ltd., Colombo / HONG KONG AND MACAO Shewan Tomes (Traders) Ltd., Hong Kong / INDIA Standard Telephones & Cables, Ltd., New Delhi / INDONESIA ITT System Representative, Djakarta / KOREA Hae Nin Commerce Company, Inc., Seoul / MALAYSIA Paterson, Simons & Co., Kuala Lumpur; Paterson, Simons & Co., Ltd., Singapore / NEW ZEALAND Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Wellington / OKINAWA Williams International Inc., Naha / PAKISTAN Interhom Trades and Constructions, Ltd., Lahore / PHILIPPINES ITT Philippines Inc., Manila / TAIWAN Taiwan Trading Corp., Taipei / THAILAND International Engineering Co., Ltd., Bangkok / VIETNAM S. A. pour le Riz et l'Industrie, Saigon.

worldwide electronics and telecommunications

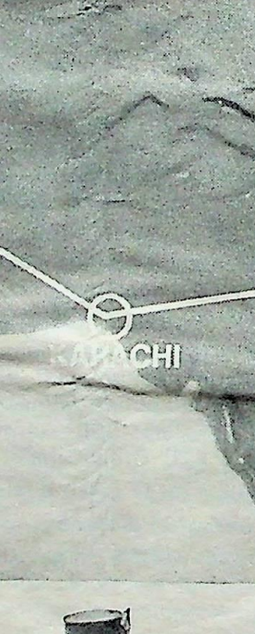
ITT

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

First direct air-link between Western Europe and China

ANOTHER PIA FIRST!



PIA make aviation history! A direct air-l between Western Europe and China! PIA int duce an exclusive service to China—the first service to Canton and Shanghai—and the o air service to connect Western Europe and Ch directly. Add this enterprise to PIA's 80% pu tuality average last year and you can understa why travellers say PIA are great people to fly wi

Great people to fly wit

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLIN

LONDON, FRANKFURT, GENEVA, ROME, BEIRUT, TEHRAN, KARACHI, DACCA, CANTON, SHANGHAI

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

who would never have dreamed of talking to a policeman are coming all the time." In the first 24 hours alone, more than 120 whores had volunteered information about the murder victims or about male customers of their acquaintance who seemed, in Scotland Yard's words, "odd or eccentric in their association with prostitutes." Said Commander Hatherill: "What has astonished me is the number of women in this profession who have been picked up, stripped in a car, then knocked about—and made no complaint."

The investigation netted one suspect, a 54-year-old janitor who surrendered to police and was charged with killing another prostitute, red-haired Irene Lockwood, whose nude body was found in the Thames last month. The murder scare had another unexpected payoff for police. Fearful that a Jack the Stripper was still at large, whores stayed home by the thousands, cleaning London's sidewalks more effectively than all the vice squads in Britain.

The Ginger Woman

"My vigor, vitality and cheek repel me," she said in one of her rare fits of humility. "I am the kind of woman I would run from." In 84 years of almost constant exercise, Nancy Astor's acerbic tongue and quixotic heart led many to agree with her self-estimate. As Britain's leading feminist, best-known hostess, and fulltime gadfly, she herself was criticized, denounced and derided during much of her life, but all her foes in chorus could not have insulted so many people of high and low station so joyously as Lady Astor.

Among the favorite targets of her Astorisms were fellow politicians, her fellow rich ("The only thing I like about them is their money"), Communists, Socialists, Nazis, Yankees, liquor manufacturers, newspapers (her husband's family owned two), anti-feminists, the cult of the Common Man. It was idealism, not malice, that propelled her bricks and bons mots. She scolded Stalin for "shooting your enemies, and that sort of thing," scorned the late Joe McCarthy to his face, belittled the Vanderbilts as parvenus: "The Astors skinned skunks a century before the Vanderbilts worked ferries."

Down with Duds. In 1919, Virginia-born Nancy Astor became the first woman ever to sit in Britain's House of Commons. She shocked that hallowed chamber by describing her entrance into politics as "this downward career from home to House." Like many another politician, Winston Churchill refused to speak to the female fellow M.P. for several years, explained later that her presence in the traditionally male sanctum made him feel "as if a woman had come into my bathroom and I had only the sponge to defend myself." Retorted Lady Astor: "You are not handsome enough to have worries of that kind." Churchill was the only sparring partner she seldom bested. Once she exclaimed: "If I were your wife, I'd put poison in your coffee." Growled Churchill: "And if I were your husband, I'd drink it."

Returned seven times to Parliament, she described her mission as "gingering up the government." That she did. Of the Labor Party she remarked: "During my 25 years in the House of Commons, the Socialists did nothing but promise the Kingdom of God without praying and the good of this world without working." Voting to oust her old friend, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, after Hitler invaded Norway, she explained: "Duds must be got rid of, even if they are one's dearest friends."

Cliveden Chatelaine. One of the five "handsome Miss Langhornes" of Virginia society, Nancy, barely 18, plunged into an unhappy six-year marriage to a drunkard that made her a lifelong crusader for Prohibition. She was 27 and at the height of her beauty when she married Waldorf Astor, whose father, the 1st Viscount and fabulously wealthy great-grandson of John Jacob, had settled in England. For a wedding present, her father-in-law—Nancy called him "Old Moneybags"—presented the couple with several million pounds and Cliveden, a 300-year-old Thames-side estate. Now the home of her eldest son, William, Cliveden hit the headlines in 1963 as the place where Christine Keeler disported with Jack Profumo.

In the '30s Cliveden was in the news for very different reasons. A born hostess, Nancy loved to bring together weekend guests of all nationalities, religions and political convictions. Nonetheless, because the Astors' most frequent visitors included top Tories and the editors of the two Astor newspapers, the London Times and the Observer, the Cliveden set became a sinister synonym for the forces in Britain that believed in making a deal with Hitler. Though actually Prime Minister Chamberlain fervently believed in appeasement with no persuasion from his hostess, Nancy Astor's failure to accept the final futility of his policy caused her to be attacked as godmother of Munich and a Nazi sympathizer.

Resounding Belle. She took the abuse with gallantry and grace. In fact, as she said, "I abhor Hitler and Hitlerism." On one occasion when Hitler's Ambassador, Joachim von Ribbentrop, greeted her with the Nazi salute, she snapped: "Stop that nonsense with me!" During World War II, she ran Cliveden as a 1,600-bed hospital for wounded Canadian soldiers, also assisted her husband in his duties as Lord Mayor of Plymouth, which was savagely bombed. "You can kill us," she challenged the Nazis, "but you can't scare us."

After her retirement from politics in 1945, she described herself as an "extinct volcano"—but it was not quiet for long. Until very recently, Nancy Astor remained her animated, voluble, rapier-tongued but warmhearted self.

When the resounding Virginia belle died last week of the complaints of old age, her lifelong battle for women's rights had long since helped to win her English sisters a valued and creative role in male-dominated Britain; in Parliament alone, 53 women now take their seats as a matter of unquestioned right. Her prowess in that and every other cause she espoused may be gauged by the reaction of another Tory backbencher when she walked into the House of Commons one day with a black eye suffered in a golfing accident. "My word, Nancy!" he marveled. "What must the other bloke be like!"

CARL MYDANS—LIFE

LADY ASTOR (BY SARGENT), 1908, & IN 1956

Few have insulted so many so joyously.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PARAGUAY

"We Will Show Them"

Ten years ago this week, Army General Alfredo Stroessner seized control of Paraguay in a classic South American palace coup. He is still the landlocked little nation's undisputed *Número Uno*. But no swelling bands or fancy parades will mark the anniversary. Stroessner may hoist a cup of fiery *caña*, the local rum, with a few army cronies—nothing more. At 51, he looks and acts more like a mild-mannered businessman than the most durable of Latin military dictators. Today the important thing for Stroessner is not the tormented past, and his own part in it, but the progress he has begun to make in bringing to 1,800,000 Paraguayans a measure of peace and stability.

GAVIN SCOTT

PRESIDENT STROESSNER
Change is a practical matter.

Blood & Iron. A savage history of foreign wars and civil strife left the country little strength for nation building. In 1864 Paraguay blustered into the suicidal, six-year War of the Triple Alliance against Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay; out of a population of 525,000, only 220,000 survived, and only 28,000 of these were men. Again in the Chaco War of the 1930s, Paraguay took on Bolivia and won 20,000 sq. mi. of wilderness borderland—at a cost of one Paraguayan life for each square mile. Thus the prize won in 1954 by Stroessner, a veteran of the Chaco War, was a sleepy backwater, 600 miles by river from the sea, cobblestone-quaint but short on manpower and desperately poor. Only a few miles of roads were paved, and a wood-burning railroad served as the main land link to Argentina and the outside world.

Stroessner got off to a dictator's ironfisted start, organizing a tough secret police, suppressing all opposition, packing the prisons. Close to 300,000 Paraguayans now live in exile. At Stroessner's Colorado party headquarters in the Asunción capital, functionaries keep IBM listings on everyone who applies for party membership; there are 400,000 names on file. Stroessner is staunchly anti-Communist, but beyond that he does not concern himself with ideology. When a visitor once suggested that Paraguay needed a first-class public relations man to improve its image abroad, the general replied: "We don't need publicity. We will show them by doing."

Roads & Molasses. In his own heavy-handed way, Stroessner is actually trying to make good the boast. By imposing order on his violent little land, he has been able to push new roads through the hinterland to the Bolivian, Brazilian and Argentine borders. Following behind the bulldozers are settlers, clearing and cultivating the 40,000 plots of unused government land that have been distributed to peasant families. Lumber, beef and leather are growing businesses. Last year exports climbed to $40 million, highest since World War II, while imports fell enough to give the country its first trade surplus in five years. The cost of living rose only 1.1% last year *v.* 26% in neighboring Argentina and 80% in Brazil.

Foreign capital has helped finance a plastic-hose factory, a molasses plant, new sawmills and a cottonseed-oil processing plant. In the first two years of the Alliance for Progress, the country received commitments for $45 million from international bankers, the U.S. Government and private investors.

The dictatorship is changing too. As a practical matter, not out of any sudden conversion to democracy, Stroessner now tolerates an opposition, relatively tame though it may be. In the 1963 presidential elections, a nominal opposition got on the ballot for the first time, and by law wound up with an automatic 20 of the 60 seats in Congress. (In Mexico's one-party "guided democracy," the ruling P.R.I. also guarantees some seats to its opposition—but up to 11%, not 33%.) "We allow freedom for all non-Communist political parties," says Edgar Ynsfrán, 45, Stroessner's ambitious and influential Interior Minister. "It is subversion that we cannot tolerate."

A U.S. businessman puts it another way. "This place is in no sense an old-style jack-booted dictatorship. I worked in Venezuela during the time of Pérez Jiménez, in the Dominican Republic under Trujillo, in Argentina under Perón. There is no atmosphere of tension and fear. The idea is order to build something." That is how Stroessner sees himself—as Paraguay's builder. His term expires in 1968, and constitutionally he is barred from running again. But in Stroessner's Paraguay, the builder can always reconstruct a constitution.

COLOMBIA

Death of Black Blood

Slowly but surely, Colombians are writing an end to *la violencia*, which began in 1948 as a political war between the Conservative and Liberal parties, continued as degenerate terrorism long after the leaders made peace, and now has claimed 200,000 lives in the country's backlands. In March, troops trapped and killed *"Desquite"* ("Revenge"), one of the most notorious of the bandit leaders; in the past few months they have erased three other bandits responsible for 1,100 murders among them. Last week the most vicious killer still at large met his death. He was Jacinto Cruz Usma, 31, alias *"Sangre Negra,"* or "Black Blood," and regarded by the government as Public Enemy No. 1.

223 Lives. No one knows why Cruz became a bandit; he came from a peaceful peasant family in the department of Tolima, started out as a hard-working laborer, then suddenly turned up three years ago as *Sangre Negra*. On March 20, 1961, he burned a hacienda and chopped three men to ribbons with a machete. Seven months later, he and his gang ambushed two police trucks, killing eight policemen. Three months after that, *Sangre Negra* halted a bus, lined up 17 passengers, slaughtered them all. He kidnaped children, carried off women to be raped and murdered, boldly shot it out with the army. In September, while President Guillermo

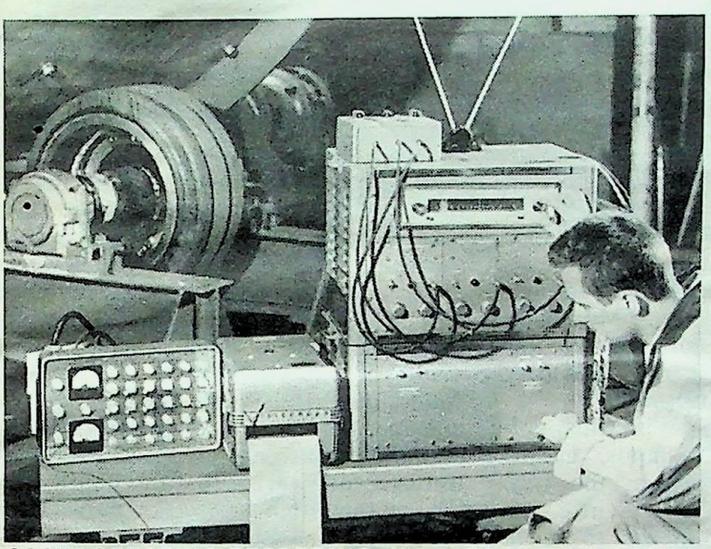
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

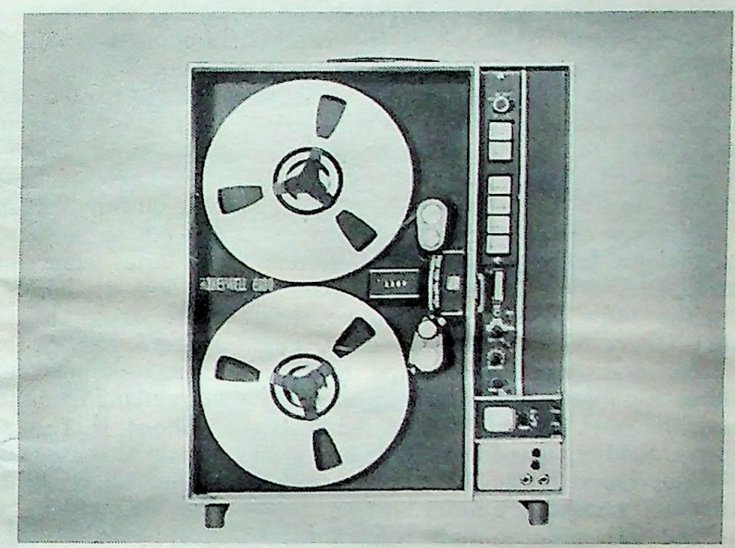
SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTATION REPORT FROM HONEYWELL

High performance instrumentation speeds research

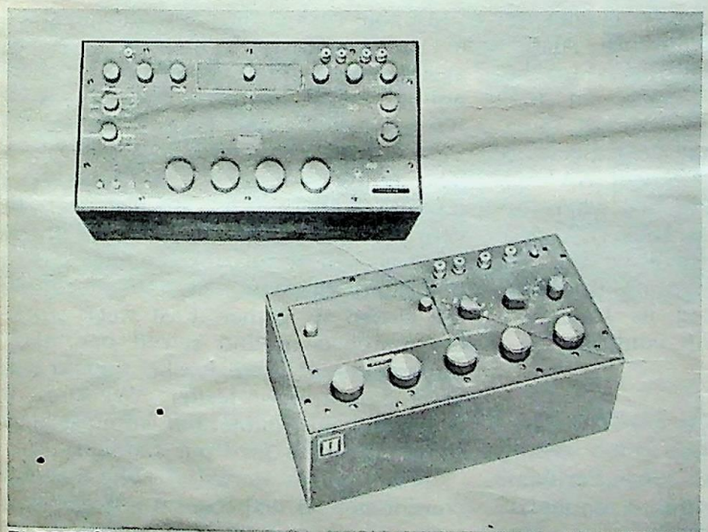
New equipment for data acquisition and measurement is bringing faster, more accurate results in scientific, medical and industrial research and development. Honeywell can supply the exact instrumentation you need for making precision electrical measurements, testing circuit designs, recording physical strain and vibration data or conducting physiological research.



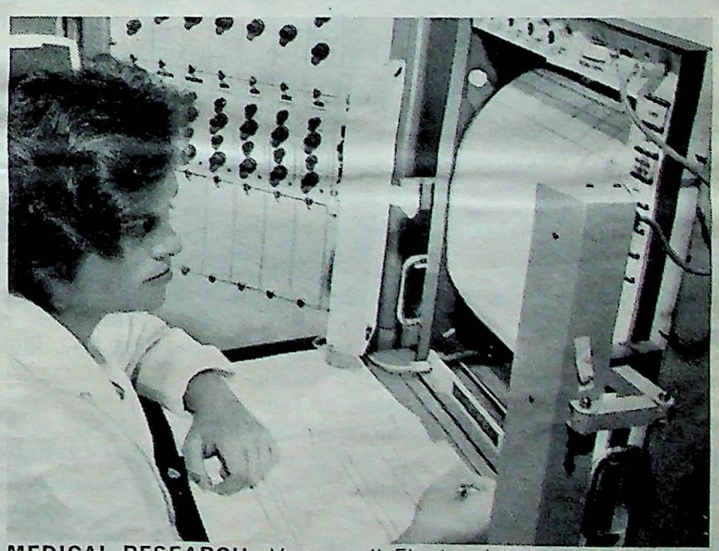
OSCILLOGRAPHIC RECORDING. Up to 36 channels of high frequency data (DC to 5,000 cps) can be recorded by the Honeywell Visicorder oscillograph for immediate readout. Photo shows strain and vibration tests on a rotating scrubber mill.



TAPE RECORDING. Honeywell 8100 portable FM recorder/reproducer records up to 8 channels of DC-10,000 cps data. Built-in calibration panel, automatic switching of center frequencies and simplified pushbutton operation are other features.



ELECTRICAL MEASUREMENT. Model 2802 Laboratory Potentiometer (top) has a calibrated accuracy of ±0.0010% of reading +.1 microvolt and a single range from 0 to 2.0999999 volts. Model 1700 Conductance Bridge measures 10^3 to 10^{15} ohms with ±0.05% to ±10.0% error limit.



MEDICAL RESEARCH. Honeywell Electronic Medical Systems include sensors, signal conditioning equipment and recording equipment for measuring a variety of inputs such as electrical signals, sounds, pressures, temperatures, displacements, rates, volumes, gas content and blood phenomena.

Honeywell

For complete catalog information, see your nearest Honeywell representative or write A. T. Ponds, Dept. 15, Honeywell International, Denver, Colo. 80217, U.S.A.

WORLD LEADER IN CONTROLS AND SYSTEMS FOR HOME, INDUSTRY AND SCIENCE

HONEYWELL INTERNATIONAL: Sales and service offices in all principal cities of the world. Manufacturing in Canada, France, Germany, Japan, Netherlands, United Kingdom and United States.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

León Valencia was decorating army officers at Armero in Tolima, *Sangre Negra* contemptuously sacked a nearby town, Totarito, adding 28 more deaths to the list. Though there is no accurate record, authorities place the blood of 223 on his hands.

In the end it was *Sangre Negra's* own brother, Felipe, 32, who did him in. Hearing that his outlaw kin was coming to kill him, or so he said, Felipe went to the police in the small town of El Cairo, then joined the posse sent to track his brother down. They found *Sangre Negra* and three of his men terrorizing a farm family a short way out of town. In a blazing 25-minute gunfight, one of the bandits was killed. But when the posse rushed the farmhouse, *Sangre Negra* and the others were gone. Two days later reinforcements killed his two henchmen a few miles away. But still no *Sangre Negra*. Back they went with dogs to search around the farmhouse. There he was, dead, in the jungle a thousand yards away, face down in a mudhole with bullet holes in his mouth and torso. Mortally wounded in the first fight, he had crawled into the brush to die.

Cortege of Survivors. A helicopter carried the body to army headquarters at Ibagué, where 25,000 people passed by the litter to stare and make sure that *Sangre Negra* was really dead. The corpse was then helicoptered to four other mountain towns for display. At last, he was buried in an unmarked grave. Soldiers acted as pallbearers, and the survivors of the Totarito massacre marched behind in a bitter cortege.

The last major outlaw remaining at large is Pedro Antonio Marín, 32, who goes under the aliases of "Marulanda" and *"Tiro Fijo"* ("Sure Shot"). A bragging Communist, he leads a band of 300 and rules a fief in the hills of southwestern Colombia by both persuasion and force. The army is cutting away his peasant support with a program of roads, medical aid and agricultural advice. Patrols are pressing the hunt.

CUBA

SAM's Song

In exchange for the $1,000,000 a day he gets from the Red bloc, Fidel Castro barters away Cuba's lifeblood —its sugar crop. That blood is beginning to get thin. Partly because of Hurricane Flora and partly because of pitiful mismanagement, Cuban sugar production this year is estimated at 3,300,000 tons, about half what it was in pre-Castro years. Yet Castro has committed more sugar (at bargain prices he can ill afford) to his Communist partners, until he now owes them more than he produces. Faced with this kind of debacle, Cuba last week did an astonishing thing for the world's biggest sugar-cane producer. It went into the world market to buy sugar to meet its Iron Curtain commitments.

Worse than Last Year. Cuba bought 10,000 tons on the French market for shipment to Red China, and another 10,000 tons from Britain to send to Bulgaria. In the rest of 1964, Cuba says it will sell no sugar on the world market, where prices are 8¢ a lb. *v.* the 6¢ Castro gets from his Red friends. This puts Castro in a worse position than last year, when the Russians allowed him to sell 1,000,000 tons on the world market, thus earning a windfall of vital dollars to buy Western buses, trucks, tractors and spare parts.

Washington harbored some suspicions that the Cuban maneuvers were tricks to drive sugar prices higher on the world market and set the stage for a later killing. But most dealers on the New York and London sugar markets thought the moves were genuine evidence of Castro's economic disaster. Heavy spring rains in Cuba have hurt the already skimpy 1964 harvest; the much-touted Russian cane-cutting machines have so far proved a failure; "volunteer" labor battalions sent into the fields to do the job by hand hardly know a machete from a mongoose. Moreover, Eastern Europe has suffered two low sugar-beet harvests in a row, and may be pressing Cuba for its payments.

Shoot If You Must. With this not-so-sweet mess on his hands, Castro spent the week growling at the U.S. and doing his best to convince the world that he really means to shoot down a U-2 reconnaissance plane. Sipping a brandy-and-soda at a Japanese reception in Havana, he insistently told newsmen that he was willing to go to war to stop the U.S. from keeping an aerial eye on his Communist island. "We will prevent these flights to the limits of what our weapons can do," Castro said. And then, for the first time, he confirmed that he expects to get control of the 25 Soviet SAM-II rocket emplacements in Cuba when the Russians depart. "The rockets," said Castro emphatically, "will be handed over to Cuba." In the same emphatic tone, the U.S. repeated its statement that the U-2 flights will continue.

PERU

Industry Overboard

Businessmen call it "the Peruvian miracle," and by all odds it is one of Latin America's brightest success stories. In 1950, imaginative Peruvian entrepreneurs started netting the immense schools of anchovy in coastal waters and processing the small silvery fish into fish meal, a high-protein poultry and livestock food. So rich was the harvest and so great the demand that plants went up all along the coast. Today, fish meal is the country's biggest industry, and Peru has risen from nowhere to No. 2 rank (behind Japan) among fishing nations.

CASTRO & FRIENDS*
Sugar is the telltale deal.

The problem now is to keep the industry from going overboard trying to make too much of a good thing. Last year, Peru processed 1,159,000 tons of fish meal from a record 6,650,000-ton catch and earned an impressive $11 million from exports. But this year there are fears of a smaller haul, with a sharp fall-off in dollars.

Peruvians insist that smaller catches are due merely to a temporary shift in ocean currents, not overfished waters. But everyone agrees that too many people are out fishing. "Two or three years ago," says one Lima skipper, "you seldom saw more than 100 seiners fishing at the same time. Nowadays you see as many as 300 go to work on a school."

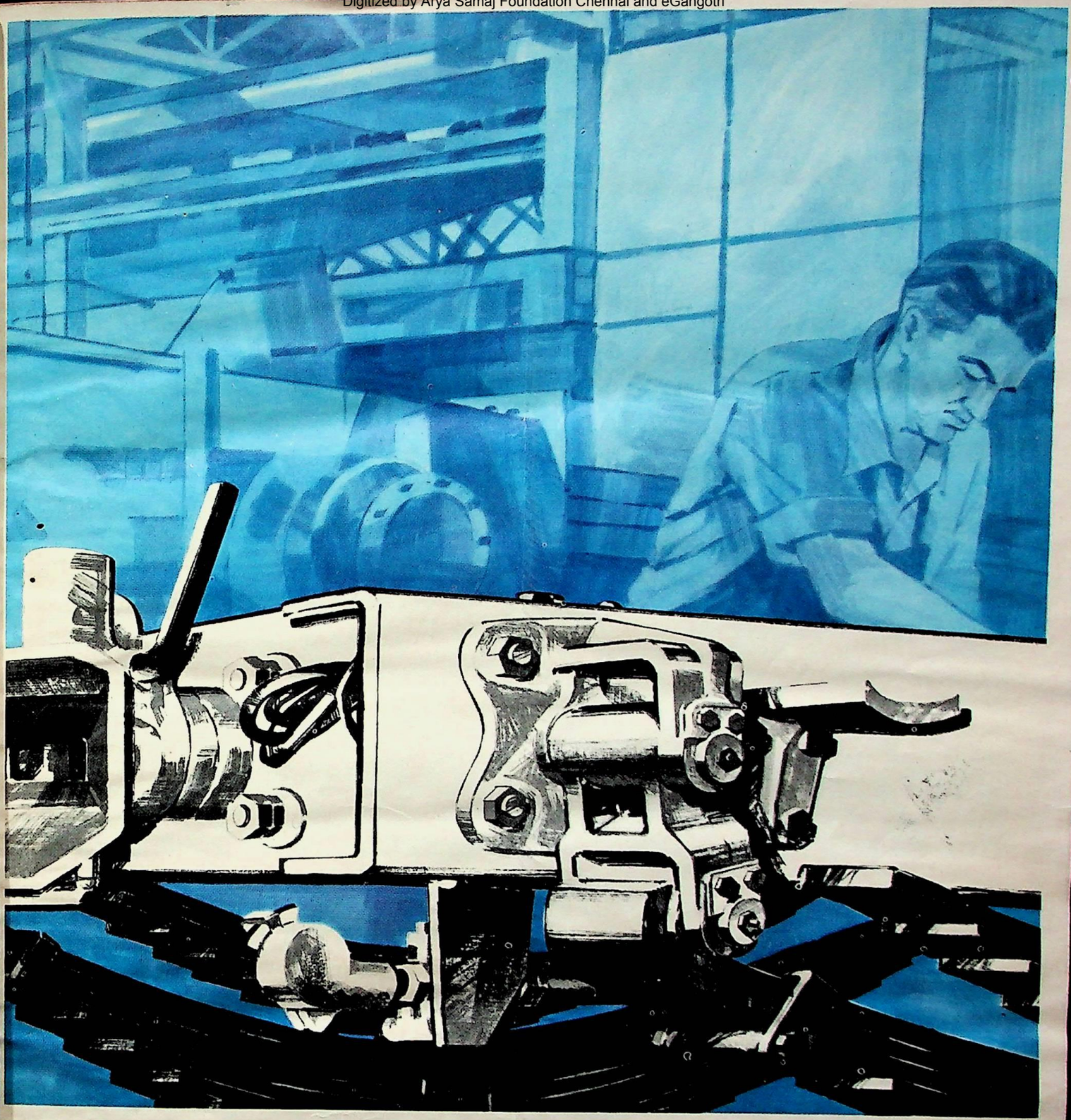
The grumbles are even louder ashore. With gold-rush enthusiasm, businessmen overborrowed—took short-term loans at interest as high as 28%—to overbuild. "They are operating in a sea of IOUs," says Víctor Riveros, editor of Peru's fishing-industry journal *Pesca*. The industry now has a capacity of 2,000,000 tons of fish meal a year, nearly double what it expects to sell. As a result, most of the country's fish plants are operating at half speed; others are closed altogether. Last week workers marched in and seized one plant on account of three weeks' unpaid salaries. Said a union leader: "We know it is in financial trouble, but we must have some money to feed our families."

This week a Peruvian congressional commission is expected to propose a series of emergency relief measures, including a moratorium on federal taxes. Even if the government exempted fish-meal processors from all taxes, their average $9-a-ton profit (*v.* an average $20 in 1963) would still not cover interest on the industry's $74 million debt.

* From left: Industry Minister Che Guevara, Raúl Castro, Fidel, President Osvaldo Dorticós, Mrs. Dorticós and Old Communist Blas Roca.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

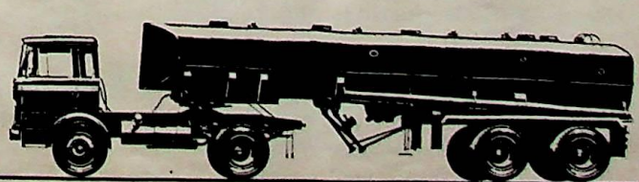


How to lose weight and gain strength

Mercedes-Benz fashion and form tempered steel to make a chassis that's both tough and reasonably light. Because the aim is strength and economy. And the less of its own weight a truck has to carry the more power is available for payload.

Mercedes-Benz use a special steel for the chassis. Heavy duty leaf springs. Hydraulic shock-absorbers. Plus an additional system that reacts progressively (the heavier the load, the greater the resistance). All these features are designed to keep down the truck's own weight. And to keep up its payload.

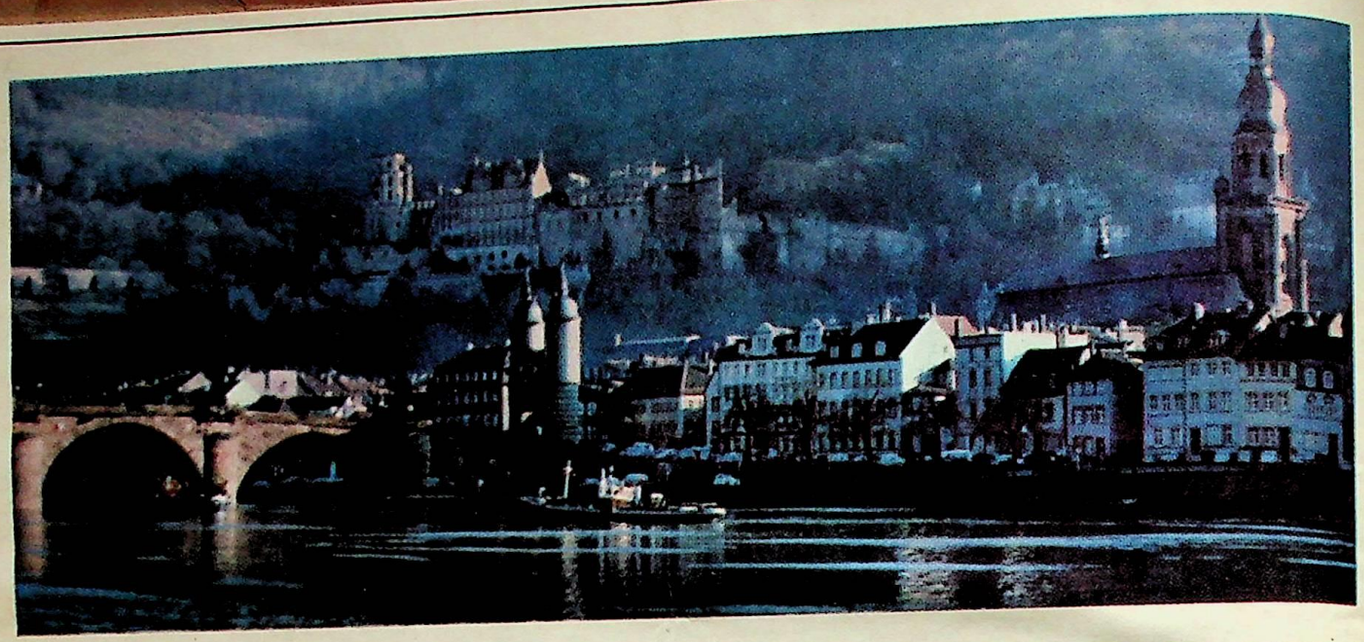
MERCEDES-BENZ

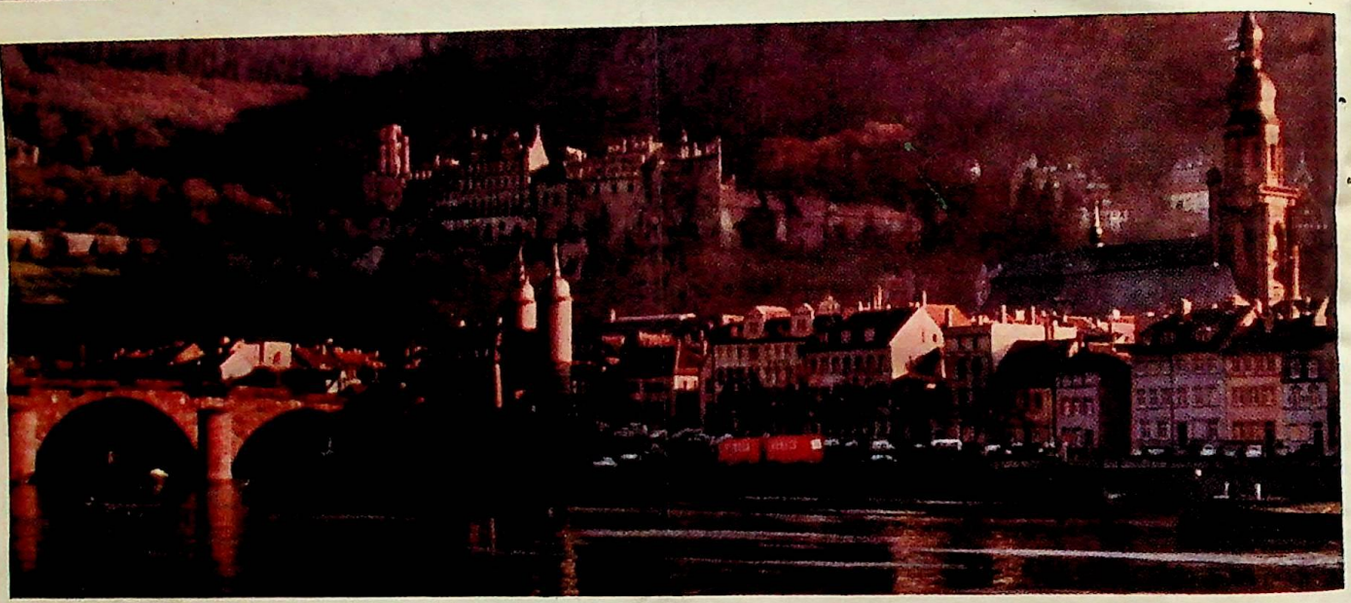


LPS 1920
220 HP SAE

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



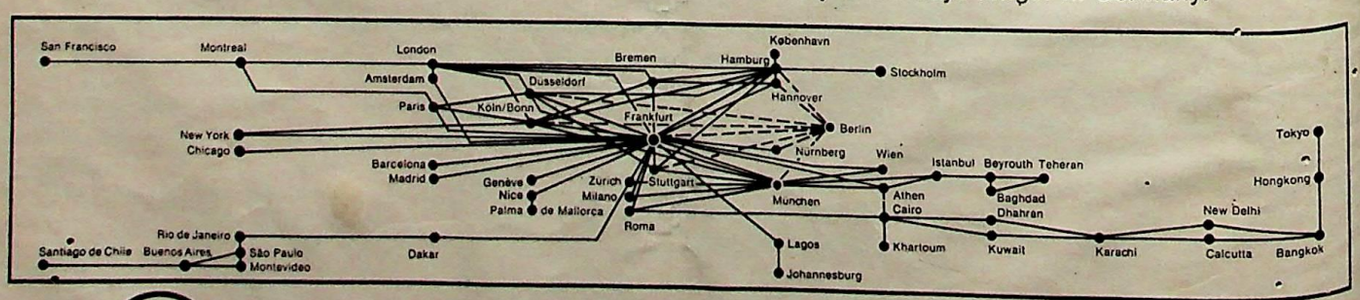


Why you cannot really enjoy Heidelberg in an hour — or Germany in a day.

Heidelberg on a sunny summer's day is quite different from the town you see at dusk. Stroll through the old city, visit some of the inns frequented by students and rightly described as "gemütlich". When you have seen the Castle, get on board a steamer and go up the Neckar — past castles, vineyards, villages. And perhaps you will find the time to have a look at the old village church of Creglingen, famous for its Gothic altar carved by Tilman Riemenschneider.

Do take a little time: a few hours more in Heidelberg — a few days more for Germany. The Rhine, the Goethe House in Frankfurt, Munich — the capital of Bavaria, the fairy-tale castle of Neu-Schwanstein — all these are places of great charm and well worth seeing.

But you don't have to see everything. What is important is to get the feel of this country and to take home with you a little of its atmosphere. That's why it is worth your while to stay a few days longer in Germany.



Lufthansa
German Airlines

DLK 416

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The abstract, blotchy strokes on her canvases certainly don't owe much to her old man. And that is just how **Jeanne Modigliani**, 45, likes it. "Had my name not been Modigliani I would have started painting years ago," said she. In fact, the only thing the twice-married Parisian artist has in common with Papa Amedeo is her painting signature, which is almost identical. But that is enough. Visiting in Israel to set up her first major solo show next month, she offered eight small works for sale. Within two hours all were snapped up for $100 to $150 each. Yet the lady still protests. "Nothing makes me angrier," says she, "than the awe and reverence with which people regard me because of my father's name."

• • •

New York Democrats have been scratching around for months trying to find a candidate to oppose Republican Senator Kenneth Keating next November. Now a new name has been suggested. "I have reached a stage in life," said famed (*My Life in Court*) Attorney **Louis Nizer**, 62, "in which I would prefer to give such talent as I may have to public service rather than private clients." And he added: "I shall be earnestly receptive to the nomination, making no pretense, according to the political rule, that I am reluctant unless the honor is forced upon me."

• • •

Everybody called him **Ivan the Terrible**, but it must have been terrible for Ivan. He had back trouble, which made him just miserable every time he had to stand up or bend over. No wonder he felt like killing people. This fascinating historical tidbit came to light when the Russians removed Czar Ivan IV (1530-84) from his Kremlin tomb last year and turned the bones over to Anthropologist-Sculptor Mikhail Gerasimov, a specialist in reconstructing physical appearance from bone structure. Gerasimov got the backache idea from studying the skeleton, has now finished two busts of the 16th century ruler—one showing the muscles of Ivan's left side, and the other showing what he looked like. Ouch!

ISRAEL SHENKER

GERASIMOV & IVANS
Just terrible.

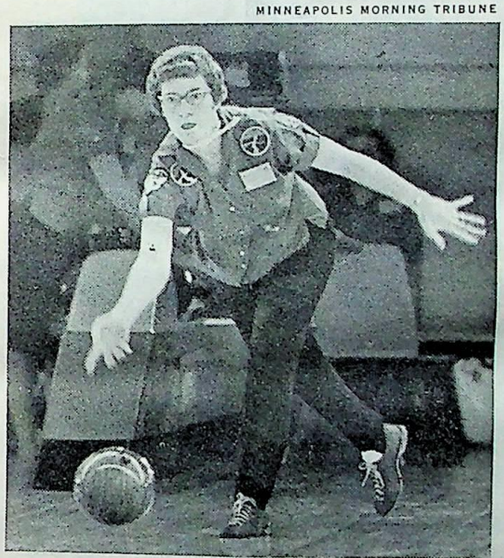
• • •

Midst laurels stood: Producer **David Merrick**, whose *Luther* and *Hello, Dolly!* won both Drama Critics Circle awards as best play and best musical; Socialite **Mrs. Winston ("Ceezee") Guest**, 44, made a Dame of the Order of Isabel La Católica, one of Spain's highest honors, in recognition of her charity work for that country; Bandleader **Lawrence Welk**, 61, created a Knight Commander of St. Gregory the Great by Pope Paul VI for his "wholesome family entertainment."

• • •

Bowling is very big in the lives of **Mary Ann** and **Andrew Fischer**. They met when both were unmarried members of a home town team, and bowled each other right over, what else. Then, last September, their family of five was suddenly doubled by the arrival of quintuplets. Goodbye ten pins, hello diaper pins. But last week Mary Ann, 30, turned up at the Women's International Bowling Congress at Minneapolis as captain of the United Mattress Team of Aberdeen, S. Dak. Still notably trim despite all, she rolled an average 164 for the tourney, ten points over her previous average. And the ten kids? Why, just like anyone else, Mary Ann got her mom to look after the darlings.

MINNEAPOLIS MORNING TRIBUNE



MRS. FISCHER
Still trim.

• • •

"Have a fag, mate," cracked Ringo Starr. Neither twin was very tony. Still it was hard to tell them apart until someone asked if the real **Beatles** would please sit down. The ones with the wax between their ears didn't move, and fans at London's Madame Tussaud's were finally sure which was which. Louis Armstrong knocked the rag mops off the top of Variety's singles chart last week, and the whisper was that they had passed their peak. But if their

AP

RINGO & RINGER
Not tony.

graven images at the world's foremost wax museum were not proof enough of their staying power, Boston Pops Conductor Arthur Fiedler had a bit more. He started including their songs in his concerts and got a reception on the enthusiastic side of mixed.

• • •

May Day weekend was at hand, and half of Paris gaily climbed into cars and headed out of the city for three days in the country. Meanwhile, at about the same time, a patient at the Cochin Hospital happily climbed into his car and headed for home. Half of Paris, no longer gay, sat and steamed until he got there. **Charles de Gaulle**, 73, recovered from his operation, was returning from the Left Bank hospital to the Right Bank Elysée Palace, and the police had thoughtfully blocked off all streets along the route. He made it in six minutes flat; the traffic jam took hours to unsnarl.

• • •

Eight and five were the magic numbers. 85 years of life, 58 years of marriage, and **James F. Byrnes** marked off both mileposts a day early. The former Secretary of State under Truman obligingly posed with a pair of cakes. "This is a great world in which to live so long," he said. And a young reporter asked what his outstanding experience had been. Byrnes smiled, thought back over his 40-odd years of public service and said simply: "Son, I hope you get to be 85 and somebody asks you that question."

• • •

Ill lay: New York World's Fair President **Robert Moses**, 75, in Manhattan's Roosevelt Hospital, "doing exceptionally well" after prostatic surgery; U.S. Ambassador to Japan **Edwin Reischauer**, 53, in Honolulu's U.S. Army Tripler General Hospital with a "presumptive diagnosis" of hepatitis, which hospital officials say developed independent of the nearly healed thigh wound inflicted last March by a deranged Japanese youth; British Spy **Greville Wynne**, 45, in London's Gordon Hospital "in an excitable and disturbed mental state" as a result of his 17-month Communist imprisonment.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MODERN LIVING

FAIRS

Into Stride

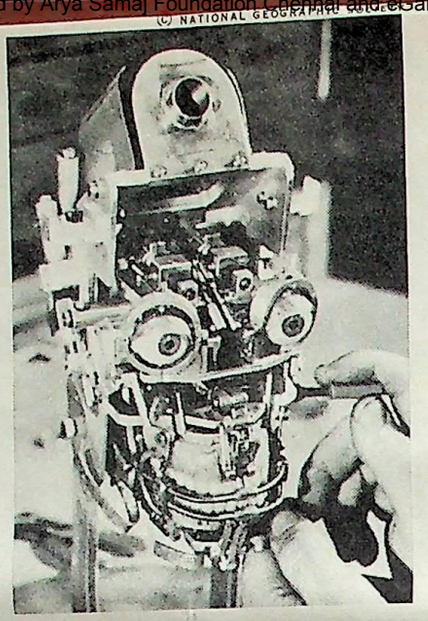
Each day last week produced new surprises for the folks at New York City's big new fair. King Hussein dropped by to dedicate Jordan's pavilion; Princess Christina came down from Radcliffe to open Sweden's. Jacqueline Kennedy and Daughter Caroline, with the late President's sister, Mrs. Stephen Smith and her two young sons, made a tour of eleven fun spots, lunched at the members-only Terrace Club, where the children begged in vain for hot dogs or hamburgers, settled for roast beef.

The Spanish Pavilion, after an early attack of *mañana*, finally got itself dedicated and hung its old masters—notably Goya's two *majas*, clothed and naked—which had been kept crated until the air conditioning was fully functioning to duplicate the exceptionally dry air of Madrid in the exceptionally wet spring air of New York. Even before the dedication, the Spanish had put on a handsome fashion show of seven Spanish designers. Displayed by an armada of imported Spanish beauties, the dresses were themselves spectacular enough—glinting with beads, swirling with bravura—to make many an observer feel that she simply had to be in Pamplona next year for the running of the bulls.

At the Illinois Pavilion, Audio-animatronic Abe Lincoln, who had been suffering from electronic megrims until engineers fiddled with the circuitry that makes his eyes blink, his voice rasp and his hands gesture, began to work. Abe rose to greet 500 people at a time, pushed back his coattails and gave them a ten-minute talk on liberty, gleaned from six of his speeches: "What constitutes the bulwark of our liberty and independence? It is not our frowning battlements, our bristling seacoasts . . . Our defense is in the preservation of the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere . . ."

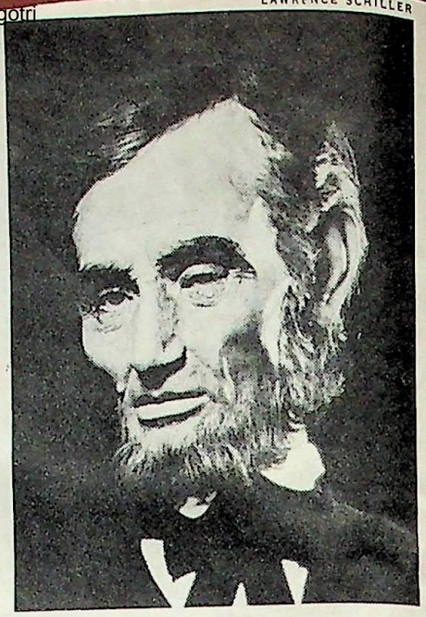
There was more rain, and the rain was not good to Sinclair's Dino the Dinosaur, who somehow got a crick in the long neck he cranes—a crick that turned into a crack when the rain began to work into it. But contrary to pre-fair predictions of hideous tie-ups, fair-bound cars flowed in an untroubled, purring stream.

Best of all, attendance was well ahead of predictions. Despite three cold and rainy days, the fair tolled off a million visitors in its first week.



© NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

INSIDE . . .



LAWRENCE SCHILLER

ABE LINCOLN

After the megrims, a word for liberty.

FASHION

To Keep Your Hand In

Murderers and motorcyclists are so mad about gloves that they wear them the whole year round. Others, less smitten, don them only in the winter, for warmth, or on the job (doormen, surgeons, morticians, ushers), to impress a boss (secretarial applicants who cannot type), keep up appearances (debutantes and chauffeurs), curry favor (prospective brides brought home to tea with prospective mothers-in-law). Once considered standard everyday attire, and the only way to get a decent duel going, nowadays no one but a grandmother *likes* to wear gloves.

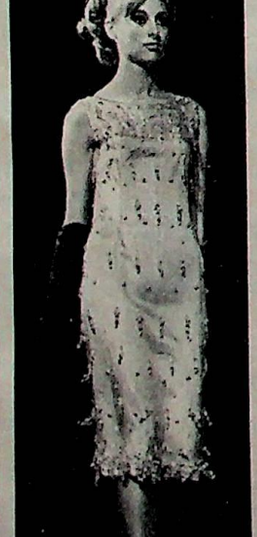
Well-Bred Intentions. Though they come in the most radiant of colors and the lushest of fabrics, range in length from wrist-short to shoulder-high and in price from $1 (nylon) to $145 (mink-cuffed French glacé kid), the richest selection is scarcely splendid enough to make up for the bother. For one thing, women determined to look smart but who feel ill at ease with their hands encased will strip their gloves off at the earliest opportunity and spend the rest of the party looking for a ledge to lodge the gloves on; they generally end up wadding them into an overstuffed purse.

Some women do not bother to wear gloves at all, merely keep them in hand and make the rounds clasping the evidence of their well-bred intentions like a badge. After several such wearings most gloves begin to go limp, soon acquire wrinkles and creases no cleaner can cure.

One Way Out. But, astonishingly enough, there is hardly a woman who would be caught dead without gloves. Why? Largely because of etiquette. Even as "bold" and "modern" a social arbiter as Amy Vanderbilt, who last year went so far as to sometimes permit picking up chicken bones *by hand* (a custom she personally practices only at picnics), warns that "it is still not true that if one goes hatless, one also goes gloveless" and insists "they should be worn to complete a street or evening costume." For eating hors d'oeuvres "the right glove, at least, is removed or rolled back"; for dinner, "both gloves are removed completely." Particularly if there are chicken bones to pick up.

One proper way out: the girl with a shrewd eye toward a heavy social season ahead will buy a single pair of quality gloves, hang the expense, and put them

FRIEDMAN-ABELES



BEN MARTIN

SPANISH STYLES: HIGH . . . SLIM . . . AND FANCY

After mañana, Goya and glamour.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

into the pocket of her favorite coat. From there, they can be hauled out when necessary. And to there, they can be swiftly returned, immediately after an entrance or exit. With a little bit of luck, they need never be worn.

THE HIGHWAY

The Brake Debate

Your car is traveling at 30 m.p.h. when the proverbial child dashes out in front of you. You hit the brake, of course. But with which foot?

A few years ago, the question would have been ridiculous, but today the ubiquity of the automatic transmission with its clutchless floor board is making it the subject of a great debate among motor-vehicle bureaucracies. Some states encourage left-foot braking (among them, South Dakota and Michigan); some disqualify or penalize any license applicant who does it (Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Utah). Most states have no policy at all. And there is, in fact, something to be said for both sides—or both feet.

Major argument in favor of left-foot braking is that (according to tests by Michigan State University) it reduces the braking time by three-tenths of a second, which means that a car doing 30 m.p.h. will stop 13 ft. sooner.

On the other hand, a driver trained to use his left foot on the brake is a positive menace in a stick-shift car, where his instinctive reflex will land his foot on the clutch—where it will do worse than no good, since it robs him of even the minor braking action of the engine. Inexperienced drivers taught left-foot braking also sometimes freeze in an emergency on both brake and accelerator (one of the incidental advantages of right-foot braking is that the driver necessarily has to take his right foot off the accelerator).

The American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators, an organization of U.S. and Canadian officials concerned with driver licensing, has announced that it is giving especial attention to the foot problem and hoped to come up with a recommendation—right or left—by fall.

RECREATION

Seven Men on Four Horses

Whether he does it at Monte Carlo's casino or a bookie's back room, the little guy who beats the big system is an odds-on favorite to become a national hero. And so, when an aptly titled long shot named Historic Value won the ninth harness race one night last week at New York's Roosevelt Raceway, the holder of the winning $132,232.80 ticket was hailed by every $2 bettor as the man of the hour.

But where was the man? The world's most valuable twin-double ticket was finally claimed, not on the hour but nearly two days later, and not by the perennial underdog but by-a platoon of upper-income New Jersey businessmen who arrived at the track in a long green Cadillac and left behind them the distinct impression of a gamble involving neither luck nor love of the game but of a cold-eyed investment by men who know their way around.

Backwheeling & Alive. According to the group's official spokesman, Joseph J. Saker, 35, six out of the seven partners were at the track that night to watch a horse belonging to three of them, which was running in an earlier race. Once there, they decided to hang around for the twin-double (a package deal that covers four races—the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth). The group liked No. 5 in the seventh race, "backwheeled" by coupling it with each of the eight horses running in the sixth race. They bought two $10 tickets on each combination for a total investment of $160. They could not lose the sixth, since every horse was covered. And when No. 5 took the seventh, the group perked up.

Two of their $10 tickets were still "alive." They exchanged them for ten $2 tickets, and spraddled their money across the next two races. They bet No. 1 and No. 4 in the eighth race, coupled each with five out of the eight horses running in the ninth. When No. 1 took the eighth, they stood a better than even chance on the ninth, but as it turned out, their victory was only accidental: the favorite tripped, causing a four-horse pile-up that left the way clear for Historic Value to jog unchallenged to the finish line.

Party of the Second Part. A yokel would have raced to collect on the spot. But every track buff in the world knows enough about taxes to realize that such a windfall may dwindle before his very eyes. The Government form he is obliged to put his name to is in duplicate, and the party of the second part is the Internal Revenue Service.

The winners were no yokels. When they appeared, finally, they were flanked by both a lawyer and an accountant. By their own admission, they were men "of substantial means" who did not "especially need the money"; among them, they had upwards of 28 dependents. Michael D. Sherman, 51, is a successful suburban real-estate dealer. William L. Bresnahan Jr., 31, is a dairy distributor, a partner with Joe Saker and his brother John E. Saker Jr., 30, in a 14-horse stable, Fair Acres Farm in Freehold, N.J. The Saker brothers also own a franchise in a supermarket chain. Their father, described as too ill and elderly to make the trip, owns the fifth share in the winning ticket. The sixth partner? Bresnahan's father, also too ill and elderly to make the trip. The seventh? His name was not immediately disclosed.

NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM

ROOSEVELT'S RECORD WINNERS* CELEBRATING
It's not just a matter of luck.

But then there were lots of unanswered questions. And no one was more interested in the answers than the Internal Revenue Service, which stood to lose some $44,000 of the winner's loot. For where a single ticket holder (estimated on a fairly shortsighted basis to have a wife, two children and no outside income) would take no more than the standard 10% deduction and pay a whopping $67,000 tax, a seven way split figured on the same bas would net each partner $18,890 a leave the Government a measly $5- 000 total. Said the Revenooers st week: "We will take a pretty clos ok at all of this." In other words, ey wanted to be sure the cartel ca be- fore the horse.

* From left: the Shermans, the Bre the John Sakers and the Joseph Saker

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ASTRONOMY

Pulsing Quasar

After studying nearly 100 years of star photographs from the University of Heidelberg, Dr. Harlan Smith of the University of Texas reported that the light from the heavenly body known as 3C-273 pulsates regularly on a 13-year cycle. Not that pulsating starlight is rare, but 3C-273 is not a star. It is a "quasar" (quasi-stellar object) that sends out powerful radio waves as well as light and is believed to be about 1 billion light-years away from the earth. Most astronomers think it is a galaxy in the process of exploding.

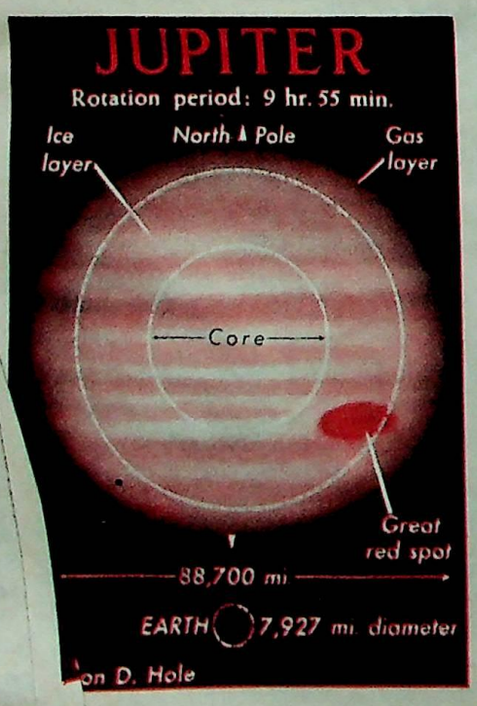
The astronomers have developed several theories to explain why galaxies can explode, but the 13-year pulsation of Quasar 3C-273 has them stumped. If the thing is really a galaxy, it must be many thousand light-years in diameter; light must take at least 1,000 years to cross a minor section of it, and according to relativity theory, nothing can move faster than light.

What mysterious influence, the puzzled astronomers asked, can make so large an object pulsate in so short a time as 13 years? Perhaps quasars are not galaxies at all, despite appearances. Perhaps in the far-off depths of space unknown physical laws are at work. Perhaps something can move faster than light. Scientists are impatiently searching for answers.

The Red Spot Mystery

It was astronomy week in Washington, but the astronomers who reported to the American Physical Society and the National Academy of Sciences seemed to be losing ground. For each problem that they solve, they have discovered a new mystery. One of the most intriguing of the new sky puzzles, Radio Astronomers Alex Smith and Thomas Carr of the University of Florida told the Physical Society, is posed by a brief question: What's happening on Jupiter? Radio signals that once came from the distant planet in regularly spaced bursts are now being received at 1.3-sec. longer intervals. "This is almost as surprising as if the city of Washington had begun to drift across the earth at the rate of ten degrees of longitude (530 miles) per year," said Dr. Smith.

The visible surface of Jupiter is a thick cloud-deck streaked with east-west bands. Its other conspicuous feature is the Great Red Spot, which has been observed since 1831 and is generally thought to be some kind of cloud floating high in the planet's thick atmosphere. But according to Dr. Smith, the Spot changed its period of rotation at about the same time the sources of radio signals changed. This may mean that the Spot and the signal are connected in some way. Planets cannot slow their rotation without some outside influence, and there is no influence known to be working on Jupiter. But Jupiter's radio waves may be controlled by its magnetic field, which might conceivably change direction because of some influence deep in the planet's unknown interior. How this change could affect the Great Red Spot, Dr. Smith does not know.



TECHNOLOGY

Magnetic Metalworking

In their elegant laboratories near La Jolla, Calif., General Dynamics scientists are doggedly attacking a difficult problem: how to extract controlled power from hydrogen fusion. The payoff for their work is hidden in the future, but the powerful magnetic fields they have built to hold reacting hydrogen gas at 100 million degrees has already yielded a valuable practical "fallout." Those same magnetic forces used on a smaller scale have proved remarkably versatile for shaping metal.

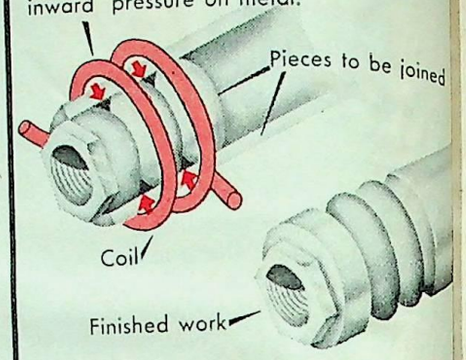
Swift Action. At a Detroit meeting of the American Society of Tool and Manufacturing Engineers, engineers from General Dynamics' General Atomics Division demonstrated how the principle works in practice. Magneform —a tool little larger than a home washing machine and using no more current than an electric range—has no moving parts at all. Its essential part is a coil of heavy wire that can take various shapes, including a cylinder, a doughnut or a flat disk. When a massive electric current from a capacitor is shot suddenly through a coil, it creates an intense magnetic field in the space around it. If a piece of metal is near by, the magnetism starts currents flowing in the metal. These currents are surrounded by their own magnetism, and repulsion between the two fields drives the metal violently awa from the coil. The action is over in m croseconds, but it is powerful enough push rigid metal into almost any shap

The different coils do different job When the end of a metal tube is i serted into the doughnut-shaped co it can be shrunk tightly around any i sert such as a plug or a threaded fittin To expand a metal tube, a cylindric coil is pushed inside it. A flick of t switch, and the tube expands to bi itself solidly to whatever surrounds To stamp a flat piece of metal with pattern, a trademark of elaborate tering, the metal is placed between flat coil and a die. When the co activated, the opposing magnetic fi in the sheet shoves it away from the c and presses it into the die.

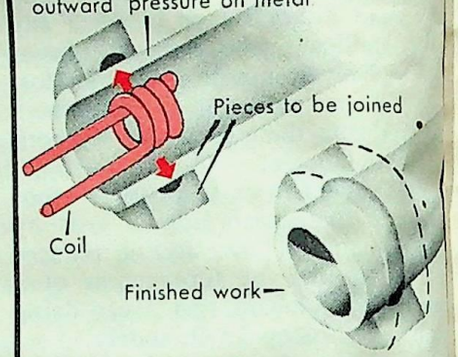
Gentle Handling. Magneform is ready doing many useful jobs: alu num and copper are being joined porcelain insulators for outdoor wirin the metal bands around artillery sh are being fitted quickly without fuss. The auto industry is using Mag form to produce ball-joint and seal semblies for front suspensions. Mag form's principal advantage over w ing, pressing or stamping is its ab to shape metals without the rough h dling that such operations ordinarily quire. Automated assembly-line op tion can be managed easily, and M neform men are already looking tow the day when most subsidiary parts an auto engine—carburetors, pumps, etc.—are shaped and stuck gether by Magneform.

MAGNEFORM-ING

BY COMPRESSION:
Coil-induced magnetic field exerts strong inward pressure on metal.



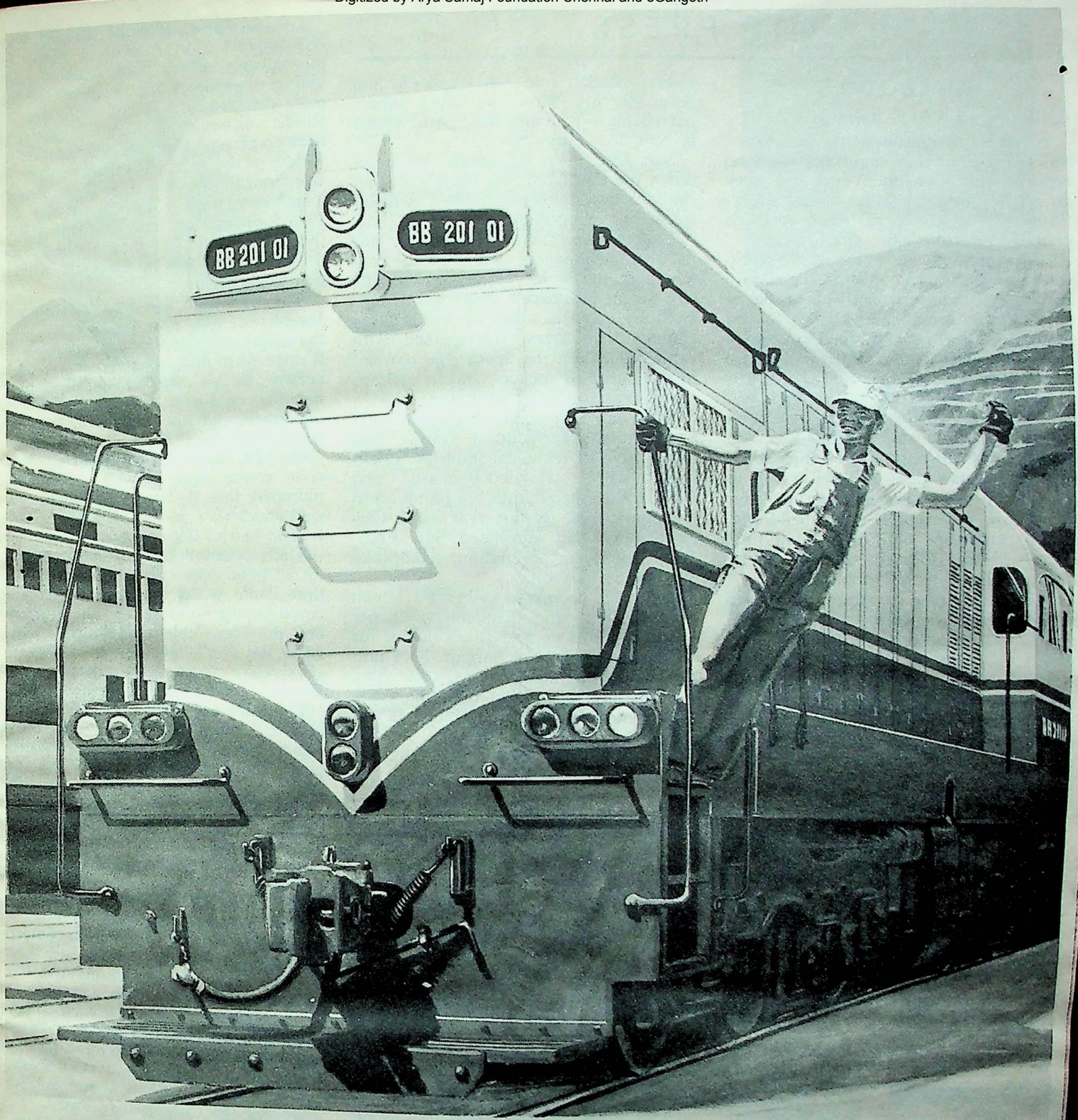
BY EXPANSION:
Coil-fitted inside tube exerts strong outward pressure on metal



TIME Diagram by V. Puglisi

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



11 more General Motors Locomotives for Indonesia

The performance record of 35 General Motors Model G8 950-H.P. locomotives on Indonesian State Railways since 1957 has led to the purchase of 11 Model G12 1425-H.P. units. All General Motors Diesel-Electric locomotives—6, 8, 12 and 16 cylinders—use the same basic wearing parts. So a smaller inventory of lower-cost spares protects the fleet. And the mechanic who knows one GM locomotive knows them all.

GENERAL MOTORS OVERSEAS OPERATIONS

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, NEW YORK 19, N. Y., U.S.A. CABLE ADDRESS: GENMOTSEAS

ASSOCIATE BUILDERS: Australia—Clyde • Belgium—Brunivel • Germany—Henschel • Sweden—Nohab • South Africa—Union Carriage • Spain—Macosa

GENERAL MOTORS LOCOMOTIVES — GM DIESEL POWER

LOCOMOTIVE PLANTS: La Grange, Illinois, U.S.A.; London, Ontario, Canada

COST LESS IN THE LONG RUN

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MAGAZINES

Childish, Idiotic & Asinine

Most playwrights hate theater critics, and many politicians claim that political reporters misquote them. But last week an artist complained that almost everything that's wrong in this world is caused by people who write.

"The first mistake in this whole world was the invention of printing," said Architect Philip Cortelyou Johnson in an interview in *Vogue*. "I am sick and tired of all the word-minded people in this world. The word-minded people are the ones who set the standards. An artist or an architect conceives and creates, but then in the final analysis he's at the mercy of some *writer*—a man who knows absolutely nothing about what the artist spent his life trying to do—a man who uses up hours and days of his time asking him childish, idiotic, asinine questions and then, as a final irony, assesses him for all time. Why I'm submitting to it I don't know.

"The visual arts are simply unable to rise above our communicative publicity media—all of which are, by definition, words. An architect, on the rare occasion when he is allowed to come in by the front door, still ranks between the accountant, who is, of course, vastly more important, and the Fuller Brush man, who is only slightly less."

NEWSPAPERS

A Plum in the Valley

The double-page ad in the New York Times posed two flat-footed questions: "What *Evening* Newspaper Leads the Nation in Total Advertising Linage?" and "What *Morning* Newspaper Ranks Sixth in the Nation in Total Advertising Linage?" Readers who scanned the tables printed below must have done a double take when they saw the answers: the San Jose News and the San Jose Mercury. How did those papers get so far up on the lists? And where is San Jose anyway?

San Jose is in California, 60 miles down the bay from San Francisco, and the Mercury and News climbed so high* simply by being there at the right time.

Lebensraum. Neither San Jose nor its two newspapers were going anywhere in particular 15 years ago. The city seemed buffered from San Francisco by pastoral miles of Santa Clara County fruit trees, interspersed with canneries. Then the space age dawned in a thunder of rockets, and its artisans moved West in quest of *Lebensraum*.

Soon San Jose was transformed from a somnolent agricultural county seat into a hive of technical industry. Lockheed, IBM, Hewlett-Packard and United Aircraft all built big plants amid the plum trees. By last year Santa Clara County had surpassed San Francisco County in population, retail sales and annual payroll.

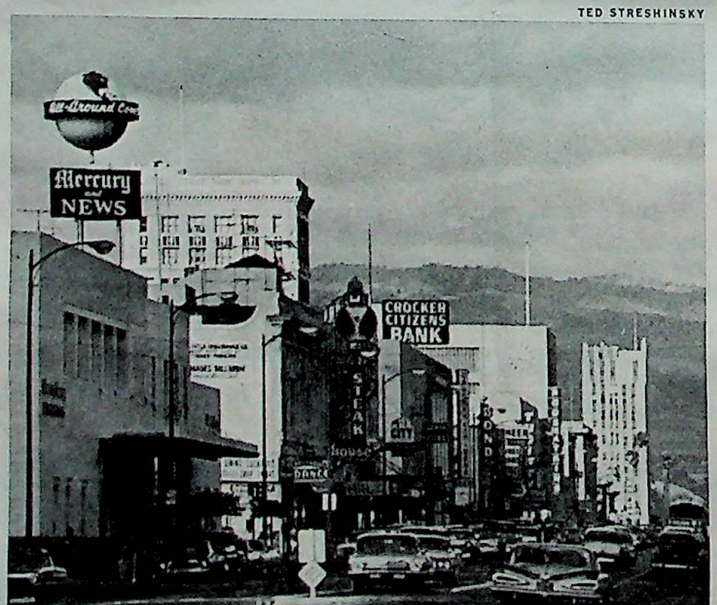
In 1952, prompted either by hunch or foresight, the Ridder newspaper group snapped up San Jose's dailies for what proved to be a bargain $3.5 million. From humble origins, this chain has steadily lengthened over the years until it now spans the continent. It was founded in 1895 by Herman Ridder, who had bought the German-language New Yorker Staats-Zeitung.

* The top ten in advertising linage:

MORNING	EVENING
Los Angeles Times	San Jose News
Miami Herald	Phoenix Gazette
Washington Post	Fort Lauderdale News
Chicago Tribune	Houston Chronicle
Phoenix Republic	Milwaukee Journal
San Jose Mercury	Montreal La Presse
New Orleans Times-Picayune	Detroit News
New York Times	Cleveland Press
Orlando Sentinel	Montreal Star
Cleveland Plain Dealer	Toronto Star

TED STRESHINSKY

JOSEPH RIDDER



MERCURY & NEWS PLANT IN DOWNTOWN SAN JOSE

Not newspapers, but catalogues.

Laissez Faire. Herman Ridder was less interested in earning a niche in journalism's record book than in providing newspapers for the profit of his male descendants. Today, there are 21 Ridders to work the chain, a figure that neatly corresponds with the number of Ridder newspapers. The papers vary in size from the Aberdeen, S. Dak., American-News (circ. 21,000) to the St. Paul Pioneer Press and Dispatch (227,000 combined). But they all have one thing in common: a Herman Ridder heir at the helm.

The Ridder in San Jose is Grandson Joseph B., 44, who went West after the acquisition, applied the laissez-faire Ridder formula, and still cannot quite believe in his luck. Like all Ridder newspapers, Joseph's pair are run as if the others did not exist. The last San Jose newspaper crusade petered out ten years ago, after the city built the new civic center that its two dailies had plumped for. By then the boom was well under way, and about all Grandson Joseph had to do was let it boom.

Daily circulation more than doubled, to 153,606. So did advertising. The time came when the groaning presses could handle no more, and the Mercury and the News reluctantly turned away ads. "We don't have newspapers here," says Circulation Manager Arvey Drown. "We've got catalogues."

Publisher Joe Ridder finds San Jose's growth enormously stimulating. "I've done everything to get the population here, and new industry too," he said last week, happily reflecting on the boom. As a journalist, he also feels challenged. What is his greatest problem? Joe Ridder knows the answer to that one. "Increase circulation," he says.

The New Thunderer

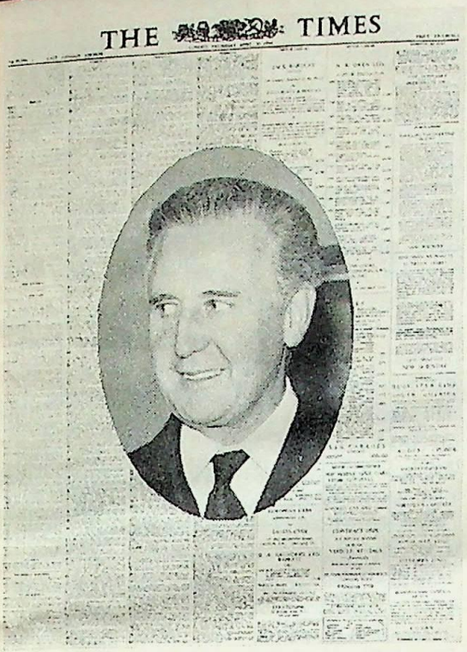
The message was hard to find, as messages often are in that uncompromising typographical thicket, the London Times. But when Conservative Party leaders found it, their faces turned the angry red of rare roast beef. "There come moments in the life of every party when it needs to wash off the last application of humbug and start fresh," said the Times. "Such a moment has come for the Conservative Party." For three straight days, the Times continued to dwell on Tory sins and shortcomings. It was a cruel birching from any quarter. What hurt most was that this one came from an old friend.

Predictably, the Times's series blew up a lively political storm. "The papers are all against us," cried an anguished Tory Cabinet minister. Then he sputtered: "The Times is the worst of them all. That damned fellow Haley can't wait until he has put a Labor government in Commons."

That damned fellow has no such aim. But Sir William John Haley, 62, ninth editor of the Times and a loyal Tory to boot, is determined to show that his paper is harnessed to no party. He is even more determined to restore the

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



THE TIMES'S EDITOR HALEY
Not harnessed, harassing.

Times's reputation as the "Thunderer." In the process, he has succeeded in making the Times the most controversial and talked-about paper in Britain today.

Privy to Everything. The Times's title of Thunderer was won in the last century when it was the biggest and most influential daily in the world. "I don't know of anything which has more power, except perhaps the Mississippi," said Abraham Lincoln to a Times correspondent sent over to report the Civil War. Disraeli was only half joking when he said that there were two British ambassadors in every foreign capital, one appointed by the Queen and one appointed by the Times. Its newsgathering apparatus seemed to be privy to everything. On Jan. 17, 1856, for example, the British government had to read the Times to discover that Russia had accepted the peace proposals ending the Crimean War.

A more urgent century, however, seemed to have beached the paper, like Britain itself, in the glorious past. Once the Times commanded more readers than all other national dailies combined; today it is the least of them, with 254,000 circulation: 2% of total newspaper readership and less than 5% of the circulation of that popular giant, the Daily Mirror (4,647,000).

In an era of hot copy and banner headlines, the Times even looks and sounds like an anachronism. Its patient reader must plod through the front-page classified ads, the sporting section, the Appointments and Situations columns, the parliamentary reports and the dry-as-dust Law Reports before reaching the Bill Page, which is the Times's Victorian name for the news. Once arrived, the reader is not likely to be surfeited. Even Sir William confesses that the Times is guilty of "blatant omissions," as when, a few years ago, it reported the resignation of the Spanish Ambassador to Britain without mentioning the adultery case that caused it.

No Man's Pocket. When Sir William became editor twelve years ago, the Times's image stood in sore need of burnishing. Competitors derided the paper as the "Whimperer." Its circulation had fallen to 230,000 and was to fall even farther. Sir William himself seemed an improbable choice as savior: a shy, austere man who, after twelve years as director of the British Broadcasting Corp., was irreverently remembered as "the man with two glass eyes."

Behind the Times lay the most ignoble chapters in its 179-year history. Under Editor John Thadeus Delane (1841-77), Prime Ministers had good reason to feel they had the Times tucked into their pockets. When World War II loomed, the Times obediently joined Whitehall's chorus of appeasement. "I did my utmost," said Editor Geoffrey Dawson of Hitler and his crew, "to keep out of the paper anything that might hurt their susceptibilities."

Sir William has devoted himself to producing a paper that swears allegiance to nothing but the truth, and to Britain. Last summer's Profumo scandal was reported so explicitly in the Times in the Law Reports, where the racy testimony ran verbatim—that Daily Mirror Tycoon Cecil King was moved to envy: "The Times gets away with legal pornography." But the Times also found a moral lesson that the rest of Fleet Street missed: "Eleven years of Conservative rule have brought the nation spiritually to a low ebb."

Total Anonymity. Even though the Times has moved into a $13.5 million new plant, its 300 editorial staffers still work in a cathedral atmosphere where everyone whispers, coats stay on, the copy glides overhead in miniature tramcars and the library is called the Intelligence Room. Times newsmen also work in anonymity. On the ground that only the Times, and none of its members, should make thunder, the paper has never used a byline.

The Times also remains a newspaper thoroughly conscious of its stature and firmly rooted in Britain's Establishment: the government, the nobility, the ruling class. A recent survey showed that 70% of the names in *Who's Who* read the Times, as against only 43% for the second-ranking Daily Telegraph. "The Times is a record," said Sir William in a recent policy statement. "It has a duty not only to its readers of today but to those a century hence." And under Sir William, to resume thundering.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS

Double Duty in Canada

In Ottawa, Canada's capital, foreign correspondents are just about as rare as palm trees. There are only nine: one from Britain, five from Canada's next-door neighbor, the U.S.—and curiously, three from Russia. Why this heavy Soviet news focus on a government not regarded as of prime interest to Russian readers? If Ottawans wondered, last week Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson supplied an answer. He ordered one of Russia's three Ottawa-based newsmen expelled as a spy.

IZVESTIA'S SPY TARASOV
Not newsy, nosy.

The odd man out was Vasily Vasilievich Tarasov, 36, a blond, stubby correspondent for Izvestia. Canada accredited Tarasov after an urgent request that came straight from the Kremlin. After depositing his wife and young daughter in a modest apartment in Ottawa's Sandy Hill district, Tarasov scraped up an acquaintance with a minor government functionary.

To this man, Tarasov's inquisitiveness seemed to exceed the requirements of journalism, and he confided his suspicions to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Baiting their trap with a harmless but official-looking document, the police let the government man trade it to Tarasov for cash.

Canada has had Russian spy trouble before. The most notorious case was that of Igor Gouzenko in 1945, a Soviet code clerk who defected to the West. His confessions shattered a Russian spy ring. Among the Russians who fled Canada in advance of exposure were two men from Tass, the Soviet news agency.

As a Communist newsman doubling in espionage, Izvestia's Tarasov joins a far-ranging company. Since World War II, Soviet correspondents have been expelled on spy charges from Sweden, The Netherlands, Australia. Testifying before a U.S. Senate subcommittee in 1956, a former Russian intelligence officer who defected that year estimated that some 80% of the Tassmen scattered around the world serve the Russian government as spies. Vasily Tarasov is reputedly the first Izvestia reporter to be unmasked—a distinction that may or may not earn him credit points with Izvestia Editor Aleksei Adzhubei —Khrushchev's son-in-law.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Underground Gallery

Guy Astruc should have been concentrating on the road as he drove along the icy edge of the Lot River in southwestern France. But Astruc is a spelunker, always on the lookout for potholes to pop into. To him, the little frost-free spot he saw in a limestone cliff suggested a cave entrance that had become plugged up. He stopped to probe the spot with a crowbar. Stones and dirt caved in; warm air whooshed out. Suddenly Astruc was staring into a narrow tunnel. "I was alone," he says, "afraid to go in very far, or stay very long."

Stomach Crawlers. Astruc came back with fellow members of the Quercy Speleological Club of Cahors. They all crawled headfirst into the hole, soon found themselves in a passageway no more than 20 in. high. Exhaling to squeeze between rocks, rubbing their noses in the wet clay, they inched along. Then one of them saw carvings on the ceiling.

Next day the young explorers returned with cameras, lights and tracing paper. The more they searched the cave, the more paleolithic art they found. In all, close to 80 drawings were scratched into the rock. Among them were six deer, one complete horse and the heads or bodies of five others, an antelope, three handsome and complete bison, a bull, some mountain goats, and a catlike creature. Cavemen, it is believed, made images of the animals they hunted to gain power over them. There was a triangular fertility symbol, and one clearly visible figure of a man, headless, but obviously male.

Earth Movers. French Archaeologists place the ancient art work in two distinct periods. The first, Aurignacian, is roughly 25,000 to 30,000 years old, the other, Magdalenian, dates from 15,000 to 20,000 years ago. With the drawings fully authenticated (a thick layer of limy deposit, like candle wax, covers many of them, dismissing the possibility of a modern hoax), the cave is rated as a major archaeological find. Many art historians believe that cave art had magical meaning, purposely put in as cramped a space as possible in a sort of protective return to the womb. Though in an area famous for its subterranean paintings, its very magic may keep the new underground art gallery from ever becoming a tourist attraction. Only the hardiest visitors could crawl down to see the treasures 320 ft. below the surface of the Lot Valley.

Back in *Stijl*

Nothing could sound more universal than the Style, or *de Stijl* as its Dutch founders dubbed it in 1917. That was precisely what they wanted: a pure, pristine art that pierced beyond the world of appearances and individuals. In achieving it, *de Stijl* changed and unified the appearance of the world.

The staggered buildings of city planning, the glass boxes of much modern architecture, advertising layouts, type faces, furniture, all stem from the taste of *de Stijl* and other geometrically influenced art isms of the 20th century.* Fundamentally, *de Stijl's* hallmarks were 1) the right angle, 2) the primary colors (red, blue and yellow), 3) asymmetrical composition. Since these rarely occur in nature, they are the closest to abstract art.

But the Dutch art movement, whose standard-bearer was Piet Mondrian made more than rules for good design. It was a heavily Platonic philosophy of art, carried out in mighty Pythagorean paintings, that saw pure beauty as the universal means of reaching utopia. Wrote Mondrian: "Abstract art is opposed to the raw primitive animal nature of man, but it is one with true human nature."

Oddly, Mondrian's art paralleled the rather raw expressionism of his countryman, Van Gogh, until he was 37. Then, influenced by cubism, he began simplifying what he saw to horizontal and vertical lines. Flowering apple trees, building fronts, jetties into the sea soon dissolved into what he called "plus-and-minus" rhythms. He wrote that he was searching for a higher "reality detached from the transitory reality of forms."

In 1916 Mondrian met Bart Van der Leck, whose work (*see opposite page*), though sometimes representational, dealt with pure colors in flat planes. They tried to remove the traditional moat between the picture and the viewer. Mondrian's late paintings can be seen as the visible imprint of an invisible pattern surrounding the viewer. Even the walls of his stark studio were hung with movable panels that he rearranged to suit his desire, in effect making the studio a spatial work of art. Van der Leck used white in his work not as background but as space that separated his flecks of color, like atoms locked together in the Tinker Toy of their own energy.

Artists all over the Western world took constructive geometry as their guide through the 1920s and '30s. Even the names told the story: a Polish group called *Blok*, an international survey of the subject called *Circle*, the famed architecture school called *Bauhaus*.

Though Mondrian has been dead for two decades, the grip of *de Stijl's* geometry has never lessened, as is demonstrated in the 80-odd paintings on show at Manhattan's Marlborough-Gerson Gallery. Among the younger Dutch painters, Joost Baljeu, 39, makes mechanical totems of an order beyond emotion. U.S. Artist Charles Biederman, 58, saw that his mentor Mondrian had reached "the very limit permitted by the old hand medium of paint." He lays down the brush for what he calls "the new art tools of man"—machines—and makes his metal reliefs look untouched by human hands.

The haphazard crackling of aging oils is time's contemptuous comment on Mondrian's ice-pure ideals. He himself wrote in the mid-'20s that he preferred "a more or less mechanical execution" using "materials produced by industry," because *de Stijl* sought a rapport with the new technology that Van Gogh and other 19th century artists generally detested. In essence, the Stijlists felt that since the machine could not make nature, it must if properly used make art.

* Including suprematism in Russia, purism in France, vorticism in England, futurism in Italy, and constructivism in Russia.

JEAN MARQUIS

SPELUNKER & CAVE CARVINGS
A chance glance at the ceiling.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

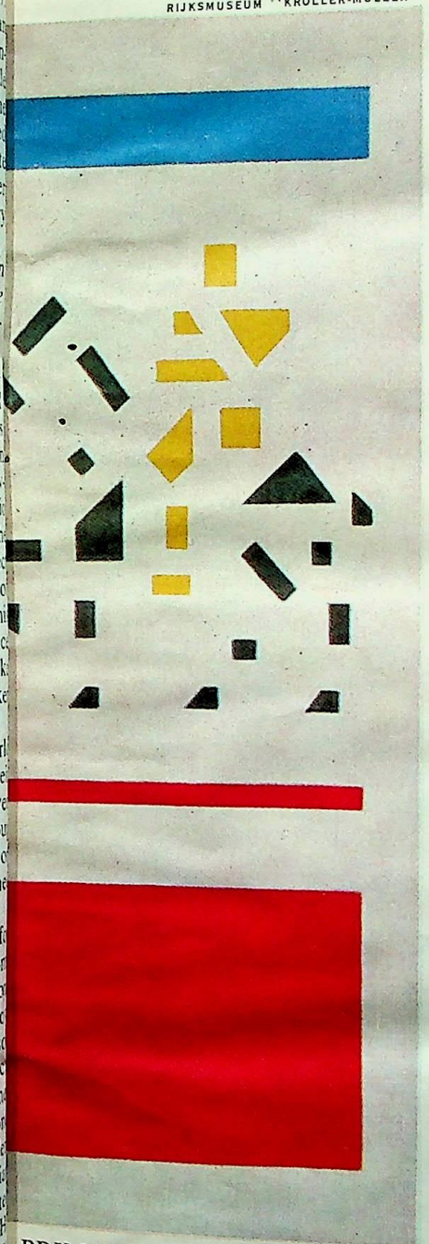
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ART AS GEOMETRY

PROJECTING PLANES from a 1958 work by Charles Biederman suggest town planning model.

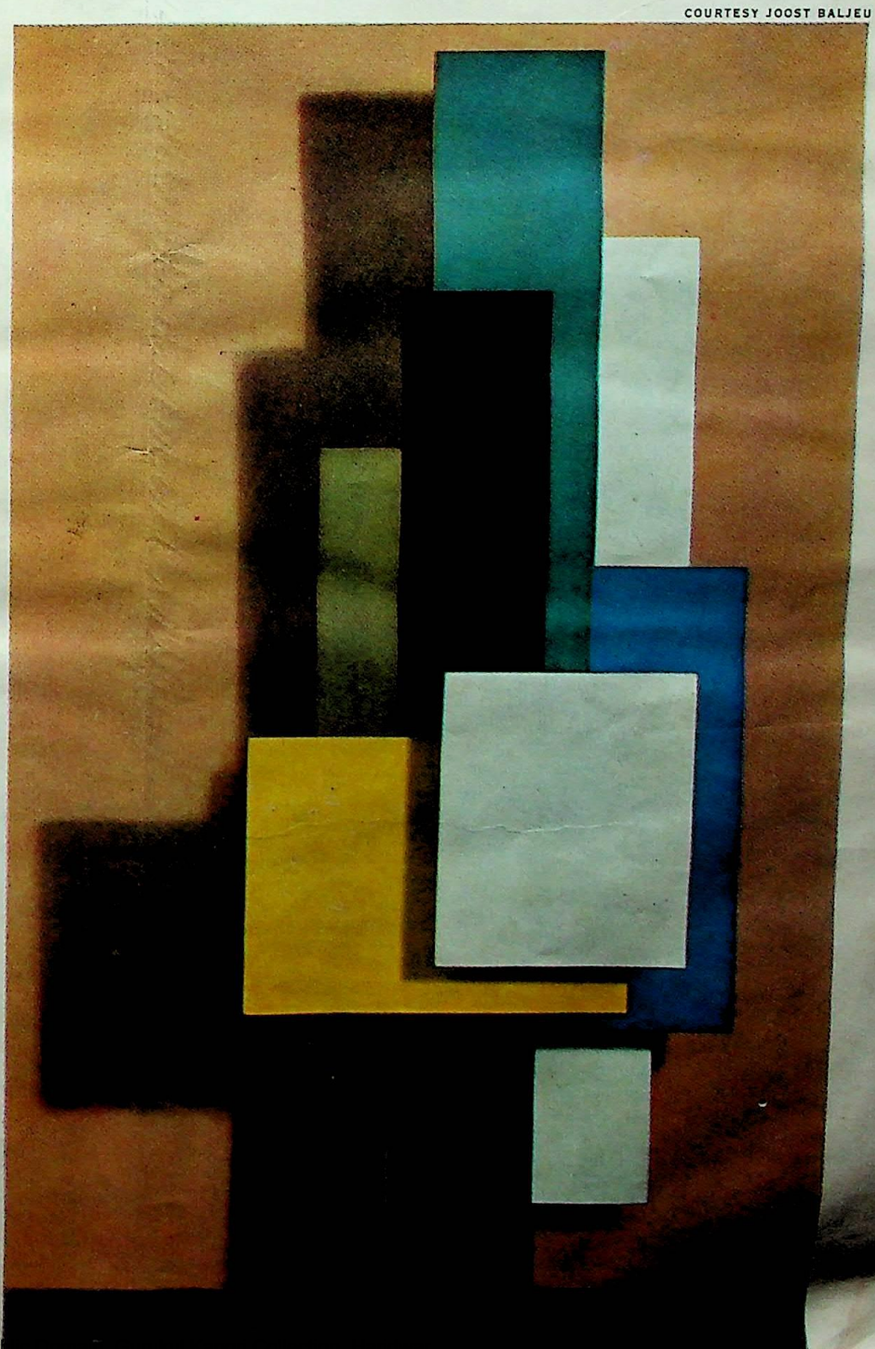
COURTESY CHARLES BIEDERMAN

RIJKSMUSEUM "KRÖLLER-MÜLLER"



PRIMARY COLORS of scattered shapes form central figure in Van der Leck's 1918 *The Horseman.*

COURTESY JOOST BALJEU



OVERLAPPING PANELS create balanced frontal sculpture in 1959 *Construction* by Holland's Baljeu.

CC-0. In Pu

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

IMPORTED

San Miguel BEER

Pride of the Philippines

The tropical splendor of its scenic places made the Philippines famous. Equally renowned is San Miguel Beer, expertly brewed to perfection with a quality and flavor recognized the world over.

Idyllic countryside scene—Southern Luzon

Ask for SAN MIGUEL BEER in the U.S.A. • JAPAN • HONGKONG • GUAM • MALAYA • THAILAND • SINGAPORE • OKINAWA • VIETNAM • PHILIPPINES

Also available at Officers' and Enlisted Men's Clubs in Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Cambodia, Laos, South Vietnam.

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY San Miguel Brewery **MANILA, PHILIPPINES**

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PRO BASKETBALL

How to Make Contact

Basketball, as everybody knows, is a noncontact sport. At least that's what Dr. James Naismith had in mind when he invented the game in 1891. An "enjoyable form of recreation for mature individuals," he called it, and to keep it cool he specified that "no shouldering, holding, pushing, tripping, or striking, in any way, the person of an opponent shall be allowed." But Naismith figured without the pros—and particularly without the Boston Celtics, who won the National Basketball Association championship last week by trouncing the San Francisco Warriors in the roughest five games of basketball that memory could recall.

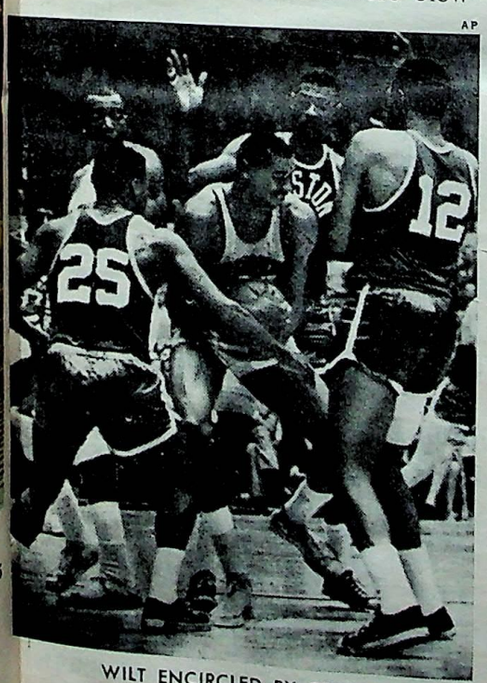
Target for Tonight. The Celtics' No. 1 objective was to stifle Warrior Center Wilt ("The Stilt") Chamberlain, the 7 ft. 2 in. giant who once scored 100 points in a single game. They had just the man for the job: brooding, bearded Bill Russell, 30, pro basketball's dark genius of defense. Time and again Chamberlain went up to shoot, and there was Russell to block the shot. Time and again Chamberlain lunged for a rebound, only to bounce into a shoulder or knee. Other Celtics tugged at Wilt's jersey, stepped on his toes, impaled him on their elbows. In the first game Chamberlain scored only 22 points, and Boston won 108-96. In the second game frustration finally got the better of Wilt: without warning, he hauled off and floored Celtic Clyde Lovellette with a whistling right to the jaw. Boston still won 124-101.

"We've got to beat the Celtics at their own game," said San Francisco Coach Alex Hannum. The Warriors retaliated enthusiastically, won the third game 115-91. The referees were blowing their whistles like riot cops. But big-time basketball is both hard-nosed and tricky, and the refs did not see half of it. The secret, explained Boston's Jim Loscutoff, is sneaky hands: "The idea is to stop your opponent from gaining momentum. You can't actually grab him; you feel and let go, feel and let go, and when he starts to cut, you feel him a little longer." By the time the fourth game ended (the Celtics won it 98-95), both squads were mostly walking wounded. San Francisco's Gary Phillips was out for the duration with a back injury, Guy Rodgers was playing with a dislocated thumb, and Al Attles was limping around with a pulled thigh muscle. Boston's John Havlicek had a gash on one knee, and Tommy Heinsohn sported a magnificent shiner.

Dressed to Kill. Back in Boston for the fifth game, Bill Russell walked into the locker room dressed all in black. "It's my funeral suit," he explained. "I wore it to the Cincinnati Royals' funeral in the semifinals two weeks ago. Tonight I'm wearing it for the Warriors." For most of the game, Chamberlain might as well not have been on the court. Blood was dripping from a cut on his left hand, and at half time he had scored only twelve points. Midway in the third quarter, Boston had an eleven-point bulge. Then Chamberlain began to hit—a jump shot, a hook, another jump. Point by point, the Warriors whittled away the Celtics' lead.

With 19 seconds left in the game, Boston led by only two points 101-99. Trying for the clincher, Forward Heinsohn fired and missed. Everybody converged on the basket, clawing for the rebound. Chamberlain reached up, but Russell got there first. Flailing like a wheat thresher, he bounded high into the air, plucked the loose ball off the backboard and, all in the same motion, rammed it through the basket—"all the way up to my elbows," he said later.

Fists clenched, Bill Russell flung up his arms in a gesture of victory. The Celtics trooped off the court, richer by $3,618 per man and world champions for the sixth year in a row. It was a record unmatched in U.S. professional sports, topping the New York Yankees' five straight (1949-53) World Series successes and the Montreal Canadiens' five straight (1956-60) Stanley Cup victories.



WILT ENCIRCLED BY CELTICS
The secret is sneaky hands.

HOCKEY

Why Bookies Have Ulcers

Even at 5-12 odds, it looked like the bet of the hockey season. The Toronto Maple Leafs, winners of the Stanley Cup for two years in a row, were shooting for three against the Detroit Red Wings. The Red Wings had all they could do just to finish fourth in the six-team National Hockey League. Their goalie, Terry Sawchuk, had 1) a pinched nerve, 2) a sick wife, 3) six kids and 4) a $100,000 liability suit over an automobile accident to contend with. And their star, Wingman Gordie Howe, was obviously slowing down. He would never see 35 again, and in 14 games against Toronto this season, he had not scored a single goal.

All of which goes to show why bookmakers wind up with ulcers. The Maple Leafs won it, but hardly the way a 5-12 favorite should. Howe picked up four goals and four assists in seven games, and Sawchuk averaged 31 saves a game. For the Maple Leafs, it was a matter of survival—with very little honor. Down two games to one, then three games to two, they scrambled back twice to tie, won the deciding game 4-0 when the exhausted Red Wings simply ran out of steam. "We acted like champions," said Toronto Coach Punch Imlach, "and we played like champions." Anybody else would have been content to say that the best team finally won.

GOLF

For Goodness' Sake, Hold On

What wears purple Bermuda shorts, walks like a man, hits like a man, and occasionally loses its temper like a man?

A lady golf pro.

In golf, the big difference between boys and girls is money. Last year Arnold Palmer won seven tournaments and took home $128,230. Mickey Wright, the ladies' champion who hammers her drives 250 yds. and more, won about twice as many tournaments (13), but her take-home pay was only $31,269. Not bad, of course, but hardly fair.

Last week in Augusta, Ga., Mickey and the rest of the girls got together for the 25th Titleholders championship, the ladies' equivalent of the Masters—except in cash. When Palmer won the Masters last month, he collected $20,000, and the rest of the field divvied up another $110,000. Total prize money at the Titleholders: $7,500.

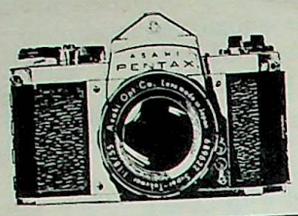
It might have been a million as far as the girls were concerned. In the second round, Kansas' Marilynn Smith shot a

LOSER KIMBALL (LEFT) & WINNER SMITH
The time had come to duck.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

T-6404



ASAHI PENTAX
INTERNATIONAL PHOTO CONTEST

TOKYO

ИНТЕРНАЦИОНАЛЬНЫЙ
ФОТОГРАФИЧЕСКИЙ КОНКУРС

Concours International de Photo

アサヒペンタックス
国際写真コンテスト

Concurso Internacional de Fotografía

Internationaler Fotowettbewerb

Internationale Fotowedstrijd

Internationella Fototaevling

國際影攝比賽

ΔΙΕΘΝΗΣ ΦΩΤΟΓΡΑΦΙΚΟΣ ΔΙΑΓΩΝΙΣΜΟΣ

Kansainvälinen Valokuvauskilpailu

1,228 PRIZES WORTH MORE THAN $56,246.61

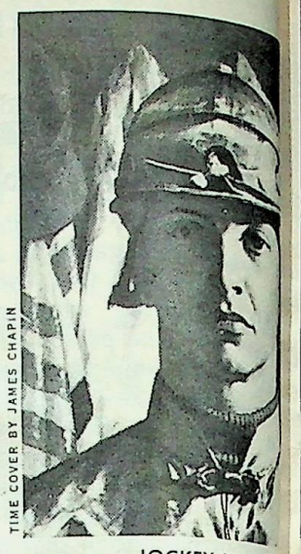
INCLUDING FREE TRIP TO JAPAN
FOR 5 GRAND PRIZE WINNERS
VIA PAN AMERICAN

Contest is now open. Start shooting with your Asahiflex, Asahi Pentax or Honeywell Pentax with Takumar lenses. Get your contest rules and entry blanks from your Asahi Pentax dealers.

Asahi Optical Company, Ltd.
C.P.O. 895, Tokyo
5, ave. Clemenceau, Brussels 7

UPI

NORTHERN DANCER WINNING



TIME COVER BY JAMES CHAPIN

JOCKEY HARTACK

Horses, yes; people, no.

66, and even from the front tees, that's a score any man would be proud of. But then she shot a third-round 77, and had to score a one-under-par 35 for the final nine holes to beat fast-closing Mickey Wright by one stroke.

She also had to duck, just to stay alive. Midway in the last round, Marilynn's playing partner, Judy Kimball, missed a 3-ft. putt. Swinging her putter in teeth-grinding disgust, Judy sent it zinging right past Marilynn's ear (*see cut*). At least she had the sense to hold onto the handle. The penalty for throwing a club is $50, and at ladies' prices, that's no bargain. For winning the Titleholders for the second year in a row, Marilynn Smith collected $1,300. Mickey got $1,000, and Judy, who finished fourth, got only $625.

HORSE RACING

The Fourth Communion

Bill Hartack obviously gets along with horses lots better than with people. He has no use for sportswriters ("They're always misquoting me"), racing officials ("They have too much power"), or even his fellow jockeys ("None of them are my friends"). But with horses, Jockey Hartack, 31, shares a mystical communion. Nobody has ever won so many stakes (43) or so much money ($3,000,000) in a single season. And when it comes to the biggest race of all, the Kentucky Derby, Hartack is in a class by himself: going into last week's 90th Derby, he had three victories and one second in five tries.

Second Choice. So it was somewhat embarrassing to discover that he was only second choice for the horse he wanted to ride. Willie Shoemaker, a gentler genius, was supposed to ride Northern Dancer, a speedy bay colt owned by Canadian Millionaire E. P. Taylor. But Shoemaker changed his mind and switched to Hill Rise, the California champion (TIME, April 24). That left Hartack with Northern Dancer, and a chance to do a little embarrassing of his own.

In the paddock, Hartack got his orders from Trainer Horatio Luro, a transplanted Argentine, whose own Derby record (a first and a third in two tries) was nothing to scoff at. Luro kept it crisp: Northern Dancer was inclined to sulk when he was whipped. "I told Hartack that I do not care for any punishment," he said later, "none whatsoever. Beyond that, I did not tell him anything. He knew the horse. And he had won three Derbies, hadn't he?" Odds at post time: 7 to 5 on Hill Rise, 3 to 1 on Northern Dancer.

The field of twelve horses broke from the gate and swept around the first turn. Hartack kept the Dancer under a tight rein. Mr. Brick, a 16 to 1 long shot, set the pace through the backstretch; Hill Rise was sixth, the Dancer seventh. Then Hartack glanced to his right, saw Shoemaker flick his reins to urge Hill Rise forward. That was the signal. Hartack clucked to Northern Dancer, and in one wonderful burst of speed, the little colt bolted past Hill Rise, past Mr. Brick, past everybody, and into the clear. Turning for home, the Dancer had a two-length lead.

No More Time. Down Churchill Downs' long (1,234½ ft.) stretch the horses pounded. On the outside, Hill Rise was ranging up fast. At the furlong pole, just ⅛-mi. from the wire, the Dancer still led by two lengths. Whipping furiously, Shoemaker closed the gap. With 50 ft. to go, Hill Rise's nose was even with the Dancer's tail. Two more strides, and he was ½ length behind. Another stride—but there was no more time. The two horses swept past the wire, with Northern Dancer in front by a neck. Track stewards called for a photograph to make sure. Shoemaker knew that he had lost. "I tried," he sighed. "Lord, how I tried."

In the winner's circle, the garland of roses from his fourth Derby victory around his horse's neck, Bill Hartack heard the time: 2 min. flat, and a new record, ⅘ sec. better than the old mark set by Decidedly in 1962—with Bill Hartack aboard.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

This is a well-behaved fan

It oils itself. Toshiba-patented "Graphoil Metal" coats the propeller shaft—acts like a sponge with countless microscopic oil-filled holes. (We ran this fan 15,000 hours, non-stop, without oiling.)

Swiv-L-Base, another exclusive Toshiba feature, lets you turn this oscillating fan a full 360 degrees—with a fingertip! And this oscillating fan's 3-speeds work with a push-button control, so simple a child can use it.

See your Toshiba dealer for this quiet, well-behaved fan—ask for Toshiba Model EL-13B.

Tokyo Shibaura Electric Co., Ltd.

For information: TOSHIBA Foreign Trade Division,
Hibiya Mitsui Bldg., Yurakucho, Tokyo

Toshiba
QUALITY SINCE 1875

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

UNIVERSITIES

For Adults Only

By the standards of professional academicians, much of today's adult-education program is neither an education nor adult. Hence the unique reputation of Columbia University's School of General Studies, where a student body of 4,000 housewives, executives and workers, as well as undergraduates who have switched from other colleges, has instilled scholarly vigor into the pallid pastiche that often passes for adult ed.

With an array of 1,200 courses taught by a first-rate faculty (full- and part-time) of 570, G.S. has grown to become a third undergraduate branch of Columbia, along with the men's college and Barnard for girls. As evidence of its solid status, the school last month moved into its own home for the first time in its 60-year history, with completion of a $1,000,000 renovation on the old School of Mines building, now called Lewisohn Hall.

Tighter Standards. Since the majority of students have jobs, two-thirds of G.S. classes start after 5 p.m. Classes are small, averaging about 20, generating an intellectual intimacy that is rare in a big university. "The older people bring such a depth of understanding," marvels one 24-year-old. "It's an antidote to ivory-towerism"—and a stimulus to further education.

Most of the students intend to get degrees; of those who do, more than half go on to graduate school, often in the face of severe obstacles. A housewife from Leonia, N.J., spent 800 hours commuting by bus to Morningside Heights in upper Manhattan for four years to get a degree enabling her to continue graduate studies at Columbia's Russian Institute. Even the jet set touches down at G.S. Ex-Actress Jo Ann Bliss, wife of the president of the Metropolitan Opera Association, expects a degree in art history next year. Top student in the class of 1961 was Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss, sister of Washington's Bundy brothers, who won awards in history, philosophy, and social science; Mrs. Auchincloss dropped out of Radcliffe when she married in 1942, started at G.S. in 1954.

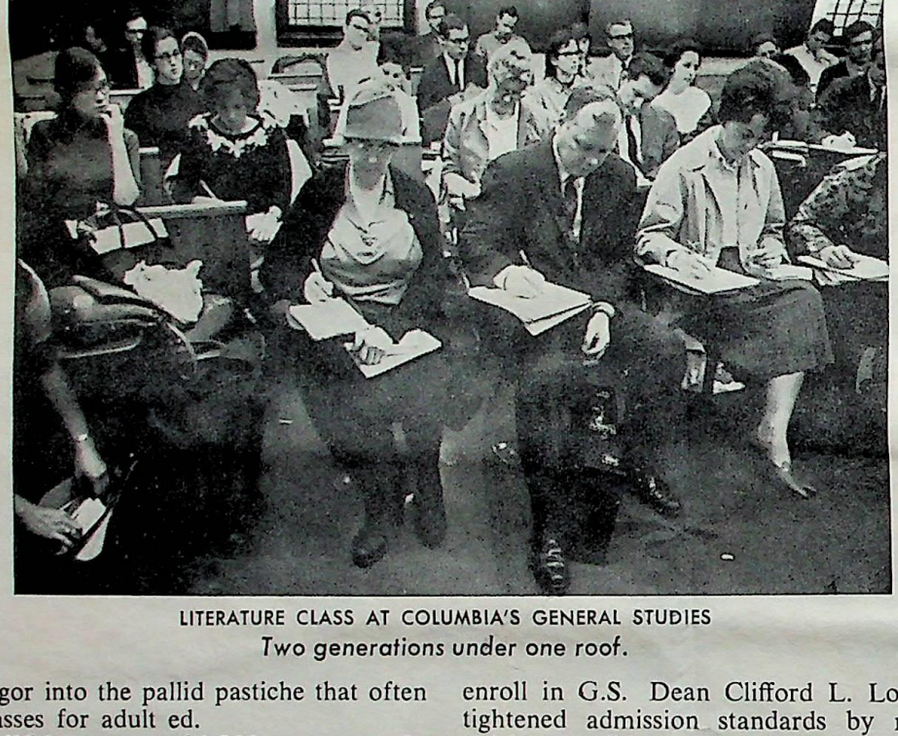
Time was when almost anyone could enroll in G.S. Dean Clifford L. Lord tightened admission standards by requiring candidates without college degrees to take a specially designed scholastic-aptitude test. The result was fewer students but brighter ones.

Off Course? Although the average age of G.S. students is about 28, one-third of them enter in their 21st year, often as direct transfers from other colleges. This has given G.S. a younger look and some of the same collegiate trappings (clubs, a snack bar, a newspaper) of Columbia's other two undergraduate schools. University President Grayson Kirk, attempting to correct what he calls a "substantial veering" from the original role of G.S., has revived proposals to boost the minimum age from 20 to 21.

Whatever the outcome, G.S. ought to remain as Lord* said in his farewell Dean's Day address, "Columbia's answer to the shifting needs of the collegiate generation." And their elders. Now both generations are housed under one roof in a fruitful familial relationship, with the younger students setting the academic pace and the older ones contributing their store of experience.

* Who next fall moves on to become president of Hofstra College.

DAVID GAHR



LITERATURE CLASS AT COLUMBIA'S GENERAL STUDIES
Two generations under one roof.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Who's in Charge?

Hallowed tradition gives America parents enormous influence on the schools—and on the people hired to run them. Swallowing hard, most school superintendents would say that by and large this state of affairs works to the general satisfaction of both. But there are some glaring exceptions, where the violence of dispute between school board and school boss has split communities, demoralized teachers and distracted students.

Cleveland School Superintendent William Levenson recently resigned in anger after the school-board president took a policy squabble to the newspapers. Chicago's strong-minded Benjamin Willis quit when the city board insisted on a broader, faster student transfer plan than he wanted, returned to the job only after he got his own way. For months, New York City's able Calvin Gross has been forced to conduct a running battle with his board.

"Atheistic Unitarians." Nowhere is the struggle more bitter than in the swollen Magnolia School District of Anaheim, Calif., where the population has soared from 10,000 to 115,000 in a decade. In an atmosphere of raging partisan politics that has pitted Birchites and conservatives against anti-Birchites and liberals, the five-member school board has become an ideological football kicked back and forth by all sides.

Last week the district held its third recall election in three years to decide which faction had the majority to hire a superintendent it would find congenial.

The latest phase of the battle began in April, 1963 when three conservatives elected to the school board hired Charles Wilson to administer eight elementary schools with 6,400 pupils. Wilson soon offended many citizens whom he called "atheistic Unitarians" by distributing monthly patriotic and religious messages to kids in his school. When Wilson imposed a purely phonet

JULIAN WASSER

DEMONSTRATORS CELEBRATING IN ANAHE
Three recalls in three years.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

system of reading, seven school principals resigned, and anti-Wilson teachers, joined by a newly formed citizens' group, agitated for a recall election to oust the trio that had backed the superintendent. In last week's voting, 60% of the district's 10,000 registered voters streamed to the polls and by a surprisingly comfortable margin purged the three conservatives.

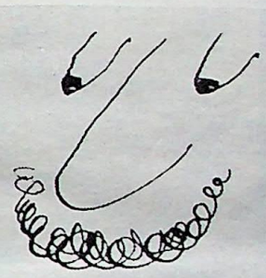
Popular Principal. If educational aims were obscured in Anaheim by public interference with the delicate relationship between school boards and superintendents, they have been virtually obliterated in an acrid fog of controversy that has settled on the isolated Massachusetts island of Nantucket.

Trouble there began brewing among the 3,500 year-round residents in 1955 when a Harvard-based team of outside educators surveyed the island's three schools, recommended some mild reforms. To some Nantucketers, who are suspicious in principle of off-islanders, the whole idea smacked of progressive education—and higher school costs. When Off-Islander Charles H. Minnich, who has been resident superintendent of schools only since 1962, proposed similar ideas this year, the already restive opposition went out for his scalp. Rallying around the popular local high school principal, Mrs. Mary P. Walker, who is satisfied with the status quo, conservatives won a three-member majority on the five-member school board. By a 3-2 vote at their first meeting in March, the board canceled Minnich's contract. Now Minnich is suing the three-member majority for breach of contract. At the same time, the Massachusetts Teachers Association is weighing an investigation of the Nantucket school system, which could result in a boycott of the island by teachers throughout the state.

Clear Warning. Whether the current argument between school boards and administrators is over politics and phonics as in Anaheim, over *de facto* segregation as in Cleveland, Chicago and, to some extent, New York, or over curriculum reforms and fierce local pride as in Nantucket, the rash of conflicts has confirmed the urgent need to define the roles and responsibilities of the public and the public servant in U.S. education. In Chicago, peace of a sort was reinforced when Willis and his board formally spelled out their separate jurisdictions on paper. The need to define roles and responsibilities came up time and again at last week's convention of the National School Boards Association in Houston. "Unless each side knows its place, "chaos results," said Mrs. Fred A. Radke, a Port Angeles, Wash., housewife and outgoing N.S.B.A. president. So far, however, neither school boards nor administrators seem certain of their limits. "The frequency and intensity of the local battles," said Mrs. Radke, "warn us clearly to get at the root of the trouble before we have a full-scale war."

DUBONNET IS A PRODUCE OF C.D.C. EXPORT DIVISION 30 AVENUE KLEBER PARIS (16) ALE 15-40

Pick yourself up with a Dubonnet



I FEEL DOWN IN SPIRITS

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

METHODISTS

The Challenge of Fortune

(See Cover)

There are people in the pews, dollars in the collection plates, and 65 million Americans who claim to be Protestants. But the outwardly prosperous Christian churches are beset with inner anxiety. Ministers fear that their congregations are no more committed to the church than to the country club. Denominational leaders despair at the widespread lay unwillingness to recognize the race question as a moral issue. In the current national controversy over school prayer, and in the rising challenges to church tax exemptions, theologians detect a trend toward secularism that will soon call for a revolution in church attitudes and institutions. Changes in manners and morals summon Protestantism to find a new mode of relevance in a "post-Christian" world.

It is a crisis that faces every faith —but none more so than the Methodist Church, which last week opened its quadrennial General Conference in Pittsburgh's Civic Arena. With 10,234,986 members, Methodism is the second largest Protestant communion in the U.S.* After the Roman Catholic Church, it is also the wealthiest and the one that, because of its history and geographical distribution, has the best claim to be the only truly national Protestant denomination. This year many of the 858 Methodist delegates arrived at their conference with the deep conviction that their church had reached a turning point in history—and with a scarcely concealed fear that the vitality that once burned in Methodism was lost when fiery evangelism gave way to today's organized, institutional church.

The Better Way. Fear there may be, but not to the exclusion of hope. Methodism would not be itself without a large measure of Christian optimism, and the conference's sense of expectation was expressed by Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles in the episcopal address that opened the meeting. The Christian task, he told the delegates and more than 8,000 visitors from Methodist churches around the world, is "to pursue our ancient course of attacking our own imperfections, keeping our life open to God, and perfecting our society. We are not trying to sell a system, but to demonstrate a Way which is incomparably better than all others, and shines with the promise of a more abundant life for all men."

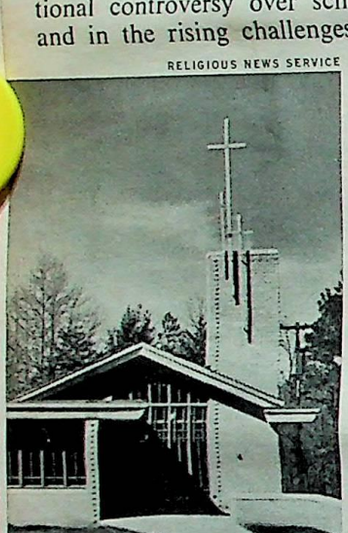
Kennedy's episcopal address was a kind of spiritual state-of-the-union message, and he had been selected by his church's 81 bishops to write and present it in their name. The right man, in this case, was in the right pulpit, for the Bishop of Los Angeles has assumed the mantle worn by the late G. Bromley Oxnam as unofficial spokesman for Methodism to the rest of the U.S. Nobody gave Kennedy the job, and nobody could. Democratic Methodism has neither Pope nor primate; the presidency of the Council of Bishops—an office held by Kennedy in 1960 and currently by New York's Lloyd Wicke—passes yearly from man to man, and involves only the function of chairing the semi-annual meetings of the Methodist hierarchy. The church speaks with a united voice only once every four years, at the General Conference. Between times, Methodists everywhere in search of guidance listen with special care whenever Gerald Kennedy takes a stand.

Best & Worst. One reason they listen is that Kennedy is unquestionably among the four or five most dazzling preachers in the U.S. today—an oratorical genius with a commanding baritone and the pace and timing of a Broadway pro. The bishop is also a stylish and fluent writer whose lectures and books (his latest: *For Preachers & Other Sinners*) sometimes express complex theological issues as gracefully and clearly as did the works of Anglicanism's late C. S. Lewis. As writer, preacher and bishop, Kennedy is the contemporary Methodist who best seems to express the peculiar quality of his church's active, outgoing faith: pragmatic but perfection-aimed, equally concerned with personal morality and social order, loving discipline yet cherishing freedom. Kennedy calls it "sanctified common sense."

To Bishop Kennedy, the genius of Methodism is uniquely displayed at General Conference, which he describes as "democracy at its best and worst—the process of a large church trying to find its way." This year's conference suggests Methodist Layman Charles Parlin, a Manhattan lawyer and a co-president of the World Council of Churches, "might be historic." In twelve brisk days of debate—interspersed with sessions of prayer, preaching and hymn singing—the Methodist legislators are considering petitions and commission reports that could, if accepted, help rekindle much of the church's old zeal. Among the principal issues:

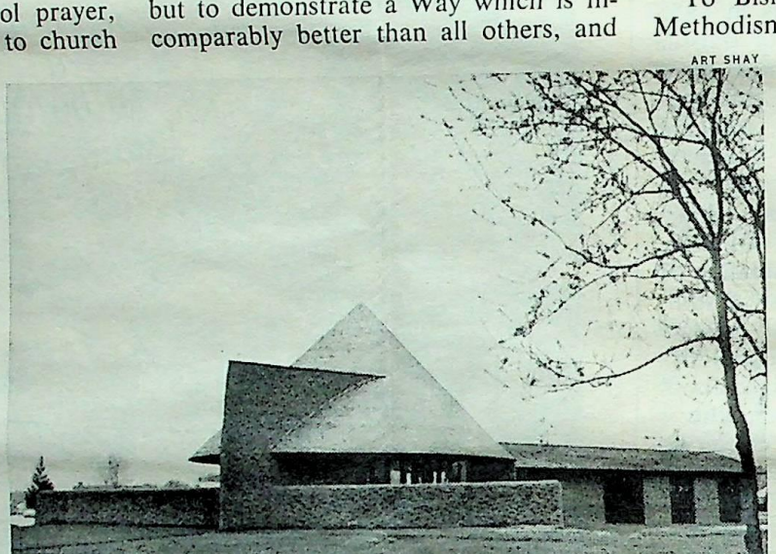
• WORSHIP. Almost certain to be accepted is a proposed new order of worship that will bring a welcome measure of austere dignity to Methodism's sometimes freewheeling Sunday morning. In language and spirit, the revised services resemble those contained in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer which Methodism first used. The order takes account of the contemporary liturgical revival by providing a great variety of seasonal prayers for the Christian year. Last week delegates approved the first new Methodist hymnal in 29 years. The songbook drops some familiar samples of 19th cen-

RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE

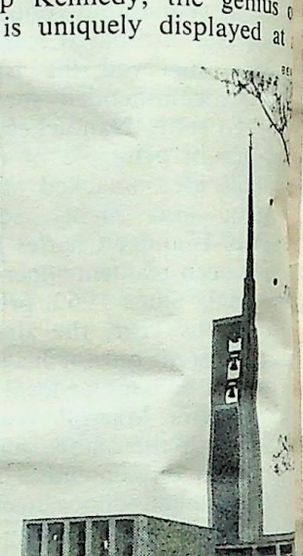


GREENVILLE, S.C.

ART SHAY



PARK RIDGE, ILL.



WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.

For the fortress church, a time to revise, reflect and renew.

* *Biggest: the 10,395,940-member Southern Baptist Convention.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

hymnody, such as Rudyard Kipling's *Recessional*, which Negro Methodists claim has an unmistakable racial slur in its reference to "lesser breeds without the law." Added are 122 new texts, including such non-Methodist favorites as *The Old Rugged Cross* and *How Great Thou Art*. Also new are 91 all-but-forgotten hymns by John and Charles Wesley, a number of Negro spirituals (cleansed of dialect wording), tunes and lyrics borrowed from Anglican, Lutheran and Roman Catholic hymnals. But the hymnal committee, Kennedy explained, did draw certain lines: it firmly rejected *I Want to Be a Jesus Cowboy in the Holy Ghost Corral*.

• ECUMENISM. Although it is traditionally wary of church-union proposals, the Methodist Church is almost ready to approve a formal merger with the 756,600-member Evangelical United Brethren, who are German in origin but close to the Methodists in doctrine and discipline. The conference will consider a proposal that the merger should be carried out in stages during the next twelve years, but it faces a sharp conference-floor fight. Some younger ministers believe that the timetable for union is too slow, while Southern Methodists are wary of the Midwest-centered Brethren's adding numerical strength to the church's Northern majority. Kennedy personally deplores the proposal to call the merged denominations the United Methodist Church. "We have spent more than a century getting rid of adjectives," he says.

• DISCIPLINE. The world will never be saved by organization, but it will never be saved without it, Methodists like to say. The church probably has more boards, committees and jurisdictions than any other U.S. denomination—and it spends endless hours tinkering with its ecclesiastical machinery. Scheduled for discussion at this year's conference are such problems as a reorganization of the big Board of Missions, a proposal to combine the deaconate and the ministry into a single order, a recommendation that bishops be allowed to move from one jurisdiction to another.

• MORALITY. Theoretically, Methodists are not supposed to smoke or drink, but many of them do. Says one Methodist pastor in Salt Lake City: "Try to fill posts of leadership in any church with nondrinkers and still get capable people. You just can't do it." This year, the Division of Temperance and General Welfare is offering a new statement on alcohol that urges Methodists to abstain not just in obedience to church law but out of their sense of Christian responsibility. For the first time, the church will probably come out and admit that "Christians may differ on the use of alcoholic beverages." Many younger ministers believe that the proposed new position on drinking is a healthy step in the right direction. "It recognizes the fact that Methodists do drink," says the Rev. James Bristah of Detroit, "and it challenges the people to find a new basis for abstaining."

• SEGREGATION. "The main issue before us now," says Kennedy, "is race." The Methodists include more Negroes (about 400,000) than any other integrated Protestant church; at the same time, almost half of the church's white membership is in the South. The major issue facing the conference was whether to abolish the nation-spanning Central Jurisdiction that governs most of the 2,900 Negro churches; white Methodist churches, by contrast, are divided into five geographical jurisdictions. Southerners wanted to preserve this separate-but-equal institution—and so, paradoxically, did many Negroes, since the Central Jurisdiction guaranteed them a disproportionately strong representation on church boards. For example, 10% of Methodism's active bishops are Negroes, although Negroes constitute only 4% of Methodist strength. But many young ministers and laymen from the North wanted to abolish the Central immediately, and held a prayer vigil at the conference to publicize their cause. Last week the delegates voted overwhelmingly to integrate Negro churches into white jurisdictions voluntarily over a four-year period. The compromise disappointed the civil rights advocates, but it reduced the likelihood of a walkout by Southern churches, increased the chances of a formal conference denunciation of segregation.

Beyond the Statistics. By its decisions, the General Conference will be measuring the current health or sickness of Methodism. Measured in statistics—a good Methodist way of doing it—the patient seems to be blooming. Last year parishioners put $599 million into their church collection plates—equivalent to the sales of the nation's 80th largest industrial corporation. The capital worth of Methodist institutions, including 79 hospitals and 105 colleges and universities, is more than $4.8 billion. Nashville's Abingdon Press is the world's largest religious publisher, with sales of $27 million and an output that ranges from Sunday-school texts to a new, scholarly three-volume history of the church (price: $27.50). More than 1,400 Methodist missionaries from the U.S. are spreading the Gospel abroad in 44 countries.

Methodists grant that there are statistical downs to match statistical ups. The church's growth rate is far smaller than that of the U.S. population as a whole, and Methodism is beginning to face a severe clerical shortage: there are only 900 ordained preachers graduating from seminaries each year to fill 2,697 ministerial openings. Nonetheless, the gravest issue facing the church is not a matter of numbers; it is whether Methodism has rightly adapted its structure and spirit to fit the shifting conditions of modern life.

Fellowship at the Center. In the time and place of its founding, Methodism was a great response to [illegible]

THE OLD PRINTSHOP

METHODIST CAMP MEETING (CIRCA 1836)

For the frontier, a certain discipline and moral sense.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

lenge. The 18th century was a time of torpor in the Church of England, which was slow to answer the antireligious skepticism of the Enlightenment and to meet the new missionary challenge of the unchurched poor in new industrial towns. John Wesley, a High Church priest turned highway preacher, found the answer. Instead of confounding the deists with reason, he responded to their arguments with religious fervor; and when the poor were reluctant to enter the church, he brought the church to them on city streets and country roads. In place of liturgy and creed, he put fellowship and the personal experience of salvation at the center of Christian life. It was an emotional faith, summoning men to work hard and live well for their Saviour's sake.

By 1760, lay preachers had carried Wesley's brand of religion to the New World, and 24 years later, at Lovely Lane Chapel in Baltimore, Francis Asbury convened the first conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Methodism proved to be a faith ideally suited to the U.S. frontier. In a land without churches, theological argument and orderly Communion services were as out of place as a Pope. What Asbury's tireless circuit riders provided instead, at impromptu worship hours in country kitchens and camp meetings, were florid sermons, full-throated hymns, and an upright way of life. They represented a puritanical church that separated the men from their women in prayer services.

"Methodism brought what the frontier needed," says New York's Bishop Lloyd Wicke, "a certain discipline and a moral sense. You didn't gamble because that was taking unfair advantage of a man. The church also forbade drinking, dancing and card playing: it was not the deed itself that the church was worried about, but what it did to a man's soul."

Preceding the Flag. While many other churches waited for the railroad, Methodism trekked west with the settlers—and thereby grew faster than any other Protestant denomination during the 19th century. The far-ranging circuit rider not only followed the flag; he sometimes preceded it. In 1838, Methodist Missionary Jason Lee rode from the Pacific Northwest to warn Congress about the southward expansion of Britain's Hudson's Bay Company, thereby spawned a westward migration that helped save Washington and Oregon for the U.S.

Around 1880, when the frontier began turning from a reality to a historical memory, Methodism began to consolidate its gains and became more of an ecclesiastical institution than a moving wind of evangelism. Born in poverty, Methodism gradually matured into a church for the nation's growing middle class—and in so doing became so close a mirror of all that was both strong and weak in America that sometimes the nation and church seemed inseparable. There was, for example, that formidable Methodist amazon, Frances Willard, who helped create the W.C.T.U. and grandmothered the "noble experiment" of Prohibition.

Conservative in personal morals, Methodists were often liberal in social ethics; many of their ministers, such as New York's stormy Bishop Francis J. McConnell, were leading advocates of the "social gospel"—the earnest, pre-World War I movement that attacked child labor and defended the right to unionize by directly applying Jesus' ethics. In the rural areas where they were strongest, Methodists less happily became active in the Ku Klux Klan, and in immigrant-hating nativist American movements.

Forgotten Roots? Today, a number of young Methodists detect more weakness than strength in their church, and complain that it has lost much of its spirit in the transition from frontier chapel to the Gothic "fortress church" of middle-class suburbs. "The church is so nondescript that it doesn't carry an ax any more," thunders the Rev. Ralph L. Roy, a leader in a reform-minded group of ministers and laymen called Methodists for Church Renewal. "It listens more to the voices of society than to the voice of God." To the rebels, nothing demonstrates this more than the open avowal of segregation by Methodist churches in the South—a stand dramatically proven last Easter when Boston's Bishop James Mathews and Negro Bishop Charles Golden were prevented from attending morning worship at a church in Jackson, Miss.

Methodism's critics-from-within complain that it ignores all of Wesley's ideals except his passion for detail. "The Methodists began among the so-called 'out of England," says the Rev. John Barclay of Boston. "But we have to a degree become fat and prosperous and forgotten the roots from which we sprang." Ministers complain that their churches have become "cults of congeniality" instead of societies for spiritual rebels, and that the old spirit of Christian fellowship has been all but lost in a swamp of "administrivia." Complains the Rev. John Lilly of Boston's Old West Methodist Church: "The local church has an organization that would rival General Motors'. It's ridiculous."

Mediocre Pietism? The new breed of minister wants a "tough" Christianity; instead he finds in Methodism a mediocre pietism with an increasingly narrow range of appeal. Rural pastors complain that the hierarchy has forgotten the needs—and the value—of small churches. Urban preachers sadly note that newcomers to city slums turn, if at all, to Pentecostal and Holiness storefronts—and rarely to the Inner City's empty cathedral-size Methodist churches left over from the days when the neighborhood was an enclave for the wealthy. What is left as an audience for Methodism is the suburb; in this kind of environment, charges the Rev. Thomas Oden of Enid, Okla., church thinking is oriented around an un-Biblical legalism which acts on the assumption that when we do good works for God, he accepts us because of our goodness."

But other Methodist voices are not yet ready to see the *Mene, mene* on the wall. "We've never been stronger," insists Lawyer Parlin. "Methodism is not a dying or decadent church." And Dr. Earl Brewer of the Candler School of Theology in Georgia. "It is a giant of a church—justly proud of its past, relatively satisfied with its present, slightly timid about its future." So another voice that chimes in—lo-

METHODIST PRINTS

WESLEY PREACHING TO SEPARATED MEN & WOMEN

A summons to work hard and live well for the Saviour's sake.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PREACHER KENNEDY IN THE PULPIT

"We are not trying to sell a system, but to demonstrate a Way."

and clear—to defend Methodism is that of its bishop for the Los Angeles area.

At 56, Gerald Hamilton Kennedy is still young for a bishop but old in term of service (16 years)—and he stands just about midway in the spectrum of Methodist opinion. He shares the concern for relevance that motivates the young ministers; with the older hierarchs, he speaks proudly of the church's accomplishments. Along with Bishops Fred Corson of Philadelphia, James Mathews of Boston, Richard Raines of Indianapolis and John Wesley Lord of Washington, he ranks among the most respected and influential figures in the church. "He's the best of the old wing," says one radical minister. "He's bright, creative, not stuffy at all."

Traveling the Connection. Kennedy is certainly not, as he puts it, "a very bishopy bishop." He is far more at home in sports clothes than in the hair shirt of clerical garb. He drives to work in a sports car—currently a white Karmann Ghia Volkswagen, which followed an MG, an Austin-Healey, and a Nash Metropolitan. In an age of episcopal administrators, Kennedy is primarily a preacher who happily forsakes paper work for the chance to deliver a sermon. He takes seriously the injunction in the Methodist *Discipline* that bishops should "travel through the connection," and averages 50,000 miles a year on inspection and lecture tours.

It is unthinkable to Kennedy—or to anyone who knows him—that he would ever have accepted anything but what he calls "the greatest calling in the world." Born in Michigan, the son of a Methodist lay preacher, he grew up in California, and with his parents' faith. "My whole life has been centered in the church," he says. "I went to church in my mother's arms and slept on the back seat while my father was finishing his Sunday evening sermons. It seemed inevitable to me that the ministry was my calling as long ago as I can remember."

Kennedy began preaching when still in high school; at 15, he was licensed as a lay preacher, and during his college years he spent his weekends as a supply pastor. "The church can stand anything," he wrote about his first charges. "When I think of those sophomoric sermons, I marvel at human endurance and at Christian forbearance." After high school, Kennedy went on to the College of the Pacific where, as a junior, he married his high school sweetheart, Mary Grace Leeper. He was 20, and she 18; today, Mrs. Kennedy notes, "we have a hard time advising young people against early marriage." Eventually, Kennedy's round-the-clock schedule caught up with him, and he got a resounding F in an Old Testament class —"which makes me the only bishop in the Methodist Church to have failed a Bible course in college," he says.

Kennedy made up for lost grades, and in 1932 started work on his Ph.D. at the Hartford Theological Seminary in Connecticut. Methodist churches in that part of the country were in short supply, so Kennedy accepted the pastorate of a nearby Congregational church. "But Methodism was in my blood," he recalls, "and I began to miss the organization, the quotas, the pressures, the programs." Returning to California in 1936, Kennedy was assigned to pastorates in San Jose and Palo Alto before moving outside the Western Jurisdiction to the St. Paul Methodist Church in Lincoln, Neb.

No Trade. During his years in the parish ministry, Kennedy earned church-wide fame as one of Methodism's finest young preachers. "If you keep on talking like that, young man," said Bromley Oxnam after hearing a Kennedy sermon, "you'll end up as a bishop." The prophecy was fulfilled one day in July 1948, when Kennedy was elected one of the four bishops in the Western Jurisdiction. At 40, he was the youngest member of the hierarchy and the first white Methodist bishop ever picked by one jurisdiction from another.

Kennedy spent four years as Bishop of Portland before moving to Los Angeles. He enjoys preaching so much that twice after his election he briefly contemplated resigning his office to accept pastorates; eventually he decided that being a bishop was not so bad after all. "I find it difficult to feel sorry for myself," he says. "I would trade salaries with some men I know, but I would not trade jobs with any man."

John Wesley thought that preaching at 5 o'clock in the morning was one of the world's best exercises. Kennedy has never tested his oratory on predawn Los Angeles, but he does rise at 5:30 for a quick breakfast, then scoots off to his office for an hour or two of serious theological reading (he still likes Reinhold Niebuhr best) before office work begins. Kennedy heads the fastest-growing area in his church; with his "bishop's cabinet" of nine superintendents, he heads 700 ministers and 460 churches, and his lay membership has grown from 143,000 to 270,000 in twelve years. In church circles, he is admired as a first-rate fund raiser who has built 24 new churches in the past three years. He is also considered a shrewd judge of personnel, with a knack for appointing the right man to the right pulpit—and for trading off weaklings to unsuspecting brother bishops. Kennedy seldom takes work home from the office, spends much of his evenings reading contemporary novels, which he reviews for the Methodist monthly *Together*.

Spare & Witty. Kennedy believes that a bishop should be a teacher as well as an administrator, and just about every Sunday of the year he finds a vacant pulpit to preach from. His sermons are a far cry from the stem-winding exercises in dour purple prose that 19th century congregations loved. His language is spare and unchurchy, larded with wit and timely references to the secular world around him. Yet his message is always related more to eternal truths than to the morning's headlines.

Like Oxnam or McConnell, Kennedy has never been afraid to discuss political and social issues from the pulpit, but he picks his controversies with care. "A fellow that's shooting off his mouth all the time—nobody listens to him after a while," he says. In 1957 Kennedy led a fight to elect some moderates to Los Angeles' conservative-dominated school board—and as a reward found himself named to the State Board of Education. Kennedy has been one of the church leaders most active in battling the campaign to repeal a state fair-housing law.

Is Separation Sinful? The bishop is willing to risk unpopular stands on ecclesiastical issues as well. Recently he approaches the topic of church union

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Methodist first and an ecumenist second, has long had grave doubts about Dr. Eugene Carson Blake's proposal that the Methodists should join with five other faiths to form a great new denomination, both catholic and reformed. "I don't use the term 'sinful' about our separation," he explains. "Our unity must be of the spirit. I don't think it demands one organization." Kennedy firmly believes that the sermon should remain at the center of Methodist worship. He has no patience with what he calls a "sloppy, unbuttoned service," but he is skeptical about claims that more and better liturgy is the solution to the church's problems. Says he: "The church with the most beautful liturgy is probably the Russian Orthodox, and they sat by while Communism took over their country."

Integration-now Methodists regard Kennedy as a reactionary on the racial issue because he shudders at the thought of Northern Methodists picketing churches in Jackson. Kennedy believes that men's hearts as well as church law must be changed if integration is to work—and he has quietly managed to do some of both in his own area. Last year he appointed a Negro pastor to a white congregation in Tucson, and he has pledges from more than 50 churches that they will accept any minister he assigns, regardless of color.

The Reluctant Caboose. Kennedy agrees that "the church has many weaknesses," but he also believes that the church has many strengths, and among them is the rules-laden organization that so many younger ministers complain about. To Kennedy, the right use of organization can foster successful evolution instead of schism-creating revolution. Methodism, he says, is a "strange combination of discipline and freedom—and it is the discipline that makes the freedom possible." Wesley's instinct for order was wise, he argues, "because nobody stands alone. We're a connectional church—and you just can't be a Christian standing alone."

In their actions, if not in their words, many of Methodism's modern rebels are halfway willing to concede Kennedy's point. "We look to the church to lead and often find it a reluctant caboose to the train of history," says the Rev. John Russell Jr., a chaplain at M.I.T. "The amazing thing, in the face of all that we have seen to be wrong, is the stark fact that we have not quit." And instead of abandoning the church, they have stayed to set it on a rightful course.

Serious Theology. It was Asbury's stern belief that "the saddlebags are the best schooling for traveling preachers." Today, says the Rev. Walter Vernon of the church's Board of Education, Methodism is "taking theology more seriously." The Methodists have no Tillich or Barth, but they have seldom before had so many competent and respected thinkers to boast about. Among them: Ecumenist Albert Outler, a Methodist observer at the Vatican Council

KENNEDY & WIFE AT HOME
Outside, a white Karmann Ghia.

last year, and radical young (37) Systematic Theologian Schubert Ogden.

Methodist seminaries—notably Drew in New Jersey, Southern Methodist's Perkins, and Claremont in California—are almost interdenominational in faculty and student membership, and are wide open to the study of fresh currents in modern theology. Last month, for example, Drew imported a number of ranking European thinkers for a seminar on hermeneutics—the science of reinterpreting the Bible's message for contemporary man. Out of this environment is emerging a new generation of preachers who sometimes annoy their elders by their contempt for church routine, but please them by their sense of commitment. "If they stay in the church," says one seminary professor, "at least they know why they are there."

Such signs of life impress critical observers outside the church. "Methodism was the hottest lava in the 19th century," says Lutheran Theologian Martin Marty of Chicago. "If it is true to its own genius, it should be a religion that 'heats up' again easier than some others." Some of the heat can be felt now in the Inner City slums, where young Methodist ministers are beginning to rehabilitate all-but-abandoned churches. It can even be felt in the suburbs, where thousands of Methodist laymen have formed Christian "cells" for Biblical and theological study.

And there is plenty of vitality in the Methodist debates on the moral issue of race and the relevance of the church. Obviously, it is relevant, and fully entitled to the optimism summed up by Gerald Kennedy in the episcopal address to the conference: "We do not share the current pessimism which speaks of a 'post-Protestant era.' We believe that the signs of the times proclaim that ours is still the relevant Word. Let the Methodist Church proclaim that so far as it is concerned, the best is yet to be."

MILESTONES

Born. To Edward, Duke of Kent, 2[illegible] madcap captain in the Royal Sco[illegible] Greys, cousin to Queen Elizabeth, an[illegible] Katharine, Duchess of Kent, 31: the[illegible] second child, first daughter (13th in lin[illegible] to the British throne); at Coppins, i[illegible] Buckinghamshire.

Born. To Princess Margaret, Count[illegible] ess of Snowdon, 33, and Antony Arm[illegible] strong-Jones, Earl of Snowdon, 34, por[illegible] trait photographer: their second child first daughter (seventh in line for the succession); in Kensington Palace, Lon[illegible] don, thereby completing this spring's quartet of royal babies—a boy to Prin[illegible] cess Alexandra and Queen Elizabeth and two girls. Burbled Tony: "She looks a super-baby!"

Married. Princess Irene of The Neth[illegible] erlands, 24, and Prince Hugo Carlos de Borbón y Parma, 34, in Rome (*see* THE WORLD).

Died. Harry Holt, 59, prosperous Or[illegible] egon farmer who in 1954 was so moved by a documentary describing the plight of Korean babies fathered by G.I.s that he and his wife adopted eight, went on to set up an orphanage north of Seoul, battle U.S. immigration quotas and or[illegible] thodox welfare agencies to place 3,000 more adopted waifs in American homes; of a heart attack; in Ilsan, Korea.

Died. Joshua Whatmough (rhymes with wha ho), 67, Harvard linguistics professor from 1926 to 1963; of a stroke; in Winchester, Mass. A real-life 'Enry 'Iggins, Whatmough spoke eleven languages from Hittite to Franglais, but was best known for his theory of the "selective variation" of languages, which held that they evolve by natural selection in a mathematically predictable course (by 3020, English will have lost most irregular verbs), a theory Whatmough developed in the 1920s, but could not demonstrate until the post-war development of computers.

Died. Sir Milton Margai, 68, Prime Minister of the diamond-rich West African Commonwealth of Sierra Leone (pop. 2,600,000), a British-trained gynecologist who spent 20 years in jungle practice before entering politics to champion the cause of his backwoods tribesmen against the more sophisticated coastal folk, led his People's Party to victory in 1951, ran the colony so well that Britain granted independence in 1961, after which he maintained conservative, pro-Western policies; after a long illness; in Freetown, Sierra Leone.

Died. Nancy, the Dowager Lady Astor, 84, the devil-may-care Virginia belle who became Britain's first woman Member of Parliament; after a long illness; at Grimsthorpe Castle, Lincolnshire (*see* THE WORLD).

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Marriage by Choice

Racial intermarriage is potentially the most combustible of all civil rights issues. Although marriage between whites and Negroes is actually rare in the U.S.—at least officially—miscegenation by cohabitation is another matter, rooted largely in the South's unspoken mores. According to one study by University of Wisconsin Sociologist Robert Stuckert, 21% of white Americans are "descendants of persons of African origin." By the calculation of Anthropologist Melville Herskovitz, 72% of U.S. Negroes have white ancestors.

The interracial statistics have piled up despite the fact that miscegenation under any circumstances at all is a crime in 19 states—including not only 17 Southern and Border states but also the Northern states of Indiana and Wyoming. Quite apart from local fears and customs even at this stage of the civil rights revolution, are such laws constitutional?

New Concept. Last week the Supreme Court took a giant step toward resolving the question by agreeing to review its first miscegenation case since 1883, when it upheld an Alabama law against interracial sexual relations (*Pace* v. *Alabama*). Now at issue is a Florida law that forbids a man and woman who are not married to each other and are of different races to "habitually live in and occupy in the nighttime the same room."

Connie Hoffman, a white woman, and Dewey McLaughlin, a Spanish-speaking merchant seaman of Honduran origin, were convicted under this law in Miami Beach in 1962. Each was sentenced to 30 days in jail and a $150 fine. The defendants appealed to the Florida Supreme Court and were turned down in light of what Justice Millard Caldwell called "the sound rule of *stare decisis*" (following precedents) and "the well-written decision" of *Pace*. Let the U.S. Supreme Court decide, added Caldwell caustically, "if the new-found concept of 'social justice' has outdated 'the law of the land' as therein announced."

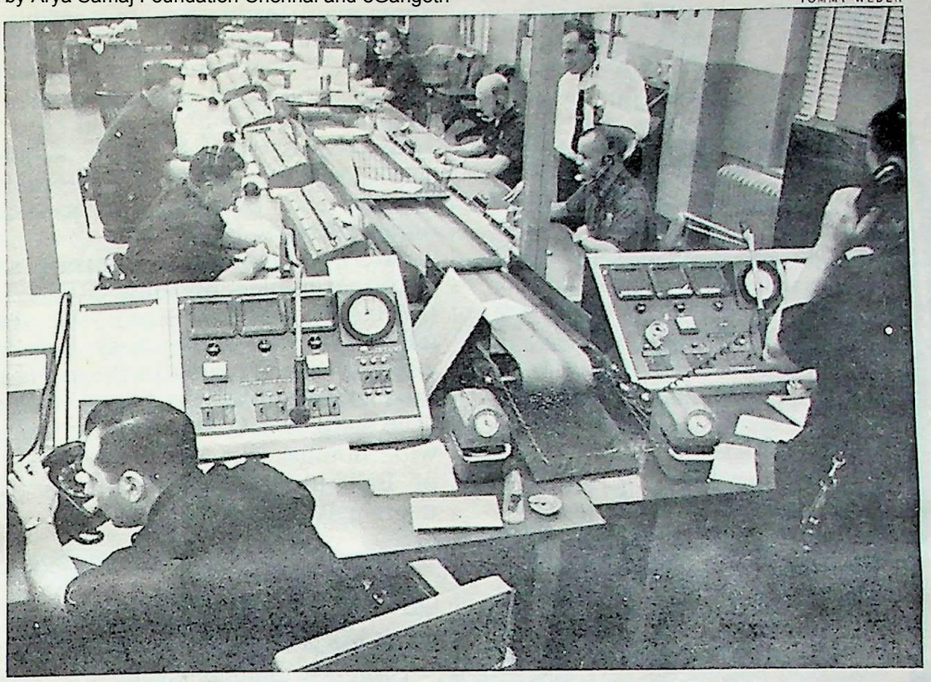
Frail Standard. To just that end, the N.A.A.C.P. argued in Washington that Defendants Hoffman and McLaughlin (who are still living together) were deprived of the 14th Amendment's guarantees of due process and equal protection of the laws. Florida does not ban cohabitation by unmarried persons of the same race, for example, and the defendants were unable to plead common-law marriage because Florida forbids intermarriage under another law, which the N.A.A.C.P. also wants struck down. Moreover, Florida's definition of Negro ("every person having one-eighth or more of African or Negro blood") is so vague that police merely identified McLaughlin as a Negro by "appearance," a frail standard on which to build a case.

How much the ruling in *McLaughlin and Hoffman* v. *Florida* will affect other state miscegenation laws will not be known until the court hands down its decision next fall. But the tide seems to be running against the old Southern custom. In 1948, the California State Supreme Court ruled California's miscegenation law unconstitutional under the 14th Amendment. Antimiscegenation laws have since been repealed in other states; in Nebraska one was wiped off the books only last year. Goal of the N.A.A.C.P. in this case: "Freedom to join in marriage with the person of one's own choice."

HOFFMAN McLAUGHLIN

A crime in 19 states.

TOMMY WEBER



POLICE ANSWERING EMERGENCY CALLS IN BROOKLYN

Meanwhile, try Addis Ababa.

POLICE

Car 54, Where Are You?

The law's most serious slowdown is not always delay in the courts—the months or years it can take a case to come to trial. Too often the problem is delay in the law's enforcement—the interminable minutes it can take to reach the police. In an age of computers and digit dialing, it may be easier to phone "Hiya" to a pal in Addis Ababa than to call "Help" to a cop a few blocks away.

The citizen who has just been mugged on Staten Island in New York City is likely to get a second unpleasant surprise. If he still has a dime and dials the officially listed police number, ST (for Saint George) 7-1200, he will get a business firm in Manhattan. The cops' correct number happens to be SA (for Saint George) 7-1200, but someone goofed when it came to listing it in the police roster. Manhattanites are told to call SPring 7-3100, which is hard enough to remember and even harder to dial in the dark. When help finally does arrive, apologetic cops often advise, "Next time, call CAnal 7-2000," which is not the emergency number but the more prosaic listing for "all other business."

Two-Hour Delay. Typifying the U.S. problem of slow police service, New York City has five boroughs with five separate police numbers that seem to endlessly confuse callers. The police department is now struggling to devise a system whereby a single "hot line" central number would automatically summon the cops in the caller's own borough—though even this would not eliminate delays caused by police operators who ask interminable questions before sending aid.

Even so, New York is better off than many other cities. Houston's emergency calls go through an all-service city switchboard, and police may be delayed by as much as two hours. In Los Angeles County's 75 incorporated cities, 27 of them policed by the county sheriff and 48 by local forces, the right number to call is often a mystery to the householder with a prowler hacking at his back door. Best advice: dial the operator and pray that she is not already swamped with other calls.

Two-Minute Rescue. Some cities are making progress. Chicago police have their own switchboard (POlice [illegible]) and a communications [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

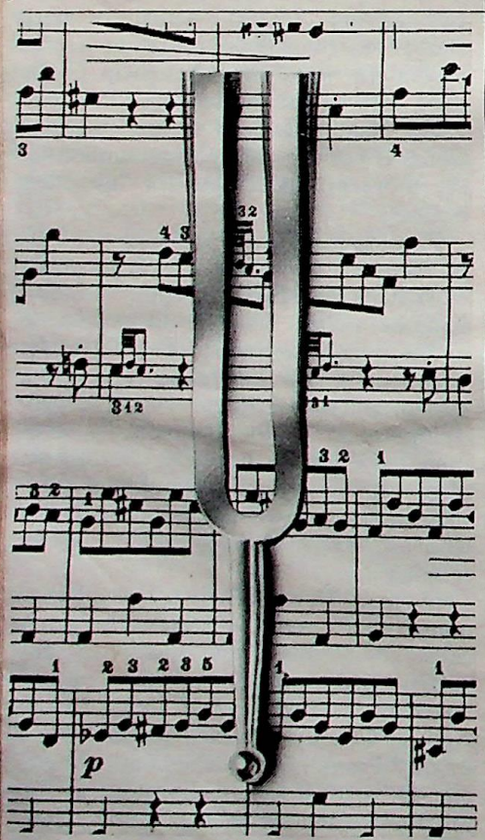
TIME IS MONEY

A Deposit Account with Lombard Banking Limited means all these things:—Real Financial Stability and an interest rate of 5%—the maximum safe and sure rate for your money to earn. Immediate interest accruing day by day paid or credited half-yearly. Withdrawals are easily made subject to the terms you arrange. Deposits accepted from any country in the world. No U.K. tax deducted. Complete privacy. No charges.

To earn 5% per annum the minimum initial deposit is £100, the minimum period of deposit and notice of withdrawal is six months. Your Deposit with Lombard Banking Limited is supported by paid up capital and reserves in excess of £12,000,000. Write now to the General Manager for further particulars and your copy of Deposit Account Booklet No. A.O. 306.

LOMBARD BANKING

LIMITED

Head Office:
Lombard House, Curzon Street,
Park Lane, London, W.1.
GROsvenor 4111 (30 lines)

MUSIC is a matter of interpretation, temperament. It lives only in performance. In reporting on the arts, TIME is concerned with the performer as much as the work; in following all the news, TIME is concerned with the personalities as well as the events.

three-man teams are responsible for each of the city's eight zones. Calls automatically go to the right team, seated before illuminated zone maps that pinpoint the position of all radio cars. Two men receive and record the details on IBM cards; the third simultaneously assigns a car. The whole process takes about 15 seconds.

Hot-line numbers are on the increase —for example, Boston's DE 8-1212, Cleveland's MA 1-1234, St. Louis' CE 1-1212; in some cases they bring police cars screeching to the scene in as little as two minutes. Things would be even simpler if U.S. police had a nationwide number like West Germany's 110 or Britain's 999, which can be dialed unerringly in the dark.

THE CONSTITUTION

Does Schoolroom Prayer Require a New Amendment?

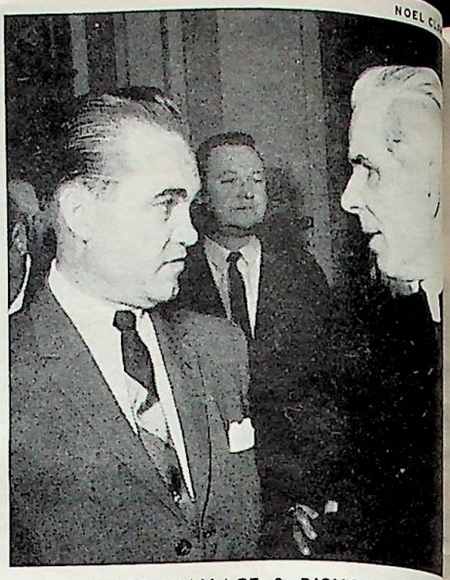
Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof . . .
—First Amendment

To alter the latest interpretation of those time-honored words, which go back to 1791, is the goal of 170 proposed amendments to the U.S. Constitution, now being hotly debated before the House Judiciary Committee. In an unprecedented assault on the Constitution's first ten amendments, which are known as the Bill of Rights, all of the new amendments, whatever their wording, have one aim: to reverse the Supreme Court's recent decisions against school prayers and Bible reading.

Dubious Business? From Alabama's Governor George Wallace to Roman Catholic Bishop Fulton Sheen, a parade of largely anti-court witnesses testified before the committee last week. Alabama refuses to "order God out of our neighborhood schools," cried Wallace. "We will stand up for God! We will stand up for America!" More constructively, Sheen suggested that no amendment was needed. But he added, "I fear for a country which outlaws prayers in schools." Said he: Let schools be allowed at least to adopt "the prayer that every member is carrying in his pocket —'In God We Trust.'"

Things looked good for New York Republican Frank J. Becker, author of an amendment approving voluntary school prayers. Becker claimed 167 signatures on a discharge petition, only 51 short of the number required to get his proposal out of committee and onto the House floor. But opposition was stiffening for one compelling reason: even mild tinkering with the First Amendment is dubious business. Said the Rev. Eugene Carson Blake, Stated Clerk of the United Presbyterian Church: "I take alarm at this experiment with our liberties. The Bill of Rights should remain unamended, for the rights are inalienable."

Much of the cry to "Get God Back in the Schools" reflects deep misunder-



GOVERNOR WALLACE & BISHOP SHEEN
In God they trust.

standing of what the court actually said. In *Engel* v. *Vitale* (1962), it overruled the required daily recitation of a nondenominational prayer composed by a governmental body, the New York State Board of Regents. In 1963's *Murray* v. *Curlett* and *Schempp* v. *School District*, it overruled school-required reading of Scripture in Maryland and Pennsylvania. All three decisions were based on what the court deemed to be an inescapable reading of the First Amendment's "establishment" clause. Far from being antireligious, the court simply aimed to keep government from interfering with religion.

Wrong Clause? Many constitutional lawyers who agree with the ultimate decision still fault the court on its reasoning. Its use of the establishment clause seems to proscribe any link at all between government and religion, yet such links are embedded in the real ties of U.S. society. To infer that government now has a duty to cut them may well force the court to later confront unnecessarily painful questions including the constitutionality of tax exemption for churches. Such future troubles could have been avoided, critics say, had the court arrived at the same school decisions by a somewhat different route—the First Amendment's "free exercise" clause, thus allowing the court to stress freedom of worship and thus to follow the logic of an increasingly pluralistic society.

Despite this criticism, most lawyers take a dim view of any Draconian amending of the Constitution to "authorize" school religion. Who but some governmental body would compose and control the religious observance? What official orthodoxy would result—against diverse U.S. beliefs in different bibles and different gods? The whole idea could nullify the First Amendment and its purpose of guaranteeing religious freedom. Warned New York Republican Representative John V. Lindsay: "It was that amendment that probably the founders of the country and the first immigrants fought for the hardest."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TOXICOLOGY

The 18-Hole Itch

The 51-year-old automobile-repair instructor had a flaming eczemalike eruption on his hands and arms, neck, face and legs. He told the University of Pennsylvania's Dermatologist Walter B. Shelley that he had first had it in 1959, soon after he took up golf. For the next two years it got bad in summer, better in winter. But after the 1962 season began, it stayed bad. He had noticed, the patient said, that it became "explosively worse" after he walked past workers spraying the greens. That was the doctor's clue.

The patient was given a cortisone-type drug and kept off the golf course. Within a week, he was much better. Then Dr. Shelley checked the spray used on the greens. It was a fungicide, and its active ingredient was thiram, a notorious cause of allergies. Since thiram is still used in processing rubber, Dr. Shelley notes in this week's A.M.A. *Journal*, "the thiram-sensitive individual must avoid such varied rubber products as art-gum erasers, bunion pads, eyelash curlers, condoms, gloves, goggles, dress shields, dental dams, bathing caps, headrests, garters, pessaries, elasticized garments, and mammary prostheses." And now, golf courses.

Dr. Shelley has added an extra hazard to the known perils of the 19th hole. Thiram is close chemical kin to disulfiram (Antabuse), which makes people sick when they drink. A golfer sensitized on the greens may have a serious reaction at the bar.

SURGERY

No Place for Amateurs

The potential benefits to humanity from the transplantation of organs are so great that they are tempting insufficiently trained surgeons, warns Dr. Francis D. Moore (TIME cover, May 3, 1963). For kidney transplants, pioneered at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, of which he is surgeon in chief, Dr. Moore says that skill is needed in four specialties: kidney physiology, the surgery of blood vessels, treatment of urological disease, and the use of potentially poisonous drugs to suppress transplant rejection.

Expertness in any one of these takes years to acquire. Yet Dr. Moore reports in *Science* that the Brigham is getting a stream of visitors who hope to spend only a few days learning the techniques before returning home to try transplants. Some restraint is needed to protect patients, says Dr. Moore. And the hazards are not limited to such rare operations as transplants. Even so common a procedure as giving a general anesthetic, he says, still carries enough risk to demand practitioners who are both expert and experienced.

DENTISTRY

The Limitations of Transplants

Ecuadorian Indians faced up to the problem in the days before Columbus; so did U.S. dentists around the time of the Revolution: if someone had a hole in his jawbone where a tooth had just been extracted, why not fill it with any fresh, healthy-looking tooth that happened to be available? The answer seemed especially logical since many of these transplants apparently worked.

COURTESY DR. MOSES L. EHRLICH

ROWLANDSON'S "TRANSPLANTING OF TEETH" (1787)
More than the Indians, but not enough.

The price paid to donors for front teeth went up to 4 guineas a tooth in New York in 1772. The trouble was that neither the Indians nor the colonial dentists knew anything about immune mechanisms and the rejection of transplants. Most of the transplanted teeth fell out a couple of years later.

Last week scores of dentists met in Manhattan to trade up-to-the-minute data on the feasibility and success of tooth transplants. It soon became apparent that, although they have learned much about rejection mechanisms, they still do not know enough.

Crown & Root. A tooth is not a simple cutting or grinding tool, but a complex piece of living matter. The part that shows, which dentists call the crown, is made of bonelike dentine wrapped in an enamel shell. The part that is hidden, which dentists call the root, consists of bonelike materials surrounding the root canal, which is filled with soft tissue, blood vessels and the tooth's nerve.

So much of the tooth seems to be inert that some dental surgeons hoped that a transplant would not set off rejection reactions. They thought it might be possible to graft teeth from one person to another in much the same way as the bloodless cornea of the eye can be grafted, and for essentially the same reasons. Some dentists at last week's meeting claimed successes in person-to-person transplants that have lasted from two to four years. But they had no X rays to show that the roots were still healthy. Soon, their colleagues predicted, the crowns would drop off.

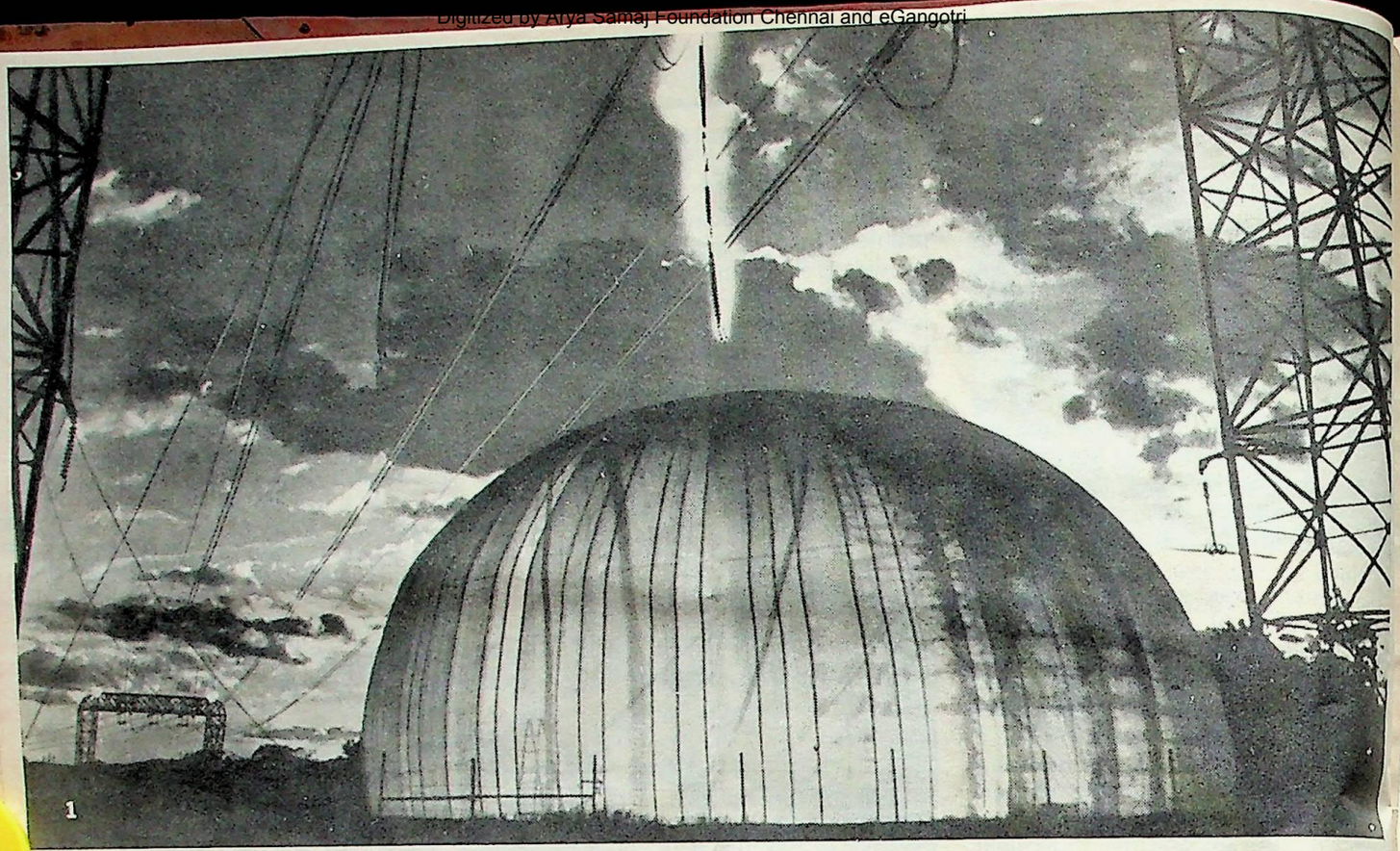
Fact is, concluded Cornell University's Dr. Stanley J. Behrman, teeth are far from immune to the processes of graft rejection. Even their enamel, he said, may touch off an immune reaction. The root is slowly whittled away by scavenger cells in the bloodstream of the tooth's new owner, and is replaced with soft tissue or new bone, which is why the crown eventually falls off.

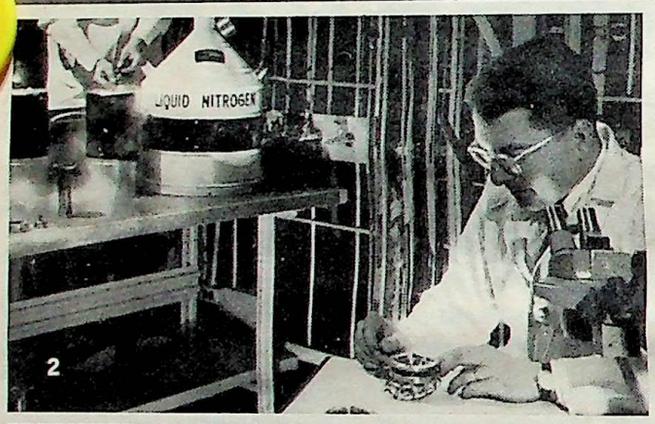
Wisdom Growth. But all the experts agreed that transplantation of a tooth inside the patient's own mouth is indeed worthwhile. The likeliest occasion for using this technique is when an adolescent or young adult loses one of his first molars (as one in three does) because of decay. Then, if the patient has a "wisdom tooth" that has not yet broken through, or is threatening to become impacted, the dentist removes it and uses it to replace the lost molar. This young, "budding" tooth will take root and grow just like any other tooth, except that it will never develop a nerve connection. Since all the tissues are the patient's own, there is no problem of graft rejection. And the problems of surgical technique have been pretty well solved. Decay in the transplant can be treated as in any other tooth.

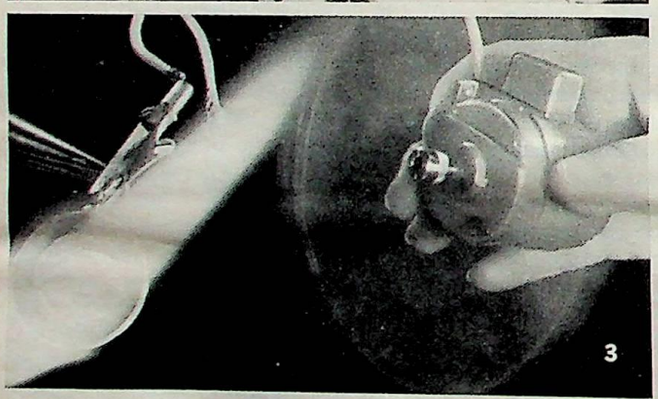
Los Angeles' Dr. Harland Apfel has tried six homotransplants (person to person), and all have failed. But he has done 350 autotransplants (with the patients' own teeth), and 97% are now successful. Homotransplants of teeth, with long-term success, will have to await the finding of safer and more effective drugs or new techniques to check the rejection process.

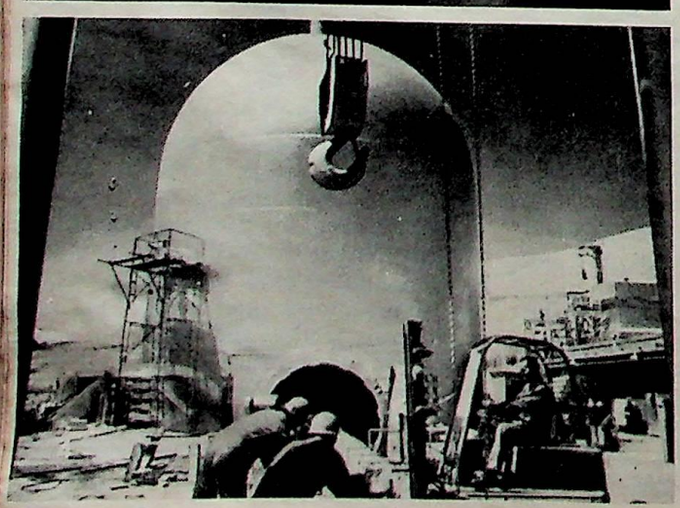
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri









1. 750,000-volt transmission. General Electric has invested in this four-mile-long laboratory to answer just one question: How much can the cost of extra-high-voltage transmission be cut per mile? Savings could reach $10,000 per mile. Here, an impulse generator (inside bubble) produces up to 3 million volts of electricity for lightning and surge testing.

2. Cryogenics research at G.E. explores the phenomenon of superconductivity at extremely low temperatures, where certain metals lose all electrical resistance. This typical research effort could lead to sizable gains in equipment efficiency. Here, G.E. scientists induce low temperatures with liquid nitrogen.

3. Exotic power sources are under research at G.E. They make use of the latest advances in chemistry and physics. Here the source is thermionic conversion, in which heat is converted directly into the electricity that powers this motor.

4. Nuclear superheat fuel assembly is moved into dome of a new superheat reactor (12.5 MWt) that adjoins General Electric's pioneer Vallecitos boiling-water reactor in California. Here scientists will boost steam temperatures from the present 550° F to 1,000° F in an attempt to cut atomic-electric power costs by up to 0.5 mils per kwh.

5. Thermonuclear fusion has achieved multi-million-degree temperatures—releasing fusion energy at a peak rate of about 100 watts—using this equipment at the General Electric Research Laboratory.

6. Hydrocarbon fuel cell, being developed by General Electric, combines low-cost hydrocarbon fuels (here, diesel oil) with oxygen from the air to produce electricity directly—without steam, combustion, noise, vibration or moving parts.

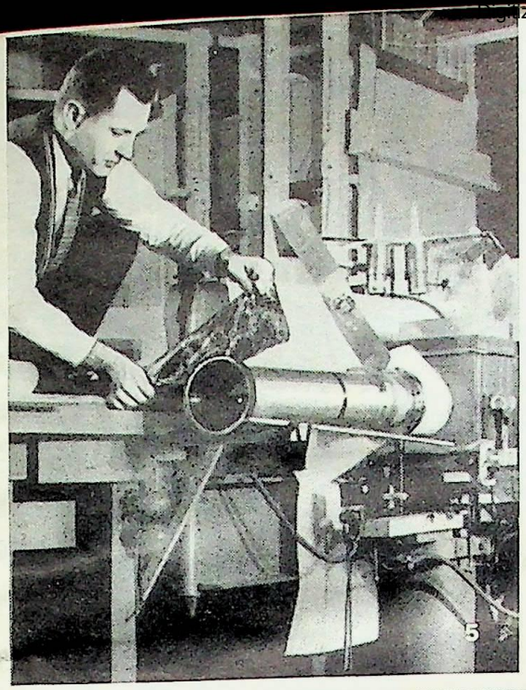
7. Building greater efficiencies into power-generation equipment: over *70 per cent* of the turbine-generators in the 34 most efficient U.S. steam-electric plants were manufactured by General Electric.

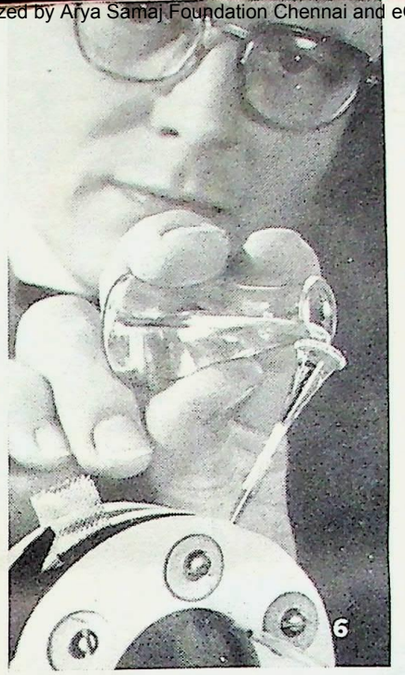
8. High-vacuum research and studies in high-purity materials at the G.E. Research Laboratory permitted G.E. to introduce the world's first practical interrupter for quenching high-current power arcs in a vacuum.

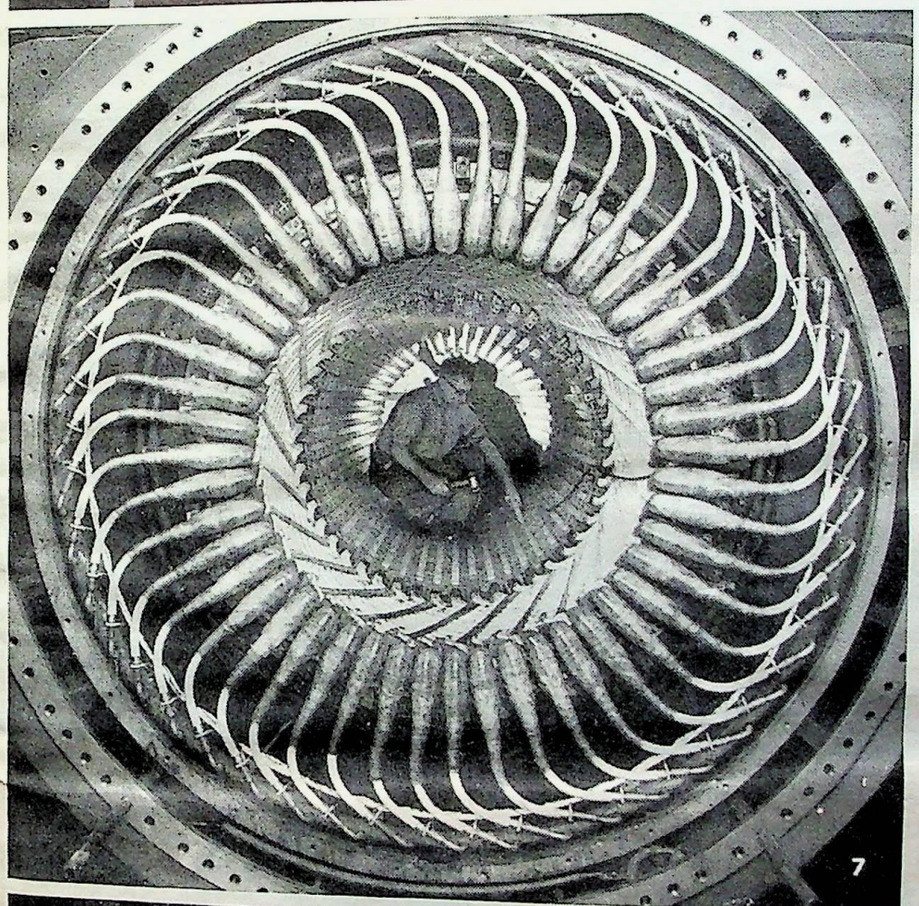
9. Magnetohydrodynamics research aims to produce electricity by passing hot gaseous "plasmas" through a magnetic field. The General Electric Research Laboratory's 100-foot hypersonic shock tunnel aids these studies.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

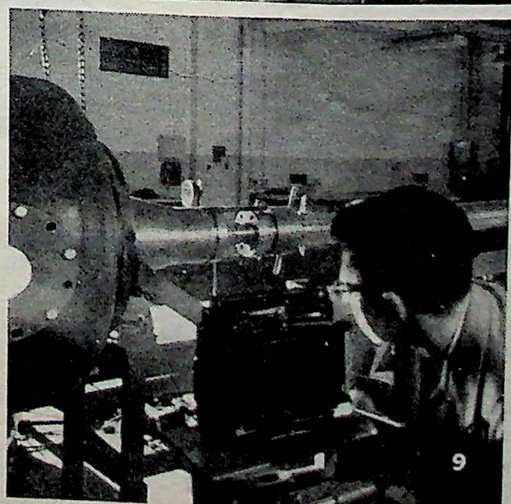
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri


5


6


7

8


9

How we make certain you'll always get the most power for your money

There's no single, direct route to the breakthroughs that will help the electrical industry meet tomorrow's increased power needs. So at the nearly 100 laboratories of the General Electric Company, scientists are pursuing research and development on *many* fronts.

They've done everything from building a fault-free meter . . . to harnessing the atom . . . to developing a 700,000-volt transformer. The results speak for themselves: in a reliability factor of *99.6 per cent* for General Electric's modern-day, large steam turbine-generators, for example. (Total capacity of these 648 units: 77,600,000 kw.)

G.E. scientists can't afford to neglect any possibilities. Some of the new energy-conversion methods they're investigating—including the ones you see here—may someday help provide power more efficiently. But who can say which ones?

And meanwhile, our scientists are improving *existing* power sources. Improved metals for the G.E. gas turbine and steam turbine-generator will boost the efficiency of these proved products still further. (Already, over *70 per cent* of the turbine-generators in the *most efficient* U.S. steam-electric plants are made by General Electric.)

We'd welcome a chance to discuss our experience in everything from turbine-generators to turnkey projects to your industry automation problems. Contact your G.E. representative or write *General Electric Co., Dept.25-27TA, 159 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., N.Y.10016,U.S.A.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

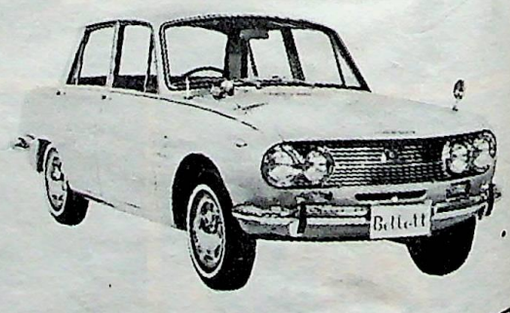
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Have you taken the new Bellett out for a test-drive yet? If you haven't, you're missing an eye-opening experience. Don't be satisfied with a casual inspection. It's not fair to the car . . . or to you. All you'll see is an economical 4-door family sedan with racy lines. Bellet has a lot more to offer!

Rev up the lively 1500cc powerplant, marry it to the four-speed gearbox . . . and go get some action! Heavy traffic? Bellett's rack-and-pinion steering gives you the maneuverability of a polo pony. Tight curves? Watch how Bellett's independent four-wheel suspension takes the kinks out of them. See what we mean? It's sporty!

Now you know why we call it a **family sports sedan**. It's Japan's first, and it's from Isuzu, Japan's automotive style leader. Bellett will be available soon in your area. Don't just look at it. Drive it . . . be a sport!



ISUZU MOTORS LIMITE

Shinagawa-ku, Tokyo, Japan Cable Address: ISUZU TOK

ISUZU Bellett

1500 DELUX
1800 DIESE

Distributors & Dealers in Asia: Korea YOUNG POONG TRADING CO., LTD. Seoul. **Okinawa** OKINAWA ISUZU MOTOR CO., LTD. Naha-shi. **Taiwan** INTERNATIONAL AUTO CO., LTD. Ta
Hong Kong NICHIMEN CO., LTD. Hong Kong Branch. **Thailand** MITSUBISHI CO., (THAILAND) LTD., Bangkok. **Malaysia** SING HOE MOTOR CO., LTD. Kuala Lumpur. **Philippines** FAR EAS
MOTOR CORPORATION Manila. **Indonesia** P. N. TRI BHAKTI Djakarta. **Ceylon** THE CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT Colombo. **Goa, India** KRISHNA RAGHUNATH SHET
Bicholim. *West Pakistan* ASIAN AUTOMOBILES LIMITED Karachi.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

STATE OF BUSINESS

Warmth of Spring

U.S. businessmen had rarely basked in a warmer glow. As it reached the 39th month of economic advance, the U.S. economy was in the midst of the longest peacetime expansion in modern history. First-quarter profit reports from every part of the U.S. showed that corporations were earning on the average of 20% more this year than in 1963. General Motors' earnings of $536 million were the highest for any company in any three-month period in business history, and huge profit gains were reported by giants as varied as Eastman Kodak (up 25%), U.S. Steel (up 72%) and the Monsanto Co. (up 84%). Retail sales marched upward,

DON HESSE—ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

"HEY LOOK—THERE'S L.B.J."

nd so did construction contracts. Auto nd steel production continued at rec- rd or near-record levels.

New Attitude. Above and beyond all his spring growth was the warm breeze rom Washington. The President of the J.S. went before the annual meeting f the U.S. Chamber of Commerce (*see* THE U.S.) and spent a chatty our appealing for an end to suspicion nd distrust between Government and usiness. After the speech, Harvey Aluminum President Lawrence Harvey aid: "This signals a new attitude on he part of bureaucrats—business is our friend, work with it." Businessmen believe that Johnson thinks the way they think, point out that he is the irst President since Herbert Hoover to have had successful business experience. ays Boston's Eli Goldston, president f Eastern Gas & Fuel Associates: He's a good model of today's professional business manager."

To many businessmen, one good example of professionalism was Johnson's success in settling the long and complicated railroad labor hassle—and doing so without visibly bruising anyone. About 5,000 railroad firemen stand to lose their jobs immediately under terms of the Compulsory Arbitration law, whose constitutionality was upheld last week by the U.S. Supreme Court, but most will get severance checks or other railroad jobs. Labor chiefs applauded Johnson's concern for the displaced workers, and businessmen generally agreed that he had not overstepped the bounds of collective bargaining by persuasively pushing the settlement. Says Santa Fe President Ernest A. Marsh: "He and his mediators deserve a lot of credit for doing something that nobody else had been able to do."

An Accountant's Memory. The President has an accountant's memory for economic statistics, and he delights in exploiting the bullish ones in his speeches in a way that puts them onto Page One almost every day. In his speech to the Chamber of Commerce, he managed to mention 50 different statistics. Armed with figures on profits and take-home pay, Johnson has been using every possible chance to campaign against price and wage rises—gently warning businessmen that if inflation comes to eat away prosperity, they will have only themselves to blame.

But when it came to the wage rises he favors—for the men and women in the middle and upper reaches of Government—he took his case straight to the businessmen. He urged the Chamber of Commerce to support a federal pay raise bill—and put the request, as usual, in terms that any businessman could understand. "The middle level positions," said Johnson, "pay less than half the comparable scales of business and industry." Then he drove the point home by announcing that "one of the great economic advisers"—Walter Heller—was planning to quit the Government because his fixed salary ($20,500) could not properly support his family.

The Golden Opportunity. At midweek Johnson hosted a White House dinner for 61 top businessmen, including Henry Ford II, David Rockefeller, Roger Blough and Crawford Greenewalt. Johnson talked of a "golden opportunity" for the economy to achieve its full potential in the coming months, and invited them to help him realize it. "In the Old Testament," he said, "there is a verse which says: 'Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.'* I can promise you that if you are diligent in your business, this President will always be pleased to stand with you—anywhere, any time." This sort of talk made most businessmen, even Republicans, feel warm all over.

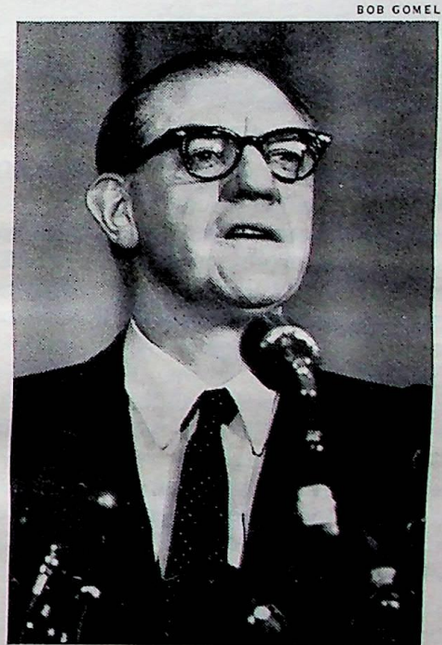
* *Proverbs 22: 29.*

STEEL

Speaking Out

U.S. Steel Chairman Roger Blough is a hard man to get a rise out of. Through John Kennedy's attack on steel, through price-fixing squabbles with the Government and sniping from stockholders and legislators, Blough has steadfastly stuck to the mild manner, bland words and faint smile that have become his trademarks. At his meetings with the press, he gives only perfunctory answers, usually volunteers nothing. Almost everyone was surprised, therefore, when Blough dropped his usual reticence last week at his quarterly press conference and delivered a firm defense of the steel industry's pricing policies. It came just three weeks after

BOB GOMEL



STEELMAN BLOUGH
Similarity can be good.

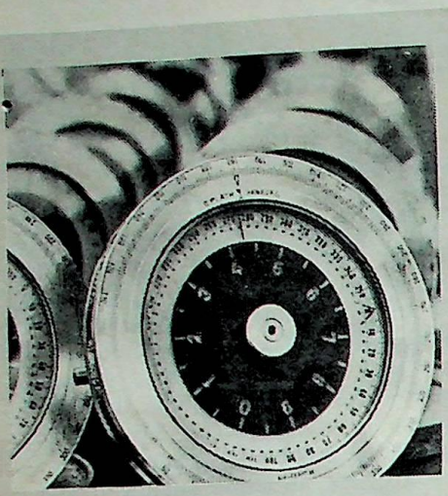
U.S. Steel and seven other big companies had been indicted on charges of fixing some prices on carbon steel sheets.

"If anyone inquires into it," said Blough, "he will find that there is plenty of competition in the steel industry, including price competition. In 1963 alone, on almost 100 separate occasions, we reduced one or more of our product prices. Some of the recent price changes were in galvanized steel, five major grades of stainless strip and sheet, and automotive upholstery spring wire. Now the price changes are occurring almost daily."

Though the steelmakers have also raised some prices, said Blough, the overall price level is only slightly higher now than six years ago. "Some of the price changes were initiated by U.S. Steel. Other times they were initiated by others. One of the best indications of price competition is that, under almost all circumstances, any [illegible] ducer is required to give the customer

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



LITTON ANNUAL REPORT IN RUSSIAN

Something to grace the samovar table.

UPI

FREE TRADER NEILAN

the lowest going price. It is not very usual for a customer to pay a higher price to one producer than to another. You might put it this way: that the similarity in prices is in itself real evidence of price competition."

To harden his point, Blough went on to announce that U.S. Steel would forthwith trim 12% to 14% from the prices of some types of wire and rods. Reason: stiff competition from cut-price European producers, whose steel shipments to the U.S. will exceed 6,000,000 tons this year.

TRADE

Can You Do Business With the Communists?

It must make fascinating reading for Nikita Khrushchev and his colleagues, and it surely graces many a samovar table around the Kremlin. But how did the annual report of Litton Industries, California's electronics giant, get distributed in Moscow—and in Russian? The answer illustrates an important change in attitude among U.S. businessmen. When Litton executives started working on the company's glossy 1963 report, they decided to print 2,500 copies in Russian, sent 1,850 of them to the highest comrades in the U.S.S.R., from Khrushchev on down. They obviously feel that there is potential for profit in dealing with the Soviet Union—and more and more U.S. businessmen agree.

Last week this widespread and growing belief got its most dramatic play to date in an unprecedented resolution adopted by the annual meeting of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in Washington. With only a handful of the 3,800 delegates muttering disapproval, that normally conservative body urged the Government to pull down its barriers against the export of nonstrategic goods to the Soviet Union and its European satellites. Such controls, said the Chamber, "are not necessary for the security of the U.S. and result in discrimination harmful to its competitive position."

Shifting. Many months of politicking went into the resolution. Last September Washington Lawyer Joel Barlow, the Chamber director who earlier had engineered the organization's approval of the tax cut bill, proposed that the Chamber speak up for bigger U.S. business with the East. With the enthusiastic support of outgoing President Edwin P. Neilan, he organized a team of backers, including Caterpillar Tractor President William Blackie, Anderson Clayton Vice President Norman Ness and Christian Science Monitor Editor Erwin Canham, a former Chamber president.

When right-wing organizations mounted a counter campaign and 1,000 protesting letters rolled in from small-town businessmen, the sponsors nervously softened their proposal by writing into it their disapproval of granting long-term credits to the Communists. As it turned out, they overestimated the opposition. Only one Chamber chapter (from White Plains, N.Y.) voted against the proposal, and a group of leaders—including Edwin Neilan—wanted to go even farther by specifically endorsing trade with Red China.

Many businessmen explain their shift away from opposition to Red trade by stressing their belief that trade could somehow become a cold war plus for the West. Says Burroughs Corp. President Ray Eppert: "All-out trade in nonstrategic goods could be the West's secret weapon for exposing Communism's weakness as a system for providing better life for its people." But bene... such philosophy is usually a more pr... matic conviction that the U.S. is sim... losing a lot of good export business ... cause the Communists can get alm... anything they want from the U... trade-with-anybody allies in Euro... Western sales to the Soviet bloc ... growing by 10% a year, but the U... wrote up less than 2%, or $166 milli... of last year's $4.2 billion total. Since ... allies have not honored the U.S. e... bargo, says General James Gavin, pr... ident of Boston's Arthur D. Little In... "it is high time for the U.S. to prot... its own economic interests."

Softening. The Johnson Administ... tion, which would like to soften its ... forcement of the embargo, expects ... Chamber's resolution to help it get so... amendments to the 15-year-old Expo... Control Act. But there is strong su... port for the embargo in Congress, a... what promises to be a noisy brea... over amendments to the act will ... gin as soon as the civil rights fight ... settled.

Even if the longest embargo in mo... ern times is softened, how much can t... U.S. expect to increase its sales to t... Communists? Under czars and comm... sars alike, Russia has never been a m... jor U.S. customer because it had neit... enough hard money nor desirable goo... to offer in return. Before the one-s... U.S. wheat deal, the largest recent U... sale to Russia was $4,000,000 worth ... inedible tallow. Now Khrushchev s... that he wants to buy billions of doll... worth of industrial plants and eq... ment to make chemicals, fertilizer ... other products. For that, he proba... will need heavy loans. Considering ... U.S. law has prohibited long-term c... its to the Soviets ever since they ... faulted on Russia's World War I debt... and that any early change in that po... is unlikely—Khrushchev will prob... have to do most of his shopping ... Western Europe.

TOBACCO

Calling a Smoke a Smoke

With muscled men, gorgeous girls ... green valleys, the U.S. tobacco ind... has long pictured the cigarette as ... companion of sex and virility, of s... our and well-being. From now on, ... industry will have to call a smo... smoke—and pretty much let it g... that.

Last week the nine major U.S. ... arette makers, imposing the most s... self-regulation in their history, ... nounced a new advertising code. ... code is a clear attempt to forest... at least to soften, the Federal T... Commission's imminent controls ... cigarette advertising and merchand... which could include health-cautio... bels on cigarette packs.

The industry's code, like the h... surveys that inspired it, is largely ...

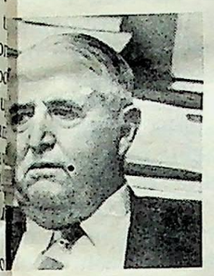
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

cerned with protecting young people. The companies began discussing a possible code even before the Surgeon General's report on cigarettes and cancer—but not until they had discreetly checked with the Justice Department to win antitrust immunity in this case. Some parts of the code, such as the elimination of cigarette advertising in college newspapers and a halt to the distribution of samples on campus, have already gone into effect. Other portions of the code cover general advertising, for which the industry has been spending some $200 million a year.

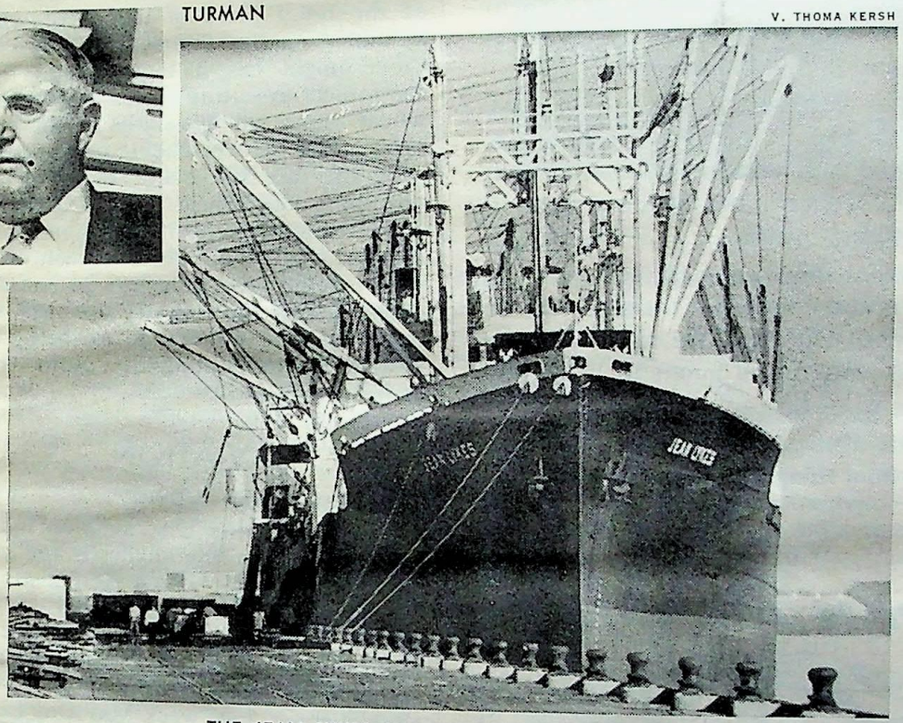
No more athletes' testimonials will be used, and no models in cigarette ads may be or look younger than 25. "Cigarette advertising," stresses the code, "shall not represent that cigarette smoking is essential to social prominence, distinction, success or sexual attraction." By that yardstick, the ads will no longer show such athletes as Arnold Palmer, who has been nonchalantly flipping his filter-tip on the grass before sinking a 60-footer, may also abandon such regulars as the menthol sweethearts strolling hand in cigaretted hand, the husky and tattooed Marlboro men, and the Chesterfield panels of distinguished smokers.

What ad campaigns will have to be scrubbed and what themes will be stressed depends on the man chosen to administrate the new code. Hopeful that they can satisfy critics with the kind of strong "czar" professional football has, cigarette companies will give their man broad powers. He cannot have any connection with the industry or own its stocks. Once chosen, he will have absolute veto over all advertising. Penalties for disobeying his veto will range up to $100,000.



TURMAN

V. THOMA KERSH



THE JEAN LYKES IN NEW ORLEANS

To get off the dole, automate.

SHIPPING

Turn-Around to Efficiency

Burdened with the world's highest labor costs, the 15 U.S. shipping lines are kept afloat financially only by the Federal Government, which pays the difference between U.S. and foreign operating costs. Since wages are unlikely ever to be rolled back, the shipping industry's sole chance of getting off the federal dole ($245 million in 1963) is to replace men with machines. Steaming ahead of all the others in that direction, Lykes Bros. Steamship Co. last week asked the Government for an unusual subsidy: to put up, in the interest of efficiency, half of the $6,000,000 required to modernize and automate 21 Lykes freighters that are already sailing the seas.

Daring & Saving. Lykes wants to install an electronic central control system that would enable one officer on the bridge to control the entire engine room, thus cutting each ship's crew from 46 to 35. Multiplied over the 25-year life of the ships, the crew reductions would save the Government $37 million in subsidy payments. The Government can hardly afford to pass up such an opportunity, and the unions cannot complain too loudly. Reason: they have already consented to similar crew cuts on twelve new automated freighters now being built for Lykes.

Such deft maneuvers are the work of Lykes Chairman Solon B. Turman, 64, the son of Tillie Lykes, who joined her seven brothers in founding the line. A tough-minded patriarch, Turman started out as a young man shoveling manure on Lykes's boats when the line was still ferrying cattle between Cuba and Florida. Now, with 52 ships regularly calling at 156 ports in 68 nations, Lykes is the largest U.S. dry-cargo shipping line. Turman runs the company so well that it earned $8,400,000 last year on revenues of $65.9 million.

Despite Lykes's present prosperity, there was considerable doubt only a few years ago about whether the line would keep on sailing. To qualify for continued Government subsidies, Lykes was faced with the necessity of raising $250 million to modernize its fleet, or the alternative: getting out of the shipping business. "We could have made a pile of dough by liquidating," says Turman, "but finally we decided that if any American shipping line could make a go of it, we could." To raise the money, family-owned Lykes went public in 1958, though the family still owns 64% of the stock and fills nearly all of top management.

Hours *v.* Days. Making a go of it, Lykes fought the Federal Maritime Administration to win the right to become the first U.S. line to design its own ships, though they are partly paid for by federal subsidy. As a result, each Lykes ship is so equipped that it can load and unload all its own cargo without help of dock booms, can "turn around" in port in as few as five or six hours. Efficiency applies at the home office too. Turman rises at 4 a.m., breakfasts with his staff before 7 in the bleak company cafeteria. The early schedule is the only way he knows to keep up with his European competitors, who, he complains, enjoy the advantage of being six hours ahead of him on the clock.

ANTITRUST

At the Belt

So far this year, the federal trustbusters have won twelve criminal indictments against U.S. industry for price-fixing in various fields. The number is by no means a record; 37 indictments were returned in 1962 and 17 last year. But each case seems to get closer to the consumer's wallet. Last month a federal grand jury indicted eight leading steel companies on charges of rigging prices in the steel that goes into cars, refrigerators and washing machines. Last week the trustbusters struck hard at the belt: in the biggest indictment yet brought in the food field, they made price-fixing charges against the twelve millers that grind 65% of the bakery flour used in the 40 states east of the Rocky Mountains.

The companies cited, which do a total business of $305 million a year, include the two largest millers, General Mills and Pillsbury. Since 1958, the Government charges, they have fixed prices in the flour made from the hard winter and spring wheat that goes into white bread. Along with these firms, three presidents and three vice presidents were named as conspirators [illegible] suit against the millers is

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

JAL

JAL flies more jets across the Pacific than any other airline

(14 a week)

Now you can enjoy delightful airline service unique in all the world and still match your U. S. A. itinerary with 14 JAL Jet Couriers a week—more flights than any other airline.

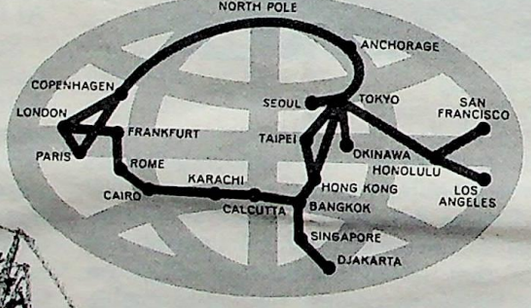
Choose from day or night departures from Tokyo. Then fly to Hawaii and on to California, or stop over in the Islands at no extra cost and enjoy the sunshine.

Chances are there's a kimono-clad JAL hostess leaving for the U. S. A. when you are. Why not join her? And be pampered with gracious JAL service in the Japanese manner.

TransPacific to the U. S. A.... throughout the Orient from Japan to Djakarta... to Europe over the Pole or via India. Only JAL, the Orient's largest airline, flies all these routes. Ask your travel agent to book you *"amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound."*

Flying from Hong Kong? *Four of JAL's U.S.A.-bound jets now originate in Hong Kong. The same DC-8 Jet Courier, JAL's new "Sunset Express," goes all the way.*

JAPAN AIR LINES



Official Airline – XVIII Olympiad TOKYO 1964

definite than the steel case in deta
about how, when, and where the mill
met to set; it claims that they used t
economics news services to spread
word on what the prices were to
also had the prices published in a tra
journal called the *Southwestern Mil*
If anyone of the conspirators was s
pected of deviating from the set flo
price, say the trustbbusters, the oth
got on the telephone to enforce t
agreements.

The flour companies intend to fig
hard to beat the charges. "It is comm
knowledge in the milling industry," s
Chairman Philip W. Pillsbury of Pil
bury, "that a good deal of bakery flo
is sold at a loss." Since the Korean w
says he, the millers' profit margin
the sale of bakery flour has held at
of the retail price of a loaf of wh
bread. Actually, argues Pillsbury,
Government has a bigger hand th
the millers in setting prices. The cost
wheat makes up five-sixths of the flo
price, and Government crop-supp
programs are the major factor in
termining the wheat price.

Indictment of the millers pointed
the fact that the trustbusters seem to
savoring the food industry: 24 antitru
cases against the industry are now
der way, and 46 others are being
vestigated—amounting to more th
10% of all antitrust cases.

AVIATION

Waiting at the Runway

For months the U.S. aviation ind
try has been waiting anxiously for
1, the day on which FAA Administra
Najeeb Halaby was scheduled to
nounce the winners in the first phas
the design competition to build the
frame and engines for a U.S. sup
sonic airliner. Last week May Day ca
and went—and no announcement f
Halaby. The U.S. aviation industry
denly has good reason to remember
meaning of mayday in internati
code: Help!

Instead of letting Halaby go
President Johnson stepped in and,
effect, canceled the FAA-directed
gram. He gave the responsibility
supervising the building of an Amer
SST to an advisory group headed
Secretary of Defense Robert M
mara. Aside from being dissatisfied
the FAA's performance so far,
President felt that Congress would
approve appropriations for both
poverty program and the SST at
same time—particularly since the
tion industry is balking at paying
10% of the SST cost. He there
chose to delay the SST. The U
already far behind the Anglo-Fr
consortium, which expects to pu
Mach 2 Concorde into commercial
ice in 1971. U.S. aviation industri
now hope that the President has
their mayday cries and will see
put the U.S. SST program back
the runway.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WEST GERMANY

A Giant Jailed

It was dessert time at the banquet marking Chancellor Ludwig Erhard's ceremonial visit to the Hanover Fair. Suddenly a *Nachtisch* of grim-faced police appeared. To the astonishment of the crowd, they arrested and marched away Fritz-Aurel Goergen, the president of the vast Henschel Works, whose $125 million in annual sales cover locomotives, trucks and heavy machinery. Before the week was out, two other Henschel executives had been arrested, and four had had their homes and offices searched. Germany was faced with what may be its biggest postwar business scandal, which quickly began making bold headlines and even bolder rumors.

Suspicion of Fraud. Under German law, prosecutors need not immediately bring charges against arrested suspects, and the Koblenz prosecutors directing the Henschel case were tight-lipped. Ruhr-born Goergen was simply confined to a Kassel jail on "suspicion of fraud against the German government." But in the German business community, the word spread that the charges involved faked invoices and old parts passed off as new in a $16 million defense contract awarded to the Henschel Works to provide spare parts for U.S.-built M-47 and M-48 tanks used by the West German army.

German businessmen were particularly stunned by the stature of the company and the colleague involved. Tapped by occupation authorities after the war as apolitical enough to manage part of the old Thyssen steelworks, Goergen built Phoenix-Rheinrohr into the nation's second largest steel company before he and Widow Amelie Thyssen, his principal stockholder, split in a disagreement over policy. With the $600,000 settlement that he received after resigning, Goergen bought into Henschel, once mighty steam-locomotive maker in Kassel that had sagged into receivership because it had underestimated the Amer[ican] diesel locomotive.

Loss of Honor. Working twelve-hour days, short, blunt-mannered Fritz-Aurel rebuilt the giant, expanded into industrial machinery and helicopters, sold 4% of his stock to such U.S. investors as Morgan Guaranty Trust and Yale University when German bankers refused to finance further expansion. Goergen lived like the entrepreneur he was. His suburban Düsseldorf villa, ranked by police for evidence, is filled with rich rugs, works of art and salons the size of tennis courts.

Germans found it hard to imagine that a magnate of Goergen's stripe would be involved in fraud, especially since defense contracts represent only 1% of Henschel's business. "It would hardly seem worthwhile for a company as large and important as Henschel to cheat for such a minor sum," said a Bonn corporate lawyer. Many Germans were jarred, too, by the blunt manner of Goergen's arrest and imprisonment, especially since no charge was filed against him. The uneasiness about how he was being treated was heightened last week when he suffered a heart attack in his cell and was transferred to the prison hospital.

DPA

INDUSTRIALIST GOERGEN (RIGHT) WITH ERHARD AT HANOVER BANQUET
With the dessert, grim-faced police.

WESTERN EUROPE

Hungry for Land

In their drive to win Britain's upcoming elections, the Laborites have heavily stressed the fact that rising land prices are making it increasingly difficult for the average Briton to buy or build his own home. To dampen widespread land speculation, Italy's left-leaning government is pushing for a law that would permit cities to expropriate land in rapidly expanding urban areas. In France, where Parisian land has jumped 70% in value in five years, an unfathomable maze of tax law has been passed to discourage profiteers. All over Europe, inflation on top of prosperity has sent the price of land soaring and caused aroused governments to search for some way to put on the brakes.

Out of Boxes. In many cases, prices have risen beyond all reason. Land along Zurich's famous shopping street, the Bahnhofstrasse, is now worth $1,000 a square foot—making it possibly the world's dearest land. The average cost of housing land in the London area has jumped from $24,640 an acre in 1951 to $173,040 an acre. It now takes $185 per square foot to get frontage on Munich's Marienplatz, and hilltop land outside Bonn that went for 1¢ per square foot five years ago now brings $4.65. On Spain's Costa del Sol, which has become almost honky-tonk as a result of a vast influx of tourists and land speculators, even rural land now sells for as much as $60,000 an acre—a price that the same lot in Florida's Coral Gables could not command.

The reasons for Europe's land rise are many: plentiful money searching for investment opportunities and for insurance against inflation, the rising resort business, a desperate need for more housing almost everywhere, and the desire of moneyed Europeans to break out of the tightly boxed cities. The entire Paris area has 3,200,000 dwelling units for a population of 8,500,000; some 500,000 of them have no running water and 1,400,000 no toilets. Yet rigid rent control laws and high mortgage rates (nearly 15%) discourage remodeling or new building. Around London, land use is dictated by community planning officials, who are dedicated to preserving an esthetically pleasing "green belt"; when they finally rule a piece of farm land free for building, the land value can jump overnight from $500 an acre to nearly $20,000. Occasional attempts by European governments to control or to tax land prices usually succeed in touching off a system of under-the-table payments that make mockery of the law.

***Lebensraum* with View.** While speculators and anyone fortunate enough to own land are delighted by the sudden riches they find underfoot, the high prices have already slowed construction of badly needed middle- and low-income housing in West Germany, threaten to do the same elsewhere. The land lust has also produced a long-distance effect: a Florida land [boom] in West Germany. Germans [buy]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

IF YOU DEMAND BETTER BANKING SERVICE

Our 66 years of banking service have contributed to the industrial development and economic growth of Japan. And we too have expanded and kept up with the trend of the times during this period. Today our worldwide network of 130 domestic branches, 3 overseas offices and 1200 overseas correspondents is ready to give you the benefits of our vast experience and complete facilities by providing you with the kind of efficient personalized better banking service you have been looking for.

NIPPON KANGYO BANK
Head Office: Hibiya, Tokyo

You read advertising news in these columns

So do millions of others.

If you have a product that is news...which people should be interested in, why not tell them about it here? Ask for information from... **TIME** The Weekly Newsmagazine

Electronics / Telecommunications

NEC

Nippon Electric Company Limited

P.O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

bensraum with a View" are biting hard at tempting lures dangled by U.S. real estate men offering Florida land, sight unseen, for as little as 5½¢ per square foot.

EASTERN EUROPE

The Bulgarian Way

The plan was an ingenious and an obvious one—and one that could be used only in a country where people can be treated like puppets. In Communist Bulgaria a government survey showed that 64,000 jobs were going begging in chemical plants and heavy industries. At roughly the same time, another government survey uncovered 65,917 men who were working at desk jobs that could just as well be filled by women. Solution: effective immediately, the Bulgarian government ordered all able-bodied men under 40 who have held nonprofessional office jobs for less than ten years to transfer to harder factory work; their jobs will be filled by women. Failure to cooperate with this grand shift will mean dismissal from the white-collar position for the worker and a fine of $170 per person for the employer. And in Bulgaria, where there is also an acute shortage of housing, the loss of a job means loss of the worker's apartment.

JAPAN

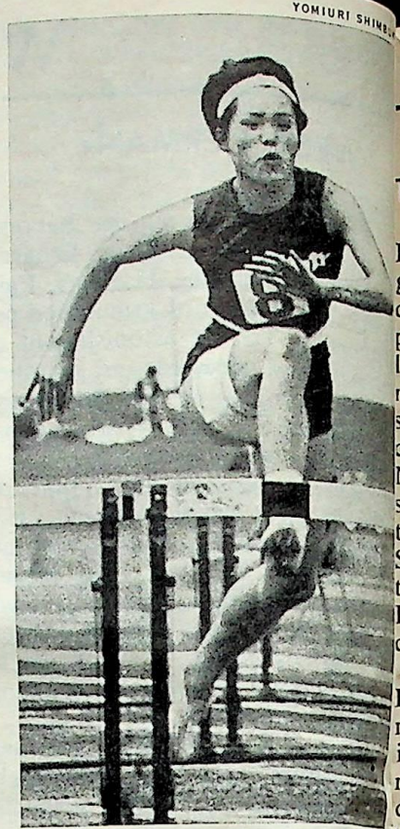
Sewing Up the Game

A pretty young accountant named Ikoku Yoda last week won the 80-meter hurdles in Japan's eastern regional industrial championship in a sensational 10.8 seconds, only .3 of a second off the world record. Ikoku Yoda was only the top star of an extraordinary team that has become one of Japan's greatest advertising attractions. Before the two-day meet was over, almost all the track and field championships had been won by 70-odd athletes from a single company: Tokyo's Riccar Sewing Machine Co., Japan's biggest sewing machine maker.

Going for Gold. No one took greater pleasure in the victory than Shinji Hiraki, the company's founder and president—and no one has more confidence in Riccar's athletes. "I am sure that Yoda san will do better the next time," he said. Hiraki has a special reason for believing that playing games is good business. A third of his 18,000 employees take part in a company-sponsored after-hours sports program, and the top 100 or so athletes are housed in special dormitories and given practicing hours off with pay. Barring upsets and injuries, Riccar will contribute 14 athletes to Japan's team for the Olympic Games in Tokyo this fall, and Hurdler Yoda stands the best chance of any Japanese athlete to win Japan's first postwar gold medal in track.

Hiraki's almost mystical belief in sports dates back to the mid-1950s, when he was pioneering in selling sewing machines to the Japanese on U.S.-style installment plans. The innovat lifted sales, but it also lifted eyebr and stripped the company of cash w the income from credit sales did at first cover production costs. Ric foundered. Searching for a way to store investors' faith and to buck sagging employee morale until the come from installment sales began build up, Hiraki rounded up 20 base players from high schools and colle and put together Riccar's first base team. It won the Tokyo area ch pionship in its first season, and kept car in the ball game. "Investors tho we must be in good shape," says raki, "since we could field a pretty team." The price of Riccar's s climbed back to a respectable level, his employees' spirits rose. Says Hir "The day we became champion banzaied ourselves hoarse."

No Glowing Mantle. Riccar is champion in Japan's crowded manufacturers) sewing machine in try, outselling its nearest competitor 3-to-2 margin; last year its sales rea $48 million. Main source of the c pany's strength: its carefully cra machines—which cost up to 10% than other Japanese makes—and its work of 700 stores in Japan, manned by a skilled mechanic. The who created this aggressive, s minded company is no glowing Ma Sensitive and fragile, Hiraki is an complished painter of intricate Chi ink tableaux, likes to design Jap gardens, and owns a world-famous lection of Japanese wood prints. works a leisurely day, avoids all uous activity. His favorite sport, mits, is lounging around, gazing collection of prints.



YOMIURI SHIMB

RICCAR'S YODA
Lifting sales and eyebrows.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

OPERA

The Bland Giant

Roger Sessions has a solid reputation. He is known everywhere as a "distinguished" or "major" composer. The only trouble is that his music is seldom performed. His profound and satanically difficult works are all greatly admired by critics, but audiences rarely seem eager to hear them. His violin concerto waited 24 years for its first New York performance, and in the season just ending, only one of the nation's top four orchestras played a work by Sessions. At 67, he has endured 50 winters in music without any springtimes. His problem, quite simply, is that he cannot catch the ear.

Giant Step. Sessions keeps working. Last week he was in Berlin to hear his magnum opus, the opera *Montezuma*, in a première that was, ironically, pronounced a giant step forward in American music.* The first-night curtain at the Deutsche Oper fell on a somewhat bland performance, but two more renditions gave the intense, three-hour tragic work an emotional power and variety

HARRY CRONER

"MONTEZUMA" IN BERLIN
Again, a pale triumph.

that its first appearance lacked. And still the response was disappointing. Sessions' chronic distance from his listeners was more severe than usual in Berlin, since the audience showed up expecting something on the order of the two American operas the city had already seen—*Porgy and Bess* and *The Saint of Bleecker Street*. What the composer offered instead was music that verged on dodecaphonism, darkly illuminating a libretto that made the bitter story of Montezuma's defeat by Cortes a parable of good intentions gone astray. The late librettist Giuseppe Antonio Borgese worked directly from 16th century records and chronicles, but Sessions wisely kept his music free of any imitation Aztec feeling; the arid harmonies and the problematic tone-row melodies that mark Sessions' work are the perfect voice for the sense of fatal absurdity that modern tragedy requires.

Balcony Boos. The Deutsche Oper's stagecraft and *Montezuma's* declamatory style gave the production a Brechtian air. But when Sessions appeared with his cast for curtain calls, a chorus of boos rose violently from the balconies. The avant-garde found the work moldy and Schoenbergian; the traditionalists thought it a shade didactic and severe. Despite the critical praise that followed, no plans were made to perform *Montezuma* outside Berlin. Sessions, having spent 21 years working on the opera and two more getting it produced, was thus rewarded with the pallid acclaim that is his steady diet. In the fall he will return to teaching at Princeton, which is the way he sustains his career as a distinguished major composer.

* The cast included four Americans in leading roles, causing some comment on why the whole affair did not take place in New York.

JAZZ

The Audience Is Shrinking

"Through These Portals Pass the MOST" is, as it certainly should be, the motto painted above the stairway that leads down from Broadway into Birdland. Out on the street, the club calls itself "the JAZZ Corner of the WORLD," and, in fact, Birdland has long been everything to modern jazz that Colonial Williamsburg is to the D.A.R.—the cradle, the shrine, the place where things are perfect. But now, regrettably, the sign must come down.

"Birdland has gone off the cool," says Owner Oscar Goodstein, in the simple pursuit of "good nightclub entertainment." Since modern jazz no longer makes many pretenses about being entertaining to the foot stompers, Birdland is now proudly presenting such audience winners as Dodo Green, DeeDee Ford, the Allegros and the Jive Bombers. The new acts have a "visual" appeal, Goodstein says, that brings some new cheer into the room. As for their music, it is mainly of the clang-clang-clang-baby school, played with the thumping beat of a garbage can rolling down a flight of stairs.

Bop Ruled the Night. The esthetic decline involved in this defection is all but unthinkable to Birdland's old habitués, who knew the place as the remaining link to the great days of the early '50s, when bop ruled the night on 52nd Street and Broadway. The club was christened in honor of Charlie "Bird" Parker, and its stars have been mainly his musical descendants. Now Miles Davis is no longer welcome, and neither is Thelonious Monk or John Coltrane; their music, Goodstein thinks, has become too involuted and personal to please Birdland's current customers. The new regime is lively and loud, but it seems as anomalous as presenting harmonica players at the Philharmonic; the old hipsters come to the door, look on in sad disbelief, then wander away.

For jazz, the pain of such events is becoming more than merely artistic. "There's a parking lot there now" describes much of the old jazz scene in New York, Chicago and California, and even the best jazz musicians have to scuffle to stay busy. The scene changes from year to year—the Five Spot and the Half-Note in New York and the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco are now much like Birdland ten years ago—but the audience is steadily shrinking. Even in Manhattan, there are many nights when fewer than 200 people buy a drink to hear a serious jazzman play.

BEN MARTIN

NEW SCENE AT BIRDLAND
For the postlude, Jive Bombers.

Squares Are In. The players say the problem is that nightclubs have priced jazz out of the reach of its best and most understanding audience, but this is only partly true. Jazz has lost all its gaiety; its musicians commonly drive their listeners away by discouraging any pleasure in the act of perceiving the sounds. The audience that remains plays it cool, and the atmosphere that results is dire and deeply uncomfortable.

Jazzmen have done little to reverse these unhappy trends. Many musicians seem to feel that malaise in the audience proves the merit of the music; when the squares start enjoying themselves, something has gone wrong. But the shrinking of the jazz scene has already badly damaged the atmosphere for making music. There is so little sense of community among the 1,000 or so jazzmen in New York that a genuine after-hours jam session is as rare and astonishing as a triple play. And now, with Birdland gone, where's home?

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

A Backward Look

Psyche 59, starring Patricia Neal as a young London matron with problems, has practically everything it takes to keep a 1963 Oscar winner (for *Hud*) from parlaying her solitary statuette into a nifty pair of bookends. The handicaps include:

▸ Dark glasses. Allegedly suffering from "hysterical blindness," Pat hides her wonderfully luminous eyes behind specs, the better not to see the hanky-panky between her husband (Curt Jurgens) and her sister (Samantha Eggar).

▸ Dark dialogue. "My trouble's in the head," says Pat. "My brain won't transmit the images . . . there's a hole in my memory." The hole was sunk, she recalls later, one night when she caught Curt in Samantha's room, tumbled down the stairs, and had a baby. In that order.

▸ Dark camera work. Many long shots from odd angles, huge but meaningless closeups of eyes and mouths—and shooting through leaves at ground level. All accompanied by dark music. In Director Alexander Singer's version of an art film, people can't just mope around listening to the grass grow.

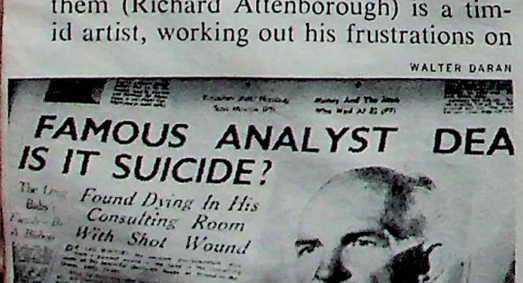
▸ Dark symbolism. Knocked down by a horse, Pat blinks, regains her sight, sees the worst, soon bolts up to her room and begins to eye a bottle of phenobarbital tablets. There's a clue there somewhere. But *Psyche's* knots hardly seem worth unraveling. By the time Actress Neal emerges into the sunshine, trouble-free, her broad, vulnerable smile illuminating far horizons, it is perfectly clear that what she has really been looking for is another *Hud*.

One for the Couch

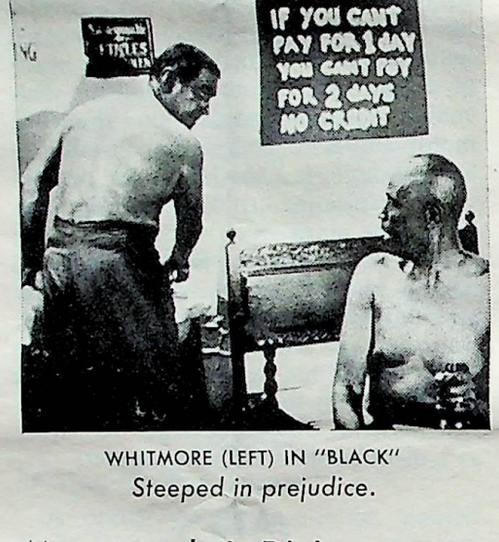
The Third Secret. When a prominent London psychiatrist commits suicide, Stephen Boyd goes nearly berserk. After all, if your doctor tells you that life is worth living, then goes home and puts a bullet through his head, where are you? Hey, wait a minute. Suppose the psychiatrist was murdered—ever think of that? The doctor's teen-age daughter (Pamela Franklin) has. So Boyd goes calling on the doctor's three other patients, looking for a "borderline schizophrenic" capable of murder. One of them (Richard Attenborough) is a timid artist, working out his frustrations on canvas. Another, blonde Secretary Dicane Cilento, kills herself because she felt guilty about something, but she felt guilty about everything, so it proves nothing. The third, Jack Hawkins, is a famous jurist with a deep dark secret.

The dialogue runs mostly to portentous outcries: "Is there no pity left? Did the last of pity die with the doctor?" No, the last of pity accrues to the actors—with a special nod to Stephen Boyd, who probably never should become involved in any predicament that he can't get out of by swinging a broadsword from a speeding chariot.

WALTER DARAN



BOYD'S PROBLEM IN "SECRET"
Three-way inquest.



WHITMORE (LEFT) IN "BLACK"
Steeped in prejudice.

Masquerade in Dixie

Black Like Me is a deep-dyed message film about a white man who passes for black. In it, James Whitmore conscientiously re-enacts the real life odyssey of John Howard Griffin, a Texas journalist who darkened his skin through the use of drugs, sun-lamp treatments and vegetable coloring, traveled through the South for a month or so, then summed up his experiences in a 1960 book that posed the question: "How else except by becoming a Negro could a white man hope to learn the truth?"

From that dubious starting point, Whitmore's journey runs a predictable course. He meets hate, violence, discrimination, segregation. He endures lurid encounters with whites eager to verify their surrealistic fantasies about Negro sexuality. Written and directed in sledge-hammer style, the movie revels in its own righteousness, too often substituting good intentions for good work. And Whitmore's makeup merely makes him look like a dark, wet actor doing *Gentleman's Agreement* in blackface. What's really wrong with the film, however, stems from Griffin's original thesis. His discovery of the Negro world was a clever bit of behind-the-scenes journalism, not a blow for human rights, and his uniquely personal experience does little but reaffirm the existence of bigotry. Magnified on the screen, it suggests unintentionally the public and private indignities fered by the black man appear so how more cogent, vivid and u when a white man has to bear them.

Comedy *Manqué*

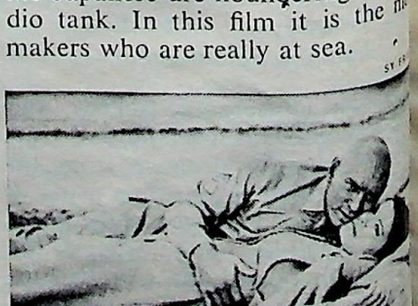
Don't Tempt the Devil. Over a night snack, lush Marina Vlady m over legal problems with her law lover, Pierre Brasseur. She has rece disposed of her wealthy husband, ne pinned the murder on his nurse-mistr But things aren't working out accord to plan. "I wish I hadn't bothered the serum," she pouts. Then, "Oh . . . next time." As a girl whose Mo Lisa face masks the soul of a Bor Actress Vlady almost turns *Devil* an elegant spoof of French justice. B seur, too, seems drolly aware that J tice is a lady who can barely make from bed to bench. The examining ma istrate, dryly played by Bourvil, upho the law's integrity as though he wo like to drop it and run. Given more opportunities, these accomplished *farceurs* might have brought off a dandy *suspense* comedy. But Director Christian Jaq and his scriptwriters apparently could decide whether to make a bad seri movie or a good funny one, so they t both. *Quel dommage.*

Three Rescueteers

Flight from Ashiya. There's so thing about a soldier. In the mov there's usually something sappy abo soldier. In this film, worse yet, the something downright phony about men of the Air Rescue Service.

Yul Brynner, for instance, looks right for his role as a crewman o search plane—after all, he has a bul radome—but it's hard to put m stock in the character he portrays Japanese Polack with a Russian ac and an Arab girl friend (Daniela G bert). As for Richard Widmark George Chakiris, they manipulate seaplane like a couple of toddlers p ing oogah in the old man's crate.

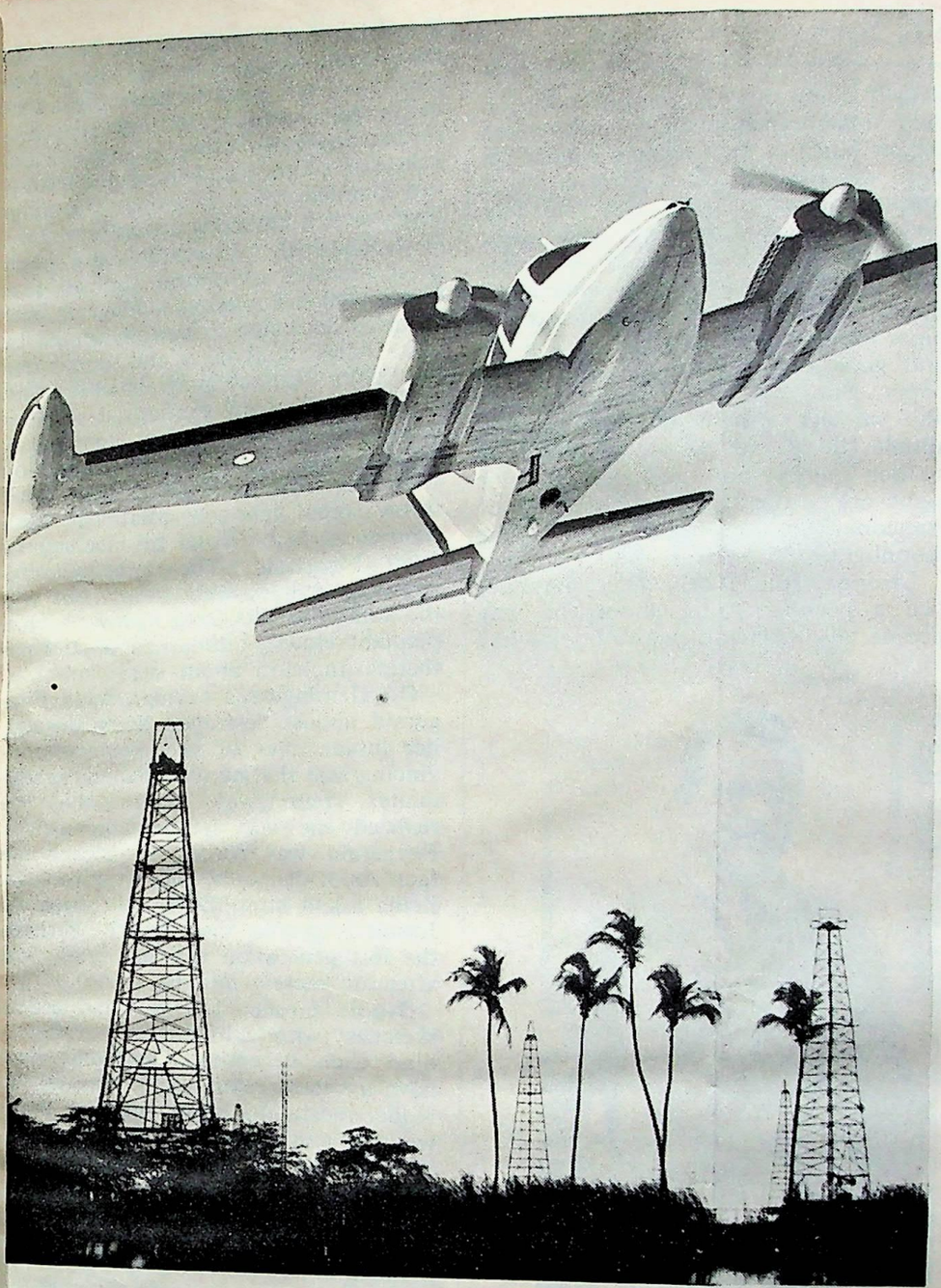
So oogah! and away they go to re the crew of a Japanese freighter. O way Chakiris and Widmark sleep a stick for as long as 20 minutes, w the customers fossick through expo ry flashbacks. No sweat, however, erybody can plainly see that the se plane is parked on a sound stage the Japanese are floundering in the dio tank. In this film it is the m makers who are really at sea.



BRYNNER & GAUBERT IN "ASHIYA
Built-in radome.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



How to keep on schedule in Venezuela—Take the Cessna 310 to Maracaibo

"Okay . . . here's what's up." I set the 310's autopilot and turned to the group.

"This afternoon, Art, Seth and I were scheduled to fly to Maracaibo to estimate our bid on the undeveloped oil land."

"And . . ." Art said, "what's happened?"

"Nothing we can't overcome with speed and planning," I said. "An hour ago we received a radio call from Well #17 on the San Juan River. Core samples indicate she's ready to come in and when the capping equipment was uncrated, some of the parts were smashed."

"So that's what you loaded in the wing-lockers back in Caracas?" Jerry asked.

"Right . . ." I said. "And that's why I telephoned you and Hal at the last minute. You two will help bring #17 in, while Art, Seth and I fly back across Venezuela to look at that land. It'll be a full day."

"Well . . . it's 250 miles to #17," Hal said. "That's an hour's snooze if you keep her on autopilot. It's a lot smoother than your flying." He grinned and stretched out.

An hour later the San Juan appeared, winding its way through the thick, green jungle. I lowered flaps and gear and made a short-field landing on the strip we had hacked out of the jungle.

Two derrick roughnecks unloaded the wing-lockers while Hal and Jerry jumped out, and within five minutes we were off the ground, speeding toward Lake Maracaibo.

Passing Valencia I spotted a line of thunder-showers ahead. Caracas radio reported cloud tops at 15,000 feet. "We'll slip over the top of these clouds and it will be more comfortable," I said.

Art and Seth nodded and reached for oxygen masks. I added power and took her up.

For 15 minutes we raced along with the mist skimming by below. Then we broke clear and Lake Maracaibo was stretched out

like a silver blanket to the west and south. On the northwest shore we could see the smoke curling up from Maracaibo. It had taken 2½ hours to fly 525 miles of jungle.

"We'll have the data by dark," Art said.

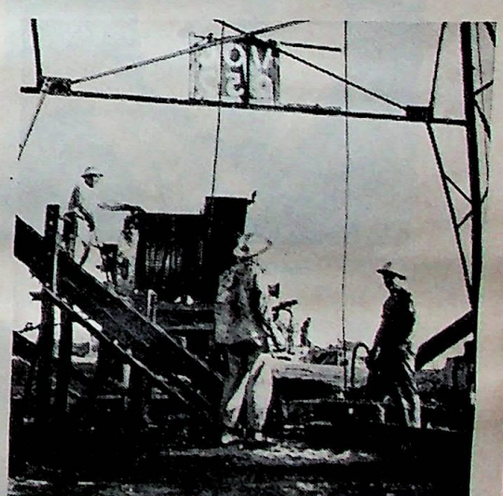
"Good," I said. "We'll make a night flight back into Caracas so you guys can work out the bid at the main office."

"And where will you be?" Art asked.

"I think I'll fly back down to #17 tomorrow to watch them bring her in," I said.

"Good idea," Art said. "You probably won't be any help but you'll feel better."

I throttled back to let down into Maracaibo and grinned. "That's one of the side benefits of having a Cessna 310."



FOR YOUR EVERYDAY USE OR FOR EMERGENCIES: See your Cessna dealer and find out which is the easiest way to fly your own Cessna. He'll study your travel costs and needs, and recommend that you join an aero club; lease, rent, or charter a plane; buy a used Cessna; or buy a new Cessna. (He may suggest the new 6-place 238 m.p.h. Cessna 310i shown here.) In any case, go out for a demonstration flight. Or, for more information, write Cessna Aircraft Co., Dept. TA 4-5, Wichita, Kansas, U.S.A.

CESSNA

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

When Papa Was Tatie

A MOVEABLE FEAST *by Ernest Hemingway.* 211 pages. *Scribner.* $4.95.

Unlike the glum testaments and boring memorabilia most men bequeath to the world, Ernest Hemingway left behind an invitation to laugh with him amid the scenes of his youth, where he was happier than he would ever be again. Almost, it seems like a last-minute appeal from a man who suddenly felt himself trapped in his own latter-day legend as "Papa."

These 20 well-tooled tales are of "how Paris was in the early days when we were very poor and very happy," when "we" meant a part-time correspondent for a Canadian newspaper and his redheaded wife Hadley. They were "Tatie" and "Binney" to each other and nothing to anybody else except a handful of fellow writers who shared the 25-year-old Midwesterner's tough belief in his own talent. He had sold a few short stories for marks in Germany and peanuts in the little magazines like *transatlantic review*. Gertrude Stein had told him he was not yet good enough for the *Saturday Evening Post*, and he was trying to beat the horses at Auteuil and Enghien to stake a trip to Pamplona to see the bullfights.

Nifty Thoughts. Paris may have been the capital of genius-in-exile, but Hemingway's feet were firmly planted on the *pavé*. When he remembers looking at James Joyce dining *en famille* in Michaud's on the corner of the Rue Jacob, he remembers also that he envied neither Joyce's genius nor his fame, but the *tournedos* the "Celtic crew" could afford to eat and he and Binney usually could not. On the one occasion they treated themselves to a Michaud dinner after a pony came home for him, the meal did not sit well. In a wistful, almost clumsy way, he tells how he was plagued by dark night thoughts. "Life had seemed so simple that morning when I had wakened and found the false spring and heard the pipes of the man with his herd of goats and gone out and bought the racing paper. But Paris was a very old city and we were young and nothing was simple there, not even poverty nor sudden money, nor the moonlight nor right nor wrong nor the breathing of someone who lay beside you in the moonlight."

Strange Talk. The reader may notice a peculiar thing about the way people talk in Hemingway's book—like Hemingway characters, in fact. Some characters—in or out of fiction—did learn to talk this way, but that was later. Yet here they are in the early 1920s, before *A Farewell to Arms* was ever written, talking like Lieut. Henry. Hemingway, of course, knows what he is doing, and it shows in the fact that he does not try to work the old conversational trick on those well-enough known to have a recognizable style of their own. Ezra Pound, for instance, who appears in the book as a tennis and boxing partner, gets to say very little. Neither James Joyce nor Wyndham Lewis gets to say anything at all.

Gertrude Stein is something else again. Indeed, *A Moveable Feast* should settle for all time the question of whether Hemingway learned his style under the tutelage of that strange lady. Hemingway was a generous man, and if a debt of this kind existed, he wou have acknowledged it. He does n and is at some pains to make clear th her experiments in written speech simple rhythms, using repetition a echo for subtle psychological effects ran parallel with his own. Hemin way's sketch of her is a masterpiece controlled malice in which she appea as a monster of obtuse egotism p siding over her manless ménage as o a shrine dedicated to herself, served Miss Alice B. Toklas and dominat by Pablo Picasso's portrait of herse

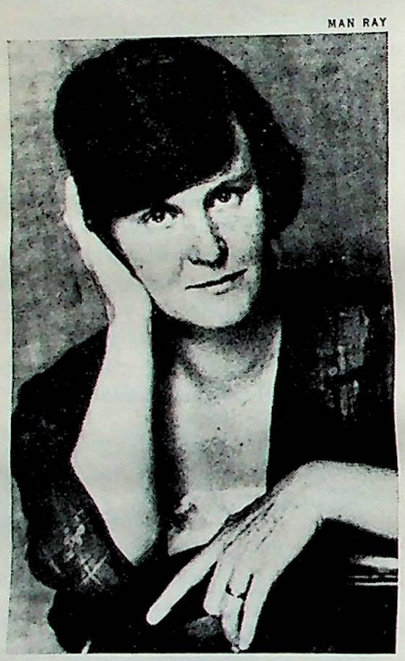
Fact or Fiction? Perhaps it is bet to read the book as fiction; Hemingwa recommends just that in an introducti where he says, ironically, that it "m throw some light on what has be written as fact." Take his account Scott Fitzgerald. The indictment-b anecdote is irresistibly funny, but wa the author of *The Great Gatsby* such petulant clown, fatuous snob, and pa thetic simpleton about sex?

On Hemingway's saying, Zelda Fi gerald almost destroyed Scott *(through)* her insane envy of his talent by con vincing him that he was sexually inad quate. Hemingway claims that realized she was insane long befo Fitzgerald was forced to accept t fact. As evidence, he cites the time th Zelda asked him: "Don't you think Jolson is greater than Jesus?" Perha the lost generation was not really l after all, merely mislaid.

Tragic Grace. The gay and art sketches (with a lifetime of craft hind each deceptively negligent li have a heartbreaking quality when reader recalls that these glittering tr were cut and polished by a man soon take his own life. So the reader searc for a clue to the tragic flaw in a nat that seemed all confidence and gallan and finds it in a pride so vast that it manded others live according to H ingway's own stern and complic code (even when they could not k the rules), a pride so touchy tha could make the humdrum busi of ordering a cup of coffee a mor combat.

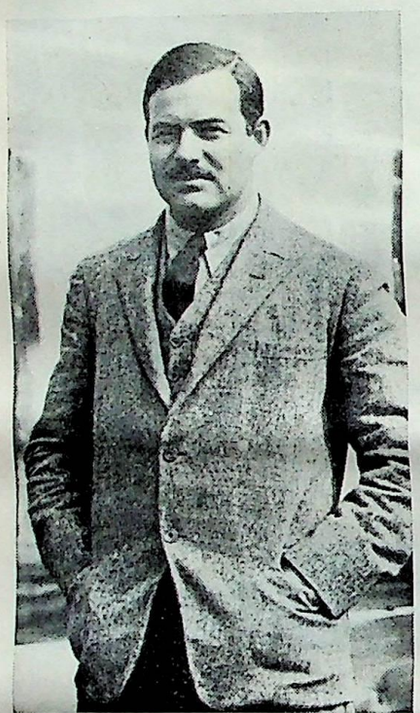
Hemingway had to win, even w others were unaware that anything at stake. In lesser men, this is called one-upmanship, and it made ing for Hemingway the ordinary b ness of living. He aspired to the na grace and integrity of the truly sim man, but often seems to have achie something closer to the contrived s taneity of the method actor. The tions of pride were made tolerable an equally vast joviality—a hu that could be gentle or sardonic. served as mask, armor and weapo his severe stoicism.

He knew this well enough himsel one anecdote, he brilliantly re-creat scene at the Dôme café, where doomed painter Pascin is drinking two model-tarts or tart-models. grinned with his hat on the back o head. He looked more like a Broad



MAN RAY

HADLEY HEMINGWAY



ERNEST HEMINGWAY (1920S)

Happy, but with the sin of pride.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

character of the '90s than the lovely painter that he was, and afterwards, when he had hanged himself, I liked to remember him as he was that night at the Dôme. They say the seeds of what we do are in all of us, but it always seemed to me that in those who make jokes in life the seeds are covered with better soil and with a higher grade of manure."

Is this a man writing the obituary of another man or his own?

Chronicler of the Barrios

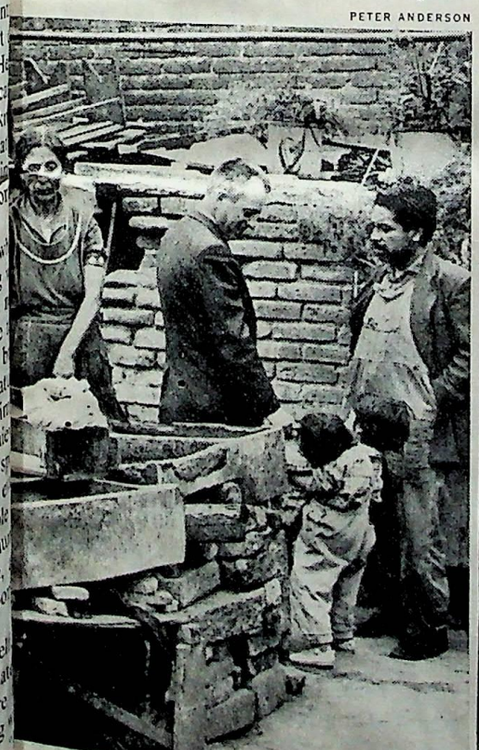
PEDRO MARTÍNEZ *by Oscar Lewis. 507 pages. Random House. $8.75.*

In these days of Fidel Castro and the Alliance for Progress, the Latin American peasant has taken his place with the Mets fan as one of nature's most familiar and least understood noblemen. Silhouetted against a tropical sunset, there he stereotypically stands, leaning on his hoe and dreaming dreams of land reform and a greater gross national product per capita.

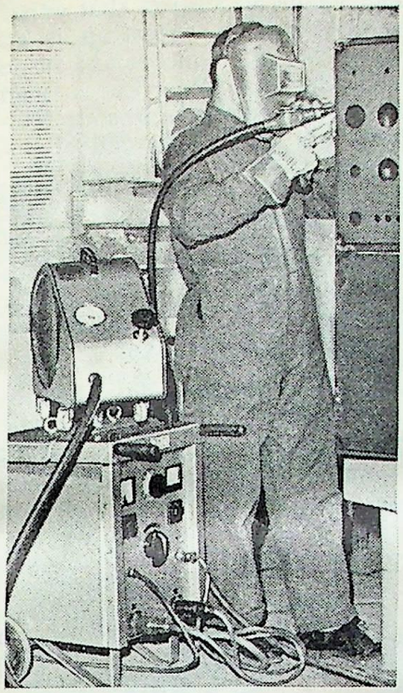
Genuinely getting to know him comes harder, and therein lies the value of Oscar Lewis, 49, a University of Illinois anthropologist gifted with facile Spanish, a guileless face and a pleasantly disarming manner. Lewis' method is to insinuate himself into the bosom of a Mexican family and stay for months, becoming as much a household fixture as the tortilla griddle, as comfortable as a worn pair of huaraches. The pencil scribbles across the notebook pages; the recorder spools gently turn.

The result has been a series of books that are a reproach to most novelists. *The Children of Sánchez,* published in 1961, was ostensibly a recording of the lives as-told-by-themselves of a poor

PETER ANDERSON



LEWIS IN MEXICO CITY SLUM
A reproach to novelists.



A9 - A New Semi-Automatic Welder

Already an established favourite in the semi-automatic welding field in Europe the A9 offers low-cost welding on many thin plate jobs. Employing the short-circuiting arc principle it welds with high speed and maximum economy thin plates of steel, stainless steel, copper, bronze or aluminium in any position. A unique and easily handled lightweight welding gun which is compressed air driven and a special rectifier, the LBA 200, maintain a constant wire feed speed and arc voltage. Gas used is CO_2, argon or mixtures. For further details write:

The equipment is compact and manoeuverable and ideal for production line work in automobile and similar industries.

ESAB

EXPORT DEPARTMENT • BOX 850, GÖTEBORG 8, SWEDEN
Tel. 177310 • Telegr. ESABEXPORT • Telex 20625
Factories in 12 countries • Represented in 58 countries

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o The People's Bank #13, 625 Merchant St., Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 1500 won; 3 yrs, 3000; 5 yrs, 4500), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 150).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$ 400; 3 yrs, NT$ 800; 5 yrs, NT$ 1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S. $11.25; 3 yrs, U.S. $22.50; 5 yrs, U.S. $33.75), TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, C. D. Jackson; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Arthur Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gl... Assistant Treasurers, W. G. D... Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

family living in a poor section of Mexico City. It proved to be richer in incident than many a historical romance, and more vividly squalid than many a sociological novel of the Chicago school.

Whips & Sticks. Pedro Martínez, a fictitious name chosen to preserve anthropological anonymity, is a more fully developed character than any single Sánchez child, more intricately related to his country's disheveled past and closer to its soil. Pedro's setting is "Azteca" (another pseudonym), an ancient farming village in the stony highlands about 60 miles south of Mexico City. Like most Mexican peasant children, he had a haphazard upbringing. His father died when he was three months old, after which his mother, "being just a girl, she got herself a boy" and went off with him. Pedro was raised off and on by an aunt, a grandmother, a godmother, an uncle and, finally, by his mother and her new man. He went to school occasionally, but was endlessly yanked out to tend the oxen, water the hogplum trees, deliver the tortillas his mother made, and work as a hired hand on farms. He was beaten with fists, whips and sticks. Before he was ten, "there was this older girl . . . She needed a man already and, well, she forced me."

Caught up in the revolution of 1910, Pedro finally realized that young men like himself were being turned into cannon fodder by a variety of self-proclaimed generals and reformers. He deserted and went home. There he led the life of a poor farmer, struggling to grow corn on a rented field a good two hours' walk from his mud-walled house. He took women where he found them, ran his home with paternalistic authoritarianism. But he commanded enough local respect to become a political figure of sorts, first as a leader of his barrio, later as a town councilman, eventually as a judge.

Beat the Children. More than most peasants, Pedro had the leverage to improve for others the lot he himself endured on the way to eminence. For more than two decades, he worked at doing just that. But as a judge he took to convivial drinking with the courthouse gang, and to the customary *mordidas* ("bites," or small bribes) that are Mexico's traditional lubricant for the wheels of justice. At home he began flying into uncontrolled rages; he beat his children, until, resentfully, they began drifting away.

At 75, Pedro's conversations with Lewis become suffused with bleary disillusion: "At one time, I believed in a lot of things . . . Now I believe in nothing. The trouble is, there is no lawfulness here. Even the lawyers agree. The Governor . . . told me, 'Yes, the real law is money. If you have money, the law is yours. If you haven't any, there is no law, so don't you go believing in it.' "

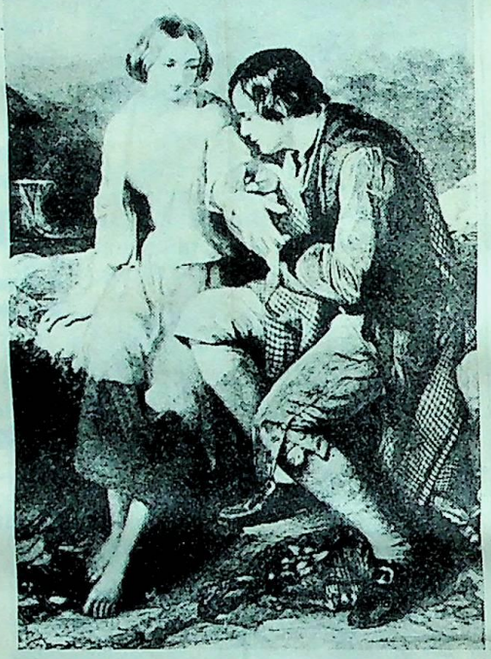
Anthropologically, *Martínez* does for Mexican village life what *The Children* [illegible] for a Mexican urban slum. But the reader begins to suspect that either every run-of-the-barrio Mexican is an innate storyteller of eloquence and rustic insight—or else that Oscar Lewis is an interviewer and editor of resourcefulness above and beyond the call of scientific duty.

The Bawdy Scot

THE MERRY MUSES OF CALEDONIA *by Robert Burns, edited by James Barke, Sydney Goodsir Smith, J. Delancey Ferguson.* 224 pages. *Putnam.* $5.

The literary underworld abounds with stories about great writers who were also great pornographers. Mark Twain amused himself and friends with outhouse humor; so did Benjamin Franklin. Passages of Swift are brutally obscene. Byron and Swinburne both dipped their pens in blue ink, while even Thackeray could line out a lickerish limerick. Perhaps the most famous respectable smutmaster is Robert Burns, whose collection of bawdy Scottish verse has been circulating in more or less clandestine versions for more than 150 years. The collection as now published is as close to the original as scholarship is likely to achieve, barring the rediscovery of Burns's own notebook.

CULVER PICTURES



ROBERT BURNS WITH HIGHLAND MARY
Earthy for its own sake.

Burns liked earthy humor for its own sake, and he transcribed in abundance the scabrous folk songs he heard from his countrymen, added more that he composed himself. But also, as *The Merry Muses* makes startlingly clear, he scrubbed and reworked some of these materials to create some of his most famous poems. One such poem with a bawdy original is *Comin' Thro' the Rye,* in which a much earthier verb appears in the line: "Gin a body kiss a body/ Need a body cry." Another ballad, *John Anderson, My Jo,* is known to every schoolboy as a touching tribute to the strength of marital affection in old age; its source, doubtless known to every schoolboy in all Scotland, turns out to be a ballad where the old wife mocks the decline of her old husband's sexual powers.

The book also offers a few poems interesting in themselves, a couple of rousing drinking songs, some Rabelaisian belly laughs, and one or two tenderly erotic lyrics. Otherwise the reader who is not a hard-core enthusiast will find the collection disappointing. The scholarly apparatus smothers the poems. What is worse for the prurient reader, Burns's Scottish dialect, which he usually trimmed to understandable proportions in his published work, is here often incomprehensible—even the dirty words.

Chimney-Corner Tales

COLLECTED SHORT STORIES *by Robert Graves.* 323 pages. *Doubleday.* $4.95.

Robert Graves has published [illegible] books, including scholarly works, novels and collections of poetry. He has also written scores of short stories, and the first collection of them demonstrates that Graves can do almost anything well—or at least, skillfully. The stories are largely autobiographical, and range in locale from the field of Flanders (where Graves was so badly wounded in World War I that he was listed "killed in action") to the small Majorcan village where he has lived the majority of the time since.

Christmas Truce is Graves's ironic account of the private cease-fire negotiated by a battalion of the Northumberland Wessex Regiment with the Germans in the trenches opposite them on Christmas, 1914. It went on for two days and was broken up by the practical French on the Wessex right flank, who opened a murderously unexpected fire with machine guns. But then, as Philosopher Graves, "the French get for New Year celebrations more than Christmas."

Earth to Earth is about the wartime couple who become so dedicated to the victory garden they are raising that they take to adding the bodies of air-raid victims to their compost heap. Splendid eccentrics abound. There is the young Spanish nobleman who must be sewn into his clothes as a protection against his sole aberration: a tendency to undress while attending Mass. There is the Count of Deia, an aging recluse who likes to disguise himself as gypsy, drunkard, peddler or pederast—and roam through the town trying to defraud the local merchants.

Most of his stories, claims Graves, are true: "Pure fiction is beyond my imaginative range." Perhaps, but in these rambling, chimney-corner tales it scarcely matters. True or not, they have the quality that Graves himself admires in the Spaniards on Majorca: a sense of astonishment, controlled and observed.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MAY 15, 1964

ASIA EDITION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE REPUBLICANS:
Can Popularity Win the Prize?

HENRY
CABOT
LODGE

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

In Frankfurt—the right bank in the right place

This is part of the staff of our branch in Frankfurt. This branch is part of a well-integrated network of fully-staffed, full-service Citibank branches that are at your service throughout continental Europe and in Great Britain. With complete banks on-the-scene in 37 countries on 5 continents—First National City is the right bank in the right place to serve you.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK

PARTNERS IN PROGRESS AROUND THE WORLD

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PRIME MINISTER TO A GROWING WORLD

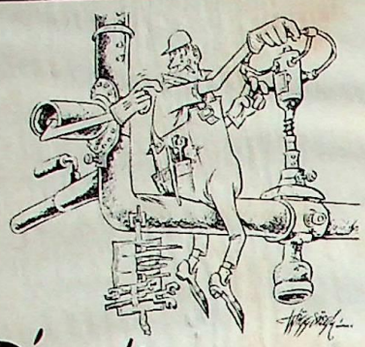
Throughout the world, the real long-term measure is the market. Not decrees. Not legislation. *NO* individual. ■ In empires, kingdoms, and republics, what works best sells best. Fiat learned this first by producing an automobile that now sells in 125 different countries. As Fiat's cars got around, Fiat became familiar with the transportation needs of all those nations. ■ Next to the need for transport was the need for agricultural mechanization, and advances in industrial and marine power. That is why Fiat cars, trains, trams, trucks, buses, tractors, diesel-powered ships, gas turbines, and jet aircraft operate under just about every flag. ■ No one appoints you to a post like this. You find yourself in it. You have to work hard to hold it. One is watching you. ■ **FIAT S**

FIAT

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ZIMMER



D'you know where you're going?

in

PLANNING
CONSTRUCTION
START-UP

of your
POLYMERIZATION
and
FIBER PLANT

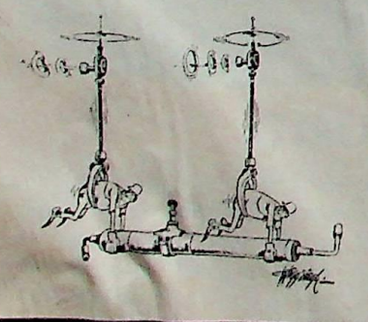
for
NYLON
POLYESTER
POLYACRYLONITRILE
POLYOLEFINES

Based on our own
and licensed processes.

HANS J. ZIMMER AG
Planung und Bau von Industrieanlagen
1 Borsigallee, Frankfurt/Main
West Germany

Ask

ZIMMER



You are also welcome at our stand
ACHEMA Frankfurt/Main 6/19 - 6/27/64
hall 2 Stand D + E 22 - 26.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 13

THE ELEVENTH HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).* Rachel Roberts plays a terrified pregnant wife who cannot cope with the news that her husband may soon die. Repeat.

Thursday, May 14

THE NURSES (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A television unit invades a hospital to film a story about doctors and nurses and wreaks havoc with routine. Barbara Harris and Kevin McCarthy guest-star.

Friday, May 15

THE OREGON PRIMARY. CBS gives results from 11:15 p.m. to midnight, ABC continues from 12:30 a.m. to 1 a.m., and NBC from 12:45 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Saturday, May 16

TRIPLE CROWN—THE PREAKNESS (CBS, 5:30-6 p.m.). The 88th running of the Preakness, from Baltimore.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9 p.m.-conclusion). *The Left Hand of God*, starring Humphrey Bogart and Gene Tierney. Color.

Sunday, May 17

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guest: Oregon Governor Mark O. Hatfield.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Portrait of Pierre Laval. Repeat.

Tuesday, May 19

MOMENT OF FEAR (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Thirteen years after the fact, a conscience-stricken woman confesses the murder of her husband. Nina Foch, Dean Stockwell and Gary Merrill star in the first of selections from past series.

THE BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests are Singer Harry Belafonte, Tenor Franco Corelli and Pianist Grant Johannesen. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

HAMLET. Witty, virile, supremely intelligent, Richard Burton's Hamlet is a masterful prince of language, though never quite the fallen prince of tragedy.

HIGH SPIRITS. A house was never haunted by so blithe a spirit as Tammy Grimes, and Bea Lillie is the comic conjurer who brings her back to earth to tempt her husband and torture his second wife.

FUNNY GIRL shines in the refracted light of the most brilliant new star to rise over Broadway in several seasons, Barbra Streisand. She colors every song and caps all her clowning with the indelible impact of a fiercely magnetic stage presence.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Without even the help of her closetful of balloons, Sandy Dennis ascends from playmate to helpmate in two acts.

DYLAN. Alec Guinness probes the special hell in which Dylan Thomas found himself. His performance is moody, moving, taut with rage and sometimes bright with humor.

HELLO DOLLY! Cast as a matchmaker, Carol Channing dangles her gay, carrot-topped self in front of a stuffy moneybags (David Burns) who is slow off the m... Gower Champion's dancers set a ... pace for the chase.

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS. As a ... talking TV producer-director, Robert ... ton gives a sly, light touch to a play ... of caustic mass-media mockery.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. Elizabeth As... and Robert Redford spice an early ... ried life with dollops of humor and b... good looks.

Off Broadway

DUTCHMAN, by LeRoi Jones. In a ... York subway car, a white girl who ... twitchy, neurotic bundle of well-inform... clichés and sterile sexual aggressio... lures, taunts, degrades and destroys ... Negro in a Brooks Brothers shirt, but ... before he tells her, with profane and ... plicit brutality, how much Negroes h... whites. Though his one-acter repeats ... pattern of Albee's *The Zoo Story*, Jo... captures the contemporary mood of ... lence with raw and nerve-tingling fury.

THE BLOOD KNOT. Two half brothers... joined in kinship, disjunctively opposite ... color—prey on each other's weaknesses ... but stay together in a communion ... spirit that is full of laughter, envy, goo... intent and deep fears.

THE TROJAN WOMEN, acted in the rou... and with a classic chorus, is a powerf... tormenting image of humans bearing ... unbearable.

RECORDS

Orchestral Music

MAHLER: SYMPHONY NO. 5 (Leona... Bernstein conducting the New York Ph... harmonic; Columbia, 2 LPs). Bernst... again shows his affinity for Mahler in t... strong, youthful performance of the p... oramic five-movement work sometim... called "The Giant." There are none of ... songs that Mahler put in some of his ... er symphonies, but the instruments als... as he used them, have eloquence to sp... Bernstein handles the long, playful schz... with easy humor, changes moods in ly... ning flashes, and tears at the vitals of ... dramatic sections. A milestone in ... Mahler revival.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: SYMPHONY NO. ... (Sir John Barbirolli conducting the H... Orchestra; Everyman). Sir John, mas... of both the Houston Symphony and ... Hallé of Manchester, gives a glowing p... formance of the too-little-heard impr... sionistic symphony called "The Lond... Here are pomp and pageantry, cock... airs, the chimes of Big Ben, and a la... nous lento movement that the compo... called "Bloomsbury Square on a Nov... ber afternoon." The music also evokes ... era; it was completed in 1914.

HINDEMITH: SYMPHONIC METAMORPHO... ON THEMES BY CARL MARIA VON WE... (Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting ... Berlin Philharmonic; Deutsche Gramm... phon). Choreographer George Balanch... composed his *Metamorphoses* to this ... sic: beetlelike creatures eventually ... into birds. Furtwängler, an early cha... pion of Hindemith, calls upon his ... powerful magic to translate the the... into various musical modes, from ur... tling nervous buzzings to biting jazz ... the other side, Furtwängler conjures ... a more peaceful succession of *Meta...*

* All times E.D.T.

TIME
May 15, 1964

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F. Mexico. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries and areas elsewhere.

Volume LX... Numb...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

This white goop might well revolutionize the toothpaste industry

This goop contains Lustre-Phos*—the best dentifrice base made today. Without exception, Lustre-Phos is whiter, brighter, smoother, more uniform. So are toothpastes made with it.

Lustre-Phos has "controlled cleaning power": rigidly controlled abrasiveness that gives maximum cleaning with minimum risk of tooth damage. Booster abrasives are never needed in formulations using Lustre-Phos.

Monsanto makes Lustre-Phos synthetically. It has none of the property variations found in natural products. Lustre-Phos is always pure, uniform, stable. Always flows easily. Never cakes, never clogs equipment. Age and extreme temperatures won't affect its viscosity.

And Lustre-Phos is compatible with all commonly used toothpaste ingredients—including most therapeutic reagents.

Lustre-Phos even costs less than such commonly used bases as pyro- and insoluble meta-phosphates.

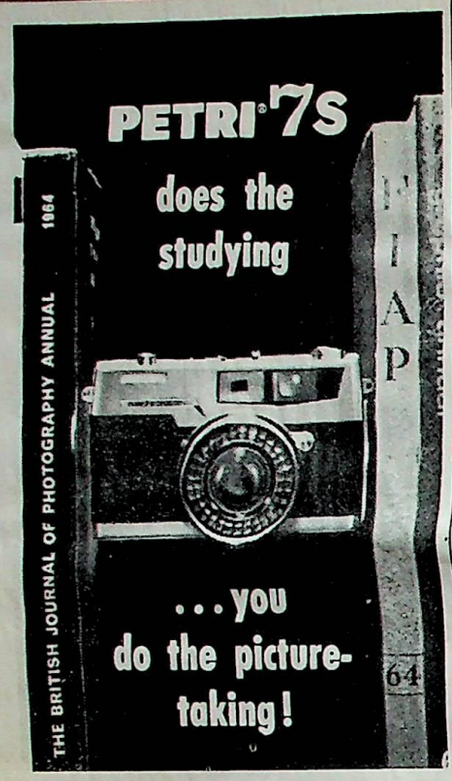
If your business is toothpaste, Lustre-Phos may sound too good to be true. We invite you to prove it to yourself. Contact your local Monsanto Sales Representative for a free laboratory sample toothpaste made with Lustre-Phos. write on your business letterhead: Mo santo Company, St. Louis, Misso 63166, U.S.A.

Test the Lustre-Phos sample. Compa it with your present paste. Brush w it. See how beautifully Lustre-Ph polishes teeth. See for yourself h Lustre-Phos makes your present den frice base a thing of the past. Monsan Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A

*Trademark of Monsanto; patent application has been filed on materials sold under this trademark.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



It's an unbeatable combination that assures better and more enjoyable photography. Long years of research and development have prepared the Petri 7S to serve you with the quality, dependability and durability you demand — and deserve. A precision exposure system fully coupled with the Petri invented circle-eye lens gives proper exposure every time. You just sight and shoot! Then a super-fast color-corrected lens does the rest. With one flick of the thumb on the newly-designed film advance lever you advance one frame of film and cock the shutter at the same time. You're ready to shoot again!

PETRI® 7S

PETRI CAMERA COMPANY, INC.
Tokyo, Japan

phoses, also written in the 1940s, by the 81-year-old Richard Strauss.

MOZART: DIVERTIMENTO NO. 2 (George Szell conducting a chamber group from the Cleveland Orchestra; Epic). Mozart composed this divertimento (for flute, oboe, bassoon, four horns and strings) after two operas and 26 symphonies, but he still had something to say; he was 16. Szell makes the 200-year-old party music sound as bright and young as yesterday, and he insists that the dancing be both festive and mannerly.

PROKOFIEV: SYMPHONY NO. 5 (Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony; RCA Victor). Only a conductor with the sophistication and logic of Leinsdorf can keep rein on the tugging emotional and intellectual strands of Prokofiev's greatest symphony. The first and third movements are deeply felt, but never betrayed by theatrical effects; the second and fourth are lively and lyrical in turn, but edged with sudden ominous outcroppings.

CINEMA

THE ORGANIZER. Playing a sad, scraggly revolutionary who leads an unsuccessful strike of textile workers, Marcello Mastroianni sews up his status as the international cinema's most versatile leading man.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. Houris and hired assassins play it mostly for laughs when Sean Connery arrives in Istanbul as Ian Fleming's Bond bombshell, Secret Agent 007.

THE NIGHT WATCH. Five men plan an underground escape from a Paris prison—a commonplace theme developed with uncommon skill in this taut French thriller.

BECKET. A superior film spectacle based on Jean Anouilh's pungent drama has a prodigally talented cast headed by Richard Burton as England's 12th century religious martyr and Peter O'Toole as Henry II.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT. Teen-Agers Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth racket about Manhattan as a pair of metro-gnomes in hilarious pursuit of Peter Sellers, a playboy pianist with a yen for footloose matrons.

THE SERVANT. Hell-fire gleams through the tea-party façade of Dirk Bogarde, the conniving "gentleman's gentleman" who serves up Director Joseph Losey's message about class distinction in Britain with a dash of bitters.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. In three yeasty folk tales directed by Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren is a whole Italian street scene rolled into one woman. Marcello Mastroianni is head of the block.

THE SILENCE. A tortured lesbian (Ingrid Thulin) and her nymphomaniac sister (Gunnel Lindblom) dominate Ingmar Bergman's bold, beautifully acted drama—though a child and an old man furnish scraps of evidence that the human condition may not be hopeless.

TOM JONES. "Best" Director Tony Richardson's wonderfully wicked assault on Fielding's 18th century classic proves that the wages of sin add up to a boodle of 1963 Oscars—four in all.

BOOKS

Best Reading

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. Looking back 30 years later at Paris and himself on the threshold of fame, Hemingway re-explored—and perhaps reinvented—his friendships with established writers (Pound, Stein, Ford, Joyce), particularly his ambiguous relation to the ready successful young Scott Fitzgera

PEDRO MARTÍNEZ, by Oscar Lewis. A thropologist Lewis follows his brilli tape-recorded pastiche, *The Children Sanchez*, with the story of an old Mexic peasant whose passion and native e quence was spent on aborted uprisi and hopeless land-reform politics.

COLLECTED SHORT STORIES, by Rob Graves. These skillful tales show aga if further proof is needed, that Rob Graves can write anything well. Most the stories are set in Spain and feat lively eccentrics whose escapades ma astonishing reading.

SELECTED POEMS BY HERMAN MELVI edited by Hennig Cohen. The finest U.S. novelists was not an outstanding po but there are enough good poems in th chronological sampling, such as the fir lines of Billy Budd, to make it more thr just a literary curiosity.

IN HIS OWN WRITE, by John Lennon. Th oldest Beatle ("he's the arty one") e plains his startling collection of po Joycean jabberwocky: "As far as I'm co ceived this correction of shorty writty the most wonderfoul larf I've ever ready." His readers shrudlu too.

THE SPIRE, by William Golding. *In this* medieval parable a saintly, obsessed canon orders a huge stone spire to be built ato his fragile cathedral, only to realize at la that his monument was not to God's glor but his own.

KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE, by Shirley A Grau. Though miscegenation is the the of this deceptively artless novel, it has pejorative connotations for a large Louis ana clan until the heroine's racist husba makes a violent entry into politics.

EPISODE—REPORT ON THE ACCIDENT I SIDE MY SKULL, by Eric Hodgins. The a thor of *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dre House* tells what it was like to rebu his life after a major "cerebrovascu accident" (in layman's terms, a stro left him severely paralyzed four ye ago. Hodgins wrote this book with b point pens (he can no longer use a ty writer), but it has Mr. Blandings' old and wordcraft.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. The Group, McCarthy (2)
3. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (3)
4. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (8)
5. The Deputy, Hochhuth (4)
6. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever (6)
7. The Martyred, Kim (7)
8. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer (5)
9. The Venetian Affair, MacInnes (9)
10. The Night of the Generals, Kirst

NONFICTION

1. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (1)
2. A Day in the Life of President Kenn Bishop (2)
3. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy
4. The Naked Society, Packard (4)
5. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (5)
6. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (6)
7. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris (7)
8. When the Cheering Stopped, Smith
9. The Great Treasury Raid, Stern (8)
10. J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth, Lask

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

Cheers, Jeers & Ears

Sir: Your cover story [May 1] might well have been entitled "A Day in the Life of L.B.J." The five pages devoted to him were certainly as exhaustive (both in covering the subject and in effect upon the reader's imagination) as a book.

STUART J. MAHLIN

Philadelphia

Sir: Witty parries or glittery sophistication would not become this tall Texan who talks like a folksy fellow from the country who made good in the city. He is doing a great job, and that sound earthiness and solidity gave all of us strength at a time when we were badly shaken. The history-minded might recollect similar speech qualities in Abraham Lincoln.

LOIS WILMOT

New York City

Sir: Bustle is not accomplishment. Motion is not progress. With modern means of transportation, a President needs no great talent to cover great distances and make several stops in depressed areas. A whirlwind tour of depressed communities contributes little to an understanding or solution of their problems. Mr. Johnson would better perform the duties of his office by less talk and more study and reflection.

WILLIAM B. PENDERGAST
Director of Research
Republican National Committee
Washington, D.C.

Sir: You stated flatly that "no man in the White House has ever moved faster" than Johnson. In the hectic beginning days of the New Deal, F.D.R. announced the Good Neighbor Policy, called the bank holiday, passed the Federal Emergency Relief Act, took the U.S. off the gold standard, and started the CCC, AAA, TVA, HOLC, FDIC, FCA, NRA and WPA. And all that in 100 days, not five months. Johnson is a whirlwind, but Roosevelt was a cyclone.

JOE MCBRIDE

Wauwatosa, Wis.

Sir: It is difficult to tell whether our President is a statesman, a skillful politician or a clown. No great statesman could have said: "The one good thing about America is that our ambitions are not too large. They boil down to food, shelter and clothing." To say that our ambitions are not too large is appalling. This is not the spirit that has made the U.S. the greatest industrial nation the world has ever known. This is the spirit of mediocrity.

ROBERT C. BORDEN

Andover, Mass.

Sir: Johnson's brand of political maneuvering, which plays on the emotions and ignorance of the masses, is positively revolting. It should be obvious to everyone that his lavish promises to wipe out poverty and end racial strife are merely vote-getting tactics.

MRS. RONALD E. BOWRA

Wichita, Kans.

Sir: President Johnson must have read Tolstoy's *War and Peace*: "To have one's ear pulled by the Emperor was considered the greatest honor and mark of favor at the French Court." Beagles aren't French and L.B.J. isn't Bonaparte, but if there is political significance, remember Waterloo!

LEO A. MATHEWS

San Fernando, Calif.

G.O.P. Hopefuls

Sir: Governor Scranton [May 1] offers America the Eisenhower philosophy of moderate Republicanism and common sense. Many Republicans see him as a compromise candidate, even though he has discouraged campaigning on his behalf. It is my hope that the G.O.P. will realize his potential and nominate him as a clear-cut opposite to L.B.J. without the radical undertones of some G.O.P. hopefuls.

BILL COX

Owensboro, Ky.

Sir: Your timely excerpts from Governor Scranton's speech will help citizens to know the philosophy of this Republican. It makes no sense to me to transfer appropriations and authority from the Federal Government to the states. This, in essence, means that each state government would have more control over its citizens. In the final analysis, we would still be subject to more control by "government" which, moreover, would be closer than Washington. One form of authority would have passed away only to be replaced by another, more immediate authority.

RICHARD E. HALE

Omaha

Sir: Your recognition of Senator Goldwater's strength [May 8] is gratifying, despite its tardiness and restrained enthusiasm. You should try exploring the significance of the rising voice of sound, responsible, conservative ideology, because you are going to be living with it.

JAMES B. TUDHOPE

Chicago

Sir: If the Goldwater forces realize "that Barry could still blurt out some remark that would hurt his cause" in securing the Republican presidential nomination, how could he be trusted as President of the U.S. not to blurt out remarks that would hurt the cause of his country?

PAUL MORSEY

Bloomington, Ind.

Gentlemen Terrorists

Sir: Recently, in another city, it was my misfortune to hear the recruiting tape of the Ku Klux Klan [May 1]. I had not, till then, really realized the fantastic lengths to which these people are willing to go to keep the Negro in terror.

CHRISTOPHER TODD

Seattle

Sir: I am a Lumbee Indian, and my anger rises at the very thought of the K.K.K. So now the K.K.K. is turning over a new leaf and turning minority hatred into kindness? All I can say is that I fear it is too late; too many remember past treatment by the K.K.K.

BETTY OXENDINE MANGUM

Otsego, Mich.

Help!

Sir: After a satisfying lunch at the Stork Club, I was set upon and mugged. No one came to my assistance—no one except TIME, which thoughtfully supplied the number to call: CAnal 7-2000 [May 8]. I found there was no CAnal 7, but learned when one dials this number the response is Acme Fast Freight: BArclay 7-2000.

T. H. TRACY

New York City

▶ *Next time try CAnal 6-2000 for New York's fast cops.*—ED.

Bishop Kennedy

Sir: TIME's cover story on Bishop Gerald Kennedy [May 8] was a very fair presentation of "the people called Methodists" and their way of life in the 20th century.

CLARENCE F. AVEY
The First Methodist Church
Westfield, Mass.

Sir: As a member of the Albion College Choir, which sang for the Methodist General Conference on April 29, I had the privilege of hearing Bishop Kennedy speak for a few minutes in favor of the new Methodist hymnal. His was a speech that sparked the entire morning's proceedings; he is an intelligent, progressive man.

CATHY FORD
Albion College
Albion, Mich.

Sir: Your account of the Methodist Church and profile of one of our illustrious leaders, Bishop Kennedy, was eminently accurate. The obligation upon the churches to be relevant to the age is rightly emphasized; but that does not mean descending to the secular plane—"softening" its teachings to win acceptance.

It does mean that the individual Christian should endeavor to evince the power of Christ within himself in making this world a better place for all of our Father's children. The efforts of a Christian are most effective when conjoined with those of like-minded believers through the instrumentality of his own church.

PHILIP S. VANHOOK

Frederick, Md.

Sir: After reading your story on Bishop Kennedy, I've become convinced that in the leadership of the Methodist Church

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
Sullivan 31
Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city state or province country

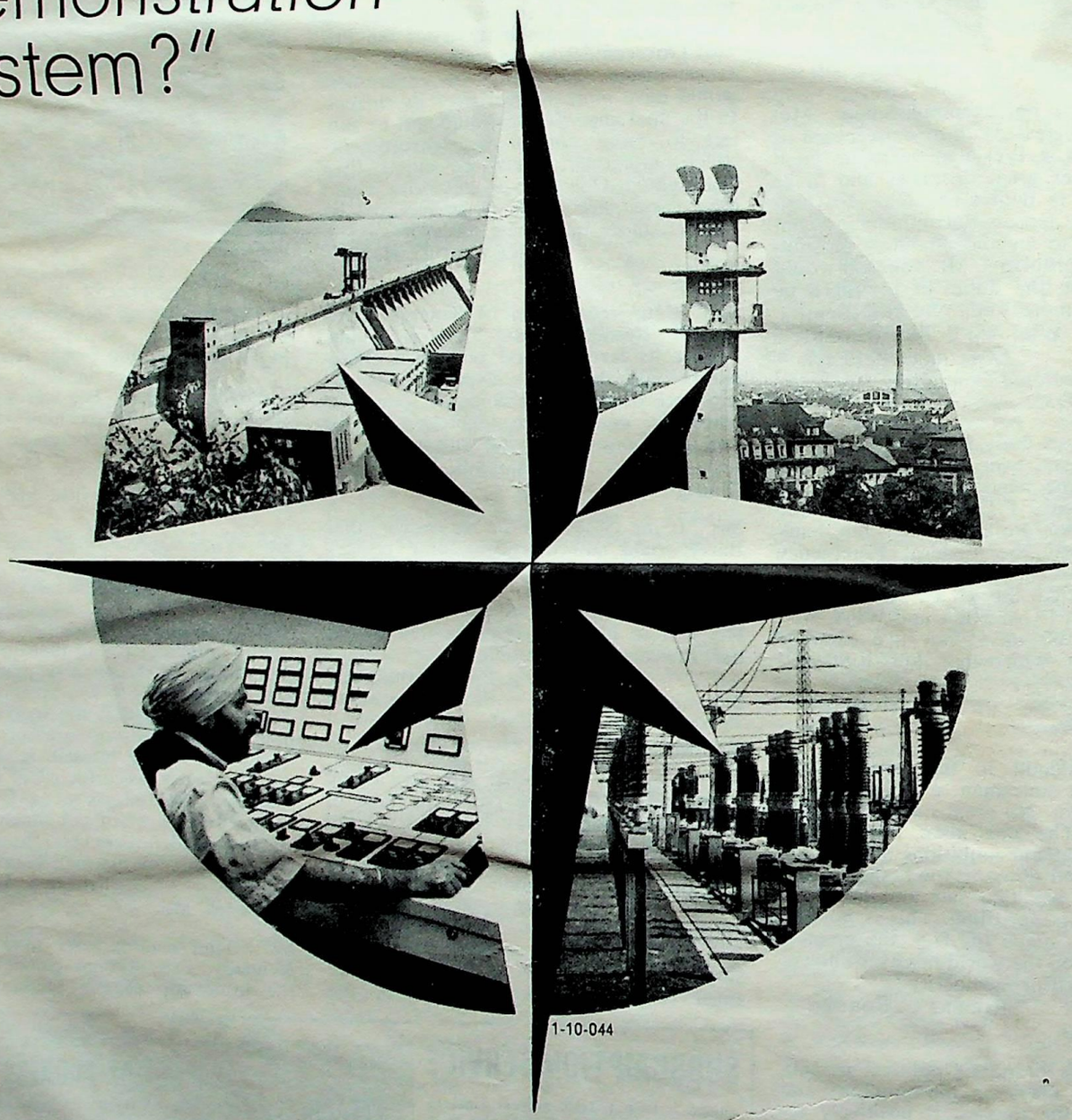
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SIEMENS

If you ask us:

"Where can we inspect a demonstration system?"



1-10-044

In India and Africa, in Columbia and Brazil, in Argentina and Iran – Siemens systems are found in all parts of the world. Systems representing all branches of electrical engineering: telegraph and telephone networks, power stations and primary transmission networks, electrical equipment for industry and transportation.

Just tell us where your interest lies. A worldwide distribution network with experienced engineers in over 100 different countries is at your disposal. Whenever you face a new problem, we will solve it for you. And the system we build for you will be our next demonstration system.

The Siemens Group — your experienced partner in all electrical engineering projects

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

there are still men with the kind of vigorous faith that sent John Wesley into the streets of England.

JON ALAN ANDERSON

University of Hawaii
Honolulu

Chivalry in Pennsylvania

Sir: You said that "Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael Musmanno ungallantly declared that his lady opponent was ignorant [May 8]." This statement is categorically and absolutely incorrect. I never said that Miss Genevieve Blatt was ignorant. I also categorically deny that I ungallantly declared anything. I am proud to say that I have always been chivalrous, and am happy to emphasize I will always be respectful and chivalrous, to the ladies.

MICHAEL A. MUSMANNO
Justice

Supreme Court of Pennsylvania
Pittsburgh

Scholars & Teachers

Sir: The case of Woodrow Wilson Sayre's status at Tufts University [April 24] interests me for a number of reasons. I have been a college president and later a college professor. Along the way I have written several books—none of them "scholarly."

What makes a man a scholar—his ability to turn out monographs liberally besprinkled with footnotes, or his ability to inspire in his students his own curiosity and love of learning?

Two facts are worth considering: it was students who carried banners for Sayre; Sayre's book on his adventures on Everest, published in March, is already in its third printing.

Chapter 15 of that book, "Why Men Climb," contains more philosophical analysis than many pounds of run-of-the-mill theses. Here, if you please, is genuine scholarly research.

ALBERT BRITT

Nonquitt, Mass.

▶ *Professor Britt, 89, was a professor of history at Scripps College in Claremont, Calif., and from 1925-36 president of Knox College in Galesburg, Ill.*—ED.

Sir: I received damned good instruction from professors who could not weigh their monographs by the ton. Their production consisted of inspiring students to think. I wouldn't trade my experiences in their classrooms for a thousand monographs.

DICK HARLEY
Instructor of History

Howard County Junior College
Big Spring, Texas

Sir: The time has come, I think, for a statement in support of research activities at our universities. Implied in your article about "publish or perish" is that teaching and research are basically incompatible. I believe that research is teaching.

No subject or course content can be static today precisely because of the broad research under way in all fields. An educator can better carry out his obligations by challenging and rebutting proffered concepts of dubious value in writing. The cloistered classroom offers no proper audience for professional discourse because the arguments are all one way.

A. W. BUSCH
Associate Professor

Rice University
Houston

Death & Dismemberment Covered

Sir: In "Record Setter Mock" [April 24], you state that even Lloyd's of London refused to underwrite the trip. This is not the case. Through Lloyd's correspondents Leo B. Menner & Co., Inc., in Chicago, Lloyd's issued a $100,000 accidental death and dismemberment insurance policy covering Mrs. Mock during her record-breaking trip around the world.

D.A.T. RICHINGS

Leo B. Menner & Co., Inc.
Chicago

Pirouettes & Kicks

Sir: Your article on the New York State Theater and the ballet [May 1] was a well-written, well-constructed, very colorful and spellbinding piece of work. The pictures were beautiful.

WILLIAM COLSHER

Nashville, Tenn.

Sir: I am outraged at your article likening Balanchine's ballet to a jewel and comparing it to the Russian Ballet or the Royal Ballet. Balanchine's product is neither beautiful nor profound. It certainly is pathetic that a theatrical product that is morbid and depressing should open our cultural center and almost monopolize it as far as ballet is concerned.

PATRICE MCCOY
Artistic Director

The Classical Ballet Foundation
Burbank, Calif.

Sir: We would like to correct the impression that the City Center of Music and Drama has become an "abandoned old mosque." The City Center is now in the midst of its annual light-opera season, and is the permanent home of the New York City Opera.

MRS. EDMUNDO LASSALLE
Member, Board of Directors

City Center of Music and Drama, Inc.
New York City

Sir: Your critic's enthusiasm about the acoustics at the new State Theater compared with those in Philharmonic Hall underscores the subjective nature of listening and the absurdity of the whole recent furor about acoustics. For all his esthetic sensitivity, he apparently did not note that, as opposed to Philharmonic Hall, the State Theater uses amplified sound, and that the metal grille ceiling conceals a whole battery of speakers.

JAMES CORBIN

New York City

▶ *Acoustician Corbin failed to note that the speakers, most of which are located in the proscenium rather than in the ceiling, are used for musical comedy, not for opera and ballet performances.*—ED.

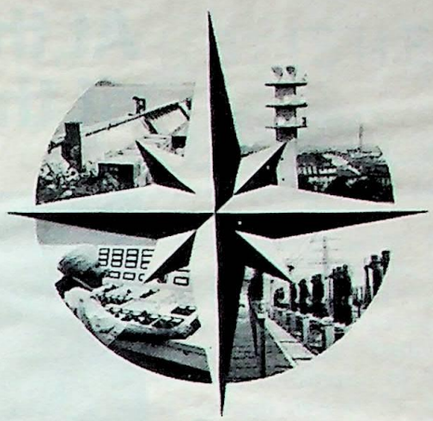
Sense of Value

Sir: The plan to spend $1,500,000 to move a bombed-out church from London to the U.S. for the Churchill memorial [May 1] is shocking! Such extravagance serves only to confirm already widespread belief about the irresponsible use of money by Americans.

HUGH HARRIS

Oxford, England

▶ *The church was donated to Westminster College in Fulton, Mo., by the Anglican Diocese of London. The cost of dismantling and moving the Christopher Wren-designed church will be raised by a fund drive in the U.S.*—ED.



For further information apply to our Distribution Companies and Agencies in Asia

Siemens Afghanistan Ltd.
Djade Maiwand 67—68
Kabul

Siemens Resident Engineer
91, Sparks Street
Rangoon

Jebsen & Co.
12, Pedder Street
Hong Kong

Siemens Engineering & Manufacturing Co. of India Ltd.
81/83, Veer Nariman Road
Bombay-1

Siemens Indonesia Office
Kebon Sirih 4
Djakarta

Siemens Iraq Co. W.L.L.
Sa'adoon Street
Baghdad

Siemens Iran Sherkate Sahami
Kh. Takhte Djamshid No. 32
Teheran

Siemens Liaison Office
Marunouchi 2-chome 8
Naka 10th Bldg., Annex
Tokyo

F.A. Kettaneh & Co. Ltd.
King Hussein Street
Amman

Eisenberg & Co., Inc.
Bando Building
Seoul

Abdulmajeed Al-Gharabally & Co.
Gharabally Street
Kuwait

Ets. F.A. Kettaneh S.A.
Rue du Port
Beyrouth

Joachim Scheye
Al-Hussein Street
Beyrouth

Siemens Pakistan Engineering Co. Ltd.
Victoria Road
Karachi

Machinery and Engineering Supplies Inc.
Ayala Blvd. Corner Camagong
Makati, Rizal
Manila

E.A. Juffali & Bros.
King Abdul Aziz Street
Djeddah

Syrian Import Export & Distribution Co., S.A.S.
Port Saïd Street
Damas

B. Grimm & Co.
63, Nakorn Sawan Road
Bangkok

Groupement d'Achats Mines Industries
94, Boul. Hai-Ba-Trung
Saigon

SIEMENS & HALSKE AG
SIEMENS-SCHUCKERTWERKE
Berlin · München · Erlangen

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

At the Intersection of the Markets

For further details
please apply to:
HAMBURG-INFORMATION
Hamburg 36
Grosse Bleichen 23
Germany

Port of Hamburg

775 Years in the Service of Trade. The Port of Hamburg was founded in 1189. Its advantageous location for commerce soon made it a staple and transit port for continental merchandise. Up to the present this has not changed. Within the framework of the European economic blocs it assumes a key position at the intersection of the EEC, EFTA, and COMECON. All kinds of goods can be quickly and economically reloaded here, thanks to Hamburg's modern, efficient harbour facilities.
Hamburg's steamship and export firms, banks, insurance companies, and forwarding agencies, with their world-wide connections, are experienced advisors and partners in all fields of freight transportation in Europe and overseas. For trade between the Continents they have at their disposal a dense network of regular shipping lines which connect the Port of Hamburg with North and South America, the Middle and Far East, Africa, and Australia.

Link between Europe and Overseas

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ..... ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT ..... JAMES A. LINEN

EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ..... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ..... ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
A. T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George G. Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Anatole Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, Gilbert Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Marshall Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert McLaughlin, John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, Jon Borgzinner, Clell Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene F. Cosle, Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Dudley Doust, Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, Barry Farrell, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Grossman, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ronald P. Kriss, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Mitchel R. Levitas, George Love, Everett Martin, Richard Murphy, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, Jerrold L. Schecter, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Essie Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Berta Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Virginia Adams, Roy Roscoe Ails, Nancy Atkinson, Priscilla B. Badger, Reva Berger, Jean Bergerud, Karen B. Booth, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, Nicolette Caliendo, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian Coxhead, S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Shanks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Lea Guyer, Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Anne S. Hopkins, Andria E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Krieger, Judith Liersch, Mary McArdle, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Merrin, Shirley Monck, Deborah Hanson Murphy, Nancy Newman, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Pampel, Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Pikul, Ruth Reed, Eleanor Robbins, Wendy Kupsick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Statler, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Lynn Thomas, Fortunata Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanaman, Susanne S. Washburn, Helgard Wienert, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)

WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Smith, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Jess Cook Jr., Simmons Fentress, Jean A. Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, Christopher Porterfield, William Rademaekers, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin H. Zim. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Clark, Miriam Rumwell, Arlie W. Schardt, John L. Wilhelm. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Robert W. Glasgow, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Kaiser, Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. McWhirter. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Israel Shenker, Christopher T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA: Harry Johnston, Dudley E. Morris. BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Ray Kennedy, Robert A. Ellis. HOUSTON: Mark Sullivan. DENVER: Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Leon Jaroff, Benjamin W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: Roger Stone, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.

LONDON: Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Charles Champlin, Donald S. Connery. PARIS: Curtis Prendergast, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Main, Friedel Ungeheuer, James Wilde. COMMON MARKET: Jason Manus. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, Peter Forbath. ROME: Robert E. Jackson. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. BEIRUT: George de Carvalho. HONG KONG: Frank McCulloch, Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. NAIROBI: William E. Smith. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. TOKYO: Lee Griggs, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. OTTAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Martin Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed Ogle. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan, Roger M. Williams. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO DE JANEIRO: John Blashill, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Gavin Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Bermingham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ..... LAWRENCE E. LAYBOURNE
JOHN J. FREY
GENERAL MANAGER ..... JAMES A. THOMASON

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR ..... EDGAR R. BAKER
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR ..... DAVID W. BALLARD
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN ..... YASUO KITAOKA
TIME ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... WILLIAM S. HONNEUS

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

FEW assignments are more frustrating and less rewarding for U.S. journalists than reporting from the Soviet Union. Because of restrictions that are applied and implied, a man on the spot there can contribute less, perhaps, than he can from any other major capital where U.S. correspondents are at work. In the years since World War II, TIME has tussled with this problem in many ways and has been out of Moscow more than it has been in. When Stalin's iron-handed censorship tightened and our own reports were reduced to a useless trickle, we closed our Moscow bureau (1948). Then, as censorship began to ease under Khrushchev, we applied to reopen our office (1956) but were repeatedly turned down. The Soviets changed their minds and readmitted us (1958) but expelled one of our correspondents (1962) because they did not like his reporting on the Cuban missile crisis.

Two months ago, the Russians began a new chapter in their history with TIME. Correspondent Israel Shenker, our Moscow bureau chief since March 1963, was summoned to the Foreign Ministry in Moscow and read a formal statement charging that our cover story on Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev and the state of the Russian economy (Feb. 21) was "slanderous." Unless we changed our approach, he was informed, our office would be closed. In a reply to the Foreign Ministry we said, in effect, that we intended to continue reporting the Soviet Union as we saw it. Last week Shenker was called to the Foreign Ministry again and heard TIME denounced in language almost identical to the earlier charge, this time about the cover story on Lenin and the split in the Communist bloc (April 24). Shenker was ordered "to leave the borders of the Soviet Union," and our Moscow office was summarily closed.

Soviet officials have never been able to understand or accept or even get accustomed to our kind of reporting. They especially like coverage by reporters who use that frustrating and unrewarding technique of sending out just enough to stay in. What they read in their translations of TIME stories did not fit that pattern. Our stories on the Soviet Union come from a wide array of sources available to our writers and editors in New York and to our correspondents elsewhere around the world. Important among these is our Russian Desk in New York, staffed by specialists who work constantly at translating, studying and analyzing newspapers, magazines and a great deal of other information. From these many sources, plus press association coverage of day-to-day events, we will continue to report frankly and deeply on the Soviets despite last week's reading-out of our correspondent.

MORE on the positive side is a statement that will be read to a TIME staffer this week. The Albert Lasker Medical Journalism Awards Committee is presenting one of its annual $2,500 awards to Medicine Writer Gilbert Cant for the cover story on surgery (May 3, 1963). It is the second Lasker award he has won; the other was for the virology cover story (Nov. 17, 1961). The committee cited the surgery story and the accompanying twelve pages of color pictures for "graphically portraying the skill of the modern surgical team . . . assessing and putting into perspective a range of lifesaving procedures so radical in concept that they were almost unimaginable a few years ago . . . combining dramatic color photography and art with excellence in writing on a subject of major importance." The result, said the committee, was "a notable contribution to medical journalism."

INDEX

Cover Story . . . 13

Art 42
Books 62
Cinema 60
Education 37
The Hemisphere 28
The Law 45
Letters 5
Medicine 40
Milestones 39
Modern Living . . . 50
Music 38
People 30
Press 34
Religion 31
The U.S. 11
Science 48
Show Business . . 41
Sport 35
Time Listings 2
U.S. Business . . . 53
The World 20
World Busin . . .

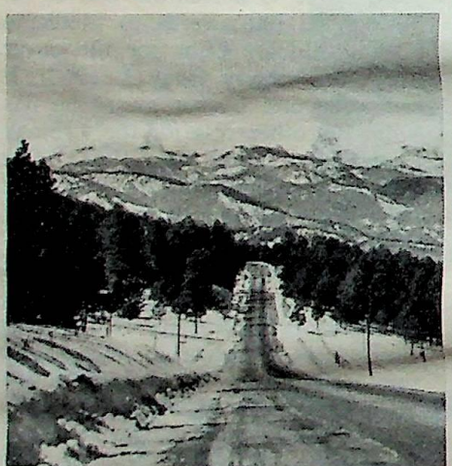
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PLANNING A UNITED STATES VACATION?

THEN DIAL HILTON FOR COMFORT YOU CAN AFFORD!

The comfort and value of Hilton hospitality is only a telephone call away. When you've planned your United States vacation, simply call your nearest Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office. You can then reserve rooms in a Hilton Hotel or Inn in any of the twenty-seven cities throughout the United States.



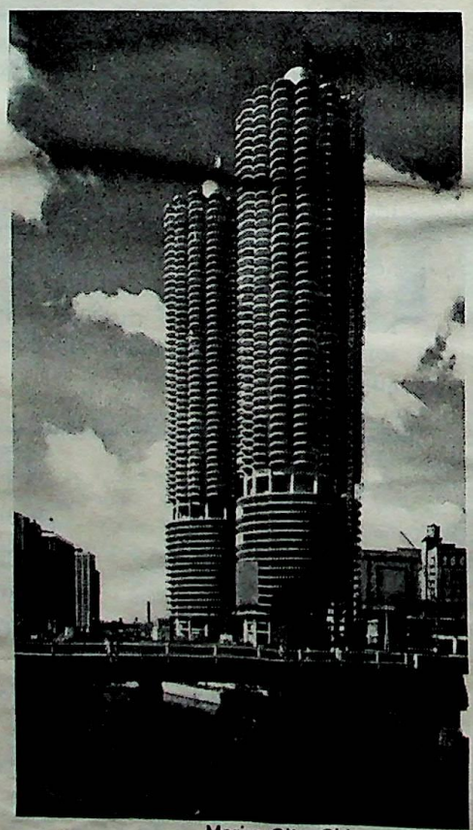
Foothills of the Rockies, near Denver, Colorado

You've probably experienced or heard about Hilton comfort and hospitality. But you may not know how reasonably priced it all is, and what wonderful value for your money you receive.

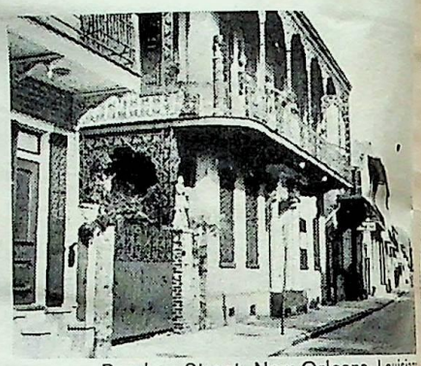
And here's what you get for your money: a comfortable air-conditioned room. Courteous, helpful service from Hilton personnel, many of whom speak your language and a half-dozen others. And helpful little touches like changing your Francs, Guilders, Marks or Pounds into Dollars.

Food? Ah, how Hilton hospitality excels itself. You can enjoy anything from a modestly-priced snack in a Coffee Shop to a gourmet meal in a fine restaurant in any Hilton Hotel or Inn.

Children? We love them. And to prove it, there's no charge for children who share your room with you. So visit the U.S.A.—the Hilton way, and bring the family along. Does your itinerary include New York and the 1964 World's Fair? Select from among one of five fine Hilton Hotels in New York City. Chicago in the heart of America's great Midwest? Stay at the famous Palmer House, or the elegant Conrad Hilton. In Denver, the lovely mile-high city in the foothills of the Rockies, you'll enjoy the fine Denver Hilton. And if you decide to explore old French New Orleans, stay at the Hilton Inn, and enjoy Hilton hospitality in the Southern style.



Marina City, Chicago, Illinois



Bourbon Street. New Orleans, Louisian

For reservations in any of the Hilto Hotels and Inns in twenty-seven citi throughout the United States see yo Travel Agent, Airline, Steamsh Company or any Hilton Hotel Res vations Office. In Tokyo 581-456 Osaka 202-1212, Hong Kong 290 Melbourne LA 1281, Sydney 28-46

SEE THE U.S.A. THE HILTON WAY

Hilton Hotels AROUND THE WORLD

CONRAD N. HILTON, PRESIDENT

HILTON HOTELS AND INNS IN THE U.S.

In New York City
The Waldorf-Astoria
The Savoy Hilton
The Statler Hilton
The New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center

In Chicago
The Palmer House
The Conrad Hilton

and in these cities throughout the United States
Atlanta, Ga.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Dallas, Tex.
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Detroit, Mich.
El Paso, Tex.
Hartford, Conn.
Honolulu, Hawaii
Houston, Tex.
Kansas City, Mo.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Milwaukee, Wisc.
New Orleans, La.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
San Francisco, Ca
Seattle, Wash.
St. Louis, Mo.
Tarrytown, N. Y.
Washington, D. C

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
May 15, 1964 Vol. 83, No. 20

THE U.S.

THE PRESIDENCY

When Patriotism & Politics Coincide

Lyndon Johnson had something for everybody—rich and poor, old and young, male and female, union leader and businessman, American and foreigner, Northerner and Southerner, student and sharecropper, cow milker and dog lover.

Republicans might suspect him of demagoguing around, but they couldn't really lay a finger on him. After all, he sought only for America what Americans seek for themselves—a strong nation and the good things of life. He knows what it is to be poor and he hates poverty. He also knows what it is to be wealthy, so he strives for prosperity. "I can't remember a time," says former Republican National Committee Chairman Leonard Hall, "when a President had prosperity and poverty going for him at the same time." But is it demagoguery to pick up a few votes while plugging for progress? And can Lyndon help it if his patriotic purpose just happens to coincide with his political plans?

A Bow to the Family. Again, the week was cyclonic. First, he set out to redeem himself in the eyes of dog fanciers, gently lifting one of his beagles by the ears and explaining to newsmen that it didn't hurt at all. Next, he went after the duffers' vote, replying to a reporter who asked him what his golf handicap was: "I don't have any handicap—I'm *all* handicap."

In blurred succession, he entertained 65 union leaders at a White House dinner, preached international tolerance to 800 foreign students ("The variety of human experience cannot be contained in a single law or a single system or a single belief"), urged Americans to back the National Multiple Sclerosis Society's fund drive ("We cannot rest in this country until we conquer it"), urged members of the Advertising Council to join him in his war on poverty ("This is a moral challenge that goes to the very roots of our civilization and asks if we are willing to make personal sacrifices for the public good").

Next came time for a bow to a revered institution: the American family. Lyndon ordered picnic tables set up in his backyard, piled them with cookies, stocked them with pitchers of pink punch, called for a press conference and invited reporters to bring along the wife and kiddies. More than 1,000 turned up. The Marine Band played *Merrily We Roll Along, Jingle Bells* and *America*. The children drank the punch, crumbled the cookies, meditatively tore up tufts of the White House lawn and, with a certain amount of nudging from their mothers, laughed politely when Lyndon told them: "I want to prove to you that your fathers are really on the job—sometimes."

The President really said very little at the press conference, but such is his skill that he earned no fewer than five headlines on Page One of the next morning's New York Times. After the conference, he mingled with the mob, gulped down four cups of punch and perspired as though he enjoyed it.

The Pageant. But all this was only a beginning. In the middle of the week, he went on a whirlwind 2,500-mile, two-day, six-state anti-poverty pilgrimage through the Appalachian region. It was a frenzied pageant. Some of the scenes:

• CUMBERLAND, MD.: Lyndon and Daughter Lynda Bird, 20, headed for the office of the Maryland Department of Employment Security to visit with people who were lined up looking for work. There, Johnson spotted Joe Click, 49, a one-legged coal miner who has been unemployed for 13 months, rushed over to him and said: "We're here because we care."

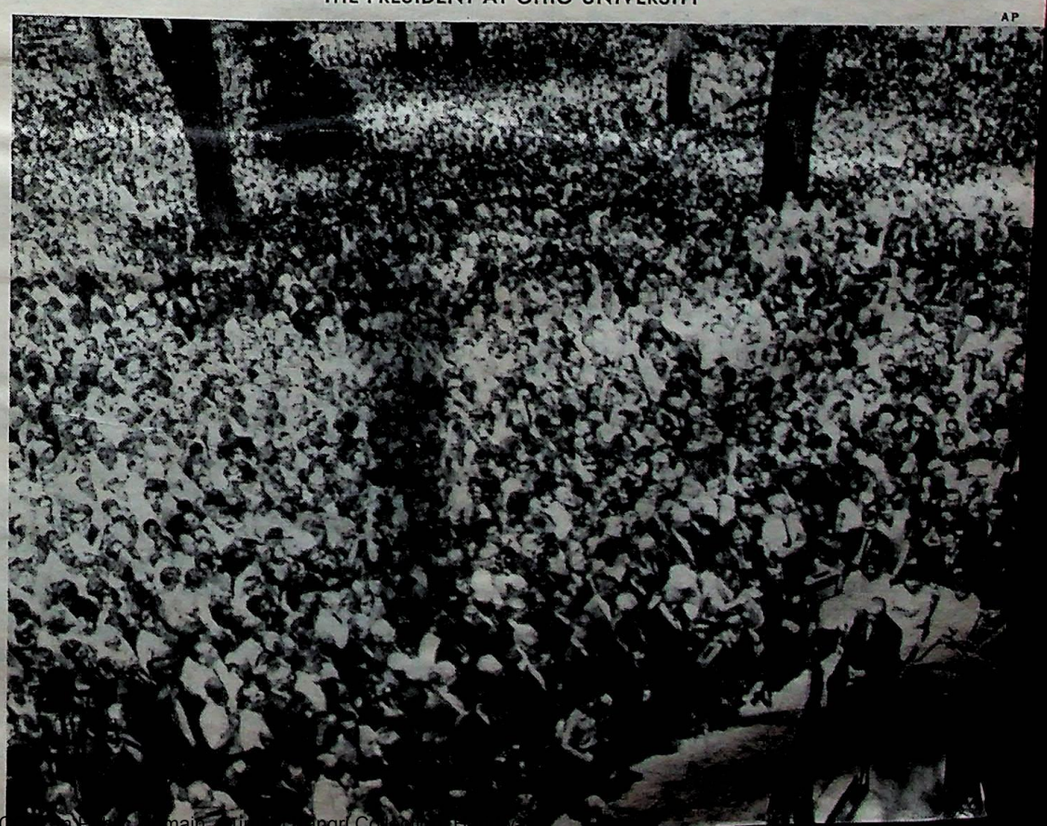
• ATHENS, OHIO: To 8,000 Ohio University students massed beneath huge elm trees on the campus, the President gave a near-perfect summation of his credo: "I know that we live in an age when it is considered correct to play it cool, when it is right to be reserved, when it is not good form to show great faith. But I believe with Emerson that no great work is ever achieved without enthusiasm."

• KNOXVILLE, TENN.: Touring the city's slums, Johnson selected a seedy apartment building at random and went to chat with a weary woman with a babe-in-arms and torn sneakers. He emerged looking grim. At Knoxville's Coliseum, he tore into political critics of his poverty crusade. "Those who oppose us are determined. They have already, last week on the floor of the House of Representatives, called this war on poverty a cruel hoax. I first heard that phrase in the 1936 campaign when they called social security a cruel hoax."

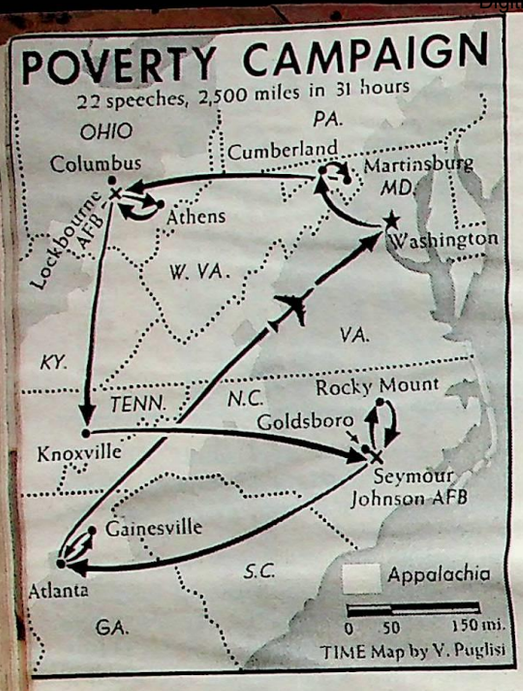
• ROCKY MOUNT, N.C.: The President visited the shabby home of Sharecropper William Marlow, 39, his wife, his

THE PRESIDENT AT OHIO UNIVERSITY

AP



Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



mother, and seven children. To prepare for Johnson, they had scrubbed their place for three days. At the request of the White House, an acre of oats was prematurely harvested to provide a landing pad for the Johnson party's helicopters. After Lyndon learned that Marlow, a Navy veteran with a back ailment, subsists on $1,500 a year, the President recalled his own Texas boyhood and how his fingers got sore from milking cows. He asked Mrs. Marlow if her children get enough to eat. She said: "They get about everything they need, but clothes is hard." Johnson asked Marlow about his back. "What you got? A disk?" Said Marlow: "Yes, but these boys do pretty well. They pretty well keep up the place now."

• ATLANTA, GA.: It was 11 p.m. when the President arrived, and he had been going hard for 15 hours. But he was refreshed by a cheering crowd of 5,000 at the airport. He shouted: "I haven't got time to talk, but I've got the strength. I get my strength from your faces." Next morning at a hotel breakfast with state legislators and members of the Georgia congressional delegation, he put away a generous helping of grits and sausage, delivered a tough, plain-talking speech for civil rights: "Because the Constitution requires it, because justice demands it, we must protect the constitutional rights of all our citizens, regardless of race, religion or the color of their skin." Surprisingly, the audience applauded; some even cheered. Cried Lyndon: "I love the people of Georgia." Hundreds of thousands lined the streets to see the President's motorcade pass by, and he stopped no fewer than eight times to talk to them through a brand-new bullhorn. Later, it was back to Washington.

But Lyndon was far from through. Next morning he flew into New York, where he appeared—always talking—at the 50th birthday party of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Amalgamated Clothing Workers, at the dedication of the Venezuelan Pavilion at the New York World's Fair, at a hurriedly scheduled news conference, at a lunch at the Democratic Club, at the dedication of the John F. Kennedy Educational, Civic and Cultural Center on Long Island and, finally, at a Democratic fund-raising dinner in Atlantic City.

His face was ruddy from the sun and his voice was quite hoarse. Yet when a reporter asked if he planned to keep up his brutal travel schedule, Johnson replied: "We believe in giving the people a chance to see us and to hear us, and agree with us and disagree with us, to criticize us, to approve us. We have been in 13 states in the last 13 days. We may not cover that many states in the next 13—but we are not going into seclusion."

CIVIL RIGHTS

At Last, A Vote

Only five Senators were in the chamber when a well-dressed, goateed Negro jumped up in the gallery and shouted: "How can you say you are protecting the black man if only five are here? I thought this was America, the land of the free. This involves 20 million people." Guards moved in, took the man off for mental tests.

Had the Senate's critic showed up just two days later, he might have been happier. Now the chamber was jammed with huddling, whispering Senators. What was up? Unbelievably, a vote. Having consumed 32 days and some 3,000,000 words on the civil rights bill without getting anywhere, the Senate was about to vote for the first time on amendments.

Double Defeat. Four had been offered, dealing with jury trials in criminal-contempt-of-court cases. The first to be considered came from Kentucky Republican Thruston Morton. It required that juries be empaneled for all criminal contempt suits arising under the bill. Ordinarily on the side of the angels in civil rights matters, Morton now found himself being privately accused by some civil rights advocates of just trying to show the folks back home that he knew who buttered his [illegible] cakes every six years.

The first vote ended in a 45-45 t[ie] which meant defeat. To nail it do[wn] Majority Leader Mike Mansfield mo[ved] a reconsideration. On that vote, t[he] amendment lost again. Later that nig[ht] the Senate debated and defeated, 74 [to] 19, Kentucky Republican John Sh[or]man Cooper's plan to require juries e[x]cept in cases where local and state o[f]ficials are defendants. That left t[wo] more jury amendments. One, sponso[red] jointly by Mansfield and Republic[an] Leader Everett Dirksen, would li[mit] jury trials to violations that carried pe[n]alties of more than 30 days in jail a[nd] $300 fines. The other, offered by Ge[or]gia Democrat Herman Talmad[ge] would require juries in all criminal co[n]tempt suits, whatever law they violate[d]. Votes on both were postponed to t[his] week. The Senate resumed talking.

A Bit of Purifying. Almost dai[ly] Dirksen was huddling with key Repu[b]licans and liberal Democrats, Attorn[ey] General Robert Kennedy and Justi[ce] Department lawyers. Explained Ev[er]ett: "I'm trying to unscrew the inscrutable." That meant reaching some sort of agreement on some 70 amendments that the Republicans want passed in return for help in shutting off a threatened Southern gabfest.

Most of the amendments were tech[ni]cal—Massachusetts Republican Le[v]erett Saltonstall called them "purifying." But a few, like Dirksen's long-awaited changes to the bill's public accommodations section, were of great substantive importance. Dirksen's plan would bar the Attorney General from originating suits and seeking court injunctions against businessmen who resist serving Negroes. Kennedy objected, argued that unless the Government could initiate suits where discrimination was a way of life, the accommodations law would lose most of its punch. At week's end both sides retired to work on new drafts of the Dirksen plan, to be thrashed out when the conferences resumed this week.

MARK BALDWIN

DIRKSEN, KENNEDY & CONFEREES
"Trying to unscrew the inscrutable."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

REPUBLICANS

The Lodge Phenomenon

(See Cover)

In the early-morning gloom of Saigon's muggy pre-monsoon season, an alarm clock shrills in the stillness of a second-floor bedroom at 38 Phung Khac Khoan Street. The Brahmin from Boston arises, breakfasts on mango or papaya, sticks a snub-nosed .38-cal. Smith & Wesson revolver into a shoulder holster, and leaves for the office.

Outside, U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., 61, winces at the blast of heat that is already approaching 90° with 90% humidity. With a Vietnamese plainclothes bodyguard, he climbs into the back seat of a Checker Marathon sedan. The car rolls past barbed-wire stanchions, stops 15 minutes later in front of the ugly U.S. Embassy building at 39 Ham Nghi Boulevard. There, barricades block sidewalk passersby, while barbed wire funnels visitors past South Vietnamese soldiers into a lobby guarded by U.S. Marines.

Lodge takes a rear elevator to his sparsely furnished fifth-floor office, unstraps his revolver, puts it into a desk drawer alongside a .357 Smith & Wesson Magnum. The Magnum has been there since last October, when Lodge received his umpteenth warning of a plot against his life. The ambassador regards the lethal little gat rather wryly. Says he: "I guess it wouldn't discourage a real mob for very long, but it packs all the authority you can put in a desk drawer."

Image to Spare. The personal weaponry, the guards and the barbed wire are no mere theatrical props. Last August, on his very first evening in Saigon, a top embassy officer insisted that the regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem planned to invite him on a field trip, stage a fake Communist Viet Cong attack and kill Lodge in the confusion.

More realistic are the tips received almost every day on Communist assassination plots. Last week Lodge narrowly missed possible death when he visited the Saigon waterfront to observe damage to the U.S. aircraft ferry *Card*, which had been dynamited by Communist saboteurs. A terrorist on a bicycle tossed a grenade into the street, injuring eight U.S. soldiers, just ten minutes after Lodge had left the site. For an aging, home-loving, peace-minded politician, Lodge takes a singularly calm view of these goings-on. Says he: "There's really not much point in worrying about such reports because there's no way of knowing which is the real thing. But you never know for sure what life's going to hold anyway."

If all this seems like something out of Ian Fleming, or at least Eric Ambler, it is not far removed. But drama has always marked the life of Cabot Lodge. In an era when "image" is the politician's most priceless commodity, Lodge has image to spare.

It is the image of the handsome fellow who went to the U.S. Senate at 34, only to resign and go off to fight World War II as a tank officer, emerging as a lieutenant colonel with six battle stars and the Bronze Star. It is the image of the man who returned to the Senate but sacrificed his chances for 1952 reelection by devoting himself to Dwight Eisenhower's drive for the presidency. It is the image of the expert U.S. representative to the U.N., where he fought and bested the Russians, often before nationwide TV audiences. It is the image of the man, beaten for the vice-presidency in 1960, who told the President he wanted to serve his country—and took the hot spot in Saigon.

And it is an image that has made Lodge, 10,000 miles from home, the people's choice for the 1964 Republican presidential nomination.

HARRY REDL—BLACK STAR

LODGE ON THE JOB IN SAIGON

"You never know for sure what life's going to hold."

Just Popular. Polls and primaries alike attest to Lodge's popularity. The latest Gallup poll shows him leading the Republican field with 37%, followed by Nixon with 28%, Goldwater with 14% and Rockefeller with 9%. A canvass of New York World's Fair visitors last week gave Lodge 8,800 votes to 3,239 for Goldwater, 2,771 for Nixon and 1,930 for Rockefeller.

Last March, without ever lifting a finger in his own behalf, Lodge easily won the nation's first presidential primary, rolling up 33,007 New Hampshire write-in votes to 20,692 for Goldwater and 19,504 for Rocky, both of whom had been slogging through the state's snow and slush for weeks. In Illinois, a bastion of Goldwater sentiment, Lodge received 52,322 write-in votes, while Goldwater, whose name was on the ballot, won with 512,616. In his native Massachusetts, Lodge got 71,000 write-ins to Goldwater's feeble 9,500. In Scranton's Pennsylvania, Lodge racked up an impressive 80,000 write-ins, behind Scranton's 225,000. Even in Texas, where G.O.P. leaders recognize no name but Goldwater's, Lodge landed a tidy 11,803 write-ins.

This week comes Oregon, the first and only primary in which Lodge's name appears on the ballot. Polls consistently have shown him leading and, win or lose, he seems certain to run strongly.

Some of Lodge's strength stems from public disenchantment with Goldwater and Rockefeller. But there is plenty of the positive in Lodge's appeal—a fact amply demonstrated in the almost evangelistic enthusiasm with which his rank-and-file admirers speak of him. Declares Thomas C. Nolan, a Gloucester, Mass., purchasing agent: "If God ever put anybody on this earth who belonged in the White House, it's Henry Cabot Lodge." Says suburban San Francisco's David Winslow, a former Marin County G.O.P. chairman: "In an era when American lives are being lost against a Communist cause on the other side of the world, there's a gentleman named Henry Cabot Lodge in the forefront. We're in an era where the traditional virtues—the honor, duty, country that General MacArthur emphasized—are not supposed to be loudly proclaimed. But I believe people have a thirst in their hearts for these things, and perhaps Lodge embodies them. He is, perhaps, the heir of a tradition which we covertly admire in our hearts, and are too bashful to talk about."

And so it goes. "He's an All-American boy out in the paddyfields blasting away at the Commies," says William Parker, a Los Angeles industrial relations consultant. Says Mrs. Adelia C. Shanks of Little Rock: "Lodge has not been one of those Lawd, Lawd, candidates. He's done, he's done silently from the heart." Even a Gol[illegible] Lead-Francisco's *Republi*[illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

er Ned Turkington, concedes: "The gentleman has grooming. He represents generation upon generation of a family devoted to public service."

The Blithe Spirits. The Lodge following is *decidedly* amateur. Closest to being professional politicians are Lodge's son George, 36, a former Assistant Secretary of Labor, who shares with his father the distinction of having been defeated for the U.S. Senate by a Kennedy, and New York Lawyer Maxwell Rabb, 53, an Eisenhower man who served as Ike's Cabinet secretary and White House adviser on minority affairs. Rabb accepted the job of national director of the Draft Lodge Committee after former Republican National Committee Chairman Leonard Hall turned it down. His strategy is simple in concept, but difficult to execute. "There is a connection," he says, "between popular approval and delegate approval, and our job is to prove it. We've got a candidate who can win not only a primary, but the election itself."

AP

CAPTAIN LODGE (1940)

Rabb, for one, believes that Lodge should stay right on in Saigon, waging war against Communism and declining to come home and get mixed up in the political battle. On this point, there is disagreement within the loose Lodge organization. Robert Mullen, a Washington public relations man now working as national coordinator of the Draft Lodge Committee, argues that the ambassador ought to come home right after Oregon.

The fact is that the Lodge people simply do not know what their man intends to do—and among those who are most interested but too busy to fret about it are Lodge's top field workers, a frolicking Massachusetts foursome who are having a barrelful of fun spending buckets of money they haven't got. Still owing $7,500 of the $25,000 cost of their New Hampshire campaign, they remain intoxicated with that triumph and have committed themselves to pouring $75,000 into Oregon. Explains the group's leader, Paul Grindle, 43, a bouncy scientific instruments importer: "Everyone says we can't contract for things without having the money. Then they give you some money because they don't want you to go to jail. This is as good a technique of raising it as any. Tell me a better one."

Grindle and Aides David Goldberg, 34, Sally Saltonstall, 23, niece of the Massachusetts Senator, and Caroline Williams, 23, work out of a barnlike two-story building in Portland, embellished with huge portraits of Lodge as a combat officer, at the U.N., with Ike, and with a wounded G.I. in Viet Nam. The Lodge organizers throw fancy titles around to volunteer workers with abandon, which inspires pride and makes for impressive letterheads. Explains Goldberg: "We don't care what they call themselves. Anyone who wants a title can have one."

About a third of the Lodge campaign budget goes into mail solicitation of voting pledges, another third into a TV campaign showing a 1960 film with Eisenhower extolling Lodge; the last is spent for miscellaneous items—and with a miscellaneous organization, there are plenty of these. Money is so scarce that when the girls forget to stuff an envelope, they carefully pry it open, insert the literature quickly, sit on the envelope to make it stick again. Yet the whole thing is done in a blithe-spirit fashion. Among Grindle's instructions to volunteer helpers: "It is a *happy* campaign. Smile and be pleasant. We think that's terribly important—that we not be grim."

Considering such dedicated workers, such widespread popularity, such pollster and primary election evidences of strength, why is there so much doubt that Henry Cabot Lodge will be the Republican presidential nominee? One reason is that Lodge's popularity with the Republican rank and file—which is the political phenomenon of 1964—is matched by his unpopularity with G.O.P. professionals, the people who go to conventions.

The Air. Among regular Republicans Lodge has never been one of the boys. There is about him a sort of aboveall air that for years made him an object of suspicion in many party circles. This feeling came to a climax during the 1960 campaign, when Lodge was Nixon's running mate. Even while conceding that Nixon did almost everything possible to bollix it up, many Republicans still believe that Lodge added the last losing touches.

They recall his reluctance to make more than one big speech a day, insisting that he spent too much of his time napping in hotel suites. They contend that national Republican campaign managers had to cut his appearance schedule in half, that he often refused to share either cocktails or dinner

WALTER BENNETT

CANDIDATES NIXON & LODGE (1960)

"Only a fool would choose to play it safe."

with local hosts, whisking onto the scene only to deliver his speech and then disappearing. They say he even declined to ride in cars with lesser candidates, declaring: "I ride only with my wife."

Most of the complaints come, of course, from Republican leaders already committed to other 1964 possibilities. But they are a significant factor in the campaign.

Says Arizona's Governor Paul Fannin, a true-blue Goldwater man for obvious reasons: "If Lodge had bested himself even one-half as hard as Goldwater did, or even one-half as hard as Rockefeller did, Nixon would be in the White House today." Declares New York Lieutenant Governor Paul Laxalt: "We don't want a guy who is going to sit on his big fat duff like he did in 1960." Says one of Nixon's top 1960 aides, a Californian: "I don't know any politician anywhere who worked in the Lodge campaign who isn't bitter about Lodge."

In Virginia, Richmond Republican Leader Richard Poage charges that Lodge "was lazy as hell during

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

campaign—he helped defeat the ticket." Recalls a Western manager for the 1960 ticket: "We had a big event scheduled for Lodge in Albuquerque. He got as far as St. Louis, then had to turn back home as his nerves were frazzled and he was worn out physically." New York State Chairman Fred Young calls Lodge "a tea-and-crumpets candidate."

Lodge's name is anathema in the South, where Republicans this year hope to pick up some electoral votes even against Lyndon Johnson. Texas' National Committeeman Albert Fay bitterly remembers how Vice Presidential Candidate Lodge, without consulting anyone, made a Harlem speech pledging the Nixon Administration to appoint a Negro as a Cabinet member. Nixon publicly disavowed the promise, but the damage was done. "That murdered us in Texas," says Fay, who also canceled a Lodge appearance in Houston when Lodge refused to stay at a segregated hotel. Says Florida State Chairman Tom Fairfield Brown: "You know, when he came to Miami, he wanted to play *Yankee Doodle* at the rally. Now, that's a fine song, but it's not the sort of thing you play down here. We had a hard time persuading him to drop it."

The Other Side. Other Republican professionals note that Lodge is a two-time loser who has not won an election in 18 years. True enough, but that is only part of the story. Lodge has nothing to be ashamed of in his record at the polling places. He won his first five times out: twice for terms in the Massachusetts legislature, three times for the U.S. Senate. He did lose to Jack Kennedy in 1952, which is no disgrace in Massachusetts, and it is hardly fair to blame Lodge for the Nixon-Lodge ticket's squeaky 1960 defeat. Rather, Nixon might have been better off if he had listened to Lodge's advice.

For one thing, Lodge strongly argued against Nixon's debating Kennedy on television; after all, Lodge had had some experience with Kennedy, and knew he was a fast fellow on his feet. Lodge also considered it poor tactics for the well-known Nixon to debate the lesser-known Kennedy. For another thing, Lodge urged Nixon to concentrate less on the South, more on the big industrial centers of the North and Midwest. Lodge also wanted to imprint some of his foreign policy ideas on the Nixon campaign, but he had trouble even passing them along, much less seeing the presidential candidate and talking things over. "Much of the time," recalls a Lodge aide, "we had almost no liaison with the Nixon camp."

The charge that he was lazy in his 1960 campaign enrages Lodge. He concedes that even under the pressures of a national campaign, he was relaxed enough to settle back on a sofa and snooze for 20 minutes or so. But he sees nothing whatever wrong about that. Instead, he often told his aides: "Two things are vital in any campaign. You have to stay well, and you have to stay in character."

Lodge makes no apology for the cutback in his campaign schedule. He simply saw no sense in trying to hit every hamlet and crossroad in the U.S. "I'm not running for alderman," he once exploded. "I'm running for Vice President." Thus, after one trip to Plattsburg, N.Y., where only a handful of people showed up, Lodge complained: "What a waste of time. I was shaking hands with myself."

Even the most loyal of Lodge's 1960 aides do admit that the promise of a Negro Cabinet member was a mistake—but they exonerate Lodge of the blame. Lodge, they say, had been booked suddenly for a Harlem speech. But during that day, he had several conferences on, plus work to be done on a foreign policy address to be delivered later at a major rally. He therefore instructed a couple of speechwriters to work up a talk that contained some positive proposals, not mere pious platitudes. The Negro Cabinet-member proposal was the result, and Lodge was dismayed when he saw it. But advance copies of the speech had already been delivered to the press, so Lodge decided to go ahead with it. As a final irony, it turned out that the appearance was in Spanish Harlem, where the voters cared very little about having a Negro Cabinet member.

Policy Line. After the election Lodge joined Time Inc. as a foreign affairs consultant, later became the first director-general of the newly formed Atlantic Institute, a private organization that promotes Atlantic unity.

Lodge had long since put in for an overseas post under the Kennedy Administration. In the spring of 1961, he volunteered his services to Secretary of State Dean Rusk "in any meaningful capacity." Nothing came of it for two years, until Lodge met Kennedy at a dinner honoring Lauris Norstad, retiring Supreme Allied Commander in Europe. The two got to talking, and Kennedy was impressed by Lodge's continuing desire to work in the national interest. Two weeks later the President sent his military aide, Major General Ted Clifton, to ask Lodge if he wanted to return to public life. Replied Lodge crisply: "Sure, if the assignment is tough enough."

It was all of that.

Lodge got to Saigon just as the Diem regime was afflicted with what Mme. Nhu rather indelicately referred to as the "Buddhist barbecues." There are those today who argue that Lodge, as the chief instrument for carrying out the policies of a Democratic Administration in South Viet Nam, cannot reasonably be the Republican presidential nominee. If that is the case, Lodge does not want the nomination, for he fully associates himself with the Kennedy and Johnson policies. Says he: "My attitude was and is exactly the same as that articulated by President Kennedy, which is to say that, as of last summer, changes in both personnel and policy were badly needed in South Viet Nam. That was a policy line I was expected to implement, and it was a policy with which I thoroughly concurred. If I had not, I would not have taken the job."

Lodge insists that neither he nor the Kennedy Administration wanted Diem overthrown by a military coup, although he was aware that one was highly possible. "After all," he explains, "when a government makes a practice of such things as yanking young girls out of their homes at 3 o'clock in the morning and sending them off to some camp for some real or fancied [illegible] it is setting in force some [illegible] sic and powerful em[illegible]

EDMUND Y. LEE

LODGE VOLUNTEERS IN PORTLAND, ORE., 1964
"Smile and be pleasant."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EMILY LODGE SHOPPING IN SAIGON
Fascinating sounds and sun-rotted fish.

he says, wanted "oppressive and inhuman" practices stopped, urged religious freedom and wanted Diem's malevolent brother Ngo Dinh Nhu sent into exile. But "absolutely nothing" was done "either to stimulate or thwart a coup."

Lodge says he desperately tried to save Diem and Nhu from death. "I was with Diem the morning of the coup and had gone home to lunch. I was eating when the firing began in the streets. Later in the afternoon I talked with Diem on the telephone and offered him safe-conduct out of the country. Even at that late date, I'm sure we could have delivered on that promise, and I'm reasonably sure the generals would later have accepted Diem's return as head of state. But Diem rejected the offer, and their deaths followed. It was needless and it was tragic."

For a While, Daylight. At first Lodge had hopes for the success of the junta's top general, Duong Van Minh. "Minh actually had been doing pretty well. We had a couple of good days out in the provinces, and people were beginning to respond to him. I actually thought I could see daylight ahead."

Then came another coup, which Lodge prefers to call "a shaking out of the knots and kinks" rather than a second coup. Lodge's reaction: "My first thought was, dammit, why did this have to happen?" But when Lodge met the new Vietnamese leader, General Nguyen Khanh, he was impressed. "He was obviously intelligent, obviously patriotic and obviously tough. Moreover, he seemed willing to listen to what we had to suggest, and if a change had to be made, well, then we couldn't ask for anything better than that."

Just as he always did at the U.N., Lodge considers his role as ambassador much more than a mere administrative function, explains: "In a job such as this I'm expected to give advice. I'm here to execute foreign policy, of course, but I'm also here to contribute to its formulation. In a place as active as South Viet Nam, the President of the U.S. must depend on his top man to help formulate policy on the spot."

To most Vietnamese, the 6-ft. 3-in. Lodge, towering over them as he mops his brow in the hot sun and exchanges light banter in excellent French, is a much-revered figure. His wife, Emily, who loves to shop for vegetables in Saigon's sidewalk stalls and is learning Vietnamese from a tutor ("I don't do much more than make sounds, but it's fascinating"), is popular too. Lodge delights the local folk by spreading foul-smelling Nuoc Mam, a sauce made from sun-rotted fish, on Vietnamese dishes and acting as though it were edible. General Khanh regards Lodge almost as a father figure, recently told an American newsman: "If his people call him, then he has no choice, he must go back to the U.S. If he does that, I ask only one thing: that you send us another Lodge—another straightforward man whose word can be trusted."

Will Lodge actually return to the U.S. to run for the nomination? No one knows but Lodge himself. He feels deeply that he still has a vital duty to perform in Viet Nam. He is also most reluctant to plunge back into the hurly-burly of American politics.

Excitement & Responsibility. Yet Cabot Lodge is a man with a strong sense of mission. Said he in a recent moment of reflection about his present job: "Sometimes I wonder how I ever got here. Then I remember that I'm no youngster any more, that I'm a grandfather many times over, and I've been a very fortunate man. I've had a life full of great excitement and great responsibility, and it's the combination of those two that makes life worth living, gives it its flavor. You take those things into account, and you understand that I felt that if there were any way in which I could invest what's left of my life in doing something my country needed, then that's what I should do, whatever the price.

"If you can do something that's worthwhile, that contributes, however little, to your country, and if you can have some fun while you're doing it—why, only a fool would choose to pl it safe."

The Dream. This feeling presumab extends to Lodge's sentiments about a tively seeking the Republican nomin tion. He is known to believe that Bar Goldwater would be a disaster to t G.O.P. if nominated, and to the U.S. elected. Those closest to him say th the only thing that would get him ba to the U.S. before the July 13 San Fra cisco convention would be an effort stop Goldwater.

For that, it may already be too la By most counts, Goldwater already h at least 550 of the 655 delegates need for a first ballot nomination, could s up the rest by convention time. The d namics—or lack of them—of the R publican Party so far this year ha favored the man who is out collectin delegates, not the man who is winnin the polls and primaries. One reason that many Republicans feel that nobod not even a vote getter like Lodge, ca beat Democrat Johnson in November.

But this defeatist attitude is pretty si ly. Sure as his political moves have been Johnson could still stumble politically. And healthy as the President may seem, there is always that dread possibility o disablement or worse. The Republica nomination is therefore nothing to giv away for the mere asking.

Lodge's backers hope for a big Ore gon win, are moving to stop Goldwat by backing Rockefeller in the June winner-take-all primary in Californ where Lodge is not on the ballot, writ ins are not allowed, and 86 delegat are at stake.

But most of all, the Lodgemen have dream, and it goes something like this

It is only a few weeks before the R publican National Convention. A tran Pacific jet lands at Los Angeles Inter tional Airport. Henry Cabot Lodge ge out, speeds away to the Palm Des cottage of his old boss and frien Dwight Eisenhower. There, before hu dreds of newsmen and a battery television cameras, Ike throws an a around Lodge, extols his virtues a without naming Goldwater, decla that what the Republican Party need a candidate after his own ideal of "p gressive Republicanism." Despite t send-off, Lodge still insists that he is seeking the nomination. Rather, he s he is in the U.S. because "I am Amb sador to Viet Nam, here to try to a the American people to the situation the Far East, to its well-known dang and also to the chances for victory." this basis, he appears on scores of t vision programs, addresses a joint s sion of the Congress. Meanwhile, war is stepped up in Viet Nam, and ports of battles won are on the fir pages. Delegates begin wavering, th turning to Lodge. The stampede is o and there can be no doubt about name of the G.O.P. standard-bearer.

A foolish fantasy? Perhaps. But is one of the most enchanting th about U.S. politics: dreams can and come true.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Down in the Dumps

Barry Goldwater ordinarily is an amiable sort, a man with an earthy sense of humor who enjoys a drink with friends. With delegates entering his camp in ever-increasing numbers, he ought to be feeling good. He isn't. The hard campaign for the Republican nomination is getting on his nerves.

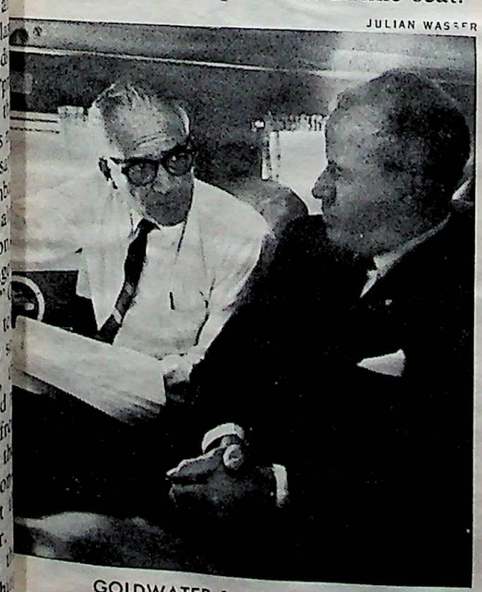
On a recent trip to Atlanta, Goldwater stepped from his plane, strode wordlessly through a cheering crowd. A radio reporter popped up with a microphone, asked: "How was the trip, Senator?" Goldwater just scowled. An admiring girl tried to clap a big white hat on his head. Goldwater shoved it away, snapping: "I don't want that." The radio reporter tried again. Goldwater spoke a few words, but the reporter wanted more. Goldwater pushed the mike away and growled: "Get that damn thing out of here."

"I'm Through." He later apologized for his impatience. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm a little tired." His aides could wholeheartedly agree with that statement. Says one: "The pressure of the whole thing has really been getting him down. You know, he's always had a hot temper, and we used to joke about the day he'd punch some fresh jerk in the mouth. Let me tell you that in the past month or so it's ceased to be a joke."

At the Sacramento airport late one night, Goldwater was greeted by about 100 boosters chanting "We want Barry." Goldwater turned to California Campaign Manager Bill Knowland and said angrily: "I'm not going to get off this plane until you get those people away from here." And again, in home town Phoenix, Barry was annoyed when a few newsmen and a dozen or so autograph-hunting youngsters met him at the airport. He crossly told an aide: "I don't want this to ever happen again."

More and more, Goldwater complains that because of his coast-to-coast campaign commuting, "my backside is taking on the shape of an airline seat."

JULIAN WASSER



GOLDWATER & AIDE AIRBORNE
The question is when to take off.

In mid-April he returned from a hectic California trip and laid down the law to his staff. "If this is the way it's going to be," he said, "I'm through."

"I'm Leaving." With that, Goldwater cut his campaign schedule in half. Now, instead of spending eleven more days in California before the primary, he plans to spend only five. "But of course," he adds, "if the convention chooses me, then we'll start doing it differently. Then we'll have to take off."

Last week he took off instead for four days of golf at West Virginia's Greenbrier resort. "I have told Greenbrier," he said, "that the first time a reporter or photographer shows up, I'm leaving."

PRIMARIES

More of the Backlash

This appears to be a great year for losers in U.S. politics. Last week, in Indiana's presidential primary, Barry Goldwater rolled up 260,557 votes, won all the state's 32 Republican Convention delegates. But who got the headlines? Why, none other than GOPerennial Harold Stassen, who got 104,200 of what can only be described as protest votes.

On the Democratic side, Governor Matthew Welsh, a favorite-son stand-in for President Johnson, amassed 368,401 votes. But who got the headlines? Why, none other than Alabama's trouble-hunting Governor George Wallace, with 170,146.

Wallace campaigned in Indiana as "a man with a mission," spent about $50,000 on his effort against what he calls the "civil wrongs" bill. In conservative Indiana, he hoped to surpass the 34% of the Democratic vote he received in last month's Wisconsin primary. His 29.8% fell short of the mark, but Wallace took it as a triumph anyway. "This vote," he cried, "is shaking the eyeteeth of the liberals in both parties."

At that, civil rights forces did have cause for concern, for the Indiana voting showed the so-called white "backlash" still in evidence. Wallace actually carried populous Lake County, which includes industrial, heavily unionized Gary, Hammond and East Chicago. He also won in adjacent Porter County, a recently developed steel center that has been afflicted with racial conflict. If the backlash in such areas continues through November, it could cause serious trouble for the national Democratic ticket.

In his own Alabama, Wallace scored the first real victory of his noisy presidential campaign. Alabama's voters overwhelmingly chose a Wallace-backed slate of ten presidential electors over a slate, endorsed by U.S. Senators Lister Hill and John Sparkman, pledged to support the national Democratic ticket. What that means is that Alabamians will probably not be able to vote for Lyndon Johnson in November, since his electors will not be on the ballot. And no matter how Alabamians vote, the Wallace electors will do as Wallace says.

AP

BOB TAFT & WIFE
Slow and steady won the race.

Young Bob

Ohio Republicans figure to send another Senator Taft to Washington next year. As a first step, they gave Robert Taft Jr., 47, an immensely impressive primary victory last week over Ohio Secretary of State Ted W. Brown, a respectable vote getter who has been winning in statewide elections for 14 years. The count: Taft, 605,505; Brown, 160,504.

"Young Bob," as he is inevitably known, is no boy wonder. The grandson of a U.S. President and the son of a man who came to be known as "Mr. Republican," Bob Taft, Jr., always wanted to make the political grade on his own. By deliberate decision he spent a decade in a slow but steady rise in Ohio politics. He served four terms in the state legislature, the last as its majority leader. In 1962 he turned back the pleas of old family friends that he run for the Senate against Democrat Frank Lausche, stood instead for U.S. Congressman-at-large and won 60% of the vote.

Toward the end of this year's primary campaign, Brown hitched himself securely to the Barry Goldwater bandwagon, attacked Taft as a liberal. Taft replied in words his father might have used. "I," he said, "am a thinking conservative."

In November, Taft will face salty Democratic Senator Stephen M. Young, 75, who easily won renomination over an opponent who was officially absent from the race: Astronaut John Glenn, still ailing from a bathroom fall almost three months ago. Young got 515,362 votes to 201,175 from never-say-die Glenn admirers.

A Taft-Glenn contest would have been fascinating. But on the basis of his showing last week, young Bob could probably take on a couple of Youngs with a John Glenn for good measure.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Off the Sideline

Oklahoma happens to be football-happy, and for 17 years the state's No. 1 hero has been Bud Wilkinson, now 48, coach of the always dangerous Oklahoma University Sooners.

Tall, slim, clean-living Bud Wilkinson has for some time shown signs of political ambition. Both parties vied energetically for his allegiance. Thus it was to vast Democratic dismay and great Republican rejoicing that Wilkinson last February announced his candidacy for the G.O.P. nomination for U.S. Senator.

On the campaign field, Wilkinson was disappointing, proving himself mostly a master of the end run around issues and of the long-bomb cliché. "I believe with all my heart that it is high time for common sense in fiscal affairs," cried Wilkinson across the state. When that didn't set the electorate on fire, Wilkinson declared: "We must conduct our foreign affairs with confidence and dignity befitting the greatest nation." That one didn't score many touchdowns either, so Wilkinson came up with the old Statue of Liberty declaration. "We must," he thundered, "act with unwavering courage." When asked if he was a liberal or a conservative, Minnesota-born Wilkinson said only: "I'm an Oklahoman." And when he was questioned about how he felt toward a right-to-work law, a hot issue in the state, he blandly replied: "That's for the citizens to decide."

No matter. Such is Coach Wilkinson's standing in Oklahoma that he easily won his party's nomination, piling up 105,044 votes to 19,170 for his nearest opponent. But November's Election Bowl could be a different matter. There Wilkinson will face the May 26th winner of a runoff between incumbent Democrat J. Howard Edmondson, a former Governor, and State Senator Fred Harris. Neither of these is any great breakaway runner, but after all, Oklahoma has only had one Republican Senator in the last 33 years.

Deep in the Heart of It

Texas' Republican presidential primary was low-key and lackluster. Practically no bandwagons, billboards or ballyhoo enlivened the political landscape. They weren't needed, since the state already was buttoned up for Goldwater. In the Republican voting, he got 100,823 votes, 75% of the total cast. Following him was Write-In Candidate Lodge, with 11,803. Rockefeller, who tried to keep his name off the ballot, got 5,998.

The Republican Senate primary was more lively. Four men ran—each trying to sound more devoted to Goldwater than the others. Houston Oilman George Bush, 40, the son of former Connecticut Senator Prescott Bush, finished first with 62,574 votes, must vie in a June 6 runoff against Democrat-turned-Republican Jack Cox, 42, a Houston businessman, who got 46% of the 1962 gubernatorial vote against Democrat John Connally. This time Cox got 44,080.

The winner of the Bush-Cox runoff will face Senator Ralph Yarborough, who beat Radio Station Owner-Announcer Gordon McLendon, 43, after a cactus-nasty campaign in the Democratic primary. McLendon, who bills himself on-air as "the Old Scotchman," made shameless use of his radio outlets to boost his own candidacy, rattled on for months before the primary about the liberal tendencies of "Smilin' Ralph". The vote: Yarborough 903,211, against 671,806 for the Scotchman.

In Texas' Democratic gubernato primary campaign, Governor Con allowed as how he would keep th going pretty much the way he had ing his first term. His opponent, H ton Attorney Don Yarborough, a lib who is no kin to the liberal Sena belittled the Governor's achieveme ended up buried under a Connally la slide—1,124,700 to 471,874. Conn faces no meaningful Republican op sition in November.

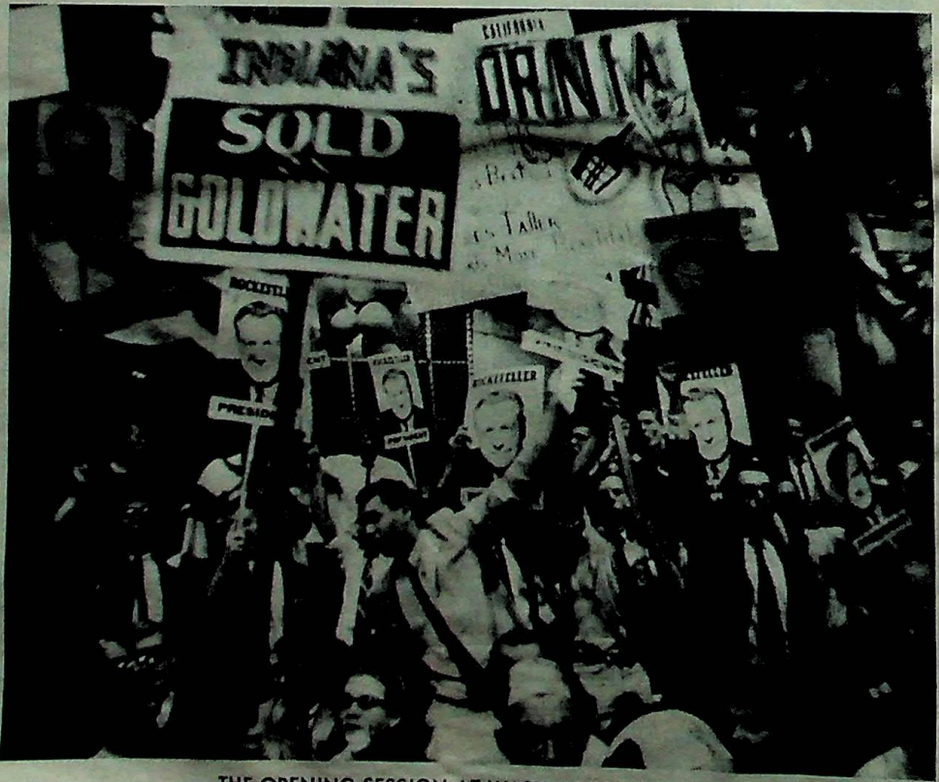
POLITICS

Amid the Rah-Rah: Reality

People who think U.S. college are apathetic might change their mi after watching that widespread qu rennial campus phenomenon—the mo political convention.

Biggest and boomingest of them held in the Washington and Lee U versity gymnasium in Lexington, V last week. The 1,256 just-prete Republican delegates were in dead e nest. Months ago they had polled rea life G.O.P. state leaders, learned ho they might vote at the real Republic convention in July. Now the kids we committed to vote as nearly like t actual delegation as possible—so ma so that many mock delegations go stream of telephoned instructions fr real politicians throughout the conv tion. Beside that, tough-minded thoroughly grown-up G.O.P. pro sionals backing Rockefeller, Goldw and Scranton were in town push their candidates. They brought mo for convention expenses: $800 fr Rocky's camp, $400 from Goldwa $100 each from the war chests Scranton, Nixon and Lodge.

The keynote speaker was no m orator either. Former Minnesota C gressman Walter Judd, who perfor the same function at the 1960 Re



THE OPENING SESSION AT WASHINGTON AND LEE

On the sidelines, the pros were coaching.

JUDD ORATING

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

lican Convention in Chicago, told the collegians: "We must get a Republican elected who understands the world situation and not one who will crawl to get a concession. You've got five months to save the U.S. and save the world. Work hard!"*

In the voting, the Washington and Lee delegates nominated Barry Goldwater on the second ballot, named Pennsylvania's Governor Scranton his running mate. Through it all, Barry stayed near a phone in Washington, was plugged into the gymnasium public-address system minutes after he won and said solemnly, "I accept with great humility. I hope and pray it is a good omen for July and November."

Among dozens of other mock Republican conventions held on U.S. college campuses this spring:

▶ At Ohio's Oberlin College, which boasts the oldest campus convention in the U.S. (the first was in 1860), delegates picked Scranton on the fourth ballot, chose Kentucky Senator Thruston Morton for Vice President.

▶ At Vanderbilt, delegates from 34 colleges showed up, orated for six hours and six ballots before they picked Nixon for President, were so exhausted they then took less than 20 minutes to name Morton as his running mate.

▶ At California's Claremont Colleges, spring-fevered delegates came within a whisker of nominating Bishop Homer Aubrey Tomlinson of the Theocratic Party as the Republican candidate, cooled off by the second ballot and picked Scranton, with Oregon's Governor Mark Hatfield for Vice President.

▶ At Wellesley, where delegates from 50 colleges assembled, campus cops shut off the lights in the auditorium just as vociferous Goldwater backers were steamrolling toward victory. Crafty Rockefeller supporters had spread the rumor to police that a riot was in the works, and the convention broke up in the dark without naming a candidate.

▶ At Morgan State College, a Negro school in Maryland, Scranton got 720 votes, Rockefeller 323 and Goldwater, a nonadvocate of the civil rights bill, a meager 99.

▶ At Brooklyn College, delegates from 25 colleges yelled, pushed and got in a convention-floor fist fight before they picked Goldwater and Morton.

▶ At City College's Baruch School of Business Administration in New York, delegates argued about whether Martin Luther King, 35, is old enough to be nominated for President (he is), finally picked Scranton, with New York Senator Jacob Javits as Vice President.

▶ At Ohio University, delegates rode motorcycles through the gymnasium, watched coeds do a striptease, then picked Henry Cabot Lodge and Michigan's Governor George Romney.

* In 1956, the Washington and Lee keynoter was former Vice President Alben W. Barkley, who uttered his last sentence—"I would rather be a servant in the house of the Lord than sit in the seats of the mighty"—and fell dead at the podium.

MASSACHUSETTS

Corruption Is Commonplace

"It has been quite a week," sighed Massachusetts Attorney General Edward Brooke. And that was an understatement. For even the Massachusetts Statehouse, where corruption is commonplace, had not seen anything like this in a long while.

A grand jury last week indicted 26 individuals and nine corporations on 217 counts involving bribery and conspiracy. The charges were the result of work by a seven-man crime commission set up in 1962 by Republican Governor John Volpe. The biggest name involved was that of Democrat John Thompson, 43, hard-drinking speaker of the Massachusetts house, whose tight-fisted control of the legislature earned him the nickname, the "Iron Duke."

Thompson was charged with conspiring to thwart state control of the profitable small-loan industry through bribery and legislative manipulation. Indicted with him was Republican Charles Gibbons, 62, a former house speaker appointed by Volpe to head a special commission supervising construction of a $60 million state-government center in Boston. Frank S. Giles, 48, state police chief appointed by Volpe and recently suspended, was charged with perjury before the crime commission.

The apparent hero of the massive dust-up was Attorney General Brooke, the nation's highest Negro elective-officeholder, who ramrodded commission findings through to the grand jury. But Brooke too had problems. As the indictments emerged, he admitted that he had been under income tax investigation by the Internal Revenue Service for the last 16 months. The IRS has made no charges, but nonetheless took trouble to interview Brooke's father on his deathbed last November in its quest for information. Brooke's lawyers insist that the IRS efforts add up to a flagrant case of harassment.

DISASTERS

The Way Out

Five thousand feet high and 40 miles out of San Francisco, a Pacific Air Lines turboprop F-27 checked in with the approach control tower at nearby Oakland. The radio conversation was routine until the last transmission from the plane, which was garbled. Control called: "Say again." But at that very moment the F-27 was screaming toward the earth to crash in an explosion of flame.

PILOT CLARK

AP

CRASH SCENE IN CALIFORNIA

After the shout, nothing.

Pilot Ernest Clark, his copilot, stewardess and all 41 passengers were killed. Many of the passengers were returning from the gaming tables at Reno.

A task force of investigators began probing for the cause of the crash. Over and over again they played back a tape-recording of the last radio transmission to Oakland Control. The only clue, they felt, lay in the garbled call from the plane. Finally, with special playback equipment, the garble began to make sense. It was the voice of the pilot or copilot. He had shouted, "I've been shot! I've been shot! Oh God! Help!" There was nothing else.

At the crash site searchers found a Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum with six empty shells in its chambers. In the first hours of study, there was no way to tell whether both the pilot and copilot had been shot, or just one of the men, or whether it was bullet damage that had destroyed the mechanism operating the plane's control surfaces.

In a matter of hours, investigators traced the revolver to Passenger Frank Gonzales, 27, a member of the Philippine yachting team in the 1960 Olympics, who later moved to San Francisco. He had bought more than $50,000 in flight insurance, had named his estranged wife as beneficiary. Gonzales had a penchant for gambling, [illegible] to the suspicion that he [illegible] in Reno and had [illegible] horrible way [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

UNITED NATIONS

A Case of Dodocide

In a set speech straight from the Communist handbook, Soviet Delegate Pavel Shakhov declared in the U.N. that "brutal" British colonizers have methodically oppressed and exploited the "indigenous inhabitants" of Mauritius, the Seychelles and St. Helena. Actually, replied Britain's Cecil Edward King last week, the situation "is even worse than the Soviet delegate realizes."

On Mauritius, said Delegate King, "I am afraid the original inhabitants were all liquidated within a few years of the arrival of the first explorers. They were birds of the species Dodo,* which is extinct and thus unable to press its claim to be granted independence on the basis of one bird, one vote." As for the Seychelles, King pointed out, "the original inhabitants were giant tortoises. Fortunately, these are not completely extinct, but they have shown no interest in political advance." On St. Helena, "the first explorers record the presence of pheasants, partridges and other birds, including the wide-awake or hack-backed tern, but alas, no indigenous inhabitants."

King did not deny Shakhov's charge that St. Helena's present-day population has an infant mortality rate of 33.6 per 1,000. Instead, he referred the Russian to the U.N. statistical yearbook, which lists several European nations as having even higher rates. Among them: "Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, Rumania and the Soviet Union."

* Properly—and appropriately—known as *Didus ineptus*, the Dodo was an ungainly, turkeylike bird that could not fly. As U.S. Humorist Will Cuppy wrote: "The Dodo seems to have been invented for the sole purpose of becoming extinct, and that was all he was good for." Not quite. It was the far-from-dead Dodo in *Alice in Wonderland* who organized the Caucus-race.

DIDUS INEPTUS IN "WONDERLAND"
No bird, no vote.

Let 'Em Stand

When Malta's 129,649 voters approved independence by a small majority last week, their tiny Mediterranean island joined Malawi, Zambia and Tanzan* in a gaggle of emergent nations that are twisting tongues and ending any pretense of proportional representation in the U.N. Others clamoring for nationhood include British Guiana (pop. 620,000), Southern Rhodesia (4,000,000), Bechuanaland (335,000) and Angola (circa 5,000,000).

In time, no doubt, all the rest of the non-Soviet world's 40-50 million people now living under some kind of colonial administration will also join the parade, even though they mostly inhabit hundreds of tiny islands and enclaves that have few of the ethnic and economic prerequisites for nationhood. If the 100 million non-Russian residents of the Soviet Union could have their way, such new nations as Azerbaijan and Yakutia would also be independently seated in the U.N.

As it is, each new state enjoys one vote in the U.N. General Assembly—as do all the major powers save the Soviet Union, which wheedled three votes for itself at the San Francisco Conference in 1945. U.N. officials see no way of stopping this proliferation, and in a stop-gap move to accommodate it, the General Assembly Hall has just been redone to seat 126 national delegations, 14 more than present membership. After that, presumably, there will be standing room only.

* Nyasaland (pop. circa 3,500,000) will be known as Malawi after independence, July 6; Northern Rhodesia (3,500,000) will become Zambia Oct. 24; the United Republic of Tanganyika and Zanzibar, pop. circa 10 million, is already a member of the U.N.

COMMUNISTS

The Afro-Asian Arab

It was quite an entourage. Accompanied by his family, his Foreign Minister, the editors of Pravda and Izvestia, and star performers from the Bolshoi Ballet and Moscow Circus, Nikita Khrushchev arrived in Egypt last week. His stated purpose for the trip was the inauguration of the Aswan High Dam's first stage—a project into which Russia has pumped $272 million and at least six engineers' lives.

In fact Khrushchev's first visit to Africa was a shrewdly timed riposte to Red China's Premier Chou En-lai, who spent two months stumping Africa last year. Chou's blatantly racist pitch sought to raise what Moscow called "a great Chinese wall" of prejudice between white and colored races in hopes of driving Khrushchev's brand of Communism out of Africa. To demonstrate the practical difference between the rival camps, Nikita came to Egypt bearing gifts: $164 million in aid and credits above the $400 million Moscow had already allocated. "We Russians," runs Moscow's current line, "are Afro-Asian Arabs too."

After touring Alexandria's narrow, flag-festooned streets in an open Cadillac, Khrushchev and Egypt's President Nasser boarded an air-conditioned railroad car for a tumultuous whistle-stop tour of the Nile Delta. The fellahin fêted all over their beaming visitor, and when the train pulled into Cairo's Ramses Station, repainted for the first time since it was built at the turn of the century, half a million Egyptians lined the route to the Kubbeh Palace. It was the largest crowd in Cairo since the revolution in 1952, and as Nikita dropped off to sleep in the gingerbread edifice where boy King "Freddy" Farouk used to frolic, he could rest assured that he was the most loved visitor to Egypt since Antony barged in on Cleopatra.

Nikita's Boy

The next of kin of Russia's great have often lived in fear and died in horror. Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great slew their sons; Catherine the Great killed her husband. Stalin shot his wife in 1934, later tried perhaps to make amends by corrupting his son Vasily with unearned honors that did him little good; in 1962 truculent Vasily died in exile, probably from alcoholism.

In this, as in most other respects, Nikita Khrushchev's style is more bourgeois than Borgia. His only son Sergei, a bespectacled engineer who shuns the limelight the way Papa relishes it. What really interests Sergei Nikitovich Khrushchev is butterflies and home movies.

SERGEI NIKITOVICH IN ENGLAND
No Monster, no Ben Hur.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Before joining Papa in Cairo this week, Sergei, now 29, visited London with a top-drawer delegation of Soviet aviation experts headed by Air Minister Petr Dementiev. Outranked by most of his associates, he remained respectfully mum in their presence. Most of the time he was too busy to talk. As the delegation was feted and followed for twelve days through Britain's top aircraft plants, at banquets, soccer matches, theatrical performances and historic monuments in England, Scotland and the Channel Islands, Sergei got enough 16-mm. cinefilm to reach from Krasnovodsk to Komsomolsk.

On one of his few private side trips, he spent fruitless hours on the shores of Loch Ness, hoping for a shot of the monster. His only other consuming ambition was to see the movie *Ben Hur*. It was not showing anywhere in London, so his British hosts thoughtfully took him to see *How the West Was Won* instead. The West has yet to win Sergei. Given a free shot of whisky at a Scotch distillery, he grimaced: "No, too strong, I prefer dry Georgian wine." But he finished it.

threaten war over Cyprus; London and Washington are at odds over British trade with Cuba; France in effect has withdrawn her navy from NATO command. The most sensitive issue of all promised to be the question of NATO's basic command structure, which has drawn a rising barrage of criticism in recent months. At the heart of the controversy lies the conviction of most NATO members that they should share control of the West's nuclear deterrent with the U.S. Last week Washington made clear its own views on this perennially irksome subject.

In an outspoken address at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic Studies, U.S. Under Secretary of State George Ball emphasized Washington's conviction that the multilateral force represents the only practical means of giving NATO nations partial control of nuclear weapons. As advocated by the U.S. since 1960, MLF would consist of 20 Polaris-armed surface ships manned by mixed allied crews. Though the U.S. would initially retain its veto power over the use of the missiles, the fleet would ultimately be controlled by some form of executive body representing the participating nations. So far, eight NATO members have joined in a working group to examine the MLF proposal, but only West Germany and Italy are demonstrably enthusiastic about it. Though France's own *force de frappe* probably will not be operative until 1967, Charles de Gaulle is the only allied leader who is flatly opposed to MLF. But De Gaulle's nuclear nationalism faces mounting criticism in France: last week in the Paris suburb of Sceaux, a sea of demonstrators shouting "*A bas la bombe!*" rose in flat opposition to the French nuclear force.

Greater Cohesion. Not until Europe has achieved a modicum of political unity, Ball warned, can it expect anything closer to "a true nuclear partnership." The lack of political integration also hamstrings NATO as "an instrument for effective political consultation," and Ball decried the "rigid philosophical differences" that prevent NATO from enforcing sanctions against Cuba. Without naming Britain or France, both of whom trade with Castro, he put his finger on NATO's real problem: its members' "limited sense of world responsibility—as distinct from national interest."

The U.S. is willing to hear Europe's arguments for minor revisions in the NATO command structure. However, said Ball, "effective solutions will not be achieved by tinkering with the structure, but rather by progress in achieving a greater cohesion in relations among the member nations." In short, the allies may well find ways to make NATO work more smoothly and gradually assume greater responsibility for their own nuclear defenses. Meanwhile, in Ball's words, "the burden of decision" will have to rest with the U.S.—not by "deliberate American choice" but because "policy and responsibility cannot be divorced."

UPI

RALLY AGAINST THE *FORCE DE FRAPPE* IN SCEAUX
No divorce between policy and responsibility.

NATO

...cts Without Flowers

Outside, all Holland was ablaze with ...ps, but in one bare-walled room of ...e Hague's Princess Juliana *Kazarne*, ... dominant colors were the army ...en of the ashtrays and the top-secret ... of the wastebaskets. There were no ...vers in the room for the simple rea... that they afford a natural receptacle ... hidden microphones. This week, as ...TO's 15 Foreign Ministers gathered ... their 15th spring meeting around ... long, oval table in that closely ...ded room, the most intimate se... of the Western alliance were up ... discussion.

...artial Control. The agenda also left ...ty of time for interallied acrimony, ...h of late has seemed to be NATO's ... activity. Greece and Turkey

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Understanding Kafka

It was in Prague in the '20s that Franz Kafka wrote his chilling allegories of men condemned to lingering deaths by a malevolent bureaucracy. "People didn't understand him 25 years ago," mused a Czech writer recently. "Now, after 16 years of Communism, they understand Kafka very well."

They should, for Czechoslovakia itself seems today to be smothering in a Kafkaesque nightmare. Prague was once known as the "Golden City." Nowadays it is best seen after dark, for night alone can mask the soot and uncollected refuse that mar its crooked old streets. The only Central European capital that was spared the ravages of World War II, physically and ... logically it seems now to be ... ennui and neglect.

Queues of grey-faced ... workers, all clutching the inevitable scuffed brief-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

KEYSTONE

MAY DAY IN PRAGUE
After the parade, protest.

cases, wait meekly outside shops that offer limited supplies of costly, clumsily packaged frozen meat and fish. Ancient streetcars labor creakily through streets empty of all but the lightest traffic. What few private automobiles there are seem to have escaped from an antique museum. When the government recently began issuing drivers' licenses, many battered Buicks and monstrous Mercedes of prewar vintage returned to the streets after years of exile in garages. Czechoslovakia's railroads, once among the best in Central Europe, today are the worst, and their coal-burning engines add to the gritty smog that cloaks the capital. In Prague's restaurants and bars, Scotch and French cognac sell for $2.50 an ounce. Tipping is simple: all waiters want is a few American cigarettes.

Baron von Novotny. The economy may be chronically short of workers, but it supports a Parkinsonian proliferation of officials. There are 29 "technical" specialists for every 100 production workers in industry as a whole; in some heavy-engineering plants, two out of three employees are "experts." Czech clerks dully obey detailed instructions that minutely specify every routine from stowing their rubber stamps to writing form letters with "psychologically effective opening and closing phrases."

Czechoslovakia's President Antonin Novotny, an unregenerate old-line arch-Stalinist, has doggedly resisted the "liberalization" urged by Moscow. Though Novotny has purged a few of the most loathed and offensive Stalinists from his government, notably ex-Premier Viliam Siroky and colleagues who were responsible for the show trials of 1952, Czechs have no illusions about the nature of the regime. Says one Prague cynic: "Why don't they just come right out and admit what they are? We wouldn't mind if he became Baron von Novotny and had his estates."

The Price of Poetry. In style, if not in name, Novotny leads a baronial life in Prague Castle, high above the city. He seems aloofly indifferent to the restive talk that fills the bars, coffee shops and cabarets in the city below. Prague's pent-up ire came to a head on May Day, when 3,000 students from Charles University gathered for a poetry reading in Kinsky Park before the statue of Romantic Poet Karel Mácha (1810-36). Novotny had banned the students' reading last year, and this time the crowd was infiltrated by plainclothes security cops. Before it could begin, uniformed police surrounded the group and ordered it to break up.

When the students refused, the cops waded in with truncheons and police dogs, arrested 25 "ringleaders." Word of the police action spread, and an hour later nearly 15,000 people gathered in protest at Wenceslas Square around the reviewing stand where Novotny earlier had taken the salute at the mammoth May Day parade. Shouting blatantly counter-revolutionary slogans such as "Long live freedom!" and "Down with the Gestapo!", the crowd withstood another police charge before it dispersed, leaving five more "ringleaders" in police hands.

However, in Prague, unlike other satellite capitals such as Budapest and Warsaw, students' demonstrations have never yet stirred violent reactions from the workers and bureaucrats whose mass support is essential to any serious challenge to the government. The nation's intellectuals also merely reflect discontent; they do not foment it. Indeed, as a venerable, non-Communist Czech author points out, "Novotny shouldn't be afraid of a revolution. No one is interested in politics any more. All anyone wants is to have more fun and more money. And a little, a really modest amount of freedom."

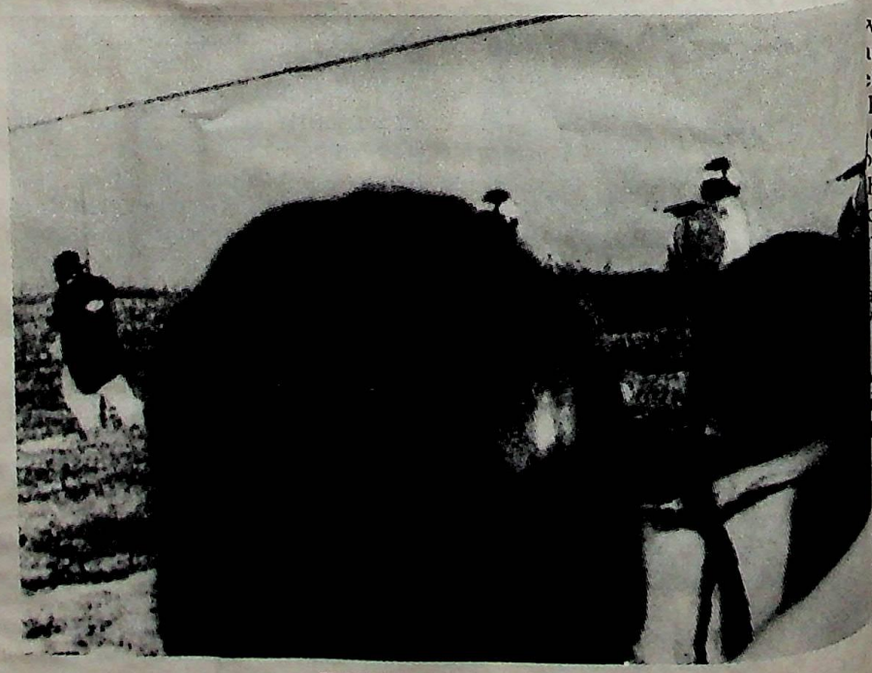
SOUTH VIET NAM

Dynasty's End

At sundown they carried the pris on a stretcher to a soccer field at gon's Chi Hoa prison. A slight man greying hair and steel-rimmed sp cles, ailing from diabetes and a attack, he was lifted to his feet by guards, hung slackly against the a few seconds. Then he walked s by himself across the sparse grass, muring responses to the pith-helm Roman Catholic priest who accom nied him.

The prisoner was strapped to a w en stake and, against his wishes, folded with a black scarf. Then a tary police captain barked an ord the black-helmeted, ten-man squad lined up 30 ft. from the pris and the soldiers raised their U.S.- carbines. The captain shouted: "B (Fire!). There was a ragged v Then the prisoner's body slu against the straps, and blood bega flow over the high-necked black and white silk pantaloons. Pistol dra the captain strode forward, deliv the *coup de grâce* behind the left

Thus did Ngo Dinh Can, 53, br of South Viet Nam's murdered La Ngo Dinh Diem and Ngo Dinh himself meet death last week a hands of his nation's new militar ers. As President Diem's overla central Viet Nam, Can, a toug willful man, kept his region m free of Communist Viet Cong Diem's overthrow, he was arreste tried for murder, illegal arrests an ruption; he was sentenced to di weeks ago. Concerned that the tion might tarnish the image of S U.S.-supported government, Am dor Henry Cabot Lodge appe the regime for clemency, but The government's only gesture o was to allow Can to face a firin rather than die under the gu


EXECUTION OF NGO DINH CAN (LEFT)
On a Saigon soccer field, the coup de grâce.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DIENBIENPHU: Could It Happen Again?

FROM Pyongyang to the Yangtze, Asia's Communists last week celebrated the tenth anniversary of Dienbienphu, the savage battle that cost France her century-old Indo-Chinese empire. In Hanoi, loudspeakers blared a specially composed song, *Liberation of Dienbienphu*, and thousands of North Vietnamese massed to commemorate the feat of arms that General Vo Nguyen Giap, the Red victor of Dienbienphu, called "one of the greatest victories in the history of the armed struggle of oppressed peoples."

Nor did the anniversary go unremembered in France. At a round of reunions in Paris, business-suited survivors of the debacle hoisted nostalgic toasts to "the Angel of Dienbienphu," Geneviève de Galard-Terraube, who was the only woman nurse on the battlefield. (Now 39, Geneviève is a retiring Paris housewife and mother of two children, married to a former French paratrooper.) They were poignant get-togethers, for Dienbienphu holds as deep emotional implications for Frenchmen today as Verdun or Waterloo did for earlier generations.

Tanks & Tablecloths. Many veterans of the fighting blame France's defeat on General Henri Navarre, his government's commander in chief for Indochina. But Navarre, a World War I infantryman, only personified the Maginot mentality of most French career officers. Though warned that it would be fatal to fight a conventional engagement from a fixed base, Navarre concentrated 17 battalions in the North Viet Nam outpost, which lay in a ten-mile-long river valley. His strategy was to draw the Communist Viet Minh guerrillas into a set-piece battle in which French heavy weaponry would prove decisive. Along with tanks and artillery, his officers moved in their mess silver, embroidered white tablecloths, stocks of wine.

Though Dienbienphu was surrounded by hills, Navarre was unworried, since he was convinced that the Reds had no artillery. Dienbienphu's two air strips, its only lifeline to the outside, were within easy field-gun range of the mountains. Under Cavalry Colonel Christian Marie Ferdinand de la Croix de Castries, who was promoted to four-star general during the battle, the garrison had been organized into ten separate commands. With Gallic gallantry, each had been given a woman's name—Gabrielle, Béatrice, Anne-Marie, Françoise, Isabelle, Dominique, Claudine, Huguette, Eliane and Junon.

Bicycles & Backs. What the French did not know was that Red China had armed the Viet Minh with 200 artillery pieces. Hacking paths through jungle trails, traveling up to 50 miles a day on foot, the guerrillas lugged the dismantled guns into positions on their backs, then set up the batteries under rock cover. To fill Viet Minh bellies, 50,000 Chinese coolies bicycled in relays down the narrow mountain footpaths, each straining under a load of 600 lbs. of sacked rice. From November to mid-March, while his 60,000 guerrilla troops sparred with patrols from the fortress, Guerrilla General Giap quietly slid his noose around Dienbienphu. Then one morning Viet Minh artillery boomed a death knell.

In four days, Béatrice, Gabrielle and Anne-Marie fell. As monsoon rains set in, French tanks became immobile. "To go on the offensive," despaired one French officer, "we would need 10,000 mules." With both air strips raked by Red shells, the French had to rely on airdrops for supplies. More than half the food, ammunition and medicine—as well as De Castries' brand-new general's stars and a bottle of congratulatory cognac —drifted behind Red lines. Unable to locate the Viet Minh's well-hidden big guns, Dienbienphu's guilt-stricken artillery commander committed suicide.

Corpses in the Chamber Pot. While Paris tried clumsily and in vain to obtain a U.S. bomber strike, outgunned, outmanned French forces were pounded for 56 days by human-wave attacks. By night, the Reds tunneled like ants under many outposts. Dienbienphu's defenders fought back with machine guns, flamethrowers, hand grenades and bayonets. Latrines filled and festered, the water supply turned foul; French officers bitterly endorsed their valley's nickname: "*le pot de chambre*." The living grew too weary to bury the dead, and the stench of putrefying flesh even forced the guerrillas to wear gauze masks.

On April 2, Command Post Françoise was abandoned. In the first days of May, Dominique and Huguette crumbled. Ordered not to surrender, De Castries on May 7 radioed Hanoi: "It is the end. The Viet Minh are only a few yards from where I speak." His operator added: "Say hello to Paris for me. *Au revoir*." By that night, the last three commands—Eliane, Claudine, and isolated Isabelle to the south—were overrun, and for the first time in six months the smoke-shrouded valley lay silent.

Lessons Learned. Of Dienbienphu's 12,000 defenders, 2,293 were killed, and the rest, including most of the 5,134 wounded, began the long death march to Viet Minh prison camps. The debacle resulted in the partitioning of Viet Nam and thrust ultimate responsibility for Indochina on the U.S., which today grimly supports South Viet Nam's struggle against the Communist Viet Cong. Whether from lingering humiliation or its dreams of reasserting French influence in a neutralized Southeast Asia, or both, the France of Charles de Gaulle holds that the U.S. will inevitably meet its own Dienbienphu in Viet Nam.

U.S. military planners virtually rule out any such prospect. For all their difficulties, South Vietnamese troops and U.S. advisers command enormous fire power and mobility, have learned never to box themselves into a static defense against fast-moving guerrillas. The Viet Cong of late have launched several attacks in battalion strength, but their numbers are nowhere near comparable to the Viet Minh, which moved entire divisions into Dienbienphu. Moreover, Dienbienphu was only 80 miles from Red China; the circuitous supply line to South Viet Nam is ten times longer. The Viet Cong have yet to deploy artillery or antiaircraft guns. And French air power was puny compared to the swarms of rocket-firing helicopters, transport craft and fighter-bombers that the U.S. has in South Viet Nam. With so great an advantage in air and fire power, U.S. advisers would like nothing better than to see the Viet Cong blunder into an open, pitched battle.

Giap's Goal. Biggest difference between the two wars, of course, is that the French were defending a tired colonial regime. They had scant encouragement from the government of Premier Joseph Laniel in Paris, which insisted that it could spare no more men or money. The U.S., by contrast, has repeatedly pledged full support for Viet Nam's defenders until the Viet Cong are finally routed. And, unlike the French, the Vietnamese are at least attempting an ambitious civic reform program.

The main dangers today, after two coups in six months, are that yet another upheaval might bring a neutralist government to power in Saigon, or that a series of coups could erode the people's will to resist. As General Giap has suggested, Communist strategy now envisages not one big Dienbienphu but a lot of small, frustrating engagements. Says Giap: "The enemy will pass slowly from the offensive to the defensive and be caught in a dilemma; he has to drag out the war in order to win it and does not possess, on the other hand, the psychological and political means to fight a long-drawn-out war." What the Communists hope for, clearly, is a Dienbienphu [illegible].

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

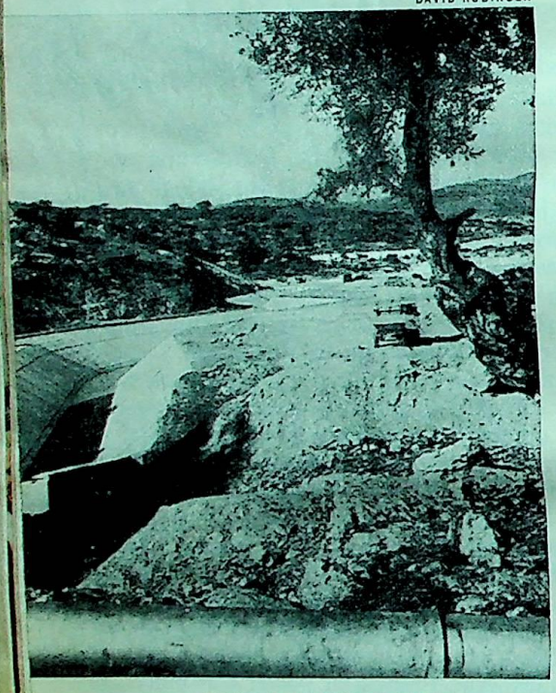
ISRAEL

Storm over Galilee

In a limestone cave beside the Sea of Galilee, not far from the spot where Jesus performed the miracle of the loaves and fishes, two giant hydraulic pumps hummed into action. The pumps sucked in the sweet water that flows into the sea from the Jordan River, pushed it through nine-foot conduits up an 845-ft. incline to the top of the Galilee Hills, then sent it coursing down an open spillway toward the central plains of Israel and the parched Negev Desert in the south. Thus last week Israel successfully completed the first full-scale test tapping in its critical and controversial Jordan waters project.

For the thirsty nation, the $150 million scheme is a modern equivalent of Christ's miracle of multiplication. Eventually, 85 billion gallons of water a year

DAVID RUBINGER



JORDAN WATERS PROJECT
Miracle of multiplication.

will flow through Israel's 154-mile network of pipelines, channels, siphons and tunnels. It will replenish the overexploited water table of the citrus-growing central plains, slake the thirst of existing Negev settlements, and provide enough water to sustain some 15,000 new families in the desert. But, momentous as the plan may be to Israel's future, the government last week went to great pains to play it down. In the nation's biggest newspaper, the afternoon tabloid Maariv, the dry, 93-word official announcement landed on page 15.

Israel had reason to bury the news. The Arab nations, well aware that the waters will sustain a more populous, prosperous Israel, threatened war if the project ever went through.* Then last January, at a summit meeting of 13 Arab leaders in Cairo, Egypt's President Nasser and Jordan's King Hussein persuaded their colleagues to drop the war talk and concentrate instead on a scheme that would, in effect, leave Israel high and dry. "We are not going to attack Israel," says Nasser. "We are going to build our own projects to utilize the Jordan headwaters before they reach Israel."

Accordingly, Arab reaction to last week's initial Israeli tapping was notably restrained. But the danger of war has not entirely evaporated. In Syria, the shaky Baathist regime might decide that it could profit from a little external diversion, such as an attack by jet bombers on Israel's main pumping station—which is buried deep underground to guard against such contingencies. But if the Arab nations go ahead with their plans to divert the Jordan's headwaters, Israel has already warned that it would treat any such move as a clear "act of aggression."

* However, Arab leaders rejected a formula, worked out by Special U.S. Envoy Eric Johnston in 1955, that would have given Israel 40% of the Jordan's annual flow of some 335 billion gallons. Jordan would have received 45%, with Syria and Lebanon sharing the other 15%.

ADEN

It's No Eden

Though some scholars maintain that the Garden of Eden was in Aden, the country today seems more like purgatory than paradise. A British protectorate since 1839, Aden is a sun-scorched moonscape of thrusting volcanic mountains and rock-strewn wadies. Temperatures commonly rise to 110, and survival rations for British combat troops there include at least two gallons of water daily—for drinking, not washing. Aden is a tempting prize nonetheless. In a determined attempt to defend it from guerrilla bands sweeping across from Yemen, Britain last week airlifted hundreds of seasoned troops there.

Britain's last, vital bastion in the Middle East, Aden is the cornerstone on which Whitehall aims to build a stable Federation of South Arabia from more than a dozen disparate sultanates, sheikdoms and emirates along the nether rim of the Arabian peninsula. With easy access to the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, Aden is also the major staging post and bunkering station in the area and a key base for the defense of sources that supply Britain with an annual half-billion dollars worth of oil. Not surprisingly, Egypt's President Nasser would also like to "liberate" Aden. With 40,000 troops in Yemen supporting the rebels who deposed the despotic Imam Mohammed el Badr in September 1962—Nasser's force has actually grown by some 12,000 since he agreed a year ago to begin withdrawing his troops—he has been turning more and more heat on the British outpost.

Foul. For months, Aden has been under sporadic attack by some 500 to 1,000 dissident border tribesmen known as the Red Wolves of Radfan. Primed with arms and ammunition from Egyptian caches in Yemen, they have been harassing the key trade route between Dhala and Aden. Half the federation's 4,000-man, British-officered army assigned to end the "state of re last January. By March, frustrate rebel strikes from Yemen as well British bombed the Yemeni fortre Harib after warning civilians to out, earning a sharp rebuke fro U.N. Security Council.

Last week it was Britain's turn t foul. At a press conference in A Major General J. H. Cubbon, mander of Britain's Middle East forces, said he had "reliable info tion" that two British soldiers had killed in an ambush and decapi Their heads, he said, were then pa around the Yemeni town of Ta stakes. The report was later disco by U.S. diplomats in Taiz. Nonethe as the Laborite Daily Herald r the two soldiers "were killed—and were killed in a war which drag with no end in sight."

Trapped. It was an ugly, bloody tle war at that. One day last week, ing to root the Red Wolves out of mountain redoubts, 120 British p troopers attacked the mud-walled v of El Naqiil at dawn with fixed b nets. The rebels scampered up slopes, dug in, and with deadly s fire pinned the paratroopers to ground in shimmering heat. T hours later, at dusk, the British f broke out of the trap and route rebels, killing twelve. Two Britons

In the House of Commons, P Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home tiently rejected Opposition charge the Aden conflict was the governm fault: "The situation in the Middle does not depend on British goo alone," he said. "There must be reciprocity. We have seen precio tle of this up to now, I must say suming that none would be forth ing, Britain beefed up its forces in with strategic reserves from Keny the Lancashire Fusiliers on 24-ho in England. If still more muscle is ed, warned Sir Alec, "troops w moved from Germany."

SPAIN

A Prevalence of Pretenders

As sunrise touched the jagged of Montejurra last week, 60,000 iards followed wooden crosses a battle flags up steep paths to plateau on the mountaintop. The the heart of the old northern ki of Navarre, they gathered for annual commemoration of two 19th century civil wars in which ancestors fought to put a Carlis on the throne of Spain.*

Reign in Spain. Carlism be 1833, when King Ferdinand VII without a male heir, directed th

* The first (1833-39) was lost by the through the ineptitude of their p Don Carlos V. During the second (1 Don Carlos VII's forces at one po trolled most of Navarre, three Basq inces and much of Catalonia before cision lost the day.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The only name in flooring which takes 250 kilos per sq. cm. and stays readable.

This is the Epikote based floor of an electrical works. It withstands grinding loads of 1250 kilos per square centimetre. Monolithic industrial floors based on Epikote resins have great mechanical strength, and offer hardwearing characteristics and resistance to chemical spillage to a degree unmatched by other floorings.

The range of Shell Chemical products is wide and diversified. In industry and agriculture, in almost every country of the world, they are contributing to greater efficiency and lower costs. Shell are eager to give you all the help they can. If chemicals can solve your problem contact the Shell company in your country.

EPIKOTE

Shell Chemicals

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BALLANTINE'S BODYGUARDS

At Ballantine's Dumbarton Distillery a unique and highly efficient burglar alarm operates day and night. Geese! 70 white geese – all completely dedicated to their job of helping to guard the vast stocks of Ballantine's.

If anyone should wander near the warehouses where the Scotch matures, he'll get quite a shock. A barrage of piercing shrill cackles will explode in his ears, bringing out the authorities at full speed.

Thus the 42 fine Scotch whiskies that go to make Ballantine's can age undisturbed. Expertly blended, these top quality whiskies will one day become Ballantine's – the Superb Scotch.

It's worth taking good care of Ballantine's. Any knowledgeable whisky drinker will tell you why.

THE MORE YOU KNOW ABOUT SCOTCH, THE MORE YOU LIKE BALLANTINE'S

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

daughter Isabella assume the crown. Her right to the throne was contested by Ferdinand's younger brother Don Carlos, and ever since, his descendants and their supporters have been trying bravely but futilely to seize power. The Carlists are the most rabid and fanatic rightists in Spain, and their political ideas seldom go beyond reviving the Inquisition. Though they view Franco as a woolly liberal, *los Requetés*, the rugged Carlist fighting men, nevertheless provided *El Caudillo* with some of the best battalions he ever had in the Spanish Civil War.

Donning their traditional red berets, the Carlists at Montejurra were out in force to honor their current pretender to the throne, Prince Carlos Hugo, who last month married the wayward Princess Irene of the Netherlands and hopes to use her considerable fortune to advance his ambitions. But the problem of the reign in Spain is anything but plain, for Prince Carlos has prestigious rivals:

▶ Handsome Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón, 26, grandson of Alfonso XIII, the last King of Spain, who was deposed in 1931. His father, Don Juan, has never formally withdrawn his claim to the throne, but has long been in Franco's bad graces. Juan Carlos, married to Princess Sophie of Greece, is supported by Spain's grandees, higher clergy and bankers, but has little popular following in the country.

▶ Don Jaime Borbón y Battenberg, 55, twice-married oldest living son of Alfonso XIII and uncle of Juan Carlos, who looks every inch a king but once renounced his right of succession because he is a deaf-mute. Last week Don Jaime rescinded his renunciation and laid claim to the throne as head of the house of Borbón.

Though Generalissimo Francisco Franco has ruled Spain for 25 years, he has always insisted that the country is a monarchy, his own role merely that of a regent who would ultimately restore the king. Which one? Franco personally seems to incline toward Juan Carlos and reportedly intends to step down in 1968, when he will be 75 and Juan Carlos a mature 30. But Franco is also deeply indebted to the Carlists for their sturdy support in his war against the Spanish republic. Moreover, Prince Carlos Hugo's marriage to Princess Irene establishes a link, however tenuous, with a royal family that not only has a throne but is also the wealthiest in Europe.

Spurting Wine. Nonetheless, under pressure from the followers of Juan Carlos, and with his own chronic misgivings about anything that remotely threatens public order, Franco let Carlos and Irene know that it was his "wish" that they not attend the Carlist rally at Montejurra. Since his future depends on Franco's whim, Carlos meekly flew off with his bride to the Canary Islands instead. His younger sister Cecilia, wearing an ivory dress and red beret, went in his place. Priming their parched throats with spurts of red wine from goatskin *botas*, the Carlists cheered lustily for Carlos and shouted their contempt for Juan Carlos, whom they scornfully call "Juanillo." Proclaimed one Carlist banner: "We don't want Juanillo even if it's an order from *El Caudillo*."

With pretenders to the throne growing more numerous and more clamorous, Franco may well decide to sit tight and let the royal claimants fight it out. They have little else to do.

NEPAL

Royalties for the King

Nepal's King Mahendra is a poet, tiger hunter and consummate wheeler-dealer. As monarch of a mile-high, landlocked nation, one of whose principal exports is the steely little Gurkha soldier, Mahendra labors not only to hold his throne but also to keep his little kingdom from the jaws of its giant neighbors, Red China and India. He does this so successfully that, far from becoming a tasty morsel for its neighbors, Nepal has wheedled all manner of goodies from both—not to mention the U.S. and Russia.

Last week the King was wheeling and dealing in style. It began one morning in the ornate state hall of Singha Durbar, where Nepalese and Chinese officials signed an agreement by which Peking will build two warehouses and a brick-and-tile factory for Nepal. That afternoon, wearing his habitual dark glasses, Mahendra and his pretty, petite Queen Ratna attended the formal inauguration of a U.S.-financed, 26-mile aerial cableway that will bring freight and food from the Indian border across the Mahabharat Mountains to the capital city of Katmandu.

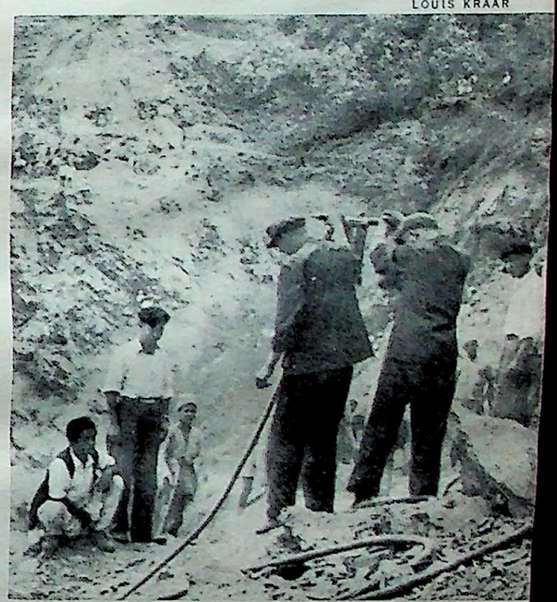
New Market. Next day, King and Queen boarded their Soviet helicopter, were flown by the Russian crew to Paanchkhal to inspect the 70-mile road being built by Red Chinese engineers from Katmandu to the Tibetan border town of Kodari, where it connects with another highway leading to Lhasa, the Tibetan capital. Thousands of Nepalese workers using picks, shovels and crowbars are carving the road from the sheer slopes of mist-hung mountain passes. Chinese instructors patiently show the Nepalese how to operate rock drills while other Chinese clear away rocks and dirt with bulldozers; still others are busily surveying and mapping every hill and valley in a country ideally suited to guerrilla war.

Mahendra and his officials hope that when the road is completed at year's end it will open a new market to the north for Nepal's surplus food, thus ending the country's dependence on India for virtually all its industrial imports. When it was pointed out that the road will also enable the Red Chinese to penetrate the heart of Nepal, Mahendra airily replied: "Communism does not travel by taxi." In fact, as Nepalese officials readily admit, China can simply walk into their country any time it chooses.

Invented Word. Back in his capital, Mahendra heard reports on negotiations with the Soviet Union for a sugar mill, cigarette factory and hydroelectric plant. At week's end, he flew to Bhaisalotan in India's Bihar state for the dedication of the Indian-financed, $109 million Gandak hydroelectric project, which will provide his kingdom with power and irrigation and will eventually be handed over to Nepal.

For the first time since he suffered a stroke last January, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru left New Delhi and flew to Gandak to meet Mahendra, who is still more fearful of the Indian giant than the Chinese. As late as 1962, Nehru looked the other way while Indian-based Nepalese exiles staged guerrilla raids against Mahendra's kingdom. It took the Himalayan war with Red China to awaken Nehru to the danger in the north. Since then, India has not only restrained Nepalese guerrillas but has also pledged $18.4 million—far more than Peking has given—for Mahendra's current three-year plan.

LOUIS KRAAR



RED CHINESE ROAD BUILDERS
A short taxi ride from Tibet.

At Gandak, Mahendra made it clear that he intends to be treated as an equal and not a dependent. He told Nehru and a crowd of 100,000 Indians that friendship "on the basis of parity" can only be "mutually beneficial." Next week King Mahendra plans to make a state visit to West Germany, which is discussing several possible aid projects for Nepal; on his way home, he will stop off in Pakistan for talks with President Ayub Khan. Mahendra, who calls his policy one of strict nonalignment, claims that his Foreign Minister [illegible] Giri actually invented the word [illegible] as it may, few other nations [illegible] it pay such handsome

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE ALIANZA

A Matter of Tone

One of the architects of the Alliance for Progress is on his way out of Washington. He is Teodoro Moscoso, 53, the Puerto Rican businessman who helped mold the Alianza as its first U.S. coordinator. Last December Moscoso was moved out of the top job in President Johnson's general reshuffling of Latin American policymakers. Last week it was announced that he is resigning as a special adviser and U.S. representative to the new Inter-American committee (CIAP) that is supposed to guide the program. Wrote Johnson: "It is with the greatest regret that I accept the resignation of this able and dedicated man. His counsel will be sorely missed."

Noble Rhetoric. The expressions of regret seemed genuine enough—despite rumors of disagreement between Moscoso and the Johnson Administration. For two and a half years, Moscoso was the apostle of the Alianza, the man charged with President Kennedy's sweeping declaration "to transform the 1960s into an historic decade of democratic progress." Noble rhetoric, but the performance fell far short of the mark. A start was made on building low-cost houses, schools, roads, clinics and water systems. But Moscoso was frustrated by bureaucracy that delayed loan approvals, and many Latin Americans grew impatient waiting for instant progress. Few nations kept their half of the Alianza bargain by drawing up master development plans; the low rate of private investment was bitterly disappointing.

After Kennedy's death, Moscoso recognized that Johnson would stamp his own brand on the program. Johnson's first act was to bring in Thomas C. Mann (TIME Cover, Jan. 31) as Assistant Secretary of State to boss both the Alianza and the State Department's Latin American end. So far, the difference is largely one of tone. Mann is a pragmatist, a believer in the art of the possible. He has muted the old-style Alliance hoopla for his own soft sell, and encourages such practical reforms as the new computerized tax-collection that helped Mexico enlarge its tax rolls by 1,200,000 people in eight months.

Renewed Pledge. Some Latin Americans are fearful that the tempered approach indicates a fading U.S. interest in the Alianza. With Moscoso's departure, Johnson made a Texas-size point of dispelling any such notion. He called all Latin American ambassadors in Washington to the White House this week to discuss Alianza problems. And he will personally sign new loans to Brazil, Chile, Colombia, and a raft of other countries. Said Johnson last week: "In my first official foreign-policy statement as President, I pledged to the representatives of Latin American countries the best efforts of this nation toward the fulfillments of the Alliance for Progress. We're carrying out that pledge."

BRAZIL

The Unmissing Man

Brazil's favorite guessing game for the last four weeks has been "Whither Brizola?" A demagogic leftist Congressman and brother-in-law of deposed President João Goulart, Leonel Brizola had last been seen two days after the revolution, scooting up a Pôrto Alegre street in a green Volkswagen—an angry, rock-throwing crowd chasing him on foot. Then he dropped from sight. Was he hiding out in his home town of Pôrto Alegre? "Impossible," sniffed the Pôrto Alegre military. "We would have captured him." Uruguay? "Impossible," echoed the border patrol. "We have the strictest vigilance."

ALFREDO TESTONI

BRIZOLAS IN EXILE
Everywhere and nowhere.

Brazilians saw him everywhere—and nowhere. In one 24-hour span, the cops in three Brazilian cities thought they had him cornered; in Pôrto Alegre, he was reported 21 times, even after gauchos began shearing off their Brizola-like mustaches. Four times, sensation-mongering newspapers declared Brizola dead. Then came Brizola's voice over a radio transmitter somewhere in the south. When Brizola's wife Neuza joined Brother Jango and his family in their Montevideo exile, she claimed that Brizola was somewhere in Uruguay. But ten days later, a Rio paper front-paged a letter from Leonel "somewhere in Brazil." "I have traveled thousands of kilometers," he wrote, "and visited hundreds and hundreds of homes and ranches. Everywhere I was received as a so-

Police were still chasing down bl alleys when the prodigal leftist fin turned up last week in Montevideo. had apparently spent the last few d in Pôrto Alegre, tidying up his affa and now he planned to visit "seve Latin American countries" with his fa ily. "I am an engineer," he said, "a can support my family by workin But how had he smuggled himself acr the border? Simple, says Brizola. just hopped in a car and drove over.

CUBA

Anything Going to Happen on May 20?

On a lonely stretch of coastline Las Uvas Key, 100 miles from Hava a loyal fisherman found a "terrori arms cache that included twelve pisto 15 rifles, ten antipersonnel mines, magnetic bombs, 84 packages of e plosives, and assorted detonators, m chetes, fuses, knives, a portable rad and other equipment. At least tha what the Cuban radio reported l week, crying that the arms came fr "North American espionage agencie

In Washington, U.S. intelligen sources quickly denied any new und cover campaign against Castro. T U.S., said a spokesman, has not slipp arms into Cuba since just before t abortive Bay of Pigs invasion in A 1961. Castro may have uncovered of those old caches. But the grea likelihood was that he had found it l ago, and had just now decided to m an issue of it.

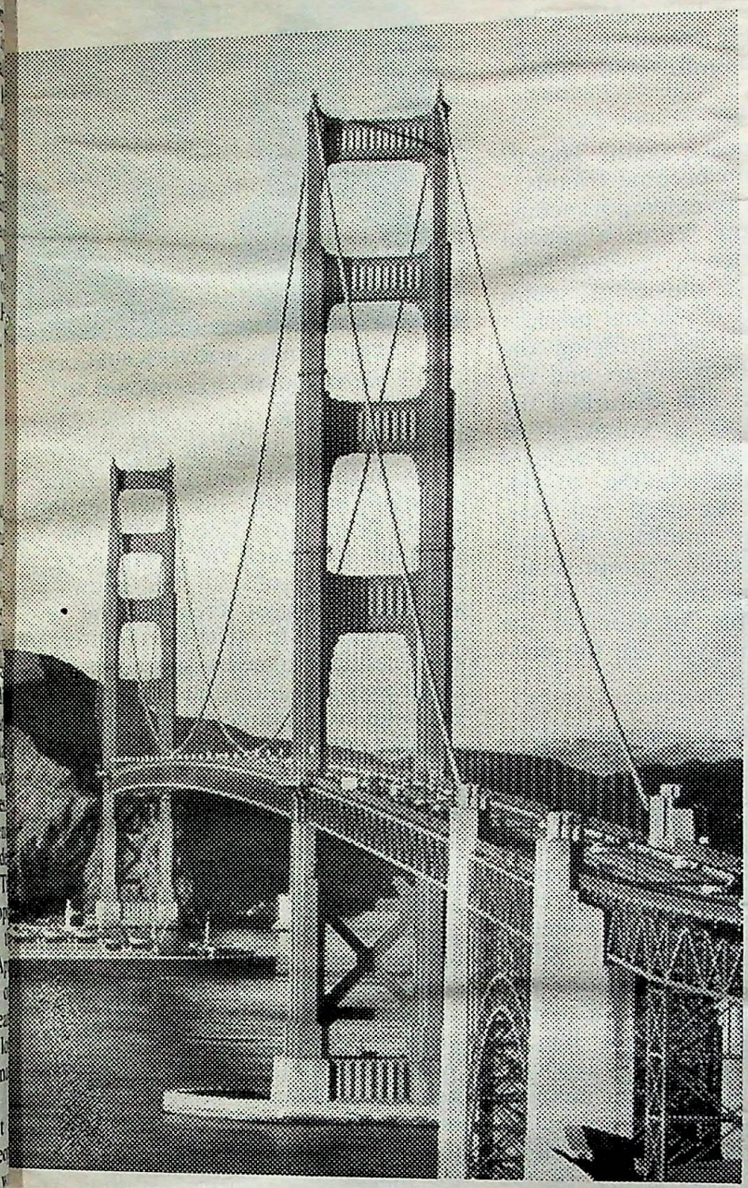
Why? One possibility was that might be trying to whip up his peo against a new attempt at guerrilla w fare by some of the 300,000 anti-Ca Cubans living in exile. The exiles h been relatively quiet since the Bay Pigs, but now they are on the m again—with or without U.S. help. N bers of young exiles, many of them w U.S. Army training, have disappea from Miami and other cities recen exile guerrilla-training camps are ported operating in Nicaragua, C Rica and other Central American h aways. At least one of these is run Manuel Artime, a leader in the Bay Pigs landing, who occasionally pops in Miami. Another exile leader, Mar Ray, once one of Castro's chief lieu ants, has pledged that he will return Cuba to revive the anti-Castro un ground by May 20, the 62nd anniver ry of Cuba's independence from Spa

Castro himself sounds edgy gloomy about the future. In his Day speech, he dourly conceded some day his Communist regime m be toppled. "Most of us—the leader today—would disappear in that str gle; but the people would remain. the party would remain." Surely people would remain.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

USA?



San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge.

Symbol of the N.Y. World's Fair.

Unisphere® presented by United States Steel

© 1961 New York World's Fair 1964-1965 Corporation

TWA!

TWA—the airline that knows the USA best, goes to the best. From San Francisco, TWA offers 30 flights a day—from Los Angeles, 20 daily departures to the great business, cultural and vacation centers of the U.S. You can go non-stop to New York and the World's Fair, or stop over first and see the sights in Las Vegas, Phoenix, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston or Washington! Just take your pick of any of the 70 cities in the U.S. served by TWA.

What's more, TWA will show you a first-run movie on non-stop transcontinental flights. Complimentary in First Class, optional in Coach at $1.

Business or pleasure, TWA speed and convenience will make your trip more productive, more pleasurable. For reservations, call TWA at any of the offices listed below. Or ask your travel agent to book you on TWA, official air carrier of the Transportation and Travel Pavilion, N. Y. World's Fair.

Films by Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc.

U.S.A.-Europe Africa-Asia depend on TWA

TOKYO
Imperial Hotel

BANGKOK
37/3 Suriwongse Road

HONG KONG
Room 104 Tak Shing House
20 Des Voeux Road, C

MANILA
Hotel Filipinas

SYDN... House
...gton Street

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The riots that bloom in the spring, tra la. And the first students to gallop out of the labs and libes for the annual monkey-see, monkey-do monkeyshines were the fair sons of John Harvard. Seems some sycamores along Cambridge's Memorial Drive were due for the ax (TIME, Feb. 14), and before anyone could bellow "Rinehart!" 2,000 undergraduate tree lovers rushed to the defense. "Two, four, six, eight, sycamores foliate," chanted the Cantabs fiercely. Then the crowd decided to block traffic instead. That brought the cops, who brought four dogs, which brought indignant cries of "Cambridge, Cambridge" (Md., not Mass.). A few yips and nips later, the discretion-filled Harvards were headed for home, leaving poor John on high to turn crimson with shame at the perfidious fainthearts.

. . .

At his death in 1962, Arthur Vining Davis regarded himself as one of the U.S.'s richest men, worth on the order of $400 million. But when his holdings —mainly in Aluminum Co. of America and in Florida real estate—were finally totted up for a court accounting, he turned out to be worth considerably less, $87,629,282.83 to be precise.

. . .

Just the other night Lady Bird Johnson went to the Metropolitan Opera in Manhattan, the first member of the First Family to do so in 19 years. She made a sweeping entrance with lissome Mrs. Anthony Bliss, wife of the Met's president, that had wide-eyed bystanders glomming the glamour, and Lady Bird was still drawing stares and applause as she returned to her box for the third act. As she smiled and acknowledged the attention, she started to sit down, then—ploop—she disappeared. The audience gasped, but quickly relaxed as she bobbed up unhurt and laughing. Met General Manager Rudolf Bing had been holding her chair, and he pulled it away to exchange it for one more comfortable. That's the story, anyway.

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

MRS. BLISS & MRS. JOHNSON
Glomming the glamour.

. . .

"Shall we make peace again? Today? Here? Shall we again become friends?" The moving plea was extemporaneously put by Pope Paul VI in a special Sistine Chapel service to several hundred painters, writers, musicians, sculptors and actors, and it marked the first time a Pontiff has tried bridging the century-old chasm between art and the church. Abstract art still disturbed the Pope. "The result is a language of Babel, of confusion," finger-wagged Paul. But the culture-loving Pontiff wanted a change: "We need you. For, as you know, our ministry is that of rendering accessible, comprehensible and also moving, the world of the spirit, of the invisible, of God, of the ineffable. And in this you are the masters. It is your trade."

. . .

When he's happiest is when he's snorting, and he did plenty of it. But in his 80th birthday week, Harry Truman was all choked up between potshots at the press, the Republicans, and everyone else within BB range. President Johnson telephoned Kansas City with early congratulations. "I wanted to call collect," ho-hoed L.B.J., who then added: "When you blow out those candles, I hope you think of all the lights you have turned on during 80 years." But the biggest thrill came during a birthday appearance on the Senate floor. After eulogies from no fewer than 25 Senators plus a standing ovation, H.S.T. stammered: "I'm so overcome. This is one of the greatest things that has happened to me in my whole life." Afterward he was still touched. "If they had cussed me out, I would have known what to do."

. . .

Charlton Heston was not lynched last week. The reason this is remarkable is that he was actually trying to be fair to a studio. No big star is supposed to do this. But Heston had an attack of ethics. Though it was not in his contract, he had browbeaten Columbia Pictures into doing a couple of scenes his way in the just-completed *Major Dundee*. "In effect," he explained, "I applied the muscle without the legal right. The only ethical thing to do was to return my salary." Return his what? Yep, the whole estimated $200,000 salary he got for the flick. "Ghastly precedent," thought his fellow performers. "Gem of a notion," thought Columbia.

. . .

He is more untouchable than Eliot Ness, more famous than Dick Tracy, and more widely respected in his job than just about anybody. John Edgar Hoover, 69, has been head of the FBI so long that people forget he could have been replaced by any incoming Administration. Last week he completed ... years in the post, and Lyndon John... weighed in with his own endo... ment. Next New Year's Day the ... lawman will reach the compulsory ... tirement age of 70. "I know ... wouldn't think of breaking the law," said L.B.J. So to offset the requirement, the President signed a special executive order that will allow the hale and hearty bachelor to continue serving "for an ... definite period of time."

CRIME BUSTER HOOVER & BUST
Excepting the exceptional.

. . .

Women across America tuned her ... for two decades to hear all the poop ... products and personalities. Then in 19... Mary Margaret McBride gave the m... a pat and retired from the daily netw... grind. "It seemed as if 20 years w... enough," she said. Of course, it wa... really. And last week as her 30th ra... anniversary came around, Mary M... garet, 64, was still at it. Every Mon... Wednesday and Friday from 11 to n... her folksy chat goes out to WGHQ ... teners. It's just a local station in Ki... ton, N.Y., and she mostly interv... the neighbors at her book-lined "re... ment" home. But Richard Rodgers ... neyed up for the show a few broad... ago, and the sponsors, as always ... Mary Margaret, are breathlessly wa... in line.

. . .

The usual run of big names flew ... Rome's Fiumicino Airport that ... Ava Gardner, Adlai Stevenson a... few others. Nothing much there, tho... reporters. Ava and Adlai were ... heading to Naples, but that did not ... raise an aha. That night Adlai clim... aboard the yacht of a friend for a s... vacation cruise before heading fo... Paris NATO meeting. The next m... ing Ava also embarked on the yac... a friend. Yawwwn, reacted the p... Until someone suddenly remembe... they both got on the same yacht. C... bunga! said the newsmen, and race... pick up the pieces. But Spanish-Am... can Industrialist Ricardo Sicre's ... *pager* had already sailed with the ... eggs aboard, leaving nothing but sc... bled facts behind. No one even k... for sure just who else was along. A... looked like as long as the yacht st... at sea, so would everyone else.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

METHODISTS

Beyond Lip Service

"Whenever we try to achieve something here," complained the Rev. James Laird of Detroit, a leader of the integration-minded Methodists for Church Renewal, "we are told, 'all right—but not now.' " By the end of the Methodist Church's quadrennial General Conference in Pittsburgh last week, the 858 delegates had given more than lip service to civil rights, but had not forced integration on white-only congregations.

The pursuit of compromise made the conference sometimes seem more like a political convention than a church meeting, as delegates caucused in hotel corridors and committee rooms to work out approvable resolutions. In the end, conference moderates, led by such powerful Methodist figures as Lawyer Charles Parlin and the Rev. Harold Bosley of Manhattan's Christ Church, devised a number of carefully hedged stands that satisfied the South without totally alienating the North's firebrand integrationists.

The all-Negro Central Jurisdiction was voted out of existence—on a gradual, voluntary basis. The delegates went on to pass a resolution that said: "All persons, without regard to race, color, national origin or economic condition, shall be eligible to attend worship services, and be admitted into membership anywhere in this connection." But some Southern clergy argued that the resolution did not really bind white churches to accept Negroes, and the delegates shelved a proposal to make refusing anyone admission to worship an ecclesiastical crime.

But the conference did pass a resolution approving orderly civil rights demonstrations "in rare instances where legal recourse is unavailable." When one Southern delegate complained that the statement was an incitement to anarchy, Bosley answered: "We won't give an inch on this principle." In other mood-showing votes, the conference set up a fund to help Methodist ministers who may have suffered "economic deprivation" by joining in civil rights activities, and forbade church agencies to discriminate in their hiring practices.

ATHEISTS

The Woman Who Hates Churches

Atheist Madalyn Murray boasts that "we do everything properly, through the courts." What she has already done through the courts, however, strikes millions of people as so improper that she has earned the epithet: "the most hated woman in America." Last year the belligerent Baltimorean won a Supreme Court ban on school prayer. Last month she started suit again to kill a new Maryland law permitting compulsory school "meditation." Next month she goes for the brass ring: a suit against the State of Maryland that is clearly aimed at destroying tax exemption for all U.S. church property. Churches are "leeches on society," she says. "If no other American has enough guts to fight them, then I will."

Unbeliever Murray is a tough, wisecracking divorcee of 45 whose forebears arrived in Massachusetts in 1650. Daughter of a Pittsburgh contractor, she served on Eisenhower's staff in World War II as a WAC officer-cryptographer, later studied law at Ohio Northern University and South Texas College; she has spent 17 years as a supervisor of social workers. A former member of the leftish Socialist Labor Party, she claims to have forsaken Christianity at 13, after reading the Bible; since then, reason has been her only faith, and she boasts: "Nobody has ever beaten me in an argument yet."

"Christian Neighbors." Wildly irreverent, she sprinkles her conversation liberally with "Oh God." After giving her father a religious funeral, she cracked: "People god-damned well better not do that to me." When someone painted "Communist" on her fence, she named her dogs Marx and Engels.

Not surprisingly, her oldest son Bill, 17, rebelled in 1961 against "that hogwash" of school prayers. Delighted to assault what she calls "hypocrisy," Mrs. Murray then and there embarked on a new career as a kind of court mother. The Baltimore public welfare department fired her from her supervisor's job. Various persons—whom she delights in describing as "My Christian neighbors"—have trampled her flowers, broken her windows, beaten up Bill and his young brother more than 100 times. Flooded with abusive letters, she has received everything from a psychotic document endlessly repeating the word "kill" to a newspaper picture of herself smeared with excrement.

But she has also been deluged with dollars (top source: doctors), now runs both the Freethought Society of America, Inc., and Other Americans, Inc., a legal-action group whose 5,000 members pay at least $1 per month to fight her court battles. Among her future targets: Government-paid military chaplains, courtroom oaths, and income tax deductions for church contributions. Other Americans already owns 80 acres in Kansas for a projected "Atheist University of the Americas."

Lease-Back Loophole. Whatever their personal feelings, lawyers concede that Mrs. Murray's tax-exemption suit is not without merit. She argues that such exemption forces her to pay higher taxes and support churches—in direct conflict with the First Amendment's prohibition against laws "respecting an establishment of religion." All 50 states, including Maryland, repeat this prohibition in some form in their own constitutions. Yet 33 state constitutions also make church property tax-free. All other states accomplish the same end under other statutes.

No one is quite sure how much potential revenue is involved. One study shows that church groups own 14% of all taxable property in Pennsylvania, 17% in Maryland, 18% in New Jersey. In other areas, churches own relatively little of total tax-exempt property; in Baltimore, for example, where $528 million worth of property is tax-exempt, only $80 million worth is owned by churches (schools and hospitals account for much of the rest). Even so, few dispute the fact that church property is widely undervalued.

FRANCIS DI GENNARO

MRS. MURRAY & SONS WITH LAWYER (RIGHT)
Wildly irreverent, but important.

As Mrs. Murray sees it, the most blatant constitutional violation is church-owned property that is not used for religious purposes. Many state laws are so broad that churches—and fraternal organizations—may buy such property with lease-back arrangements under which they rent it to the former owners; income from the rents and leases is tax-free. The Roman Catholic Knights of Columbus do not pay income taxes on their rental revenue, which comes from such sources as the land on which Yankee Stadium stands, a Detroit steel warehouse and a Connecticut steel mill. In New Orleans, Jesuit-run Loyola University pays no federal income tax on its revenues from its radio and television stations, and thus is in a [illegible] position to compete for business with its leading rival.

Determined to [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

in eleven states, Mrs. Murray has begun at home. Maryland forbids church lease-backs, exempts only property used for church purposes. The state's lawyers will argue that limited tax exemptions are not grants that provably infringe on church-state separation. Moreover, they will claim that Mrs. Murray's financial loss is too small to make her case justifiable.

The Catholic and Episcopal dioceses of Baltimore have joined the case as co-defendants because they want a definitive constitutional decision. Church lawyers will argue that tax breaks spur vast church contributions to the public welfare through church schools, orphanages and hospitals. Another argument: tax breaks may actually be mandatory

SPELLMAN WITH FOUNDLINGS
A good shepherd should be . . .

under the First Amendment's guarantee of "free exercise" of religion.

Some churches—notably the Methodists and United Presbyterians—concede that there is an inequity in the laws and either pay their full taxes or a sum equivalent to levies from which they are exempt. But a majority of the clergy probably agree with Mrs. Murray's Baltimore opponents, who are determined to battle her up to the Supreme Court over what one Roman Catholic lawyer sees as "the beginning of a hostile interpretation of the First Amendment." Says he: "As a person, Mrs. Murray is not important. But what she's trying to do is important."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Pastor-Executive

If any one aspires to the office of bishop, he desires a noble task.
—I Timothy 3

The Roman Catholic Church has 2,500 bishops, and they perform their tasks in almost that many different ways. Some are brilliant theologians, some skillful spiritual teachers, some church politicians, some Jeep-riding missionaries, some discreet bureaucrats. But in the U.S., the dominant mold is the pastoral executive: the brick-and-mortar man whose memorial is a building program and whose theological concern takes second place to pragmatic interest in shepherding his people.

Such a man is Francis Cardinal Spellman, who this month is celebrating his 75th birthday and his 25th anniversary as Archbishop of New York. Last week nearly 4,000 guests crowded into four ballrooms of the Waldorf-Astoria for a banquet in his honor, and piles of gifts, letters and telegrams spilled across his office desks at 452 Madison Avenue. In part, the tributes came because Spellman is a genuinely warm and kindly man, a gregarious and sociable prelate whose gentle smile and sly Irish wit can charm Presidents as well as plumbers. But there was also the respect paid to an administrative genius whose record can be measured in construction bills and concrete growth.

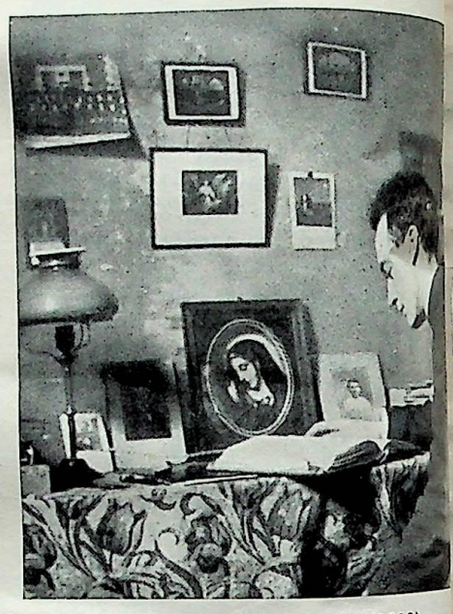
"Cardinal Moneybags." When Pope Pius XII named Spellman as its archbishop in 1939, New York was probably the richest see in the U.S.; it is now the richest in the world. Spellman's spiritual empire, running from Staten Island to the Catskills of Ulster County, has almost doubled in size, to 1,782,000 faithful. To serve his growing congregation, Spellman has built 37 new churches, 130 schools and five hospitals (including the New York Foundling Hospital, his favorite charity); almost every year he is responsible for $90 million worth of construction. Much of this he managed by consolidating all parish building programs into his own hands, thereby getting better interest rates from bankers.

Spellman's influence, however, goes well beyond his diocese. As the Pope's Military Vicar in charge of the nation's 920 Catholic chaplains, he is bishop of the Catholics in the armed forces. He also bears a major responsibility for the church's largest charity, Catholic Relief Services, a $176 million foreign aid program that sends food and clothing to 79 countries around the world, from Moslem Algeria to Catholic Peru. In grudging tribute to his financial power and financial skill, Rome sometimes calls him "Cardinal Moneybags."

Admiration & Criticism. It also respects him as the second most powerful man in the church. One reason has been his close personal friendship with Pope Pius XII and now with Pope Paul. Another is his unique ability to help out the church in useful ways that seldom get into print. After World War II, he convinced Pius of the need to internationalize the Vatican's Italy-centered investments. Later, they say in Rome, he donated more than $1,000,000 to help the Holy See pay for the Ecumenical Council. Spellman would never be so indiscreet as to interfere in another bishop's diocese—yet the Vatican seldom takes any action affecting the U.S. church without an inquiry first to the "powerhouse" in Manhattan.

As an executive, Spellman has almost universal admiration; on other grounds, he is a target of criticism for excessive prudence. Some Catholic laymen deplore the fact that his voice, loud and clear in condemning *The Deputy*, dirty movies and the Communist threat, is rarely heard on such social issues as segregation and political corruption. Catholic book publishers seldom try to get Spellman's imprimatur on anything more controversial than the life of an Irish saint, and there is an undercurrent of complaint from young priests about the steady-as-you-go conservatism of chancery decrees. Says one Manhattan curate: "It's easier to preach about socialism in New York than to advocate liturgical reform."

Outside the church, he is still blamed for using seminarians to break a cemetery workers' strike in 1949, and for engaging in a bitter public quarrel with Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt over federal aid to parochial schools. And although he now appears frequently at interfaith meetings, non-Catholic churchmen regard him as generally indifferent to ecumenism.



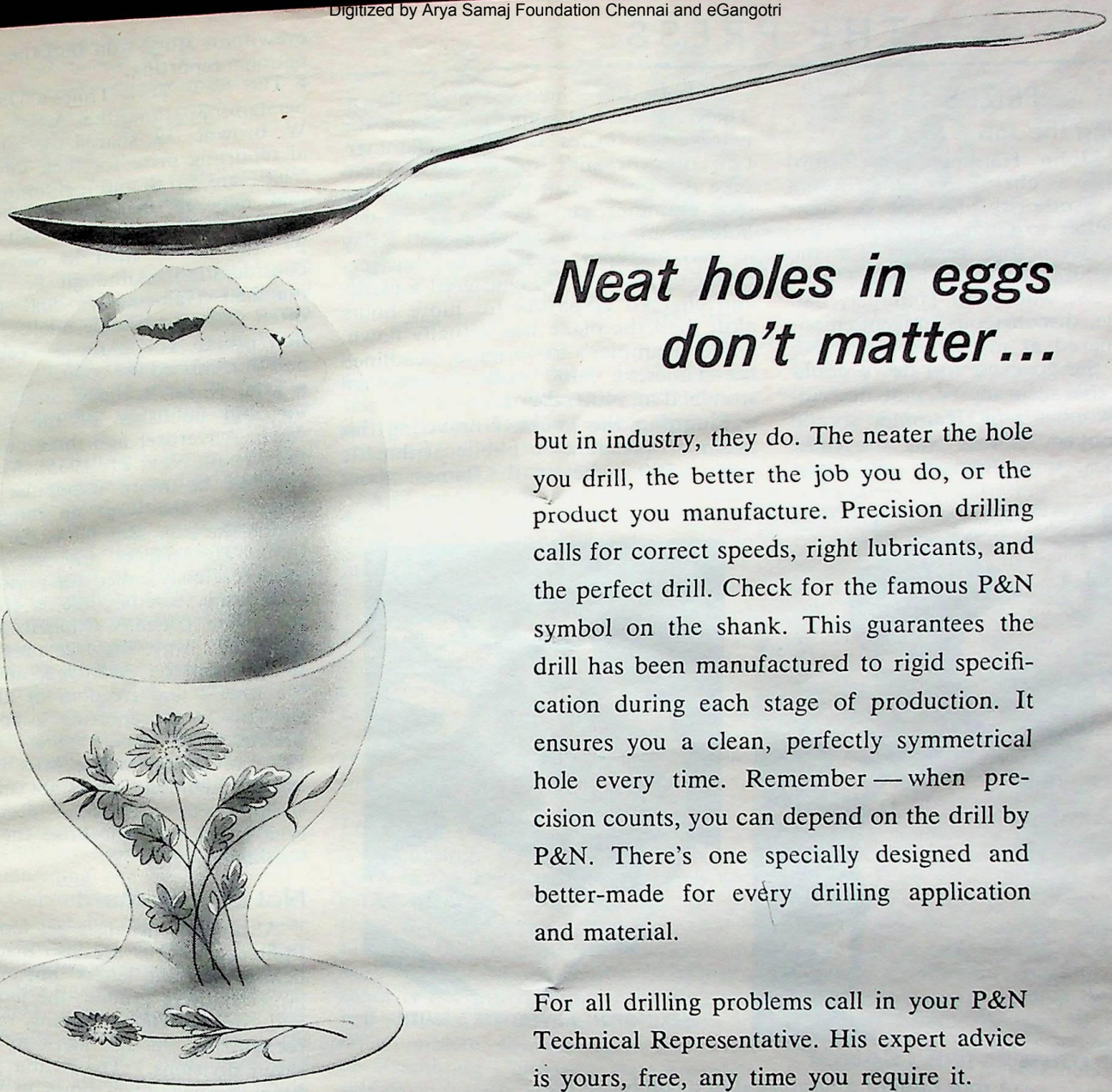
AS SEMINARIAN IN ROME (1913)
. . . a good builder.

Close to the People. Spellman is a product of Massachusetts' lace-curtain Irish, and readily admits that he does not "believe in change just to change." But he is an unpredictable conservative. He voted with the progressives on most issues that came before the Vatican Council, and last fall he took to Rome as his personal theologian Jesuit John Courtney Murray (TIME Cover, Dec. 12, 1960), who had been excluded from council preparations because the Holy Office objected to his views on church-state relations.

Spellman is now a trifle slow of step and dim of sight, and he yearns to be remembered not as the good builder but as a good shepherd. His greatest consolation, he says, has been his annual Christmastide visits to the troops overseas, "which gave me a chance to do something pastoral. That has always been my ideal—to be close to the people. That is what the church has always done and always should do."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Neat holes in eggs don't matter...

but in industry, they do. The neater the hole you drill, the better the job you do, or the product you manufacture. Precision drilling calls for correct speeds, right lubricants, and the perfect drill. Check for the famous P&N symbol on the shank. This guarantees the drill has been manufactured to rigid specification during each stage of production. It ensures you a clean, perfectly symmetrical hole every time. Remember — when precision counts, you can depend on the drill by P&N. There's one specially designed and better-made for every drilling application and material.

For all drilling problems call in your P&N Technical Representative. His expert advice is yours, free, any time you require it.

Available in Black Jet or Silver Jet precision finish by P&N holders of sole Australian rights to the Rohde & Dorrenberg roll forging process . . . for maximum economy and longer drill life.

For further details of R & D processed drills ask for P&N Tool Data Sheet No. 115.

PATIENCE & NICHOLSON LIMITED

Sales Office: 477 Hoddle Street, Clifton Hill, Melbourne, Australia
Cables: "TAPSANDIES" Melbourne, Australia

Local Representatives:

Thailand	Jardine Waugh, 226 Nares Road, P.O. Box 40, BANGKOK
Hong Kong	Rieckermann (Hong Kong) Ltd., 1001 Man Yee Building, Des Voeux Road, Central, HONG KONG
Malaya	Cycle & Carriage (1926) Co., 41 Orchard Road, SINGAPORE
India	Ganeshnarayan Brijlal Private Ltd., P.O. Box 2109, CALCUTTA
Ceylon	Estates Supplies Division, Brown & Co., P.O. Box 200, COLOMBO
Philippines	Mr. A. Merx, Solex Tool Corporation, 355 Barracca Street, MANILA

ONLY MANUFACTURER OF A COMPLETE RANGE OF TWIST DRILLS, SCREW EXTRACTORS, TAPS AND DIES, STOCKS, TA... AND CHASERS IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

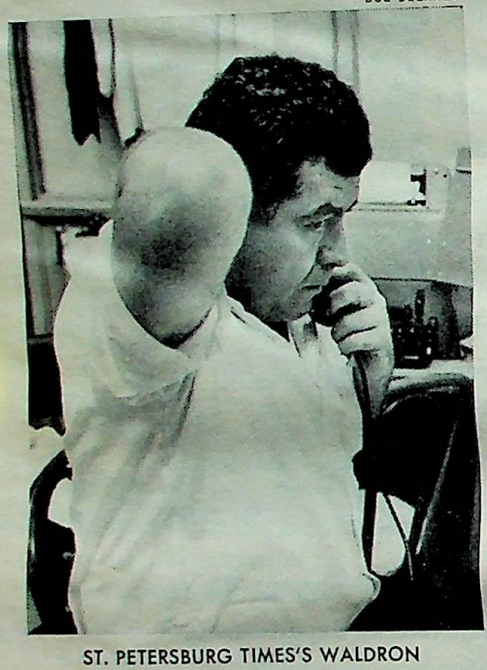
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PRIZES

Just Doing the Job

Before John Hammer was thrown out of office as chairman of the Florida Turnpike Authority, he sent a complaining letter to Governor Farris Bryant. It concerned a reporter for the St. Petersburg Times, Martin Oliver Waldron, 39, who, said Hammer, had been "rude, discourteous, ungentlemanly, and roared at my employees." No one from the governor on down could challenge the accuracy of that description—or wonder why Hammer should be so annoyed. For it was the rude, discourteous, ungentlemanly and roaring reporter from the Times who cost John Hammer his job.

BOB DELANEY



ST. PETERSBURG TIMES'S WALDRON

JACK THORNELL

LEXINGTON ADVERTISER'S SMITH

A roar against a turnpike and a call for reason.

Drawing Flies. Anything less than a roar would sound inadequate coming from a man who stands six feet tall, scales 240 lbs. and sometimes has to go sideways through a door. Waldron roars at everybody. Once, when Leroy Collins was still governor, Collins stamped up and down the cabinet room for four hours demanding that Reporter Waldron disclose his source for a certain story. For four hours, Waldron stamped right along with the governor, roaring refusal. Then the governor gave up trying.

His reportorial behavior goes over big with statehouse tipsters. Sooner or later, they all visit Waldron, and the tales they tell are music to a man who defines his job as a daily search for crooked politicians. In due time, Waldron's questing eye turned on Florida's Sunshine State Parkway, a four-lane asphalt ribbon winding the 211 miles between Miami and Orlando. If ever a state project might draw flies, thought Waldron, that was it.

While Waldron was working on this suspicion, a tipster called from Tampa—collect—and invited him down. There he learned something about the extravagant tastes of John Hammer, Governor Bryant's appointee as Turnpike Authority chairman. While on the job, Hammer stayed at a $65-a-day hotel room, paid as much as $30 a day to eat, and put corsages for his secretary on the tab. He chartered a plane, and charged taxpayers for more hours aloft than the plane was actually flown. Under Hammer's loose hand, headlined the Times, a $100 million road had stretched to $400 million.

Plugging the Leaks. Unraveling this skein of questionable public arithmetic took 4,500 inches in the Times: about 150,000 words. It was worth the effort. Out went the high-living John Hammer, and in went five new state laws that plugged the holes through which millions of tax dollars had leaked. It was a prime example of the kind of investigative reporting that a good reporter on a crusading newspaper ought to do. So it should have been no surprise last week when the Pulitzer Prize for meritorious public service went to the St. Petersburg Times. Martin Waldron was not mentioned in the award—an omission that did not bother him one bit. "I don't get any money out of the prize," said he, "so it isn't like being paid for doing your duty."

Among the other Pulitzer prizewinners in journalism:

▶ The United Press International's Merriman Smith, 51, known to millions of televiewers as the slim, mustached man who ends presidential press conferences with the words, "Thank you, Mr. President." On the day John Kennedy was shot, Smith, who was riding in the motorcade three cars behind the President, grabbed the car phone and got out a U.P.I. bulletin six minutes ahead of the competition. Smith's later eyewitness story won him the prize for national reporting.

▶ The New York Times's David Halberstam, 30, and the A.P.'s Malcolm W. Browne, 32, shared the international reporting prize for their coverage of Viet Nam, up to and including the coup that deposed the Diem regime. Bad luck probably eliminated Neil Sheehan, 27, the U.P.I. man in Saigon, from consideration. Although his reporting matched Halberstam's and Browne's, often with remarkable fidelity, Sheehan flew out to Tokyo for a week's rest—and thus missed the coup.

▶ Mrs. Hazel Brannon Smith, 49, editor and publisher of the Lexington, Miss., Advertiser and three other weeklies (TIME, Nov. 21, 1955). Mrs. Smith couldn't be more unpopular in Mississippi if she were an integrationist, which she isn't. But she is the next best thing. Her papers and her editorials have fearlessly called for reason on the race issue, whether she is challenging the white Citizens Councils ("If they have their way, the free press in Mississippi will be destroyed, and *with it* the liberty and freedom of all Mississippians"), or reporting a concert by Metropolitan Opera Star Leontyne Price in Laurel, where Miss Price was born ("Leontyne does not need Mississippi, but Mississippi needs Leontyne"). She won the prize for editorial writing.

Not Enough Merit

Although journalists get most of the Pulitzers, awards are also made in the field of arts and letters. But on this larger hunting ground, the judges have had chronic trouble finding, or at least recognizing, enough merit to cover the seven divisions.* The fiction prize has been skipped seven times in 48 years, the drama award eight times. This year the Pulitzer jurors withheld awards in music, drama and fiction.

Under those headings, the jurors saw not a single nomination to the University of Columbia board of trustees which picks the winners. Some of the other arts-and-letters awards, they testified to a painstaking search for merit. The history award went to *Puritan Village: The Formation of a New England Town*, a book that was rejected by two publishers before Author Sumner Chilton Powell found a printer. Powell fielded his prize with special gratitude. He hoped, he said, that it might help him on his newest project, finding a suitable job.

Author Powell's publisher, the Wesleyan University Press in Middletown, Conn., was not far behind him in gratitude. Although the university got into book publishing only seven years ago, it published another of this year's winners, *At the End of the Open Road*, a volume of verse by Louis Simpson.

* Music, fiction, drama, history, biography, poetry, and something the Pulitzer committee calls "general nonfiction."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SPORT

TRACK & FIELD

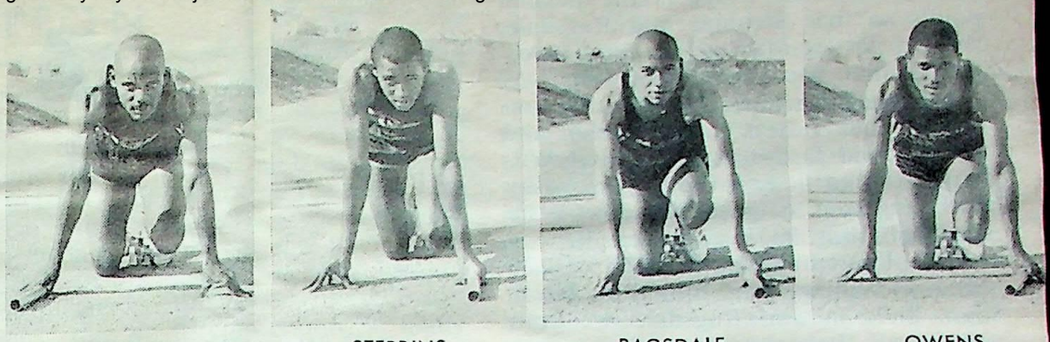
Ten Years After

Of all track's "impenetrable" barriers —every one of which has now been broken—none seemed more solid, a little over a decade ago, than the 4-min. mile. In the years between 1934 and 1942, the world's best runners could only lower the record .6 sec. (from 4 min. 6.8 sec.), and in 1945 when Sweden's Gunder Hägg ran a 4-min.-1.4-sec. mile, that seemed to be just about the ultimate of which any man was capable.

Then came Britain's Roger Bannister, a dour, monkish medical student, who attacked the 4-min. mile the way a researcher attacks a microbe. Bannister approached the barrier as if it were strictly physical. He built up his lung capacity until he could absorb 5¼ qts. of oxygen a minute—125% the normal rate. He lowered his pulse rate to 50 beats per minute *v.* an average 72. Finally, on May 6, 1954, Bannister ran the mile in 3 min. 59.4 sec.—and nearly killed himself in the process. He was half unconscious with anoxia. His pulse had soared to 155 counts per minute. He was temporarily color-blind. "Real pain overtook me," he wrote later. "It was as if all my limbs were caught in an ever-tightening vise."

Roger Bannister retired at the end of the 1954 season, his theory proved—or so it seemed. But no, it turned out that the 4-min. barrier was only mental after all. One after another, other milers began to break 4 min. John Landy did it. Jim Beatty did it. Australia's Herb Elliott did it 17 times. And there was New Zealand's Peter Snell, who holds the current world record (3 min. 54.4 sec.) and breaks 4 min. practically every time he steps on a track. In one race alone last summer, the first six finishers all beat 4 min. By last week, the barrier that Bannister had labored so long and hard to crack had been smashed by 44 men from 15 nations a total of 143 times.

And what of Roger Bannister now? Married, 35, the father of four children, he is a consultant on neurology at three London hospitals. Last week, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of his historic run, he went out to supper with Chris Chataway and Chris Brasher, the two runners who had paced him to the record—and talked about a new "absolute limit" for the mile. He set it at "about 3 min. 30 sec. This is the physiological limit," he said, "with our bodies made the way they are."



MEADOWS STEBBINS RAGSDALE OWENS

A slap for speed.

Looking for a Challenger

Grambling, La., is a sleepy Negro town in the heart of the pea-patch and catfish country. The best way to get there is by car from Shreveport, over a highway that is partly pitted blacktop, built by Huey Long in the 1930s. But there is not much point in making the trip—unless, of course, you happen to be an athlete. Grambling is the home of Grambling College, a state-operated school with only 3,700 students, half of them girls, and year after year some of the best college football players in the nation. At last count, 17 Grambling alumni were playing with the pros, including All-Pro Safety Man Roosevelt Taylor of the Chicago Bears, 315-lb. Tackle Ernie Ladd of the San Diego Chargers, and End Willie Davis of the Green Bay Packers.

Football is fine, but track is even finer. It is newer, too. Grambling had neither a track nor a team until five years ago. What's more, Track Coach Tom Williams, a onetime halfback with the Los Angeles Rams, gets only ten athletic scholarships a year. But he makes the most of what he has. Williams can field nine runners capable of cracking 10 sec. in the 100-yd. dash, a 174-ft. discus thrower, a 26-ft. broad jumper —and the best sprint relay team in the U.S.

Say "Hey!" This season, four Californians dressed in Grambling black-and-gold have run off with practically every sprint relay in sight, and their times (40 sec. for the 440, 1 min. 23.3 sec. for the 880) are the fastest in the U.S. Last week, at the Southwestern Athletic Conference meet in Houston, they romped to yet another 440-yd. victory, in 40.4 sec. Better still, they have only begun to hit their stride. Donald Owens is only a junior, but he is the captain of the team. The others—Richard Stebbins, Vernus Ragsdale and Donald Meadows—are all sophomores running in their second varsity season.

Key to the sprint relay is the baton pass—a complicated maneuver that must be accomplished blindly but precisely. Grambling's Coach Williams learned the secret from the British. Impressed by the fact that the British national team had beaten the U.S. in international competition, Williams studied movies of the teams in action. The Americans were faster, but they tended to slow down for the tricky pass, while the British made the transfer at full speed. The Americans also had a habit of waiting, hand low, palm down, trying to snatch the baton from their teammates. The British on the other hand, reached back, hand high, thumb up—and the incoming runner simply dropped the baton into his teammate's open palm.

Williams decided to crossbreed the two styles. His runners hold their hands palm down, in the classic American style, but the incoming runner slaps the baton upward into his teammate's [illegible] alerting him just before [illegible] shouting "Hey!" In [illegible] where even a fracti[illegible]

PICTORIAL PARADE

BRASHER, CHATAWAY, BANNISTER & WIVES CELEBRATING

One hundred and forty-two times later.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

portant, Williams staggers the passing points so that Stebbins and Ragsdale, the two fastest men, get to run 10 yds. farther than Meadows and Owens.

Stayers & Anchors. Most coaches simply run their fastest man as anchor and their second fastest as No. 1, but Williams tries to fit each boy's personality to the leg he is assigned. Meadows is no speedball, but he is a stayer: he can match almost anybody for 110 or 220 yds.—so Williams runs him as the No. 1 man. Stebbins and Ragsdale are both convinced that they are the fastest sprinters in the country, so they run No. 2 and No. 3. Their job is to build up a lead for Anchor Man Owens, who runs best when he starts in front.

The closest anybody has come to beating Grambling in the 440- or 880-yd. relay all year is .3 sec. back at the tape. That makes Williams proud but unhappy. "These boys need a challenge," he says. "They have never yet been in a race where they all had to put out their best effort." If that ever does happen, officials are unlikely to believe their watches. Meadows already has clocked 21.2 sec. for a 220 leg this year; Owens has done 20.2 sec., Stebbins 20 sec. and Ragsdale a fantastic 19.5. Together, those times add up to 1 min. 20.9 sec. —almost two full seconds faster than the world record for the 880-yd. relay.

GOLF'S TOP TRIO

After 15 P.G.A. tournaments, in three of which neither played, Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer were battling it out as usual for the lead in money winnings. The only thing still up for grabs was third trumpet on the Fort Knox bandwagon. Puerto Rico's Juan ("Chi Chi") Rodriguez was tooting mightily, and only a connoisseur would have the bad sense to ask whatever happened to Tony Lema. The standings last week, before the Colonial National in Fort Worth:

	Jack Nicklaus	Arnold Palmer	Juan Rodriguez
Los Angeles Open	Did not play	Tie, 3rd $2,775	Did not play
San Diego Open	Did not play	Tie, 15th $725	Did not play
Lucky Open	Tie, 12th $1,200	Tie, 3rd $3,100	1st $7,500
Phoenix Open	1st $7,500	Tie, 9th $1,450	Cut 36 holes
New Orleans Open	Tie, 2nd $3,400	10th $1,500	Tie, 2nd $3,400
Pensacola Oper	Did not play	Tie, 2nd $2,300	Did not play
St. Petersburg	Tie, 4th $1,400	Did not play	Tie, 24th $226
Doral Open	2nd $4,000	Tie, 18th $794	Tie, 27th $525
Greensboro Open	4th $2,550	Tie, 13th $845	Did not play
Masters	Tie, 2nd $10,100	1st $20,000	Tie, 21st $1,100
Houston Classic	2nd $4,000	Did not play	3rd $3,300
Texas Open	Did not play	Did not play	Tie, 2nd $3,100
Tournament of Champions	1st $12,000	9th $1,850	Tie, 4th $3,020
	$46,150	$35,339	$22,171

JERRY A. ROSE

MALE (LEFT) ATTACKING FEMALE

KITE FLYING

A Man's World

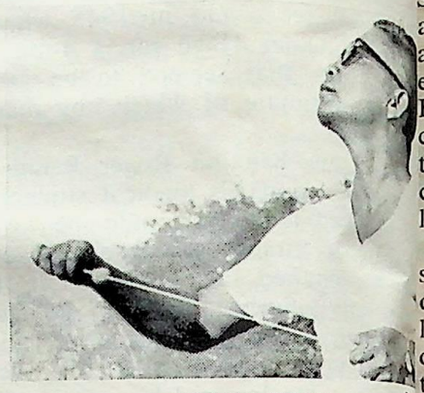
"Go fly a kite," an angry housewife snarls at her husband—but imagine her surprise if he actually went and did. There was Ben Franklin, of course, with his handkerchief, his key and his lightning bolt, and if Orville and Wilbur Wright had not been kiting enthusiasts, a Russian might have invented the airplane after all. But the adult U.S. male who shows up at the park with kite and twine is certain to be suspect unless he has a passel of kids in tow. And there is something definably foreign about the doughty Somerset Maugham hero who preferred to rot in jail rather than pay his ex-wife alimony—all because she had smashed his favorite kite.

Perhaps it is just that Americans have no sense of the sublime. "My kite rises to celestial regions," wrote a 9th century monk. "My soul enters the abode of bliss." On Formosa, the ninth day of the ninth moon is the Day of Ascending Heights, a holiday in honor of kites. In Japan, kite flying is so popular that it was once legislated out of existence, so that people could keep their minds on their work. And nowhere is kiting pursued with more passion than in Thailand, where legend has it that a young lover found his lady fair by following the string of a runaway kite.

Talons & Nooses. From February to May, when the Lom Ta-Phao wind blows from the southwest, the sky above Bangkok resembles a vast aerial Disneyland. Long (up to 25 ft.), hinged kites, shaped like kraits and cobras, wriggle sinuously in the breeze. Peacock and butterfly kites flutter their iridescent wings; owls roll their eyes, and paper hawks wheel and dive. Thai boys get their first kites about the same age that U.S. youngsters get their first baseball gloves, and most of them dream about growing up to be another Poon Yuvaniyom, who is the closest thing to a Mickey Mantle west of the Mekong.

A telephone company executive, Poon, 55, is the kite-fighting champion of Thailand—and in Thailand, kite fighting is a big-league sport. It has its teams (sponsored by private companies, like U.S. bowling teams), its league rules (72 of them), its umpires and World Series, the All-Thailand championships, held each spring in Bangkok Phramane Grounds. In India, where kite fights are also common, strings are coated with ground glass; in South America, frames are studded with razor blades.

The Thais are too sophisticated for such crude devices. Their fighting kites, which cost up to $18, are made of paper delicately stretched on a frame of bamboo frame, and come in two sexes: the star-shaped *chula*, or male kite, and the diamond-shaped *pakpao*, or female. Each has its special weapon. The *chula* sports five bamboo talons called *chanpas* (literally: fruit pickers), and the *pakpao* carries a long noose called *nhiang*. The male kite tries to capture the female's control string in its talons and drag it to earth; the female tries to encircle the male with its noose and ride it to the ground.



WINNER POON
A sense of the sublime.

Courtly Advantage. The battle is not really equal—but that fits perfectly into the oriental scheme of things. Only 2 in. sq., the dainty *pakpao* is less than half as big as the bulky (85 in. sq.) *chula*, which takes as many as 50 men to control. But the *pakpaos* line up along the north side of Phramane Ground, and the steady southwest wind gives them courtly advantage to the weaker kites. The female kites bank on speed and guile: sometimes two *pakpaos* will pounce on a single *chula*, like night fighter planes attacking a lumbering bomber. Even if an opponent's kite is captured, the fight is only half over; it must be grounded on the attacker's side of the field.

Poon Yuvaniyom is strictly a classic devotee, and he is an old hand at outwitting wily females. "I'm a man," he says, "and I like male kites." This year's All-Thailand championships started in the middle of April and went on for three weeks. While vendors hawked spicy fish and chicken in the milling throngs of fans, Poon maneuvered the control ropes of his *chula* with hands calloused by 30 years of kiting. He and his Thailand Telephone Organization team had little trouble winning their third straight national title and the King's Cup—thereby proving that, for the moment at least, it's still a man-kite's world.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

UNIVERSITIES

Big Voice in Little Egypt

In the first six weeks after Delyte Wesley Morris took over as president of decrepit Southern Illinois University in 1948, he gained ten pounds on the banquet circuit. Morris' nonstop message: S.I.U. would reverse its own sad state and with it the fortunes of the region—a depressed, despairing, violence-ridden enclave known as Little Egypt (or Egypt, after Cairo, Ill., the southernmost city in the state). "Not one of them had the foggiest thought that anything would come of our efforts," he says—and quietly adds that now "the change has come."

Morris' listeners had a right to be skeptical. The S.I.U. campus at Carbondale 16 years ago was a jumble of old, leaking buildings in a lifeless town whose only reason for existence was the fact that the Illinois Central Railroad had chosen to establish a division headquarters there. The school itself was a mediocre state teachers' college, whose sense of the future was typified by an earlier S.I.U. president whose pride it was to send back money to the legislature from the school's meager appropriation. Even Morris did not come with a big reputation. The son of an auto insurance salesman, he was born in Little Egypt, was professor of speech at Ohio State when he got the offer to head S.I.U.

Direct Approach. But Morris, 56, is a hard-driving, restless fellow. From the start, he aimed for twin goals: improving life in the 31 sprawling counties of Little Egypt, and creating a school of excellence. He believes that "you can have pursuit of knowledge for knowledge's sake along with a practical, direct approach to society."

Now, by way of direct approach, teams of specialists from S.I.U.'s department of community development are constantly scouring the region, tempting new industries to settle there. The university's booming Vocational-Technical Institute offers some 160 courses ranging from cosmetology to court reporting, and 10,000 people take adult-education courses. In an area where only a decade ago only 19% of the population over 25 had attended high school, researchers at S.I.U.'s internationally known education department have strengthened dozens of local public schools by curriculum improvements and new teaching aids. University scientists have tackled such regional problems as water pollution, crop diversification and transportation. Even the S.I.U. symphony is a regional enterprise; half the members are students, and the other half are jobless coal miners and other amateurs.

But in pursuing scholarship, S.I.U. is doing even better. "The progress has been incredible," says a member of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. More than 60% of the S.I.U. staff have doctorates, which puts the school among the top 15%-20% in the U.S. For the first time in Little Egypt's history, students are coming from other parts of the state and from other states. They are attracted by strong faculties in the liberal arts and in such specialties as microbiology and theater design. Among the 260 students from 40 foreign countries, many are taking courses at a novel center for the study of crime and correction that works closely with a model federal prison in nearby Marion. The university press, which published its first book in 1956, is now working on its 125th; among its notable volumes are the *Selected Poems of Herman Melville* (TIME, May 1) and *Modes of Being*, by Paul Weiss, Sterling Professor of Philosophy at Yale.

Pacesetter. From 3,000 students only 15 years ago, the school now has 18,200 students (apart from adults), of whom 80% are the first in their families to attend college. The faculty has grown from 250 to 1,150. By the end of the decade, with completion of a second permanent campus now rising out of the wheatfields near Edwardsville, 110 miles northwest of Carbondale, the university's capacity will reach 36,000 students.

Next month S.I.U. becomes one of the few universities in the U.S. to operate on a four-quarter academic year. Coupled with a 78-hour week of classroom use that runs from 8 a.m. to midnight, officials have squeezed the most out of the educational facilities—and educators. S.I.U. was the first university in the nation deliberately to hire visiting professors who were retired or soon to be retired at other schools. Among dozens of such luminaries have been Harvard Astronomer Harlow Shapley, University of Chicago Theologian Henry Wieman and Designer-Dreamer Buckminster Fuller (TIME Cover, Jan. 10).

Autonomy. The Illinois legislature used to starve S.I.U., but Supersalesman Morris, with the aid of regional politicians and a separate board of trustees appointed by the Governor, got the school a total appropriation of $103 million for 1963-65 (still far less than the favored land-grant University of Illinois). More than 60 new buildings have been completed or are going up in Carbondale alone, including a 17-story dormitory tower. Students have also pitched in to expand S.I.U., though 4,000 of them work to help support themselves. They paid for a $4,500,000 student union, with 16-lane bowling al-

ARTHUR SIEGEL

PRESIDENT MORRIS & STUDENTS AT SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY CENTER

To stoke a comeback, a mine of knowledge.

Morris thrives on such displays of university spirit. Along with Little Egypt's awakening from economic and cultural torpor, it is proof of his promise that S.I.U. "must do more than promote good teaching. We must take the university to the people."

STUDENTS ABROAD

Le Stop

In the U.S., it's called hitchhiking, and although many a student with a sign (GOOD CONVERSATIONALIST ALBUQUERQUE PLEASE) can still be seen, expressways and police are driving the custom out of style. But in Europe, the *autostop*, as hitchhiking is known in internationalese, is a thriving student institution. In universities across the Continent, and on many U.S. campuses too, college kids are about to dust off knapsacks and take to the open *Autobahnen, routes nationales, carreteras* and *autostrade*.

West Germany is a favorite for practitioners of the *autostop*. At border crossings, West German police have been known to halt a car and order [illegible] to take aboard a wholesome *stoppeur*. Neatness [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

CONTI-PRESS
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

HOPEFUL HIKER IN GERMANY
The king had 1,000 jokes.

notes respectability; so does a pair of knobby knees (male), because Germans like outdoorsiness. The thumb is a U.S. import; native custom dictates an erect forearm and a vigorous loose-wristed wag of the hand. One student last summer became king of the *Autobahnen* by carrying a sign that said: I KNOW A THOUSAND JOKES.

Spain is also popular, because it issues a free formal card to hikers if they supply character references. By using the card, the *stoppeur* automatically renounces the right to sue his benefactor in case of accident, and gets maps and a small national flag. Drivers who help a hiker get a coupon toward membership in the honorary "Brotherhood of the Highway." In Italy, more cars and better roads have raised the country's ranking on the *autostop* circuit, though the hot-blooded national temperament sometimes makes hitchhiking a perilous means of transportation. Italian men are markedly hospitable to foreign girls ("Because you never know how it might wonderfully end," says one driver).

Stoppeurs were panicked recently by a rumor that France had outlawed *le stop*. It turned out that only persons under 18 were forbidden to hitchhike, and the situation soon returned to normal. Yet for single girls who do not happen to be judo champions, a women's magazine darkly warns that white slavers cruise the roads for recruits. Military uniforms and Boy Scout getups are a help for hitchhikers, and two Canadians in Nice recently made it in record time to southern Spain by dressing in cassocks.

A handful of daredevil *stoppeurs* have developed their own system; the hiker slaps the side of a moving car, then quickly falls down. The driver screeches to a stop and out of fear and sympathy takes the traveler aboard, or so survivors report. A commoner, and safer, technique is to spot the license of an oncoming car and whip out a national flag to match.

CHAMBER MUSIC

The Revelers

The plans were enough to prostrate the most gallant music manager. Isaac Stern, Leonard Rose and Eugene Istomin—three top-dollar virtuosos—had teamed up to make chamber music together. Their audience might shrink to the size of the small halls in which trios usually play—and the take, of course, would be split three ways. But the trio had played an intriguing handful of concerts in the past, and bound by 20 years' friendship, they defiantly formed their alliance. Last week, solidly established as the best in 50 years, the Stern-Rose-Istomin Trio played their fifth sell-out concert of the season to a house so full and enthusiastic that it made even Carnegie Hall seem just the right size for chamber music.

A Mirror of Tone. The concert—one trio each by Beethoven, Brahms and Schubert—displayed both the sweep of each man's virtuosity as a soloist and the perfect rapport the three share when playing together. Istomin hulked mightily over the keyboard to delve deep into the music with the sensitive phrasing that distinguishes his playing. Stern and Rose were so perfectly matched that Rose's 1662 Amati cello seemed at times the baritone voice of Stern's Guarnerius violin. In passages in which phrases are repeated alternately between them, each provides a mirror of the other in phrasing, tone, even vibrato. Their precision and ease suggests an immense reserve of talent that the evening's program had not required.

Each of the three has discovered in the trio a reward beyond mere music. "There are many miraculous little things that happen during each performance," says Rose. "We play to one another in a sort of musical conversation." Says Stern: "Music is something to revel in—and when we play together we revel. I'm so proud of this trio I want to shout it from the housetops."

Keep It Gala. It took nearly six years of prodding by Stern before all three mustered the time and determination to get together; each has a highly prosperous career as a soloist, and abandoning private schedules is costly. Now that the three are committed to each other, they plan to spare a month or so each year for work as a trio, making plans far in advance, insisting on ideal halls for chamber music, hand-picked the piano. "We want to keep it gala," says Istomin.

Together with the Juilliard String Quartet (TIME, Aug. 23), the new trio gives the U.S. unsurpassed mastery of chamber music. Critics struggling to define its excellence find no one around to compare it with. They hark back instead to the years before World War II, when French Pianist Alfred Cortot, French Violinist Jacques Thibaud and Pablo Casals were the presiding maestri. Even the great trio of the '40s—*Heifetz*, Feuermann and Rubinstein—is not in the running, for Stern, Rose and Istomin make up a trio unique in attitude as much as accomplishment. They play not if for themselves, and in the playing each achieves a reach of music higher than any he could gain for himself.

COMPOSERS

The Way to Write Music

All week, the rotund, grey-haired man in the rumpled brown suit guarded the decrepit-looking envelope as if it were stuffed with gold. "It's always on my mind," he said, quietly aware that the envelope contained what everyone hoped might prove a musical triumph. An evening or so later, Carlos Chávez, Mexico's top music man and a major composer in any hemisphere, joined some 2,600 concertgoers to hear his *Symphony No. 6* performed by the N

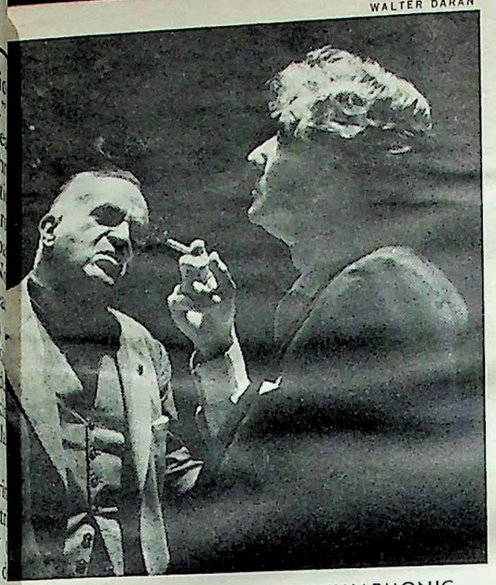
ALFRED STATLER

STERN, ROSE & ISTOMIN AT CARNEGIE
Miraculous little things keep happening.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WALTER DARAN



CHÁVEZ & BERNSTEIN AT PHILHARMONIC
A setback may improve with age.

York Philharmonic and conducted by Leonard Bernstein in its world première. Nearly everyone was disappointed.

A latecomer among ten works commissioned to mark the opening of Lincoln Center's year-and-a-half-old Philharmonic Hall, the Chávez symphony won respectful applause. But critical hosannas did not follow. The piece is bold, ruggedly impressive in spots, yet oddly ineffectual—a virile epic with all its bones removed.

At 64, however, Chávez is a pioneer modernist who seldom lets a setback take him by surprise. He believes that a new work must mature in the minds of maestro, musicians and public. His patience has often been rewarded. In 1928 he became the founder and conductor of Mexico's first major symphony orchestra. Giving free concerts, he taught his musically illiterate audiences the wonders of Bach, Beethoven, Stravinsky, Schoenberg and Chávez. His own early compositions, such as the brilliant, flavorful *Sinfonia India*, in which indigenous folk tunes were distilled with impressive originality, earned him a reputation for localism that Chávez now frankly deplores. To critics who affect to hear the wind through the mesquite or the flapping of serapes in everything he writes, he has often protested that "I am Mexican, Beethoven was German —but music is international."

Though he often returns to his home, Chávez has freed himself from more than two decades of dedication to his country's culture. Just back from Germany, this week he will conduct a concert in Portland, Ore., and is slated for another in Chicago. But his lively performances on the podium do not stanch his virtually uninterrupted flow of symphonies, concertos, ballets, string quartets, songs and toccatas. While New York reconsiders the merits of his *Symphony No. 6*, Chávez is polishing off a new percussion piece and is halfway through *Symphony No. 7*. "When you solve one problem," he says, "go on to the next. That's the way to live life—and the way to compose music."

MILESTONES

Married. Durie Desloge, 22, daughter of Palm Beach Socialite Durie Desloge Shevlin; and Roderic Iain Bullough, 28, London blueblood, Oxonian, former Coldstream Guardsman; in Manhattan.

Died. Rico Lebrun, 63, Italian-born West Coast painter and sculptor, a wistful, wiry Neapolitan whose lifelong preoccupation with the grotesque and the macabre led critics to think of him as a 20th century Goya, produced a savage, semi-abstract body of work illustrating grim themes classic and modern, from Dante's *Inferno* and the Crucifixion to Dachau and Buchenwald; of cancer; in Los Angeles.

Died. Franklin Delavergne Jones, 65, Pennsylvania chemist who in 1944 discovered the nation's most widely used herbicide, 2, 4-D; of cancer; in Philadelphia. Experimenting with synthetic plant hormones, Jones found that one killed broad-leaved plants instead of stimulating growth, leaving such narrow-leaved plants as corn unscathed; it soon became the standard ingredient in preparations for controlling poison ivy and dandelion, paved the way for a host of other weed killers.

Died. Ataullah K. Ozai-Durrani, 66, an immigrant Afghan who in 1941 walked into the Manhattan office of a General Foods executive, set up his portable stove and demonstrated a quick-cooking rice he had developed, so handy that General Foods marketed it as Minute Rice, which with its imitations accounts for 25% of all rice cooked by U.S. housewives, filled its inventor's ricebowl with royalties estimated at more than $1,000,000; of cancer; in Denver.

Died. Martin Quigley, 73, Manhattan publisher of the trade magazine *Motion Picture Herald* who, in 1929 with the late Jesuit Father Daniel Lord, prepared a guide governing the treatment of sex, crime, religion and "repellent subjects" in movies that became Hollywood's official production code; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, 86, Japan's Ambassador to the U.S. on Dec. 7, 1941, who called on Secretary of State Cordell Hull one hour after Japanese bombs had fallen on Pearl Harbor to deliver a note breaking off peace talks because of "U.S. bad faith"; of a stroke; in Tokyo. At least to Westerners, Nomura will be best remembered for the tongue-lashing administered by Hull: "In my 50 years of public service I have never seen a document more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions, on a scale so huge that I never imagined until today that any government on this planet was capable of uttering them."

Electronics / Telecommunications

NEC

Nippon Electric Company Limited

P.O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

You read advertising news in these columns

So do millions of others.

If you have a product that is news...which people should be interested in, why not tell them about it here? Ask for information from... TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

THE FUND OF FUNDS, LIMITED

THE FUND OF FUNDS

The Fund of Funds offers a portfolio of leading United States mutual investment funds and fund management companies, selected for comparative performance and future growth potential.

The Fund of Funds; IIT, *International Investment Trust;* and *Research Investing Corporation* (RIC) are offered under *The IOS* Investment Program.*

May 6	Asset Value Per Share	Total Assets *(in millions)*
The Fund of Funds	$13.63	$47.9
IIT	$ 4.48	$ 7.1
RIC	$11.87	$ 8.5

* INVESTORS OVERSEAS SERVICES/largest Mutual Fund and investment program distributor specializing in the international market/1,000 Associates serve clients in 116 countries on six continents/complete financial planning services.

Executive Offices, Investors Overseas Services
119 rue de Lausanne Geneva, Switzerland

☐ *Please send a Prospectus and information for*

_____ *to:*
(insert name of fund)

NAME *(please print)* _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

COUNTRY _____

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PSYCHIATRY

The Kennedy Round

In Los Angeles last week, no less than in Geneva, it was "the Kennedy round." When the curtain went up on the annual convention of the American Psychiatric Association, a huge portrait of the late President was the backdrop. The opening session was programmed in mourning type: "*In Memoriam* John Fitzgerald Kennedy."

Speaker after speaker reminded the 5,000 psychiatrists that no President ever did as much to aid the fight against mental illness as John Kennedy. His mental-health message to Congress last year represented the sort of official recognition for which the Psychiatric Association had been waiting for a century. Said the association's new president, Dr. Daniel Blain of Philadelphia: "Because of his understanding and because of his own family situation, he chose to become a champion of the cause."

Kill the Father. An offbeat splinter group, the Academy of Psychodrama and Group Therapy, got into the act by staging a curtain raiser for the main meetings in the form of a Kafka-style reconstruction of the personalities and possible motives of Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby. Said Manhattan's Dr. Jacob L. Moreno, who invented psychodrama as a medium for acting out emotional disturbances and thereby treating them: "We are all suffering from a tremendous amount of unresolved guilt and confusion over what happened to President Kennedy. After all, if you can 'kill the father,' anything goes. We are all involved and we must all be cured together. We need a mass psychotherapy—a mass catharsis."

Dr. Moreno had asked Dallas Judge Joe B. Brown to let Ruby out to play himself on the psychodrama stage. Predictably, Judge Brown refused. Moreno also had asked former Defense Counsel Melvin Belli to re-enact his own part. Belli accepted, then failed to show. But every role had volunteers, and though members of the audience who sat as a mock jury took no vote, their consensus was plain: if the Dallas jury box had been packed with psychiatrists, Ruby would have been found "insane."

Most orthodox psychiatrists are skeptical of psychodrama, but at play's end, the entire audience of 400 seemed to feel better—as if the doctors of the mind had needed to get something off their minds. Next day, they turned to the main business of the A.P.A.

JULIAN WASSER

DR. MORENO AT OSWALD-RUBY PSYCHODRAMA
With a jury of psychiatrists, a different verdict.

Road to Immortality. Political assassination, said Dr. G. Wilse Robinson of Kansas City, Mo., did not change from the time of Cain to that of the Medici, but in the modern era there has been a change in the character of the assassin. Today's hired killer wants no part of any attempt on the life of a prominent political figure. Such work is too dangerous. That leaves two types of assassinations: the conspiracy, as in the death of Lincoln, and the person-to-person attack. But the conspiracy against Lincoln was conceived and directed by John Wilkes Booth, Dr. Robinson argued, so even Booth really fits the more modern pattern: "A single man with a desire that results from long brooding to destroy a leader who is antagonistic to some belief that is very important to the assassin. The political figure has become a personal enemy of the assassin and must be destroyed."

Booth, said Dr. Robinson, had told his friends: "What a glorious opportunity for a man to immortalize himself by killing Lincoln!" This concept may motivate more assassins than is now realized. "It may have been a major motivation to Lee Oswald. We know Oswald was unhappy in school, in the Marine Corps, in the Soviet Union, and in his own country. He probably would have tried to become an anarchist if he had lived around 1900.

"Perhaps we can say that in Booth, in Leon Czolgosz who shot McKinley and in Oswald we have three men who were very much alike in basic personality defects. We must assume that they did not expect to change the basic political philosophy of the country. There must have been other motives. Two interlocking concepts seem possible: 1) that they were seeking immortality, and 2) that they were destroying the symbol of the highest authority. Their victim was a symbol of their general basic anger against the social order."

NUTRITION

Cutting Calories

The affluent life in the U.S. of the 1960s is also the sweet life, the fat life and the soft life—or so the top U.S. experts have decided. Last week they announced that if the average American male wants to stay lean and healthy he should cut 300 calories out of his daily diet and his wife should cut 200 from hers.

The change has come about since 1958, said the Food and Nutrition Board of the Government-sponsored National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council. The board sets up "recommended dietary allowances" for what it calls a "reference man"—a healthy 25-year-old who weighs 154 lbs. and leads a moderately active life. By the board's 1958 findings, that man was supposed to stay healthy and not be hungry on 3,200 calories a day. Now he is advised to get by on 2,900.

The difference is the caloric content of two average martinis. The board has soberly concluded that Americans are drinking more, and that more Americans are drinking. This is boosting the calorie intake even of people who are telling the truth when they say they don't eat too much. Another factor in the board's reasoning is that mechanization is reducing the amount of body fuel that modern Americans burn up in physical activity. The power lawn mower figures in the need for the reference man to eat less, and electric washing machines and clothes dryers are important contributors to the recommendation for a 25-year-old, 128-lb. woman to cut back from 2,300 to 2,100 calories a day.

The board's recommended food allowances for adults of all ages have been reduced in the same proportion by about 10%. The experts counsel perfection: nobody should gain weight after age 25.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MOVIES

Mixed Marriages at Cannes

Today the smallest child can tell a movie (it is "made" in Hollywood) from a film ("created" anywhere else), and serious students of the cinema know the U.S.'s last big one was *Birth of a Nation*. So critics at Cannes's 17th annual film festival were startled last week to see that the picture they gave the longest, loudest ovation in nine years was 100% American.

Comfortingly enough, *One Potato, Two Potato* is no Hollywood product. A delicate semidocumentary on the indelicate issue of racial intermarriage, it was directed by ex-TV Actor Larry Peerce, 34, son of Metropolitan Opera Tenor Jan Peerce, and produced by a friend and colleague, Sam Weston, 36. The film was shot in Painesville, Ohio, and has no big stars. When the scant $250,000 budget started to run dry, Producer Weston doubled as actor.

Major Hollywood studios, every bit as frightened by miscegenation as by Communism, approached the finished film with asbestos gloves and judged *Potato* too hot to handle. British Lion felt differently, snapped up world distribution rights, and a special screening in Paris so impressed foreign critics that they got the festival to accept the picture as an unofficial American entry.

Child custody is ordinary movie fare and positively trite in television, but if the child is white and her stepfather black, the subject gets special in a hurry. Julie Cullen (Actress Barbara Barrie) divorces her husband on grounds of desertion. With her child she moves to a small Midwestern town, takes a job in a factory. Her friendship with a Negro fellow worker (Bernie Hamilton) turns gradually to love. His parents are appalled, warn him "not to marry any damn white woman," and accept the union only when a son is born. Four years later, Julie's first husband turns up. He has made good money, he says, and he demands custody of Ellen. An understanding judge finds the Richards' family life "exemplary" but cannot defy the social structure, and he sends the child home with Cullen.

AFP-PICTORIAL

GIRARDOT & ALTER EGO
Hairy but happy.

. . .

Some mixed marriages simply won't do, even in Cannes, and Italy's *La Donna Scimmia* (*The Monkey Woman*) is at the head of the list. The hero is a Neapolitan con man who marries a girl covered tip to toe with monkey fur (played by pretty Annie Girardot, who spent two hours getting hairy every day, three hours shaving every night). He has a purpose: he figures he can put her in his sideshow and his fortune will be made. He does, he prospers, then—alas—she gets pregnant. Worse yet, she dies in childbirth. But all is not lost. He has the corpse embalmed, puts it on show, and trade is as brisk as ever.

Nervous American exhibitors were considerably soothed to learn that their version will have "a happy ending." The monkey woman loses all her hair at death, and even her reluctant husband concedes that the corpse is too normal and unsightly to put on exhibit.

The Girls of *Henry Orient*

The official U.S. entry at Cannes is *The World of Henry Orient*, due for festival screening this week. It is a genuine Hollywood product and, simultaneously, an exception to the norm: bright, breezy and brimming with fun, it doesn't celebrate sex. It thwarts it. The thwarters are two little girls who develop a crush on Peter Sellers and tumble after him all over town, inadvertently wrecking his sleazy love affairs.

Films about teen-agers almost never ring true, but *Orient* does. To find the girls and begin his extraordinary feat of verisimilitude, Director George Roy Hill reached into the unsuspecting halls of two Eastern girls' schools and plucked forth two genuine specimens. Their names are Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth.

Tippy wears a decaying fur coat that all but sweeps the sidewalk behind her, and her hair hangs down so thoroughly over her eyes that she appears to be the youngest daughter of a woolly mammoth. Actually, her father is a man named Gordon Walker, who is an engineer with Allied Chemical Corp. in Manhattan. He lives in Rye, N.Y., and sends Tippy to the Masters School in Dobbs Ferry, where she clings giddily to a B average and writes for the literary magazine, *Panache*.

"What writer do you most admire, Tippy?"

"John Lennon," she says, probably without blinking, although with her screen of hair it is hard to tell. John Lennon, of course, is the married Beatle, and author of such poems as "On Safairy with Whide Hunter" and "Deaf Ted, Danoota (and me)."

Amiable Opposite. Elizabeth Tipton Walker is 17 and light enough to be lifted in one arm. Her speech comes forth in sporadic marvels, and her feet don't quite brush the ground. Adults instinctively want to shield her. Merrie Marcia Spaeth, on the other hand, has hair that is always carefully waved, an unpuzzled look in her eyes, and an air of absolute balance. As on film, she is an amiable opposite to Tippy.

WALTER DARAN

TIPPY & MERRIE
A father would take one of each.

She is 15 and a sophomore at Philadelphia's Germantown Friends School, where she maintains an A-plus average. She is an accomplished student of piano. She knows what she wants to do—study language at a college like Middlebury, study acting at London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and then pursue an acting career.

Skirts & Sheaths. Merrie's mother was once a fashion model, and her father is an ophthalmologist. The family lives in Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia's social ionosphere. "I don't need to prove I'm sophisticated by wearing a bikini," says Merrie, "if it's in bad taste."

"I love bikinis," says Tippy Walker, tossing her hair away from her eyes. "I'm going to wear one some day if I get the courage."

Merrie calls her father "Sir." Tippy calls Walker "Daddy" and saves empty Walker-Gordon milk bottles for him because his name is Gordon Walker. In a situation when Merrie wears standard, tasteful red lipstick, pleated schoolgirl skirts and loafers, Tippy wears heels, sheath dresses and no lipstick. When Merrie walks, she moves with rhythmic and graceful steps. Tippy takes enormous, preoccupied strides. [illegible] walking with them can [illegible] self: "I'll take one [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

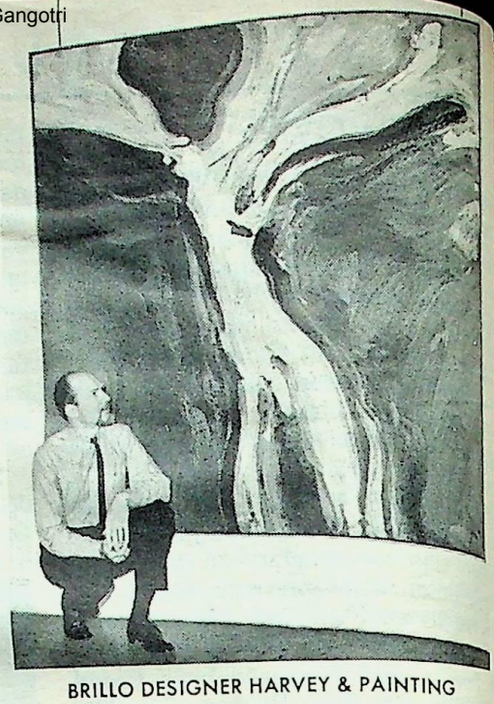
Boxing Match

Andy Warhol, 32, is the Pop artist who won fame painting pictures of Campbell's Soup cans, and then topped that by making reproductions of shipping cartons for them. This accomplishment did not entirely satisfy him. Somehow, says he, "they didn't look real enough." Then one day, in a supermarket, he saw a stack of boxes used for shipping Brillo steel-wool pads. He was overcome with envy and a sense of beauty. So he had a carpenter make 120 Brillo-size boxes, and ordered a silk-screen stencil of the Brillo design. He stenciled it on all the boxes, just in time for his current show at Manhattan's Stable Gallery, where they are selling for $300 each.

James Harvey, 35, is also an artist, but he draws his inspiration from religion and landscapes rather than supermarkets. At nights, he works hard on muscular abstract paintings that show in Manhattan's Graham Gallery. But eight hours a day, to make a living, he labors as a commercial artist. Harvey likes to keep up with the newest in art, and when he heard that Warhol was having a show, he dropped in. What he saw made him choke back an impulse to start a paternity suit. For it was Harvey who a few years ago designed the original Brillo box.

FRED MCDARRAH

WARHOL AMIDST "BRILLOS"



BRILLO DESIGNER HARVEY & PAINTING

Grounds for a paternity suit?

Endless Sculpture

No modern artist has stepped as far out into thin air as wan, visionary Frederick Kiesler, 67. More than steel, stone, bronze, wood or oil paints, his medium is space.

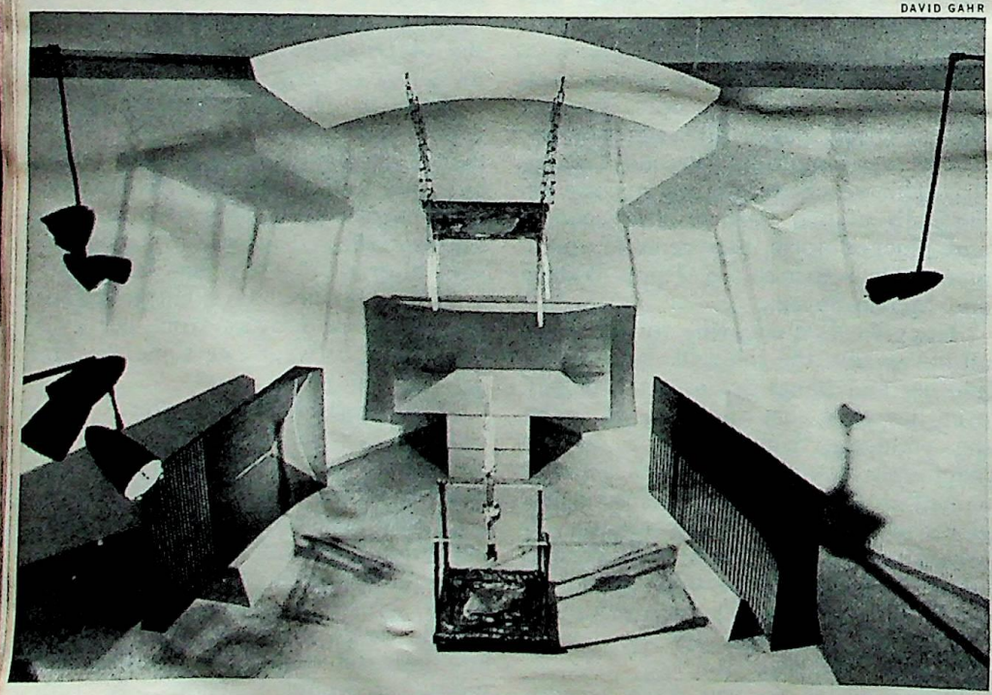
As a member of the idealistic de Stijl group (TIME, May 8) in the 1920s, he planned spiral buildings before Frank Lloyd Wright built the Guggenheim Museum, and proposed horizontal skyscrapers on cantilevers before Le Corbusier built them. Rarely has he realized what he has designed on paper; he has, for example, never built the "endless house," a sculpture to live in, that made his fame.

"We know we belong to the stars," explains Kiesler. "We are related to them in just a matter of intervals." His objective is continuity in space, in which no art work would exist by itself, frozen away from man's activity. In fact, his wife says that "whether eating an omelet or filling out his income tax, everything is space and continuity." "Museums today look like laundromats," he says of paintings unrelated on the walls, like separate peepholes into separate worlds. Says he: "Space is something that cannot be looked at through a keyhole."

So when Kiesler made a show of "Environmental Sculpture" that opened last week in the Guggenheim Museum, he proposed to do over an entire gallery. "You can't absorb the room in one glance," explains Kiesler. "You must know what's above, below—against the totality." Part of the whole, called *The Last Judgment*, consists of a huge bonelike shaft of fire-gilt bronze that thrusts through a Plexiglas slab at counterimages of heaven and earth. It leans up at an aluminum table whose bronze legs look like lightning bolts and jabs down at a white bronze floor plate. "Feel it," urges Kiesler, "the metal is warm like a woman's belly."

Flanked by panels painted with false perspectives, other bits of bronze, chunks of pavement, ax-hewn and charred wood catch the eye. Some parts of the sculpture peep from behind doors; others curlicue underneath canopies. One piece, or "galaxy" as Kiesler calls them, is titled *The Crown of Prometheus*, and appropriately contains a burning smudge pot. To encourage people to contemplate the work, Kiesler cast two 85-lb. aluminum stools that are exactly placed in reference to larger parts. The problem is that Kiesler has had to borrow his most precious commodity—space—from the polygonal room in Wright's animated museum. Nothing can dissolve the walls and the sculptures seem strangers to them. Yet, even in failure, Kiesler makes more out of nothing than many do out of everything.

DAVID GAHR



KIESLER'S "THE LAST JUDGMENT"

In eating omelets, everything is space.

Father of Impressionism

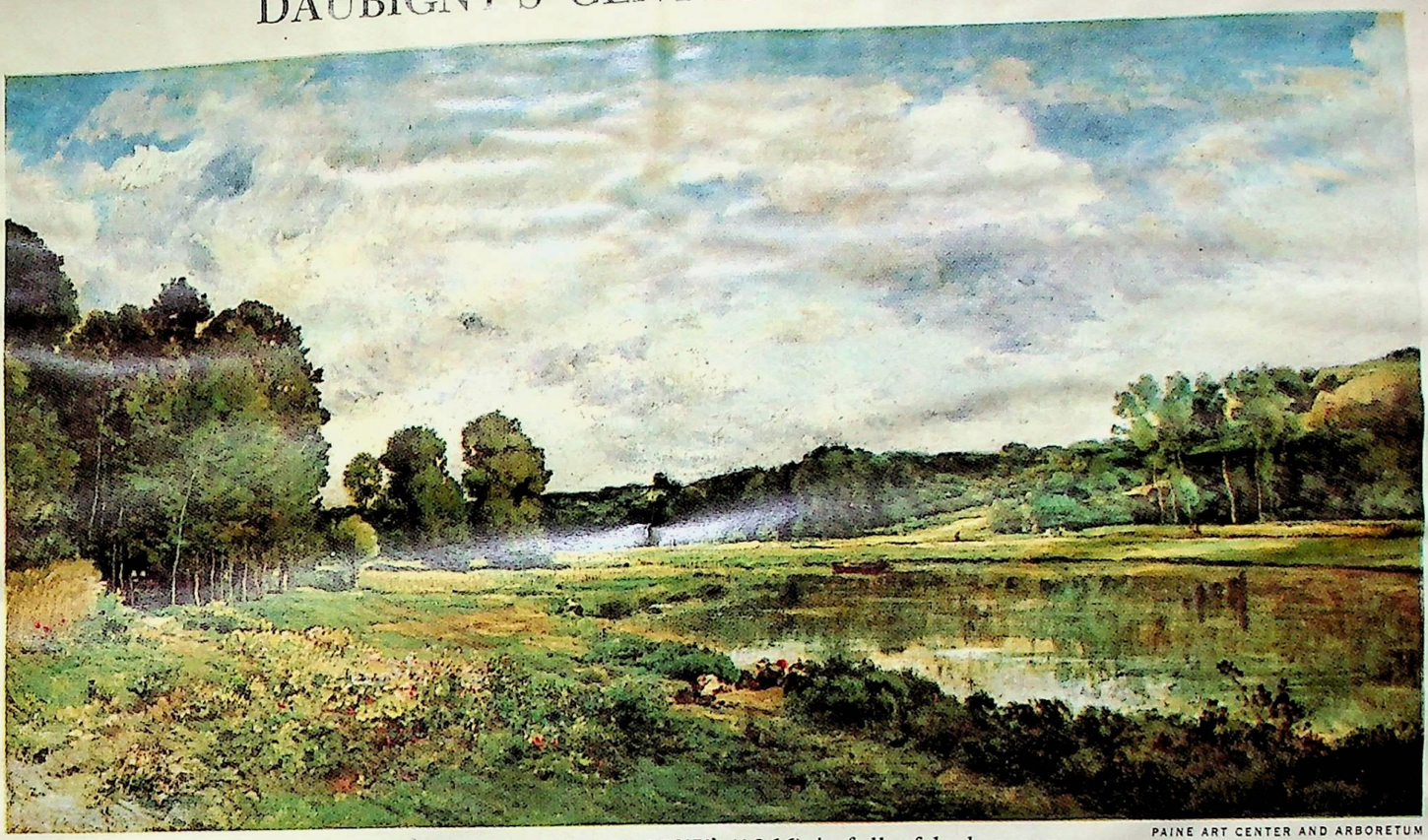
Until the mid-19th century, nobody looked at a landscape while painting. An artist could sketch out of doors, but he repaired to his studio to finish his work. Nature, the neoclassicists held, needed ennoblement by man: the faithful reproduction of it was imitation rather than creativity.

Some dissident painters who left Paris for the leafy countryside around Barbizon changed all that. One such artist

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DAUBIGNY'S GENTLE NATURALISM



PAINE ART CENTER AND ARBORETUM

"MORNING ON THE OISE" (1866) is full of lush green impasto that suggests weight of grass sodden with dew.

"FIELD IN JUNE" (1874) precisely describes midsummer torpor, enlivened by red poppies popping like fireworks.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

ya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CHAIRS DESIGNED BY VILHELM WOHLERT AND RUG BY ASE KRISTENSEN, COPENH

ANDINAVIAN MODERN is a Poulsen chair . . . Foght rug . . . and a creative note in air travel

dinavia is where new ideas come from, in furnishings, textiles, interior design d air travel. SAS is a new idea in itself. Operated jointly by three countries, unique international enterprise. And SAS has been the innovator of many rtant developments, from new world air routes to new ways of making your eys pleasant and comfortable. Next time you fly, to any of 39 countries on ntinents, see what a difference the *ive Scandinavian* touch can make.

CANDINAVIAN MODERN—WORLDWIDE

Y C. A. PETERSON ON KODAK EKTACHROME FILM

SAS

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTE

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Charles François Daubigny,* bought a 29-ft. houseboat which he named *Le Botin* and turned into a floating studio. For 21 years he sailed the waterways of France in search of nature as freshly seen as newly picked lettuce, and he was a more influential forerunner of impressionism than all the others.

Misplaced Piety. Barbizon painters yearned for compassion in an era of harsh industrialization. Later they fell into disfavor for supposed sentimentality, but now scholars have resurrected them from the charge of Victorian piety and have shown that their passion for nature was closer to the scientific quests of Darwin than to unqualified love for small dogs and flowers. Now the U.S.'s first exhibition of Daubigny, some 82 oils, prints, and drawings, is on view at an out-of-the-way but ambitious institution, the Paine Art Center and Arboretum in Oshkosh, Wis.

For a living, in the 1840s, Daubigny worked for travel books and magazines, doing graphics of a candidness that showed his immediate vision of nature. The more dependent his landscapes became on fleeting optical visions, the flatter they grew, as if no matter how far away an object was, it registered equally on his retina. In the eight years between *Morning on the Oise* and *Field in June*, Daubigny traded the traditional depth of his predecessors for the surface impact of red poppies. Eventually, even such panoramas were replaced by the narrower vision that the eye can encompass without moving.

Rough Drafts. "He copies nature with his soul," wrote a French critic in 1857 of Daubigny. Unlike his forerunners, Claude Lorrain and Nicolas Poussin, the gentle naturalist looked more to the effects of nature than to rearranging its contours into earthen architecture. He and his Barbizon mates abandoned the brown studies of strong lights and darks that the Dutch masters used to dramatize thickets and glades that never existed outside their minds. Instead, Daubigny sketched directly from nature, in the volatile light and weather of the moment.

For such a precise, scientifically honest approach, Daubigny was criticized by some of the best brains of his times. In 1861, the French author Théophile Gautier tut-tutted Daubigny, said that his paintings were just "rough drafts." He continued: "It is really too bad that this landscape painter, who possesses such a true, such a just, and such a natural feeling, is satisfied by an impression and neglects details to this extent." Scornfully, Gautier noted that the brushwork was "merely spots of color juxtaposed."

As history shows, the French impressionists went on to make "spots of color juxtaposed" into the greatest art movement of the century.

* Other greats of the Barbizon school: Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, Jean François Millet, Théodore Rousseau.

THE LAW

TORTS

Outguessing the Jury

"Litigation doesn't pay," says Cleveland Lawyer Philip J. Hermann. He means that it takes years to get a personal injury case to trial, and the delay makes it far better to settle out of court. But for how much? Fact is, most lawyers do not know; 50% of them, says Hermann, lose money in injury cases for both their clients and themselves.

Lawyer Hermann claims to be on the way to licking this problem with a unique if simple device: prediction tables based on the amount that juries actually award for all kinds of injuries all over the U.S. Put out by Hermann's new Jury Verdict Research, Inc., the tables are now consulted by 25,000 of the nation's 296,069 lawyers and by most insurance companies. Able to predict a probable jury award to within 7% accuracy, says Hermann, both sides can skip trial and settle immediately.

ED NANO

HERMANN & PREDICTION TABLE
See you in Cincinnati.

Hermann cites a typical plaintiff with a fractured femur suffered by slipping on an oily factory floor in Chicago. By consulting his four-volume tables, a lawyer figures the going verdict for a fractured femur as $13,500, with 5% more expectable in Chicago, which boosts the claim to $14,175. Unfortunately for the plaintiff, the factory has movies showing that he does not limp, which indicates a 27% cut, to $10,347.75. Since juries like round numbers, he asks for $10,000—and settles.

All this overlooks such unpredictable factors as the defendant's reputation or the plaintiff's sex appeal. But the technique could solve thousands of run-of-the-mill personal injury cases, the main road block in clogged U.S. courts. Meanwhile, Hermann's researchers have uncovered useful facts —for example, that 72% of all injury verdicts are for less than $10,000.

The best place to sue is Cincinnati, where jury awards are 30% above the national average. One of the worst places: Lansing, Mich., where awards sag 20% below the U.S. rate. Of all U.S. plaintiffs in negligence cases, 61.3% win. The top state recovery rate: Pennsylvania's 74.3%. In Philadelphia, it hits 78.3%.

COURTS

Slowdown for Quickie Divorces

When Mrs. Martin Wolf went to court in New Jersey to force her estranged husband to support her, she got a shock. Architect Wolf, she discovered, had already divorced her more than a year earlier in Alabama. Moreover, she had "agreed" to the action. Her signature was on the papers.

Mrs. Wolf was one more victim of Alabama's "quickie" divorce racket, which the state legislature itself created in 1945. Until then, Alabama required one year's residence for plaintiffs seeking divorce from outside-the-state spouses. But under a brief amendment, the residence requirement was waived if "the court has jurisdiction of both parties." As Alabama lawyers saw it, this allowed even a single day's residence to serve for purposes of divorce so long as the plaintiff claimed "intent" to live in Alabama. All a lawyer needed in addition was the defendant's signed agreement that the case be tried in Alabama. Mrs. Wolf says that her husband's divorce was even easier: someone forged her agreement.

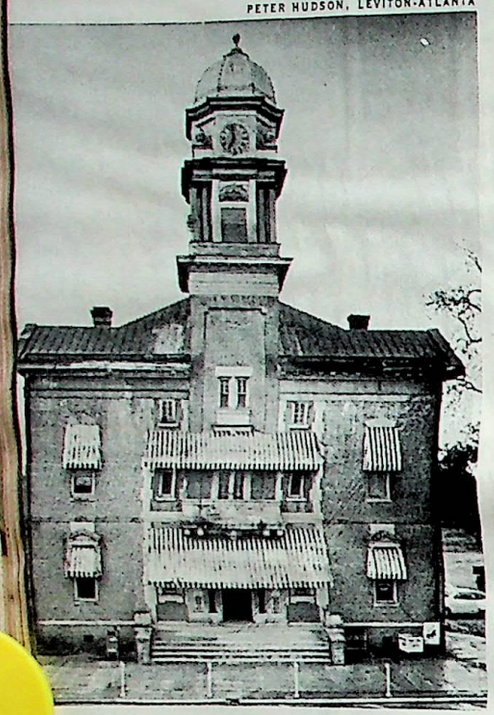
Hidden Records. In the quickie heyday, thousands of outsiders flocked to Alabama to get divorced between lunch and cocktails. Alabama acquired—for at least an hour—such famous citizens as baseball's Hank Greenberg, Mrs. Aristotle ("Tina") Onassis and TV's John Daly (so he could marry the daughter of Chief Justice Earl Warren). Some quickie lawyers raked in as much as $200,000 a year. In 1961 the Alabama Bar Association threatened to disbar lawyers knowingly involved in phony quickies. That cut the Alabama divorce rate by almost one-third, but quickie business persisted, notably in the town of Geneva (pop. 3,840), seat of a Florida-border county that in 1962-63 granted more than 2,500 divorces, including Mrs. Wolf's.

With Mrs. Wolf as a star witness, the bar association has just finished hearings in Geneva. Lawyer Edward C. Boswell and [illegible] have been indefinitely [illegible] practice. Suspended [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PETER HUDSON, LEVITON-ATLANTA



GENEVA COUNTY COURTHOUSE
The bar fell on Alabama.

Senator Neil Metcalf, charged with falking the residence of a New Jersey woman who got home just in time to present her husband with a divorce on Father's Day. Similarly suspended was Judge George Black of Geneva County Inferior Court, where investigators found a locked room containing hidden quickie records. Architect Wolf's own lawyer, Ned Moore, faces a further hearing in nearby Andalusia.

Foreign Courts. All this may slow down Alabama quickies, although the state legislature has yet to reform the law. But outsiders already divorced in Alabama may be in for trouble. The U.S. Constitution's "full faith and credit" clause (Article IV, Section 1) requires all states to honor the court decisions of other states unless the "foreign" courts are shown to lack jurisdiction. In legalese, an Alabama quickie is open to attack if the plaintiff was not a bona fide resident, or if the defendant's signature was obtained by threat or forgery. In one recent New York case, a wife sued her second husband for separation. He counterclaimed for annulment, saying that she had married him on the strength of a shaky Alabama quickie. He won, having her without support, let alone alimony. For years to come, such Alabama reverberations are likely to spread across the country.

Of Booze, Broth & Anguish

"Law is not a science, but is essentially empirical," said Mr. Justice Holmes. Law also deals with everything under the sun—in the highest courts as well as the lowest:

The Florida Supreme Court ruled that a price may be put on human anguish over a dog's death. In West Hollywood, a privately employed garbage man laughingly hurled an empty can at Phyllis La Porte's pet dachshund, Heidi. When the blow killed the dog, Plaintiff La Porte's "marked hysteria" won her a $3,000 jury verdict against the garbage company. An appellate court reversed the verdict, hewing to the general rule that a dog owner may collect only his pet's market value. The state Supreme Court disagreed and set a new precedent: "We feel that the affection of a master for his dog is a very real thing, and that the malicious destruction of the pet provides an element of damage for which the owner should recover, irrespective of the value of the animal."

▶ The New York Supreme Court's appellate division reversed a $4,604 workmen's compensation award to Business Executive Guy F. Hancock, who was badly injured in a plunge from a hotel balcony while on a business trip to Chicago. Reason: Hancock fell in the act of tossing "hats and coats over the balcony railing," apparently after too many drinks. Said the court: "The frequenting of cocktail lounges with unknown female companions cannot be considered part of employment under the guise that this is accepted business activity."

▶ The Massachusetts Supreme Court struck a blow to "save our world-renowned fish chowder from degenerating into an insipid broth." As all seasoned slurpers should know, New England fish chowder is full of dangerous objects—from bones to bits of shell. And when Priscilla Webster swallowed without seining at Boston's Blue Ship Tea Room, she got a bone in her throat that required hospital extraction. Miss Webster sued, won a jury verdict of $1,800. On reversing it, the Supreme Court absolved the restaurant of responsibility for the damage done by "the bone of contention," even though "we sympathize with the plaintiff, who suffered a peculiarly New England injury." The court's reasoning: to force all restaurants to grind up chowder chunks would destroy "a hallowed tradition." Said the court: New Englanders "should be prepared to cope with the hazards of fish bones."

SEARCH & SEIZURE

Be Sure It's Legal

One of the great safeguards of U.S. law is the stern refusal of criminal courts to accept illegally seized evidence. Yet many a lawyer has been moved to ask: Has this well-intentioned "suppression doctrine" reached a point of endangering the public safety?

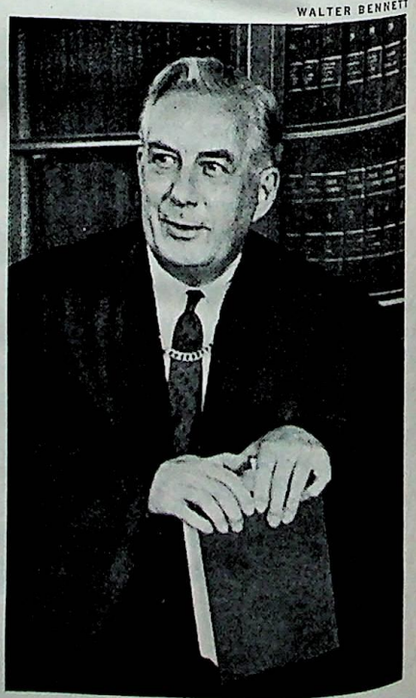
An uneasy yes is the answer given by Judge Warren E. Burger of the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C. In a notable lecture at American University, Judge Burger traced the suppression doctrine back to 1886 when the Supreme Court banned evidence consisting of a man's private papers (*Boyd* v. *United States*). In subsequent and often conflicting opinions, frets Burger, judges have construed the doctrine as proscribing evidence ranging from narcotics to a murder victim's body. As a result, says Burger, more and more criminals are going free on what newspapers call "technicalities." Those technicalities are clearly the errors of policemen who are so ignorant or complacent about the doctrine that they go on making futile searches and seizures in an illegal manner.

Judge Burger offers a solution: independent boards in each city that would review police illegalities, much as expert investigating teams move in after a plane crash. Consisting mainly of lawyers, but also including policemen, Burger's boards would have the power of subpoena and the authority to recommend disciplinary action. The overriding purpose would not be to subvert the suppression doctrine but to train every policeman to make arrests that will hold up in court.

Burger hopes to provoke criticism and debate, particularly among police themselves. Initial police reaction last week was strongly defensive. "Citizen review boards," snapped former FBI Agent Quinn Tamm, now executive director of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, "would be nothing more than useless superstructures on a system of justice which has proved as workable as any ever devised."

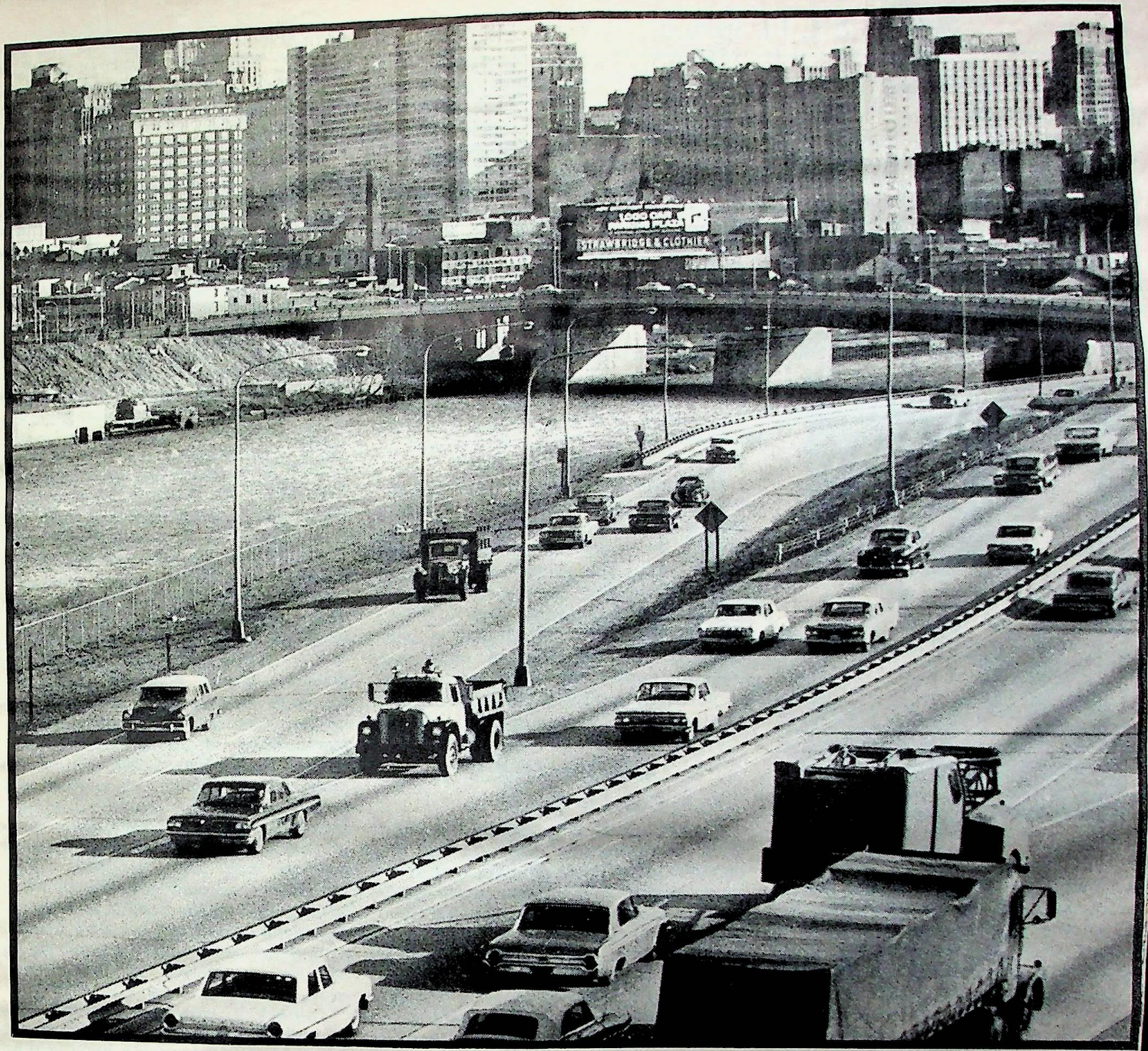
Tamm has a point. More than 100 U.S. municipalities have experimented with citizen review boards in recent years. Nearly all have died aborning—but mainly because their very establishment spurred police to internal reform. In Rochester, for example, a citizens' board set up last year has still heard only one case. Meanwhile, the Rochester police force has organized its first truly effective internal disciplinary system. In light of this reaction, Judge Burger is delighted that Policeman Tamm also extended an olive branch: he wants the judge to state his case before a forthcoming meeting of police chiefs from all over the U.S.

WALTER BENNETT



JUDGE BURGER
To watch the watchman.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Transport...

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER®

To facilitate the trade and travel of mankind is a major challenge to International Harvester.

As the world's largest manufacturer of heavy-duty trucks and a major supplier of buses, International Harvester puts wheels under a vast share of the world's goods and people.

At the same time, as a leader in the fields of construction and industrial equipment — bull-dozers, loaders, scrapers and earthmovers of many kinds — International Harvester helps build and maintain the roads and bridges which carry the world's motor traffic. International equipment also works on the wharves, harbors, rail installations and landing fields that serve transportation by land, sea and air.

All around the earth, in 144 different countries . . . wherever men or materials travel, you will find International Harvester as a construc tive force . . . helping to meet a basic need o mankind . . . transportation.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Supplying world markets from factories in Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Canada, England, France, Germany, Mexico, Philippines, South Africa, Sweden and the U.S.A.

International Harvester Export Company, 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CHEMISTRY

Mining the Sea

Chemists located the treasure long ago, and the knowledge that many valuable elements, including gold, are found in sea water has nourished a long dream of riches. But try as they would, no seawater miners could recover precious metals in practical quantities. Germany's famed Chemist Fritz Haber spent years after World War I trying to extract gold from the ocean to pay off his country's war reparations. He failed,

KLAUS GÖHNER

PROFESSOR BAYER
Sea squirts also do it.

and finally gave up the struggle. But in *Angewandte Chemie* (Applied Chemistry) another German chemist tells how he took a long step toward success, using subtle modern techniques.

Copper Blue Blood. While Professor Ernst Bayer of Tübingen University was still a graduate student, he began to study the ability of marine animals to concentrate some of the rare metals found in sea water. The sea squirt, *Phallousia mamillata*, for example, has 1,000,000 times more vanadium in its blood than the water it lives in; the deep blue blood of the octopus has 100,000 times as much copper. If sea squirts and octopuses can do the trick, asked Bayer, why shouldn't human chemists?

From octopus blood he extracted hemocyanin, a protein that picks up copper because its molecule has a structure that a copper ion fits into neatly, like a key into a lock. But proteins are hard to handle and almost impossible to synthesize, so Bayer looked for simpler compounds that would do the same job. After many tries, he put together a black granular material that picks up copper and uranium only. When this "chelating agent" worked well in the laboratory with simulated sea water, Bayer took it to Naples, put it in a glass column and ran 100 liters (26.42 gal.) of real sea water through it. Then he [illegible] the chelating agent with dilute hydrochloric acid. Analysis proved that the acid had picked up 450 micrograms of copper and 50 micrograms of uranium, the precise amounts present in 100 liters of Bay of Naples water.

.000000049 Oz. His achievement was impressive, but Bayer had his eye on the much more difficult feat of capturing the ocean's gold. He concocted another chelating agent with an appetite for gold and went back once more to Naples. There he put a pinch of the new compound in 100 liters of sea water and shook the mixture mechanically for twelve hours. Then he filtered out the chelating agent and washed it with acid. The result: 1.4 micrograms of gold (.000000049 oz.), the exact amount in 100 liters of Naples sea water.

Dr. Bayer himself is not much interested in the practical aspects of ocean gold mining, but he suggests that his method be tried in more favorable places where the water contains more gold than the Bay of Naples. Placed in a stream of sea water that is being pumped through a power-station condenser or a desalinization plant, the chelating compound would work quietly, collecting gold that could be extracted at intervals by washing with acid.

AERONAUTICS

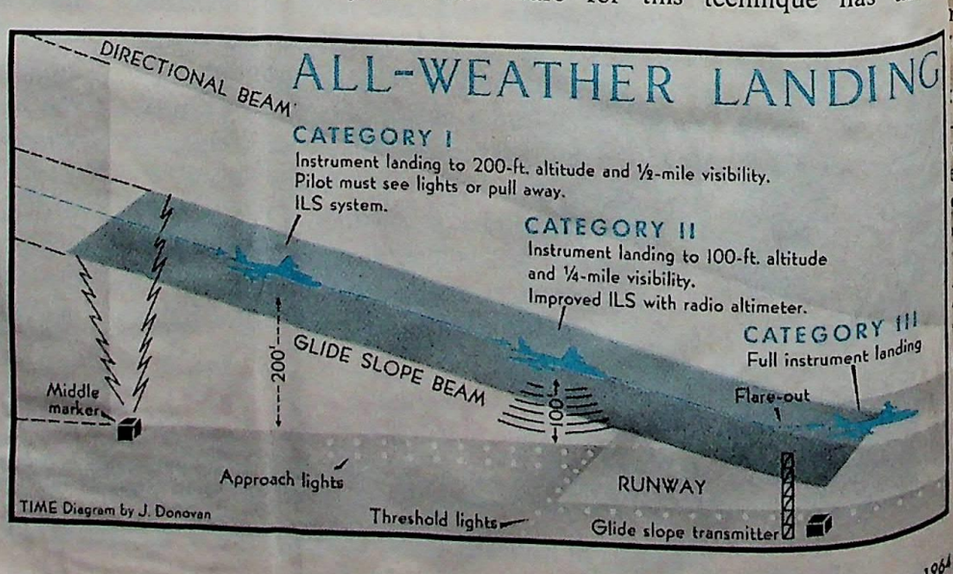
How to Come in Blind

Except in dire emergencies the pilots of U.S. commercial jets are far too cautious to try blind landings with zero-zero visibility. When weather conditions at their target runways are worse than 200–½ (200-ft. ceiling, half-mile visibility), they are diverted to the nearest usable airport, which may be hundreds of miles away. The system is remarkably safe; during 1963 no fatal accident to a scheduled airline was caused by bad landing visibility. But passengers who were taken to Montreal instead of New York were seldom grateful, and airlines suffered financially. The Federal Aviation Agency figures that weather delays, diversions and cancellations cost $67 million last year. With air traffic increasing sharply, and supersonic airliners hopefully only a few years away, a better bad-weather landing system is a crying need. Last week a string of FAA officials told an Atlantic City meeting of the National Business Aircraft Association that the technical problems are practically licked.

Using the present Instrument Landing System (ILS), the pilot of a jetliner approaching a fog-shrouded airport hears the sound pattern of a "localizer" radio beam when he is approximately eight miles from the end of the runway. He follows the beam, and soon a radio beacon warns him by means of a sound signal in his earphones and a purple light flashing on his instrument panel that he is five miles from touchdown. A few seconds later, he picks up the "glide slope" beam, which controls a pair of pointers on the plane's instrument panel. By flying his plane to keep the pointers properly positioned, the pilot can keep to the center of the sloping beam. He sees nothing but fog ahead, and he knows that the runway is approaching at 150 m.p.h. A second beacon sounds its signal, to warn him when he has dropped to an altitude of 200 ft. At this point he must spot the brilliant runway lights. If he cannot see them or the runway markings, regulations require that he pull up and try again—or fly to another airport.

Guiding Cables. Below 200 ft. the glide slope beam of conventional ILS is not dependable because of ground interference and reflections from nearby buildings. In Britain, where fog is frequent and nasty, magnetic cables have been laid leading to the runways. Instruments enable a pilot to keep between the cables and glide down safely, even below 200 ft. But magnetic cables are not considered the final answer, even in Britain.

In the U.S., where dense, long-lasting ground fog is not nearly as common, the FAA is approaching blind-landing problems by two stages. The present system is Category I. Category II will permit properly equipped jetliners to land when the ceiling is 100 ft. and the visibility is one-quarter mile. The hardware for this technique has already



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

been developed, says FAA. It consists chiefly of new antennas that give more dependable localizer and glide slope beams. One of them will soon be tested on an instrument landing runway at New York's La Guardia Airport.

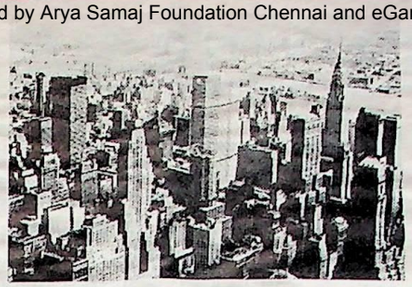
To make sure of their altitude, Category II airplanes will probably carry radio altimeters, which are free of the uncertainties of barometric instruments. An airport that qualifies for Category II must install many "transmissometers" to measure local visibility along its two-mile runway, and it must be equipped with the best and brightest of runway and approach lights. With all this gear in working order, a Category II airport in the U.S. will seldom be forced to order incoming airplanes to go somewhere else. At New York's Kennedy International Airport, for instance, the ceiling is below the permitted 100 ft. on only about 16 hours per year.

Flare-Out & Glide. The FAA is not sure that Category III, true blind landing in which the pilot gets not a glimpse of the ground, will ever be popular in the U.S. where most pilots disapprove violently of giving up their critical control when bringing an aircraft to earth. But the British feel differently. At London Airport the ceiling is below 100 ft. for an average of twelve full days every year, and sometimes the fog is so thick that passengers cannot see the wingroots from the cabin windows.

When supersonic transports become an actuality, the case for Category III is bound to improve. The SSTs cannot afford to circle above an airport waiting for fog to lift. Diverting them to other airports would be almost prohibitively costly. Many advocates of the SSTs believe that they cannot operate effectively without the capability of unrestricted blind landings.

The British have taken dead aim at Category III, though they know its difficulties only too well. The most serious problem is "flare-out," the flattening of an airplane's glide just before its wheels touch the runway. If flare-out is started too soon, the airplane may overshoot the runway. If it is too late, wheels hit the ground with a dangerous force. During a Category III landing, electronic instruments must judge the precise moment and control the flare-out maneuver through the autopilot.

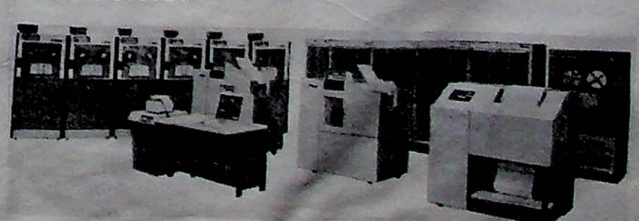
After ten years of work a British government group called BLEU (Blind Landing Experimental Unit) has developed beam antennas, radio altimeters and other equipment that make completely blind landings comparatively easy and reasonably safe. British airlanes have made more than 10,000 fully automatic landings, and at last week's Atlantic City conference the FAA reported on a DC-7 prop-driven plane that it outfitted with British instruments with U.S. trimmings. Up to last summer, it had made 1,149 automatic landings at 47 different fields with only trifling errors.



PRIDE OF FUJITSU AT THE 1964 N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR

IN RECOGNITION OF UNSURPASSED PERFORMANCE

FUJITSU's FACON 231 Automatic Computer was chosen by the Japanese Government for display at the 1964 New York World's Fair. This electronic computer system has already established its international reputation in the business and scientific fields for accuracy, economy and versatility in application. Japan's pioneer manufacturer of computers and today its leading manufacture of communications and electronics systems is internationally ranked FUJITSU.



FUJITSU LIMITED
Communications and Electronics
Tokyo, Japan

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

RECREATION

Down to the Sea

Boats, like horses, were once used for transportation; now they are mainly for pleasure. When it is your own boat, this is called cruising; when it is not, it is called taking a cruise.

Cruises come in all shapes and sizes, from the *Caronia's* annual round-the-world ($2,875-$14,000) to Eastern Steamship Corp.'s all-expenses weekend sprees starting at $59 between Miami and Nassau. There are special cruises emphasizing bridge (with Charles Goren), culture (Japanese brush painting and photography). And for the "adventurous"—meaning those with a hankering for hardship, seamanship, courtship or strong drink—there is something called a "Windjammer Cruise."

Beating through Bahamian waters this week, as they are almost every week of the year, were the schooners *Yankee Clipper* (197 ft.), *Polynesia* (151 ft.) and *Mandalay* (128 ft.), loaded with sun-peeled cargoes of businessmen, secretaries, airline stewardesses, honeymooners, second-honeymooners, sexagenarians and swingers. Most of them seemed to be having a wonderful time. And all of them were making money for a tall, swarthy ex-submariner from Newark, N.J., who calls himself Mike Burke.

In 1947, Mike Burke was a small-time building contractor in Miami named Mike Schwartz who had a 48-ft. sloop for weekend recreation. In time, he found he had more friends than he had room for and was both ; the bill and doing the work. He sold his business, bought a 94-ft. schooner called *Tondeleyo*, changed his name to Burke, and went into the cruising game. "Now here I am with five boats, all going strong, catering to about 70 or 80 people a week all year round. I didn't plan it that way at all. It was just a fun weekend that got outa hand." Out of hand, that is, to the tune of $1,200,000 last year.

Boys & Girls Together. Prices for Burke's ten-day Windjammer Cruises through the Bahamas range from $185 for bachelor quarters (six men to a room) to $310 for deck cabins with private bath (only available on the *Yankee Clipper*). Inside cabins for two cost $210 per person, outside cabins $260. This buys everything, including one ration of 140-proof rum per day. The rest of the drinks are sold at about cost.

The Windjammer booking office does its best to match age brackets and interests. In addition to sailing, skindiving, etc., two of the interests that can be checked off on the application forms are "Boys" and "Girls." "Sometimes we tell girls who apply that on a different trip from the one they want, there'll be a better balance of boys and girls," says Burke. "Nine out of ten write back and say, 'By all means, I'll wait.' And guys will write in and say, 'I want a trip with a lot of girls.' That's fine by us. We let 'em know when we got one."

Shuddering Nature. It's not all this kind of call of the wild, though. Many middle-aged couples sign on for the informality and the chance to play the role of old sea dogs, and Burke's crews give them all the work they want—polishing brass, taking the wheel, standing watch. "They love watches," says Burke. "It's so shippy when the watch is awakened by a crewman at 2 a.m. saying 'It's your watch.' "

Sometimes, of course, things can get a bit too shippy. One Detroit advertising still shudders at the memory of a cruise last Christmas on the *Polynesia* (promptly dubbed the *Polynausea*), which was complete with 12-ft. waves, several broken bones, plus a passenger who went berserk and jumped overboard rail. On one hairy occasion, three missionaries were washed overboard, and the only passenger who seems to have been lost permanently is Miss Sara Reiser, 70, who disappeared last month during a walk on one of the Galápagos Islands—a port of call on Burke's round-the-world cruising brigantine *Yankee*.

But in a time when the Bahamas and the rest of the West Indies are suffering from creeping civilization—even on the best powder beaches, people no longer lie on the sand but in chaise longues, swim not in the ocean but in shoreside swimming pools, and at night prefer the soft mechanical thunder of the air conditioner to the sound of the tropical breeze through the palms—Burke offers the uncertain pleasure of putting the escapist back in touch with elemental nature.

LYNN PELHAM

WINDJAMMING ON "MANDALAY"
Sometimes things can get too shippy.

THE CITY

Not Getting Involved

New York City, the truism goes, is not America. But it is the American Big City—increasingly so, as the homogenizing forces of the 20th century make all cities, all towns, all countrysides, and the people in them, interchangeable. In recent weeks, two New York crimes have dramatized facets of big-city life that have implications beyond New York's five boroughs.

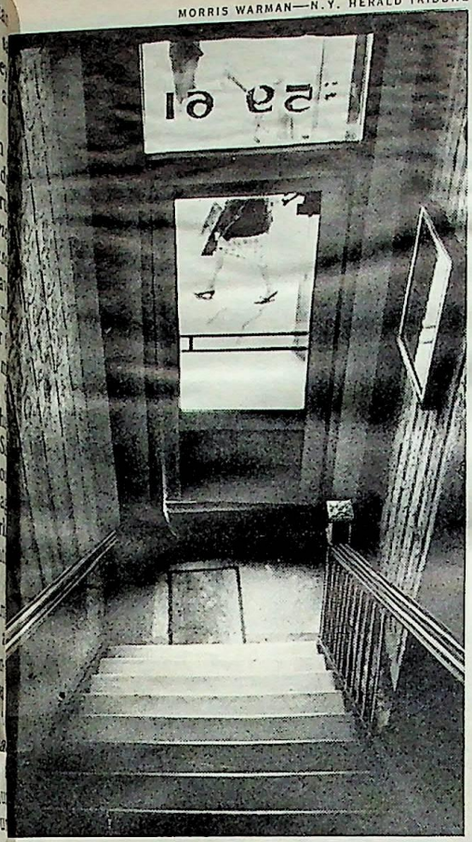
First came the murder of Kitty Genovese in the predawn darkness of a quiet, middle-class community of Kew Gardens. The murderer was a man who had never seen her before. In 35 minutes; the killer left and returned three times to stab her again and again, while Kitty Genovese staggered and screamed and dragged herself along the street. The interesting thing about it is that the police established that at least 37 neighbors, roused out of bed by Kitty's screams, had stared out their dark windows at one time or another, but none of them, in all that 35 minutes, called the police. When it was over, a man—after phoning a friend for advice—crossed the roof of his building to a 70-year-old woman's apartment to get her to call the police. "She didn't want to get involved," he explained later.

At 3:40 one afternoon last week, 18-year-old switchboard girl Nancy Olga Romero hurtled naked and screaming down the stairs of a building on busy East Tremont Avenue in

CC-0. Panini Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MORRIS WARMAN—N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE



DOWN THE STAIRS ON TREMONT AVE.
Who cares?

Bronx. In the vestibule, in plain sight of the street (the door was open), she lay screaming and bleeding, while a man struggled to drag her upstairs again. "Help me!" she cried again and again. "He raped me." Heads popped out of offices along the hallway, and a crowd of about 40 gathered outside to watch. No one made any move on her behalf. No one called the police. It was sheer chance that two officers pushed through the crowd.

What has happened that these things should be possible? One thing, certainly, is that the sense of community has been lost in the bigness and bureaucracy of big-city life. In small-town America, people wanted neighbors for a defense against loneliness; in big-city America, people feel that neighbors are merely crowding in on them and threatening their privacy. Nobody knows his neighbor—and doesn't want to.

And no one wants "to get involved" with these unknown and unloved neighbors—it may cost time to testify in court, maybe bring on a lawsuit for interference or for some nameless offense. The Decent Citizen and Taxpayer is apt to feel that taking any kind of action is unwise, unsafe—and unnecessary.

The Roads of Rome

Like great beasts sickening with a common plague, the world's big cities have long been struggling to keep from choking to death on the automobile. During the past few years, in the wake of Italy's economic miracle, Rome developed an advanced case of the disease in its streets designed for chariots and its piazzas designed for people.

Ten-minute trips turned into hour-long undertakings, and it was always rush hour in this siesta city, where people normally go home to celebrate the three-hour lunch. Business suffered, and so did social life; instead of zipping across Rome in their Ferraris to make three parties a night, the glitter set began going only to parties in the immediate neighborhood. Last week Rome was incredulously experiencing something nobody thought would ever happen again—traffic was moving.

How had the miracle been wrought? By a series of simple edicts, issued by Traffic Commissioner Antonio Pala. On 57 main streets in Rome's three-square-mile central area, all parking—even stopping—was banned. Everywhere else, parking was limited to an hour, and all parked cars were required to display cardboard disks showing the hour of arrival and the hour of expiration. Not even M.D.s were exempt. "A doctor can do almost anything in an hour," a traffic official declared. At the same time, a fleet of midget buses was launched to ferry people from parking areas on the edge of the disk zone to the center of the city.

At the end of the Pala plan's first fortnight, Rome was wondering whether it could possibly last. Other cities, including New York, have tried much the same measures, but they have usually foundered on the failure of the local patrolmen to enforce them (a $10 bill in the right hands from time to time works wonders in any town, in any country). Could the Roman cops—so much more noted for their ballet technique of directing traffic than for their enforcement of law—maintain the zeal that has them handing out more than 5,000 tickets a day? And how long would it be before Roman individualism rose triumphant to beat the system?

"If I put my car in a garage, it will cost me $56 a month," one descendant of Romulus mused. "And if I leave it on the street and get a $1.60 ticket five days a week, it will only set me back $32. But suppose the cops give me one ticket for every hour overtime? And suppose they raise the fine?"

TRAVEL

ARCH to the Rescue

A popular gag of the wondrous jet age is "Breakfast in Berlin, lunch in London, dinner in Detroit—and baggage in Bombay."

At any given moment, the airlines estimate, some 2,500 pieces of U.S. luggage are somewhere they shouldn't be (a total the U.S. airlines consider not unreasonable in view of the 100 million items they handle each year). Nothing much, apparently, can be done to stop losing them, but this month 20 American airlines began to do something about finding them faster.

Into operation went ARCH—which stands for Airline Baggage Recovery Clearing House.

Any bag that is unclaimed for three days is opened—an invasion of privacy which may be justified by the number of suitcases that look identical—and its contents are described by Teletype to ARCH headquarters in Chicago. The information is coded according to a standard format that assigns a number to each of the 89 most frequently carried articles: 12 is food, 27 is suspenders, 40 is sneakers. The fuming passenger is read a list of the articles and asked which of them his luggage contained. From there on, it is simply a question of matching up punch cards. Getting bag back to owner is up to the airline.

ROMA'S PRESS

MOVEMENT ON THE VIA CONDOTTI
In an hour, a doctor can do almost anything.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Rambler Classic 770 4-door sc

RAMBLER: ALWAYS SEEN IN THE COMPANY OF IMPORTANT PEOPLE

Important people everywhere are discovering the true automobile value that Rambler offers. They appreciate Rambler's unique combination of luxury . . . spacious, rich luxury . . . with America's most advanced engineering features: the rattle-free solidity of one-piece body construction . . . outstanding fuel economy . . . the sensible dimensions that make Rambler easy to handle and to park. Plus the Rambler Double-Safety brake system that employs tandem master cylinders (one for front brakes, the other for rear. If one set is damaged, the other still works). Rambler is an important car, well worth the modest investment it may cost. See your Rambler dealer today.

Rambler

DEDICATED TO EXCELLENC

American Motors Corporation, Detroit 32, Mich.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE ECONOMY

s Just Wonderful
nat It's Not Too Good

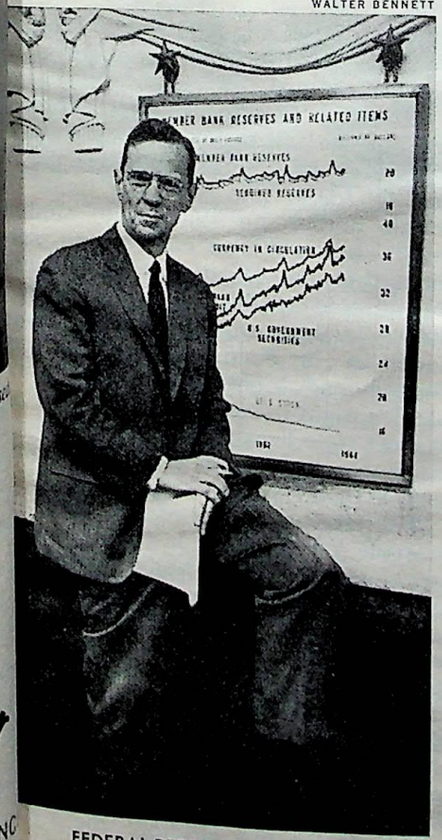
Every week is full of good news about e U.S. economy, whether the news mes from cold statistics or from the emingly inexhaustible interest of Pres- ent Johnson in the affairs of business. he economy is doing so well, in fact, at the main concern of economists in d out of Washington is to prevent a eady and solid advance from turning to an overheated boom that could er cause trouble. To that end, the tion's economic planners last week unded almost apologetic when they d to report good news, and relieved nen they could point to signs that a al surge has not yet begun.

Backing & Filling. There was Treas- y Secretary Douglas Dillon, for exam- e, talking about the best news that e U.S. has had about its internation- payments in the past three years: balance for the year's first quarter. ow could Dillon play that down? Well, managed deftly by describing the w payments figures as "alarmingly od." Talking before the Advertising uncil, Federal Reserve Board Chair- n William McChesney Martin Jr. emed relieved to report that the de- nd for money had fallen below his pectations, largely because of high rporate profits and heavy cash flow. e result: the Federal Reserve's Open arket Committee decided that high- er interest rates are not necessary now.

Throughout the U.S., economists who had predicted that February's $11.5 billion tax cut would touch off a strong wave of consumer spending were pleased to find that so far they have been wrong. Retail sales are rising nicely, but the consumer, whatever he has done with his tax savings, has shown no signs of going on the splurge expected of him. Perhaps partly for this reason, economists for the prestigious 100-man Business Council, which met in Hot Springs, Va., stuck steadfastly to their cautious prediction of a $620 billion gross national product for 1964—even though the Administration expects the G.N.P. to hit at least $623 billion and some private economists feel that it may go higher. Viewing all this backing and filling, Associate Dean Walter D. Fackler of the University of Chicago Business School saw some irony in the situation: "The optimists are pessimistic and the pessimists are optimistic."

Psychology & Downturn. The shrewd reluctance of the optimists to push the good news too hard—many of them feel that President Johnson does that all too well—is based on their experience of what a boom psychology can produce. When they feel a boom coming on, businessmen often tend to overestimate the market for their products, stockpile inventories in anticipation of inflation and expand their capacity more than they will eventually need—thus helping to bring on an economic downturn. Just in case anyone felt that that could not happen again, President Johnson said last week: "I wouldn't say for a moment that recessions are not possible." Warding one off as long as possible is the motive behind the sudden negativism of so many economists.

WALTER BENNETT



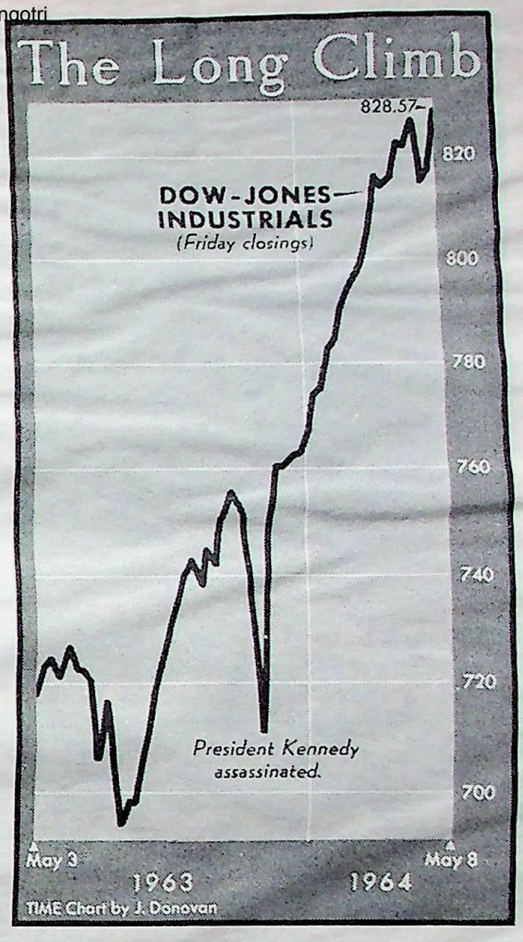
FEDERAL RESERVE'S MARTIN
Even the pessimists are optimistic.

WALL STREET

On Toward 880

Only a few weeks ago, the bears were out and growling on Wall Street. The Dow-Jones industrial average faltered after a sustained rise that had sent it smashing through the magic 800 mark; in the sharpest daily decline since the assassination of President Kennedy, it dropped 6.77 points in one day. As the bears saw it, this was the start of the major shake-out they had been expecting all along: it was time to dig in for a slide to well below 800. But the market barely gave them a passing nod before it turned around and galloped up 18 points in only eight trading days. Last week it set a new record of 830.17 before settling back at week's end to 828.57—and there was hardly a bear on the Street.

No Kiting. The market has given the bulls many strong points to bellow about. April, with an average of 5.6 million shares traded every day, was



the third most active month in Big Board history (behind June 1933 and October 1929). Daily trading volume is now poking above 6,000,000 so often that hardly anyone gasps any more, even though just two years ago the daily average was a paltry 3.8 million. What especially pleases the bulls is the high quality of the most popular stocks. Leading the upswing are such solid blue chips as General Motors, Jersey Standard, Singer, International Harvester, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, Motorola—a sure sign that the buying is still dominated by the professional investors and the wealthy, who usually do not bite at untried glamour stocks or frighten easily at a slight downturn.

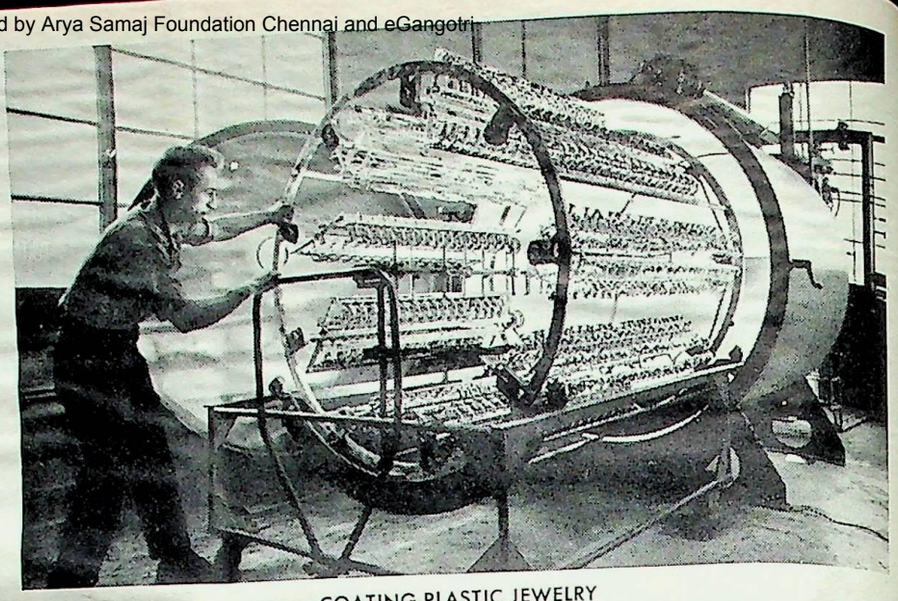
The small investor is still slowly returning to the market, but, says Eastman Dillon Partner S. Logan Stirling, "he is no longer in the silly stage looking only for new issues." One of the signs of the instability of 1961's runaway bull market was the ridiculous kiting that amateurs gave any new stock that came out. Today each one gets a cold eye, and wild successes are few. One pending exception: Communications Satellite Corp., the first blue chip of space, which last week set the price of its stock (expected to be issued in June) at $20 per share. Brokers were immediately swamped with orders, and many turned down all but their own customers.

Values Untapped. There will certainly be temporary drops in the Dow-Jones average this year as the market pauses every once in a while to catch its breath. But with the U.S. economy looking stronger than ever and the

CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WELDING IN A VACUUM



COATING PLASTIC JEWELRY

Much can be done with nothing.

stock market so free of speculative excesses, only a few cold-nosed bears still sniff a sharp price break in 1964. Most Wall Streeters rub their hands with glee when they behold the market still so full of untapped values, of stocks selling at only 14 or 15 times the company's earnings. The most common prediction on the Street: the Dow-Jones will hit 880 before year's end.

TECHNOLOGY

The Useful Void

Though nature abhors the vacuum, businessmen have learned to regard it highly. By emptying air from sealed chambers to create a void, U.S. industry keeps the $16 billion electronics industry going, adds life to jet engines and makes the vitamins in cod liver oil easy to take. Sales of the machinery used to produce vacuums for industrial uses are growing 10% to 15% a year; awareness of the vacuum's almost limitless potential is growing even faster. Last week in Toronto this potential was probed at a meeting of physicists who specialize in working with vacuums. Though their esoteric experiments in the labs are far in advance of industry's needs, they will almost certainly produce new uses. Said Dr. Robert Bakish of New Jersey's Electronics & Alloys Inc.: "The developments of this conference today will go to business tomorrow."

Sucking a Straw. Taking advantage of vacuums is nothing new; everyone who sucks a straw, works a pump or runs a vacuum cleaner uses the principle. But the first big breakthroughs in efficient methods of using vacuums industrially did not come until World War II, and improvements and refinements have piled up so quickly since then that industry has achieved vacuums equivalent to conditions in outer space. While dozens of companies turn out vacuum-making equipment, including such giants as G.E. and Westinghouse, the biggest in the field is Rochester's Consolidated Vacuum, a subsidiary of Bell & Howell, which produces a line of pumps and airtight vacuum chambers for all industrial and laboratory uses.

The value of the vacuum to industry lies in the fact that materials act differently when not surrounded by air than they do when surrounded by it. In a vacuum, atoms of gas in any material float away because they are unobstructed by air pressure. Last week U.S. Steel announced that it will build a giant vacuum "degasser," similar to one already at Jones & Laughlin, that releases contaminating gases from hundreds of tons of molten steel in minutes. Result: steel with so few harmful impurities that castings made from it for automobiles last 25% longer.

Loose particles of any material tend to travel in a straight line in a vacuum —a phenomenon that made television a reality by allowing the direction of electron beams to be precisely controlled in a vacuum tube. Liquids, from water to molten metals, boil and evaporate quickly at low temperatures in a vacuum and condense in an even film on any surface they strike. Thus industry has been able to lay thin metal grids in microcircuits (TIME, Feb. 7) and coat cheap plastic jewelry, auto trim or Christmas wrappings so that they look like gold or silver.

Cool Boil. Cool boiling in vacuums has also revolutionized the food industry. To concentrate its frozen orange juice, Minute Maid boils the water out of regular orange juice in a vacuum at such low temperatures that the juice does not take on a cooked taste. But Antle Inc., California's largest lettuce grower, cools whole boxcar loads of lettuce at once by spraying them with water and evaporating it quickly in giant vacuum chambers, thus extending shelf life by 20%. Armour & Co. has a quick freeze and a vacuum process, called freeze-dry, that removes 98% of the moisture from such foods as beefsteak and stew so that they will keep up to five years without refrigeration. As for the vacuum approach to cod-liver oil, producers now extract heat-sensitive vitamin A from fish oil by cool boiling, then dole it out in candy-coated pills.

LABOR

The Other Rights Battle

Though the civil rights battle ... most of the attention, another ri... battle is also being fought across ... U.S. It concerns something called ... right-to-work law—a legal guaran... that a worker need not join or ... dues to a union to hold his job. ... ready on the books in 20 states, ... to-work laws will be an election ... in four more states before 1964 is ... and another four states are on the ... of putting the issue on their ba... Right-to-work laws have received ... endorsement of the nation's most li... management association, the pre... ous, nongovernmental Committee ... Economic Development—but the ... sition is still strong. Last week, af... bitter struggle, Oklahoma voters t... down a right-to-work proposal ... narrow margin.

Despite the setback in Oklah... right-to-work proposals stand a ... chance of becoming law before ... end in Idaho and Montana, b... which border on states with ... laws. They will also come up ... mont, but the Northeast has a ... tion of cold-shouldering such me... Strong right-to-work movemen... underway in Pennsylvania, Mic... Oregon and Kentucky, and in ... Mexico right-to-work forces are ... to elect state legislators who favor ... cause in order to pass a rights law ... year.

Since the enactment of the first ... to-work law in Florida in 1944 ... movement has been hotly debate... virtually every state, but has been ... successful only in the Plains, ... western and Southeastern states, ... the laws have been passed main... lure industries from union-dom... Northern states. Opponents, led ... chiefs of organized labor, have ... tered the lure argument with a st... that again proved to be forceful ... week's Oklahoma election: the ... with right-to-work laws have an ... per capita income of $379 less ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

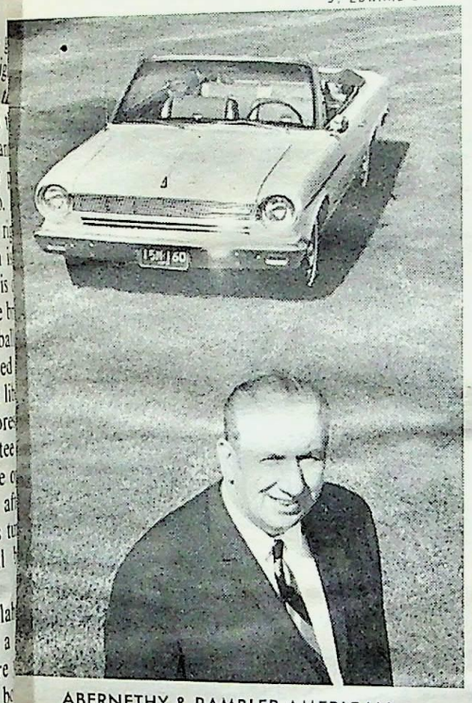
the national average. One of the reasons advanced by labor: unions in those states, among the poorer states to begin with, have lost an important part of their power.

AUTOS

American's Troubles

While the U.S. auto industry speeds toward its first 8,000,000-car-sales year, the only U.S. automaker failing to share in the boom is the one that needs it the most: American Motors Corp. Sales of its Big Three competitors have risen 7% above last year's level, but American Motors has so far sold 8,800 fewer cars this year than last. Last week AMC announced a 17% drop in earnings for its first fiscal half at a time when the other car makers are setting new profit records. So many Ramblers remain unsold that cigar-chomping President Roy

J. EDWARD BAILEY



ABERNETHY & RAMBLER AMERICAN
Thinking bigger.

Abernethy, 57, next week will lay off 800 workers, probably will not recall them until new-model production begins in August.

Compact Crusade. American Motors' troubles came only five months after the demise of Studebaker as a U.S. automaker, but the two cases have few similarities. With efficient plants, strong dealers, and no long-term debts, AMC is by no means another Studebaker. Despite difficulties, its sales hit $551,-1,239 in the fiscal half, and are heading toward the second-best business year ever. But in the most critical measure of an automaker's performance—the share of the market—AMC has slipped from 6.4% of all U.S. auto sales in 1960 to 4.5% last month.

Ironically, AMC's present troubles are rooted in the philosophy of the man who rescued the company from the junk heap in the mid-1950s: George Romney. Romney steered AMC to pros-

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o The People's Bank #13, 625 Merchant St., Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 1500 won; 3 yrs, 3000; 5 yrs, 4500), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$ 400; 3 yrs, NT$ 800; 5 yrs, NT$ 1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S. $11.25; 3 yrs, U.S. $22.50; 5 yrs, U.S. $33.75), TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, C. D. Jackson; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Arthur Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CATHAY PACIFIC

knows the Orient best!

JAPAN

one of the many countries served by

CATHAY PACIFIC

The fabled cities of the Orient are but a few happy hours apart when you travel on board Cathay Pacific's mighty Convair jet and Electra prop-jet aircraft. Experienced pilots, gourmet food and wines, and charming Oriental hostesses combine to offer you the finest in Orient travel.

Serving: HONG KONG BANGKOK . BRUNEI CALCUTTA.DJAKARTA JESSELTON . KUALA LUMPUR . MANILA OSAKA/KYOTO.PHNOM PENH . RANGOON SAIGON . SEOUL SINGAPORE . TAIPEI TOKYO . VIENTIANE

CATHAY PACIFIC

USA-131

perity by bringing out the compact Rambler and crusading against Detroit's "gas-guzzling dinosaurs." Believing that compacts would corner 50% of the U.S. auto market, he concentrated his company's efforts exclusively in the compact field. Though Romney is now Governor of Michigan, AMC is still selling Romney-selected compacts because of the two-year lead time needed to produce new models. Meanwhile, the auto-buying public's taste has strongly swung back to bigger, flashier and more luxurious cars. Compacts now account for only 18% of auto sales, and AMC is stranded without the right variety of cars for today's prospering auto market.

Sensible Change. President Abernethy has done what he could to liven up AMC autos by adding plush touches to the interiors of his cars, bringing out an optional V-8 engine for the Ambassador and Classic, and introducing a limited-production Typhoon sports car that is powered by a spirited, brand-new six-cylinder engine. But Abernethy's first real chance to reverse AMC's decline comes this fall with the introduction of the first models for which he is responsible. The big change: the Ambassador has been redesigned and enlarged to compete with the Big Three's intermediate-class cars, will be available in eight models ranging from a station wagon to a convertible. Abernethy has also given the Classic a face-lift and tooled up for a fastback sports car that will probably be called either the Marlin or Sceptre. The handsome American compact will continue almost unchanged. Abernethy has no intention of abandoning the image of making "sensible cars" that Romney created for the company, but, being a sensible type himself, he wants to have models in the bigger class where affluent Americans are now spending the bulk of their auto dollars.

ADVERTISING

Hershey Sees a Need

The chocolate company that Milton S. Hershey founded 61 years ago is the only major U.S. corporation that does not advertise. It got into the business on the ground floor, rode up through the years, prospered so well that its sales in 1963 reached $203 million. At no time have Hershey executives claimed to be dogmatic about advertising. "We've never been against it," says one. "We've always said it was a tool we would use when the need arose." Last week the need seemed to have arisen.

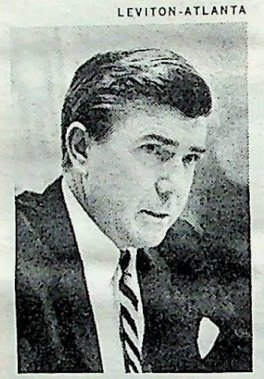
Cranking up a $7,000,000 plant in Smiths Falls, Ont., to serve the Canadian market, Hershey took a look at the entrenched competition—Fry-Cadbury, Neilson, Rowntree and Lowney—and hired Manhattan's BBDO to create a Canada-wide Hershey campaign. Did Canadian advertising mean a weather change in the U.S.? "When, as and if we think we need advertising here at home," said a Hershey man archly, "we'll turn to it."

PERSONALITIES

COCA-COLA CO.'s expansion have recently put it into orange-juice, diet-pop and instan business. Last week Coke announ new addition that fits in with President J. Paul Austin calls its "total refreshment" concept. It quired Houston's Duncan Foods purveyors of coffee under a ma of brand names (Fleetwood, Bo Nut, Admiration). Austin, 49, joined Coca-Cola's legal departme 1949 and was named president years ago, sees the merger as an step toward Coke's first $1 billion (1963 sales: $637,424,475). A vardman ('37), Austin started out ing light bulbs door to door in Grange, Ga., later crewed on the team in the 1936 Olympics. One o youngest presidents Coke has ever he spends long hours earning his $ 000 a year. The pause that refreshes meaning for him, but anything seems out: he last took a vacation years ago. Austin's quick pace and company's new concept mix well: the first quarter, earnings are up 2

LEVITON-ATLANTA

J. PAUL AUSTIN



MELVIN BAKER

MELVIN H. BAKER pe sold $1,000,000 worth o to set up National Gypsum years ago in a ramshackle building. At 78, Baker is st strong—and so is Gypsum, wh million sales in 1963 make it in the building-products indust ker can be harshly protective to creation: he once abolished a department for socializing on th But the Tennessee-born onetim verboard salesman softens over dren, spends Sundays entertain six grandchildren at his Buffalo house. He also has solid busine sons for liking kids: more babies more homes, more schools and demand for his 350 products, range from cement to ceram And that means more plants. just returned from California, he inspected Gypsum's first pl the West, Baker last week flew to son, Tenn., to celebrate the o of Gypsum's 72nd plant, whic provide jobs for hundreds of Tennesseans.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

R.I.P.

Bury it, sink it or leave it in the open—nothing can harm cable protected by KRYNAC® 850. This vinyl-modified nitrile rubber is unaffected by the damaging influences of ozone, water and weather. It resists heat, animal and vegetable oils, abrasion and impact. KRYNAC 850 compounds can be made non-staining, dirt-resistant, and easy to clean in a wide range of fade-proof, stain-proof colours. These are some qualities that make it ideal for cable jackets, hose and (in cellular form) for flotation elements in life jackets, and for thermal insulation for piping. It's also used in the manufacture of such diverse products as floor tile, conveyor belting and even army boots. Within the world-wide POLYSAR® organization there is a representative nearby who can provide you with full technical information on KRYNAC 850. For a visit from him, or for a KRYNAC 850 product bulletin, write to: Polysar International S.A., Fribourg, Switzerland, or to the distributor in your area.

POLYSAR®

ONE OF THE WORLD'S MAJOR SOURCES OF RUBBER

POLYSAR INTERNATIONAL, S.A., FRIBOURG, SWITZERL

Manufacturing Facilities: Sarnia, Canada; Strasbourg, France; Antwerp, Belgium

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WORLD TRADE

A Disappointing Start

It was heralded as the greatest and most important tariff-cutting meeting in the history of world trade, but it began with the style and promise of a shotgun wedding. As 300 delegates from 66 nations gathered in Geneva last week for the long-awaited trade talks under the General Agreement on Tariff and Trade (GATT)—labeled the Kennedy Round because the late President gave them impetus—the air was heavy with torpor and reluctance. After more than a year of preliminary parleys that tried to lay a groundwork on which the conference could proceed, all the delegates had really agreed on was that they still have monumental disagreements to overcome. GATT Executive Secretary Eric Wyndham White, whose job was to open the conference with a ringing keynote, had to admit the seriousness of the failure to set so much as the terms for negotiating. "This is disappointing," he said, "and it would be foolish to pretend otherwise."

Even the setting was unsettling. Because the United Nations trade conference had pre-empted the grandiose Palais des Nations, the GATT delegates had to forgo the peacock lawns and lakeside vistas to meet amid six scraggly potted palms in the salon of the Batîment Electoral, where the Swiss hold cantonal elections. On a floor below, the brass band of the Geneva Landwehr could be heard holding its rehearsals. The remarks of Chief U.S. Negotiator Christian A. Herter were punctuated by the faint oom-pah-pahs of the Landwehr as he warned: "The longer we procrastinate in setting the formulas by which these negotiations will proceed, the more we risk the success of the entire negotiations."

Disparities Despair. Fundamental to the lack of progress so far is that the U.S. Congress passed the Trade Expansion Act that inspired the Geneva talks for the express purpose of breaking down Common Market trade barriers to expand U.S. exports. The U.S. thus wants to negotiate a flat across-the-board percentage cut on 5,000 items in international trade. The Six, understandably, want to open up world markets for their own industry and farmers. Since their tariff walls are already generally lower than the U.S.'s, they reject a flat cut that would only perpetuate the disparities, prefer instead a selective approach that would make progress toward equalizing all trade barriers. Further complicating the talks is the failure of the Eurocrats to set a Common Market farm pricing policy, without which it is impossible to discuss agricultural tariffs—an issue vital to the U.S. because it sends $1.2 billion worth of farm exports to Europe yearly.

The world economic situation has changed since the Trade Act was passed. Then it looked as if the Common Market, with its lower labor costs, would chop away U.S. world markets; instead, inflation is now racking most of the Six, while U.S. prices have remained relatively stable. Result: U.S. trade and payments balances are improving against the Common Market's, a fact that makes the Six all the more wary of dismantling their trade barriers.

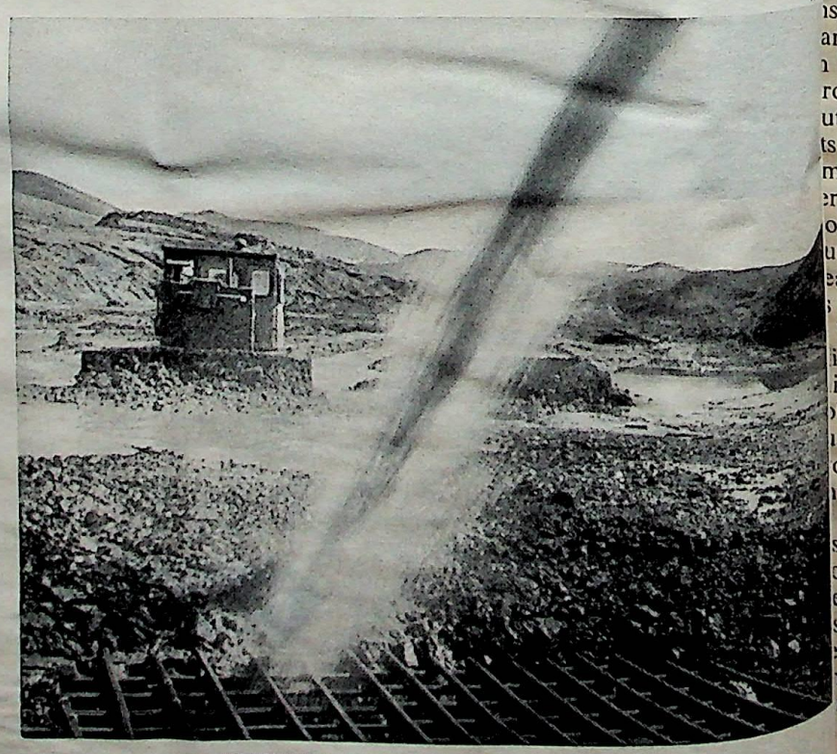
No Blast. The first week's talks did produce one agreement: after a battle of semantics, the negotiators agreed to accept as a "working hypothesis" the aim of reducing tariffs by 50%, the goal set forth in the U.S. Trade Act. On the surface, it looked like a clear U.S. victory; actually, it was a mere formalism that left the big questions still open. The fact is that the U.S. has been forced to move closer to the European point of view. It has conceded that items on which tariff disparities exist should be dealt with separately, after long opposing any such concession. A tacit understanding is also developing that the U.S. will allow negotiations over agricultural tariffs to be put off until Europe's farm quarrels are settled. To cast the week's efforts in the most encouraging light, Christian Herter was driven to new heights of diplomatic double-talk. The agreement, said he, was "a definite step toward moving ahead."

The event that caused the most stir last week was one that did not take place at all. France's Charles de Gaulle has few good wishes for the success of the talks, and no one in Geneva would have been particularly surprised if he had scuttled the whole conference in a single blast. Instead, French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard D'Estaing, who ed his time, made no statement at all. "I think," said he after the meeting, "that St. Thomas Aquinas was right: 'Talk only when you have something to say to someone.'* I had nothing to say." This was encouragement of a sort. But the general dissatisfaction expressed by the delegates over the lack of real progress so far provided grounds for further hope. At least no nation is deluding itself that the negotiations will be anything but long and arduous, and that many compromises must be patiently worked out if the Kennedy Round is ever to come close to fulfilling its promise.

That Russian Gold

"When we are victorious on a world wide scale," bragged Lenin in 192 will make public toilets out of go the streets of the world's largest ci Last week Russian gold was flowing into some of the world's lar cities—but for reasons that make nin's grand vision seem even more surd than it did in 1921. Into Lo and Paris flew ungainly Aeroflot 114 airliners bearing gold bars im ed with hammer and sickle for de to Western customers. To cover huge purchases of Australian, Can and U.S. wheat, and their incre trade with non-Communist nation Russians are selling gold in the

* A loose rendering of a letter said been written by Aquinas to a Dom novice, in which he advised: "I exhort be chary of speech, and to go into versation room sparingly."



WASHING DOWN GOLD AT SIBERIAN MINE
And they owe it all to Bret Harte.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

t twice last year's pace. They have lready delivered about $200 million worth so far this year, and before year's nd are expected to sell at least another 350 million worth.

Stalin's Scheme. Though the Soviet Union has somewhat suddenly emerged s the world's second largest exporter after South Africa), the big influx of Communist gold has failed to upset the West. Actually, the Soviet gold is welomed by the U.S. Federal Reserve and European central banks, which have ormed a consortium—called the Lonon gold pool—to buy up gold as it omes on the market. Reason: the new upply of Soviet gold has eased the West's acute gold shortage and helped tabilize the free market price of gold at ery near the official U.S. price of $35 er ounce. The Soviet gold has not only ased the pressure on the dollar but has lso alleviated much of the drain on U.S. gold reserves, since European ankers are now able to bolster their oldings with Soviet gold. Chiefly beause of the Russian sales, the U.S. parially replenished its own reserves by uying $300 million in gold from the ondon pool last year.

Gold mining in Siberia, a big business nder the Czars, ground to a halt after he Revolution. It did not get started gain until 1927, when Stalin, after eading Bret Harte's novels about the alifornia gold rush, set up a gold trust hopes that renewed mining in Siberia ould spur a mass migration to that arsely settled area. His scheme proced no substantial population shift, ut the Russians so rebuilt and expanded eir mining industry that by 1938 their nnual gold output was worth $183 illion.

Party's Call. Russia's main mines are ocated near a city named Bodaybo in entral Siberia, at Magadan on Siberia's ast coast, and on the Chukotskiy Penula on the Bering Strait. Last month ame reports from Russia of new strikes Kazakhstan and Transcaucasia that romise to be richer than the combined utput of the Siberian mines. The Sovits keep as closely guarded secrets the mount of their gold output and reerves, but estimates by gold experts in ondon and Paris place Russia's current utput at $500 million to $1 billion a ear and reserves at perhaps as high $8 billion.

What is not secret is that Soviet gold ining has been plagued for years by ievery—even though trafficking in old is a capital offense in Russia. When uards were posted and a fence erected ound one Siberian mine, production mediately rose 25%. Lax discipline the mines prompted the Commust Party's Central Committee a few onths ago to call on the miners to "exed output goals and reduce production sts." The exhortation reflected the Soet Union's growing recognition that so ng as Russian agriculture remains disnted and inefficient, the country's surbreadbasket is its rich gold mines.

Stretching Spaghetti

While the Common Market is having its trouble agreeing on common tariff policy, one export seems to be welcome everywhere. For some reason, perhaps better left to psychologists and cooks, Europe is taking to a food that has long been largely an Italian preserve: pasta. Though Italians are still the heartiest eaters (66 lbs. per year), Italy's pasta exports have risen 1,400% in a decade, crossing practically all national borders. Much of the increase has been the work of Paolo Agnesi & Sons, Italy's oldest pasta maker and (with $10 million annual sales) one of its largest. Anticipating a 50% increase in exports this year, Agnesi has just opened a milling plant that processes 600,000 lbs. of grain daily for 75 varieties of pasta. It is the largest plant of its kind in Europe.

GIANCOLOMBO

PAOLO AGNESI

PUBLIFOTO

PASTA PACKING LINE

Shocked by the Germans.

Only by Fork. The 140-year-old family-owned Agnesi company is a heterogeneous blend of old and new. The new plant, so automated that only three men handle all milling operations, sits among old buildings in Imperia, 80 miles southwest of Genoa. Surrounded by hills and served by a wheezing one-track railroad and the winding two-lane Via Aurelia, a relic of the Roman Empire, Agnesi's Imperia businessmen air-freight their goods to Scandinavia more easily than they can ship it to Rome. From their isolated offices, they ring up the highest long-distance telephone bills in Italy. Third-generation Family Head Paolo Agnesi, 93, who wears handle-bar mustaches and goatee, for 76 years has arrived at the plant with his laborers at 6 a.m. His grandnephew, Paolo, 24, recently returned from New York's Syracuse University, where he studied computer applications to spaghetti-making.

In the new Italian mass market, which has tempted some businessmen to stretch olive oil with water and parmigiano cheese with sawdust, the Agnesis steadfastly insist on quality. Their spaghetti is made only from expensive durum wheat; lately it has become even more expensive because the company began importing U.S. and Canadian wheat when demand outran Italian supplies. But Agnesi spaghetti also sells for more, and proud Nonagenarian Paolo further insists that it be consumed correctly—with only a fork and with as little sauce as possible. Shocked when he heard that Germans were eating spaghetti as a side dish to sausage, Agnesi dispatched Imperia's best chef to the Munich trade fair to cook up 35,000 servings and teach the *Hausfrauen* their spaghetiquette. Germany is now the company's second biggest export market, after Switzerland.

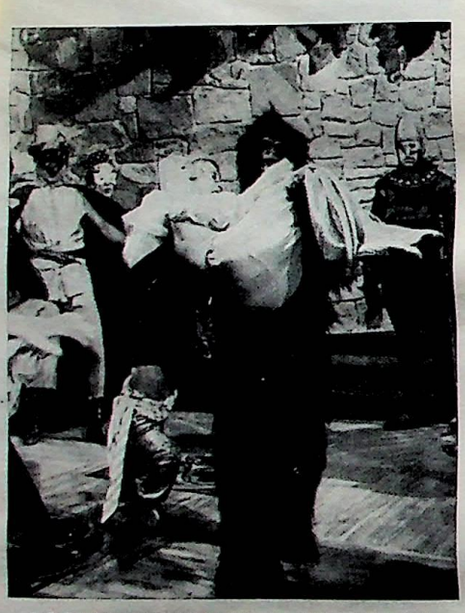
Scoop, Slurp & Chop. Looking beyond Europe, the Agnesis plan another aggressive campaign in Japan, which, curiously, is second in world pasta consumption, and in Australia and South America, which have sizable Italian-descent populations. Aiming also for the big U.S. market, Agnesi hopes to overcome the American complex about weight by stressing that hard-wheat spaghetti contains only 300 calories a serving and is rich in B and E vitamins. Agnesi hopes to prove that it is also so filling that Americans, who can be distinguished at the table by their knife, fork, spoon, twirl, twist, scoop, slurp and even chop, techniques, reach for richer foods at

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Werewolves—And Other Dogs

Nothing is less appetizing than last year's ghoulash. Dracula and Frankenstein were fun the first time—and were still fun in later films, when they met each other, their own progeny, and mates worse than death. But in the '40s and '50s, the customers got bored with movies that cried werewolf, got fascinated with atomic-age monsters like The Blob, The Thing, The Great Green Og, and a colossal purple caterpillar filled with green radioactive goo. In the '60s, the fashion in fright has become eclectic: mad scientists, mole people, teen-aged werewolves and creatures from outer space have all done a bloody good business. And recently the technicians of terror have also produced a peculiar breed of hybrid horrors that mingle maniacs and muscles, gore and giggles, and even set monstrosity to music. Some recent screamières:

The Masque of the Red Death dusts off a trifling Poe classic and adapts it to fit the collected smirks of Vincent Price. Poe's original described a masked



DOOMED PARTYGOERS IN "RED DEATH"
Poe, Price, and the plague.

ball at which the vulgar Prince Prospero and all his company succumb when Death appears disguised as a plague victim. In the elegant, elongated movie version, Prospero is a Satanist who scourges the entire 12th century countryside. He tortures peasants, tries to corrupt a village maid, and lets his pet dwarf barbecue a guest. Fortunately, by the time Death gets to the party, most of the nicer people have fled.

Black Sabbath is a three-part demonthology. *The Drop of Water* tells what happens to a nurse who steals a jewel from a corpse: she is hounded to her doom by a fiendish faucet. *The Telephone* tells the story of a girl who gets a phone call from a boy friend she sent to the gallows. "I want that beautiful

KARLOFF & VICTIM IN "SABBATH"
Murder, mystery and a monster emeritus.

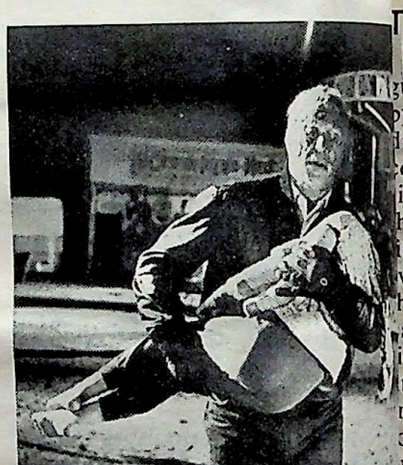
body of yours," he murmurs lustfully, and later he comes to get it. Terrified, she stabs him to death with a kitchen knife, but an instant later the phone rings, and when she answers it the voice of the dead man ironically reassures her: "Don't worry, darling. You can never kill me."

The Wurdalak, longest and scariest episode in the picture, represents that hoary old horror, Boris Karloff, as an East European vampire who carries somebody's head around in a canvas sack, and one dark night, while everybody is sleeping, tears the throat out of his four-year-old grandson. Silly stuff, of course, but it's nice to know that a monster emeritus can somehow manage to eeeeeeeeek out a living.

Comedy of Terrors is a lushly produced little parody of Hollywood scream fare, hopefully labeled a "horroromp." Vincent Price and the late Peter Lorre play a team of New England undertakers. When business is slack, the two wheel off in the hearse to raise the death toll, chew the scenery, and feed each other jokes. But the jokes lack nourishment. Foppishly appraising a coffin, Price sneers: "Nobody in their right mind would be caught dead in that thing." True enough. So Basil Rathbone gets buried alive, while Boris Karloff, in a minor role, eyes his former gloommates and a dose of poison with equal distaste. "When I was young," Karloff grumbles, "we knew how to live." They also knew how to die—back in the days when a tongue in the cheek was soon pickled in brine.

Goliath and the Vampires improbably combines a routine fang film with a beefcake B. Kobrak, the villain, is a vampire who drinks the blood of gorgeous girls from a golden goblet, appears and disappears in a pretty little puff of bright pink smoke, assembles an army of zombies with which to conquer the world. Goliath (Gordon Scott), the hero, is a fellow who has obviously spent more time in Malibu than in Gath. According to a studio release, he stands 6 ft. 3 in., weighs 212 lbs. and sports 50-in. bust—bigger than Jayne Mansfield's and, strange to say, almost as voluptuously formed. What's more, even though he plays a country boy, Goliath's nails are exquisitely manicured, his teeth are expensively capped, and his wardrobe apparently includes a cloth by Balenciaga. But he's tougher than he looks. In one scene he punches a fist through a paving stone (well, anyway, it looks like a paving stone) almost a foot thick. In another, he connects with an uppercut and rockets his opponent 30 ft. into the air. In the final reel that nasty old Kobrak turns himself into Goliath's double, and at the climax Gordon beats Gordon to a bloody pulp, rips off his smiling mask, displays the inside of his head. It looks like the inside of a pumpkin.

Pyro glosses over its terror with a sort of Hitchcock-and-bull story photographed in Spain in flamenco hues and bathed in bucketfuls of blue butane flame. The film casts Barry Sullivan as a pyromaniac wanderer who becomes a firebug when his cast-off Playmate Martha Hyer sees



SULLIVAN & PREY IN "PYRO"
Glossy, ghastly, with a carbonized

his house up in flame. His wife and daughter dead, Barry survives, a hideously deformed monster with a "carbonized" brain. Crazed, hunted, he plots fiery vengeance, he hides behind a mask that inexplicably looks just like himself. To keep the movie's audience from straying out for a smoke, there are some stunning pyrotechnics, a view of the rugged Spanish landscape—at last—the ghastly terrain of Sullivan's singed face, done to a turn by a mad makeup artist.

The Curse of the Living Corpse in spite its air of amateur Grand Guignol, unreels with grisly assurance. The plot involves "a homicidal maniac—bent on revenge by the most horrible means possible." Though locked in the family vault, a late and unlamented patriarch seemingly wants to settle his estate only by heir. One morning the butler comes up on the dumb-waiter head. Head only, in fact. Subsequent

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

are cruelly disfigured, dragged behind a horse, stabbed, burned alive, or drowned in the bath. In this orgy of supermarket sadism, the blood looks like Brand X catchup, but there's plenty to splash around.

The Horror of Party Beach, billed as "the first horror monster musical," gets off to a swingin' start with a bunch of teen-agers engaged in puberty rites at the shore. But man, dig that cat out there on the jetty. He's real cool. Looks like a stalk of asparagus with an artichoke heart for a head. Marinated by radioactive waste, maybe. And there's more where he came from. Crazy? Let's dance. Yeah, yeah, yeah. When a trio known as the Del-Aires isn't pushing that Big Beat, the big beasts claim several dozen victims. "Sounds like somebody big walkin' in the mud," says one terrified chick. Some 20 others come to grief at a slumber party when they leave the front door ajar, expecting the boys from the nearby frat house to stage a raid. *Horror's* best song: *You Are Not a Summer Love.*

Triumph at Rome

The Grand Olympics is a blood-and-guts thriller of more heroic cast. Filmed by 22 Italian cameramen under the direction of Romolo Marcellini, this color documentary dazzlingly synthesizes the glory that was Rome's during the summer Olympiad of 1960. The film begins with a helicoptic view, swooping over the dome of St. Peter's, then briefly darts away to Greece to catch the sun's rays igniting the traditional torch through a burning glass at Olympia. Soon some 5,000 athletes from 85 nations parade through Rome to the vast Stadio Olimpico. The flame arrives, the Olympic flag is hoisted, and a battery of pigeons soars skyward.

Having thus taken wing, the spectacle seldom falters, for the cameras perform in a virtuoso style that rivals the competitors on the field. Again and again, with slow-motion photography and telescopic lenses that reveal an athlete's face in stunning close-up, the moment of truth is seized; an Italian cyclist, narrowly losing one contest, bursts into tears; the barefoot Bikila Abebe sprints through torch-lit Roman streets to win the 26-mile marathon and Ethiopia's first Olympic gold medal; U.S. Decathlon Champion Rafer Johnson consolingly embraces his close friend and runner-up, Taiwan's C. K. Yang. Poignant drama erupts when a Russian pole vaulter disastrously breaks his ankle. There is comedy, too, as a narrator dryly remarks of Britain's winning, waddling roadwalker: "One cannot honestly say that he presents an impeccable silhouette."

A kinesthetic ballet, brilliantly edited to dramatize the human body at its magnificent best, *Olympics* flings a bold challenge to the Japanese team now preparing to film the Tokyo Olympics of 1964.

what's next?

You have a copy of TIME
in your hands right now,
so you're sure of being
informed of what the
world is doing this week.
But what about *next* week?
If TIME doesn't come to
your home each week
addressed personally to you,
there may be weeks when
it's inconvenient—or
impossible—to get a copy.
The most convenient way
to assure TIME for yourself
every week is to
become a subscriber.
You needn't fill out any
forms or send money abroad
to get TIME by subscription.
Your local subscription dealer
will be pleased to handle
all details for you.
He'll see to it that TIME with
its wealth of news
will come regularly each week to
your home.
Or you may send your payment direct
to TIME at the address shown for your
country in the rate column
which appears elsewhere in this issue.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The Austere Heretic

GAUGUIN *by Henri Perruchot.* 398 *pages. World.* $6.95.

"I regret what I said to you about Gauguin," the painter Paul Sérusier wrote to a fellow artist in 1880. "There is nothing of the humbug about him." Sérusier was wrong. There was a great deal of the humbug about Gauguin, as his latest biographer convincingly demonstrates. In fact, it was mainly the humbuggery that gave Gauguin a reputation—long before Somerset Maugham set his pen to *The Moon and Sixpence*—of being the very prototype of the artist in revolt against his society. Gauguin was aware of his reputation, gloried in it, assiduously cultivated it. And he was such a consummate natural actor, Biographer Perruchot believes, that he constantly — sometimes disastrously — deluded himself into believing it.

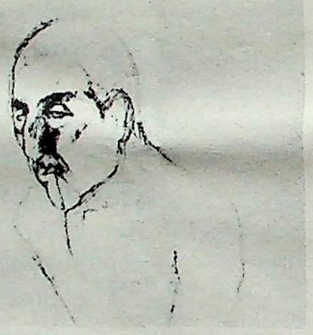
COLLECTION: J. MUCHA

GAUGUIN IN PARIS, 1893

SAO PAULO MUSEUM

SELF-PORTRAIT, 1896

COLLECTION MME. A. JOLY-SEGALEN



SKETCH FOUND IN HIVA OA HUT

Searching for a vision he would never find.

Perruchot, who has written critical biographies of Manet, Cézanne and Toulouse-Lautrec, tackled Gauguin once before in a 1948 study that he now regards as "superficial and sentimental." His conclusions in the present volume were drawn from long study of Gauguin's private journals and correspondence, conversation with people (particularly in Brittany) who still remember the painter, and, most important, a study of 600 unpublished documents in the library of the late Painter Daniel De Monfreid, who was Gauguin's chief correspondent while Gauguin was in Tahiti.

Lost Paradise. Perruchot is not always convincing as an armchair psychologist, but he makes a good case for the fact that Gauguin was a rebel long before he walked out of his marriage and successful career as a Paris stockbroker at the age of 35. For one thing, he was a stockbroker only by happenstance. When he returned to Paris at 23 after six years before the mast, he casually accepted a minor position in his guardian's brokerage house. Gauguin was a gambler, and while the market continued to rise he prospered; but he was persistently scornful of his colleagues. More important, he was by nature a wanderer—committed half-consciously, thinks Perruchot, to a search for a vision he would never find: "the lost paradise of his childhood in Peru." Gauguin had spent five years there with his widowed mother after his journalist father died. And he remembered Peru as "this enchanted land peopled by a primitive and simple race." He was still looking for it when he died.

Gauguin's strange marriage to Mette Gad, a plump, passionless Danish girl who liked to wear men's clothes and smoke a cigar, has never been adequately explained. Perruchot adds little to the story. They lived together for twelve years and produced five children, yet neither, according to their later testimony, ever had an inkling of what the other was like. By the time their third child was on the way, Gauguin was beginning to send his paintings to exhibitions. Through a meeting with Camille Pissarro, he was drawn into the group of eccentrics known as the impressionists—Manet, Monet, Renoir and Pissarro himself.

A Great Criminal. When he turned his back on business and family to become a fulltime painter, he announced the decision with a typically self- scious flourish: "Oh, yes, I am a criminal. What does it matter! M angelo was too!" He exchanged stockbroker's black business suits fisherman's blue jersey and high b retreated to cultivate a new role— austere heretic," in Pissarro's w who "pontificated and was followe a train of young men."

Gauguin talked taller than he Actually, he was a little (5 ft. bantam of a man. But he walked Aven's streets with a nautical swa his great jut of a nose tilted in th looking like an evangelist pirate ca He spouted maxims: "A line is co since it can only be born from the tour of spaces," or "The ugly ca beautiful, the pretty, never." To wife, who was supporting the five dren at her family's home in Co hagen, he sent periodic sermons d ing his new position ("The differ between us is the difference betw the mediocre and the creative").

Gauguin's instinct for self-dram tion came alive most fully *after he* tled in Tahiti, where he painted some his most celebrated canvases, took a hitian mistress and fathered two dren. He saw himself as "a savage turning to savagery," and he was pl delighted by the effect of his de ture, as described to him in a l from Europe: "You are at the mo that extraordinary, legendary artist from the far Pacific, sends disconce inimitable works, the definitive wor a great man who has, so to speak appeared from the world."

But as his health became wors suffered from eczema, asthma and ilis) and the demand for his pain declined, Gauguin saw his withd in another light: he had "buried talent among the savages; no mor be heard of me; for many, it will s to be a crime." Despondent, he cli the slope of a mountain, swallow senic and waited to die. But his st failed him: he merely became i had to climb down again, "condo to live."

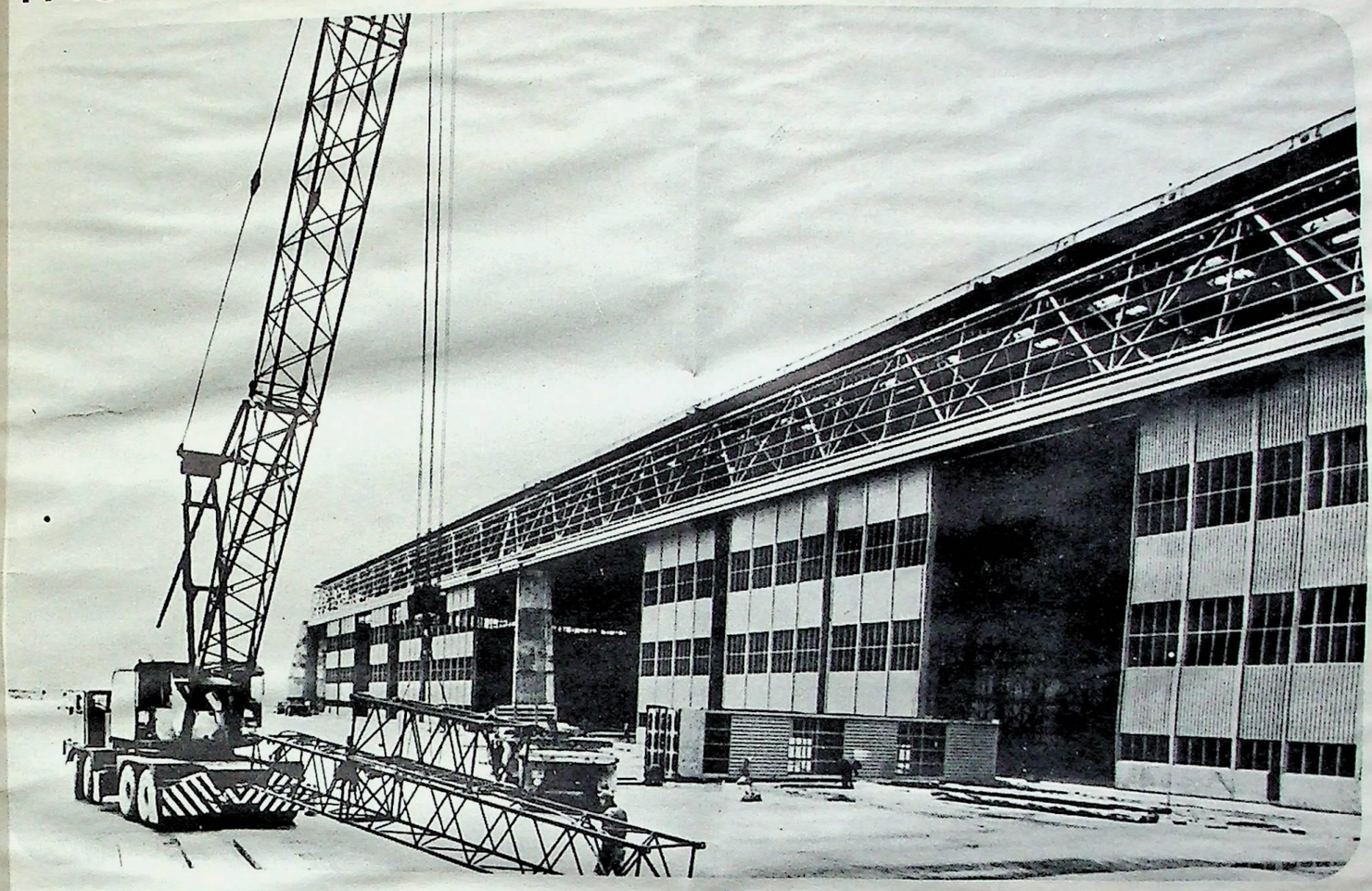
Hatred & Vengeance. It is P chot's belief that Gauguin's ob concern with how he appeared world sapped his powers after h treat to the South Seas (where he six years in Tahiti and the last 18 m of his life in the Marquesas). He w the last year writing *Before and A* a hysterical book of self-declared tred and vengeance" directed a his wife and the Danes. It was an last word for the "austere heretic

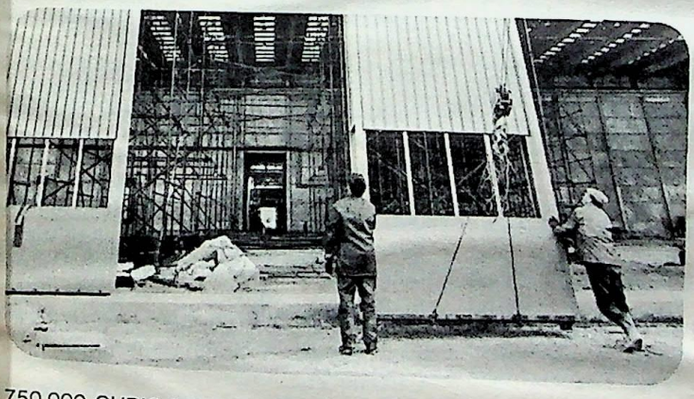
Gauguin died of a heart attac 1903 in his hut on the island of Hiv A sale of his possessions was held an "expert" had rummag through the watercolors and draw throwing most of them "on the ru heap—that is, their proper pl Among the surviving papers was a mentary note reading, "I am now and out, defeated by poverty." It sold in Paris in 1957 for $1,430.

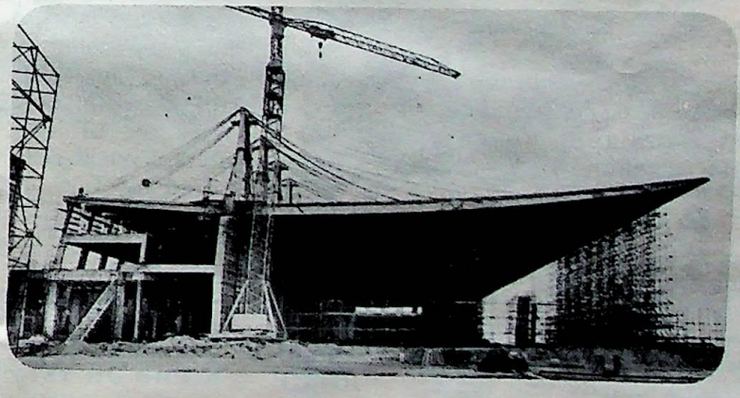
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THOUSANDS OF EXPERTS AT YOUR SERVICE







750,000 CUBIC METRES OF SPACE FOR 16 GIANTS. The new Technical Centre, which includes two hangars, workshops, warehouses and offices being built by ALITALIA in Fiumicino, covers an area of 53,000 square metres and a space of 750,000 cubic metres. Each hangar can accommodate up to four DC-8's and four Caravelles simultaneously. The cantilever roof covering the buildings will be the most imposing overhanging structure in pre-stressed reinforced concrete ever built in the world.

ALITALIA AIRLINES

ALITALIA IS IN ALL OF ITALY AND GOES EVERYWHERE IN THE WO

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LOOMIS DEAN

LESLIE FIEDLER
Culture climbing—or dope?

Quick! Everybody Take Cover

WAITING FOR THE END *by Leslie Fiedler.* 256 pages. *Stein & Day.* $5.95.

Here comes Leslie Fiedler again, and as the U.S.'s angriest critic, he throws bombs. His biggest blockbuster so far was *Love and Death in the American Novel,* in which he declared among other things that the best U.S. fiction, from *Huckleberry Finn* to Hemingway and Faulkner, has shared a theme of repressed homosexuality. But in just four years the shock waves from that book have been absorbed: it already appears on required reading lists at U.S. universities. So now Fiedler returns to the attack.

▶ On the next generation: "Our youngsters at least begin the shift from a whisky culture to a dope culture."

▶ On Hemingway's suicide: "One quarry was left him only, the single beast worthy of him: himself. And he took his shotgun in hand, improbably renewing his lapsed allegiance to death and silence. With a single shot he redeemed his best work from his worst, his art from himself."

▶ On Kennedy and the arts: "John F. Kennedy as Louis XV seemed up to the moment of his assassination the true symbol of our cultural plight; not only our first sexually viable president in a century, after a depressing series of uncle, grandfather and grandmother figures, but the very embodiment of middlebrow culture climbing."

Death of the Novel. There is much more, in what will surely prove the most infuriatingly quotable book of the year. While some of it is cocktail-party rant, most is meant seriously. Fiedler, for 20 years professor of English and now chairman of the department at Montana State University, is convinced that fiction and poetry really matter, not just because they delight or possibly instruct the reader, but because they are the symptoms with which to psychoanalyze a civilization. And in his exhaustive survey of novelists from the '30s to the present day, Fiedler concludes that the novel is probably dying and society is very sick.

"Surely there has never been so large a cluster of egregious flops in the span of a couple of years," he declares in a sweeping judgment on the recent works of such eminent names as Katherine Anne Porter, Mary McCarthy, Bernard Malamud and James Baldwin. "There are various ways to declare the death of the novel: to mock it while seeming to emulate it, like Nabokov or John Barth . . . or to *explode* it, like William Burroughs, to leave only twisted fragments of experience and the miasma of death."

Hope from the Poets. The sickness Fiedler most fears in society he finds expressed in Burroughs and other hipster writers who are high on "hashish and yoga, heroin and zen" and drugs like mescaline that alter consciousness. "There is a weariness in the West," he writes, "a weariness with humanism itself which underlies all the movements of our world, a weariness with the striving to be men." And he sees these writers in love with that weariness saying in effect: "Let the focused consciousness blur into the cosmic night; let the hallucinatory monsters bred of fragmented consciousness prowl that night again; let the perilously sustained absurdity of the 'soul' be abandoned."

Only the poets give Fiedler a little hope and the reader some respite. In four effortless, brilliant final chapters, Fiedler charts the continuities of U.S. poetry over the past century, demonstrates how the poets of the past decade have brought the healthy "reappearance of Walt Whitman as a considerable force in our poetry, as well as the rejection of the objectivity and the metaphysical-*symboliste* tradition sponsored by T. S. Eliot." Ironically, some of these poets are the very beatniks whose novels most disturb him. Yet they have at least got poetry out of the classroom and "into the cafés: a kind of solution."

Rome on Wry

MORE ROMAN TALES *by Alberto Moravia.* 254 pages. *Farrar, Straus.* $4.75.

The slight, polished pieces in this latest assembly of Alberto Moravia's fiction illustrate one of publishing's awkward truths—that while there is a good deal to say for the short story, the short-story collection is a bestiary that should not be. Not that the stories are bad, but that they resemble each other like so many peach-pit monkeys.

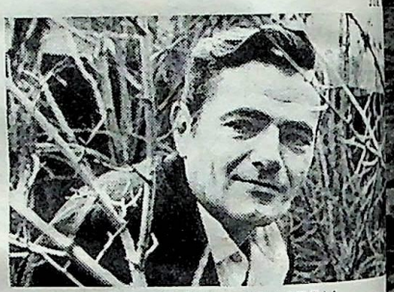
Moravia's pattern is distinctive but invariable: a Roman lowlife, male, gives a fourth-drink, first-person account of some minor downfall, failing to see its subtleties and thereby allowing the reader a faint, wry smile. The only thing wrong with the formula is that it does not require much space, and the reader is given only four or five pages between wry smiles. If the book is used as a table literature, even the weariest zen cannot achieve unconscio without meeting, say, the indignant of Federico the upright thief, the teen-ager who lives to dance, an impassioned auto-accessories who smashes his car for love. reader is the least bit wakeful, he on to meet Consolina, the servan who admires blond men and Clar fortuneteller's fickle daughter. face begins to ache from all the smiling, and insomnia sets in.

The flaw, clearly, is not in the uct but the packaging. There sho a way to enjoy Moravia's stories at a time. Until some publisher better idea, why not bind small quets of them, like cinema shor jects, into the first pages of the 500-page novel about Rome?

Also Current

OLD ACQUAINTANCE *by David ton.* 185 pages. *Putnam.* $3.95.

Even in these one-worldly *days of* tural colonies and jet-settlers, most authors trying to depict Europea phistication seem indefinably out of



DAVID STACTON
The joke lies in the telling.

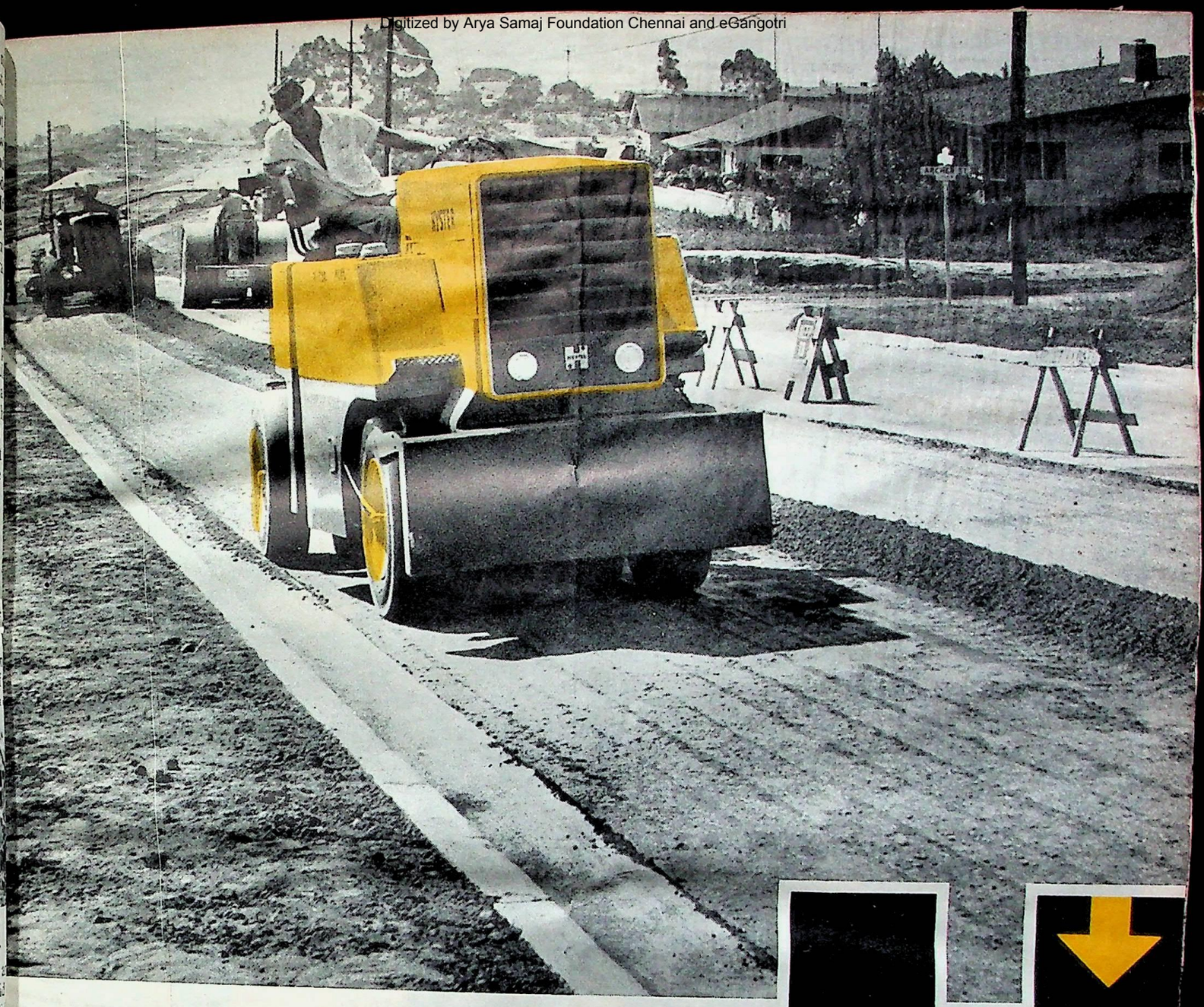
league, like children sashaying in grown-up shoes. Not so Davi ton, who here recounts with rel delight a nostalgic encounter two Old World celebrities at national film festival. Leading Charlie, a writer rich but long prime, an exquisite wit, mildly young men, though he has been four times. With his latest bo Charlie encounters an old cine friend; she has a pretty girl co and such pairing off as occurs come as no surprise to Rodg Hart. But for a baroque stylist lik ton, the joke lies in the telling best, *Old Acquaintance* is studde aphorisms, lively with quips, and orable as a kind of Continental *ber Song* as it might have been with book by Ludwig Bemelma added monologues by Oscar Wil

HOME IS THE SAILOR *by Jorge* 298 pages. *Knopf.* $4.95.

Brazilian tall tales may be a hi er and several cubits broader tha told elsewhere, or so this elat old-fashioned bawdy comedy set prove. Captain Vasco Moscoso gão, Master Mariner, is in fact a fake. Craving romance, he has

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Higher production for all 3 types of compaction—here's why

Your compaction investment works harder for you with the Hyster C500A pneumatic compacter. Advanced Hyster design features give you top performance in embankment, base course and asphalt surfacing.

4-inch true vertical plane oscillation assures equal tire loading on all 9 wheels at all times. Result: uniform compaction and higher densities—"bridging" and tire scuff are eliminated.

"On-the-go" dashboard control of tire pressure* permits operator to quickly change tire pressure while rolling for most efficient compaction at any stage of asphalt, base or embankment construction. Result: faster, more uniform compaction.

Exclusive center-point steering maintains tire overlap for better coverage on curves—reduces the number of passes needed for required densities. High maneuverability with 9-foot inside turning radius—identical steering, either direction.

Exclusive all gear drive sealed in oil for long trouble-free operation.

3 limited slip differentials provide maximum traction with all four drive wheels under all ground conditions.

Call your Hyster dealer for full details.

Hyster is a registered trademark of Hyster Company.

*Optional feature

HYSTER

FULL VISIBILITY for accurate curb line rolling. Designed for easy efficient handling—dual controls—power steering—powershift transmission. One lever controls direction and speed.

HYSTER COMPANY INTERNATIONAL DIVISION P. O. Box 328 • Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION—Overseas manufacturing, sales and service • TRACTOR EQUIPMENT DIVISION—Construction and logging equipment; Heavy-duty trailers • INDUSTRIAL TRUCK DIVISION—Lift trucks, mobile cranes, straddle carriers

Manufactured in: Portland, Oregon (Home Office) • Danville, Illinois • Peoria, Illinois • Kewanee, Illinois • Canada • Australia • Brazil • England • France • The Netherlands • Scotland • The Philippines

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Men who guide the destinie
the world w

Role

THE ROLEX "DAY-DATE"

Most remarkable achievement in watch-making, the Rolex Oyster Perpetual "Day-Date." Available only in 18-ct. gold or platinum, with matching "President" bracelet.

Like all Rolex chronometers, every "Day-Date" is now awarded the highest distinction of the Swiss Institutes for Official Chronometer Tests, the mention 'Especially good results.'

Its superlative accuracy is protected by the famous Rolex Oyster case, made in Geneva by Swiss craftsmen and guaranteed 100% waterproof, and its movement is selfwound by the Perpetual rotor. The date and the day of the week, written in full, change instantaneously every midnight.

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (*Founder: H. Wilsdorf*), GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

BANGKOK: S.A.B. BANGKOK **HONG KONG:** UNION HOUSE, CHATER RD **SINGAPORE:** CROSBY HOUSE **TOKYO:** ROLEX WATCH DIVISION, SHIN-TOKY

SYDNEY: WILLIS & SONS LTD., 350-6 LITTLE COLLINS ST

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Rolex watches

ou know their names as you know our own. You know their faces om a thousand newspaper and agazine articles. You have seen em and heard their voices on ewsreels and on your television reen. Their actions and decisions fluence the pattern of our lives.

e cannot mention their names, show pictures of them. It would t be fitting to do so, for they clude royalty, the heads of states, eat service commanders. But we vite you to look carefully at the xt pictures that you see of them, their wrists as well as their faces d clothes. You will notice that almost every case they wear a ist-watch. That watch will ost likely have been made by olex of Geneva.

e are proud of the service given Rolex watches to so many inent men throughout the rld. It is scarcely necessary to int out that the performance of se watches is, in the highest gree, accurate and dependable.

ROLEX

landmark in the history of Time measurement

JORGE AMADO
A moral and a dream.

himself a license as ship's captain, though he has never set foot on an oceangoing deck. At 60 he "retires" to the seaside resort of Periperi, with silver hair, splendiferous uniforms, and an inexhaustible fund of nautical whoppers ranging from heroic shipwreck to Arab dancers of more than Oriental splendor in bed. One fine day Vasco is asked to take command of a real ship. Unrattled, the sofa salt mounts the bridge, delegates all authority to the chief mate—until a moment arrives when he cannot escape command. But the very elements conspire to make him a hero and to prove a moral of sorts about the nature of man's dreams.

THE BELLS OF BICÊTRE *by Georges Simenon.* 240 pages. *Harcourt, Brace & World.* $4.95.

Best known for murder mysteries, Author Simenon here goes straight, trading in his Inspector Maigret for a new hero, Publisher René Maugras—and the similarity of names is the tip-off to the author's basically unchanging fascination with death and the tangles of men's motives. The death in question is Maugras' own, narrowly missed when he suffers a serious stroke: as the novel opens, he is coming to for the first time, unable to speak or move. Step by difficult step, he recovers; in the months of enforced idleness he ponders his career and his friends, his business associates and his alcoholic wife. As he ponders, he understands. Or does he? At novel's end he resumes control of his publishing empire, with one arm paralyzed but otherwise strangely unchanged. The book is skillful, meticulous, fascinating—but did Simenon really get his man?

TOMORROW WILL BE MONDAY *by Katinka Loeser.* 215 pages. *Atheneum.* $4.50.

Thirteen short stories set in suburbia, in which the wife of Comic Novelist Peter De Vries lays sobering claim to the

YVES DEBRAINE

GEORGES SIMENON
A fixation on death.

MARTHA HOLMES

KATINKA LOESER
Death stalks the good life.

terrain of the heart where the knowledge of death stalks the good life. Several grandmothers are dying—two at home, one at last shunted off to a convalescent home. A middle-aged mother dies in an auto accident. A ten-year-old girl is about to die of leukemia. Two family cats are killed and mourned. Grim fare, tearjerkers even, but told with a sensitivity which at its best reaches beyond style to become something close to a stoic philosophy of life. The author knows and can sometimes convey some odd, obvious but ageless facts of death: there are no new ways of facing it; grief is less an emotion than a physical presence; the conspiracy of the living to forget death is called life, and that goes on.

A PLACE OF STONE *by Jim Hunter.* 244 pages. *Pantheon.* $3.95.

An otherwise sound British critic has predicted that Jim Hunter, 24, "may well prove to be one of the great contemporary writers." Talent aside, the prediction is a plain impossibility: though Hunter has published three novels in the last four years, he is clearly not contemporary. His characters, spouting great gobbets of *Weltschmerz* in the grand Victorian manner, stride moors and seashores that are the welfare-state descendants of scenery loved by Hardy and the Brontës. Principal characters are an English painter, his wife, their two grown children, frozen in various attitudes of love, hate and sheer disdain—until the wife develops cancer. The book then examines the shifting feelings of the three members of the family as they watch the fourth member die. There is room for tragedy in such a theme, but in Hunter's hands, death itself can seem mannered and quaint.

DEREK BAYES

JIM HUNTER
Victorians stride again.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

How many major world markets do TIME's International editions cover?

All except one.

The Communist bloc believes that an informed citizenry can be dangerous. Hence, TIME Magazine is banned in that part of the world. But in the free world, TIME's incisive reports and evaluations of world events, politics and business are welcomed each week by its readers—important people in business, government and the professions who wie
fluence and buying power vastly out of propor
to their numbers. To them, TIME is a necessity
you, TIME is equally necessary in *any* selective
keting plan in *any* market throughout the free w
Talk to the right people in the right place . . . in

TIME Atlantic. TIME Canada. TIME Latin America. TIME Asia. TIME South Pacific. And their regionals.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

YOU MEET THE NICEST PEOPLE ON A HONDA

Maybe it's the incredibly low price.

Or the fact it doesn't gulp gas. Just sips it—90 kilometers to the liter.

Or the way the masterful 4-stroke 50cc OHV motor carries you along at 65 km/h without a murmur. More like gliding than riding.

Or it could be the ease of 3-speed transmission, automatic clutch, and the extra safety of Honda's dual cam-type brakes on both wheels. The optional push-button starter makes you feel right at home, too.

But most likely it's the fun. Evidently nothing catches on like the fun of owning a Honda. You see so many around these days. And the nicest people riding them. Why don't you join in?

World's Largest Motorcycle Manufacturer

HONDA MOTOR CO., LTD. Tokyo, Japan

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, H

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MAY 22, 1964

ASIA EDITION

TIME

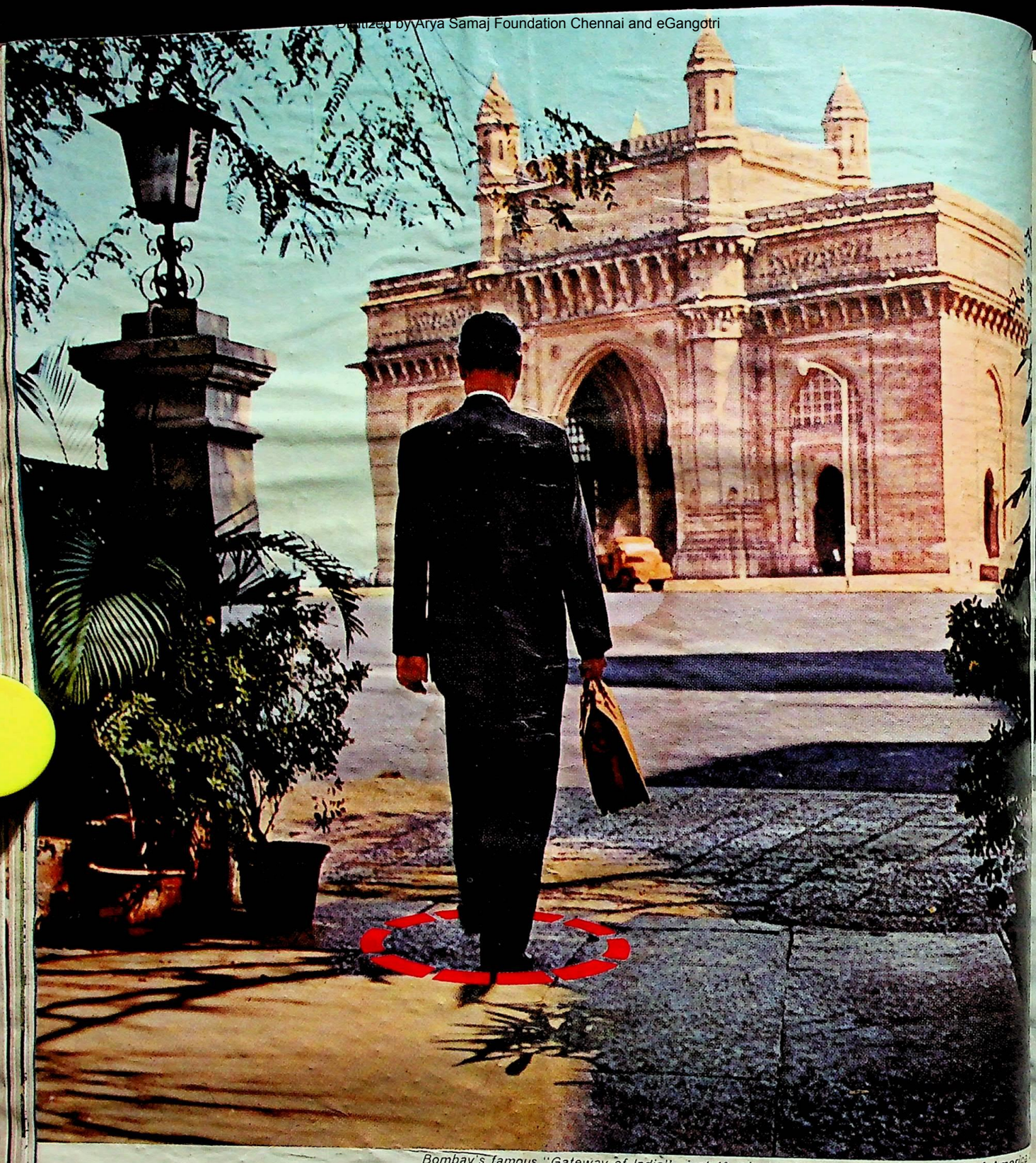
THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE

UPSET IN THE WEST

ROCKEFELLER IN OREGON

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



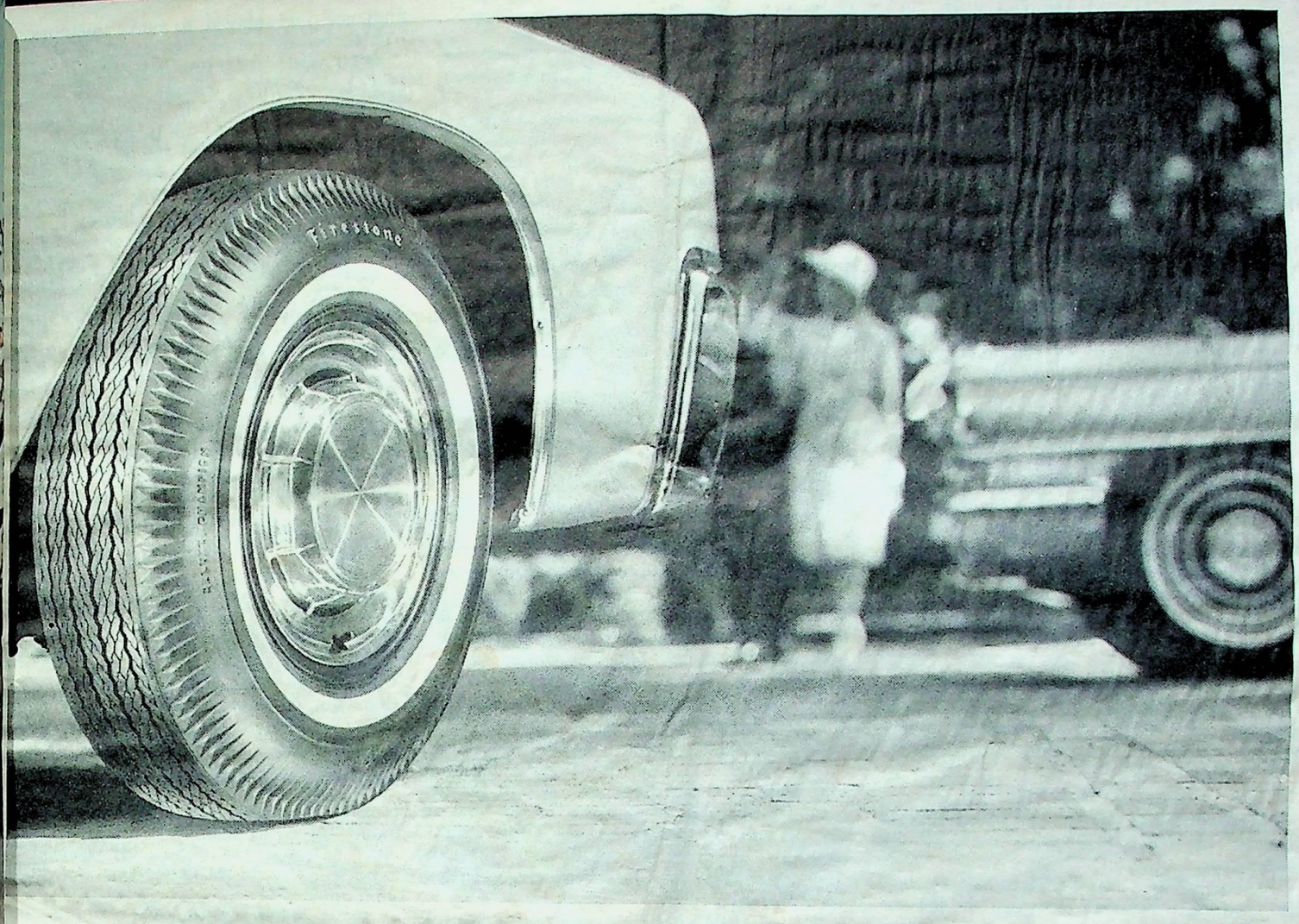
Bombay's famous "Gateway of India"—just 10 minutes from the city's new Bank of America

lan-on-the-spot...in Bombay. **He's just opened our new branch**
dia. If your firm wants to explore the market places of Calcutta or Madr
can be your guide. From San Francisco to Singapore—in Californ
ross the U.S.A., around the world—BANK OF AMERICA can prov
u with expert financial guidance...on the spot. Whether you're trad
rupees, drachmas or dollars, call on Bank of America—first in banki

OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST & SAVINGS ASSOCIATION*—San Francisco, Los Angeles / BANK OF AMERICA (INTERNATIONAL)—New York: Amsterdam • • Buenos Aires • Caracas • Chicago • Copenhagen • Dakar • Duesseldorf • Frankfurt/Main • Guam • Guatemala City • Hong Kong • Karachi • Kobe • Kuwa • London • Madrid • Manila • Mexico City • Milan • New Delhi • New York City • Okinawa • Osaka • Paris • Rio de Janeiro • Singapore • Tokyo • Washing ma • Zurich; BANCA D'AMERICA E D'ITALIA: over 80 offices throughout Italy; CORRESPONDENTS WORLD-WIDE (*Member Federal Deposit Insurance Cor

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Does it make any difference what brand of tire you buy?

IT DOES *when one maker has never compromised with its high standards of quality since the company was founded in 1900.*

IT DOES *when one maker spends millions of dollars for research and development to make his product better. New Sup-R-Tuf rubber is the latest development.*

IT DOES *when the quality of the tire has earned a world-wide reputation for dependability and service.*

Firestone research and development engineers have formulated a new miracle rubber, Sup-R-Tuf, which provides from 2,000 to 10,000 extra miles per tire—and at no extra cost. Super-Strength cords are used in Firestone tires to provide a super-strong, extra-safe cord body. Firestone's Super-Weld construction holds the tire tread firmly to the cord body providing extra safety.

Every Firestone tire manufactured in every Firestone plant around the world is built with Sup-R-Tuf rubber to give you extra mileage wherever you drive. There is a Firestone tire with Sup-R-Tuf rubber in the size to fit your car waiting for you at your local Firestone dealer's store. Stop in and see him today.

WHEREVER WHEELS ROLL...

Firestone

IS YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY AND SERVICE

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 20

SUSPENSE (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.).* Gary Merrill as a Florida game warden tracks down and captures two murderers with his bare hands—and nature lore.

Thursday, May 21

BIG BROTHER IS LISTENING (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A special on the invasion of privacy an ordinary citizen may be subjected to, with commentary by Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, Writer Vance Packard (*The Naked Society*) and others.

Friday, May 22

THE GREAT DIVIDE: CIVIL RIGHTS AND THE BILL (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A special featuring interviews with Bobby Kennedy, Alabama Governor George C. Wallace, Senators Kuchel, Stennis and Dirksen, representatives of the N.A.A.C.P., CORE, the National Urban League, etc.

Saturday, May 23

ABC's WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Grand Prix of Monaco with Prince Rainier and Princess Grace handing out awards, plus National Lumberjack championships from Wisconsin.

Sunday, May 24

DIRECTIONS '64 (ABC, 2-2:30 p.m.). A comedy in which six actors play 26 different roles.

SUNDAY (NBC, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). A special program devoted entirely to the remodeled and about-to-reopen Museum of Modern Art, narrated by Aline Saarinen and featuring films of interviews with Marc Chagall, Alexander Calder, Henry Moore, Joan Miró, Alberto Giacometti and Stuart Davis in their homes or studios.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Eyewitness reports on the battle for the Anzio beachhead in World War II. Repeat.

Monday, May 25

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Films and stars of the '30s.

EMMY AWARDS (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). E. G. Marshall will host the New York segments, broadcast live from the World's Fair; Joey Bishop will hold up the Hollywood end, from the Palladium.

THEATER

On Broadway

HAMLET. Although Richard Burton as Hamlet and Hume Cronyn as Polonius burnish all the richness of language, wit and humor of the play, this revival, and specifically Burton's Hamlet, lacks the burning passion, the mind-tossed anguish, the self-divided will that Hamlet must have to be a true prince of tragedy.

HIGH SPIRITS. As a spirit brought back to haunt her husband by means of a slapstick séance conducted by mad Bea Lillie, impish Tammy Grimes is about as ghostly grey as a rainbow.

FUNNY GIRL shines in the refracted light of the most brilliant new star to rise over Broadway in years, Barbra Streisand.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Without even the help of her closetful of balloons, Sandy Dennis ascends from playmate to helpmate in two acts.

DYLAN. Alec Guinness probes the special hell in which Dylan Thomas found himself. His performance is moody, taut with rage and sometimes bright with humor.

HELLO, DOLLY! Part of this musical's nostalgic appeal lies in its evocative Oliver Smith backdrops of little old New York, part lies in its hissable boss-villain (David Burns) whom Dolly finds kissable. Most of it lies in the skirt-swishing charm of Carol Channing as Dolly.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. Playwright Neil Simon's deft quips punctuate this early-marital farce with enough humor to spare for a zany subplot involving a mother-in-law and a continental charmer (he thinks).

Off Broadway

DUTCHMAN, by LeRoi Jones. In a New York subway car, a white girl who is a twitchy, neurotic bundle of well-informed clichés and sterile sexual aggressions, lures, taunts, degrades and destroys a Negro in a Brooks Brothers shirt, but not before he tells her, with profane and explicit brutality, how much Negroes hate whites. Though his one-acter repeats the pattern of Albee's *The Zoo Story*, Jones captures the contemporary mood of violence with raw and nerve-tingling fury.

THE BLOOD KNOT. Two half-brothers, one light and one dark, act out in miniature the torment of being a racial outcast in present-day South Africa. Playwright Atholl Fugard writes with a tenderness, poignance and understanding that crosses all color lines.

THE TROJAN WOMEN, winner of a special citation from the New York Drama Critics' Circle, is a powerful, tormenting image of humans bearing the unbearable.

RECORDS

Jazz

DIZZY GILLESPIE & THE DOUBLE SIX OF PARIS (Philips) soar from high spot to high spot, from *Oo-Shoo-Be-Doo-Be* to *Ow*. Dizzy does blithe acrobatics with his trumpet, then stands aside for the legendary expatriates Bud Powell and Kenny Clark to shine briefly on piano and drums. In the meanwhile, the Double Six, a sextet of jazz singers, chime in like an instrumental combo, and Mimi Perrin, who has an extraordinarily agile voice, even takes on a couple of solos meant for Charlie Parker's horn.

GEORGE RUSSELL SEXTET: THE OUTER VIEW (Riverside). These six do surgery on only five songs and have *You Are My Sunshine* stretched out on the operating table for twelve minutes. The theme, of course, is only a starter for Don Ellis' questing trumpet, Paul Plummer's poetic tenor sax and Composer-Arranger Russell's contemplative piano. They cut the melody into ribbons that swirl together in unlikely harmonies, but there is a cool logic and distant beauty all the same.

THELONIOUS MONK: BIG BAND AND QUARTET IN CONCERT (Columbia). Seven of the pieces Thelonious played at his Philharmonic Hall debut last winter (TIME cover, Feb. 28). The band arrangements by Composer Hall Overton add more than variety; they provide a new and striking dimension for Monk's high-styled melodies. Monk and his men—particularly Phil Woods on alto sax and Charlie Rouse on tenor—rose to the challenge of the big audience and played to make memo... The recording catches the excitement...

ART FARMER QUARTET: INTERACTION (Atlantic). *Flügelhorn*, anyone? Ex-trump... Farmer is using the soft, sweet monste... his new quartet, and to further melt... sound, he has replaced the piano wi... guitar (played by Jim Hall). The mel... lines in *Embraceable You* are se... yards long and barely kept aloft by a l... little beat. An album for those who ... their jazz with plenty of cream and su...

BENNY GOODMAN QUARTET: TOGE... AGAIN (RCA Victor). A lot has happe... both in and out of jazz since the g... days of Goodman, Gene Krupa, Li... Hampton and Teddy Wilson. But ... they are, sounding much the same 25 ... later. Goodman fans will treasure ... versions of *Runnin' Wild*, *Somebody L... Me*, *I Got It Bad and That Ain't G...* But something is missing—a sense of ... covery. Perhaps the trouble is that ... pieces sound light and facile, like the ... thing said once too often.

JUNIOR MANCE: GET READY, SET, JU... (Capitol). Julian Clifford Mance ... spends little time brooding at the pi... He prefers to swing along triumpha... with Drummer Shelly Manne and a s... army of trumpets and trombones *full* ... moxie right behind him. *September* So... does not respond to their ebullient tre... ment, but *Running Upstairs* and Jubile... rightly sizzle.

CINEMA

THE ORGANIZER stars Marcello Ma... ianni, forcefully demonstrating his re... able versatility as a Socialist Savo... who leads Turin textile workers in a s... that fails.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. Hours ... hired assassins play it mostly for la... when Sean Connery arrives in Is... as Ian Fleming's Bond bombshell, ... Agent 007.

THE GRAND OLYMPICS. A classic s... tacular, this Italian-made color doc... tary dazzlingly synthesizes the glory ... was Rome's during the summer Oly... of 1960.

THE NIGHT WATCH. This tough, ... tive French thriller follows five ji... along an underground escape rou... unearths a bitter tale of honor ... dishonest men.

BECKET. Richard Burton is En... 12th century Archbishop of Cante... Peter O'Toole is King Henry II—an ... bring grandeur to a stunning, ... film spectacle based on the dra... Jean Anouilh.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT. ... Agers Tippy Walker and Merrie ... racket about Manhattan as a pa... metro-gnomes in hilarious pursuit o... Sellers, a playboy pianist with a pe... footloose matrons.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORRO... three yeasty folk tales directed by Vi... De Sica, Sophia Loren is a whole ... street scene rolled into one woman. ... cello Mastroianni is head of the bloo...

BOOKS

Best Reading

GAUGUIN, by Henri Perruchot. ... than any other painter in history, Gau... life has been documented, dissected, ... glamorized, and yet this book is a ... substantial contribution to the ... work about him. Perruchot's achiev... is his understanding of Gauguin's ...

* All times E.D.T.

TIME
May 22, 1964

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F. Mexico. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries [illegible] ... editions numbered or allowed for as follows: East Asia E1-E8, South East Asia E1-E8.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection. and eGangotri

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

and motives, set down without sentimentality or bravura.

WAITING FOR THE END, by Leslie Fiedler. In one of the most infuriatingly quotable books of the year, the angry professor finds signs of the apocalypse in homosexuality, pseudo-Zen, youth cults, U.S. Presidents, and most of all in current fiction. The only glimmer of hope Fiedler can find is the excellent state of U.S. poetry; he might have added criticism, of which he is one of the brightest younger lights.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE, by David Stacton. A light, worldly novel that tells of old friendship and young love on the Riviera, as it might have been told by Bemelmans with added monologues by Oscar Wilde.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. Looking back 30 years later at Paris and himself on the threshold of fame, Hemingway re-explored—and perhaps reinvented—his friendships with established writers (Pound, Stein, Ford, Joyce), particularly his ambiguous relation to the already successful young Scott Fitzgerald.

PEDRO MARTINEZ, by Oscar Lewis. Anthropologist Lewis follows his brilliant tape-recorded pastiche, *The Children of Sanchez*, with the story of an old Mexican peasant whose passion and native eloquence were spent on aborted uprisings and hopeless land-reform politics.

THE SPIRE, by William Golding. In this medieval parable a saintly, obsessed canon orders a huge stone spire to be built atop his fragile cathedral, only to realize at last that his monument was not to God's glory.

KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE, by Shirley Ann Grau. Though miscegenation is the theme of this deceptively artless novel, it has no pejorative connotations for a large Louisiana clan until the heroine's racist husband makes a violent entry into politics.

EPISODE—REPORT ON THE ACCIDENT INSIDE MY SKULL, by Eric Hodgins. The author of *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* tells what it was like to rebuild his life after a "cerebrovascular accident" (in layman's terms, a stroke) left him paralyzed four years ago. Hodgins wrote this book with ballpoint pens (he can no longer use a typewriter), but it has Mr. Blandings' old wit and wordcraft.

Best Sellers

FICTION

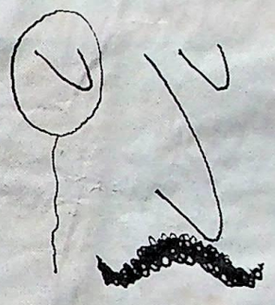
1. The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. The Group, McCarthy (2)
3. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (3)
4. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer (8)
5. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever (6)
6. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (4)
7. The Deputy, Hochhuth (5)
8. The Venetian Affair, MacInnes (9)
9. The Martyred, Kim (7)
10. The Spire, Golding

NONFICTION

1. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (1)
2. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, Bishop (2)
3. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (3)
4. The Naked Society, Packard (4)
5. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris (7)
6. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway
7. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (5)
8. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (6)
9. When the Cheering Stopped, Smith (8)
10. J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth, Lasky (10)

DUBONNET IS A PRODUCE OF C.D.C. EXPORT DIVISION 30 AVENUE KLEBER PARIS (16) KLE 15-40

CAN YOU SPEAK FRENCH ?



only after a glass of Dubonnet.

E. Du. 160

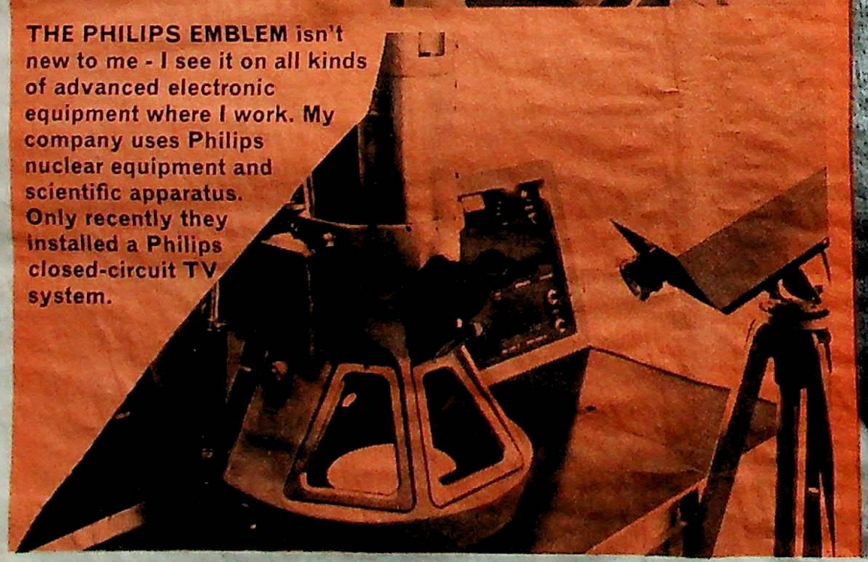
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

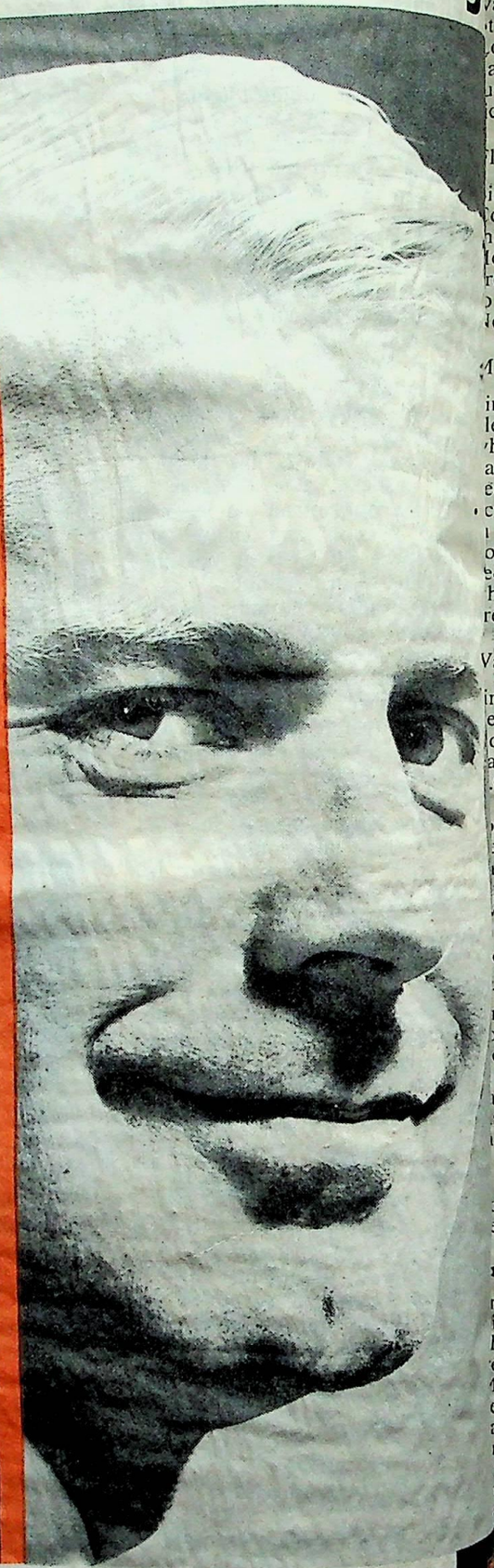
For me the name spells Quality

MY WIFE GAVE ME A PHILISHAVE last Christmas (lucky me!). I'd heard it was a good shaver - now I know from personal experience that it's excellent: efficient, reliable, really good value.

TO RETURN THE FAVOUR, I decided to give her a surprise with a Philips lightweight iron. Was she delighted! Says ironing takes her less time. Lot less effort too. Result: less strain, less drudgery on ironing day.



THE PHILIPS EMBLEM isn't new to me - I see it on all kinds of advanced electronic equipment where I work. My company uses Philips nuclear equipment and scientific apparatus. Only recently they installed a Philips closed-circuit TV system.



trust in PHILIPS is world-wide

With nearly 250,000 employees, Philips is one of the world's leading electronic industries. There are national organizations in 55, agents in 115 markets

LIGHT, SOUND, RADIO, TELEVISION, DOMESTIC APPLIANCES, GRAMOPHONE RECORDS, TELECOMMUNICATIONS, CHE
AND PHARMACEUTICAL PRODUCTS, MEDICAL, INDUSTRIAL AND SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS AND ELECTRONIC COMPON

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

"The Man Who . . ."

ir: The Republican hope lies in Gold-vater as a candidate offering something ther than an echo. Many misguided Lodge supporters should recall his lacka-laisical performance in 1960, when, with ust a little more effort, the Republican icket would have been elected.

LEO TOCH

Flushing, N.Y.

ir: The delegates to the Republican Convention would do well to remember hat those of us writing the name of Henry Cabot Lodge on primary ballots re the same people who will be asked o vote for a Republican President in November.

MRS. E. F. STOCKMANN

Malvern, Pa.

ir: While Mr. Goldwater has been leading for a prehistoric party platform, while Mr. Rockefeller has been playing artisan politics, while Mr. Nixon has een pushing Pepsi-Cola, and while Mr. cranton has been patiently standing pat Pennsylvania, Lodge has been busy oing the job that must be done. He has een practicing Americanism in Saigon hile others have been content merely to reach it in the suburbs.

JOHN R. ROBERTS JR.

Washington, D.C.

ir: The Republican Party delegates may ell indulge themselves by nominating oldwater. However, may they be fore-arned that in November, when the .O.P. goes down to defeat with 25% less of the popular vote, history will ote the ironic course of a political party, entified initially with the abolition of avery, disappearing because a current ader denies the importance of national vil rights legislation.

HENRY G. MAGENDANTZ, M.D.

eveland

: You have stated that the Republi-n mock convention held at Brooklyn ollege nominated Barry Goldwater. As delegate to the convention I would like inform you that, though Senator Gold-ter led in the first-ballot strength, Am-ssador Lodge clinched the nomination the second ballot.

JEFFREY DOUGLAS FRIEDLANDER
Executive Secretary
oung Republican Club of Hunter College
ew York City

ally, Don't Dally

r: The time has come (the Walrus id) for TIME to realize that there are her schools in Massachusetts besides the estige schools. In your People Section May 15], you stated that Harvard was e first to riot. We regret to inform you at you have been misled. There was riot staged a week before the Sycamore tburst. This was called by some the orst riot that the state of Massachusetts s ever witnessed. The boys from Bab-n rallied; Harvard dallied.

SUSAN AUER
CONSTANCE HESS
PATRICIA PROUTY
he Manor Junior College
ellesley, Mass.

X-Free Religion

: I find myself in complete agreement h Atheist Madalyn Murray [May 15]. Organized religion is probably the greatest con game ever perpetrated upon the human race. Churches and synagogues will some day be regarded as monuments to the ignorance and fears of those who attended.

JOHN J. SODOFSKY

Woburn, Mass.

Sir: America is God's country. If Mrs. Murray doesn't like it, why doesn't she get the hell out of it? But who would have her? Only a God-loving country like ours that gives her kind of people liberty.

DONNA PANGRLE

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Sir: Although it is obviously not her intention, Mrs. Murray has already done more for the cause of God, the Christian church and religion in America than the combined efforts of all churchmen since she declared war on religion.

Religion is often served best by those who imagine themselves to be in opposition to God when in reality they are being used by the very God they reject as instruments of purification and restoration.

(THE REV.) DON CREAGER
Trinity Reformed Church
Mercersburg, Pa.

Sir: The courageous and valiant attorney in your picture with the Murray family is Leonard Kerpelman of Baltimore. He is an orthodox and conservative member of the Jewish community who is devoted to the concept of separation of church and state—as any American should be.

MADALYN MURRAY

Baltimore

The Governor's General

Sir: May I join you in your tribute to an outstanding soldier and great American, Lieut. General William C. Westmoreland [May 8]. Having served for more than two years as "Westy's" executive officer with the 34th Field Artillery, 9th Infantry Division, both at Fort Bragg and in North Africa and Sicily, I can testify to the fact that he is a leader who brings to our Viet Nam campaign soldiering that inspires the men who serve with him, and a wisdom in war which in my opinion is unsurpassed. In World War II, his officers and men called him "Superman." It was a title that he earned by his deeds and capacity for deeds.

OTTO KERNER
Governor of Illinois

Springfield

Samaritan Shortage

Sir: Your analysis of the situations involving Kitty Genovese and Olga Romero [May 15] may be quite accurate—that we have lost the sense of community (and all that this implies in terms of courtesy, thoughtfulness and responsibility) in the bigness and bureaucracy of big-city life. But I can't help wondering if the missing ingredient in both cases was leadership. Certainly, in the rape case, if only one leader-type had been present in the crowd that gathered, he or she should have been able to galvanize some of the bystanders into action.

ANNE M. FALLON

New York City

Sir: Where in the hell are the good Samaritans who are supposed to inhabit our good land? Our people seem to have adopted an Oriental attitude when it comes to aiding their fellow man. This viewpoint is well known to men who served in the Orient and watched victims of accidents dying in the streets because an assister could become financially involved. It is time for the whole American public to get indignant about the criminal element that even invades our homes. Otherwise, we will end as a country without guts or Samaritans.

JACK A. MILLER

Cherry Point, N.C.

Loyal Subjects

Sir: Though your story [May 8] may be correct as regards the facts, you distort the picture of our Queen by all kinds of epithets to her discredit, even raking up old, unrelated stories. But you overlook or do not cope with her greatness of heart, with which she has endeared herself to her subjects, particularly to the maimed and unhappy.

E. POSTHUMUS

Epe, The Netherlands

Fräulein Furor

Sir: We are glad that we have at least a *Fräuleinwunder* [May 8]. Let's be hopeful that a *Männerwunder* will occur too. Damn, if only there wasn't our beer.

DR. HANS SCHNEIDER

Tübingen, West Germany

Sir: Last summer I was fortunate enough to be in West Germany. I found myself constantly distracted by the *Fräuleinwunder*. Since returning, I have been accused of "seeing things" or losing my perspective. Needless to say, I was glad to see your article.

JOHN MILLER

Gambier, Ohio

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
Sullivan 31
Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city state or province country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DO YOU JUDGE ENGINES ON STRENGTH OR HP RATING?

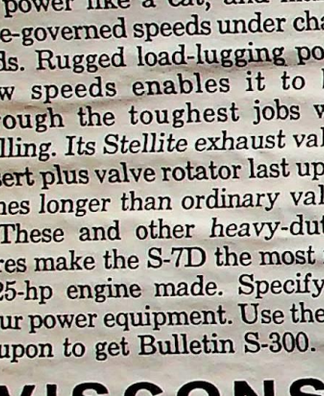
BUY STRENGTH—as built into the rugged 7.25-hp cast iron Wisconsin—and you can't go *wrong*. The vital parts (shown) are as strong as those used in a big crawler-tractor engine. They are micro-finished for top efficiency, to minimize wear and upkeep in severe year-around applications.

The precision-built S-7D springs to full power like a cat, and maintains close-governed speeds under changing loads. Rugged load-lugging power at slow speeds enables it to breeze through the toughest jobs without stalling. Its *Stellite* exhaust valve and insert plus valve rotator last up to five times longer than ordinary valves.

These and other *heavy*-duty features make the S-7D the most rugged 7.25-hp engine made. Specify it for your power equipment. Use the handy coupon to get Bulletin S-300.

WISCONSIN
MOTOR CORPORATION
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53246
CABLE ADDRESS: "WISMOTORCO"

World's Largest Builder of Heavy-Duty Air-Cooled Engines — 3 to 60.5 hp. EX-589



Cam-ground piston with chromed top compression ring — a Wisconsin exclusive

Forged crankshaft and connecting rod—several times *stronger* than castings.

Best main bearings in any engine—never require servicing

WISCONSIN
MOTOR CORPORATION
Dept. EX-244, Milwaukee, Wis. 53246, U.S.A.
Please send Bulletin S-300.

Name.....
Company.....
Address.....
City.....
Country.....

Sir: Your photos of half-dressed, obscene women merely demonstrate the compromise and downright degradation of your magazine. You are willing to satisfy the common thirst for lust.

(MRS.) LAURIE FLINT

Los Angeles

Sir: Let me call your attention to what Madame de Staël said of German women 150 years ago: "German women have a charm all their own—a touching voice, fair hair, a dazzling complexion. They seek to please by their sensibility and to interest by their imagination. They are not frank, yet neither are they false. Even when it occurs to them to be gay, they still maintain a tinge of that sentimentality that is so honored in their country."

MORROE BERGER
Professor of Sociology

Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

Sir: You do not seem to be aware of the fact that the days of the *Anschluss* ended with World War II, since you refer to Romy Schneider, Nadja Tiller and Senta Berger as "talented Teutons." The three attractive movie stars were all born in Austria and still carry Austrian passports.

KURT HAMPE
Director

Austrian Information Service
New York City

Relevant Methodists

Sir: It is not often that the so-called "secular" press is able to capture the mood and condition of a church body with the accuracy and feeling with which your writer handled the story on the Methodists [May 8]. It is honest, penetrating, accurate, and will stand as a real *challenge* to us all.

(THE REV.) ROBERT QUICK
Waynesville Methodist Church
Waynesville, Ohio

Sir: From this side of the world, the Methodist compromise on the race issue in the U.S. sounds like "a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal." The ecclesiastical machine has been oiled for another four years, but the church has missed its chance to advance the Kingdom of God significantly.

GERALD H. ANDERSON
Union Theological Seminary
Manila, Philippines

Sir: The Methodist pastor who said, "Try and fill posts of leadership in any church with nondrinkers and still get capable people, you just can't do it," must be unaware of the leaders of the Mormon Church throughout the world!

WILLIS T. EICKE

San Mateo, Calif.

Sir: With fidelity, your splendid panorama of Methodism shows us as we are: a yeasty combination of progressive and conservative, crusader and compromiser, pietist and reformer, critical and complacent, ecumenist and sectarian, liturgist and free-wheeler, yet one in our desire to be relevant and redemptive.

ALBERT EDWARD DAY
Founder
The Disciplined Order of Christ
Falls Church, Va.

Sir: I love our church, and your article made me prouder than ever! You did a good job of explaining our flaws and weaknesses; and I would be willing to bet that every Methodist familiar with the inner workings of the church laughed head off, just as I did, when he "It spends endless hours tinkering w ecclesiastical machinery." How very that is, and while it sometimes make want to give up Methodism, it is the thing that makes us willing to strive John Wesley's (and Jacobus Arm Christian perfection.

MRS. K. S. PETERS

Doraville, Ga.

Rooting for Scrappers

Sir: As a loyal Celtics rooter for past 16 years, I resent your implicati "dirty" play as a method of Celtics and a reason for their victory [May remind you that pro basketball is non-contact sport. The Celtics hustle scrapped like true champions and re to let down despite the fact that they overwhelming favorites. The Celtics supreme again, as they are the best in every respect.

MICHAEL L. ALTM

Framingham, Mass.

Ear for Sessions

Sir: Although "most audiences" rarely seem eager to hear the wor Roger Sessions performed [May 8], contrary was true in Aspen, Colo. summer. Sessions, a composer dence for the famed Aspen Music F val, conducted his music in concer several occasions and received a warm and enthusiastic reception. Pe your poignant article may supply color to his "pallid acclaim" for listeners.

CAROL ANN JACOBS

Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studi
Aspen, Colo.

Yo-Ho-Ho—Oops!

Sir: As a former passenger aboard Burke's windjammer, the *Polynesia*, fascinated by your article about cruises [May 15]. However, the mas cruise I took on board the *Po* was more dramatic and stranger fiction.

It wasn't "a passenger who we serk and jumped over the rail" captain of the accompanying *Cutty Sark*, who went overboard dead of night and was never hea again! In the excitement, the eng on a spear gun, which could not tracted from his knee, so he was in a helicopter to a hospital in After that, the 21-year-old first tomatically became captain, and the crew promptly quit because Captain Bligh attitude.

MARY ANN McG

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Basic Issue

Sir: The battle in the Magnolia District [May 8] was a basic issue whether the teachers (public serv the board of trustees (the elected sentatives of the people) control district. All other issues were rea ondary. However, I stated that *and* Unitarians filed a protest aga distribution of monthly patriotic m that I sent home to the children. not, as you quote me, describe any an "atheistic Unitarian." I did not to teach religion—I only attemp show the effect of religion upon t tributions of our American heritage.

CHARLES WI
Superinten

Magnolia School District
Anaheim, Calif.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ..... ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT ..... JAMES A. LINEN

EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ..... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ..... ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
A. T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George G. Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Anatole Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, Gilbert Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Marshall Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert McLaughlin, John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, Jon Borgzinner, Cleil Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Dudley Doust, Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, Barry Farrell, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Grossman, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ronald P. Kriss, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Mitchel R. Levitas, George Love, Richard Murphy, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, Jerrold L. Schecter, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Essie Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Berta Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Virginia Adams, Roy Roscoe Ails, Nancy Atkinson, Priscilla B. Badger, Reva Berger, Jean Bergerud, Karen E. Booth, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, Nicolette Caliendo, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian Coxhead, S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Franks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Lea Guyer, Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Anne S. Hopkins, Andria E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Krieger, Judith Liersch, Mary McArdle, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Merrin, Shirley Monck, Deborah Hanson Murphy, Nancy Newman, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Pampel, Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Pikul, Ruth Reed, Eleanor Robbins, Wendy Kupsick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Statler, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Lynn Thomas, Fortunata Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanaman, Susanne S. Washburn, Helgard Wienert, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Smith, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Jess Cook Jr., Simmons Fentress, Jean A. Franklin, Jerry Jannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, Christopher Porterfield, William Rademaekers, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin H. Zim. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Clark, Miriam Rumwell, Arlie W. Schardt, John Wilhelm. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Robert W. Flasgow, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Kaiser, Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. McWhirter. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Israel Shenker, Christopher T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA: Harry Johnston, Dudley E. Morris. BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Ray Kennedy, Robert A. Ellis. HOUSTON: Mark Sullivan. DENVER: Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Leon Jaroff, Benjamin W. Cate, Joseph J. Lane. SAN FRANCISCO: Roger Stone, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.
LONDON: Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Charles Champlin, Donald S. Connery. PARIS: Curtis Cate, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Main, Friedel Wagenheuer, James Wilde. COMMON MARKET: Jason McManus. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, Peter Forth. ROME: Robert E. Jackson. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. BRUSSELS: George de Carvalho. HONG KONG: Frank McCulloch, Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. NAIROBI: William E. Smith. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. TOKYO: Lee Eggs, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. OTTAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Martin Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed Ogle. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan, Roger M. Williams. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO DE JANEIRO: John Blashill, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Alvin Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Cunningham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ..... LAWRENCE E. LAYBOURNE, JOHN J. FREY
GENERAL MANAGER ..... JAMES A. THOMASON

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR ..... EDGAR R. BAKER
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR ..... DAVID W. BALLARD
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN ..... YASUO KITAOKA
ASIA ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... WILLIAM S. HONNEUS

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

"It goes without saying that a lot can happen in the two months before the Republican Convention."
—TIME, May 8

Covering Nelson Rockefeller from handshake to handshake in Oregon last week, Correspondent Nick Thimmesch realized that quite a lot was happening. Nick has been following Rockefeller ever since the New York Governor set out on the campaign for the 1964 Presidential nomination, and he knows how the candidate performs and what reaction follows.* And so, at midweek, he cast a sidewise glance at the polls that unanimously predicted a victory for Henry Cabot Lodge, and sent the editors in New York a wire: "There is a strong flow toward Battling Nelson."

Soon after the Oregon result was clear, the editors decided to postpone the nonpolitical cover that was coming off the press and switch to Nelson Rockefeller. Working largely from the reporting of Thimmesch and San Francisco Correspondent Roger Stone, who covered the general side of the Oregon campaign, Writers David Lee and Ronald Kriss put together the cover story for Senior Editor Champ Clark. In the process, all of them found renewed confidence in an old principle: political polls may stir up a lot of publicity, but they are no substitute for knowing, thinking journalists.

•

Correspondent George de Carvalho is beginning to rank as an expert on exotic rivers. Five years ago, as our Rio de Janeiro bureau chief, he suggested and did the reporting for the color story on the Amazon (Nov. 23, 1959). Not long after he became Beirut bureau chief in 1962, he began to visualize color pages of the Nile. Last summer he sold his idea to the editors; the results, thousands of miles, words and transparencies later, are the eight pages of color pictures and a timely story.

From the correspondent's suggestion to the printed pages, the project came under the major care of two senior editors (Henry Grunwald and Cranston Jones), two associate editors (Peter Bird Martin and Charles P. Jackson), two contributing editors (Robert Jones and Arnold Drapkin), two editorial researchers (Deborah Hall and Rosemary Frank), one map maker (Robert Chapin) and one photographer—Laurence Lowry. While all those idea-and-word people had their moments, Photographer Lowry probably had the most excitement.

He found the Egyptians leary about letting him take aerial photographs of bridges, and the Russian technicians at the Aswan dam unwilling to speak to him. But he made his way through the Red tape, and won the cooperation of the Arabs. He took the opening picture in the color pages—a view of the Aswan cofferdam—with an F-8 Fairchild camera from a DC-3 owned by a United Arab Republic airline. With the door removed from the plane, Lowry stood in the open, a rope lashed around his waist and anchored to the tie-down rings. He took the picture on the last color page—a gold and green view of Giza—from a helicopter flown by a U.A.R. Air Force crew, firing away with his F-8 from a sitting position in the doorway with his feet on the landing gear. This was more or less routine for Lowry, an expert in aerial photography, but he felt a bit queasy when he was shooting the interior of one of the dam tunnels. "Things kept falling from the ceiling," he said. "I think the workmen there are either very courageous or very fatalistic."

* By now he is so familiar with Rockefeller's speeches that he uses a simple set of abbreviations to note the subjects covered: FUNVAL—fundamental values; MOAT—mainstream of American thought; FISTEG—fiscal integrity; GOVECLOP—government closest to the people; EQUOP—equal opportunity; BOMFOG—brotherhood of man under Fatherhood of God.

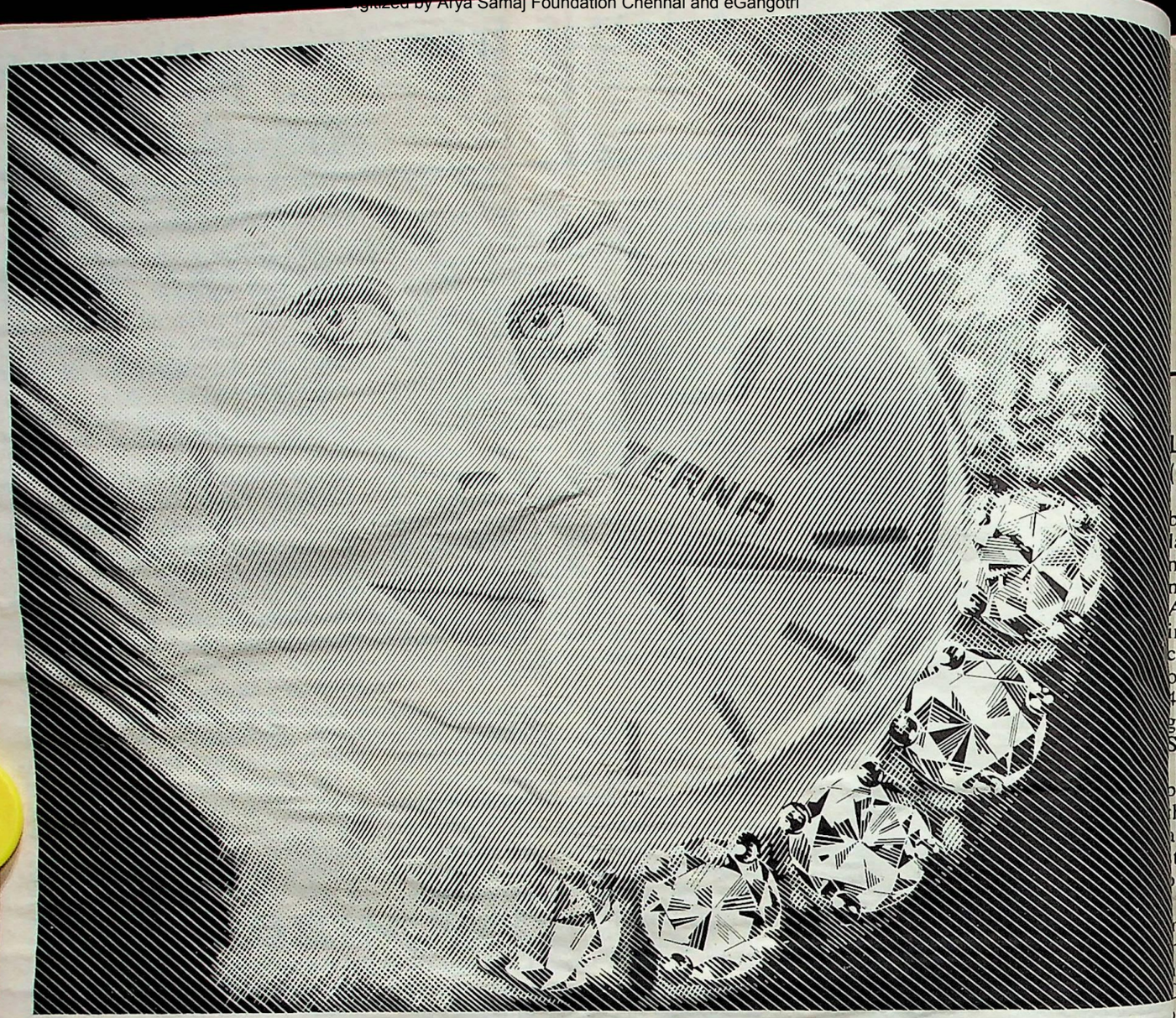
INDEX

Cover Story 9
Color: The Nile 30

Art 46
Books 66
Cinema 65
Education 60
The Hemisphere 24
The Law 59
Letters 5
Medicine 43
Milestones 64
Modern Living ... 52
Music 63
People 26
Press 49
Religion 28
Science 62
Show Business .. 42
Sport 44
Theater 41
Time Listings 2
U.S. Business ...
World Re...
The U.S. 9
The World ...

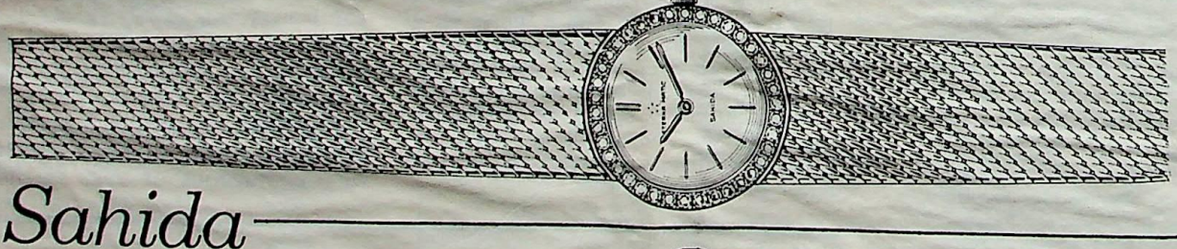
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Fully *auto*mated elegance! Enchanting «Sahida» - the very timepiece women have craved. And now, for the first time, she can wear a divine combination of extravagant beauty and unrivalled self-winding Eterna·Matic precision.

What a joy! to own a lasting piece of precious watch jewellry and an exact timek as well. So thin too! Thanks to the unique ultra-thin Eterna·Matic movement, «Sahida» is one-fifth slimmer than the thinnest ladies' automatic until now.



806 LE/121-14
Sahida, extra-thin
18 ct. gold, 36
with heavy 18 ct.
No. 119

—Sahida—

706 VS-1446
Sahida, extra-thin
18 ct. gold with
sapphire crystal

ETERNA·MATIC

ETERNA S.A., GRENCHEN (SWITZERLAND)

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
May 22, 1964 Vol. 83, No. 21

THE U.S.

REPUBLICANS

Lessons from the Lone Ranger

(See Cover)

Battling Nelson did it! Battered, bloodied, beaten, taunted, hooted and laughed at during bitter, frustrating months, Republican Nelson Rockefeller never gave up, never stopped swinging. And last week he flattened five rivals in Oregon's presidential primary. The count: Rockefeller 92,142, Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. 77,334, Barry Goldwater 49,197, Richard Nixon 47,078, Margaret Chase Smith 8,142, William Scranton 4,456.

Rocky's smashing upset may not appreciably have changed his chances for this year's Republican nomination. By any reasonable rating, he would still stand behind Goldwater, Nixon, and perhaps Scranton.

But his Oregon triumph was far from meaningless. It gave him increased momentum in his desperate effort to overhaul his only opponent, Goldwater, in California's June 2 primary. It showed once again that if the Republicans nominate Goldwater they will be picking a proven poor vote getter. It all but stayed Lodge. The big argument in Lodge's favor was that he was unbeatable with rank-and-file Republicans. Well, he wasn't, not by a long shot. Rockefeller's win also fractured the notion that Nixon can get the nomination simply by making a few phone calls.

The Reason Why. Less specifically, but perhaps more importantly, Rockefeller's victory infused drama and excitement into what had become a dull, dreary Republican race. It showed that there is still plenty of life in the Grand Old Party. To those Republicans who think there is no chance of beating Democrat Lyndon Johnson this year, Rocky demonstrated that "where there's life, there's hope" is more an axiom than maxim. Above all, Rockefeller's Oregon win increased what has been called the "scatteration" of strength in the Republican presidential picture. And in so doing, it greatly increased the possibility that the so-called Republican kingmakers—the amalgam of corporation executives, party professionals and publishers—who have so far been mere spectators at ringside, may yet find it necessary to get in and referee the bout.

Oregon's outcome was obvious from the moment the first votes were counted. Just three minutes after the polls closed, NBC-TV declared Rocky the winner. From there on, it was mostly a matter of pollsters and pundits trying to figure out how they had gone so wrong. One commentator, referring to the supposed political effects of Rocky's divorce and remarriage, lamely concluded that the results might be related to the fact that Oregon's divorce rate is among the highest in the nation.

But there was little excuse for such devious reasoning. For once, a political post-mortem could produce a clear, simple explanation. The reason Rocky won was that of the six contestants in Oregon he alone was *there*—working, fighting, pleading his case, and showing Oregon that he really cared about the state, its primary and its 18 delegates. And where were the other Republican runners?

Where They Were. Henry Cabot Lodge, the odds-on favorite in Oregon, was still in Saigon, presiding over U.S. efforts to win the war there, consulting with visiting Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and General Maxwell Taylor, taking time for a dip in the pool at the Saigon Sports Club, and staying as silent as any Buddhist idol about his political plans.

Pennsylvania's Scranton was making a series of speeches in the East and tending the shop in Harrisburg, still insisting that he will not become a presidential candidate except in answer to a sincere draft. But just in case anyone doubted that he had the stamina and agility it takes, he said he'd been taking the R.C.A.F. conditioning exercises, and demonstrated some high-level nip-ups for a photographer. At week's end he was off to New York with his family for a tour of the World's Fair.

Nixon was in New York, watching and waiting. In last week's Nebraska primary, where Goldwater's name was the only one on the ballot, Nixon polled a tidy 31.4% write-in vote. Nixon boosters got a psychological lift out of that, but Goldwater drew 49.5% of the vote and five of the six state delegates elected. Later, Nixon called his campaign forces in Oregon to find out how things were going, then took off on a weekend vacation.

Goldwater had himself a bigger week—but it wasn't in Oregon. Barnum & Bailey had just closed out of Manhattan's Madison Square Garden when Barry moved in. A brass band blared away, multicolored balloons cascaded down from the rafters, and 100 "Goldwater Girls" pranced along the aisles, handing

ARTHUR DALEY

ROCKEFELLER CAMPAIGNING IN NEWPORT, ORE.
The warmth and determination came through.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ALLIED PIX

PENNSYLVANIA'S SCRANTON EXERCISING IN HARRISBURG
Just in case anyone doubted he had it.

out literature to 18,000 partisans as they filed to their seats. When Barry appeared in the glare of spotlights, looking tanned and rested after a four-day golfing holiday in West Virginia, the roof went up. During his 45-minute speech, his fans interrupted him no fewer than 104 times to whistle, stomp and cheer. What Goldwater gave them was standard stuff, but he delivered it with more verve and polish than usual.

He warned that the Democratic Administration was hell-bent on turning the individual states into "50 pigeonholes in a new Washington bureau," promised to work for a balanced budget instead of "digging us deeper into the red," poked fun at Defense Secretary McNamara's frequent inspection trips to South Viet Nam (five so far) by calling him "Yo-Yo McNamara." On civil rights, Goldwater compared the Democratic Administration to "a cheerleader for a frightful game of violence, destruction and disobedience," drew enthusiastic applause when he cried: "You can't pass a law that will make me like you or you like me. This is a problem of the heart and the mind, not the problem of the lawyer, the problem of the Senator, the Congressman or the President." All but unnoticed amid the cheering was the fact that Goldwater offered no solution at all to the U.S.'s civil rights dilemma and apparently had no substantive ideas on the subject.

Next night Goldwater appeared on a half-hour, nationwide taped television program. Seeking to project the image of a responsible, reasonable candidate, he repeated his oft-heard plea to Washington to "mind its own business while we, as individuals, get on with minding our jobs and our businesses." At week's end Barry flew off to California for a round of rallies, including a $10-a-head "Cruise with Goldwater" to Catalina Island, 24 miles from Los Angeles.

Sounding the Theme. That left Rocky in Oregon, the only candidate to set foot inside the state since Goldwater scratched it from his list five weeks ago because he figured he couldn't win. Thundering into the state for a final dervish week, Rocky in four days visited nine cities, made 24 speeches, whirled from airport receptions to luncheons to impromptu speeches on rain-swept sidewalks. Constantly Rocky improvised on his slogan: "The only man who cared enough to come to Oregon."

After grueling days of campaigning the week before, Rocky flew home to spend a fleeting weekend with Wife Happy, who is expecting their first child in a matter of days. But barely 37 hours later, he clambered back aboard his private F-27 prop jet, crawled wearily into an improvised bed as the plane swept westward. At 7:25 a.m. the Fairchild touched down at an airport near Portland. A rejuvenated Rocky emerged, smiling and waving to a crowd of 100 as a band tootled *The Sprinter* and *The Warrior*.

Minutes later Rocky was on the road, his infectious grin spreading from ear to ear. His big right hand, callused as a ditchdigger's from a million or more handshakes, reached here, there and everywhere to pump outstretched Oregonian paws. Rockefeller's big backslap and his hearty "What a thrill" greeting may have worn out their appeal to some New Yorkers, but they were a fresh political commodity in Oregon.

Rocky took up his familiar stance, thumped away at the Johnson Administration, denounced Goldwater's views and the "radicals" who would follow him. And everywhere he reminded his listeners of the contenders who had stayed away. Speaking in front of the faded Masonic Lodge Building in Hillsboro, he took his cue from a microphone that suddenly squealed. "That," cracked Rocky with never a blink, "is more than we hear from the other candidates in this primary." Chatting with voters in a Volkswagen showroom in Beaverton, he said: "There are six of us in this race. Some are just more visible than others."

Mirage or Oasis? The approach helped win the support of a clutch of Oregon's daily newspapers. The powerful Portland Oregonian stayed steadily with Lodge. But the rival tabloid Portland Reporter editorialized: "Is Lodge superior to Rockefeller? That's a good question, but it can't be answered except by another question: Is a mirage superior to an oasis?"

At an Elks Club luncheon meeting in Beaverton, Rocky took out after the Administration, charging that President Johnson had violated the people's "right to know" by withholding information about the struggle in Viet Nam.* But he got his biggest cheers when he turned to deviling his absent rival. Ticking off the issues from Cuba to civil rights, he cried, "I think the people of Oregon have a right to know where all of the six Republicans on the Oregon primary ballot stand on the vital issues. My objective in campaigning throughout this state has been to bring these issues before the people of Oregon. I shall continue to do so right up to the eve of this Friday's primary election."

Rocky was striking pay dirt, knew it and mined it assiduously. It was at the Raleigh Hills shopping center in Beaverton, as beaming young matrons pushed their perambulators over to listen, that Rocky lumped it all into a catch phrase that stuck, labeled his campaign and marked it for victory. Said he: "I guess I'm the Lone Ranger, the only one left in this campaign."

Remember His Name. Indeed the Lone Ranger himself, the man the outlaws just couldn't kill, might have envied Rocky his endurance and his. Sheer physical stamina kept him going. His voice cracked and hoarsened, but he kept talking. At one point his determination might have led to disaster. Eager to keep a speaking date at a high school in Newport, he took his plane into a dangerous fogbound landing. The pilot of a following DC-3 jet plane took one look at the soup ahead and more prudently turned back.

The pace never slackened. At a military luncheon at Coos Bay, a band of outrageously costumed pirates decreed that Rocky's forefinger be pricked and his name signed in blood. Good sport Rockefeller submitted. He bought ice cream sandwiches in a dime store for a trail of youngsters who followed him. To questions about his divorce and remarriage he replied: "I think that in life more people have problems in their own lives than others realize. And I think we have to have the courage to do that, face those problems honestly inside ourselves." In a speech at the University of Portland, he asked, "What do the silent advocate? Where do the

* Toward week's end Rockefeller flew to Washington to accept President Johnson's invitation for a briefing on foreign policy. After a two-hour confidential session at the State Department, Rocky spent ten minutes with the President. But he remained unimpressed. Asked if he still thought Americans were getting the full story of the war in Viet Nam, he replied: "That's a fair statement."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

stand?" He clambered to the top of a truck on a rain-swept street to tell a knot of curious bystanders: "If you vote Friday, remember my name. It's Nelson Rockefeller. Thanks, folks." His tiny audience stood huddled and shivering. But Rocky's warmth and determination were coming through.

"Caught in a Tide." At 5:45 on the night of the Oregon voting, Cabot Lodge's campaign managers huddled privately in their downtown Portland headquarters, confidently put the finishing touches to a victory statement. Less than three hours later, Massachusetts Importer Paul Grindle picked his way through a scramble of TV cables to deliver instead a statement of concession for the ambassador. Said he: "Governor Rockefeller put on a tremendous drive here and displayed tremendous guts, and I suspect that the voters of Oregon have joined in our admiration of a man who fights like this."

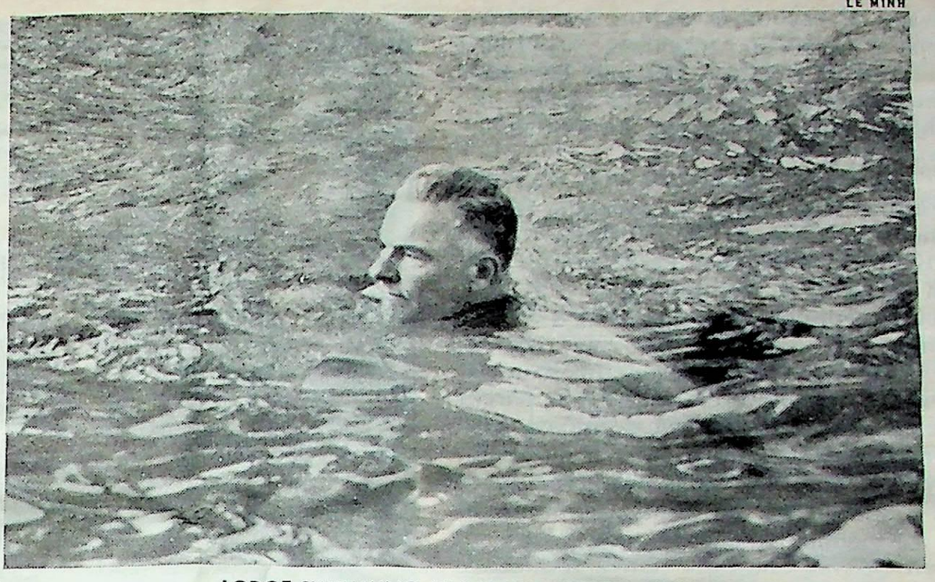
The Lodge people retired to lick their wounds, sighing that "now *we* know what it is like to be caught in a tide." Boston Attorney David Goldberg, who had helped engineer Lodge's March victory in New Hampshire, took another look at the returns and muttered: "Poor Lou." He meant big-time Pollster Lou Harris, who ordinarily works for Democrats but had taken a big dabble in trying to predict Oregon's Republican vote. His election-eve guess of 34% to the winner and 28% to the runner-up was close—he just had the names in the wrong order. As it turned out, it was Rockefeller 33%, Lodge 27%.

Like a Locker Room. Rocky himself had already flown home to his estate in Pocantico Hills, N.Y. There he got the news—as did millions of other Americans—sitting up late to watch television with his wife. "We retired with CBS at midnight," said Rocky.

AP

GOLDWATERS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
Noisy as a three-ring circus.

LE MINH



LODGE SWIMMING AT SAIGON SPORTS CLUB
Silent as a Buddhist idol.

Next morning the Governor's Manhattan headquarters was a joyous shambles—like the locker room of the New York Mets after a pennant-clinching ball game. An 11 a.m. press conference was delayed while Rocky and his staff prepared a victory statement, a task that apparently they had not believed they would be called upon to perform. At 12:20 p.m. the Governor emerged, threaded his way through the crush of people to the platform. There he read: "I am deeply grateful to the Republicans of Oregon for their vote of confidence."

But even as he read, Rocky's mind was leaping ahead from his Oregon success to the coming contest in California. In fact, he had already set the tone for that one. On a flying campaign side trip into California at midweek, Rocky chatted over a ham and pancakes breakfast about his plans for the final two weeks of the race. "I've got him by myself now," said Rocky of his two-man confrontation with Goldwater. "I will attack his extremist stands. It's going to get rough."

High Stakes. It could get very rough indeed, for the stakes are high. "If Goldwater wins here," says California G.O.P. Chairman Caspar Weinberger, who has taken no sides, "he practically has the Republican nomination. And if he loses, he won't get it."

All that stands in Goldwater's way in the California primary is Rockefeller. As in Oregon, the polls show Rocky behind; the Field poll last week called it 43% for Goldwater, 27% for Rockefeller. But Rocky just doesn't believe in polls that show him losing.

Since some 70% of California's Republicans are considered "mainstream" moderates, or liberals, with little sympathy for Goldwater's conservative views, Rockefeller figures his best bet is "to get that 70% stirred up." To do that, he and California's Senator Thomas Kuchel have drawn up a list of 25 programs—such as aid to education and civil rights legislation—endorsed by the G.O.P. in its 1960 presidential platform and subsequently supported by a majority of Senate Republicans in 23 out of 25 votes. They noted that Minority Leader Everett Dirksen supported the platform in 18 of the 22 votes in which he participated, and that Iowa's Bourke Hickenlooper, chairman of the Senate G.O.P. policy committee, supported it 17 out of 25 times. But Goldwater stood by it only twice in 25 votes. Says Rocky: "If Dirksen and Hickenlooper are conservatives, then Goldwater is a reactionary."

Second Thought. Coming down to the wire, Rocky plans to spend nine more days on the Golden State stump to Goldwater's five, concentrating on Barry's Southern California strongholds. Rockefeller also hopes for a big voter turnout to dilute the strength of Goldwater's diehard supporters, who are expected to cast ballots come fire or flood. To this end, he has hired the crack Spencer-Roberts public relations firm, not only to produce propaganda and crowds throughout the campaign but also to dig out every available Republican voter on June 2.

Even with a huge turnout, though, Rocky's best chance of overtaking Barry's lead might well be in a genuine "stop-Goldwater" coalition. On the eve of the Oregon election, Lodge's campaign managers were planning to help their own man by appealing to Lodge-leaning moderates to support Rockefeller. But after Lodge's defeat at Rocky's hands, they were no longer so sure. "I just don't know," mused Paul Grindle. "We're going to have to do lots of thinking."

Whatever the Lodgemen decide, Rockefeller could tuck at least one item of unexpected aid away in his California campaign kit. In the wake of the Oregon returns, Otis Chandler's powerful Los Angeles Times announced that it would throw its support to Rockefeller.

"The Jolly Boys." Just before Oregon, a Midwestern Republican summed up the G.O.P. presidential situation this

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

way: "Everybody's waiting for California. A Goldwater loss there would have a tremendous effect. The jolly boys back East would go to work in a rush. But there's nothing they can do now except wait for a break."

The "jolly boys" are the supposed Eastern Republican kingmakers. And if there is going to be a break, Oregon just might have been its beginning. Until Oregon, the kingmakers, with very few exceptions, were not doing a blessed thing.

For good reason. Despite his pallor at the polls, Goldwater has such apparent delegate strength that he seemed a near cinch for the nomination. Then again, Lyndon Johnson looks like even more of a shoo-in for November, so many of the kingmakers decided they might as well sit this one out. "On a ten-to-one shot, what's the use of jumping off the building?" asked one important G.O.P. moneyman.

Many a G.O.P. potentate agreed that it would be ridiculous to risk wrecking the party in a bruising battle with Barry for a nomination that looked more and more like a booby prize. Besides, a lot of the kingmakers think that President Johnson, all things being relative, has done a good job. In the '30s and '40s, Republican leaders were passionately convinced that they had to "save the country" from Franklin Roosevelt, but nobody talks about saving the country from Lyndon, except perhaps the A.S.P.C.A. "It's surprising," said a Republican leader, "how few enemies Johnson has."

In their spare moments, of course, the kingmakers looked over the field for an able, available alternative to Goldwater. But they didn't find much, and that discouraged them. "You don't have any kingmakers," said General Lucius Clay, "unless you have someone to make a king out of." The most likely possibility seemed to be Scranton. And among those who cast hopeful glances in his direction were Leonard Hall, a former G.O.P. National Chairman and one of the party's most astute politicians; New York Herald Tribune Publisher John Hay Whitney; and Trib President Walter Thayer, a big Nixon fund raiser in 1960. But Scranton so far has refused to be crowned.

ROCKY & HAPPY
Home for a fleeting weekend.

At Last, to Work? But Oregon changed a lot of things. The vote there could hardly help shaking prospective convention delegates who lean toward Goldwater but are not absolutely pledged to him. If Goldwater loses to Rocky in California, his strength could melt rapidly down to 200-plus diehard delegates who will stay with him until the last or, if he withdraws, vote pretty much the way he tells them. Last weekend, even while expressing confidence for his future and downplaying the importance of Oregon, Goldwater himself indicated that his own second choice would be Nixon: "Nixon has surprising strength around the country. Remember, a Republican candidate wouldn't even get out of bed without the South. Rockefeller and Lodge would be pure death in the South, but Nixon and I would have strength there."

There is no assurance that Nixon would make it even then, and there is an increasing possibility that Republicans will head for their July convention in San Francisco in a state of complete stalemate. Unless, of course, the party's top movers and shakers finally get to work.

On the Course. The man who could best coalesce an impressive array of wealth, brains and political capital behind a particular candidate is Dwight Eisenhower. "He's the real kingmaker if he wants to be," says New York's Sidney Weinberg, a nominal Democrat whose fund-raising feats for Ike and Nixon have made him a backstage power in the G.O.P. But for the past five months Ike has been soaking up California sunshine at his $175,000 Palm Desert home, got his biggest kick out of breaking 80 in golf a couple weeks ago (he fired a 40 going out, 39 coming back). A steady stream of G.O.P. bigwigs came calling, but he steadfastly refused to get involved in the campaign. Though he occasionally talked of reassembling his old cabinet to back a candidate, he entertained what one Republican leader called the "visionary hope" that the candidate would be his brother Milton.

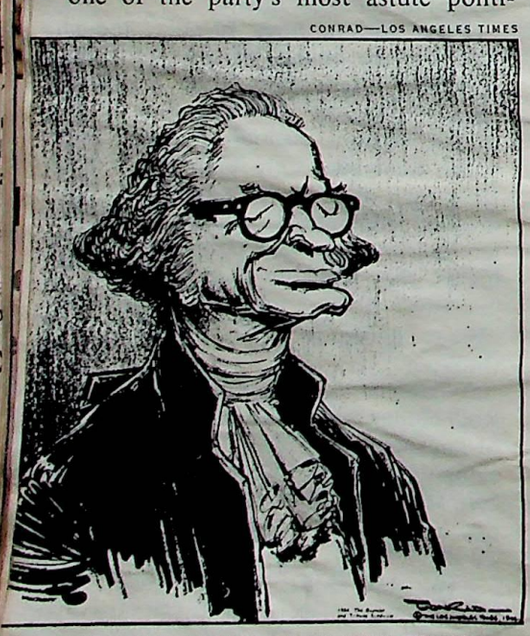
Last week, when Ike returned to Pennsylvania aboard his private railroad man car, he talked as though his golf clubs were still on the golf course, telling reporters: "Whoever is nominated, I am going to support. I should not be in the position of trying to dictate to the Republican Party. I, by no means, believe it is proper for me to say, 'This is the man,' and expect all the Republicans, just like a herd of sheep, to run that way."

Oregon and its potential results may change his mind. In any event, the weekend after the California primary, Ike is due in Cleveland to address a Governors' conference, will have a chance to talk to many of the G.O.P. Governors (who, incidentally, lean 2 to 3 against Goldwater) and a slew of other party powers about the situation.

A Different Way of Thinking. The dilemma for any G.O.P. candidate in 1964 is much like one that William McKinley faced during the 1892 G.O.P. convention, when the delegates came close to nominating him against himself but finally settled on Benjamin Harrison. After the balloting, Kingmaker Mark Hanna burst into McKinley's hotel room, visibly upset, and thundered, "My God, William, that was a damned close squeak. You almost got renominated. This is the year we're going to *lose*!" Hanna turned out to be right. Democrat Grover Cleveland trounced Harrison, but four years later McKinley came back to win it all.

Yet Nelson Rockefeller doesn't think like that—and in Oregon he demonstrated that perhaps it is a prevailing way of thinking.

CONRAD—LOS ANGELES TIMES



AND THIRD IN THE POLLS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN

CONRAD—LOS ANGELES TIMES

"DO GO ON!"

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE PRESIDENCY

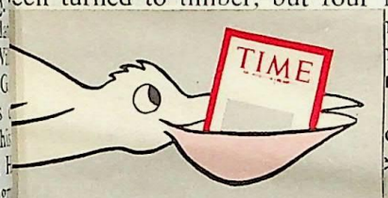
This Old House . . .

We must give to all Americans, those on the farms and those in the cities, a chance to drink from the cup of plenty. I just came from visiting a home that has used the food stamp plan, that lives off an old-age pension that tries to feed a grandmother, seven children, a mother and father—a family of ten—off nine acres of tobacco and ten acres of cotton on an advance of $20 a week with a charge of 10% interest.

—President Johnson in Rocky Mount, N.C., May 7, 1964

The President, once a poor boy himself, really feels deeply about poverty. But he is also striding high with it as a political issue, and last week he got tripped up.

A couple of Republican Congressmen, Nebraska's David Martin and Kentucky's Gene Snyder, journeyed South and returned with a tale of dire poverty in Lyndon's own backyard—or, more precisely, Lady Bird's. In Alabama's Autauga County, Lady Bird owns about 3,000 acres of land that she inherited from her family. Much of the land, once cotton-producing, has been turned to timber, but four Negro



0 weeks of
-speeded
IME
half the
gle-copy cost
ecial Subscription Rates
ther Part Of This Card

Among Lady Bird's tenants, said artin and Snyder, were Charles Cut-, 75, and his wife Willie. They pay dy Bird $5 a month for a four-room use and an old barn on four acres, d have a cash income from public lfare of $150 a month. "We have ed here for 50 years," said Mrs. Cut-. "We like it. I want to stay here til the good Lord takes me away. But do wish that Mrs. Johnson would fix roof. This old house leaks bad."

Making It Possible. While newsmen cked to Autauga County to see for mselves, Lady Bird's press secretary, zabeth Carpenter, hastily explained Johnson side of the story. It seemed t Lady Bird actually wanted to turn all of her land to timber, but expressly instructed her overseer to permit the old tenants on the land to stay as long as they liked. "Most of the families are very elderly and have no place to go," said Mrs. Carpenter. "They want to stay there. She is really making it possible for them to live out their days at $5 a month, and she sends them boxes of clothes."

Sure enough, Farmer Cutler showed newsmen three tailor-made suits that Lyndon had sent him. "They makes me feel just like I'm a Senator myself," he chuckled.

As to whether the President's anti-poverty program is likely to affect them, Mrs. Cutler allowed as how she was not familiar with the specifics, but that if Lyndon Johnson runs it, "it's sure gonna be a fine thing." And maybe, before the good Lord takes her, that roof will get fixed.

AP

LADY BIRD'S TENANT CUTLER & WIFE
Tailor-made suits are just fine, but what about the roof?

Multiple Exposure

Waiting in the Garden for the President last week were officials from the National Forensic League who were resolved to make the President an honorary member. This was eminently fitting, for if Lyndon Johnson isn't the best forensicist around, he will do until a better one comes along.

For the Forensic officials, he had a little story. "I think the greatest disappointment that I ever experienced was not in being defeated in a political campaign, but in losing a state championship of Texas the first year that I coached debating. I always attributed the loss to the fact that I drew the wrong side of the subject instead of the right side. We had a subject: Resolved, that the jury system should be abolished. My team drew the affirmative, but the people weren't ready to abolish the jury system, although it was wavering for a while when my speakers were attacking it. When they brought in the votes, the first vote was affirmative, and that pleased me. The next one was negative, the next vote was affirmative, the next one was negative, and there was a great deal of suspense there for a moment. The next vote was negative—and I got sick at my stomach."

The Open Road. The President also delivered a rousing speech to a meeting of the Alliance for Progress ambassadors (*see* THE HEMISPHERE), and buttonholed a group of businessmen on the subject of civil rights and equal employment. For the businessmen he had a joke, although its relevance was not quite clear. "I heard the story last night of a woman who telephoned her bank," he said. "She wanted to arrange for the disposal of a $1,000 bond. The clerk asked her, 'Madam, is the bond for redemption or conversion?' There was a long pause, and the woman said, 'Well, am I talking to the First National Bank or the First Baptist Church?' "

To a visiting contingent of farm editors, the President had words of encouragement for the farming community, made it a point to slip in a reminder that the farmers have one of their kind in the White House. "I never forget," he recalled, "the road of opportunity. I have walked from my father's tenant farmhouse, where I was born 56 years ago, to the White House, where I am today. I want to keep that road open for children today, whether they live on hard-rock farms along the Pedernales River, or whether they grow up on hard, concrete sidewalks." Whereupon he invited the editors on a tour of his private quarters, exhibiting his green pajamas and dressing robe laid

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

way: "Everybody's waiting for California. A Goldwater loss there would have a tremendous effect. The jolly boys back East would go to work in a rush. But there's nothing they can do now except wait for a break."

The "jolly boys" are the supposed Eastern Republican kingmakers. And if there is going to be a break, Oregon just might have been its beginning. Until Oregon, the kingmakers, with very few exceptions, were not doing a blessed thing.

For good reason. Despite his pallor at the polls, Goldwater has such apparent delegate strength that he seemed a near cinch for the nomination. Then again, Lyndon Johnson looks like even more of a shoo-in for November, so many of the kingmakers decided they might as well sit this one out. "On a ten-to-one shot, what's the use of jumping off the building?" asked one important G.O.P. moneyman.

Many a G.O.P. potentate agreed that it would be ridiculous to risk wrecking the party in a bruising battle with Barry for a nomination that looked more and more like a booby prize. Besides, a lot of the kingmakers think that President Johnson, all things being relative, has done a good job. In the '30s and '40s, Republican leaders were passionately convinced that they had to "save the country" from Franklin Roosevelt, but nobody talks about saving the country from Lyndon, except perhaps the A.S.P.C.A. "It's surprising," said a Republican leader, "how few enemies Johnson has."

In their spare moments, of course, the kingmakers looked over the field for an able, available alternative to Goldwater. But they didn't find much, and that discouraged them. "You don't have any kingmakers," said General Lucius Clay, "unless you have someone to make a king out of." The most likely possibility seemed to be Scranton. And among those who cast hopeful glances in his direction were Leonard Hall, a former G.O.P. National Chairman and one of the party's most astute politicians; New York Herald Tribune Publisher John Hay Whitney; and Trib President Walter Thayer, a big Nixon fund raiser in 1960. But Scranton so far has refused to be crowned.

ROCKY & HAPPY
Home for a fleeting weekend.

At Last, to Work? But Oregon changed a lot of things. The vote there could hardly help shaking prospective convention delegates who lean toward Goldwater but are not absolutely pledged to him. If Goldwater loses to Rocky in California, his strength could melt rapidly down to 200-plus diehard delegates who will stay with him until the last or, if he withdraws, vote pretty much the way he tells them. Last weekend, even while expressing confidence for his future and downplaying the importance of Oregon, Goldwater himself indicated that his own second choice would be Nixon: "Nixon has surprising strength around the country. Remember, a Republican candidate wouldn't even get out of bed without the South. Rockefeller and Lodge would be pure death in the South, but Nixon and I would have strength there."

There is no assurance that Nixon would make it even then, and there is an increasing possibility that Republicans will head for their July convention in San Francisco in a state of complete stalemate. Unless, of course, the party's top movers and shakers finally get to work.

On the Course. The man who could best coalesce an impressive array of wealth, brains and political capital behind a particular candidate is Dwight Eisenhower. "He's the real kingmaker if he wants to be," says New York's Sidney Weinberg, a nominal Democrat whose fund-raising feats for Ike and Nixon have made him a backstage power in the G.O.P. But for the past five months Ike has been soaking up California sunshine at his $175,000 Palm Desert home, got his biggest kick out of breaking 80 in golf a couple weeks ago (he fired a 40 going out, 39 coming back). A steady stream of G.O.P. bigwigs came calling, but Ike steadfastly refused to get involved in the campaign. Though he occasionally talked of reassembling his old team to back a candidate, he entertained what one Republican leader called the "visionary hope" that the candidate would be his brother Milton.

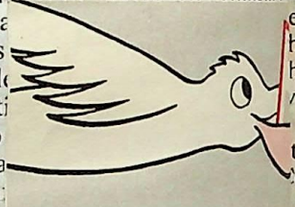
Last week, when Ike returned to Pennsylvania aboard his private Pullman car, he talked as though his golf clubs were still on the golf course, telling reporters: "Whoever is nominated, I am going to support. I should not take the position of trying to dictate to the Republican Party. I, by no means, believe it is proper for me to say, 'This is the man,' and expect all the Republicans, just like a herd of sheep, to run that way."

Oregon and its potential results may change his mind. In any event, the weekend after the California primary, Ike is due in Cleveland to address a Governors' conference, will have a chance to talk to many of the 16 GOP Governors (who, incidentally, lean 3 to 1 against Goldwater) and a slew of other party powers about the situation.

A Different Way of Thinking

dilemma... 1964 is... McKinley... convention... close to... but fina... son. A... Mark H... tel room... "My G... close s... nated. ... *lose*!" Democ... Harris... ley ca...

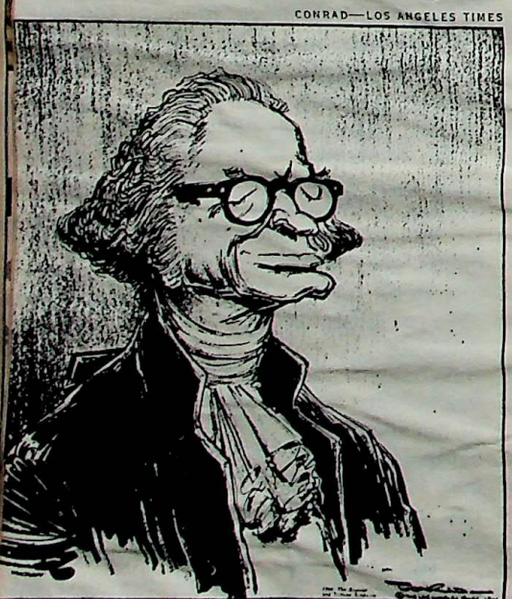
Yet ... like th... strated ... way o...



40 weeks air-speeded TIME at half the single-copy

For Special Subscription Rates See Other Part Of This Card

CONRAD—LOS ANGELES TIMES



AND THIRD IN *THE* POLLS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN

"DO GO ON!"

This C... *We ... on the ... chance ... I just ... has use ... off an ... a grand ... er and ... nine ac ... cotton ... with a ...*

The ... self, re... But he ... a politi... ripped ...

A co... men, ... Kentuck... South a... poverty ... more p... ama's ... owns a... he inh... f the l... been tu... enant ... he prop... hat do ... ords t... If The ... t the s... ongres... telling ... nts are ... ith litt... illiona... We fou... ur-roo... ooring, ... urning ... ears old ... Martin: ... d feel i... omforta... e roof ... the w... dded S... hat coul... ohnsons ... federa... ram—i... Amon... Martin a... r, 75, ... ady Bir... ouse ar... nd have ... elfare ... ved her... r. "We ... ntil the ... do wis... e roof. ... Makin... ocked t... emselve... lizabeth... e Johns... at Lady ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE PRESIDENCY

This Old House . . .

We must give to all Americans, those on the farms and those in the cities, a chance to drink from the cup of plenty. I just came from visiting a home that has used the food stamp plan, that lives off an old-age pension that tries to feed a grandmother, seven children, a mother and father—a family of ten—off nine acres of tobacco and ten acres of cotton on an advance of $20 a week with a charge of 10% interest.

—President Johnson in Rocky Mount, N.C., May 7, 1964

The President, once a poor boy himself, really feels deeply about poverty. But he is also striding high with it as a political issue, and last week he got tripped up.

A couple of Republican Congressmen, Nebraska's David Martin and Kentucky's Gene Snyder, journeyed South and returned with a tale of dire poverty in Lyndon's own backyard—or, more precisely, Lady Bird's. In Alabama's Autauga County, Lady Bird owns about 3,000 acres of land that she inherited from her family. Much of the land, once cotton-producing, has been turned to timber, but four Negro tenant families still live on some of the property, occupying rundown houses that do more than Lyndon Johnson's words to dramatize poverty.

If They Cared? "We were shocked at the squalor we found," reported the Congressmen when they returned with a telling set of photographs. The tenants are "living in deplorable poverty with little evidence of concern by their millionaire landlords." Said Snyder: "We found tenants living in three- and four-room shacks with cracks in the flooring, leaking roofs, broken woodburning cook stoves, some at least 50 years old, and no toilet facilities." Said Martin: "If I owned property like that, I'd feel it a moral obligation to make it comfortable and adequate. At least so the roof doesn't leak every time it rains, so the water doesn't fall on the bed." Added Snyder: "We saw nothing here that could not easily be corrected by the Johnsons themselves, without a nickel of federal funds or a single federal program—if, of course, they really cared."

Among Lady Bird's tenants, said Martin and Snyder, were Charles Cutler, 75, and his wife Willie. They pay Lady Bird $5 a month for a four-room house and an old barn on four acres, and have a cash income from public welfare of $150 a month. "We have lived here for 50 years," said Mrs. Cutler. "We like it. I want to stay here until the good Lord takes me away. But I do wish that Mrs. Johnson would fix the roof. This old house leaks bad."

Making It Possible. While newsmen flocked to Autauga County to see for themselves, Lady Bird's press secretary, Elizabeth Carpenter, hastily explained the Johnson side of the story. It seemed that Lady Bird actually wanted to turn all of her land to timber, but expressly instructed her overseer to permit the old tenants on the land to stay as long as they liked. "Most of the families are very elderly and have no place to go," said Mrs. Carpenter. "They want to stay there. She is really making it possible for them to live out their days at $5 a month, and she sends them boxes of clothes."

Sure enough, Farmer Cutler showed newsmen three tailor-made suits that Lyndon had sent him. "They makes me feel just like I'm a Senator myself," he chuckled.

As to whether the President's anti-poverty program is likely to affect them, Mrs. Cutler allowed as how she was not familiar with the specifics, but that if Lyndon Johnson runs it, "it's sure gonna be a fine thing." And maybe, before the good Lord takes her, that roof will get fixed.

AP

LADY BIRD'S TENANT CUTLER & WIFE

Tailor-made suits are just fine, but what about the roof?

Multiple Exposure

Waiting in the Garden for the President last week were officials from the National Forensic League who were resolved to make the President an honorary member. This was eminently fitting, for if Lyndon Johnson isn't the best forensicist around, he will do until a better one comes along.

For the Forensic officials, he had a little story. "I think the greatest disappointment that I ever experienced was not in being defeated in a political campaign, but in losing a state championship of Texas the first year that I coached debating. I always attributed the loss to the fact that I drew the wrong side of the subject instead of the right side. We had a subject: Resolved, that the jury system should be abolished. My team drew the affirmative, but the people weren't ready to abolish the jury system, although it was wavering for a while when my speakers were attacking it. When they brought in the votes, the first vote was affirmative, and that pleased me. The next one was negative, the next vote was affirmative, the next one was negative, and there was a great deal of suspense there for a moment. The next vote was negative—and I got sick at my stomach."

The Open Road. The President also delivered a rousing speech to a meeting of the Alliance for Progress ambassadors (*see* THE HEMISPHERE), and buttonholed a group of businessmen on the subject of civil rights and equal employment. For the businessmen he had a joke, although its relevance was not quite clear. "I heard the story last night of a woman who telephoned her bank," he said. "She wanted to arrange for the disposal of a $1,000 bond. The clerk asked her, 'Madam, is the bond for redemption or conversion?' There was a long pause, and the woman said, 'Well, am I talking to the First National Bank or the First Baptist Church?' "

To a visiting contingent of farm editors, the President had words of encouragement for the farming community, made it a point to slip in a reminder that the farmers have one of their kind in the White House. "I never forget," he recalled, "the road of opportunity. I have walked from my father's tenant farmhouse, where I was born 56 years ago, to the White House, where I am today. I want to keep that road open for children today, whether they live on hard-rock farms along the Pedernales River, or whether they grow up on hard, concrete sidewalks." Whereupon he invited the editors on a tour of his private quarters, exhibiting his green pajamas and dressing robe laid

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

out on his bed, and Lady Bird's own bed, without a spread on it. All the while, he rambled on, mostly about beef prices. "I've got a good many more registered bulls than I can sell," he complained. "I hate to be feeding them all year."

Free Advice. And then he was out in the Garden again to present the William Randolph Hearst Foundation's annual intercollegiate journalism awards to some budding newsmen.

"I was a college editor once," said Lyndon. "But as you can see, I did not do as well as you have done, so I did the next best thing and went into politics. William Allen White once said that the newspaper is the embodiment of democracy. I guess this explains why newspapermen are so free in their advice about how to run the country. Someone said the other day that I was seeing the press so much that they were worried about my overexposure. I am not sure whose overexposure they meant—mine or the press's. I enjoy seeing the press. I learn much from reporters. In the White House press corps alone, there are at least half a dozen experts already on animal husbandry. It was Wendell Phillips who said that we live under a government of men and morning newspapers. Mr. Phillips apparently lived before there were afternoon newspapers." And—he might have added—before the Administration of Lyndon Johnson, who knows how to get his name in the papers all day long.

THE CONGRESS

The Guardian

Millions remember him mostly from the televised sessions of Democratic National Conventions. He was the hunched-over little hobgoblin who always seemed to be whispering parliamentary advice into the ear of Permanent Chairman Sam Rayburn. He had a big splotchy nose, squinty eyes and a mouth that always made it appear as though he had just eaten a peck of green persimmons. He wore black shoes, black socks, a black suit and a black tie. He was grumpy as all get-out, and he seemed to take a perverse pride in being unpopular.

Yet when he died last week at 85, more than 40 colleagues and President Johnson flew out to his funeral in Elsberry, Mo. Clarence Cannon had been 40 years in the U.S. House of Representatives, was its foremost parliamentarian, and had performed a considerable public service as an Appropriations Committee chairman who spent the taxpayers' money as charily as if it were his own.

The Bloody Ninth. Cannon's career began in 1911 when he gave up his law practice in Troy, Mo., and went to Washington as confidential secretary to House Speaker Champ Clark. With Clark's encouragement, he became a specialist in parliamentary procedure,

WALTER BENNETT

MISSOURI'S CANNON
He wrote the bible.

was made the House Parliamentarian, later wrote the House parliamentary bibles *Cannon's Procedure* and *Cannon's Precedents.*

In 1920, Clark, who represented Missouri's "Bloody Ninth" district, was defeated in the Harding landslide. In 1922, Cannon ran for the seat and won. He was re-elected 20 times, and on the day following his last election in 1962, he filed for his 22nd term. In all those years, he stood free of all political commitments by stubbornly refusing to accept campaign contributions of any size or sort.

Targets. In 1941, Cannon became chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and in that capacity he saw himself as the guardian of the nation's wallet. "We've got to keep people from taking more and more money out of the U.S. Treasury," he stormed. "Every day they devise a thousand new ways to do it." To maintain tight control, he made himself a member of every one of his dozen or so subcommittees, so

TEXAS' MAHON
He carries a black coin purse.

that he could attend their meetings vote when the occasion arose. H from Presidents to restore money were often ignored; once Cannon liberately refused to take a teleph call from President Kennedy, wanted to cajole him into releasi money bill.

Cannon simply figured that a bu had never been made that could be cut. To prove it, he spent long m wearing a black eyeshade, seated hind a gallimaufry of reports, b and papers, studying and slicing especially delighted in heckling the itary. In an annual spring ritual would arise with flailing arms to gate the Pentagon. Starting with P of Macedon's tactics, he would the history of warfare through H V down to the first and second W Wars. Military men, he protested, not susceptible to change—espec changes that might save money, had a deuce of a time getting ther give up the cavalry," he cried. "Jate ma liked to ride those horses."

For all his thriftiness, Cannon co be generous when it came to de with his own pet programs for p projects and farm subsidies. Whe opponent called him two-faced, C exploded. "My God!" he roared, had another face, don't you think use it?"

"I'm easily the most unpopular in the Congress," said Clarence non, and occasionally he found i cessary to live up to that billing his fists. In 1933, he and Miss Democratic Representative Romjue tangled and had to be apart. Nineteen years ago, Canno New York Republican John Tabe a scuffle; Taber got a cut lip. Six later, he had a fight with Cali Republican John Phillips. And o occasion there was a big set-to Tennessee's Democratic Senator neth McKellar, who nearly gavele non on the skull, while Cannon after the Senator with a cane.

New Man. Although his colle did not like Cannon, they will miss him; he was by way of b House institution, and he was lov dedicated. Succeeding him as ch of the Appropriations Committee considerably less controversial Texas' rangy, easygoing Dem Congressman George H. Maho who was first elected to the H 1934. Methodist lay leader, teacher and farmer, Mahon has a specialty of military appropri At Mahon's accession to the priations chair, there was an automatic assumption that he cooperate with the spending pro of his old friend and fellow Texan don Johnson. But that is not nece so: in fact, Mahon is almost as as Cannon, still carries an old-fash black change purse from which luctantly pulls out nickels and for his personal spending.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Ev's Law

Last week the civil rights filibuster became the longest in Senate history,* and Minnesota Democrat Hubert Humphrey, the bill's floor manager, was mad. "The whole procedure is disgusting," he cried. "All that is being accomplished here is a display of adult delinquency. Any intransigent minority can run the Senate if a majority stands around with jelly for a spine."

Humphrey put the blame not on bill-stalling Southerners, whose "obstructionist tactics were to be expected," but on Senators who profess to support civil rights but are opposed to shutting off the Southerners by cloture. Humphrey demanded that "the Senate start to act like a Senate, and that Senators start to earn their wages, and that Senators abide by the Constitution, which says that a majority shall constitute a quorum to do business."

Even mild Mike Mansfield, the Senate majority leader, was running out of patience. "We are witnessing a travesty on the legislative process," he snapped. "The majority is being told what it can and cannot do." The anger stemmed from what the bill's supporters considered a broken pledge by the Southern leader, Georgia Democrat Richard Russell. They claimed he had promised to permit votes on more amendments this week. But after a Southern caucus, Russell declared there would be none. In retaliation, Senate leaders announced that the Senate's working hours would be stretched to midnight. "That doesn't scare us," scoffed Russell. "We're ready for it."

An Agreement. And all this while, Republican leader Everett Dirksen was calmly and even quietly tidying up a carefully wrapped package of some 40 amendments. He presented them in conferences with Attorney General Robert Kennedy, Justice Department lawyers and Humphrey. Dirksen emerged from one all-day session in his office to announce: "We have a good agreement." Said Kennedy: "This bill is perfectly satisfactory to me." Added Humphrey: "We have done nothing to injure the objectives of this bill."

Many of Dirksen's amendments are technical, serve to tighten sloppy wording in the House-passed bill. But some are substantive, aimed at limiting the speed and frequency with which the Attorney General could move into local cases of discrimination. For example, in states that have agencies for handling bias complaints under public accommodations laws, the Federal Government would have to give the state agency at least 30 days to act before initiating federal action. In both public accommodations and fair employment, the Government would have to show that a pattern of discrimination existed before it could move in, but in no case could the Attorney General institute suit on behalf of an individual. To prosecute an employer, the Federal Government would have to prove that his refusal to hire a Negro was "willful"—often a tough matter to pin down in court.

25 Votes. Dirksen plans to discuss his package with Republican Senators this week. Mansfield and Humphrey, also, will present it at a meeting of Democrats. In practical terms, all that really matters is the Republican reaction, since some 25 of their votes are needed to shut off the filibuster. If Dirksen can persuade them to go along, there will be a new civil rights law—and it will to a significant degree be Ev Dirksen's law.

HENRY GROSSMAN

CANDIDATE HADDAD & WIFE
In Chinatown, perhaps a chance.

NEW YORK

A Jew in Sheik's Clothing?

In New York City, politicians were asking this question: Can a bright, young, energetic, ambitious Jew get elected to Congress from a heavily Jewish district if he has an Arab name?

Some question! But it was one that last week confronted Democratic Candidate William Haddad. At 35, Haddad has been around. He was a merchant marine officer during World War II, an aide to Senator Estes Kefauver, a prize-winning investigative newspaper reporter, an assistant to Bobby Kennedy during the 1960 presidential campaign, and a top administrator in the Peace Corps. Further enhancing his political credentials among Democrats is the fact that he is married to Franklin Roosevelt's granddaughter Kate. Her parents, California's Democratic Congressman James Roosevelt and Betsey Cushing Roosevelt, were divorced when Kate was four; Betsey later married New York Herald Tribune Publisher John Hay Whitney, who legally adopted Kate.

Such Talk Can Ruin. All this would seem to make Bill Haddad a likely Democratic reform candidate in the June 2 primary against Congressman Leonard Farbstein, 61, a Tammany type who is seeking a fifth term in Manhattan's meandering 19th Congressional District. But, of all things, Haddad did not count on getting hurt by the district's Jewish vote.

Last week he complained that Farbstein, who likes to remind his constituency that he is the only Jew on the House Foreign Affairs Committee and is an ardent supporter of Israel, was spreading rumors all over the district that Haddad is an Arab. Not only that; people were sending around anonymous notes about him ("Can you trust an ARAB to fight for the interests of Jews and for Israel?"). Even worse, said Haddad, Farbstein was going about telling folks that Haddad was born an Egyptian, that he got married in the Protestant Episcopal Church and thus was a *meshumad* (an apostate from Judaism). In the 19th District, where 50% of the voters are Jews, such talk can ruin a politician.

All for Ethnics. Haddad, naturally, was outraged over the whispering campaign. He tried to catch up with the rumors by pointing out that his mother is a Russian-born Jew who keeps a kosher home, and that his father had the misfortune of having been born in Cairo to Egyptian Jews. He protested to the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, issued statements, got Jimmy Roosevelt to make a public statement on his behalf, and met with Yiddish-language newspaper editors in an attempt to convince them that he is just as Jewish as Farbstein.

Though he knows that he is a goner without the Jewish vote, he decried the necessity of having to defend his Jewish credentials. Said he: "If I have to be Jewish to win this campaign, it's not worth winning. I don't want the voters to elect me to Congress because I am a Jew. I hope they won't reject me because I am married to a Protestant. And I don't want the Farbstein organization to brand me an Arab because my father was born an Egyptian Jew."

But unless Haddad can steer the campaign back to worthier issues, he probably does not stand a Chinaman's chance of winning—except perhaps in Chinatown, which is also part of the 19th District. In Manhattan neighborhoods, many foreign-born voters judge a candidate's ethnic background above everything else, care little or nothing about other considerations. As one woman on the Lower East Side said last week when she was asked if ethnic considerations should play any role in a candidate's campaign: "Ethnic-shmethnic, so long as he's Jewish."

* The Senate first began discussing civil rights on March 9, by week's end had worked 69 calendar days without considering any other major legislation. The longest previous filibuster was a 65-day talkathon in 1846 on the Oregon bill, by which the U.S. resolved to end its agreement with Great Britain providing for joint occupancy of the Oregon Territory.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DEMOCRATS

Uninvited Guest

"I don't want to bring on trouble," purred Alabama's segregationist Governor George Wallace. "I'm a guest in Maryland." But he wasn't a guest to Maryland's *Democratic* Senator Daniel Brewster.

Running against Wallace as Lyndon Johnson's proxy in this week's Maryland presidential primary, Brewster called Wallace a "trespasser," a "stumblebum," and "a dangerous joke." And as for bringing on trouble Wallace's name might as well have been Joe Btfsplk.

Scheduled to *speak at Cambridge* (pop. 12,500), the Eastern Shore scene of *bloody race riots last summer*, Wallace was apprehensive. But when he was *assured that* besides his own small army of bodyguards, 50 state troopers and 400 Maryland National Guardsmen would be *on hand to* protect him, Wallace decided to keep the engagement.

At Cambridge's volunteer firemen's arena, he harangued a smaller-than-expected crowd of 1,200. "If you're tired of the trend *in this* nation today," he said, "you have an opportunity to do something about it on May 19. We shocked the liberals to their eyeteeth in Wisconsin and Indiana, and we've got a *chance* to make their eyeteeth drop out here." The crowd cheered.

The Other Side. Across town, 300 Cambridge Negroes were meeting at the Negro Elks Hall. For two hours they were exhorted by their local leader, gaunt, hot-eyed Mrs. Gloria Richardson, and a handful of outside speakers. But it remained for Lawrence Cundiff, 25, a worker for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, to really set them off.

"This is war!" cried Cundiff. "Wallace is nothing but an Alabama rednecks *without* an ounce of common *sense.*" *Denouncing* Wallace's rally, *which was going on* just four blocks away, Cundiff urged: "Why don't we see if some of us can't get in there?" Out into the warm night poured the Negroes, with Gloria Richardson in the lead.

At Race Street, Cambridge's black-white dividing line, a row of Guardsmen, bayonets fixed on their empty rifles, blocked the marchers' way. "Stop this and take them back!" Brigadier General George Gelston, commander of the Guard unit, yelled through a bullhorn to Gloria Richardson. The Wallace meeting, he told them, "is a complete flop. Don't ruin your chances by going over there. It's only half full." A bottle arced out of the darkness and smashed on Gelston's Jeep. Rocks were thrown at the Guardsmen, striking some. At length, Gloria persuaded the grumbling Negroes to retreat.

FRANCIS MILLER—LIFE

GLORIA RICHARDSON (IN WHITE BLOUSE) & CAMBRIDGE MARCHERS
Across Race Street and into the gas.

"Get That Man." An hour later they were back. By now, Wallace was driving away toward Baltimore, but it made little difference to the Negroes. At Race Street they were again stopped by bayonets, and they sat down where they were. Shouted Colonel Maurice Tawes, a cousin of Maryland's Democratic Governor J. Millard Tawes: "Go back to your area or we are going to lock you up." The marchers stayed seated. "Do you want us to use tear gas on them?" Tawes demanded of Gloria Richardson. "We'll sit here quietly," she replied.

Tawes ordered the arrest of Gloria and three of her lieutenants. With that, a young Negro demanded to know why Wallace supporters had not been arrested. Angered, Tawes ordered the Guardsmen: "Get that man." The Negroes piled themselves in a human pyramid to hide the offender, and the Guardsmen rushed to dig him out. Rocks flew. Shouted Tawes: "Give 'em the gas."

A Guardsman with gas tanks strapped to his back moved up and sprayed a choking cloud over the demonstrators, while other Guardsmen hurled gas grenades. The Negroes fell back, weeping. When the gas cloud lifted, 13 marchers were arrested.

For the next three nights, Cambridge's bitter, frustrated Negroes demonstrated with bricks and bottles. Even the town's segregationist whites could wonder if a visit by George Wallace had been worth it.

Position Wanted

In the six months since his brother's death, Attorney General Robert Kennedy has been casting about for a future—and so far has found none. He has considered teaching, perhaps seeking a college presidency. But inevitably his search has centered on politics.

A few weeks ago, Pundit Walter Lippmann suggested that Kennedy run for Governor of New York in 1962. But Lippmann did not check his facts. Bobby did, and discovered that the state requires legal residence of at least five years for any gubernatorial candidate.

When One's Enough. How about turning to Massachusetts to make the first run of his life for elective office? Well, there are problems there. Democratic Governor Endicott Peabody is up this fall for a second two-year term, but it would hardly be sporting for Bobby to shove him aside. He could, of course, wait until 1964 and run for Republican Lev Saltonstall's Senate seat, but Brother Ted is already in the Senate, and Massachusetts might feel that one Senator Kennedy at a time is enough.

There was, and still is, talk that Lyndon Johnson might want Bobby Kennedy as his running mate this year. But the talk blows hot and cold—mostly cold. Johnson has not discussed the possibility with Bobby, and Bobby, who knows he was an intimate of the President, has not broached it.

Under serious consideration this week was still another possibility: running for the U.S. Senate from New York against Republican Kenneth Keating. Though Kennedy's legal voting residence is still in Massachusetts, that would not bar him from running from New York, since he would only be required to be an inhabitant of the state at the time of his election.

Launching Pad. Bobby's brother-in-law, Steve Smith, an experienced Kennedy political troubleshooter, has recently been scouting out the chances for the New York scene. The idea appeals greatly to many New York Democratic leaders; they have been desperately looking for a strong Democratic candidate to contest Keating, who has a formidable following. But there are dissonant voices as well. Upstate Democratic Congressman Samuel S.

* "No Person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the Age of thirty years, and been nine Years a Citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an Inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen." (Article I, Section 3, U.S. Constitution)

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

wants the nomination himself. New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner mumbled his reluctant acquiescence, but he would just as soon not deal with any threats to his party leadership, and the New York Times was plainly against it. While there is nothing illegal about a Kennedy candidacy in New York, said a Times editorial, "there is plenty that is cynical about it . . . He would merely be choosing New York as a convenient launching pad for the political ambitions of himself and others."

Notwithstanding all the flurry, Robert Kennedy as of last week still hadn't made up his mind.

DEFENSE

A Decade of Deadly Birds

The people who have been writing these things that annoy me have been talking about a 3,000-mile, high-angle rocket, shot from one continent to another, carrying an atomic bomb, and so directed as to be a precise weapon, which would land exactly on a certain target, such as a city. I say, technically I don't think anybody in the world knows how to do such a thing, and I feel confident it will not be done for a very long period of time to come. I wish the American public would leave that out of their thinking.

—Dr. Vannevar Bush, Director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development
December 1945

Even then, a few brilliant U.S. scientists and military leaders were thinking about little else but the feasibility of a nuclear-armed intercontinental ballistic missile. Yet because of the arguments—like Bush's—against it, it was not until May 1954, just ten years ago next week, that the Air Force launched a crash program to develop the Atlas ICBM.

Flock of Birds. In the span of the ensuing decade of strategic missilery, the U.S. has accomplished one of the greatest scientific, engineering and construction feats in history. It has produced and deployed a versatile flock of big birds: the pioneering Atlas, the more powerful two-stage Titan, the stopgap IRBMs Thor and Jupiter, and those truly pushbutton solid-fueled mainstays of the nuclear arsenal, the mass-produced Minuteman and the elusive, submarine-borne Polaris.

The Navy had such heroes as Vice Admirals William Raborn Jr. and Hyman Rickover in development of the Polaris system. The Army's German-born Wernher von Braun pushed Jupiter before turning to space research. All of the other projects were Air Force—and no one in blue has the slightest doubt about who whiplashed those massive projects. He is the deceptively quiet and young-looking General Bernard Schriever, 53 (TIME Cover, April 1, 1957), boss of the Air Force Systems Command. What Schriever does is develop the missiles until they are declared operational, train the missile crews, then turn everything over to the Strategic Air Command. His assignment came about because such Air Force officials as Brigadier General John W. Sessums and Research and Development Specialist Trevor Gardner had insisted that an ICBM should be built, and Princeton Atomic Scientist Dr. John von Neumann had argued that nuclear explosives could be made compact enough for missile delivery.

Evasive Action. Despite the size of Schriever's task, there was nothing grand about his facilities when he was named commander of the obscurely titled Western Development Division and sent to Inglewood, Calif., in 1954. He set up shop in three buildings of a Roman Catholic parochial school that had been abandoned because they were not modern. The staff always wore civvies, shuttled in and out of a side door, lunched at a sidewalk hot-dog stand dubbed "the officers' club." Inglewood neighbors stared and wondered. "I never had to take so much evasive action," recalls Schriever.

WALTER BENNETT

MISSILEMAN SCHRIEVER
After the gap, the go-ahead.

For Schriever, the first few years seemed to hold nothing but pressure and frustration. Unknown to the public, U.S. radar snooping from Turkey and U-2 aircraft flying over Russia confirmed the fact that the U.S.S.R. was developing both IRBMs and ICBMs. Says Schriever: "They were well ahead of us with the IRBM, at least a year ahead in their ICBM program. A missile gap did exist." After the Sputnik launching in 1957, the thrust superiority of Soviet rocketry was obvious.

Lowest Apogee. U.S. missiles, meanwhile, mainly blew up or fizzled like soggy Roman candles. The first Thor simply fell off its pad. In its second test, it rose ten inches, collapsed. "It must have had the lowest apogee of any missile ever fired," recalls Schriever ruefully. The first Atlas flight in 1957 failed. At one point in 1959, five consecutive Atlas firings were flops.

Schriever spent many hours rolled up in a blanket in a DC-7 shuttling to Washington to answer the complaints of congressional critics. But he kept insisting that Atlas would work, proved it by turning the first operational Atlas over to a Strategic Air Command crew late in 1959. Despite the anguish, those were exciting days. "Every damn firing was just like having a baby," Schriever says. "There was just as much emotional excitement for a success and just as much depression for a failure. Now shots are just good or bad. Missiles are old hat."

Even as the U.S. began to deploy Atlas, it pushed on to develop Titan, which could carry a heavier warhead. Yet U.S. intelligence painted a frightening picture of Soviet missile capability. Defense Department experts predicted that the U.S.S.R. could have some 400 long-range missiles by mid-1963, while the U.S. would have only about half that number. This was the so-called "missile gap," which became a 1960 presidential campaign issue. To help plug the anticipated gap, the U.S. deployed 1,500-mile Thor and Jupiter missiles in Europe, then gambled heavily on Polaris and Minuteman. Since their solid fuel could be stored almost indefinitely inside the missiles, they could be fired more quickly and maintained more easily than the liquid-fueled, long-countdown Atlas and early Titan. They could also be built more cheaply.

The Yo-Yo Effect. Schriever was so confident of Minuteman's feasibility that he saved a full year by ordering all three stages and all systems of a Minuteman fired as a unit on the first test—an unheard-of procedure in the normal piece-by-piece sequence of missile development. Reports an official Air Force history: "The results were sensational. All stages worked perfectly, the guidance system performed accurately, and the instrumented re-entry vehicle made a very near miss on a target some 4,000 miles downrange." Minuteman, in Schriever's view, has tipped the missile scales heavily in favor of the U.S.

Looking back, Schriever contends that the projected 1963 "missile gap" failed to develop only because the U.S.S.R. did not meet the production schedule of which it was capable. And looking ahead, Schriever worries less about what the Russians might do in missile and space weaponry than about the danger that the U.S. might fail to live up to its full capability. Declares Ben Schriever at the end of a fantastic decade: "What I am concerned over is this Yo-Yo effect in this country. At a time like this, when we are ahead, the people and Congress might draw back and not appropriate money. *This is a serious danger. We have to keep up with our technology.*"

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SOUTH VIET NAM

More Men, More Aid

Only six months ago, U.S. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara was talking hopefully of pulling most U.S. troops out of Viet Nam by the end of 1965. Last week, after his fifth visit to the war front, McNamara called for stepping up American military and economic assistance to Saigon, currently pegged at 15,500 "advisers" and $500 million a year. McNamara's reversal was a reflection of how far the U.S.-supported war against the Communist Viet Cong has deteriorated of late.

Miserable Story. Casualty totals for April, during which the Viet Cong continued to roam the Mekong Delta almost at will, were the highest so far. The government suffered 610 killed, 1,630 wounded, 390 missing or captured (*v.* an officially estimated 1,700 Viet Cong dead). The toll of Americans last month was six killed, 101 wounded. According to one U.S. official, General Nguyen Khanh's "clear-and-hold" program in the delta is making "practically no indent at all," and Long An province south of Saigon is "a miserable story."

Terrorism is on the increase, not only in provincial villages, where local administrators have been beheaded by the Reds, but in Saigon. A few days before McNamara's arrival, police surprised two Viet Cong mining a bridge over which his car was to pass. Driving through the streets of the capital, McNamara was cloaked in a bulletproof jacket. It was, in a way, the most revealing aspect of his visit; never before had McNamara found it necessary to adopt such rigid measures in Saigon.

Again, the Buddhists. During a two-hour conference with McNamara, Khanh reported still another problem: lingering animosity between his country's Buddhists and Roman Catholics, which has been fanned anew by Buddhist demands that a former Catholic army officer who had served under the late President Diem be executed for ordering troops to fire on Buddhists demonstrating in Hue last May.* Last week the progovernment head of the Buddhists' political bureau, Thich Tam Chau, resigned, charging other monks with trying to stir up trouble. The resignation meant increasing influence for another leading monk, Thich Tri Quang, who enjoyed refuge last year in the U.S. embassy, but who is considered antigovernment and potentially neutralist.

Back in Washington, McNamara reported to President Johnson, congressional leaders and the National Security Council, announced to newsmen that because Viet Cong terrorism "has increased very substantially in recent weeks, it is absolutely essential that we consider ways and means through increased economic assistance and increased military support to assist the government of Viet Nam. We have agreed with them that their regular military forces and their paramilitary forces must be increased in size very substantially and very soon . . . And we consider it desirable to increase by 100% the number of Vietnamese pilots." Again, McNamara stressed that Viet Nam "is a long, hard war," warned: "It may be necessary to send over certain additional U.S. personnel."

LE MINH

McNAMARA & KHANH IN SAIGON
The guest wore bulletproof.

The Peanut Air Force

While McNamara was calling for additional U.S. muscle, something of an uproar developed over how the U.S. has been fighting the air war in South Viet Nam. News dispatches from Viet Nam reported that at least two American pilots had died when the wings of their prop-driven T-28 planes ripped off. In Washington, Chairman Carl Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee demanded an explanation from McNamara of whether the U.S. had been using obsolescent aircraft.

The Air Force has indeed operated a mixed-bag of aging airplanes in the war —most notably the T-28, originally built in 1949 as a trainer, and the B-26, a twin-engine World War II bomber originally designated the A-26. About 100 of these planes were sent in when the U.S. entered Viet Nam in earnest in 1961, chiefly because 1) owing to slow speeds and short turning radius they could be adapted to the close support missions needed in counterguerrilla warfare, and 2) they were available.

Probably the most accurate explanation of why they were there was offered last week by an Air Force colonel in Saigon: "We looked around for the first things we could lay hands on, and there was a bunch of stockpiled B-26s and T-28s, so we shipped them out to Viet Nam. After that, it was a combination of necessity to make do with what you've got and Pentagon lethargy."

Mme. Nhu Cocktails. While the Army's ubiquitous helicopters have won most of the glory, "the Peanut Air Force," as pilots wryly call it, compiled its own respectable record, plastering the Viet Cong with everything from bombs to "Mme. Nhu cocktails" (napalm mixed with charcoal). The Air Force claims that it has accounted for 35% of Viet Cong casualties.

The fact remains that the 28-year-old 26s, even though beefed-up for combat, were ill-prepared to take the beating of a drawn-out war in Viet Nam, and were kept too long. Many of the T-28s were flown 4,000 hours or more; a B-26 once returned riddled by 1,000 bullet holes, was back in the air three days later. When Viet Cong fire power increased, so did the stress on the motley fleet's wings—already beefed down with armament—as pilots pulled up more abruptly from attack dives. Last week Air Force Secretary Eugene Zuckert conceded that "structural failure may have been a contributing factor" in the crashes of three T-28s. The Air Force also announced that Viet Nam's entire squadron of B-26s was phased out, ending last month after a B-26 lost a wing last February during a strafing exhibition at Eglin Air Force Base, Fla., killing two crewmen.

Belated Beef-Up. Last week Saigon sources revealed that around 100 sturdier Douglas Skyraider dive bombers have already been shipped to Viet Nam and that 75 more would arrive by the end of the summer—to replace both the B-26s and the remaining T-28s. Though also a prop-driven World War II craft, the Skyraider has a much more powerful warplane engine, almost twice as fast as the B-26, and is armed with 20-mm. cannon. Skyraiders have distinguished themselves in Korea for their close support of the Marines. But the improvement is belated. As to the question, "Why not jets?", Air Force officers insist that slower planes are better for Viet Nam's kind of jungle war.

* Speaking in Los Angeles, a U.S. State Department official somewhat tardily questioned the Buddhists' charge that they were persecuted under Diem. Richard I. Phillips, the Department's chief press officer, suggested that the Buddhists had been victims of "favoritism in favor of the Diem family and the Catholic Vietnamese." But pinned down as to whether they suffered "persecution," Phillips replied: "I would say no." He added that "they carried on a very effective public relations program in getting their story before the American people," and noted that they had been supported by fellow Buddhists in neutralist Burma and Ceylon and in Red China.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

GREAT BRITAIN

Three Out of Four for the Tories

"I think this is a pointer," said Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home triumphantly, "that we will do well in the autumn." At the very least, it was a pointer that a great many journalists and pollsters had been dead wrong about the Tories' political position. Defending four Conservative constituencies in by-elections this week, the party had been told by virtually everyone that it was in for trouble. At best, it was expected to hold the two safest of the seats, and some thought that the Tories might lose all four. Instead, Labor managed to win only one. The four battles:

▶ In Devizes, a sprawling, largely rural community in Wiltshire, Labor was heavily favored because of a recent influx of 4,000 industrial workers. It was widely admitted that if the Tories could win here, they would have a real chance in the fall. As it turned out, the Labor candidate, a Bristol schoolteacher, was defeated by Etonian Charles Morrison, 31, who talked welfare issues, visited old people's homes and was aided by no fewer than 14 relations, including his charming wife Sara ("I know you won't believe a word I say about him, but . . ."). More help came from eight Tory backbenchers calling themselves the "S O S" (for "Save Our Seat") squad.

▶ In Bury St. Edmunds, in the farm country of East Anglia, Conservative Eldon Griffiths, 38, beat out Labor's Noel Insley, another teacher, even though Insley's own determinedly optimistic poll forecast a clear-cut Labor victory. A correspondent for TIME and *Newsweek* before he became a speechwriter for the Conservatives, Griffiths was accused by Labor of feeding the Prime Minister uncharacteristic lines full of unfashionable alliterations: on one occasion, Home had referred to Harold Wilson as "this slick salesman of synthetic science." Griffiths, however, proved himself a slick and energetic salesman of Conservatism. Drawing on his experience as a pig farmer, he spoke tirelessly about practical issues (agriculture, housing, jobs), got up at dawn to help the stableboys at Newmarket exercise their horses.

▶ In Winchester, in Hampshire, a stronghold of Conservatism and site of one of Britain's best public schools, Rear Admiral Morgan Giles, 50, won as expected from Laborite Patrick Seyd, 33, a teacher at Southampton's redbrick university. Though he lost, Seyd had a good time proclaiming the injustice of the British public school system, which heavily favors the rich and socially prominent, advocated more scholarships to schools like Winchester.

▶ In Rutherglen, outside Glasgow, Labor's Brite J. Gregor Mackenzie, 36, a Glasgow city councilman, won over Iain Sproat, 25, a journalist of whom the *New Statesman* wrote: "If he was any further to the Right, he would be in the North Sea."

While the three Tory successes were impressive, the Laborites managed to narrow the Conservative 1959 margins of victory: from 7,962 to 2,459 in Bury St. Edmunds, from 3,838 to 1,670 in Devizes, and from 12,792 to 6,064 in Winchester. London's bookmakers made only a minor change in their forecast for the general election in October; they dropped the odds a point, still favoring Labor, 3-1. But the Tories felt more hopeful than they had in months. A sizable number of voters had, after all, accepted the Tory line, which essentially came down to this: things are good enough right now, and you can't be sure what Labor will do if it gets in power.

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS

WINNER GRIFFITHS & WIFE

The writer was up with the stableboys.

NATO

Literature

The trouble with alliances, Pericles said 2,395 years ago, is that "the common cause imperceptibly decays." NATO's common cause is not decaying —but it has vastly changed in the 15 years since NATO's founding. As the threat of Soviet aggression in Western Europe receded, the alliance became a political assembly of independent-minded states rather than a military coalition huddling under the exclusive U.S. nuclear umbrella. What NATO has yet to prove is that it can rise to broader, subtler challenges. As Dean Rusk put it: "NATO must adapt itself to a situation in which the Communist threat takes more diversified and sophisticated forms, to a situation in which the cohesive element in this alliance must depend upon something more than an imminent military threat."

Top Technician. At last week's NATO foreign ministers' conference in The Hague, the U.S. sought—with some apparent success—its allies' participation in the multilateral nuclear force, also urged their backing for the Cuba blockade, and their "psychological support" for the war in South Viet Nam. West Germany demanded, and got, a strong resolution reaffirming NATO's position that Germany must be reunited on the basis of self-determination. Greece and Turkey came to hurl acrimonious charges and countercharges about the Cyprus conflict, finally agreed to a mild compromise by which NATO's outgoing Secretary-General Dirk Stikker was asked to lend a hand in ending the dispute.

On one question the allies for once were unanimous: to succeed Stikker they picked Manlio Brosio, 66, Italy's Ambassador to France. The new NATO Secretary-General is less well known than any of his predecessors, which suggests a downgrading of NATO's top job; but Brosio is respected as a skilled diplomatic technician, is liked and trusted by Charles de Gaulle.

"Melancholy Sympathy." There was general agreement that the NATO command structure is outmoded. Example: the military standing group (the U.S., France and Britain), which supposedly coordinates strategy, is located in Washington, while most command posts are in Europe; West Germany is not a member of the standing group, though it contributes nearly 50% of the ground forces under NATO command. But no matter how well NATO might be organized on paper, what really matters is France's resistance to integrated Western military force and to overriding U.S. leadership.

This nettlesome issue was grasped by dynamic, unpredictable Paul-Henri Spaak, Belgium's Foreign Minister and onetime (1957-61) NATO Secretary-General. In the sharpest attack yet on Charles de Gaulle's policy of "independence" within the alliance, Spaak cried that those who undermined NATO should be "ashamed" of themselves. Without actually naming France—his speech was toned down at Rusk's urging—Spaak challenged the Gaullists to "spell out just what you think is wrong with NATO, and how it should be put right. Otherwise, quit rocking the boat." In a brilliant defense of Gaullist boat rocking, France's Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville also put his finger on one of the endemic ailments of all alliances. When no clear, common danger threatens, he argued suavely, their members naturally concentrate on their own problems, usually with little help from their allies. During its bitter wars for Indo-China and Algeria, France got only "melancholy sympathy" from NATO—as did Britain at Suez, Belgium in the Congo, The Netherlands in New Guinea, Portugal in Angola, the U.S. in Cuba and Viet Nam. But, in the Gaullist view, "if Russia threatens, NATO exists." Couve's scathing summation of the Hague conference: "The main current issue was Cyprus. The rest was literature."

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Electronics / Telecommunications

NEC

Nippon Electric Company Limited

P.O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

You read advertising news in these columns

So do millions of others.

If you have a product that is news...which people should be interested in, why not tell them about it here? Ask for information from... TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

How to start benefiting from investment management with as little as $5,000

If you have saved or acquired $5,000 to $50,000, you naturally want to make your capital grow. But you may actually be *losing* ground due to inflation and taxes.

To help solve this problem, clients in 28 countries have placed their accounts under The Danforth Associates *Investment Management Plan*, a unique program originally developed by a Boston family to manage its own common stock investments.

As in any investment program, losses do and will occur. However, the plan thus far has proved especially efficient in providing continuing capital growth supervision for *individual* accounts starting with from $5,000 to $50,000.

For a complimentary copy of a 42-page report describing this tested plan and its complete 7-year "performance record," simply write Dept. C-75.

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A.
Investment Management · Incorporated 1936

RUSSIA

Regards from an Outcast

The Soviet Union treats any of its citizens who choose to live in the West as traitors and outcasts, and to become involved in such cases is one of the riskiest things that a foreigner in Russia can do. That is precisely what happened to Peter Reddaway, a British exchange student, whose story once again dramatizes the continuing war between the Soviet government and the defectors.

Reddaway, 24, had done well at Cambridge University and at Harvard graduate school, was happily pursuing postgraduate work in Russian literature and history at Moscow University when, abruptly, he was accused by Soviet authorities of subversive activities and expelled. Reason: twice in January he had briefly visited plump, greying Valentina Lenchevsky and delivered regards from her scientist husband, now in the West. But then Oleg Lenchevsky is no ordinary scientist; he is one of the most unusual of the millions of Russians who since 1917 have left their families and their country to live in exile.

A Letter Undelivered. Lenchevsky's physician father was killed fighting on the Red side during the Russian Revolution, and Oleg was raised by his dentist mother. He emerged after World War II as a Communist Party member and one of Russia's leading experts on water purification. Leaving his seamstress wife and two teen-aged daughters in Moscow, he went to England in 1961 on a UNESCO fellowship. It took only a month for Lenchevsky to conclude that "though capitalism has more sores than dogs have fleas," people here are good. Though tortured by the knowledge that his defection would leave his wife and daughters to face reprisals, he nevertheless decided that he could not go back, applied to British authorities for asylum. At the same time he sent a proud and patriotic letter to Nikita Khrushchev in care of the Soviet embassy in London, carefully explaining his decision and begging that his family be allowed to join him in the West.

When Lenchevsky rejected the o
veiled threats of Soviet embassy
cials designed to make him go hom
was informed that his letter would
be delivered. He thereupon publish
in the London Observer. Acknowled
many merits in socialism, Lenchev
declared himself "unable any longe
continue to subscribe to the doctrin
merciless and irreconcilable class
anti-religious struggles, which form
foundation stone of Communist te
ing. For tolerance is the only salva
for humanity from mass fratricide
degeneration." Resigning formally
the party and from Soviet citizen
Lenchevsky concluded: "In Moscow
Frunzenskaya Naberezhnaya 36,

LONDON DAILY

DEFECTOR LENCHEVSKY LOLLING IN LONDON'S HYDE PARK
"People here are good."

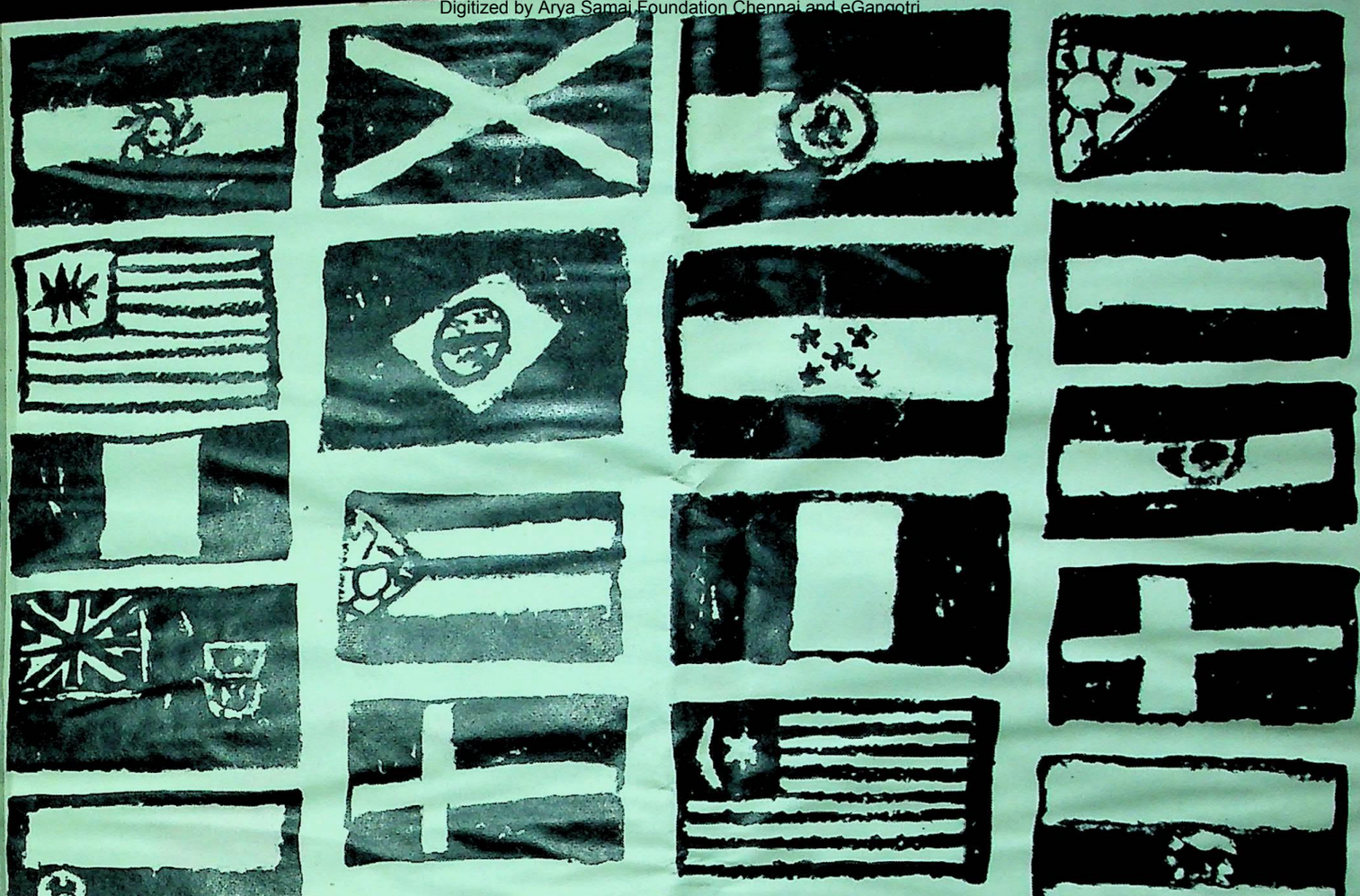
81, live my wife and two daug
whom I educated to unconditional
port and approval of everything
by the Communist Party. I entreat
to inflict no penalty upon them, a
allow them to come to England t
cuss with me our future in a f
manner."

An Answer of Foreboding. then Lenchevsky has published other letters to Nikita Khrushch every case after waiting in v months for the originals to be d Though letters and packages s rectly to his family were retur received two letters from the signed by his daughter Masha, viously dictated by Soviet aut charged him with "a serious and urged him to return "*before* too late."

Now working in The Netherl an engineer, Lenchevsky had m Reddaway during a visit to Cam Learning that Reddaway was a go to Moscow, he asked him to news and greetings to the famil which he had been cut off fo years. Reddaway paid the pr having done what he described return to Britain last week, as th ly thing. For millions in both E West the episode was a reminde though Russian Communism h come less brutal, as witnessed fact that Valentina Lenchevsky daughters are still alive and w Russia remains a closed society.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



9 YEARS AND 28 NATIONS LATER...

The flags above depict some of the countries in which Sunwave products are sold. A total of 28 nations in North, Central and South America, Europe and throughout the Far East. This in itself is remarkable. In nine short years Sunwave has commanded world-wide attention. It shows you what can be accomplished when you try hard to make the best.

Sunwave tries hard in six huge factories, 101 domestic offices and branches overseas in Paris and New York. You can test the quality of their efforts in a wide range of appliances for the home and in electric and electronic components for industry.

SUN•WAVE industrial co. ltd.

FOREIGN TRADE DEPARTMENT

5, 4-chome, Yaesu, Chuo-ku, Tokyo, Japan

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

STAM® F-34

A remarkable new way to increase rice crops, alleviate hunge and release field labor for essential industry

From virtually every rice-growing country in the world, enthusiastic reports confirm the fact that STAM F-34 is one of the greatest advances in modern rice culture.

STAM F-34 rigidly controls more than twenty-five different grasses, weeds and sedges that compete with rice for sunlight, space, water and nutrients. When weeds are eliminated by STAM F-34 these direct benefits are noted: *harvests are increased by thirty to one hundred percent over those from hand-weeded fields.* The rice is of higher quality. It is free from weed seeds which are difficult to remove. Fertilizer used to increase the rice crop is not used by weeds instead.

STAM F-34 is mixed with water and sprayed by knapsack, ground or aerial equipment to either directly planted or water planted rice. Controlling weeds chemically with STAM F-34 is simple and does not require much labor. Labor normally required for hand weeding can now be released for work in essential industry through using STAM F-34 to chemi control weeds in rice.

If labor is short or unava in your area for hand-weeding or is needed more profitably i dustry, or, if you wish to inc rice yields to feed more pe write us for more informatio how STAM F-34 helps incr rice yields while reducing and labor.

ROHM & HAAS
PHILADELPHIA 5, PA.
U.S.A.

Kanoi Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

JAPAN

oodness, Beauty & Benefit— ut for Whom?

The vast auditorium of Tokyo's Ni- on University seats 10,000, but it ulged with twice that many people as cal and regional leaders of Soka akkai packed the hall to hear an an- ouncement: their religious society will nter the political field in earnest by nning 30 candidates in the next elec- on to the 467-member lower house the Diet.

Japan's political parties were as rat- ed as if the Emperor had suddenly eclaimed his forsaken divinity. Soka akkai, a society of Buddhist laymen, ready holds 15 seats in the 250- ember upper house, plus some 4,000 ats on local councils. Soka Gakkai he Value-Creation Society) is more an just another party; it is a militantly rganized, crusading sect vaguely com- ining Buddhism with left-wing reform r perhaps revolutionary politics, and s confessed ambition is to convert apan and then the world.

Fuji's Foot. The movement mixes e evangelism of Moral Rearmament ith the get-out-the-vote discipline of e Communist Party and lots of show iz. Founded in 1930, it was suppressed uring World War II and began sweep- ng the nation in 1947 under a talented rganizer and ex-schoolteacher named osei Toda. Soka Gakkai now claims 13 illion members and 100,000 converts month. While some critics question ese figures, there is no doubt that the ovement is gaining impressively. Last onth, at ceremonies featuring martial ands, a waltz-playing orchestra, an ll-girl chorus and sutra-chanting riests, Soka Gakkai formally dedicated $4,500,000 recreation-and-worship enter at the foot of Mount Fuji.

Soka Gakkai is tightly organized into quads (each composed of 20 to 30 amilies), companies (made up of six quads), districts (formed by ten com- panies) and regional chapters. In thou- sands of local meetings held through- out Japan on any night of the week, members discuss their spiritual prog- ress and prepare for their highest duty, which is *shakubuku* (literally, break and subdue), or gaining converts. Until some years ago *shakubuku* was accom- plished by relays of devotees chanting sutras round the clock in a prospective recruit's home and literally wearing him down. In other cases, members burned a family's Shinto altar, or prevented a doctor from treating a sick devotee on grounds that faith alone would cure him. Because of public protest, Soka Gakkai eased off on such tactics, but even today it stresses obedience, and members must vote for the sect's po- litical candidates as a religious duty.

Highest Values. Just what its faith and its political program consist of is not easy to discern. The society propa- gates a simplified, modernized version of doctrines taught by the 13th century Buddhist reformer, Nichiren, who maintained that happiness consisted of pursuing the highest values in life— "goodness, beauty and benefit." Grand- ly promising its followers material as well as spiritual benefits, Soka Gakkai, operating through a political affiliate called Koseiren, is competing with Ja- pan's Communists and Socialists for the support of the discontented urban poor, who have missed out on the coun- try's industrial boom. A Tokyo news- man explains, "Soka Gakkai is more appealing because religion sounds bet- ter than Communism." Soka Gakkai collects no dues, instead selects 400,- 000 families a year to provide 1,000 yen ($2.78) apiece; being allowed to contribute is considered a great honor. The sect derives even more income from a vast publishing empire that puts out a newspaper, two monthly maga- zines, a picture magazine and a chil- dren's magazine, boasting a combined circulation of 5,000,000.

Domestically, the society visualizes a powerful welfare state, attacks corrup- tion, political bosses, waste of taxpay- ers' money and favoritism for big busi- ness. In the Diet, Soka Gakkai has supported aid to small businessmen and most welfare measures. In contrast to the easygoing approach of many of their fellow representatives, Soka Gak- kai Deputies painstakingly investigate every bill, carefully compile factual data on which to base their support or opposition.

In foreign policy, the society calls for diplomatic relations with both Na- tionalist China, which Japan already recognizes, and Red China, friendly relations with South Korea, and the return of U.S.-occupied Okinawa to Japanese control. *Explains* a Soka Gak- *kai spokesman:* "We do not think it is good to be friendly to the U.S. and the Western nations to the exclusion of others."

Fixing Fences. Many Japanese are sure that there is far more to the move- ment than this sort of crusading reform spirit. They worry about Soka Gak- kai's militant organization, its occasion- al signs of fanaticism. Many hope that the movement may prove a passing phe- nomenon, but Japan's political pros are not so sure. One fact that particularly impresses them: the society's converts are mainly young adults under 30. Soka Gakkai's president, Daisaku Ikeda (no kin to Japan's Premier), is himself only 36. Before the war, Ikeda says, the Japanese did have an ideal of sorts—to conquer Asia by force. But since then, his argument goes, nothing has been advanced to take its place. Says he: "We give the young a principle, a prac- tical and sincere ideal."

Just what that ideal is, and where it might lead, is another question. Last week Premier Hayato Ikeda's Liberal- Democratic Party, as well as the So- cialists, began discussing ways to repair their political fences among the masses and counteract Soka Gakkai.

T. TAN

SOKA GAKKAI'S NEW $4,500,000 CENTER

GIRL BAND
Shook up over shakubuku.

FAITHFUL AT PRAYER

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CUBA

"Something Is Moving"

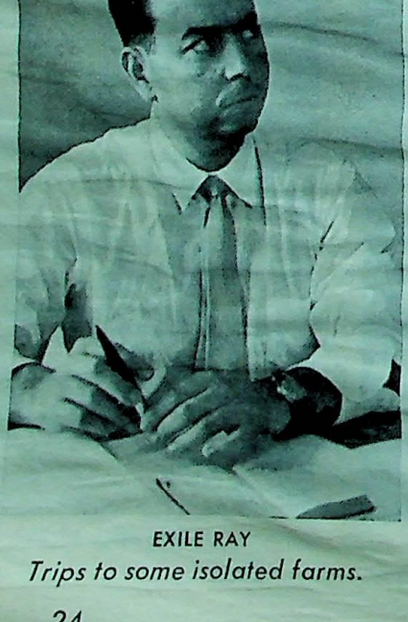
"This is Radio Free Cuba, the anti-Communist voice of Cuba broadcasting on the 40-meter band. Worker, militiaman, rebel soldier, radio ham—help topple the despot! Close ranks so that the fatherland, today bloodied by Russian imperialism, becomes the tomb of Communism in America. This is Radio Free Cuba transmitting from a point in Cuban territory."

In Cuban exile communities from Miami to Caracas, the word was out: "*Algo se mueve*"—Something is moving. First came the faint, crackling anti-Castro broadcast last week from inside Cuba. Then 24 hours later came word of the biggest raid in months on Castro's fortress. The raiders identified themselves as members of the Movement for Revolutionary Recuperation, led by Manuel Artime, who headed the abortive Bay of Pigs landing.

At 10:30 p.m., said an M.R.R. spokesman in Miami, Artime and a "strong force of commandos" had gone ashore at Puerto Pilón, 145 miles from Guantánamo on Cuba's southern coast. Linking up with a second force of guerrillas from the nearby Sierra Maestra mountains, the exiles had captured the town and held it for three hours against Castro's militia, during that time declaring it a "free territory of Cuba." They then blew up the Cabo Cruz sugar mill and disappeared. Puerto Pilón, the exiles noted with satisfaction, was only a few miles from the spot where Castro himself originally landed in 1956, and the Sierra Maestra was his sanctuary in the early stages of the revolution.

Within hours, Radio Havana was on the air railing about the attack. Castro denied that the exiles had sent in a landing party. The mill, he fumed, was bombarded from the sea "by a pirate vessel of the Rex type, which the CIA operates from bases located in Florida, Puerto Rico and Central America." Nevertheless, he admitted damage to shore installations and cried that "70,000 sacks of sugar" had been destroyed. Naturally, he blamed "a new criminal, vandalistic act by the United States Government." Two days later, Castro's internal radio reported two more landings—one by Artime on the southern coast, and the other by Underground Leader Manolo Ray somewhere in the north. But exile groups in Miami would neither confirm nor deny the new raids.

FRANK ZAGARINO



EXILE RAY

Trips to some isolated farms.

Recruits & Munitions. In Washington, the State Department blandly denied all. "These attacks," said a spokesman, "are neither supported nor condoned by the Government." Perhaps not, but Miami was alive last week with exile activity. Once again, Cubans were turning up at the old clapboard house on 23rd Street that served as a recruiting center for the Bay of Pigs operation, getting physical exams, then mysteriously dropping out of sight. Small groups of Cubans were training at isolated farms outside Miami. At Key Largo, a 28-ft. launch loaded with exile munitions caught fire, was popping while firemen were trying to douse the blaze.

No one believes that a second frontal invasion is in the offing. The exiles agree that it would amount to suicide. What does seem to be in the works is an attempt at infiltration, sabotage and guerrilla warfare. Right now, three main groups are operating:

▶ The M.R.R., headed by Artime, reportedly has the strong backing of Nicaragua's Tachito Somoza and other anti-Castroites in Central America. Artime, say exile sources, operates from camps stretching from Costa Rica north to Honduras. A U.S. hunter in the northeastern jungles of Costa Rica recently stumbled onto a camp with three large buildings and a landing strip that was in constant use by light aircraft. "Cubans," said his guide. Artime does not have the kind of support inside Cuba to operate a major underground, is gearing his efforts to sabotage teams inside Cuba and commando raids against 17 coastal targets.

▶ The *Junta Revolucionaria Cubana* (*Jure*), led by Ray, a onetime Castro leader and a popular man inside Cuba. Ray gets his moral—and reportedly considerable material—support from Venezuela's former President Rómulo Betancourt and Puerto Rico's Muñoz Marín, is said to operate training camps in both countries. He has widely publicized May 20 as his deadline for returning to Cuba to revitalize the island's anti-Castro underground. Last week Ray resigned his job as a consultant to the Puerto Rican Planning Board, and dropped out of sight. "We are not worried," he says. "Castro is the man who must worry."

▶ A coalition of Alpha 66, the Revolutionary Movement of the Pueblo, the Second National Front of Escambray and one or two smaller groups, led by Eloy Gutiérrez Menoyo, a longtime guerrilla leader who fought against Batista. Menoyo plans to infiltrate a small force into Cuba—probably into the central Escambray mountains—and start up a guerrilla network. Two weeks ago, Menoyo left Miami. The exiles say he is in Cuba.

Turn of the Screw. If the U.S. is directly involved, some U.S. involvement and support seem apparent. Washington reportedly gave Artime the go-ahead light last July. Recruiting personnel, openly collecting arms would also be impossible without at least tacit U.S. approval. And then there is the U.S. economic embargo. The British and French have for buses, trucks and locomotives. Nevertheless, Castro remains in power, cut off from free-world trade. Not to be outdone, Washington has given the other turn of the screw, whatever that last week tightened controls on U.S. exports of food and drugs to Cuba. Both had been exempted from the general U.S. trade embargo. Now shippers will need Government approval for shipments.

EXILE ARTIME

Callers at a clapboard house

. . .

Brazil last week finally took the action everyone had expected since the revolution that overthrew leftist President João Goulart. Cuban agents, with the Brazilian government, had been engaging in "offensive" propaganda incompatible with democratic and Christian principles. Such interference in the internal affairs of Brazil can no longer be tolerated." Diplomatic relations with Cuba were therefore formally and officially severed.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PANAMA

More Votes than Crowds

Going into Panama's presidential election, the candidate who drew the crowds was Arnulfo Arias, 62, the messianic ex-President and self-proclaimed champion of the masses. But when the cheering stopped last week, the man who got the votes was Marco Aurelio Robles, 58, the government candidate and cousin of President Roberto F. Chiari, who constitutionally cannot succeed himself. In a stunning upset, Robles swept most of the backland provinces and sliced into some urban strongholds where Arias was supposed to be unbeatable. The final count: Robles 134,627, Arias 123,186.

Cattle & the Canal. The son of a judge, Robles displays none of the big money usually associated with political success in Panama. Though his kinsman Chiari is one of the country's richest men, Robles himself lives with his schoolteacher wife and three children in a mortgaged, three-bedroom house in Panama City. He held a string of government jobs before Chiari appointed him Minister of Government and Justice in 1960. Panamanians quickly found him to be an honest, extremely determined administrator. When he noticed that stray cattle were causing a number of serious auto accidents and that nobody was doing anything about it, Robles ordered National Guard patrols to shoot all cattle found on highways. Influential cattlemen raised a storm but finally fenced in their herds.

On the stump during the campaign, Robles was no match for Arias and his fiery oratory. But he strongly supported the Chiari government's demands for revision of the canal treaty with the U.S. and pledged to "rescue for our country the commerce of the Canal Zone, which should have been rightfully ours since 1903." In the slums and backlands, he promised to provide unemployment compensation and some moderate reforms in housing and schools. Repeatedly, he professed independence of the country's powerful ruling elite: "I'm not an oligarch, and not responsible to them." That remains to be seen—Panamanian politics being what they are.

Up to the People. Thwarted and embittered, Arnulfo Arias immediately cried theft, claimed that the government had stolen the victory. His supporters charged that in several rural precincts, Arias ballots failed to arrive in time for anyone to vote for him. In Chiriquí province, a man wearing the uniform of Panama's National Guard reportedly scared away Indian voters with pistol shots in the air. Arias' lawyers are also investigating the voting in two provinces where government figures are said to show that Arias failed to win a single precinct.

Many Panamanians expect tense days before Robles assumes office on Oct. 1. Some angry Arias supporters

ALLAN GOULD

PRESIDENT-ELECT ROBLES
What comes after victory?

were calling for a nationwide general strike and threatening to take to the streets. Arias himself was playing it cool. "I am convinced that I won the election," said he. "But I intend to do nothing about it. I will let the people do it." At week's end a national electoral board met at the Legislative Palace to begin reviewing the returns, while National Guard troops in battle dress stood guard.

THE ALIANZA

Zippity-Do-Dah!

To the White House last week went diplomats from 21 hemisphere nations for a little chat with President Johnson about the Alliance for Progress. They departed wondering why anyone had ever doubted L.B.J.'s consuming interest in the Alianza.

In three hours of zippity-do-dah, he promised—without quite saying how—"twice as much action, twice as much accomplishment" in the next year, reported that loans ($430 million since December) were already flowing at almost twice the year-ago rate, personally signed twelve new loans worth $46 million. After the formalities, Johnson conducted his guests into the Cabinet Room for tea and another demonstration of maximum effort. When an ambassador wondered why Congress was holding up a U.S. appropriation to the World Bank's International Development Association, Johnson grabbed a phone to call White House Legislative Aide Larry O'Brien: "What's going on with the IDA bill? How many votes have we got?" Said Johnson, turning to the diplomats: "There's been a lot of talk about ideals in the Alianza. We are going to put those ideals into action."

Next day the House passed the $312 million IDA bill, and L.B.J. gave the Latinos something else to cheer about. Into Teodoro Moscoso's old job as U.S. representative to the Inter-American Committee (CIAP), which guides the Alianza, went Walt Whitman Rostow, 47, chairman of the State Department Policy Planning Council and a man with both the prestige and power to cut through the Alianza's bureaucratic underbrush. The total performance left Peru's Ambassador Celso Pastor bedazzled. "This marks the beginning of a new era," he said. Or as one Administration adviser put it: "Latin Americans are learning that corn pone can be as nourishing as crepes suzette."

VENEZUELA

Progressing on Its Own

One country was conspicuous by its absence from the *list of nations* receiving increased Alianza aid: Venezuela. With its close cooperation between government and industry (*see* WORLD BUSINESS), the oil-rich nation is in the happy position of not needing massive infusions of U.S. dollars; in the judgment of economists, it is already past the takeoff point and able to generate its own momentum for progress. The proof? While President Johnson was speaking in Washington last week, Venezuela's President Raúl Leoni went before his Congress in Caracas to announce a four-year, $850 million public spending project.

The program, supplementing Venezuela's annual $1.3 billion budget, is Leoni's way of "consolidating and widening" the economic boom that began in 1962 under Rómulo Betancourt. Leoni will use the money to develop the country's interior, stimulate more private enterprise and relieve unemployment (still running 13.7%) by creating 20,000 new jobs. Some 90% of the funds will go toward increasing Venezuela's productive capacity and developing its "basic social capital," meaning everything from electric power to new schools. The other 10% will go for public health and for shoring up debt-plagued regional and district governments, as well as other federal dependencies. Among the projects:

▶ $191 million for irrigation and flood-control development to bring 3,000,000 more acres of cropland into production by 1980, making the country self-sufficient in farm production. Last year Venezuela spent almost $60 million on food imports.

▶ $248 million for airport, dock and road construction to connect backwater towns with larger population centers.

▶ $48 million for an explosives plant and the expansion of the government's $155 million petrochemical industry.

▶ $11 million for a high-tension distribution grid that will be able to carry 220,000 kw. of power from hydroelectric projects in northern Venezuela to central and western parts of the country.

To pay for it all, Leoni is counting on $180 million from foreign credits, $88 million more from a government bond issue going mostly to private Venezuelan banks, and the rest from annual budget surpluses.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

He is an old man, and could be excused for not making the effort. But for **Joseph Kennedy**, 75, effort has always been worthwhile. Last week the former Ambassador to Britain had recovered sufficiently from his 1961 stroke to walk slowly under his own power into Manhattan's Caravelle restaurant for dinner. A wooden cane helped, and so did his niece and constant companion, Ann Gargan, but the fact remained that he can walk across a room. He can also rise from a chair using just the cane, and his speech is showing improvement. Now in Hyannis Port, he has spent the last three weeks at Philadelphia's Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential doing a carefully mapped-out regimen of exercises. In the end, though, it was a question of not giving up hope.

• • •

Among the 800 items, there are first editions of Homer, Aristotle, Petrarch, *The Faerie Queene, Don Quixote, Divine Comedy, Alice in Wonderland,* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* just to mention a few. It took Chicago Lawyer **Louis Silver** a lifetime to compile his rare-book collection, and by the time he died last October at 61, he had spent $1,500,000. Now it belongs to Chicago's private Newberry Library, which shelled out $2,750,000 to get it from his estate. That upsets the rare-book-hungry University of Texas, which had agreed to buy the collection for the same price five months ago. But Texas' lawyers had been haggling over details, and interest on that kind of money mounts up. That's when the Newberry came along. Crowed Library Vice President Hermon Dunlap Smith, who engineered the coup: "It's the greatest collection ever acquired by an institution."

• • •

He was on his way to be introduced to the Church of England and to get a name. The Most Rev. Arthur Ramsey, Archbishop of Canterbury, was preparing to do the honors; seven godparents, starting with his Queen, were waiting; water from the River Jordan was sent for the occasion; and the christening robe made for Queen Victoria's children was dug out of the attic for him to wear. But none of that made the slightest impression on the son of Princess Alexandra and Angus Ogilvy. Just like any other healthy ten-week-old, he let out a sharp little yip as he was baptized **James Robert Bruce Ogilvy**.

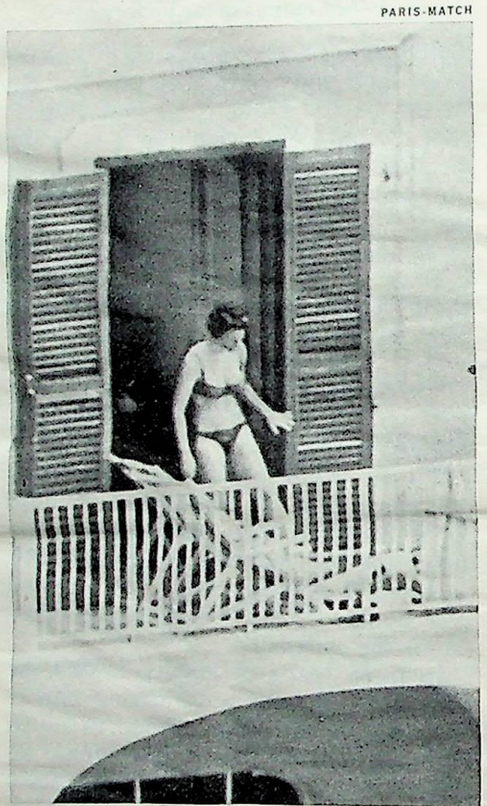
CENTRAL PRESS

MOM & JAMES ROBERT BRUCE
Yip.

• • •

Carefully the honeymoon couple peeked out. Nope, nobody around. Out came chairs, mats and other sunbathing essentials. A photographer poised across the street from the hotel near Naples briefly eyed Spain's Prince Hugo Carlos. But when Dutch **Princess Irene**, 24, came out, he clicked away, for her bikini was as brief as her form was royal.

PARIS-MATCH



PRINCESS IRENE
Click.

• • •

Napoleon was her great-great-grandfather's godfather, and she hasn't been able to shake the bit ever since. Born in Corsica (just like him), she moved to Paris (just like him) and studied law (mostly written under him). Then in 1956 **Micheline Muselli Pozzo di Borgo**, now 35, met Alan Jay Lerner, now 45, and was soon wooed and wed. That didn't change things. As his fourth wife, she sailed into their English-style East 71st Street Manhattan manse and transformed the 16 rooms (plus eight water loos) into a plush Napoleonic empire. Now she has struck a Wellington of her own. Lerner, she says, spends little precious time at home, and when the millionaire lyricist cut off all her ch accounts around town, his baby fin said no fair. As a counterpu locked him out on the street wh lives, then sued for separate m nance. But she still loves him; course, said a source, no divorce.

JUDD MEHLMAN—N. Y. DAILY

MRS. LERNER
Slam.

• • •

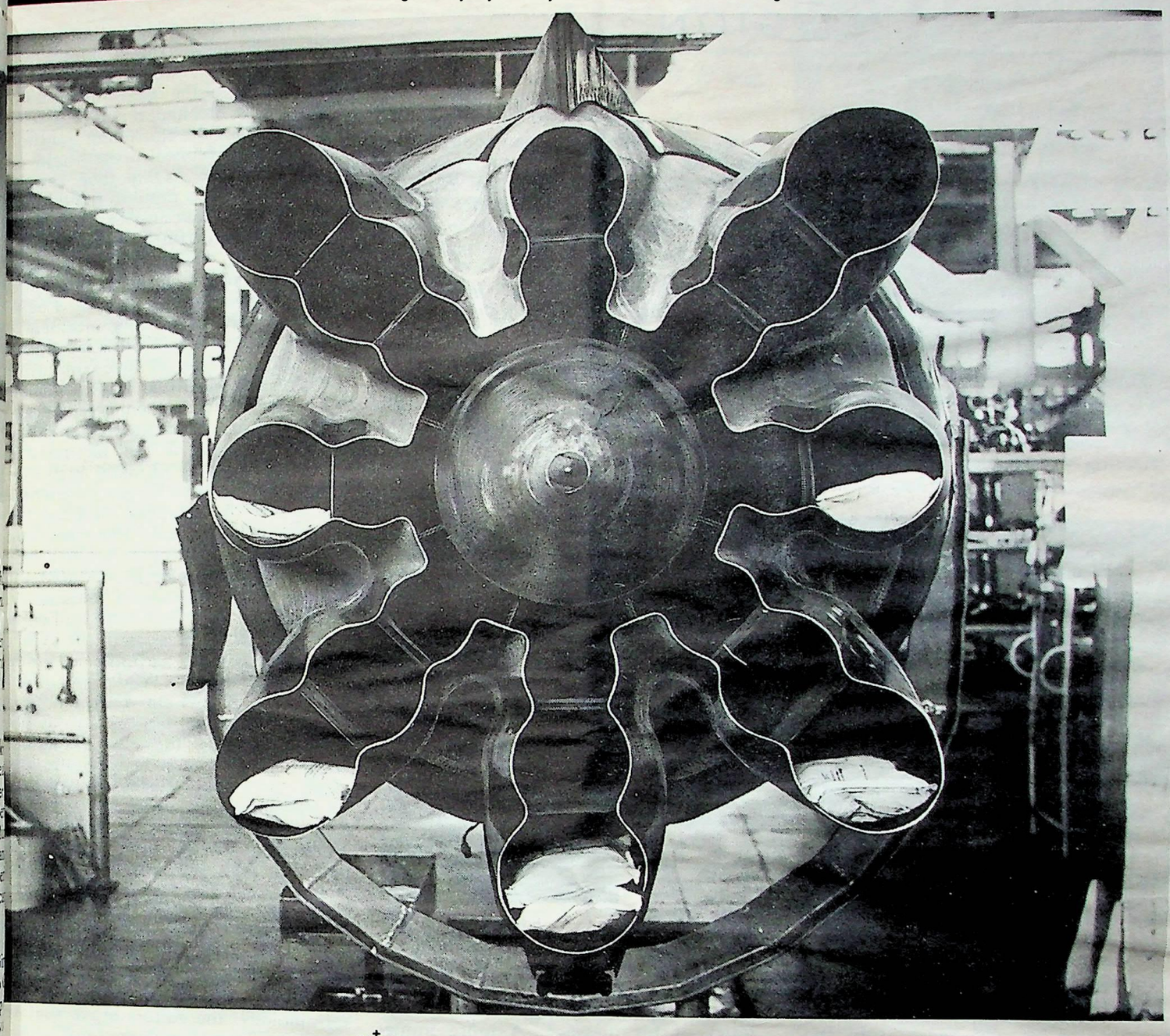
Ill lay: Violinist **David Oistra** in a Leningrad hospital after a he tack; Authoress **Dorothy Parke** in her Manhattan home, recupe from a fractured shoulder; Col **Walter Winchell**, 67, treated a leased in Los Angeles after suffe whiplash neck injury when his c hit from behind.

• • •

Midst laurels stood: Stunny G **bra Streisand**, 22, named to two mies, the recording industry's top —best pop album, best female v U.S. Socialist Leader **Norman T** 79, decorated with the Star of So First Class, Italy's highest citati his support of the fight to fre from Fascism; **Paul Hoffman**, 7 aging director of the U.N. Specia presented with the American F Association's 1964 World Peace Film Cowboy and Multi-million vestor **Gene Autry**, 56, Novelis **Buck**, 71, Litton Industries C **Charles** ("Tex") **Thornton**, 5 Architect **Minoru Yamasaki**, 4 given a Horatio Alger Award for worthy rise from "humble begin Federal Judge **Thurgood Marsh** who successfully argued against gated schools before the U.S. S Court ten years ago, grante N.A.A.C.P.s Liberty Bell Award; ologist **Wallace Fenn**, 70, who strated loss of muscular tension w creasing speed of contraction, **Albert Sabin**, 57, who developed polio vaccine, both recipients o 000 Antonio Feltrinelli award sented by the Lincei National Ac Italy's leading arts and sciences in

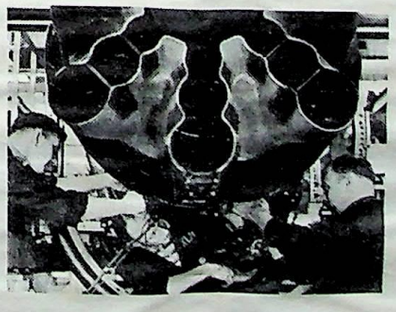
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Why KLM puts "sand" in its engines

To keep them dry.
You see, those little bags are actually full of silica, a special sort of sand that acts as a kind of super blotting paper.
Moisture can damage a jet.
So whenever KLM engineers change the engine on a DC-8, they always pop in some silica before running it over to the maintenance shop.
The whole journey only takes about 5 minutes.
So why all the fuss?



KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

Before KLM took delivery of its first DC-8, it sent a team of maintenance engineers over to the States for 3½ years jet training. These men were taught to baby their jets.
That's why they're so particular about little details.
Some people don't care that much about such details. KLM does.
That's why so many experienced travellers believe that the dependable Dutch have made KLM the most reliable of all airlines.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THEOLOGY

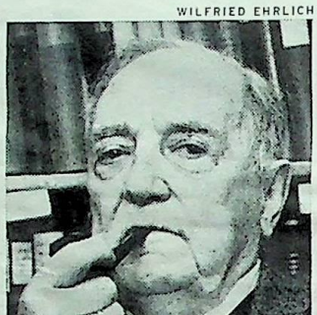
An Existential Way Of Reading the Bible

When God spoke to man centuries ago, it was far easier to believe that the sun stood still or water turned into wine. But what is science-minded man to make of the Bible? How can he extract its real meaning for today from a hard-to-swallow supernatural framework? These are not easy questions, and lately they have been getting a rather hard answer from Dr. Rudolf Bultmann's Marburg Disciples (TIME, June 21), who dominate German theology the way the Russians rule chess. They call their answer "the new hermeneutic."

Solving the problem of hermeneutic —meaning the theory of interpretation

JACK HORNER

WILFRIED EHRLICH



BULTMANN

THEOLOGIANS EBELING & FUCHS

Invented: a new hermeneutic.

—is a game that Americans can play too. In the jet age, sages from Basle and Marburg can breeze in to enlighten their U.S. colleagues at a brisk three-day seminar, and theology has become increasingly international. One proof is a new book called *The New Hermeneutic* (Harper & Row; $5), the second in a series devoted to a dialogue between Continental and American theologians on major religious issues. Edited by James M. Robinson and John B. Cobb Jr. of the Southern California School of Theology, the book contains essays on hermeneutic by Ernst Fuchs of Marburg and Gerhard Ebeling of Zurich. Their contributions are analyzed by three topflight U.S. thinkers: Amos Wilder of Harvard Divinity School, Robert Funk of Drew, and John Dillenberger of San Francisco Theological Seminary.

The Central Problem. Robinson distinguishes the new hermeneutic (without the *s*) of the Marburgers and the traditional science of hermeneutics. This now somewhat neglected branch of theology outlined the basic principles of interpreting a text, in contrast to exegesis, which was practical application of these principles. Far wider in scope, the new hermeneutic deals with the key issue of how to retranslate the Christian message for man today, "the meaning of the text in the situation of modern religion," as Robinson explains it. So conceived, hermeneutic, which derives from Hermes, messenger of the gods, becomes the central problem of theology.

The Marburg Disciples' interest in reinterpreting the scriptural message, says Robinson, stems from two landmarks in 20th century theology. One was Karl Barth's famous *Epistle to the Romans* of 1921, which rejected the rationalist, antiquarian approach of Protestant liberalism to scriptural texts and dramatically hurled at the church a modern interpretation of Paul that tried to capture the spirit instead of the letter of his message. A more immediate source is Bultmann's demand that the Bible must be demythologized—that is, stripped of its fictional heaven-above, hell-below framework, and its message restated in ideas that make sense now.

The Inner Meaning. The new hermeneutic tries to establish the principles for this task of translation. Fuchs and Ebeling agree that one basic problem is understanding how language itself not only expressed what the Biblical writers had to say, but also, by the nature of language, limited what they could say. Thus, the peculiar qualities of 1st century *koinonia* Greek, a rough-hewn language less graceful than the classical tongue of Sophocles, may have prevented St. Paul from expressing all he meant to say. Hermeneutic seeks to analyze the degree to which the Biblical writer's inner meaning was helped or hindered by the cultural instruments available to him.

But how is this inner meaning to be recovered? The hermeneutical answer is: through one's own understanding of the problems of existence. Fuchs and Ebeling believe that the Biblical books are existential documents—that is, are efforts to answer the basic que man asks of life. Armed with h understanding of the questions ra existence, the theologian can look in Scripture for the equivalent qu raised by the Biblical writer, a the answers given. Only then c theologian turn his mind to the pr of retranslating that answer in a p ing word meaningful for contem man. One key existential answer Bible is found in Jesus' procla of the kingdom of God. In translation, this is an announceme a "time of love," and Christian f faith in the victory of love over

Cultural Limitations. In his a of hermeneutic, Dillenberger that the abstract terminology emp by the Germans is too far re from the language of daily life. feels that the Marburgers some fail to see the relativity of thei position as interpreters. Far from a philosophical absolute, existen is itself a product of history and subject to the limitations of langu Theologians therefore must re that their own expression of the e tial questions may be quite as as was St. Paul's. Wilder, who brother of Playwright Thornton cizes Fuchs's emphasis on faith dience, ignoring the New Tes concern for the content of faith chatty postscript, Fuchs answer his colleagues are aware of the c limitations of existentialism; bu still believe it is the most useful point for their Biblical reinterpre

Robinson and Cobb are please their series' first volume, *The Heidegger and Theology*, has been translated into German, s that a dialogue is in process. A both books are forbidding in t terminology, the editors argue problems considered are not academic. Far from being a issue, hermeneutic grapples with thing that faces every preache to make God's word vivid for gregation—and represents a l tween the pastoral ministry an demic theology. Says Robinson new hermeneutic is designed to pastor do what he's paid to do: people about Christianity in te their own lives."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Flying Red Hats

Inspired, perhaps, by travel-l Pope Paul—who is likely to fol his Holy Land trip with a visit t bay's Eucharistic Congress this European cardinals of the Roman olic Church are on the move thes and lately the red hats have bee ping up all over the U.S.

Bearded Eugene Cardinal Tis of the Roman Curia, 80, dean Sacred College, stopped in on old cal friends in New York, Chica

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Louis and Spokane, emerged from the shadows for only a few public functions: one of them was representing Pope Paul at the dedication of Notre Dame's new $8,000,000 library. Another Curia officer, Paolo Cardinal Marella, 69, presided over the unveiling of the *Pietà* at the New York World's Fair, and brought Francis Cardinal Spellman a sentimental gift from Pope Paul: a topaz brooch once worn by Pius XII on state occasions. Marella returned home with four honorary doctorates, including one from Catholic University, which last year barred four progressive theologians from giving lectures there; conservative Marella commended the university for its loyalty to the teachings of the Holy See.

Two ranking progressive cardinals flew in from northern Europe and made some headlines. Franziskus Cardinal König of Vienna, 58, chief negotiator between the Vatican and Hungary over Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, reported that Mindszenty would leave his exile in the U.S. consulate if the Pope directly asked him to, but was determined to stay in Budapest until the government gave the church an ironclad guarantee of freedom from persecution. König also predicted a Vatican Council ruling on mixed Protestant-Catholic marriages and the formation of a senate of bishops to help the Pope govern the church after the council completes its fourth and final session next year.

Leo Josef Cardinal Suenens, 59, the debonair and witty Archbishop of Malines-Brussels and primate of Belgium, had his hardest (and finest) moment at the University of Chicago Divinity School, where he spent two days fielding questions from his Protestant hosts, including prestigious Theologian Paul Tillich. "The most difficult examination I've ever faced," he said. There and elsewhere, Suenens predicted that new medical research might call for new applications of the church's teaching on birth control. He also suggested that after the Vatican Council the church might take the first steps toward cooperation with Protestant and Orthodox bodies in areas that did not require doctrinal agreement. "We must," said Suenens, "make more of certain forms of practical collaboration, notably in the social and humanitarian field—the problems of hunger in the world, sickness and disasters, birth and housing, illiteracy and the redistribution of wealth."

JUDAISM

The Jews of Britain

Thanks to Hitler, England can now boast of having the largest Jewish community in Europe. Currently 450,000 strong, it is a proud, placid and curiously mixed branch of Judaism. Some of its members are descendants of Sephardic Jews who fled the Spanish and Portuguese Inquisitions for the safety of Cromwell's England in the 17th century. Others belong to the wealthy, literate Anglo-Jewish families, such as the banking Rothschilds, who began to leave the ghettos of Europe 100 years later and came to exert great economic and political power in Britain. Liberal in outlook, sometimes casual in religious observance, traditional Anglo-Jewry is oddly yoked with more recent immigrants from Eastern Europe—rigidly Orthodox Jews, fearful that their traditional beliefs will be corrupted by the alien world of the goyim.

Abrogating Laws. Last week British Judaism was split by its worst schism ever—over whether it should adapt to modern life or reject it for the sake of Israel's carefully nourished beliefs. Cause of the schism is the modern-minded theological outlook of Dr. Louis Jacobs, 43, a Biblical scholar who between 1954 and 1960 was rabbi of the New West End Synagogue in Bayswater, a traditional center of worship for many Anglo-Jewish families. Although he is Orthodox in practice, Jacobs has long shocked his bearded rabbinical colleagues in the Orthodox-controlled United Synagogue, Britain's largest Jewish organization, by arguing that the Torah contains human as well as divine elements. Jacobs believes that the sacred first five books of the Bible should be interpreted in the light of historical and archaeological evidence. For example, he believes that some dietary laws stem from ancient Hebrew hygienic practice rather than divine command, and therefore might be abrogated.

Jacobs' modernism might be *Chillul Hashem* (desecration of God's name) to the United Synagogue, but his views were just right for New West End, which last January asked him to return as its rabbi. Dr. Israel Brodie, the ailing Orthodox chief rabbi of the British Commonwealth, refused to approve the appointment. Eventually the United Synagogue Council, composed exclusively of laymen, voted to expel the New West End board of lay managers.

COLIN JONES—THE OBSERVER

RABBI JACOBS
Suspected: Chillul Hashem.

Standing by the Truth. To Dr. Brodie, the issue was clear-cut: British Judaism must stand by the divine inspiration and literal truth of the Torah. "An attitude to the Torah which denies the divine source and unity," he said, "is directly opposed to Orthodox Jewish teaching." A number of Jews felt that Brodie was defending not Orthodoxy but fundamentalism; when nearly half of the New West End congregation set up an independent synagogue with Jacobs as rabbi, they received membership applications and offers of help from many Jews outside of London. Last week, in the influential *Jewish Chronicle*, Jacobs answered the chief rabbi and defended the rebels' liberal approach to the Torah. "If by 'Orthodox' Dr. Brodie means fundamentalist, then indeed I am not Orthodox," he wrote. "But since when has Orthodoxy in Anglo-Jewry been equated with fundamentalism?"

ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

SUENENS (CENTER) AT CHICAGO DIVINITY SCHOOL

M. BRUCE HARLAN

TISSERANT (WITH MITER & CROSIER) AT NOTRE DAME

Predicted: a senate of bishops.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NASSER & KHRUSHCHEV PUSHING INAUGURAL BUTTONS*

BLAST OPENING DIVERSION CHANNEL

After aeons of capriciousness, orders for Hapi.

EGYPT

Gods, Men & the River

The scene could have been played in Dante's *nethermost pit*. The sun—or perhaps it was the moon—whirled like a ball of molten lead above a *billowing grey dust* cloud that made any *hour seem torrid twilight. An* ear-numbing cacophony of whines, snarls, *splashes, roars and curses* engulfed the 35,000 laborers who *went* about their tasks.

Huge chunks of granite, some weighing as much as 15 tons, toppled in a steady, clattering stream into the greasy green water below the crude escarpment. Three red-painted vibrators, as tall as ten-story buildings, sent their yards-long steel fingers combing through sand that gushed from *giant* tubes. Then, suddenly, there *was* silence. High on a granite crag overlooking the scene, two men pressed two tiny buttons. A muffled explosion sent rock whirling into the sky, and as the smoke cleared the River Nile changed its course for the first time under the hand of man.

Thus last week Gamal Abdel Nasser and Nikita Khrushchev, accompanied at the console by the Presidents of Iraq and Yemen, formally completed the first stage of the Aswan Dam project. After 1,550 days of work, the laborers had finished piling up enough rock for the cofferdam to stem the river; the explosion set off by Nasser and his visitors opened up a diversion channel through which the Nile will now flow until the High Dam itself is completed. As the white-crested Nile rushed into the new channel, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko muttered in an unwontedly poetic mood: "It's *like* white horses." Even Khrushchev took time out from his attacks on the Western imperialists and said in awe: "This river is alive." As fireworks exploded all around, the Arab crowds shouted: "*Allah akhbar* [God is great]."

It was the greatest construction project in the history of Egypt—a nation whose ancient pyramid builders had given the art of grand construction to the world. But the Great Pyramid of *Khufu*† at Giza was dedicated to the sterile memory of a dead man. As Khrushchev said as he rubbernecked through Cairo last week: "Artistic standards are higher now." So are pragmatic goals.

Green Acres. First planned by the U.S., until John Foster Dulles withdrew American aid, the project is being built largely by Russian engineers and money. When the $1 billion dam is completed in 1970, a 300-mile-long reservoir—dubbed Lake Nasser, of —will add 2,000,000 green ac Egypt's narrow thread of 6,0 acres of arable land. In a nation third larger than Texas and quite bleaker, that is a considerable sion, even if it will not by *itself* Egypt's terrible poverty. Egypt's 27 lion inhabitants—twice as ma when Nasser was born 46 years are crammed into a mere 4% land. And the pinch gets tighter time: each year, 800,000 more tians come into the world. The d not only ease this pressure by pr one-third more cultivable land, b its hydroelectric plant will also Egypt's power output and cut costs significantly.

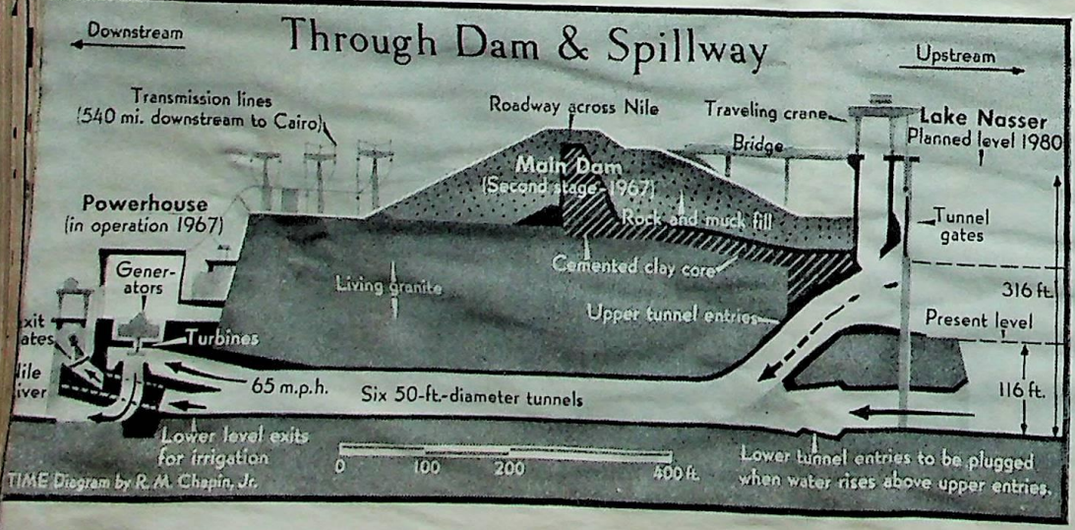
The High Dam will accomp this by harnessing the Nile's floo annual, June-to-October inunda silt and water that since the beg of history has brought life and tainty to Lower Egypt. Not onl the rain-fed flood vary in volum by year, producing the "seven fa and seven lean years," but at be some 9 billion gallons of fresh into the sea annually, often Egypt's cash crops of cotton an thirsty between floods.

The High Dam will contain th behind its massive wall, allow wa of Lake Nasser when needed. A ons of capriciousness, the Nile w to take orders.

Response to Challenge. Risin its twin sources in Ethiopia and E rica, the longest river in the wo gins its course 4,150 miles from Its longest leg, called the Whit pours out of Lake Victoria t Uganda's Owen Falls Dam, drop ly to the Sudan, where it snarls the tangled vegetation of the S 50,000 sq. mi. of swamp, amidst 14-ft.-papyrus thickets and con blue *ambatch* flowers the river lo its water in evaporation and d The Blue Nile dashes headlong the rain-wreathed mountains fro Tana, smoking through unna gorges and scouring tons of rich from the Ethiopian highlands. the two meet at Khartoum, the

* With them: Iraq's President Abdul Salam Aref and Yemen's President Abdullah Sallal.

† Corrupted into "Cheops" 2,400 year ago by the Greek historian Herodotus.



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

A MIGHTY NEW DAM TO TAME THE NILE

ASWAN COFFERDAM, seen from upstream, juts into Nile (*left*) as workmen finish diversion channel and tunnels (*right*) to carry water around dam. Scheduled for completion in 1967, High Dam will extend 2¼ miles along line of road above tunnels, will back up water to form Lake Nasser, 300 miles long and an average six miles from bank to bank.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY LAURENCE LOWRY

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

INSIDE TUNNEL, some of 35,000 Egyptian workmen labor to complete upper entrance where control gates are to be installed. To oversee construction of dam, 17 times as large as Great Pyramid of Khufu, Russia has sent 1,500 technicians.

OUTSIDE EXIT of tunnels, night work lights illuminate construction of turbine housings and foundation of power plant. To ready dam, overlapping shifts work round the clock.

Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

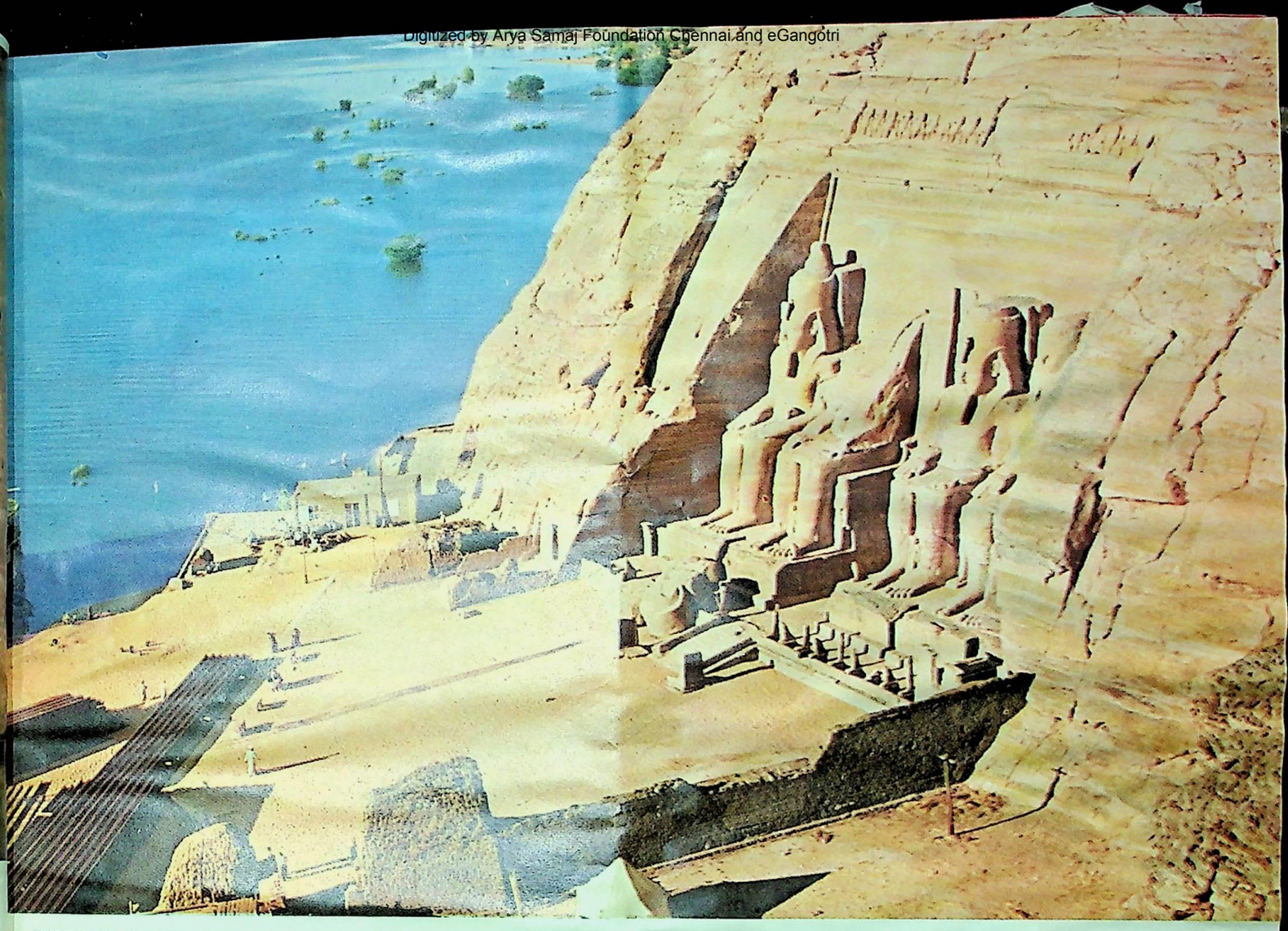
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THREATENED MONUMENTS, 175 miles above dam, are 3,000-year-old temples of Queen Nefertari (*above*) and Ramses II (*right*), side by side at Abu Simbel.

ABANDONED VILLAGE, soon to disappear bene... waters of Lake Nasser, is Thomas, a mud-brick settlem... 139 miles above Aswan, and once home of 1,948 Nubi...

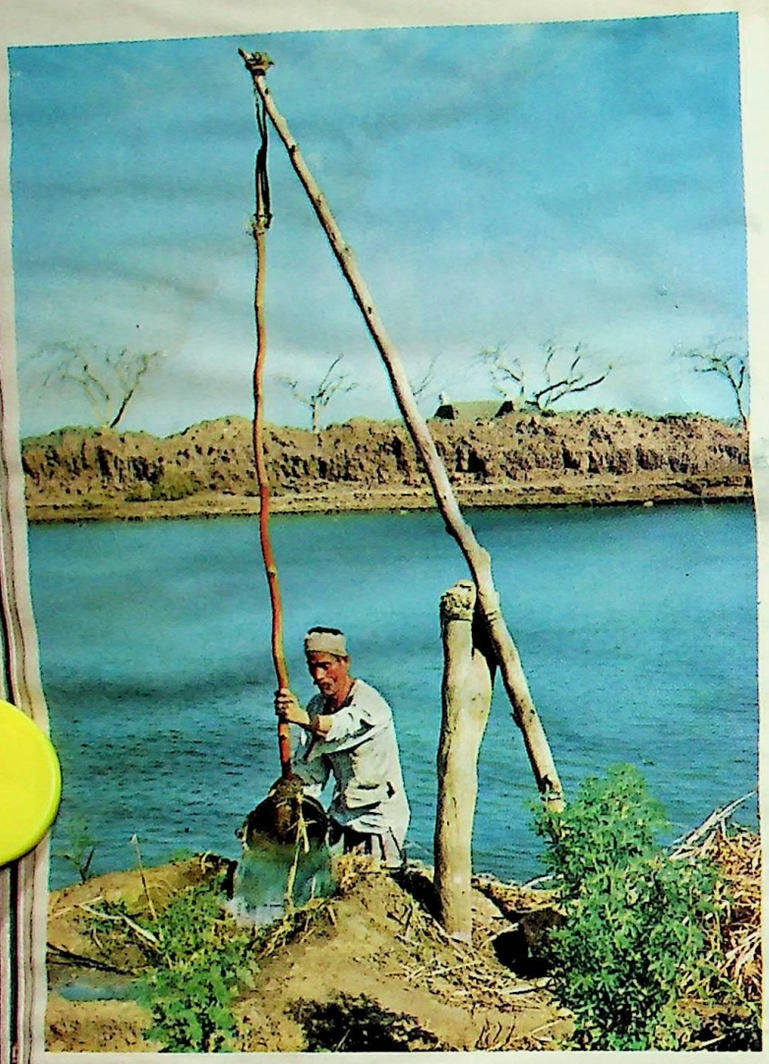
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

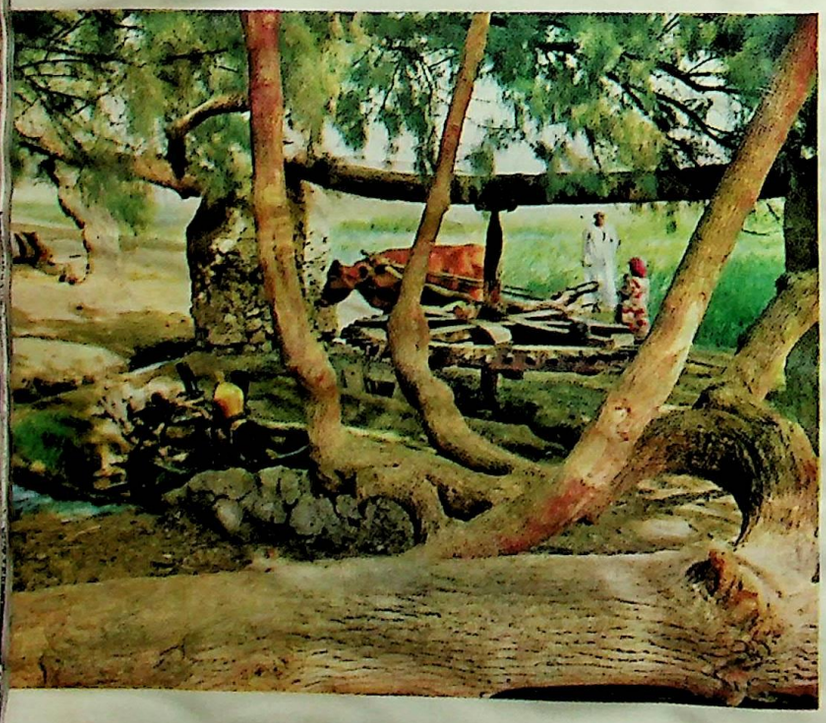


RESCUE OPERATION is under way at Abu Simbel where engineers plan to cut temples into 30-ton sandstone blocks, hoist them 200 ft. to cliff top and reassemble them. Project cost: $36 million. UNESCO is conducting global fund drive.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



OLD EGYPT was irrigated bucket by bucket by shadoof, a wooden sweep and pail still used (*above*) outside Cairo, or by a water buffalo laboriously turning a wheel called a sakieh, shown (*below*) outside Luxor, ancient spa of the Pharaohs.

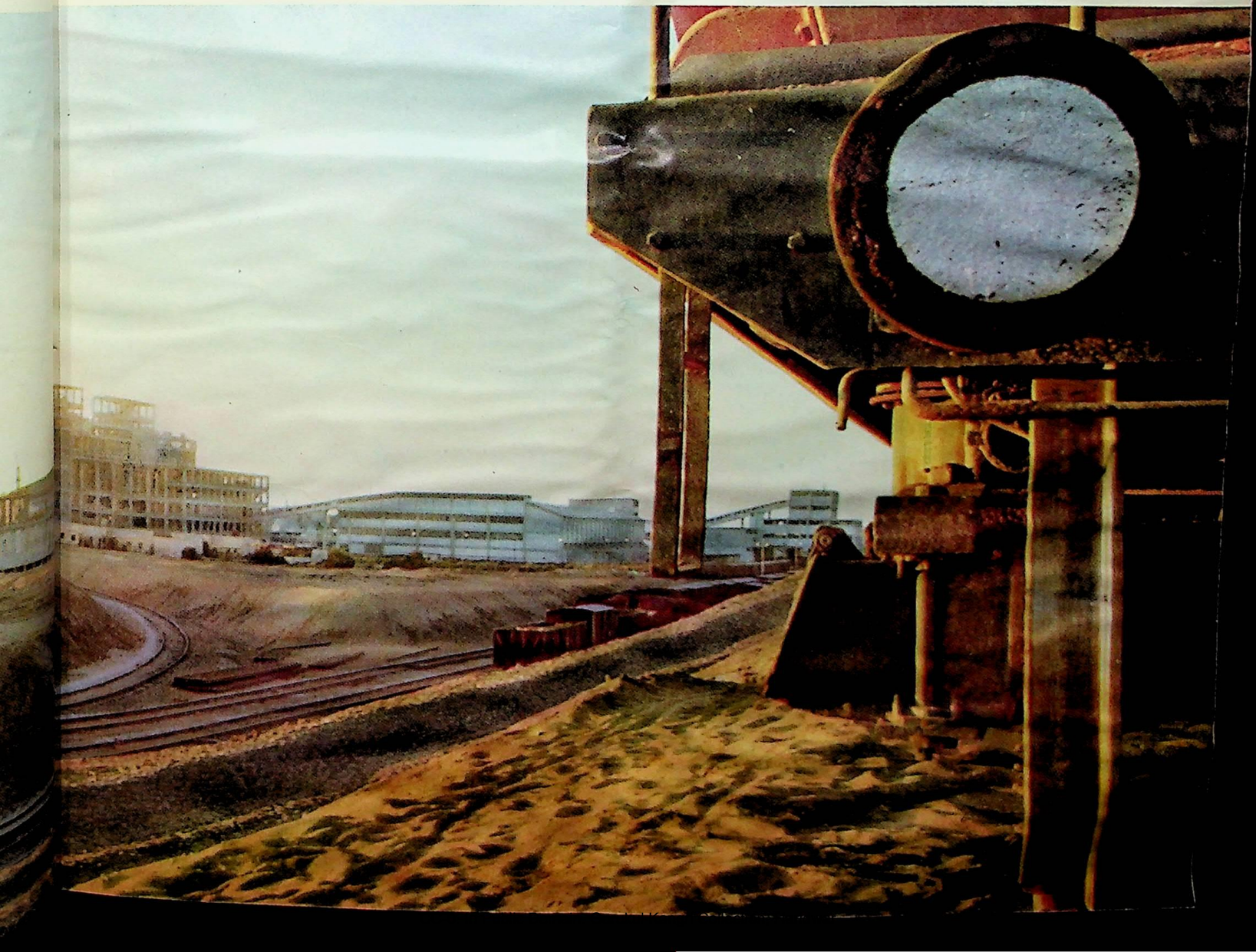


NEW EGYPT will use the Nile's water has bu
irrigate cash crops—sugar cane, cotton- in the
fields north of the Aswan High Dam. becom
flooded-out Nubians like those eating such i
first meal in New Daboud (*right*), N. fixatio

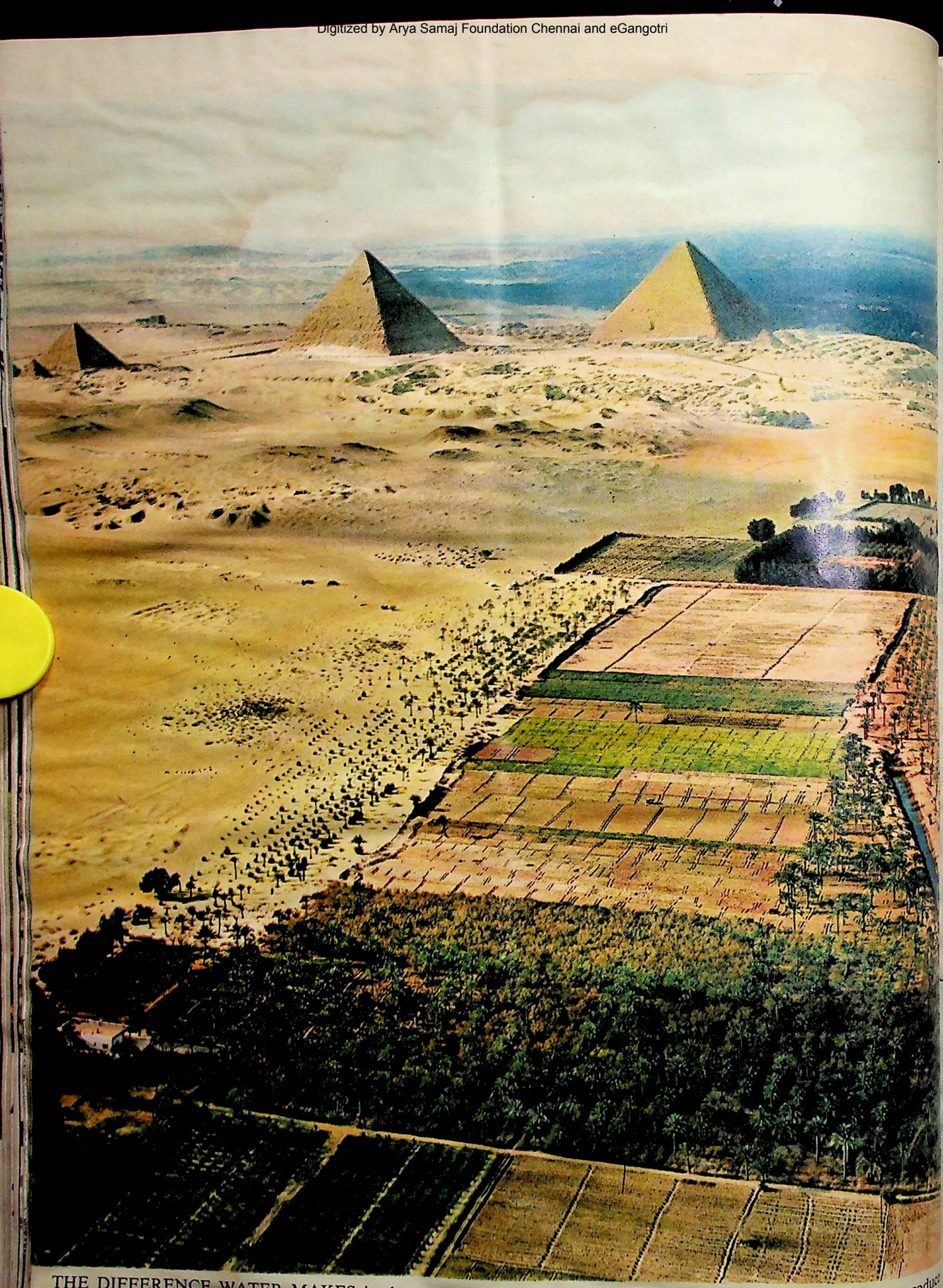
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Colle

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

le's water has built concrete-block villages for 50,000
e, cotton- in the newly irrigated areas. Aswan itself is
gh Dam. becoming an industrial center, already has
e eating such industry as the German-built nitrogen-
ight), N. fixation and nitrate-fertilizer plant (*below*).



Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



THE DIFFERENCE WATER MAKES is shown at Giza, on outskirts of Cairo, where pyramids built by Khufu and his descendants loom over desert wasteland. Reaching toward them are neatly geometrical fields irrigated to produce palms, orange and olive trees. When finished, the $1 dam project will increase Egypt's croplands by one

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

tide of the Blue shoulders the White aside, bringing 84% of the system's total water volume into the resultant river.

From Khartoum to Aswan, the Nile runs through bleak desert. This is Nubia, the land of the Cush, of the mud-building Fung people, of temples and heat, where the Nile hurriedly bears its load of diluted loam over transverse ribs of crystalline rock, granite and diorite—the Six Cataracts. Below the Second Cataract, it skids through a 100-mile chute, the Batn el Hagar (Belly of Stones), studded with gleaming black islets. Then below Aswan it enters the Egypt of antiquity. Here the neolithic men of North Africa gathered as the grassy Saharan plains dried up into desert following the Ice Age, and here they acted out the first classic example, according to Historian Arnold Toynbee, of "response to challenge"—the challenge of the flood.

Levers & Virgins. Out of the ancient Egyptian attempts to tame the Nile floods developed the tools of civilization: a 365-day calendar to predict the coming of the flood; a crude astronomy to further refine forecasts; systems of accounting, and, ultimately, written language to handle the stores of grain needed to tide the society over the lean months between the floods; building implements like the wedge, the lever, the screw, the pulley, the inclined plane.

As the dynasties flourished and Egyptian culture inseminated Crete and Greece, great temples and pyramids rose along the Nile's banks at Giza, Karnak, Luxor, Thebes—clear up through Nubia. Each year, the flood climbed the bench marks of the Nilometers, and Egyptians thanked that most beneficent of gods, potbellied, Nile-green Hapi, the flood deity. To keep Hapi happy, the Egyptians threw bejeweled virgins into the river each year on the feast of Waffa el Nil (Aug. 22), which Nasser has vowed and pledged to preserve. Though Egypt's Arab conquerors put an end to human sacrifice 13 centuries ago in the name of Mohammed, Egyptians still throw elaborately costumed dolls into the Nile every year on the holiday. Still echoing through history are the hymns that the great Pharaoh Amenhotep IV, history's first known monotheist, composed in honor of his god:

How excellent are thy designs
O lord of eternity!
There is a Nile in the sky . . .

Work Is Pride. To stem the Nile on earth and to tame its flood, the Russian engineers directing the Aswan project settled on a two-stage construction plan. Choosing a site four miles above the already existing and inadequate Low Dam at the town of Aswan, they first cut a diversion channel through one bank of the Nile. This channel contains six long, Y-mouthed shafts cut through the rock and lined with cement to house a dozen 180,000-kw. turbines; with the aid of boosting generators, these will crank out the dam's annual 10 billion kw-h of power.

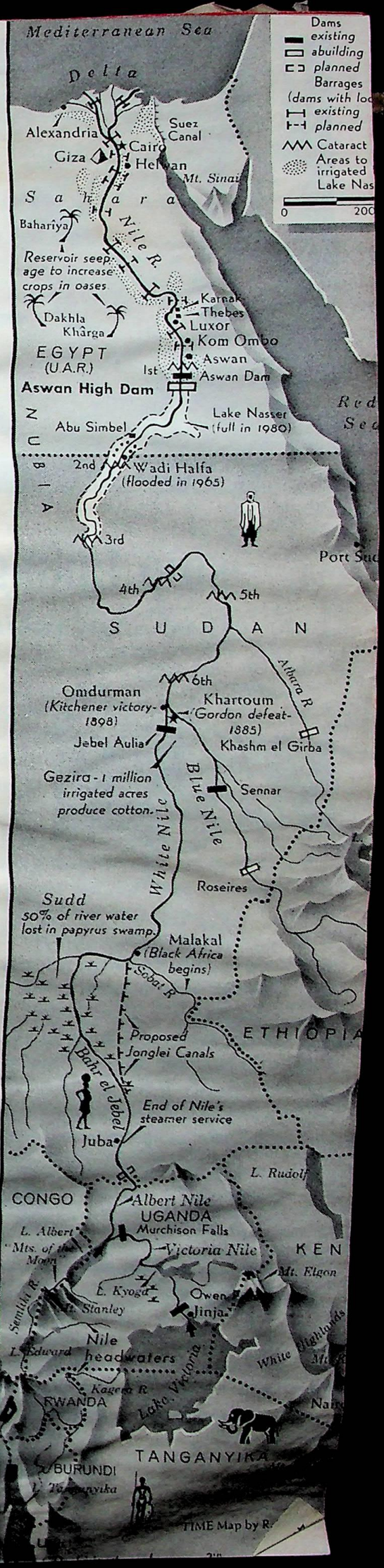
The rock removed in the cutting of the diversion channel meanwhile was dumped into the Nile proper, forming the foundation of the High Dam. Only when this 1,750-ft. cofferdam foundation was laid clear across the Nile could the diversion channel be opened. Last week's explosions accomplished this. The Nile, now held back by the cofferdam, turned slowly into the diversion channel, swooped into the six great turbine shafts (where one tardy worker was trapped and drowned), and reemerged into the Nile below the dam site. With the Nile thus diverted from the main riverbed, work can proceed on stage two—the raising of the High Dam itself to its ultimate height of 364 ft., forming a flattened, inverted V more than two miles across.

No sooner did the Russians begin work on the first stage in January 1960 than they learned that the Nile is not the Volga. Aswan's temperatures reach 135° in the summer, and the river's east bank, where they chose to cut the diversion channel, is a lunar landscape of tortured volcanic granite. The slow, heavy Russian drills jammed. As the project slipped nearly a year behind schedule because of Russian-equipment failures, Nasser ignored Moscow's objections and brought in outside help—light, rubberized Swedish drills, British-built tractors, crawlers, scrapers and dump trucks, which were soon roaring between loading tipples and dockside like Percherons among Arab donkeys.

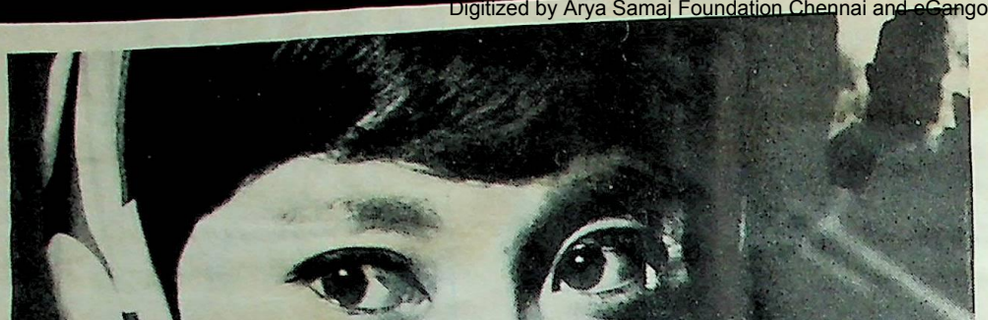
Excavation quotas increased from 25,000 tons of rock a day to a Pharaonic 170,000 tons during last week's closing surge. Vast crews of Egyptian and Russian workers in four overlapping shifts put in 48 working hours a day, goaded by signs in Arabic that read "Work is Duty, Work is Honor, Work is Pride."

Though the Russians, despite their equipment failures, performed well under difficult conditions, the real "heroes of labor" on the Aswan job were the Egyptian fellahin. Swarming to the site in quest of the relatively high pay (up to $1.20 a day including overtime), the Egyptians often slept under tarpaulins that flapped in the blast-furnace desert wind, ate their rice and drank their syrupy tea mixed with sand. When blasting shocks crumpled a temporary dam above the diversion channel last July, and the onrushing Nile threatened 5,000 workers in the incompleted turbine shafts, thousands of fellahin swarmed in with sand and other fill, saved the whole project from disaster. An amazing spirit swept through the hot, dusty camp as D (for Diversion) Day neared. Drivers actually wept when their trucks broke down; Arab laborers swarmed in like ants when Soviet excavators halted for maintenance, toted tons of granite in baskets on their backs. More than 200 workers died in accidents.

Last Traces. The dam project already has changed the life of Upper Egypt. The once-sleepy resort of As-



Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



stop taking snapshots
[*and start taking photographs*]

If you are really serious about photography you want more out of your photographs than mere snapshots. You want pictures that are exciting to look at *more* than once, pictures that reflect the true nature of the subject and its surroundings, colors that come alive.

No camera can take a good picture. Only the photographer can do that. A camera can, however, help you avoid mistakes, give your photographs the mark of experience. Here is how the new Minolta SR-7 does just that:

SR-7 is equipped with a powerful CdS light meter. And you'll notice it's built in (all the way in). The meter is highly sensitive, measures anything you can see, and is every bit as accurate as the hand-held meters the professionals use.

The world-famous F1.4 Rokkor lens is treated with Achromatic coating, a patented process which brings a new faithfulness to color photography.

The significance of the Minolta SR-7 is obvious when you see it, test it, compare it. Take a look. You'll see why this camera is used by serious photographers throughout the world.

Minolta
MINOLTA CAMERA CO., LTD.

TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims, to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound. (*from TIME Publisher's Letter*)

wan, where thin-blooded Edwar... and the Aga Khan wintered, ha... come a boom town; its population ... effectively tripled in the past four ... to 140,000. Steel mills, nuclea... plants, and vast chemical comp... that will provide fertilizer to re... the lost Nile silt, are rising in ... the Cairo press calls "the Pittsburg... Egypt." Four resort hotels, plus ... Aswan Hilton currently abuilding, l... glassy and air-conditioned ("TV ... every room") above the Old Cata... Hotel, where oldtimers still sip icy ... tinis on the veranda and watch ... river ride by. The presence of the ... Dam and the threatened antiq... above Aswan have bred a burgeo... tourist trade, and each day the ... passenger hydrofoil *Cleopatra* roar... from Aswan at 30 m.p.h. to visit ... historic sites that will soon be lo... mankind.

As it slowly fills, Lake Nasser ... obliterate the last traces of one of ... tory's richest archaeological depo... Bone-dry Nubia, the "land of go... over which black men and white ... tled for 50 centuries, will be drow... Though the Nubians themselves ... ruled all Egypt (750-656 B.C.), ... were frequently the victims of inva... The Pharaoh Snefru 4,600 years ... reported "Nubia hacked to p... 7,000 men and women, 200,000 ... and sheep led away." Greeks, Ro... Arabs, Turks and British followed, ... ing hundreds of monuments, tem... fortresses, churches and works o... buried in the sand or exposed ... the sear Nile Banks.

Drowning the Past. As the dam ... line approached, two dozen archae... ical teams from 14 countries sw... over the land searching for last-m... finds. At least 23 of Nubia's major ... torical sites have been or will be ... cued from the waters—some of ... simply by being cut up and ... away. A West German engineering ... won a UNESCO contract to sav... Upper River's most famous temp... sandstone statuary and columns ... 3,000 years ago on the order of ... aoh Ramses II at Abu Simbel, ... miles above Aswan.

Already many lesser structures ... gone under. The distinctive mud h... of some 50,000 Nubians, their wa... *tobey* (from which Spanish take... word *adobe*) gaudily painted with ... bols ranging from scorpions to ... ing steamboats, dissolve and co... as the Nile laps among them. O... villages, 33 have already been ... ated, their citizens relocated in ... and-cement villages replete with ... markets and food-processing plan... Kom Ombo, 40 miles north of A... Many Nubians resent the move. ... culture, which survived waves of ... ers from the Egyptians to the T... seems doomed to certain dilution ... new settlements. But as one Eg... said: "What is left to us but to ... the past in order to save the fu...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Hit & Miss in Minnesota

The second season of the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis opened with a palpable hit, Henry V, *and a palpable miss,* Saint Joan. *There are shortcomings in both. After a year of playing Minneapolis, the company has adopted a broader style, giving the Midwest audience the kind of easy laughs it seems to demand. The play choices are scarcely venturesome. On the record of the Guthrie Theater so far, the oft-expressed hope that decentralized regional theater might revitalize the enfeebled condition of the drama in the U.S. must be deferred.*

Henry V. Something resembling a thunderbolt is heard offstage. Out of nowhere, what seem like a hundred men are shouting, sweating, straining as they haul a cannon to stage center. It belches smoke. It is hidden in smoke. The whole theater is going up in smoke. A man has mounted the cannon, but it is difficult to see him, let alone hear him. He is King Henry V (George Grizzard), and what he is saying is, "God for Harry, England and St. George." What the scene is saying is—the prop's the thing.

Yet this cannon is virtually the only conversation piece that Director Tyrone Guthrie has permitted himself. His *Henry V* is the least tricked-up Shakespearean production that Guthrie has ever been associated with in the U.S. Except for cutting some lines for pace, he trusts the author and the playgoer, for a change, and the play flashes like an unsheathed sword, keen, virile, inescapably compelling. It is a patriot's poem of valor, a memorial ode written in the bright and acrid air of combat for all men who ever fought, bled and died for their country's honor.

For those who may legitimately have felt that Olivier's magnificent film would dwarf future stage productions of *Henry V*, Guthrie's production is a revelation. The scope and sweep of action that he crams into "the wooden O" are astonishing. The arena stage helps, since action initiated offstage picks up tremendous momentum by the time it hits the stage: Guthrie sends soldiers winging down the aisles like javelins.

He is a master of crowd scenes, never moving bunches of people about aimlessly or frantically. Like the great film directors, D. W. Griffith and Eisenstein, he achieves compositions of masses in motion that have esthetic force and balance. When the soldiers circle their king, they are humble spokes of fealty wheeling around the hub of majesty. Men wounded and dying are draped onstage with the comely anguish of *Pietàs* of the battlefield.

If Guthrie competes handsomely with the Olivier film, his leading actor does not. The pattern of George Grizzard's gifts and limitations comes clearer with each performance he gives. When there is a broad streak of nastiness in a character, Grizzard plays the role splendidly, but something sly, evasive and insecure in his countenance and bearing saps all conviction from his attempts to play parts like Hamlet and Henry V. His "Once more unto the breach, dear friends" and St. Crispin's Day ("we happy few") speeches are not plunges of passion but sputterings of saliva.

MINNEAPOLIS MORNING TRIBUNE

GRIZZARD ATOP CANNON IN "HENRY V"
In the acrid air of combat, an ode for all warriors.

Henry V alternates between high spirits and desolation of spirit, and Grizzard is best when the morale of the play and the troops is lowest. When one of Henry's brothers, Gloucester, speaks fearfully of the French, the king quietly says, "We are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs." Again, Grizzard is touchingly good as he comforts his tattered band on the eve of Agincourt with "a little touch of Harry in the night." On balance, however, he does not drive the play forward. He is hauled through it, rather like the cannon.

Saint Joan. Bernard Shaw has aged greatly since his death. His plays are beginning to settle like old houses. More and more cracks show in the dramatic structure. The carpeting of ideas is faded, overfamiliar and, in spots, threadbare. Even the wit is surprisingly creaky: "Oh! You are an Englishman, are you?" "Certainly not, my lord: I am a gentleman." The ghost of Shaw haunts all the rooms, but his voice sounds more garrulous than eloquent, and he speaks with pedantry rather than passion.

The play is more than ever a star vehicle, since only star fire will kindle the dramatic deadwood. As Joan, Ellen Geer puts her teeth into the part and not much else. There have been earthy peasant Joans (Siobhan McKenna) and eternal-child Joans (Julie Harris). At a guess, Director Douglas Campbell or Actress Geer conceived of the saint as tomboy. This tomboy Joan wants to conquer the English at Orléans for the sheer roughhousing fun of it. Thus, when she is captured, imprisoned and questioned by her inquisitors, it is merely as if her playmates were being taken away from her, and there is no anguishing foretaste of martyrdom.

The rest of the cast cannot fill the vacuum left by this Joan, but George Grizzard achieves a telling comic portrait of the Dauphin. He is petulant, epicene; he oozes suppressed venom. Wandering erratically about the stage like an uncooped hen, he scratches up laugh after laugh.

Time has worked a peculiar irony on playwrights like Shaw and Ibsen. Their liberal, independent-minded heroes and heroines are beginning to sound like stubborn, self-willed children who refuse to grow up to reality. At the same time, ironically, their reactionary clerics and villainous statesmen are beginning to sound like paragons of good sense. The doctrine Shaw preaches in *Saint Joan* is every woman her own woman, every man his own king and commoner, his own lawgiver and lawbreaker, his own god and creature. The very adoption of these ideas has exposed their limitations as panaceas for a better and happier world.

Shaw persisted in thinking that total freedom fosters total reason and total reason begets complete virtue. He used his pen like a sword, and plays that live by the polemical sword die that way.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MOVIES

King of the Birds

The waves that day on the beach on Kauai had muscle behind them, and the woman went under almost instantly. The man fought the current to get to her, but wound up 50 yards farther out and some 100 yards from shore. Friends heard the couple cry for help, but could not buck the waves. In the end it took four men, one surfboard, one rope and the local fire department to bring them in. The woman was in pretty good shape, but the man was unconscious and needed artificial respiration, was carted home on a stretcher and put to bed. Friends were astonished when he got up at 7 o'clock sharp the following morning and started on his day's work. But then, Frank Sinatra was not in Hawaii to drown. He was there to establish that he is not only a bang-up movie star and the top vocalist in all the world, but also to launch a new career as a film director.

Sinatra is 48 years old, and it is his first time out on a job to which he brings no technical experience. But he has always had what it takes to come out on top—wherever the game, whatever the odds.

Everyone's Freddy. "My desire to direct," he says, "became acute about five years ago." It took almost that long to find and prepare a suitable script, and *None but the Brave* seems worth the delay. A sort of World War II in miniature, the story tells of two groups of Japanese and American soldiers on a Pacific island who bicker internally and battle externally until they are driven to declare a truce. But the hard-won armistice ends in mutual and inevitable annihilation. Defined by the director as "an integrated picture," its stars are 17 Japanese actors who cannot speak English,* 18 Americans who insist that they can, and Sinatra's singing son-in-law, Tommy Sands (married to Sinatra's daughter Nancy). The old man himself steps in front of the camera to play a small part as a boozing, brawling Navy pharmacist, runs back behind it crying "Perfect! Cut!" after completing a scene.

But on the job, Sinatra is a fulltime professional who personally supervises every phase of production from the ordering of ten gallons of concentrated "blood" (needed to provide 50 gallons of gore when mixed with water) to learning the script so thoroughly that he never has to look at the screenplay. He knows every cast and crew member by name, though he calls most of the Japanese "Freddy," thinks privately "they should all be called Kim." The cast and crew are impressed. A prop man claims "He really *listens* to you." Actor Tatsuya Mihashi, "the Japanese Robert Taylor," calls him a director "who knows what secrets an actor should have." U.S. Actor Brad Dexter credits him with "tremendous radar." Uniformly, they are agreed that only the movie is an unknown quantity. Director Sinatra is visibly a pro.

No More Clyde. It seems an odd role for a fellow who was supposed to end his days as a careless carouser and muscular seducer. But then times have changed. The celebrated Rat Pack has dispersed and left its leader not much the worse for wear, and maybe just a little bit better. Even the widely publicized vocabulary that once cluttered to the smallest lingual group on the globe has changed; gone with the wind are "Dullsville," "Spooksville," and "Clyde." Sinatra's new lingo consists largely of a single all-purpose noun—"bird"—that has a thousand meanings. Sinatra loves them all, last week inquired of a friend, "Did you get any orchids in your bird over the weekend?" and said of a bumbling Hollywood producer, "He does have a way of stepping on his bird."

He has a rented $2,000-a-month beach-front house, which the owner has decorated (for $20,000) in orange. The draperies, ashtrays, towels and dishes are orange. And so are the silk pajamas Sinatra sits around in, drinking Jack Daniels whisky, which is reddish-brown but which goes well with what the rat pack calls the "national color."

* In the film, English subtitles will do it for them.

DON CRAVENS

SINATRA WITH CAMERA

WITH JAPANESE SOLDIER

Desire became acute.

WITH DAUGHTER

TELEVISION

Poor Emmy

The movies have Oscars, the theater Tonys, so in 1948 television got itself Emmys.

It might better have got itself a case of foot-and-mouth disease. For one thing, there are so many TV programs that nobody can begin to see them all. Then there are the absurd lengths to which the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences has gone to spread the joy around, with complicated categories that still leave such impossible competitions as this year's between Leonard Bernstein and Vic Damone for the Outstanding Program Achievement in the Field of Music. And to make it even sillier, the networks often pay for their employees' memberships in the academy—big heartedness that fosters the cynical notion that network loyalty is expected come ballot time.

Last week, with the awards due on May 25, CBS News Chief Fred Friendly came right out and called Emmy a tart. "Insofar as CBS News is concerned," he wrote in a memo to the staff, "we have not and shall not purchase memberships for our employees, we shall not participate in the awards ceremonies, and I recommend that we even desist from voting in this so-called competition."

President James T. Aubrey Jr. followed suit for the entire CBS network, and so did President Thomas Moore of ABC although many CBS and ABC shows are independently produced. That left NBC and Emmy going strong by default, at least until May 25. The network rose gallantly to the occasion, tongue-lashing the girl's deserters as "classic of sham and hypocrisy," "an effective publicity stunt," "Cuma about what they would do about a flock of absentee award winners," and well give the show its highest Nielsen rating yet.

The lady's last gasp may be her finest moment.

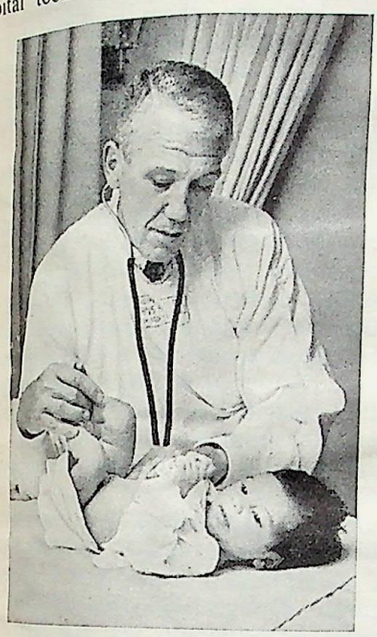
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

GENETICS

The Improvement of Man

"The most striking advance in the biological sciences in this century has been the cracking of the genetic code." After that ringing statement, Pediatrician Robert E. Cooke's address at the 75th anniversary celebration of Baltimore's prestigious Johns Hopkins Hospital took on a different tone: "The application of these findings to man's improvement has resulted in a negative contribution." No man could have been more anxious to see hope of positive gain in the genetic findings. Dr. Cooke, 43, has two children handicapped by mental retardation, some forms of which are now known to be linked with genetic abnormalities.



DR. COOKE & PATIENT
Immaturity is a blessing.

Dr. Cooke explained his down-to-earth conclusion simply: "The genetic message is an assembly of so many small pieces that improvement by planned rearrangement seems virtually impossible." Yet he was not altogether pessimistic. Genetics, he suggested, can play a useful role, "not as the primary modifier of men," but as one of the many branches of scientific research which together will find ways to recognize those victims of genetic misfortune who can be most helped by special care. Already, Dr. Cooke notes, it has been shown that some victims of mongolism can attain I.Q.s as high as 80.

The main feature of the Hopkins' anniversary celebration was the dedication of a new $15 million Children's Medical and Surgical Center, with Dr. Cooke as pediatrician-in-chief. Thus he added: "I speak not of the achievements of men, but of the contributions of the child to man and of higher horizons to be attained thereby."

The fact that human young are born more helpless than those of most animals, and remain dependent longer than any others, is sometimes seen as a disadvantage. Not so, said Dr. Cooke: "The greatest single advantage that the species *Homo sapiens* possesses is to be born immature and to remain immature for a long time." It is this, he declared, that creates the opportunity for the improvement of man. He suggested that it is not so important to know how much intelligence is determined by inheritance and how much it is affected by environment, as to know how each of these factors affects it. Some day, he concluded hopefully, man can learn to make "a considerable increase in his intellectual performance."

PEDIATRICS

A New Kind of Hospital

The physical plant of the Hopkins Children's Center (*see above*) is as different from that of an ordinary hospital as Dr. Robert E. Cooke and other inventive pediatricians could make it. Not surprisingly, it boasts almost as much space for researchers' laboratories as for its 270 children's beds and medical and nursing services. But the hospital is built on the premise that a sick child is not simply a small replica of a sick adult.

Permissive Faces. When an adult is sick, the Hopkins pediatricians hold, he wants to suffer in privacy. Not the child: his medical progress may be hindered by the strange and awesome structure and atmosphere of the ordinary hospital. He wants things to be like home. He wants to see other children, sick or well, and he wants to be seen. So although virtually all the new children's hospital beds are on the two-to-a-room plan, the rooms themselves are divided by glass walls above a three-foot dado. If the kids make faces at each other through the glass, that is fine with today's permissive doctors. For nursing or medical privacy, curtains are drawn to cover the glass.

Every child well enough to get out of bed takes his meals in one of the playrooms that double as dining rooms and classrooms. Unless the doctor orders otherwise, patients may indulge the common childhood taste for hot dogs and hamburgers. They are spared broccoli and beets (rated as "inedibles" by the center's dietitians) and have a wide choice of other vegetables. Hopkins dietitians have learned that children in hospitals do not go for pie, so they offer a choice of ice cream, cake, cookies, puddings and fruit.

Preemie Protection. Mothers of very sick children may sleep in, at $6.50 a night (including breakfast and lunch). For the most helpless of all immature humans, the premature baby, there is a special wing consisting of six rooms, each containing four incubators. As each room is emptied, it is completely sterilized, thus greatly reducing the risk of infection for the next occupants. (With a single, large preemie ward, which can never be emptied, this practice is impossible.) And preemies enjoy an electronic monitoring system which, the Hopkins believes, is the first of its kind in the world. Under each armpit of the preemie an electrode is taped. One records the baby's temperature, the other its heartbeat. Both signals are transmitted to a central nursing station and can be wired to sound an alarm if either measurement gets out of line.

As an overall protection to reduce the risk of infection, the entire pediatric hospital wing is not only comfortably air-conditioned, but is kept under higher pressure than the outside air. In

HENRY GROSSMAN

PLAYROOM AT THE HOPKINS CHILDREN'S CENTER
Not just small replicas of sick adults.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

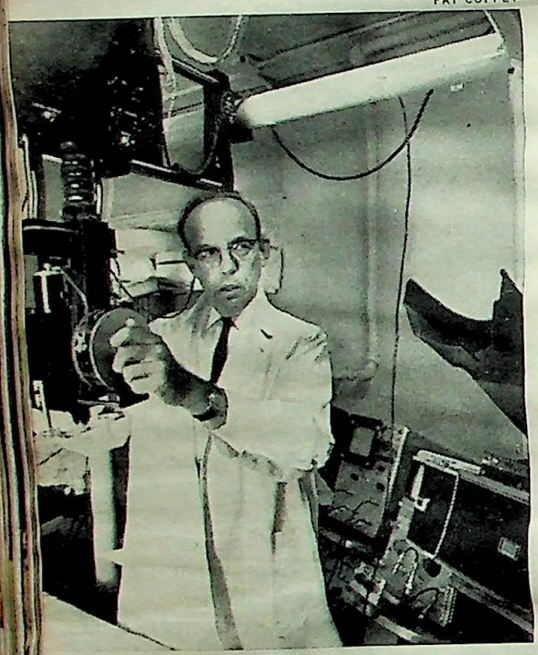
operating rooms and preemie rooms, the air pressure is still higher. Whenever a door is opened, air moves out, and no rush of incoming air can carry germs from personnel to patients.

DIAGNOSIS

Pictures By Sound

For millions of years, bats and porpoises have been using ultrasonic echoes to locate their prey. Now physicians and surgeons are learning to use the same technique to hunt for different targets. With pulses of "sound" far too high for human hearing, they are locating tumors that must be cut out, livers that must be treated for cirrhosis, babies' heads that are too big to pass through the mother's pelvic arch, even

PAT COFFEY



DR. HOLMES & ULTRASOUND SCANNER
Silent, harmless and painless.

fast-beating heart-valve leaflets that need to be repaired.

For Pregnant Women. One of the leading U.S. ultrasound diagnosticians, Dr. Joseph H. Holmes, 55, head of the kidney-disease division at the University of Colorado Medical Center in Denver, has been working since 1951 on three basic machines to perform a variety of diagnostic feats. While he grants that ultrasound is still subordinate to X ray in some respects, he is equally convinced that it can do many things that X rays cannot do.

Ultrasound's advantage comes clearest in the case of pregnant women. No one wants to subject them to X rays because of possible harm to mother and foetus. In Denver, Dr. Holmes's colleagues have measured the skull diameter of unborn babies accurately to within one-eighth of an inch in 95 of 100 cases. And there is no evidence that ultrasound, properly used, has any harmful effects even on such sensitive targets as the unborn child, the reproductive system, or the human eye.

Equally important, unlike some of the more complex X-ray methods, ultrasound diagnosis is completely painless and does not require even a local anesthetic. The simpler machines used in many procedures are portable and can be taken to the patient's bedside or to the emergency room. The cost to the hospital is about the same as for X-ray machines, from $3,500 to $15,000, depending on purpose and complexity. Cost to the patient is about the same as for X rays.

Hold That Shot. In the simplest procedures, a pulse generator sends bursts of current to a crystal, which then produces sonic energy at frequencies ranging from one million to as high as 10 million cycles per second. The pulses pass through a transducer, a combined transmitter-receiver the size of a microphone, which may be simply moistened with water and held against a patient's skull. For a pregnant woman, the transducer is held against the abdomen, which is smeared with light oil.

The crystal puts out from 200 to 400 bursts of ultrasound every second. The silent intervals give it time to pick up the echoes, which are then converted into electrical impulses and fed into an oscilloscope. More complex scanners can give the equivalent of a three-dimensional picture. On the oscilloscope screen, the ultrasound echoes make a picture that may look like Lord Cornwallis' breastworks at Yorktown. Additional circuitry can make the oscilloscope hold the picture long enough for the doctor to snap a photograph of it.

How Thick a Liver. What ultrasound registers best is the "interface" where one kind of tissue with a certain amount of resistance meets another with a different resistance. An examining physician can press on a patient's belly to feel how big his liver is, but he cannot get a clear outline of the liver, let alone tell how thick it is. With a simple twist of the dials, the ultrasound scanner will pick up first the near surface of the liver, then the back surface, and measure the distance between them, thus telling the doctor how much the liver is enlarged.

Ultrasound clearly outlines the excess fluid (ascites) in the abdomen of patients with many types of disease. Glasgow's Dr. Ian Donald has perfected his technique to the point where he can distinguish between an abdomen with ascites caused by a benign tumor, and one with ascites caused by cancer.

Brain surgeons are not uniformly enthusiastic about ultrasound and still rely heavily on X rays. But even skeptics concede that, as a first screening procedure, the new technique has the great advantage of simplicity and painlessness. It may spare many patients the heroic procedure of having air injected into the brain cavities (ventriculography). Some British neurosurgeons report better than 90% accuracy for ultrasound in determining whether a brain tumor or a hemorrhage is present, and if so, where.

SPORT

BASEBALL

Mays in May

They say it can never be done ag... In 1941, Boston's Ted Williams b... .406 for the season, and no one... either league has come close s... There are too many night games, ... many coast-to-coast plane flights, ... many tough young pitchers with ... big new strike zone to shoot at. ... then this year, there is Willie M... and Stan Musial sums it up pretty ... ly when he says: "Common sense ... you nobody can hit .400—but if ... body can, it's Mays."

80 Points Ahead. At 33, and in ... 14th season with the San Franc... (ex-New York) Giants, Wondrous ... lie is hitting like every lick is his l... So far this year, he has hit safely ... 24 of his first 27 games, includin... 20-game streak, and leads the Na... al League in just about everything ... (46), home runs (14), runs scor... (29), runs batted in (35). His aver... for 109 trips to the plate: .422 ... points ahead of Williams at the s... stage of the 1941 season.

Opposing pitchers have tried ev... thing except serving up pingpong b... "I thought I'd experiment on him," mutters Dodger Ace Don Drysdale ... threw a change-up that was high, ... side, and right in his wheelhouse. ... like to killed Junior Gilliam with ... drive down the third-base line." Wil... teammates hardly know what to exp... next. In Houston last week, G... Pitcher Juan Marichal, whose own ... record has helped keep San Franc... in the race for first place since the s... of the season, walked up to Willie ... mock anger: "You didn't hit any h... ers the last time I pitched—you ... me two." "Have a heart," chi... Mays. "This is a big ballpark." He ... slammed one into the left-field se... the third inning, put a second in ... right-centerfield seats (with a ma... base) in the fifth, for good mea... singled to left in the seventh, dr... in yet another run. Score: Giant... Colts 0.

Fights & Friends. "You always ... better when you get peace of m... says Willie. But for most of the ... three years, the Say-Hey Kid has ... had much of that. In 1961, his ex... Marghuerite won a $15,000-a-year ... tlement (plus fees), and all during ... 1962 season, her lawyer was dra... suing for payment. At one point, ... lie's debts topped $100,000, and ... lawyers recommended bankr... That year, Mays led the league in h... runs, batted .304—and collapsed ... nervous exhaustion in the dugout ... September. Starting the 1963 sea... he went through the first month ... nervous, and hitting a dismal .2... If ever a feller needed a friend ... was Willie. And sure enough, ...

TIME, MAY 22

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

dian angel appeared: Jacob Shemano, 51, president of San Francisco's Golden Gate National Bank. Jake Shemano looks more like a Hollywood Buddha than a banker; he favors green velvet shirts, smokes English Ovals like he was trying to give up Bantron, and originally became a good friend of Willie Mays, he explains, because "I am a very athletically inclined person myself." By mid-1963, he had talked Mays into depositing every cent of his $105,000 salary into the trust department of Golden Gate National, started paying off Willie's debts and was doling out a living allowance of $20,000 a year—no more, no less.

Following Orders. As far as Say-Hey is concerned, Jake Shemano is "the best friend I have in the world." Mays has learned to live on his allowance, and when he is not over at the Shemanos', he lounges happily in his $100,000 cocoa-and-white split-level pad in the fashionable Forest Hill neighborhood of San Francisco, watches TV on one of his three sets, and keeps open house for the neighborhood kids.

The only thing that makes Willie nervous now is all the chatter about his hitting. "If I'm doing good," he says, "I don't like to discuss it. I'm just doing what I've always done. Hit .400? Man, that's silly. All I want to do is hit .300, and that's hard enough these days."

For Wondrous Willie, the statisticians figure, it would be especially hard. To get back down to .300, he has to goof up his next 44 trips to the plate.

HORSE RACING

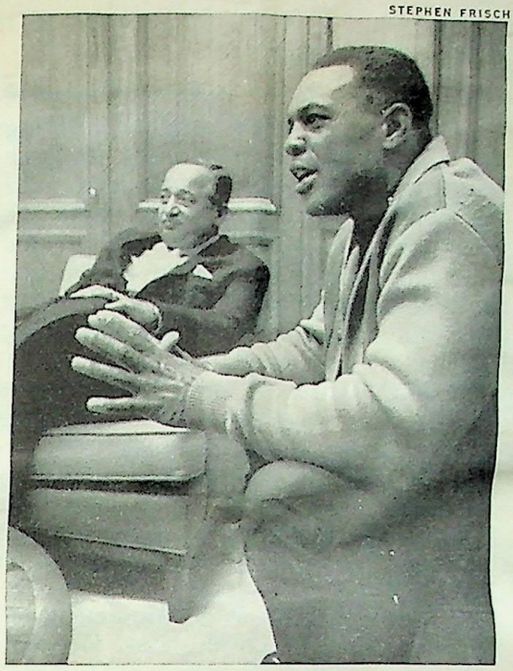
Two for the Money

Horse racing's an opium dream beyond all dreams ever spun,
Where every sad bloke in the mob should have won every race that was run.

—Grantland Rice

To hear the experts tell it, every horse in the field had a chance—except maybe Big Pete. Big Pete was a sprinter, a good one to be sure, but at the 1⅛-mile distance of the Preakness, he figured to wind up, as horsemen say, "absolutely"—meaning somewhere up the track. But The Scoundrel, Quadrangle and Roman Brother had won five races and $188,000 this year among them. And then there was Hill Rise, beaten by a neck in the Kentucky Derby, gaining with every stride. Should've won, the experts said, and a steal, even at 4-5.

What about Northern Dancer, E. P. Taylor's Canadian-bred colt that won the Derby? Lucky, they said. Too small, they said. On the day of the race, the New York Journal-American published its handicappers' selections, and only one out of twelve picked the Dancer to win. The Morning Telegraph was only slightly more encouraging: one out of eight. A well-known trainer went so far as to predict that Northern


STEPHEN FRISCH

JAKE SHEMANO & WILLIE
An angel at the Golden Gate.

Dancer "won't even be on the board when the race is over."

Trainer Horatio Luro and Jockey Bill Hartack had other ideas. At the break, Hartack gently urged Northern Dancer into third place—two lengths behind Big Pete and Quadrangle, a neck ahead of Hill Rise. "Hill Rise was the horse I had to beat," he said. "The track was very tiring, and I wasn't worried about the horses out front—I knew that they would come back to me." For nearly a mile, Northern Dancer and Hill Rise ran practically side by side. Then, on the final turn, Jockey Willie Shoemaker made his bid on Hill Rise. At the same instant, Hartack flicked the Dancer's reins. "That was it," said Hartack. "It was a battle for position—and I won the battle." Hill Rise faded abruptly. Northern Dancer drew out to win by 2¼ lengths.

The lucky little horse had done it again, $124,200 worth—running his lifetime bankroll to $519,000. Just one more victory, in next month's mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes, and he would become the first Triple Crown winner since Citation in 1948. Northern Dancer went back to his hay bale. And Bill Hartack went straight to the shower. "The Belmont," he said, "is just another horse race."

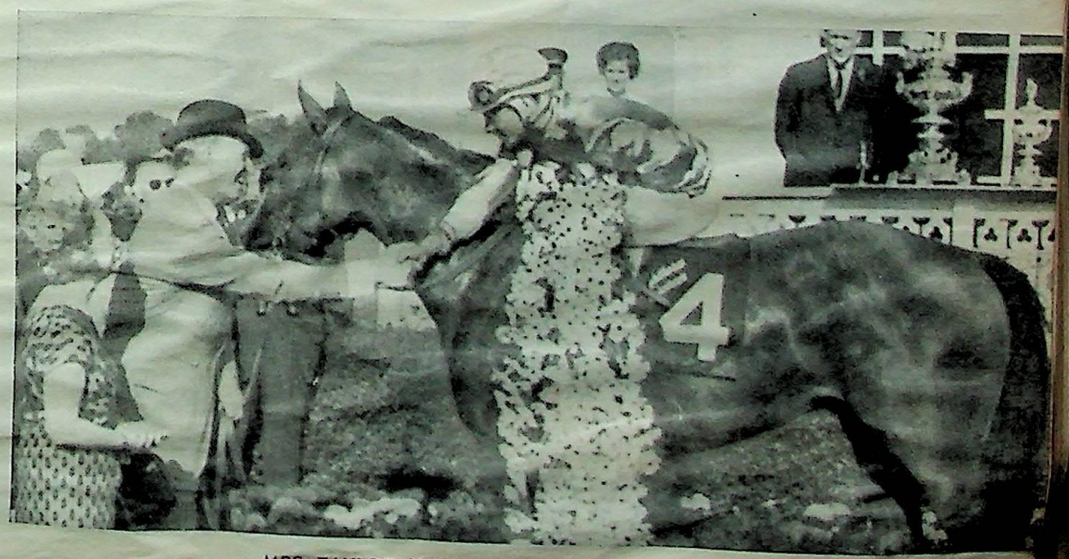
SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▶ Harvard's crew: the Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges sprint championships, by a length, at Lake Quinsigamond, Mass. *Despite* choppy water *and a 15-knot* headwind, the unbeaten Crimson crewmen *stuck to their* shovel-like smooth-water oars, leaped into the lead at the start of the 2,000-meter race, and held on to edge Cornell, chalk up their fourth straight victory, and establish themselves as a top candidate to represent the U.S. at next autumn's Olympics in Tokyo.

▶ Britain's Graham Hill, 35: the Grand Prix of Monaco, first race counting toward the world driving championship. *Urging his* B.R.M. *into the lead* on the 53rd lap, the mustachioed Hill zipped through Monte Carlo's narrow streets at a record average of 72.6 m.p.h. to beat the U.S.'s Richie Ginther by one lap and win the 195-mile race for the second straight year. Scotland's Jimmy Clark, the 1963 Grand Prix champion, was forced to abandon his Lotus when it lost oil pressure six miles from the finish.

▶ Grambling College's sprint relay team (TIME, May 15): a clean sweep at the Los Angeles Coliseum Relays, winning the 440-yd. relay in 40.2 sec. and the 880 in 1 min. 23.8 sec. In other events, Villanova University tied the world record with a 7 min. 19 sec. clocking in the two-mile relay; California's Dallas Long easily won the shotput with a toss of 65 ft. 5½ in. (14 in. shy of his pending world record); and Arizona State's Henry Carr beat Florida A. & M.'s Bob Hayes, the "world's fastest human," in the 200-meter dash.



MRS. TAYLOR, LURO & HARTACK (ON NORTHERN DANCER)
Back to the hay.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Commanding Painter

To some painters these days, the highest ideal is impersonality. They do not sign their works. They are not interested in painting out their mental turmoil on canvas, as were abstract expressionists. One such artist in search of anonymity is Robert Indiana, 36, who adopted that surname from his native state rather than endure the pangs of his actual *identity*.

Nonetheless, last week the young Hoosier was getting quite a name for himself. On the side of the New York State Pavilion at the World's Fair is an Indiana "mural" made up of the letters E, A and T in a crisscross, which draws an occasional visitor in search of hot dogs or pizza. It is supposed to flash on and off with hundreds of lights, but every time the fair people plug it in, it blows its own fuse. His poster for the opening of the ballet theater hangs in Lincoln Center. A show of recent work opened at Manhattan's Stable Gallery, and to top it off, somebody who obviously cared stole one of his paintings from another gallery.

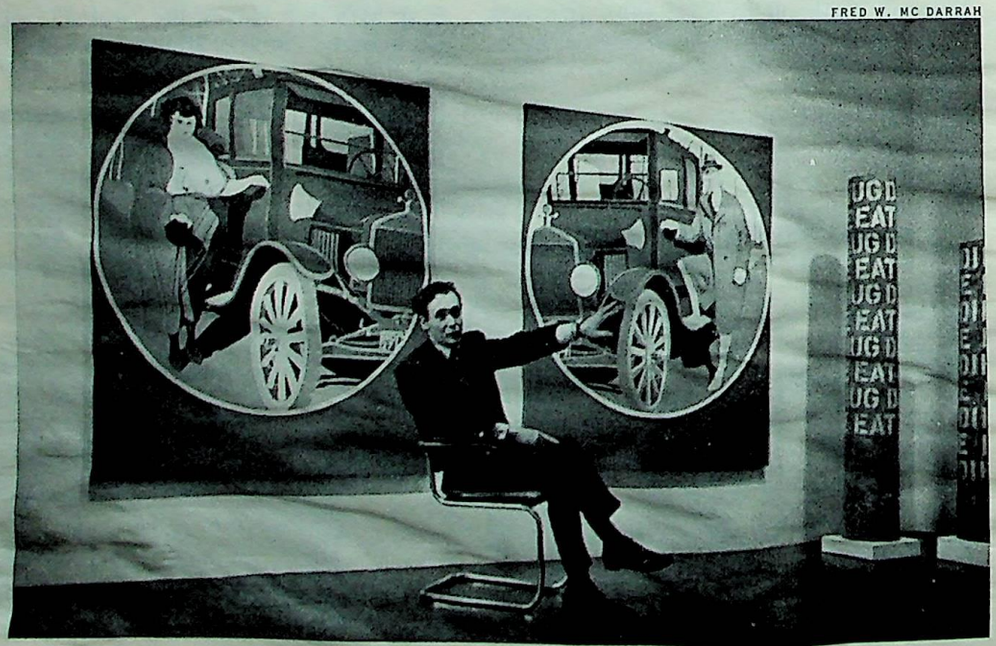
ERR? Indiana is primarily known for his emblematic circles set in plane-geometry shapes like road signs. Their bright, unmixed colors are so unpainterly that his brush stroke cannot be detected, because, as he says, "impasto is visual indigestion." Usually they are ringed with inscriptions: phrases from Melville and Whitman, or commands in broken stencil type such as EAT, HUG, LOVE, DIE, or ERR. These curt verbs, he believes, represent the vocabulary of the American dream, the "optimistic, generous, and naive" philosophy of plenty that is often mistaken for all the philosophy that the U.S. lives by.

Though Pop artists shun identifying the social satire in their work, Indiana admits that he thinks "it is pretty hard to swallow the whole thing about the American dream. It started from the day the Pilgrims landed, the dream, the idea that Americans have more to eat than anyone else. But I remember going to bed without enough to eat."

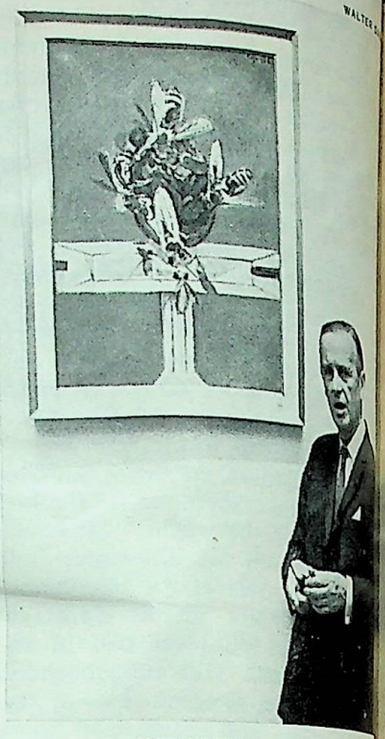
YIELD? Indiana spent nine years studying art, right through a fellowship to the University of Edinburgh. Nevertheless, he believes that art should not demand head-scratching analysis. His esthetic is frankly skin-deep, but "its comprehension can be as immediate as a crucifixion." So can his emblems, during these times of integration struggles, that proclaim YIELD BROTHER. His newest work, a diptych called *A Mother Is a Mother* and *A Father Is a Father*, returns to the figure, shows a barefoot man in hat and overcoat and a disheveled, bare-breasted, scarlet-coated woman, each getting out of a Model T Ford. The figures are Indiana's parents, and the license-plate date is the year before his birth. "I have a notion that I was conceived in the back seat of a tin lizzie," Indiana explains.

Indiana's ancestors in hard-edge imagery are Charles Sheeler, Charles Demuth, and other U.S. precisionists; the lettering is akin to Stuart Davis. His waterfront studio overlooks the Brooklyn Bridge, and among his recent works are images that recall Joseph Stella's adoration of the bridge in paint. But Indiana circles them with poetry from Hart Crane, as he circles salvaged sailing-ship masts in his show with staccato words. Commanding, yes, but the weakness of his work is that the wordiness relates more to literature than painting, and the forms more to highly repetitive geometry than art.

FRED W. MC DARRAH



INDIANA & DIPTYCH
The American dream in one-syllable words.



SUTHERLAND & "BEES"
Reality in a polyp's plop.

A Harsh Ecology

Graham Sutherland began his ca... as an engineer, and underneath his ... brushwork there still are ruled lines ... lend a cubistic solidity to his work. ... has designed posters, ceramics, a tap... try for the new Coventry cathedral. ... portraits of Winston Churchill, Som... set Maugham, Lord Beaverbrook ... masterful interpretations of charac... But when Sutherland works impulsive... he always returns to surreal scenes ... natural forms, 25 of which went ... view last week in Manhattan's ... Rosenberg & Co. galleries.

His aim, says Sutherland, is "to c... and pin down the essence of that as... of reality which moves me—to fix ... mark out the shape of my sensation." Sutherland's sensations when he fi... nature are far from rhapsodic. He is ... a perverse Picasso run riot in a ... table patch: he draws polyps plopp... limply atop earthen walls, a skull lo... ing as if it were a spider's web pos... from a lattice of green leaves. Once ... caught a huge toad, put it in a jar ... made 50 drawings of it. "He was ... very bad sitter," said Sutherland, ... turned his back on me all the time."

Sutherland, 60, searches for what ... calls "emotional paraphrases of reali... He sketches while roaming the E... lish countryside or the foothills of ... French Maritime Alps near his ho... in sunny Menton. But he says: "C... you imagine anything more boring ... painting mountain gorges?" And w... emerges on canvas, as recollected ... his studio, is less like Turner than ... work of his close friend Francis Ba... the painter of screaming popes. Sut... land's is a world that bristles with ... artichokes and cacti or the angular ... tures of grasshoppers and mantises. ...

In *Torso*, the artist paraphrases ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BRITAIN'S BRUTAL NATURALIST

"Torso"

Graham Sutherland leans a mangled body against the drag of gravity, as if to show man racked by his struggle with hellish nature.

"The Fountain"

While water bathed in mossy hues trickles from a tranquil fount, a snake abruptly slithers up, suggesting Eden rather than Elysium.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The gracious household of Shoko Yamamoto

Happiness flourishes in the Japanese household . . . where courtesy is a way of life

Earliest steps are directed toward bea

Secret of airline service unique in all the world

As Shoko Yamamoto welcomes you aboard, you immediately sense the delightful difference of Japan Air Lines. Here in the cabin of a magnificent modern Jet Courier, Shoko and her sister hostesses create for you the serenity of classic Japan.

Part of their secret is Japan's gracious code of etiquette, cherished like a family treasure, practiced by daughters of the household since antiquity. The smallest service is performed with courtesy, warmth, and charm—as you discover to your delight on JAL. How gracefully your kimono-clad hostess offers warmed *sake* and *tsumami-mono* delicacies . . . later your favorite continental cuisine . . . attends your every wish amid the classic Japanese surroundings of your Courier cabin.

This unique hospitality, plus JAL's dependable airmanship, is yours on JAL the world around. Throughout the Orient, JAL's swift Jet Couriers shuttle between Tokyo and Hong Kong—direct, or v —and between Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore, and Djak jets also link Tokyo with Okinawa and, now, Tokyo w

To the U.S.A., JAL offers 14 flights a week—all via sunn where you can stop over, if you wish, at no extra fare. M evening Tokyo departures give you added flexibility in plan venient stopovers and fast connections.

To Europe, you can choose from two JAL routes. Take JA Road" through the Middle East via Calcutta and Karachi. O Tokyo, fly to Europe direct, over the fast Polar route.

Wherever you fly, enjoy the unique pleasures of flying J the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound. Y agent or nearest JAL office can give you complete details.

JAPAN AIR LIN

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

omy down to a mere presence, where its force is greater than in a slickly limned nude. In *The Fountain*, he portrays humid decay draping blunt forms that seem relics of a distant past. There is always agony in Sutherland's garden—or at least, as his biographer, Douglas Cooper, dryly admits, "little evidence of gaiety."

Thumbs Under the Hammer

Gentle, high-minded and peaceable stands the artist at his easel, mind, heart and soul intent on creation. Shrewd, suspicious and materialistic stands the artist in the marketplace, protecting his interests with a zeal that would make a pawnbroker blush. The most meaningful U.S. marketplace is the auction room at Parke-Bernet Galleries in Manhattan; and when Parke-Bernet announced for last week an end-of-season clearance sale of modern masters that promised to set prices, the art world got alert.

The loudest fury raged around three paintings presented as works of Jackson Pollock. The Van Gogh of the abstract expressionists has sold in private dealings of his best work for more than $100,000; a price sharply below that could hurt the Pollock market. His widow, Painter Lee Krasner, who owns many Pollocks, dropped in anxiously on Parke-Bernet to see the works. She pronounced that her husband never dripped these and hurried off to the state attorney general's office to sign a restraining order to stop the sale. Parke-Bernet had no alternative but to withdraw the paintings.

That act, of course, trod hard on the toes of the consigner, a California artist named Manuel B. Tolegian. Though his own work is stolidly academic, he claims that Pollock was a high school chum, a "constant companion," and a co-worker in the 1930s. He, for one, stood behind their authenticity 100%. How could Mrs. Pollock judge the paintings, he asked, when they were done before she knew the artist? "I didn't even know Pollock had a wife until recently," added Tolegian innocently.

There were two other withdrawals. A rather Hartleyesque still life, signed M. H., was blacklisted by a New York expert who knows Marsden Hartley. Then a bumbling Franz Kline was yanked because its owner could not be reached to defend it.

Lost in the shuffle were the prices that other modern works set; most were lower than dealers hoped. A Milton Resnick abstraction brought only $550. A 1948 semiabstract De Kooning brought $9,000. Abstract expressionists won no enthusiasm. A huge Mathieu went for a paltry $5,250. Hartigan hit $3,000 but had a low of $700; Okada hit $2,000, Marca-Relli $3,000. The real surprise of the evening was a quiet, 1952 still life of ceramic ware, plain as a cupboard and less abstract than a Cézanne, by 73-year-old Giorgio Morandi. Winning bid: $9,500.

The global services of Japan Air Lines

...ow—four of JAL's fourteen transPacific jets originate in Hong Kong. No stopovers. The same plane, JAL's "Sunset Express," goes all the way.

JAL

THE PRESS

CENSORSHIP

It's Very Hard to Do, Even in South Africa

In 1951 South Africa's Nationalist Party government, then only three years in office, ordered a sweeping investigation of the press. Party leaders were annoyed by the tendency of the country's English-language papers, which predominate, to criticize nearly everything the government did. A seven-member press commission was appointed to study such unseemly journalistic behavior, and it was granted a free hand and, ultimately, $500,000 to do the job. Last week, more than 13 years later, the commission finally dropped its findings before Parliament.

Dropped was the right word. The report ran to nine thick volumes, 4,262 typewritten pages, and more than 1,000,000 words. Obviously, the commissioners had taken their assignment seriously. One of them had died during the long labor, and five had been replaced. The commission had sifted through truckloads of press dispatches, and had exhausted seven secretaries in reaching its conclusions. Those conclusions added up to an unpleasant surprise. What the commission recommended was nothing short of absolute government control over all press copy leaving South Africa.

Unscrupulously Tendentious. The report proposed registration of all foreign correspondents. It also recommended a Parliament-appointed press council with power to censor all outgoing copy and to levy unlimited—and unappealable—fines against correspondents whose stories failed to meet the government's standards of good journalism.

What those standards were the report made exhaustively clear. Every dispatch examined during the years of inquiry—billions of words in all—was meticulously measured against the commission's four hand-picked news classifications: very bad, bad, faulty and good. Hardly any got a passing score. The proportion of "scandalous lies" in correspondence that got out of the country was put at 90%.

Copy sent to the New York Times and TIME was indicted jointly as "inaccurate, frequently dishonest, overpartisan and hostile to South Africa and whites particularly the Afrikaner and the Nationalist Party." One Times Correspondent, C. S. Sulzberger, was given the distinction of being "100% very bad." Reuters, Ltd., the British wire service, was found guilty of "deliberately hiding the illiteracy and semibarbarism of the mass of the native people."

United Press International transmissions rated no higher: "Blindly [illegible] udiced, unscrupulously tendentious." Associated Press reports "had the

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

pearance of having been made for the purpose of conducting a campaign against South Africa and for use in journals opposed to South Africa, its government and those supporting its traditional race policy."

Verbose Irrelevance. Such overblown nonsense was greeted by jeers from the opposition bench in Parliament. But even Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd himself could not have been entirely pleased. He had, after all, expected something else: a hatchet job on his press critics at home. Verwoerd had not asked for a broadside against the foreign press, nor had he requested concrete proposals of any sort.

It was all extremely embarrassing, as a few bold voices noted as soon as the mocking laughter died. "For verbose irrelevance," said the Johannesburg Star, "the Press Commission's report has no equal in South Africa, and probably few equals anywhere." Observed the Rand Daily Mail, another English-language daily: "This report, read as it stands, will do more damage to South Africa's reputation overseas than 500 of the press messages which it condemns so vigorously." The only foe of *apartheid* in Parliament added what could serve handsomely as the last word. Said Mrs. Helen Suzman, member for the country's Progressive Party (TIME, April 17): "There is nothing more calculated than this report to make South Africa the laughingstock of the civilized world."

MAGAZINES

Si Elle Lit Elle Lit Elle

"My, you look chic, Jeanne," said Mme. Georges Pompidou, wife of France's Prime Minister, to the milkmaid at the Pompidous' country place. Jeanne was indeed a fetching sight: gold sandals, gay striped frock in the latest mode, gleaming pearl fingertips. "*Merci, madame,*" replied Jeanne. Then she explained how a farmer's daughter so far from Paris could keep up so surely with style changes: "I read *Elle*."

Mme. Pompidou also reads *Elle*. So does Mme. Charles de Gaulle. So do 800,000 other French women every week. The numbers justify a popular saying: "*Si elle lit elle lit Elle* (If she reads, she reads *Elle*)." And so, of course, do all the arbiters, pace setters and proprietors of Parisian *haute couture*, the people whose very names spell female elegance around the world: Chanel, Givenchy, St. Laurent, Balenciaga, Dior, Courrèges. None of them stand higher in the world of high fashion than Hélène Gordon Lazareff, 56, the tiny, self-assured, golden-haired editor of *Elle*.

Triumphant Catalogue. *Elle* does not so much reflect fashion as decree it. That sudden hemline plunge that Dior called the New Look did not descend from the salons to the boulevards until Hélène had endorsed it in the pages of her magazine. The *parfum* house of Chanel, which folded its fashion line in 1940, returned to eminence in 1956 by the same route. "Coco would even have launched herself," says Mme. Lazareff modestly, "but we first explained why it wasn't obvious how chic she was. "Everything that goes into the magazine," says Hélène Lazareff, "I must myself. I would rather go astray by something too far out than to be too conservative. I don't worry about what the *couture* thinks. I've given the *couture* much more than I've taken."

In a recent issue, *Elle* catalogued a host of *Elle*-inspired fashion notes that the trade had pirated: Dior's heavy stockings, for example, Nina Ricci's elegant T shirt, everybody's insouciant high boots. When *Elle's* ten-woman fashion crew find nothing worthy in the *boutiques*, they return with suggested Lazareff designs. Couturiers are usually happy to execute them at once, knowing that with *Elle's* imprimatur they are sure to sell.

Like French Bread. As the extension of one woman's confident taste, *Elle* has enlarged its influence steadily since 1945, when Hélène Lazareff published the first issue, on paper so coarse and yellow that it reminded her of French bread. Experience on *Harper's Bazaar* and the women's section of the New York Times while she was a World War II refugee had encouraged her to think she could do as well, if not better, at home in France. Her husband Pierre, editor of Paris' daily France-Soir, indulged the venture by giving it some cramped offices in France-Soir headquarters on the Rue Réaumur. Today *Elle* occupies all the fifth floor, part of the fourth and third.

From birth, *Elle* exhibited a driving urge to counsel the French woman in every facet of her life. That first issue was a cold one, and *Elle* advised its readers to fight the chill in slacks, a suggestion so sensible that it promptly set the postwar style. As the magazine grew, its interests expanded: vacation planning, advice on romance, cooking and sewing instruction, even history in the form of a series of famous accouchements. The contents made *Elle* as attractive to factory girls—21% of its readership—as to manufacturers' wives.

Like a Chanel Gown. Editor Lazareff runs her magazine with the grateful enthusiasm of a woman who has command like a Chanel gown. Visitors to *Elle's* offices—among them dozens regularly sent over by the French Foreign Ministry's section on cultural affairs—frequently remark that all the girls seem to be in uniform. And in a way they are. If Madame shows up one morning in a navy suit, next day navy suits will bloom all over the staff.

But by then, Hélène Lazareff is ready to have demonstrated some new enthusiasm. France's host of other fashion magazines, some 50 in all, can only emulate. They can scarcely compete with an influence so pervasive it can turn a shepherdess into a mannequin.

MAYWALD

EDITOR LAZAREFF IN HER COUNTRY HOUSE OUTSIDE PARIS
Not so much reflecting fashion as decreeing it.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

It's almost criminal the way your magazine is breaking down traditions," complained an elegant woman from Languedoc to an editor from *Elle*. "You can no longer tell the difference between my maid, my neighbor and myself."

SCHOOLS

New Curator for the Fellows

Since 1938, some 300 selected newsmen have left their beats to spend a thoughtful academic year at Harvard, taking whatever courses appealed to them. These permissive annual fellowships were made possible by a gift from Mrs. Lucius W. Nieman in memory of her husband, founder of the Milwaukee Journal. Except for the first year's class when Poet Archibald MacLeish was curator, every Nieman fellow has shared the same counselor during his days at Harvard. But last week Nieman Curator Louis M. Lyons, 66, was preparing to retire.

A taciturn, scholarly, pipe-smoking

LOUIS LYONS — WILL RAPPORT

JAMES KAVALLINES —N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

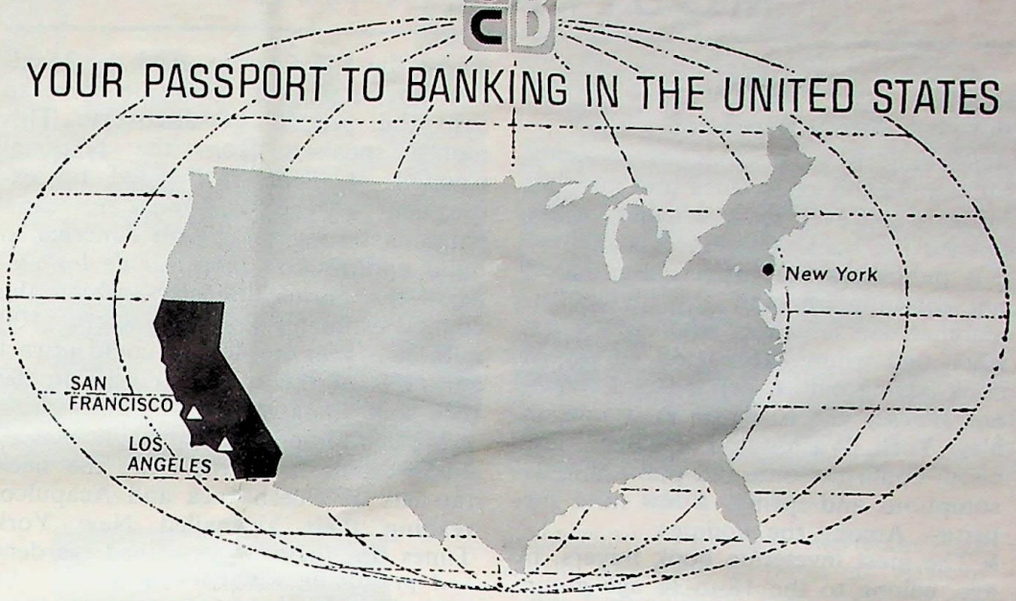
DWIGHT SARGENT

Bostonian who spent most of his professional years on Massachusetts papers, Lyons was a logical choice for the post. His reporting was often concerned with the campus. One of his first scoops, for the Springfield, Mass., Republican, concerned an academic scandal at Amherst College that led to the forced resignation of Amherst President Alexander Meiklejohn. And even before departing the Boston Globe, his last paper, Lyons began doubling as a public relations aide to James B. Conant, then Harvard's president.

To find a successor for Curator Lyons, Harvard President Nathan M. Pusey looked no farther than the Nieman alumni list. There, with a little help from Lyons, Pusey found Dwight E. Sargent, 47, a Nieman fellow (1950-51) who newspapered in Maine and, since 1959, has edited the New York Herald Tribune's editorial page. The transition next July should be smooth. Like Lyons, Sargent warms to journalism's scholastic overtones. Moreover, says Lyons, "he's a very comfortable person to have around." Which was just how Dwight Sargent and all the other fellows felt about Louis Lyons.

UCB

YOUR PASSPORT TO BANKING IN THE UNITED STATES



United California Bank offers you all the services of a fully staffed International Division in Los Angeles and San Francisco and over 160 offices throughout California. Our affiliation with Western Bancorporation International Bank in New York, experts skilled in many fields, and correspondents around the world provide immediate contact with every important world trade center. Whenever you need help in doing business anywhere in the United States, call on the specialists at United California Bank...the bank that does a little more for you.

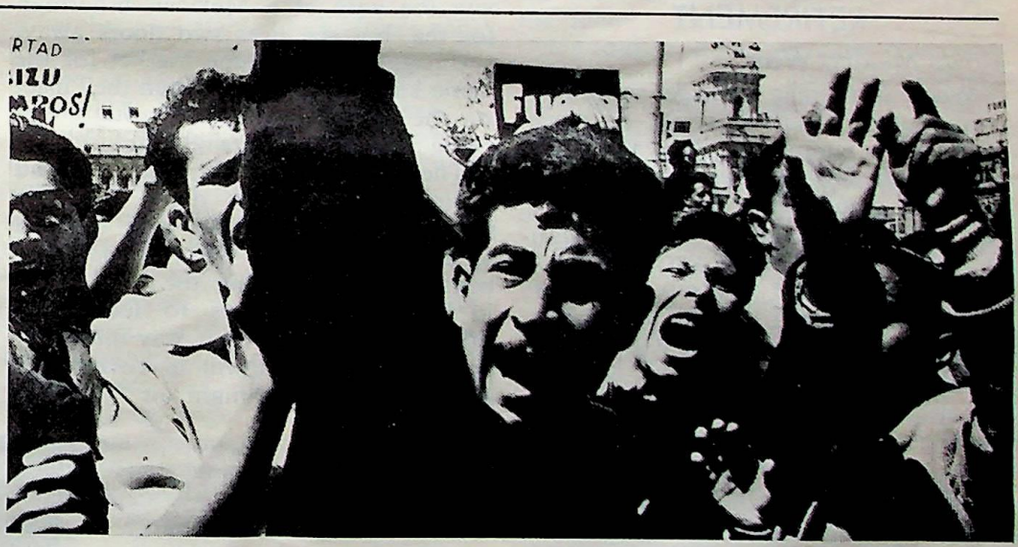
UCB UNITED CALIFORNIA BANK

CAPITAL FUNDS OVER $233,400,000 · RESOURCES OVER $2,900,000,000

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION

Victor R. Rose, Vice President and Manager · Los Angeles Headquarters: 600 S. Spring Street · San Francisco Headquarters: 405 Montgomery Street

Affiliated with Western Bancorporation and its 22 full service commercial banks in the 11 Western States



WHEN THE NEWS BREAKS

TIME puts the pieces together.

You can tune in or read the early editions minutes after an event, and get a story.

TIME however is a weekly report of the news. The timing makes the vital difference. TIME reports the event, and also the background, the meaning, the implications—that larger dimension where we see the news set against the vital issues of today.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LEISURE

But How Many Readers?

Reading is an arcane art. Nobody but a man, his conscience and possibly his wife can ever know whether he has opened the books that line his shelves. But publishers are interested in sales, not consumption, and any market researcher can tell them who buys what, when and where. The latest survey of book-buying habits, printed in *Publishers' Weekly* and based on interviews in New York, Washington and San Francisco, confirms some old publishing assumptions and springs a few mild surprises. Among the findings:

▶ The most inveterate book buyers, by age, belong to the 18-to-34 age group, known in market-research jargon as "the age of acquisition"; roughly half of them bought at least one book in the past month.

▶ 40% of the total population questioned bought one or more books in the past month, and men bought as many as women.

▶ Hardback and paperback sales were evenly divided.

▶ An erudite 9% of the population (representing upper income and education brackets) bought 54% of all the books sold.

RETIREMENT

Down Mexico Way

Where can a man go to get some real living out of a pension check—a place where it's a sunny 70° all year round, where a five-room house can be had for $40 a month and a live-in maid for $16, where the family food bill may be measured in pennies per day, with beer at 8¢ a bottle and gin at 98¢ a quart? The answer to this daydreaming question is not nowhere; it's Mexico.

More and more retired U.S. citizens are discovering a bargain *dolce vita* across the Rio Grande. And the Mexican government is doing its best to help the process of discovery. This month speakers from the National Council of Tourism, headed by ex-president Miguel Alemán, are campaigning throughout North America to build up Mexico's *industria de los viejitos*—the oldster industry—which the council estimates would be worth $400 million a year if Mexico could attract only 1% of the annual retirees in the U.S. and Canada.

Mexico's imported gringos include all kinds. At the peak there are the sleek fat cats of Cuernavaca and Acapulco, reading their air-mailed New York Times in their white-walled gardens and practicing kitchen-Spanish on the servants, who have servants of their own. At the other end of the scale, and potentially more important to both Mexico and the U.S., are Americans with as little as $150 a month, who have worked out a comfortable design for living in such modest places as Chapala and Ajijic.

Paseos & Tortillas. In these two pretty towns on 48-mile-long Lake Chapala, 30 miles south of Guadalajara, some 900 retired men and women from the U.S. are living with—not away from—the Mexicans. The wife of a retired mining engineer may not invite the wife of a Mexican fisherman for tea, but she lives two doors away, she haggles in the same market for the same kind of food, and when they meet on the street, Doña Margarita greets Doña Margaret as a neighbor.

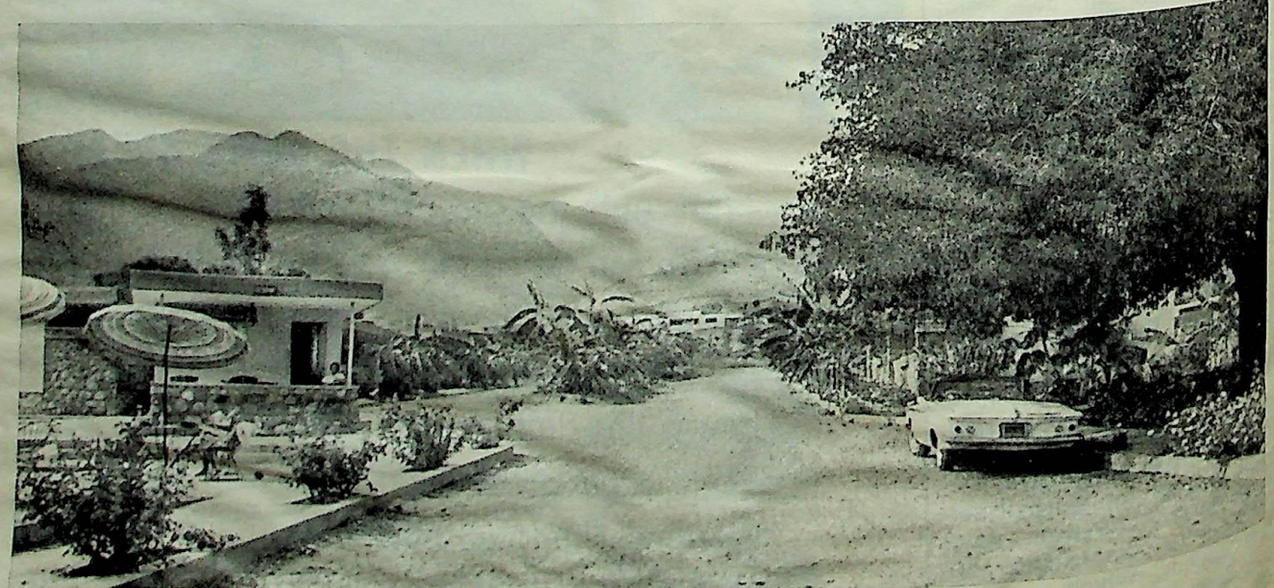
The Americans of Chapala and Ajijic have adopted many Mexican ways as their own. They look forward to the Thursday and Saturday *paseo* of boys and girls circling the town plaza in opposite directions to look each other over and flirt their way into marriage. They are careful to cover their mouths against the night air "to avoid catching cold," and not to gush over a Mexican baby, out of respect for the Indians' belief that this will give the child the evil eye. They say "This is your home" when guests enter their houses, and they serve frijoles instead of potatoes and *tortillas* instead of white bread.

On their part, the Mexicans of Chapala have gained far more than the $200,000 their American neighbors spend there each month and the employment they give to maids and houseboys, gardeners and mechanics. The Americans have helped build a hospital and two schools. Their wants have nudged local markets into a wider range of merchandise.

Happiness with Highballs. Some of the retirees of the area are Korean war veterans living on pensions that are too low to give them the official status of "immigrant retired." This is a category instituted two years ago by the Mexican government, granting to those of 55 and over who have incomes of at least $240 a month for a man (and $80 for his wife and every child of 15 or over) the privilege of entering Mexico duty-free with their own household furniture and a car, of living in the country without the usual and re-entry required every six months for those on tourist visas. After five years' residence, they may become permanent residents of Mexico, with permission to take jobs, and most of the privileges of citizenship except voting.

More affluent retirees are Laurence and Helen Hartmus, both 60, who have lived in Ajijic for ten years, where they bought a four-bedroom house with all modern conveniences plus a swimming pool, garden, garage and workshop for $16,000. Mining Engineer George Mitchell, 64, and his wife Pauline live on some $500 a month, but they find that they spend only about $300 of it, living in a comfortable house and employing two housemaids and a gardener. "We retired here because the climate is the best in the world and living

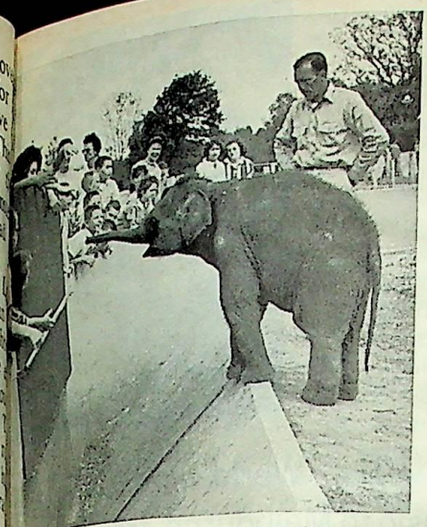
FELIPE CHACÓN



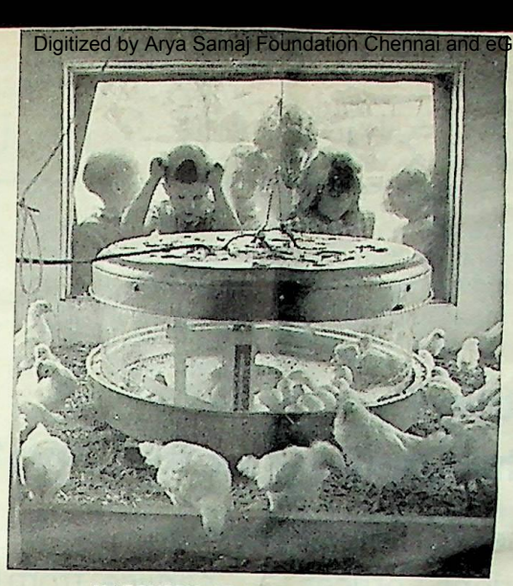
AMERICAN HOMES NEAR LAKE CHAPALA
Where even the servants have servants.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

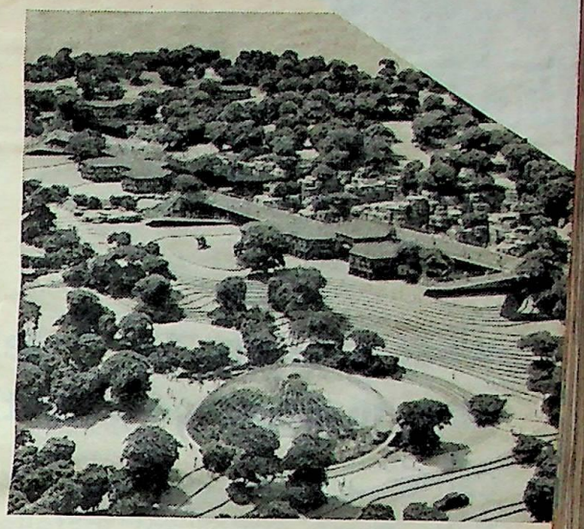
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



TUMTHONG IN ELEPHANT-RAMA



HATCHERY AT INDIANAPOLIS



MODEL FOR OMAHA

so cheap that you can almost laugh," says Mitchell.

Even for the country club set. Dues at the Chapala Country Club are $5.60 a month for two, caddie fees 35¢ for 18 holes, and back at the 19th afterward, a rum highball comes to 16¢.

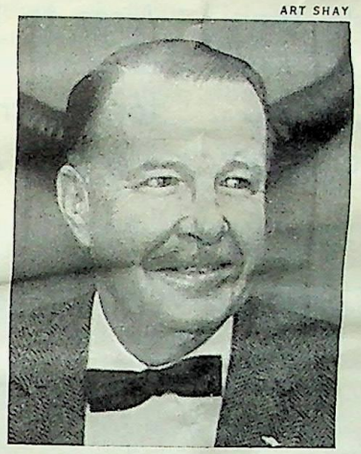
THE CITY

News in Zoos

There seems to be something both pleasing and prestigious in having wild animals where you want them. The bachelor Prince Rainier of Monaco made a lasting impression on Movie Actress Grace Kelly by showing her around his private zoo, and he had plenty of royal precedent. Some 3,000 years ago, Egypt's Empress Hatasu sent out a whole fleet in search of new animals to stock her private menagerie; Emperor Wen, the first of China's Chou dynasty (12th century B.C.), had a collection of animals he called "the Garden of Intelligence"; Roman Emperor Octavius Augustus had no fewer than 420 tigers, 260 lions and 600 assorted other specimens from Africa.

Wild animals are mostly a municipal matter today, but they are more popular than ever. Of the 30 largest cities in the U.S. only two do not have at least one zoo (Minneapolis and Newark). Recently Los Angeles announced plans for a new $6,600,000 zoo designed by Architect Charles Luckman. Indianapolis has just opened a twelve-acre, $800,000 children's zoo as a mere preliminary to a 38-acre main zoo to be added within the next four years.

The Indianapolis children's zoo contains a Japanese garden, with pagoda, pool and bridge, in which a collection of Japanese wildlife run free; a miniature train tours the grounds behind a replica of an 1863 locomotive; a walk-in whale has an aquarium in his stomach; there is an underwater glass panel for viewing submarine life and an underground panel to watch burrowing animals at work. Also "elephant-rama" houses a baby elephant named Tumthong, bought with the nickels and dimes of 100,000 Indianapolis and Marion County schoolchildren. And of course there is a chicken hatchery—a staple of children's zoos because they are not only educational for the small fry but also supply live food for a grownups' zoo's snakes.



ART SHAY

ARCHITECT EVERLY
Behind the moat.

Paddling Through Animals. Dreamer-up of all this zoological ingenuity is North America's No. 1 architect to the animal world, Robert Everly, 58, of Winnetka, Ill. Everly got into zoo designing ten years ago as a byproduct of planning recreation areas, and has traveled all over the world studying old zoos and planning new ones.

Most zoos, says Everly, suffer from lack of long-range planning, plus ignorance on the part of architects, who have a tendency to treat the buildings as monuments, making them too big, impossible to heat, and badly ventilated. Then, too, the modern conception of a zoo's function is quite different from what it was 50 years ago, when the main idea was to display curious creatures. Today the emphasis is on presenting a representative selection of the world's animals in surroundings that simulate their native environments.

Carrying out the principle pioneered by Hamburg's Hagenbeck Zoo, Everly and most modern zoomakers do away with bars and cages as far as possible, separate animals from people by relatively invisible barriers, such as moats —a technique that Chicago's Brookfield zoo and the excellent St. Louis zoo pioneered in the U.S. The most advanced arrangement, to be followed in Los Angeles' new zoo, is to group animals geographically. In Everly's Angrignon Park Zoo in Montreal, he plans an "African Veld" with antelope, eland, ostrich, rhinoceros, hippopotamus; "South American pampas" with tapir, llama, deer; and an "Asian Plain" (antelope, sheep, deer and birds). A navigable river will flow through the zoo's center so that visitors can paddle by and watch the wildlife grazing on the shore.

Everly plots the movements of the humans as carefully in the modern zoo as those of the animals. In the zoo he is building in Omaha, for instance, visitors start at the top of a gentle slope and walk downhill all the way—sometimes above the animals, sometimes on the same level—to meet their buses at the foot.

Up-to-date zoos separate outsiders and inmates with glass—sometimes electrified to discourage assault—which also serves to protect the animals from human germs and the lethal things people are so fond of offering animals to eat. Glass, though, is not for lions. "Enclose a lion in a glass cage and you'll drive him crazy," says Everly.

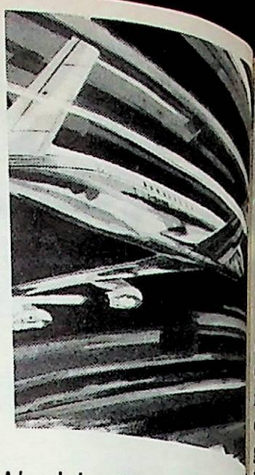
Saving the Species. Zoos are going in for more showmanship, such as the red-light rooms, in which nocturnal animals are tricked by the red lights into thinking day is night, therefore moving around for the audience instead of snoozing the visiting hours away. They are also expanding. San Diego, which already has the largest animal collection in the world, is planning to add six acres, and Zoo Designer Everly currently has enlargement programs under way at Denver, Columbus, Boston and Johannesburg.

"Zoos are more important, as well as more popular than they used to be," says Everly, "because of the number of species that are disappearing from the earth. It's estimated that one species of animal has disappeared every year for the past 50 years.* With the great game preserves of Africa being cut into, the only place to protect all kinds of species is in our zoos."

* Among them: Barbary lion, Rufous gazelle, Florida wolf, Carolina parakeet and Henshaw's grizzly.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



What does the DC-8 Jetliner have in common with the Otani Hotel in Tokyo?

Carrier air conditioning! Carrier air conditions more important installations, offices, shops and homes around the world than all other brands combined. Only Carrier Distributors can offer the experience, equipment and engineering skill to air condition anything, anywhere. World-wide sales a service, from Oslo to Melbourne, from Buer Aires to Bombay. For specific informat on your needs, contact your Carrier Distrib tor, or write Carrier International Ltd., 3 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., U. S.

Carrier ***First Name in Air Conditioning***

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE ECONOMY

More Output = More Jobs

Automation entered the language during a conference of Ford Motor Co. engineers in 1946—and it has been influencing society ever since. On the one hand, it has made possible the vast growth and technological advances of the U.S. economy in recent years; on the other, it has been a source of worry and perplexity to millions of people. One of the big worries of labor leaders and economists has been that automation gains might enable a strong economic advance—like the present one—to surge forward without creating any new jobs. Last week that worry was at least partially dispelled by two new statistics operating in tandem.

In the sharpest gain in almost a year, U.S. industrial production in April rose a full point, to 129.2% of the 1957-59 base; in all of last year's final six months, it had risen only four-tenths of a point, and this year it had been rising by only half a point or less each month. That was good news, but the Labor Department had some new figures that made it even better. While production was surging ahead, nearly 500,000 new, nonfarm jobs were created in April, far more than is normally expected for the month. The new figures reduced unemployment among adult male workers to 3.8%, the lowest figure in more than six years.

Rising output and job levels are getting a big boost from the nation's two most basic industries: steel and autos. Steel's output last week rose to the highest level in eleven months, and the industry is clearly headed for a record production year. Steel's well-being, of course, stems chiefly from the buoyant state of the auto industry, whose daily sales so far in May are running 1.5% ahead of last year's near-record rate. Ford is pacing the pack, has sold 20,454 Mustangs in the four weeks since the sports car's introduction. The other automakers also notice that their best-selling models are those that were either all new or sharply restyled for 1964. That gives them good reason to hope that the completely restyled 1965 models will keep the auto industry moving forward in high sales gear.

WALL STREET

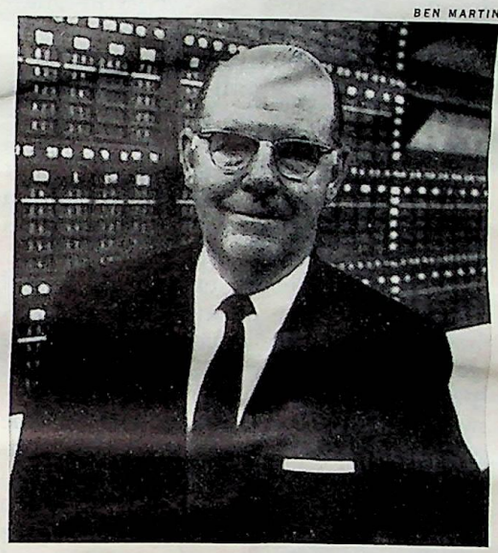
A Sweet Deal

It was a little like Macy's acquiring Gimbel's. That great department store of U.S. finance, Manhattan's Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, last week took over the leading dealer in the highly sophisticated and eminently profitable market for Government securities, Wall Street's C. J. Devine & Co. The world's largest brokerage house thus got a solid hold on the only important part of the finance business in which it had not been represented. Says one Merrill Lynch vice president: "We knew nothing about the Government bond business."

Fortunes from Fractions. The men who do know the business turn handsome profits—and sometimes incur huge losses—by dealing in tiny fractions. Fluctuations in prices are as small as one sixty-fourth of 1%, but that can add up to quite a sum in a market in which the U.S. Treasury every Monday auctions off about $3 billion worth of short-term bills to refinance the nation's debt. These bills go to the highest bidding bond dealers, who then sell them for whatever price they can get from banks, corporations and speculators.

Companies buy Government securi-

BEN MARTIN



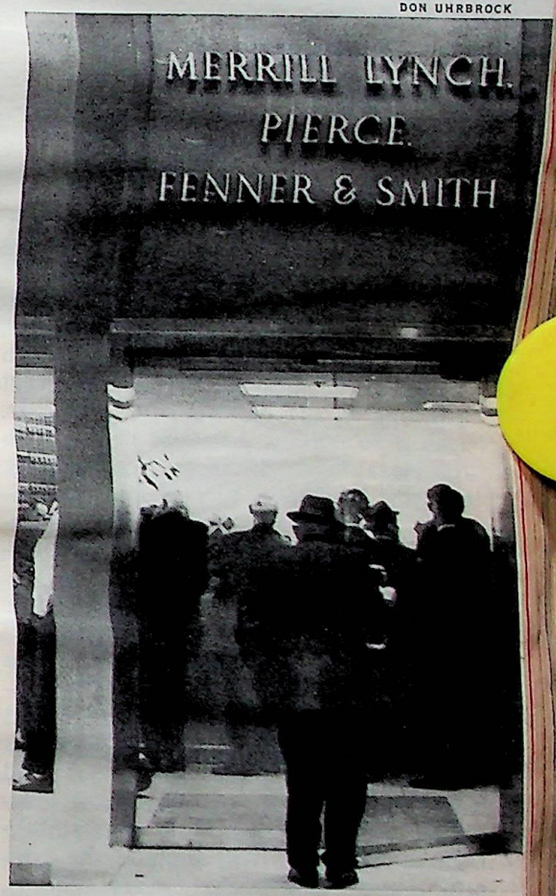
CHAIRMAN McCARTHY
Ending a well-kept secret.

ties in order to put their money to work and nail down safe interest rates; people buy them either to collect the interest or to speculate on the fluctuating prices of bonds, which move around in a range just above or below par value. Another attraction is that low margin requirements permit an investor to buy $100,000 worth of Government securities by putting down as little as $5,000 cash; if the bond's value rises just one-half point, he earns $500. Bond dealers are made or broken by their ability to predict instinctively how much "retail buyers" will be willing to pay. The fractional prices change rapidly, pushed up and down by such factors as bank interest rates, stock dividend rates, rumors of increased Government borrowing, the state of U.S. business and the bond market's elusive "mood."

Few dealers had sharper instincts or better knowledge of the market's subtle ripples than Christopher J. Devine, a New Jersey fireman's son who founded his own firm at 28. Working with a fierce intensity that seldom permitted relaxation, Chris Devine opened nine offices around the country, built a staff of more than 200, traded as much as $750 million worth of securities a day. After he died a year ago, two-thirds of the firm's capital of $18 million went to his estate. C. J. Devine's 14 remaining partners were left with only $6,000,000 —hardly enough to organize muscular syndicates for bidding on multibillion-dollar bond issues. The partners went shopping for greater resources.

Access to Power. Wall Street's grapevine brought word of their search to the tenth-floor corner office of Merrill

DON UHRBROCK



MERRILL LYNCH OFFICE IN NEW YORK

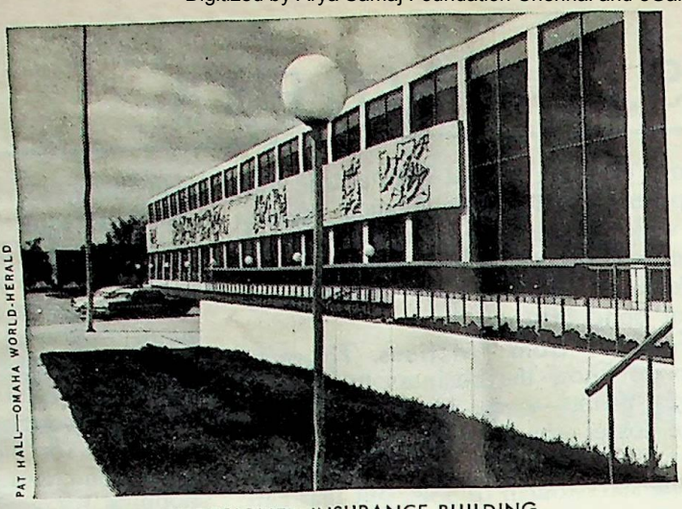
Lynch's chairman, Michael W. McCarthy. He and Merrill Lynch's directors made a unique proposal to Devine's partners: Why not buy up a large chunk of Merrill Lynch's undistributed stock and join the company? After a fortnight of secret negotiations, the two houses agreed on Wall Street's biggest deal this year. Thirteen of the Devine partners anted up $8,000,000 and were taken into Merrill Lynch as a division.

A sweeter deal could scarcely be imagined. The Devine partners got access to the power of Merrill Lynch, whose assets top $1 billion; in addition, all 13 of the men became vice presidents of the brokerage giant (raising its total to 114). As for Merrill Lynch, it acquired the savvy, contacts and good will of a major company without putting up so much as a penny.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DALY IN OFFICE



PAT HALL—OMAHA WORLD-HERALD

DALY-DESIGNED INSURANCE BUILDING
Profit in comprehensive architecture.

BUILDING

From Omaha to Brazil

Even by going standards in executive suites, the sweeping, 56-ft.-long room in Omaha is something special. It has marble floors, *Hawaiian* wood panels, *French stained* glass, Japanese carvings, Indian temple bells, a lavatory with walls of kangaroo hide and an abstract painting in the elevator. Leo Daly Jr. uses it to impress potential clients with the versatility of his firm, Leo A. Daly Co., the Midwest's biggest and the nation's third largest firm of engineer-architects. "My specialty," says Daly, 46, "is in not specializing."

Daly's firm has just landed a prestige contract to supervise a huge construction project in Latin America. The company was picked by the State Department's Agency for International Development to plan and engineer a $27 million program of school and medical construction in northeast Brazil. The project will fan out over 1,500,000 sq. mi., and will include the construction of 6,500 elementary schools, 332 health centers, 22 teacher-training centers, 21 normal schools and 47 audio-visual centers, plus the renovation of about 4,000 existing classrooms. Daly will send a staff of 50 to supervise the project, but Brazilian contractors will do the construction work. Daly's aim: to create a name and a new market for his work in Latin America, where he sees both "infinite possibilities and all sorts of problems waiting to be solved."

Beyond the Church. Daly's father founded the firm 50 years ago to specialize in church architecture, but under Leo Jr. it has moved far afield since World War II. About half of its work is designing such military projects as blastproof silos for Titan missiles, *DEW-line* facilities in the Arctic and the big SAC underground command post near Omaha. Daly also designed Boeing's big computer center in Seattle and a $4,700,000 physics lab at Argonne National Laboratory in Lemont, Ill. Daly's 300-man staff is now working on 60 projects worth more than $200 million, including a dormitory, research building and student center at Jesuit-run Creighton University in Omaha that will be part of a $45 million master plan Daly created.

Unlike many architects, who accent the creative, Daly likes to stress architecture's business side. He has developed a well-honed staff that seeks out technically difficult jobs that are often avoided by competitors. Daly favors boxy, square buildings, has been criticized for not being experimental and exciting. By way of answer he recalls how in college he once designed some gaudy neckties for a Baltimore company. "I still wonder how the poor men who bought them lived with them," he says. "Of course, that's what my competitors say about my work now."

Personal Touch. Daly belongs to about 60 Omaha civic and charitable organizations, enjoys occasional travel abroad with his wife and two sons. Otherwise, he is either in his office or traveling around to the company's five U.S. branches, where the firm offers "comprehensive architecture" by specialists who not only design a building but also select its site, choose all furnishings and suggest financing. To compensate for growing bigness and to keep the personal touch, Daly divides his experts into teams, assigning a 20- or 30-man team under a "captain" to work on a project much as a small architectural firm would. His company last year opened a New Orleans office, hoping to use it to expand into Latin America. Daly now considers that move one of his best investments.

AUTOS

Parking by Computer

Success as a parking operator once depended on little more than a fairly level lot and familiarity with all kinds of gear shifts. But the auto birth rate has soared so high, the crush for parking space has become so great and the cost of building and operating parking garages has grown so fast that the b
ness is now dominated by big ch
When one of the biggest of the ch
Kinney Service Corp., last month
admitted to the New York Stock
change, the financial world saw
move as evidence that a fender-b
ing, slightly shady trade had finally
tured into a full-fledged industry. P
ing spaces now generate about
million in revenues throughout the
each year.

Official Support. Perhaps the
sign of maturity is that the par
chains are now nearly as attentive
cost accounting and technolog
change as are the Detroit automa
whose products they park. The ty
parking space, Kinney has discove
must turn over 1½ times daily ju
break even. One extra car a day pa
at each garage in a chain opera
can mean up to $100,000 in additi
annual revenues. Such figures
please the financial men, but they
little to assuage the angry parker, w
is usually convinced that he pays
much to park his car. Sometimes
gets official support; last week
York City's license commissioner
dered enterprising property ow
who had set up homemade parking
around the World's Fair to reg
with the city and lower exorbitant ra

Though lots are still fairly comm
land is becoming so scarce in la
cities that the chains are building h
rise, pigeonhole garages where cars
placed on a computer-controlled
vator that automatically stacks th
If the chains decide that the high
of putting up such buildings is just
by the labor savings, the automa
stack will probably be the parking
of the future. The bigger compa
are also expanding from operating
their own garages, now are contra
to manage parking lots for hotels,
pitals, universities and even shop
centers.

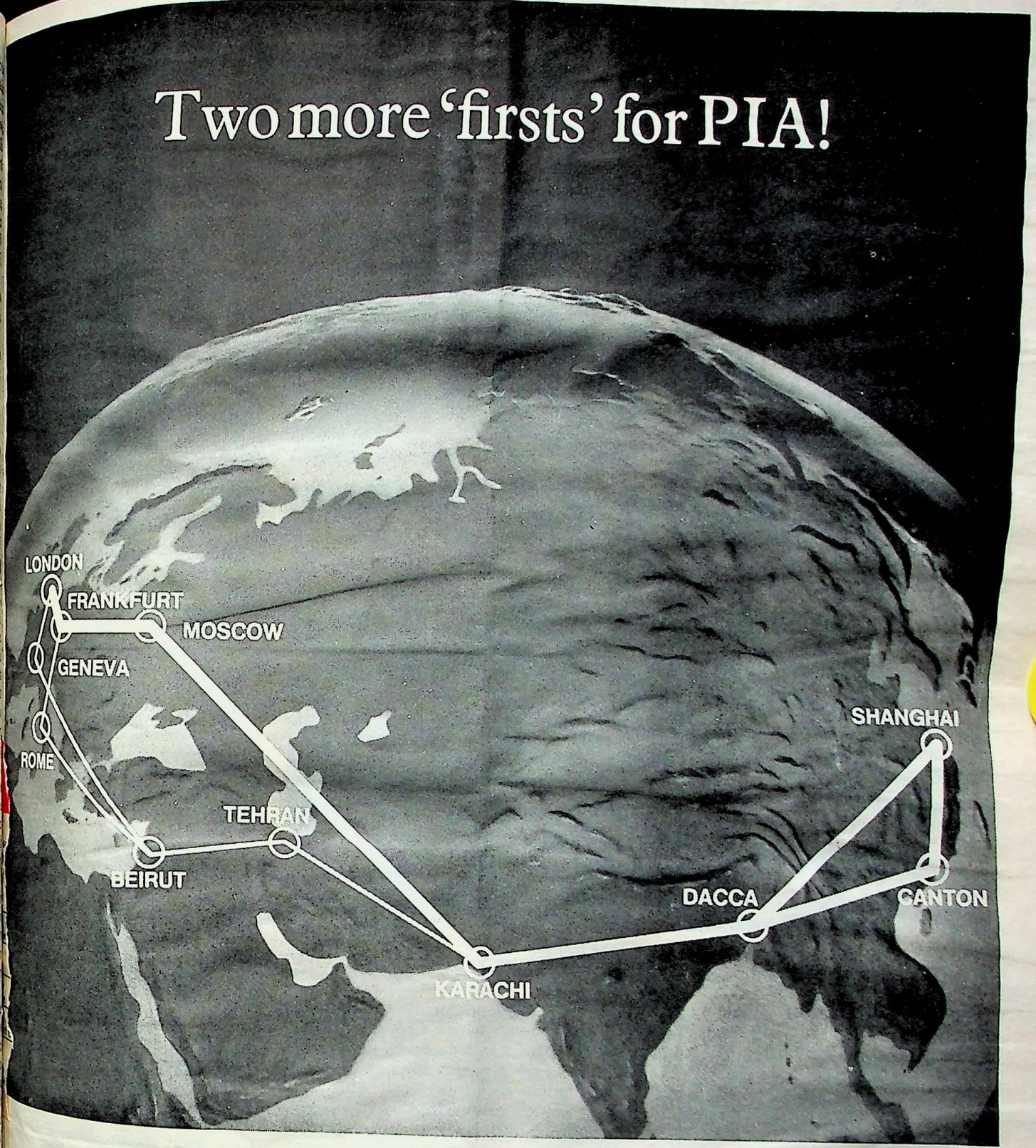
Cradle To Grave. No chain is gro
ing faster than Kinney, which last
parked 7,000,000 vehicles—more
than are registered in any state ex
California—at 90 locations in
around New York. Kinney Pres
Steven J. Ross, 36, plans to offer
tomers as many services as pos
along with parking. "The service
dustry," he says, "already accounts
50% of all business. As we gain m
leisure time, the industry will boo
To take advantage of the boom,
ney has expanded its rent-a-car
from 100 vehicles to nearly 6,000
the last five years. The company
operates a building-maintenance
sion, now offers a package service
corporations that includes car pa
car leasing, charwomen and guard
deed Kinney is on the way to pro
more or less cradle-to-grave s
among other enterprises, it owns
funeral chapels, which last year h
10% of New York City's dead.

TIME, MAY 2

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Two more 'firsts' for PIA!



FIRST THROUGH MOSCOW AND ONWARDS

FIRST INTO CHINA WITH BOEING FAN JETS

LONDON, FRANKFURT, MOSCOW, GENEVA, ROME, BEIRUT, TEHRAN, KARACHI, DACCA, CANTON, SHANGHAI

Now five flights every week by PIA Boeing 720B fan jets between London and Karachi! The fifth flight—a completely new service through Moscow, and an airline-industry 'first' for PIA! For PIA is the only international airline to fly to Moscow and onwards. And now, too, another 'first' for PIA! PIA introduce the first jet service to Canton and Shanghai—thus pioneering a direct air-link between Europe and China! Add this to PIA's 88% punctuality average last year and you can understand why travellers say PIA are great people to fly with.

Great people to fly with

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

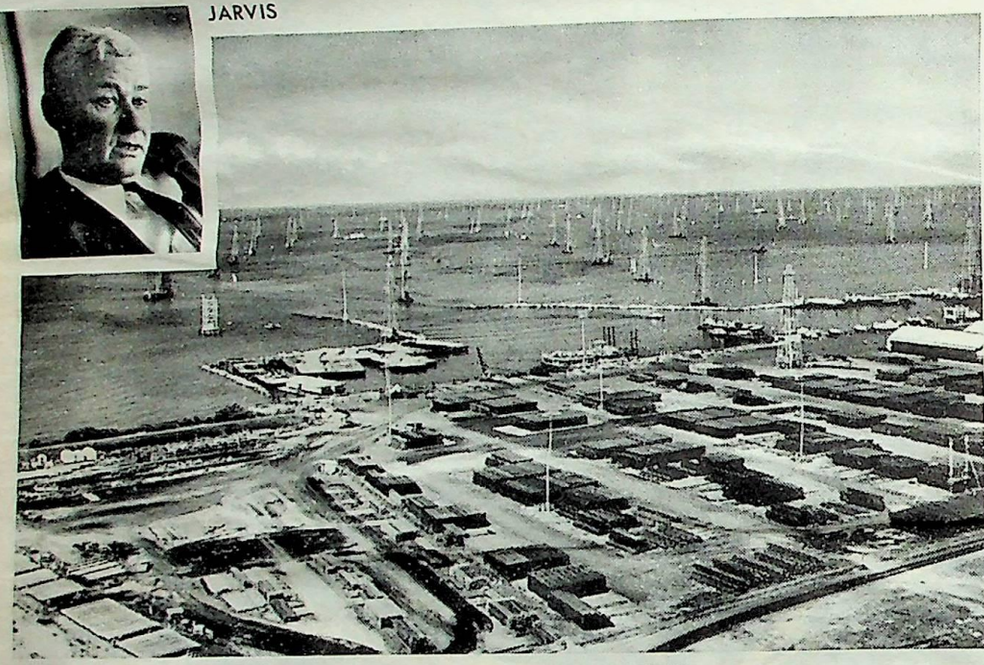
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

VENEZUELA

Corporate Citizen No. 1

Venezuela's huge, U.S.-owned Creole Petroleum Corp. has developed a skill that few other companies in the world need to worry about. Continuously harassed by Communist sabotage, Creole has become so quick and adept at repairing its dynamited pipelines that the terrorists actually get defeatist about blowing them up. That skill, plus a line of Venezuelan government guardsmen stationed all along the pipelines, has kept Creole—which is 95% controlled by Standard Oil of New Jersey—operating as Venezuela's biggest business. It pumps 40% of the country's oil, provides 25% of the government's income, employs more than 11,000 Venezuelans, and pays out $125 million yearly in benefits and wages. The company's sales last year rose to $1,097,799,700 and its earnings to $254 million—after a record $475 million in taxes and royalties to Venezuela.

JARVIS



CREOLE OIL RIGS ON LAKE MARACAIBO

Tearing down fences and making friends.

Anti-Yankee Feelings. This picture of business-government cooperation was not painted without problems. The two Standard Oil subsidiaries that began drilling in Venezuela in the early 1920s, and later Creole (which was set up in its present form by their merger in 1943), were often ripe targets for anti-Yankee feelings. In the early days, only Americans held top posts, employees lived in fenced-in company compounds, and Creole often engaged in shouting contests with the government. But under low-keyed President Harry Jarvis, 55, a 17-year Creole veteran who took over in 1961, the company has tried winningly "to be a good corporate citizen."

Jarvis, who speaks excellent Spanish, pushed company efforts to break up the compounds and help the workers buy homes in regular communities. He has also expanded the operations of the company's Creole Foundation, which helps build schools and train teachers in Venezuela, and established the Creole Investment Corp. to provide seed capital for deserving small businesses. In three years, C.I.C. has invested $5,300,000 in 22 small companies, ranging from a mushroom farm to a sugar refinery, has helped create 1,500 new jobs. Said Jarvis at the company's annual meeting in Manhattan last week: "The investment company has found that the managerial experience it can provide is perhaps of greater importance than the capital itself."

Jarvis is also the moving force behind the new "Dividend for the Community" program, under which Creole and other big companies in Venezuela donate 2% to 5% of their profits for new hospitals and similar social projects. The company has so emphasized its "Venezuelanizing" policy that it now employs only half as many foreigners (total: 674) as it did in 1950, is continually moving Venezuelans into higher posts. Creole has done so much for Venezuela that President Raúl Leoni assured the oil companies in his inaugural address in March that they would continue "to enjoy their granted rights," and Venezuela's elder statesman, Rómulo Betancourt, is convinced that the country is getting more out of its oil by leaving it in private hands.

Mideast Advantage. The world's fourth largest oil producing company (after Kuwait Oil Co., Aramco and the Iranian consortium), Creole still faces serious problems. Because of high labor and production costs and the fact that it pays 70% of gross profits to the government *v.* a 50-50 split in the dle East, its crude sells for $2.80 rel *v.* $1.82. It is thus with some ure that Jarvis watches the agge Organization of Petroleum Exp Countries (OPEC) and shrewd n rulers whipsaw the Mideast oil panies for higher royalties. An in in Mideast oil prices could only str en the world market position of zuela's good corporate citizen.

BRITAIN

Shaking the Old Boy Networ

British business has often cla companies more by the social st the men at the top than by size, or prospects. Eton and the Guar faultless qualifications, and so is onetcy or hereditary peerage. Some ons believe that directors constit gigantic Old Boy network. Last the British business world was s by a major corporate change t lustrates a trend in British bus disestablishmentarianism that i grading the Old Boys in favor managers and directors whose qualifications are ambition, skill flair for hard work.

In a top management reshuff making Leyland Motor Corp. e the board of its principal manuf subsidiary, Leyland Motors Ltd filled the new posts with three men (average age: 39) who ha through the company's ranks. public-school boy among them more surprising, Leyland made t appointments to the board of another important group subs and picked a 33-year-old and year-old from the ranks for th The shifts reflect the philosop Managing Director Donald Stok a onetime salesman who took o year and has made Leyland a tra in professional management.

Sharing the Peers. Relentless petition for worldwide markets erything from paints to paddles ing British companies turn awa the Old Boy tradition. There is turn away from. No fewer t peers and 45 baronets and kni shared by the boards of the f gest banks, and a Labor Part found that 35 out of 107 dire London's top financial houses Old Etonians, as were 46 out of rectors of the large insurance "The chairman of one board rang me up," complains one top industrialist, "and told me, 'We're ing of putting up so-and-so.' I s he knew anything about the The answer was 'No, but he's fully nice chap and married to so, you know.'"

This sort of mentality caus harm 50 years ago, but it has b core of a stubborn resistance to

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

STATUTES

Inciting to Suicide

"Jump! Jump!" screamed onlookers as a troubled youth threatened to leap from a twelfth-story hotel ledge in Albany, N.Y. "Jump! Jump!" cried another mob last week as a jobless man got set to dive off Manhattan's Brooklyn Bridge. Both would-be suicides were eventually talked down to safety, but not before hundreds of witnesses gaily exchanged bets on their fate while yowling such taunts as "What's the matter, ya yellow?"

Quite apart from their moral and spiritual indifference, people who make suicide a spectator sport may be charged with a serious crime. The police, who busied themselves with trying to move the mobs back, were apparently unaware of it, but New York State has two highly relevant laws. Section 2304 of the state penal law says: "A person who willfully, in any manner, advises, encourages, abets or assists another person in taking the latter's life, is guilty of manslaughter in the first degree." Section 2305 adds that such incitement is a felony even if the would-be suicide survives.

To nail a violator of these laws requires proof of willfulness. And those who cry "Jump!" might try to plead that it was all a joke. "But this is a serious business," warns a top New York prosecutor, "and the laws are there to be used."

LAWYERS

The Bar Behind Bars

Any person haled into court, who is too poor to hire a lawyer, cannot be assured a fair trial unless counsel is provided for him.

—*Gideon* v. *Wainwright*

With that landmark opinion, the U.S. Supreme Court last year forced all state criminal courts to appoint lawyers for all indigent defendants charged with more than petty crimes. Since 60% of criminal defendants are indigent, hundreds of U.S. lawyers are in for heavy duty. And since the rule may apparently be applied retroactively, as a New York federal court recently ruled, hundreds of convicts are now appealing for new trials—getting their legal counsel from that grand old penal institution, the self-taught jailhouse lawyer.

Holding a Thin Line. *Gideon* has already freed (after a new trial with a lawyer) Clarence Earl Gideon, the Florida prisoner who started it all with his now famous *in forma pauperis* petition to the Supreme Court. More than 1,000 other Florida convicts have been released, 600 have won new trials, and hundreds of others are polishing up "Gideon Petitions." Spurring them on is Prisoner 62601, Theodore N. Turner, 39, Florida's most accomplished jail-

FLOROS

STANDARD OIL'S STOTT & PAPPAS
New strength for a fragile economy.

toward its goal when King Constantine laid the cornerstone of a $190 million industrial complex near Salonika that will be the biggest single foreign investment ever made in Greece.

The new complex, christened the Salonika Industrial Development Plan, was conceived by Boston Financier Thomas A. Pappas, 64, and includes projects by three U.S. companies. Esso Pappas, a partnership between Pappas and Jersey Standard, has started work on Greece's second oil refinery. "Within 19 months," promised Jersey Executive Vice President William R. Stott, "this bare earth will be covered by a refinery producing 50,000 barrels a day of petroleum." Esso is also building a 200,000-tons-a-year ammonia plant, Republic Steel is expected to operate an $85 million steel mill, and the Ethyl Corp. will run a petrochemical plant. Altogether, the complex will provide 2,000 new jobs.

Pappas, who has become chairman-general manager of Esso Pappas, is a Greek-American bearing gifts to his motherland. Born Antonios Papadopoulos, he was taken to Boston as a child, eventually shortened his name because "it was easier for my American friends." He and Brother John expanded their father's modest grocery and imported-foods business into a profitable range of activities that now include imported liquors, real estate and shipping. They have also financed a Greek light-bulb factory and building-products plant. On frequent trips back to supervise, Tom Pappas noted the improving Greek economy, began serious planning for the industrial complex that he first considered building 25 years ago. He persuaded the U.S. corporations to participate, got bank loans in the U.S. and Athens to supplement his personal investment in the project. "I have achieved my lifetime dream," he said last week, while the King of Greece troweled mortar.

...at has caused much of British business ...lag behind the rest of the industrial- ...d world. Such is the outspoken con- ...rn in Britain today about how busi- ...ss is run that it is taking on the scope ...a national debate. Said the Times of ...ndon: "The need for a managerial ...volution is widely evident, but the ...y seems to have been drowned by de- ...ding murmurs of contentment from ...o many board rooms."

The New Managers. One shot in the ...volution was fired a few months ago ...hen a London merchant bank openly ...dvertised in the Financial Times for a ...ew managing director—a departure so ...adical that one banker felt obliged to ...xplain: "Normally, one wouldn't ad- ...vertise a real job, you see, because if a ...hap didn't know a job was going he ...houldn't be the right sort of chap, ...ould he?" The most startling changes ...ave been wrought on boards where ...e Old Boy influence was strongest. ...ld-school-tie companies both, the Rank ...rganization and Viyella International ...ve been dramatically improved re- ...ntly by men who never set foot inside ...e Establishment: John Henry Davis ...Rank, Joe Hyman at Viyella.

Three years ago, Standard Telephones ...Cables took real responsibility out of ...e hands of its regular board, which ...pasted a baronet and a Member of ...arliament, and placed it with a six-man ...dvisory board" whose businessmen ...embers held not a single title among ...em. Result: the company turned to ...tomation, stepped up its program of ...search and development, then watched ...les increase 50% to $168 million last ...ar and profits skyrocket 350% to ...ore than $7,000,000. Textile Maker ...ourtaulds, Ltd., replaced its titled ...airman and deputy chairman, pro- ...oting tough-minded Frank Kearton to ...naging director, then filled board va- ...cies with untitled textile men like ...erton. Once the most sedate of all ...large British companies, Courtaulds ...ow one of the liveliest firms in Brit- ..., buying up textile firms and expand- ...fiber production at the most rapid ...e in all Europe.

GREECE

...ericans Bearing Gifts

...reece has doubled its gross nation- ...product, industrial production and ...rsonal income since World War II, ...d tourists thronging to the magic ...s have helped provide a favorable ...ance of payments. But the economy ...l fragile: Greece imports twice as ...h in machinery and goods as it ...rts in farm products, and jobs are ...carce that more Greeks last year ...abroad to work than were born. ...ore up the economy and qualify ...ce for continued Common Mar- ...associate membership, Prime Min- ...r George Papandreou's government ...to secure $900 million in foreign ...d over the next five years. Last ..., the government got a good lift

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

house lawyer, who solemnly states that "Our thin line of civilized living and culture is based on due process of law. If due process is violated, we defeat none but ourselves."

Forger Turner, who used to be Clarence Gideon's neighbor at Florida's Raiford state prison, has been the brains (IQ 140) behind more than 100 would-be Gideonites. A onetime insurance claims adjuster, Turner picks up clients through the prison grapevine, studies their court records, and has often drawn up petitions, hand-printed by a dozen other convicts. Turner's legal skills have already forced public defenders to handle all Gideon Petitions, made court clerks abolish the usual $25 filing fee. At times he writes like a judge: "This breathes of the appellate court's wrath at their lower court brethren." At times he hectors uncooperative court clerks: "You are not the court. You are not God. You are just Charley Limpus." Always he seems more hep on relevant new decisions than many judges. "He's a brilliant man," says Orange County Public Defender W. D. Frederick Jr. "His grasp of case law is phenomenal."

Turner's record is marred by one embarrassing failure: he has yet to spring himself—a problem that afflicts even the best jailhouse lawyers. San Quentin's Caryl Chessman, for instance, studied 10,000 legal works, took 1,000,000 words of notes, ground out more than 100 assorted writs, appeals and petitions, for stays of his own execution—and still the state put him to death in the gas chamber.

However they may fail themselves, though, incarcerated counselors are busier than ever aiding other inmates. Texas' Huntsville Prison now has a "writ room," where prisoners can polish up petitions like collegians in the library. Kansas State Penitentiary offers a big law library, partly the gift of beneficent lawyers. At Washington's State Penitentiary in Walla Walla, a special "law wing" provides typewriters as well as texts. Some prisoners are getting so legalistic, complains a Tennessee state prosecutor, that "it's getting a damned sight harder to keep them in than to put them in."

Sue the Judge. The great hazard in prison legal practice is the very goal it seeks: a new trial, since it may well result in a stiffer sentence than before. At Colorado State Penitentiary, for example, a convicted forger serving a two-to-six-year sentence recently won a new hearing, got slammed with a new rap of 40 months to eight years. Despite such danger, though, there is often a sense of beat-the-system accomplishment; one Colorado lifer has goaded a slow-moving judge by suing to enjoin his salary. Colorado petitions now move remarkably faster.

In New York, jailhouse lawyers can often be found among the four-time losers whose multiple offenses drew mandatory life sentences. Many such prisoners are Negroes who once served time in Southern jails. A petitioner in this situation may void an out-of-state conviction if a New York court finds that his constitutional rights were violated. And by thus wiping one offense from the books, a lifer may halve his sentence or even walk out free.

Bleary Blackstone. What flaws many top jailhouse lawyers is a chronic inability to handle the freedom they win. In a single year, one Carl Smith got his convictions for burglary and bank robbery reversed by the supreme courts of Maine and Massachusetts. Now he is back in a federal pen for another bank robbery. For years at Missouri State Penitentiary for Men, a brilliant prisoner named Clyde Meeks counseled other cons so ably that judges valued him as a friend of the court. Once free

CONVICT COUNSELOR TURNER
See here, Charley Limpus.

himself, Meeks wound up in jail in Iowa on a forgery charge.

All over California, awed lawyers still ponder the 150-arrest career of Emery T. Newbern, "the Blackstone of the drunk tank." Bottle-worn but razor-sharp, Newbern once saw a judge lock his courtroom doors to keep him and other drunks from staggering out, immediately argued successfully that he was being deprived of his constitutional right to a public trial. Newbern beat another drunk charge on the ground that police (unwittingly) deprived him of his right to a doctor's examination. In 1960, he scored his greatest coup: overturning California's 1872 "common drunk" law—a phrase so vague as well as pejorative, he said, that it violated his right to know the charge against him. The state supreme court agreed. Uncommon Drunk Newbern might have made a crack lawyer as quite a few lawyers told him, but liberty was too much for Newbern. He lurched in front of a car in Florida and died at 41.

EDUCATION

PRIVATE SCHOOLS

Legacy of a Princess

The view overlooking Honolulu [illegible] Diamond Head to Pearl Harbor splendid. Dotting the 500-acre [illegible] site are an Olympic-sized swim[illegible] pool, tennis courts and other [illegible] facilities, valued at $25 million. waii's latest tourist haven? Not a The spread belongs to the Kam meha Schools, sole beneficiary of a anthropic native princess of the century, whose legacy in real e encompasses 9% of the state's (including land leased by the Hawaiian and new Kahala Hilton tels) and is worth at least $250 m This year the holdings will earn $3 000 in leases and grazing fees to f the education of 2,000 boys and from kindergarten through high

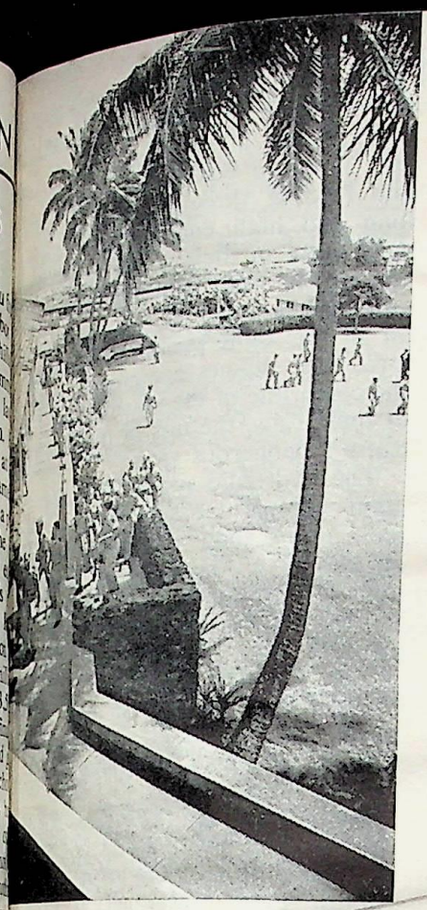
Although the "Kam" Schools a bigger endowment than any private school in the U.S., for m the last 77 years they have been more than unambitious vocation stitutions. Now, under President W. Bushong, 53, who learned h spend money on quality educatio superintendent of schools in rich Pointe, Mich., the Kam Schools pushed up standards fast and chiefly to college preparation.

Haole Trustees. The vast were royal holdings inherited by cess Bernice Pauahi Bishop, last descendant of King Kamehame Great and wife of a native of Falls, N.Y., who founded H Bishop National Bank. At her in 1884, the Princess left her p in perpetual trust to establish schools for the boys and girls islands. The five haole (white) tr of the Bishop estate, rich and p istic descendants of missionaries strued this phrase to mean chil Hawaiian blood, and thought th kids should get a "Christian ind education." Girls were required four years of domestic science, ing a course in "cottage living," they learned to cook, sew, w care for a live infant (whic school always managed to p Boys were trained as field work sugar plantations or as semiskil borers, so that they might enter py service in our basic industries.

Such patronizing benevolence ed until after World War II, when trustees (who are appointed for by the state Supreme Court) came der increasing pressure from p active Japanese-Americans and Hawaiians to let the Kam Schools pare students for intellectual ship as well as vocational jobs. In the trustees hired the management sultant firm of Booz, Allen & Ham to survey the schools. The firm r

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



KAMEHAMEHA CAMPUS
From cottages to colleges.

mended a broadened school curriculum that would allow graduates to go either to college or directly to work.

80% to College. In the fall of 1962 Bushong took over as the $40,000-a-year president of the Kam Schools to carry out the switch. He made trade-school courses optional, turned over other vocational subjects to public technical schools, with Kam picking up the tab. He established new academic departments in language, science, math, English and social studies. As a result, this fall 80% of the graduates will go on to college, compared with 7% in 1950, 47% in 1959.

From the faculty of 165, he cut away deadwood, hired bright mainlanders, introduced a merit system of raises that could bring a teacher with a doctorate $11,078 a year. Over a three-year period Bushong insists that teachers spend one summer in a campus workshop and one summer taking college credit courses before getting the third summer off.

Problems of Wealth. The school picks students on the basis of home visits and academic achievement, rejecting about half. The torrent of money that flows into Kam pays all board and room and most teaching costs, although students still must pay up to $137 in tuition. Wealth clearly relieves Bushong of the most serious problem headmasters face, but the terms of his riches create other headaches. The princess' will, for example, specifies that Kam teachers must be Protestants (although the student body is 30% Roman Catholic, 15% Mormon, and the rest Protestant or unaffiliated), but a new state

JOHN TITCHEN

PRESIDENT BUSHONG

fair employment practices law bars such restrictions.

Race also creates an issue. Bushong, the trustees and Hawaiians in general are willing to go along with the Hawaiian-blood clause for student admission, partly because such students seem worthy beneficiaries of the princess' wealth and partly because intermarriage has given a big portion of Hawaiians some native blood (almost four-fifths of last year's Kam graduates had non-Hawaiian surnames). Yet such discrimination runs against civil rights principles and may have to be changed.

It also forces Bushong to send his two daughters to another school. He is satisfied with the education they are getting—but it is a measure of his confidence in Kam's fast advance and "virtually unlimited potential" that he says, "I'd rather have them here."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Common-Sense Compromise

If endowed by Providence with the right to perform one solitary, spectacular miracle, most school boards in Northern U.S. cities would use it to solve the deadlocked problems of *de facto* segregation. The Gary, Ind., board, for example, concluded that it would not take any responsibility for desegregating its schools, and made its decision stick in the courts; the U.S. Supreme Court a fortnight ago turned down a chance to hear the case. Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia are bogged down for reasons that range from white backlash to school-board inertia. New York City's Board of Education hesitantly advanced and then ignominiously cut back a proposal for big-scale pairing of mostly white and mostly Negro schools, which implied bussing many children back and forth.

Groping for another way out, the New York City board asked help from State Education Commissioner James E. Allen Jr., who turned to a committee* that seemed to have no better chance of finding a solution than the board itself. Instead, last week, after a two-month study, the committee made proposals that struck almost everyone with their common-sense compromise, originality and insistence on excellence. Essence of the plan was a drastic revamping of the existing school system, dividing a child's twelve years of basic education into three four-year segments.

▶ Primary schools would be neighborhood schools and thus segregated to the degree that the surrounding housing is segregated. But they would be better schools in ways that would particularly help culturally deficient slum children. Ungraded classes would let youngsters proceed at their own pace, aided by team teaching "and the imaginative use of space, materials and teaching devices." And primary education should be preceded by two or even three years of nursery and kindergarten to give slum kids the basic tools of learning.

▶ Middle schools would start the integration process by drawing from districts designed to contain both white and Negro primary feeder schools, which would require some bussing.

▶ High schools offering both academic and vocational courses would be open to any student in the city and thus provide the highest possible measure of integration.

▶ Off in the future, the committee envisioned giant "educational parks" where as many as 15,000 kids from 10 to 13 would troop each day.

The committee accused the Board of Education not only of failing to "stimulate even slight progress toward desegregation" but of letting segregation get worse in recent years. Whether Allen's advisers will accomplish anything more is mostly a matter of money and time. The state plan would cost an extra $250 million a year (current school budget: $840 million), and it could easily take a decade to fulfill.

UNIVERSITIES

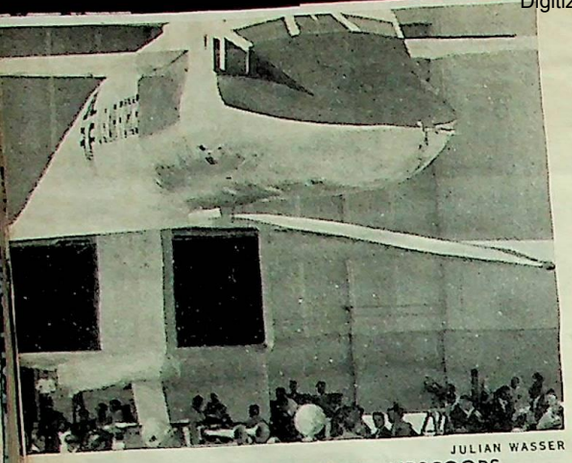
Moriturus Publicabo

Judged and found guilty by the hard law of "publish or perish" (TIME, April 24), Woodrow Wilson Sayre perished last week as assistant philosophy professor at Tufts University in Medford, Mass. He took his case, that eloquent classroom teaching is as worthy a trait in a professor as scholarship proved by publication, to a committee of his faculty peers—who concluded that "it is not at all evident" that Professor Sayre's teaching "outshines that of his colleagues." The school then dropped his contract. Sayre got several job offers almost at once—but thinks he will first settle down and get his 1957 Ph.D. thesis into hard covers.

* John H. Fischer, president of Columbia University's Teachers College; Kenneth Clark, City College psychology professor and Negro leader; Rabbi Judah Cahn of the Metropolitan Synagogue.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



JULIAN WASSER

COCKPIT, CANARD & AIRSCOOPS

Speed can be dangerous.

AERONAUTICS

The Supersonic Cobra

The Air Force officers who christened their controversial new research plane the Valkyrie were probably confused. Valkyries were the screaming maidens of Nordic mythology who selected the warriors who were to fall in battle, and conducted them to Valhalla. But when the long-delayed XB-70A was finally rolled out of its hangar at North American Aviation last week, no one else knew what to call it either. Some said it looked like a hooded cobra; to others it was a praying mantis, a flying anteater, a banana split towing an orange crate. To Brigadier General Fred J. Ascani, Air Force chief of the project, the shining white monster was a beautiful flying bird. "It looks like it's doing Mach 3 just sitting on the ground," he said fondly.

Strange Design. According to present Defense Department plans, the XB-70A will never be used as a bomber, and only two prototypes will be built. But from its graceful curving nose to its folding wingtips the plane is radically new; into its strange, almost frightening design, $1.3 billion of engineering and scientific imagination have already been poured. Heavier and longer than any other airplane, it is designed to cruise at three times the speed of sound (roughly 2,000 m.p.h.) for an "intercontinental" distance. The engineering innovations that were tried in its construction may well affect every high-speed airplane built in the foreseeable future.

One of the aerodynamic advances was the use of "compression lift." Every supersonic airplane generates shock waves in the air around it, and at three times the speed of sound those waves are extremely powerful. The engines and air intakes of the XB-70A are placed under its delta wing, and their bulk encourages a shock wave to form just where the upward force of its compressed air can be caught and used as free lift. Speedboats do something similar when they climb out of the water and plane along on their bottoms.

Compression lift will be a help, but the Valkyrie needs much more of a boost. It could not hope to succeed without unprecedented strength combined with lightness and heat resistance. At 70,000 ft., where it will fly, the temperature is far below zero, but at Mach 3, air friction will heat parts of the structure to 650° F., which is well above the softening point of aluminum and magnesium. To avoid such dangers, some parts of the ship were made of titanium, that new miracle metal, lavishly used in the delta-wing A-11. But more than half of the XB-70A's structural weight is "stainless steel honeycomb sandwich." This sophisticated material, which is comparable to the light cellular wing bones of large birds, is made by brazing thin steel skins to hexagonal steel cells. It is extremely light, but almost as strong as if it were made of solid metal.

The steel sandwich is also an excellent insulator, keeping the searing heat outside from reaching the plane's vulnerable innards. The rear fuselage, though, is heated from inside by the engines and from outside by the racing air. In flight it will reach 1,000° F., so it is made of high-strength tool steel, which does not lose its strength even when white-hot.

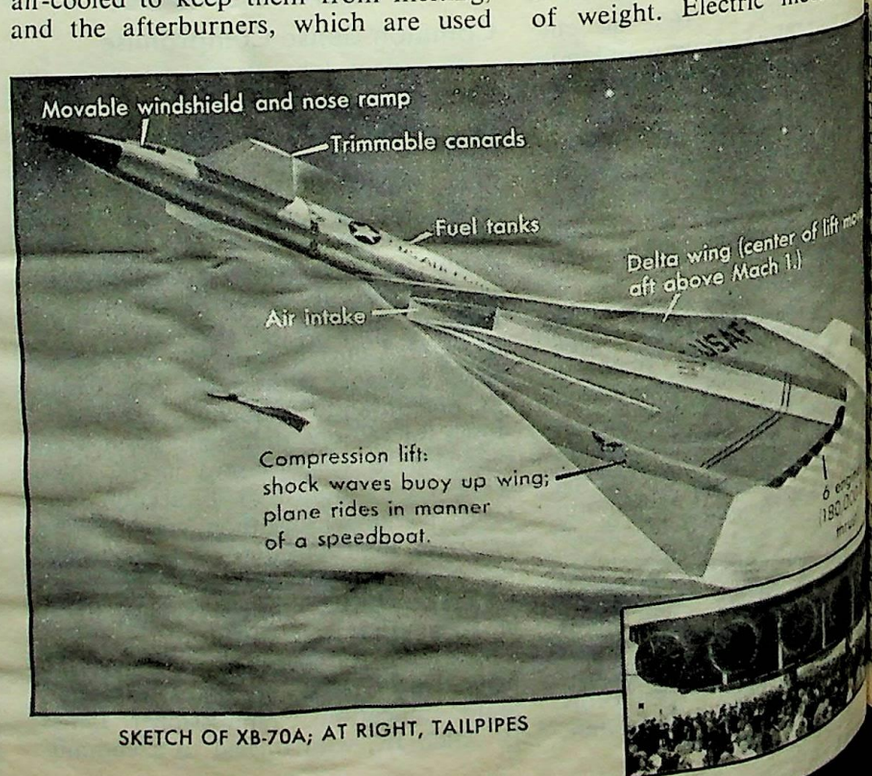
Folding Tips. Like all delta-wing planes, the XB-70A tends to get nose-heavy at high speeds when the wing's center of lift shifts toward the stern. To counteract this tendency, two small wings called canards are set like large trim tabs, just aft of the cabin. But even the canards are not enough; as Mach 3 approaches, the tips of the delta wing will be folded downward. This will shift the center of lift forward and add directional stability. It also adds a hazardous complication to the plane's construction.

The 550,000-lb. XB-70A will be shoved along by six General Electric YJ-93 engines, each with 30,000 lbs. of thrust. The engines' turbine blades are air-cooled to keep them from melting, and the afterburners, which are used continuously at high speed, run [illegible] hot. The two boxlike air intakes, [illegible] one feeding three engines, are [illegible] long and high enough for a man [illegible] walk erect in their gaping maws. [illegible] are rigged with movable walls, [illegible] and bypass doors to keep the engines [illegible] air at the right pressure and temperature. The engines are grouped close [illegible] the centerline of the plane so that if [illegible] of them fails, the loss of thrust will [illegible] cause a dangerous yaw.

The hydraulic system that works [illegible] giant control surfaces uses up 2[illegible] h.p., more than the output of [illegible] engines of a wartime B-25 bomber. [illegible] built conventionally, it would have [illegible] far too heavy; for the XB-70A, [illegible] pressure was raised to 4,000 lbs. per [illegible] sq. in. in unusually thin tubing. [illegible] changes save weight, but they also [illegible] crease the hazards of a system that [illegible] already proved a notorious source [illegible] aircraft trouble.

Protective Fuel. The fierce heat [illegible] will surround the XB-70A in flight [illegible] an overriding problem for its designers. [illegible] Almost every part had to be heat [illegible] resistant. The tires, for example, [illegible] made by B.F. Goodrich out of material [illegible] that stands twice the temperature that [illegible] melts ordinary airplane tires. To fight [illegible] the heat that will fight its way to [illegible] the crew, North American's engineers [illegible] decided to make the fuel carry it off. [illegible] While the XB-70A is cruising at Mach [illegible] 3, its fuel will circulate, cooling the [illegible] interior, absorbing enough heat in a [illegible] minute to evaporate four gallons of [illegible] water. Inside, if nothing goes wrong, the [illegible] air-conditioning unit will be able to [illegible] keep the cabin comfortable.

All through the plane are detectors [illegible] cause cold shudders as well as [illegible] tion. Titanium and stainless steel [illegible] are "sculptured" chemically, sometimes [illegible] to a thinness of .007 in. to save [illegible] of weight. Electric motors run [illegible]



SKETCH OF XB-70A; AT RIGHT, TAILPIPES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

mperature that would bake a cake. uch novel techniques—and thousands hore that have been used in the XB-0A—are interesting but highly experi-ental. They will call for elaborate and epeated testing before the dangerous obra can attempt its first high-speed ight, scheduled for this summer.

ELECTRONICS

Quotations by Computer

No more eye-straining squint at hanging figures on the office board. No more phone calls to the busy op-erators at the exchange. No more time wasted searching out symbols on a pa-per tape. Not for some New York stock brokers, anyway. If they are dealing in stocks listed on New York's Ameri-can Stock Exchange and subscribe to the exchange's computerized Am-Quote ervice, they can *dial* for information nd get it automatically by voice.

The Am-Quote system, built by Tele-egister Corp. of Stamford, Conn., is ased on a relatively simple computer hat records all the figures reported rom the floor of the exchange and holds hem available for questioning. From he broker's telephone, an extra line uns to the computer. After pressing a utton to activate the line, the broker erely dials the code numbers of the tock in which he is interested. In a econd the computer answers in a tone-ss but pleasant voice. It repeats the ock's code letters, then gives the latest formation—the bid price, the high, e low, etc.

The 57 words and letters of the ma-hine's vocabulary* were originally poken into a recording device by Wal-r Jennison, a Teleregister Corp. en-neer who could speak with the nec-sary clarity. Then the words were corded on a revolving magnetic drum. hat the computer does is to extract latest quotations from its contin-ly refurbished memory, translate em into the proper words taken from drum, and transmit them to the lis-ing broker over the telephone line. makes no mistakes, never gets tired, d costs $100 per month.

Other companies present instant stock rmation visually. Scantlin Electron-inc. prints figures on a tape when tioned in a proper code; Ultronic ms Corp. uses small lights that three digits of information at a . In this fiercely competitive field, egister will have an advanced en-a desk device hooked to its com-t that will flash the information on reen. But none of these visual sys-s are likely to be quite so impressive he embalmed voice of Walter Jenni-peaking tonelessly for Am-Quote's puter.

* The 26 letters of the alphabet, 13 numbers hrough 9, plus 11, 13, 15. Other num-are spoken as separate digits); 18 words p, last, open, high, low, volume, up, off, and, half, none, quarter, eighth, teenth, ers, eighths, teenths).

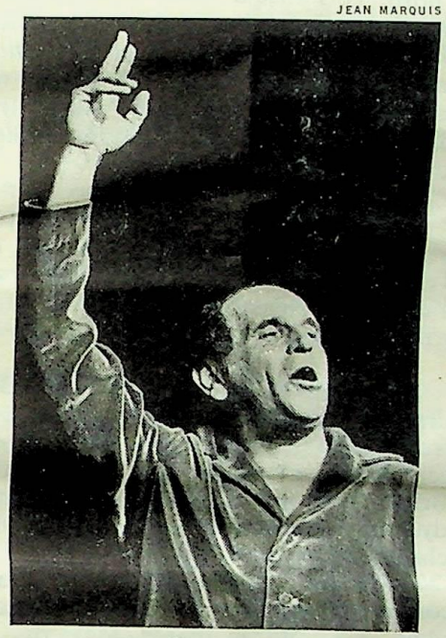
SINGERS

Malady of Paris

His collected songs add up to a painful diagnosis of the chill of modern life, and in France that makes Léo Ferré a kind of poet laureate. He hates, among other things, the church, most governments, radio, television and the Académie Française, and he hates them with the droll expertise Frenchmen instinctively admire. In a country that nourishes the cult of the dinner-table anarchist, Ferré is almost a government in exile.

Ever since he began singing in the *caves* around St. Germain-des-Prés in the late '40s, Ferré has been the reign-

JEAN MARQUIS



FERRÉ PERFORMING
Between optimism and disgust.

ing voice of the "Defenders of French Song," a tight little school of contemporary troubadour-poets. He despises literary snobbery, and the lyrics of his 200 songs pulse with the rough and jeering argot of Parisian streets. Legionnaires listened to his records in the crumbling days of French Indo-China. They can still be heard in Hanoi, as well as in New York, Dakar or any place where hypochondriacs have no intention of curing themselves of that bittersweet nostalgia known as the *Maladie de Paris*. But his verses are also published in the prestigious *Poètes d'Aujourd'hui* series alongside Rimbaud, Baudelaire and Valéry, and his music is among the best now being written for French song.

Tough Ideas. Ferré has such melodic facility that his songs can drift from one mode to another without the slightest misstep: a melody will slip into passages that suggest *fado* or flamenco or Orthodox church music, then emerge again for a major-key resolution. Ferré has written some lovely love songs, but most of his ideas are tough, and he does not mince words—as in *Monsieur Tout-Blanc*, his pre-*Deputy* attack on the Pope:

Simon Pure,
If one fine morning you leave this world feet first
For your castle in Paradise (perhaps it will be pretty)
Pray for me.
I don't have the time.
I'll still be living in Aubervilliers
With both my arms embracing misery.

Operation Madeleine. Ferré's songs evoke a complex feeling. Their mood is an absorbing compromise between optimism and disgust, and they have an ironic strength that makes their message as clear as a scream in the street. Though Ferré is a natural-born plaintiff, his songs never argue that life is absurd. "Despair," he says, "is a way of hiding things from one's self." Life is not pointless, just outrageously wrong.

Ferré became established as his own best interpreter only after he met his wife Madeleine in 1950. For years he had been down and out in Paris, playing and singing for $2 a night and composing on the side. "Operation Madeleine," as he calls the metamorphosis he undertook after his marriage, promptly rescued his career. He took off his glasses, got his teeth capped, cut his hair—and immediately found a whole new audience. Now at 47, he owns an island in Brittany, a house in the south of France, an apartment in Paris and an American car; his audience, he says, includes "everybody but the jerks—who are numerous."

Such new affluence confuses Ferré's old admirers, who still like to think of him as a flaming anarchist. But Ferré sees no point in living to please "*les professionels de la misèrabilité*." His comfortable life in the country suits him perfectly, and it has done nothing to dilute the grave discontent that ignites his music. "This is a world where muzzles aren't made for dogs," he says. "One is supposed to be mediocre. It's the only chance of not bothering other people. But I'm a lucky villain, and I'm willing to tell even the truest of lies to defend my opinions."

COMPOSERS

Return to Richard

In the last four years of his life, Richard Strauss seldom heard his works performed by his own countrymen. The post World War II silent treatment was his penalty for having meekly allowed himself to be paraded as the artistic spirit of the Third Reich. But Strauss's death in 1949 seemed a signal for a West German revival of his music. Audiences eagerly returned to his masterworks. And this year, the 100th anniversary of his birth, the revival has become almost deafening.

The Berlin Opera is presenting six

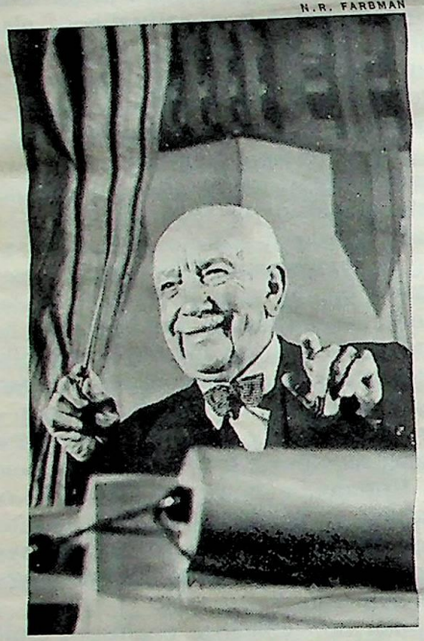
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Strauss productions, from *Der Rosenkavalier* to *Die Frau ohne Schatten* and *Capriccio*. In Munich, where coins are being struck for "Strauss Year," the Opera's Strauss festival had productions of all but four of his 15 operas, and the *Nationaltheater's* summer festival will present the sweep of his music in 100 concerts. The *Luftwaffenmusikkorps* band will play his military marches in honor of his birthday (June 11). Bavarian radio will broadcast seven operas, and the Munich Music Conservatory is not only presenting a blizzard of lectures but—going the whole way—is changing its name to the Richard Strauss Conservatory.

Forgive & Forget. Much of Strauss's music has been firmly placed in the classic repertoire since the '20s, and outside Germany he had little need of a

N.R. FARBMAN



STRAUSS CONDUCTING (1947)
After silence, the deluge.

resurrection. World War I brought a ten-year lapse in the performance of Strauss in England, but World War II caused no lull in England or America. The Strauss of the Third Reich had been an old man, and after he was cleared by the denazification courts, it seemed only just to forgive and forget. Last year, in 175 orchestral performances of his works, Strauss became one of the most frequently played composers in the U.S.

The main argument over Strauss has always dwelt on the dramatic and realistic effects of his music. Wagnerians usually love it but followers of Schumann and Brahms are likely to find it crude and vulgar—"pleasure gas," a Viennese critic once called it. His mammoth tone poems—*Till Eulenspiegel, Ein Heldenleben* and *Also sprach Zarathustra*—show him to be a peerless master of orchestral effect and a wizardly painter of tone color. But Strauss was the last man in a 400-year-old tradition of tonality, and it was his misfortune to work alongside the atonalists without sharing any of their discoveries. Halfway into the present century, he was widely dismissed as a souvenir of the last.

Metaphysically Close. The revival of Strauss's music is a vivid demonstration that his claim on modern audiences is genuine. His songs are colorful and metaphysically close to the spirit of their texts. His operas are both sensuous and profound. His orchestral works are harmonically infallible. The music he at 80 is clearly the work of the who at 24 wrote *Don Juan*: the of 60 years is united by an ama steady vocabulary. But Strauss for the end the most revealing e sions of his artistic philosophy. H been judged a walking anachron felt free to speak his mind.

MILESTONES

Born. To Diana Trask, 23, carrot-topped Australian singer who came up from Down Under to sing along with Mitch, and Thomas Ewen, 36, Aussie auto salesman: their second child, second son; in Melbourne.

Born. To Patricia Neal, 38, Academy Award-winning cinemactress for her portrait of the housekeeper in *Hud*, and Roald Dahl, 47, British author of deftly ghoulish short stories: their third child, second daughter; in Oxford, England. Name: Ophelia.

Born. To Ed Begley, 63, cinemactor who played a swamp-grass politician in Tennessee Williams' *Sweet Bird of Youth*, and Helen Jordan, 38, his third wife: a daughter; in Dublin.

Divorced. By Kenneth Tynan, 37, drama critic for the London Observer from 1954 to 1963, now on the receiving end as literary manager for the British National Theater: Elaine Dundy, 36, Long Island-born novelist who chronicles American girls abroad (*The Old Man and Me*); on grounds of incompatibility; after 13 years of marriage, one child; in Juarez, Mexico.

Died. Carol Haney, 39, snub-nosed, pixiefied dancer-comedienne who burst into fame in the 1954 musical *Pajama Game* as Gladys, the offbeat secretary who had (clang, clang) "Ss-s-s-steam Heat," but, after being hospitalized for diabetes and exhaustion in 1957, simmered down to become one of Broadway's most popular choreographers, arranging dances for *Flower Drum Song* and *Funny Girl;* of pneumonia, complicated by diabetes; in Manhattan.

Died. Vic Morabito, 45, owner of the National Football League's San Francisco 49ers, who, with his brother Tony, founded the team in 1946, took over direction after Tony dropped dead of a stroke between halves of a game with the Chicago Bears in 1957; of a stroke; in San Francisco.

Died. Vernon Carl Walston, 58, founder (in 1932) and president of Wall Street's Walston & Co., one of the nation's top ten stockbrokers; by his own hand (20-gauge shotgun); in Manhattan. A moody, drivingly ambitious onetime fruit vendor, Walston started the firm in San Francisco under the aegis of Bank of America F A. P. Giannini, moved to New Y 1958, where he built up to ass $151 million, with 90 offices from olulu to Switzerland. His one and pleasure was going on African from which he returned to decor office with water-buffalo heads, eros hides, an elephant's foot—a arsenal of small arms.

Died. Diana Wynyard, 58, British cinemactress of the 193 remembered by U.S. audiences courageous wife in the 1933 Ac Award-winning movie version o Coward's *Cavalcade*, by Britons f roles at the Old Vic, where l she played a brilliantly sensua trude to Peter O'Toole's Hamle kidney ailment; in London.

Died. Hamilton Basso, 59, jour novelist, a gentlemanly scholar New Orleans who exiled himse Connecticut in 1944, but kept tr go home again with leisurely re tions of the South's social distinc ancestor worship and tribal cu (from lynching to channel bass fi most successfully in his 1954 bes *The View from Pompey's He* cancer; in New Haven, Conn.

Died. Mollie Minsky, 69, wid Abraham Minsky, eldest of th brothers of burlesque, a mother who defended the family trade ("It broadens the viewpoint"). heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Clarence Cannon, 85, ri's gnarled, irascible, untiring, ious bantam Democratic Congr parliamentarian and parsimoni of the Appropriations Committ heart ailment; in Washington (U.S.).

Died. Max Dreyfus, 90, mus lisher, since 1935 president of hattan's Chappell & Co., a Germ migrant (class of '88) who first shop in Tin Pan Alley in 1901. he hired Jerome Kern as a song ger, George Gershwin as a 35-accompanist, until both rewarded by writing hits that sold millio enabled Dreyfus to sign up jus every major Broadway compose Romberg to Loewe; of a h tack; in Brewster, N.Y.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MacLaine Goes for Broke

What a Way to Go! is five or six big, splashy movies rolled into none. Written by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, a pair of permanently shoestruck Broadway librettists, it sets out to satirize the very things it seems head over heels in love with: moom pitchers and the cult of "success—money—success." Shirley MacLaine plays a freckle-faced Ohio gamine whose pastel American Dream is marred by the Midas touch. She wants only "a simple life with one man to love." But the men she marries have a way of getting rich quick, leaving her in widow's weeds with Rolls-Royces, private airplanes, pink mansions, cash and securities. After four husbands and legacies piling up

SY FRIEDMAN

SHIRLEY MACLAINE IN "WHAT A WAY"
Marred by the Midas touch.

$211 million, she goes to see Psychiatrist Robert Cummings.

The story unfolds in flashbacks. Having refused to wed Dean Martin because he is a tycoon, Shirley marries Dick Van Dyke, a philosophical hardware merchant who has exactly what he wants—nothing. "Our life together was just like an old silent movie," says Shirley. Which cues in some grainy black-and-white footage—a slapstick romp with speeded-up action. The idyl comes to a stop when Van Dyke throws away his Thoreau and proceeds to make money. "A little hard work never killed anybody," he insists. Soon he drops dead, leaving Shirley sadder but richer, and free for Husband No. 2.

Former Paul Newman, a no-account actor who builds his bank balance up to seven figures by inventing a masterpiece of machine. One day the machine turns on its master and beats him into an abject blob. Husband No. 3 is Robert Preston. Already wealthy, he liquidates his assets and goes native down on the farm, only to meet disaster trying to milk a bull. Next comes Gene Kelly ("Our life was like a gay 1930s musical") who hoofs his way to fame, fortune and a grim finale.

By this time, Shirley's psychiatrist wants to try for the jackpot. "I'm honored that you'd risk your life for me," she purrs. She has no sooner declined his proposal than the cleaning man arrives and—hey, guess who? Dean Martin, down on his luck and full of last-reel surprises.

For all its talent and occasional forward thrust, *What a Way to Go!* never really gets anywhere. The reasons why are neatly capsuled in Shirley's cine-fantasy with Mitchum, described as "one of those Hollywood movies all about love and what'll-she-wear-next?" This gag sequence, credited as A Lush Budget Production, offers four minutes' worth of opulent sets and a whole spring collection of Edith Head's most improbable costumes. But *What a Way* itself is so extravagantly overdrawn that the audience well may wonder where parody leaves off and plot begins. To furbish a frail spoof with all that Hollywood upholstery seems a bit like crossing a mountain stream aboard the *Queen Mary*—and why bother? Shirley MacLaine is a girl who can go for miles just paddling her own canoe.

Morse Makes the Scene

Honeymoon Hotel. Comedian Robert Morse looks like Arthur Godfrey Jr. and makes more faces than a rubber totem pole. He scored big on Broadway in *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, and then somebody apparently told him how to succeed in pictures without really trying: never put the part before the Morse. Up to a point the formula works. But what the heck. Being a success in this picture is like being head flea on a dead dog.

The story, which transpires at a Caribbean resort amid plastic palmettos and other touches of tropical realism, can best be described as follows: zzzzzzz. The players are equally interesting. Nancy Kwan, who claims to be a genuine Eurasian, looks like an American chorine with Scotch-taped eyelids. Jill St. John, who considers herself a comedienne, puts up a good front. Robert Goulet, whose talent is for singing, doesn't sing. And Keenan Wynn, who has probably been in worse pictures, looks as if he can't remember when.

Only Morse seems to feel an obligation to act. Since his lines are unspeakable, he mumbles them inaudibly and distracts the customers by giggling, wriggling, itching, twitching, wearing a wig, dancing a jig, and crossing his eyes till he practically looks out of his ears. People who did not see him on Broadway will probably think he is just a somewhat shorter, somewhat quieter Jerry Lewis. People who did will wonder what makes him tic, and wistfully murmur: *"Autre temps, autre* Morse."

Hope Pops for Peace

A Global Affair. As an obscure U.N. employee who has been nursing a closetful of computers, Bob Hope blinks in dismay at his new assignment: the care and feeding of a blonde baby girl, abandoned in the U.N. lobby. "You've got the wrong man," burbles Bob. "I didn't even go to the Christmas party." Nevertheless he takes the tyke home to his bachelor flat, powders her with confectioners' sugar, fastens her diapers with Scotch tape, and warms her milk in an empty fifth. Meanwhile, back at U Thant's East River headquarters, an international incident begins to boil. Seems all 111 member nations want to claim the foundling for their very own and are eager to give it the best of all possible homelands.

From that none too Hopeful beginning, the comedy wheezes toward a

HENRY GROSSMAN

BOB HOPE & FRIEND IN "AFFAIR"
Not at the Christmas party.

tired finish, with gags that might have been written by a UNESCO pamphleteer. Sometimes the movie simply stops to preach. "This baby feels hunger and cold and loneliness, just like you and me," says Bob. "I can't see anything funny about this situation." And there's the rub. Or the rash. To help Hope out in the pinches, a group of seductresses billed as The Global Girls troops through: Yvonne De Carlo as a Spanish floozy whose secret weapon is flamenco; Lilo Pulver as a brusque, weepy vodkaholic making a case for the U.S.S.R.; Miiko Taka as an ah-so Geisha who offers back rubs and hot saki; and Elga Andersen as a French *fille de joie* who waives her diplomatic immunity in pajama tops. True love is the Belgian lass (Michele Mercier), a high-minded guide from the Low Countries. Obviously, the movie makes a negligible contribution to world amity and understanding, despite such gimmicks as a walk-on role by U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson. Stooped, sage and sober, the ambassador looks like a man who knows the U.N. will survive even this sad *Affair*.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

It Only Seems Like Fun

THE WEEKENDERS by Max Gunther. 237 pages. Lippincott. $4.95.

Dark suspicions arise that the current oversupply of books proving that Everything Is Hollow (or: A Searching Look at the Cardboard Values of Our Aspirin Society) is part of a plot by the sunshine merchants. When everyone is sufficiently depressed, publishers of inspirational texts will find a renewed market for books disproving hollowness on the ground that Everything Is Stuffed with Meaning. Meanwhile, in the hollow or waning-moon part of the cycle, we have research, shows mastery of an important technique of the searching-look book—the compounding of statistics from air and egg white. What counts as an "activity"? Brushing your teeth? Mowing the lawn with a toy gasoline tractor? If five members of one of Dr. Wylie's families watch *Gunsmoke*, does the researcher chalk up five activities? This is an important element in the art of making the world sound hollow when it is thumped. Another is the unvarying assumption that no one ever does anything because he likes it. If he goes skiing, it is to show off his wounds; if he gives a party, it is to prove something to his friends; if he goes bunburying with his

ENDPAPER FOR "THE WEEKENDERS" BY SUSAN PERL

Happiness should be serious.

had *The Waste Makers, The Pyramid Climbers, The Brain Pickers, The Naked Society*, and that inevitable-but-yet-unwritten examination of the lunch habits of advertising men, *Breath in the Afternoon*. Now, with no moon in sight, the co-author of *The Split-Level Trap* has written *The Weekenders*.

Reason Why. Weekenders, it turns out, are people who work five days a week, with two days off for getting into sociologically fascinating trouble. That is, weekenders are almost everyone not in jail. Most weekenders, Author Gunther reports, embrace the Fun Mystique. The weekender's "self-esteem depends on his success in having, or at least demonstrating, fun. The weekender likes to be thought of as an extrovert who lives in a loud fast whirl of activities. Anything less is felt to be almost if not quite pathological . . . Dr. James A. Wylie of Boston University has studied family recreation and found that the typical family has 20 or 30 different activities to keep it busy on weekends. Some have as many as 70."

Here Author Gunther, with borrowed secretary, it is to improve his self-image, not because he likes the bells on her toes.

Troweled Guilt. Naturally a citizen cannot escape being proved a fraud by spending his weekends working instead of fun having. The business man who keeps Saturday office hours does not do it to catch up on his work, nor to impress his boss; he is hiding from failure as a fun haver. The weekend gardener trowels guilt into the soil; the Sunday painter paints his soul off-white.

Since there is almost no human activity that cannot be accomplished, attempted, contemplated, or escaped from on a weekend, Gunther has a lot to cover. Or to look at it another way, he has endless opportunities to quote from other Hollow Worlders whose subjects are more specialized. His book is, in fact, an anthology of the maxims of Russell Lynes, David Riesman, Helen Gurley Brown, Vance Packard, Betty Friedan and William H. Whyte Jr.

But Gunther is a published magazine writer ("When to Worry About an Office Romance"—*Good Housekeeping*, March 1961) and does not really need help. Writing of weekend sin (over... but still deplorable), he refuses to... ic, observing that "it is not the... stretch of workless time itself that... often causes sin but the attitudes of... ple toward the weekend and the... and dreams they bring to it fr... work week."

Here the reader suspects that... ther's book itself may be the tr... between the Hollow World book... the Stuffed with Meaning kind. In a... ming up that is almost a *haiku*, it... vates the spirit: "The weekend is... big red apple. Some would eat... fast and get indigestion. But it is... lovely apple."

The Most Perfect Man

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH ... *ip Magnus*. 528 pages. Dutton. $8...

"The great object in view," ex... the Bishop of Oxford, "is to ma... the most perfect man." Surely ... possible, according to the phren... Dr. George Combe; the infant... of Wales not only had splendid... and intellectual" bumps, but gr... sign of developing his "higher... of control" at the expense of h... ones. At that happy news, ex... Queen seemed satisfied. She w... fident, she wrote, that "the dea... would grow up to be just like ... gelic, dearest father."

Edward Prince of Wales gre... be neither perfect nor anything l... Prince Consort, as Victoria lear... her dismay. But in one sense, ... British Biographer Philip Magn... was indeed the perfect man: h... filled Britain's concept of itself... ther Victoria nor Prince Albert ... done. If he was an anachron... was the Britain in which he ... and ruled. The secret of his eas... larity, thinks Author Magnus, w... he scarcely ever betrayed by w... deed what some of his co... dimly suspected: the fact that ... fruits of the semifeudal sc... der he represented were already ... on the tree.

Questionable Paragon. No... 19th century Englishman kept ... at Cowes, a hunting lodge at ... die, stables at Ascot and a vill... rienbad. But they admired the ... did, and cheerfully forgave h... the Times of London called his ... of questionable pleasures." He ... those pleasures with particular... thinks Biographer Magnus, prec... cause Victoria and Albert had ... mined to make him a paragon o... lish virtues. As a result of that ... mination, his upbringing was a... He was not allowed to mix or p... other boys. He was given six h... instruction by several private ... six days a week, followed by ... of calisthenics under the eye o... sergeant. To ensure that nothi... wrong, his principal tutor was ... "Her Majesty and His Royal ... Prince Albert have, laid bo...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

the end of every day, a report on conduct of the Princes and their ployment from hour to hour."

Albert died in 1861, a month after arning that his son, then 20, was hav- g a fling with an actress ("You *must* ot. you *dare* not be lost," he wrote to dward). A year later "Bertie" was arried to Denmark's Alexandra, "the ost beautiful Princess in Europe," and hortly thereafter Queen Victoria in her idow's weeds withdrew into almost otal seclusion. Bertie was left with an come of roughly $550,000 a year, no utors, and a great deal of free time.

Seasons by Decree. Bertie had to ait another 40 years before he be- ame King. But as heir apparent, he et the style of English society for near- half a century, determining who hould be included and who excluded nd where one should go when. The ocial year, as decreed by Bertie, con- isted of two months (January and Feb- uary) of shooting at Sandringham, two onths (March and April) on the rench Riviera, followed by three onths in London for "the Season." No entleman was seen in London after he end of July, when the Prince of Vales went to Cowes for the yachting, llowed by a month or so in a German a, where he tried to reduce his im- ense bulk by dieting and taking the aters. Around October he went to bergeldie for a month of grouse ooting, and he finished up the year ck at Sandringham, where he spent own and the Princess's birthdays. found the intrusion of political af- rs intensely annoying. "Another Gen- l Election will be a very serious atter," he wrote in 1886 to Lord Car- gton, "and a most untoward event the middle of the London Season!"

Juggled Beds. That was the public rtie. Privately, he liked to sneak out h cronies like Lord Hardwicke (who rfected" the top hat) and Lord Dup- (who invented the dinner jacket) chase fire engines or more often, es. He was known on sight to the cers of half the cabarets of Paris, o used to greet him by shouting llo, Wales!" His taste in women was well known to society, in fact, that he descended on a country house ually without his wife but with a ue of 12 to 16 attendants), a wise ess juggled bedrooms so that the would be within convenient h of his current favorite. At his nation in Westminster Abbey after death of Victoria in 1901, he or- the construction of a special box ularly referred to as "the King's Box") for his past and present esses. And what impressed him about the coronation ceremony, ich all the crowned heads of Eu- had been invited, was the glimpse aught of the "white arms" of the esses "arching over their heads" as put on their coronets.

As Edward VII, Bertie changed his of living not a whit, giving Britain

EDWARD VII'S WEDDING (SEATED: MOTHER)
The fruit was wormy.

the most colorful court it had seen since Charles II. If he skirted scandal, it was because no man alive better understood British upper-class tribal customs. When, during a divorce proceeding, the testimony of Lady Charles Mordaunt was read in court confessing that she had committed adultery with Bertie when he was Prince of Wales "often, and in open day," it proved embarrassing but not fatal, because Bertie had played his part honorably—visiting Her Ladyship secretly and in a hired brougham in mid-afternoon and never behaving in a manner to embarrass Lord Charles when they were fellow guests on a country weekend.

Easy Scrapping. Biographer Magnus, who had access to several collections of unpublished papers, is most convincing when he is discussing the intricacies of Edwardian social life. He is on less firm ground when he tries to demonstrate that Bertie helped shape his country's foreign policy in the first decade of the century. After the death of Victoria, who never trusted her son with Foreign Office dispatches, Bertie became an ardent practitioner of personal diplomacy, paying "unofficial" visits to the capitals of Europe, where he practiced his charm on rulers, most of whom were his relatives. Magnus credits him with at least an assist in the *rapprochement* with Russia and the entente with France that British diplomacy achieved before World War I.

What he could never achieve was a *rapprochement* with 20th century England. He was profoundly shocked shortly before his death in 1910 to hear Lloyd George, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, quip that "a fully equipped Duke costs as much to keep up as two dreadnoughts" and was less easy to scrap. It was, Edward confided to a secretary, the most insidiously socialistic remark he had ever heard from a Minister of the King.

Unexpected Prizewinner

PURITAN VILLAGE *by Sumner Chilton Powell.* 215 pages. *Wesleyan.* $15.

The award of the Pulitzer Prize for history this month startled many historians and most publishers simply because the winning book and its author were almost unknown. In fact, Sumner Chilton Powell's *Puritan Village* had almost gone unpublished: scholarly presses, including Harvard, had turned it down as "too specialized" before it was accepted by Wesleyan in Connecticut. With its $15 price tag, many bookstores had not bothered to stock it; hardly more than 1,000 copies had been sold; immediately after the Pulitzer announcement the book was almost unobtainable.

Conflicting Traditions. The book that beat out such possibilities as Oscar Handlin's panoramic *The Americans* or William and Bruce Catton's *Two Roads to Sumter* is a meticulous and remarkably detailed account of the early government and social organization of the town of Sudbury, Mass., founded by Puritan settlers in 1638. Generations of orators have sweepingly proclaimed the early towns of New England "a unique experiment in self-government," while many historians have tacitly assumed that the early settlers brought with them a broadly homogeneous body of English law and administrative methods. Historian Powell's achievement is to show just how unique the self-government of early Sudbury really was.

Not one but at least three quite distinct English traditions lay behind the Puritan settlers, Powell found. Men like Peter Noyes, a prosperous yeoman and the fourth largest landholder when he left the manor of Weyhill in southern England, brought with them centuries-old customs of open-field, cooperative farming and local government. Men like Edmund Brown, Cambridge graduate and Nonconformist minister, sprang from bustling, self-governing English boroughs and brought with them city ways and institutions. A strong minority of early Sudbury settlers like John Parmenter and Thomas Cakebread the miller were used to independently run, competitive, closed-field farming as then practiced in the east of England.

Deciphering the Records. To trace the interactions of these traditions took Powell six years. Of the 16 men who were early Sudbury's leaders, he succeeded in tracking 13 to their original homes in England, and has re-created their lives in convincing detail. In total, he located the origins of 79% of Sudbury's first landowners. He spent two summers in England finding and photostating—if necessary with a portable copier, wired to his car battery—

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

You read advertising news in these columns

So do millions of others.

If you have a product that is news...which people should be interested in, why not tell them about it here? Ask for information from... TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o The People's Bank #13, 625 Merchant St., Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$400; 3 yrs, NT$800; 5 yrs, NT$1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S.$11.25; 3 yrs, U.S.$22.50; 5 yrs, U.S.$33.75), TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, C. D. Jackson; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Arthur R. Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

the relevant 17th century church records, legal notes, manor rolls and accounts. Deciphering the Latin shorthand and illegible handwriting of the period took hundreds of hours more.

From the welter of facts, with the passion of a born antiquarian and the insights of a self-made sociologist, Powell has reconstructed the intense pulling and hauling of an early American community that was, "in a real sense, a little commonwealth," able to create "as much of an ideal state as its leaders could conceive and find agreement on." Such fine-grained history is certainly more for the scholar than for most general readers. Yet Powell's style is clear, if sometimes too sugary, and the people and events can be absorbing.

A Time for Pride

CRISIS IN BLACK AND WHITE by *Charles E. Silberman*. 370 pages. *Random House*. $5.95.

Many of the books now pouring off the presses on the race issue hesitate, falter, flounder and peter out in mawkish sentimentality or pious preaching. This book by Charles Silberman, a FORTUNE magazine editor, marches in no-nonsense fashion to a number of hard truths that are not meant to comfort or console. It is impossible, writes Silberman, "to tell the truth about race relations without offending and angering men of both colors." Some Silberman points:

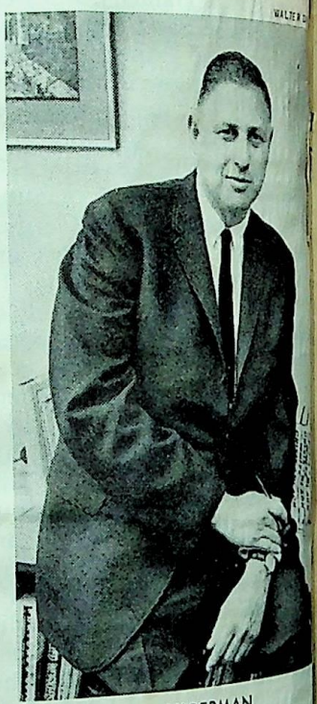
▶ White Americans have degraded the Negro. Slaves were treated more shabbily in the U.S. than almost anywhere else on earth at any time in history. Their pride was systematically knocked out of them; families were broken up so often that a pattern was set, and even today they continue to break up with alarming casualness. In central Harlem, only half the children under 18 live with both parents.

▶ Negroes need to recover their self-respect. Though sit-ins have not accomplished much materially, they have given Negroes cause for pride: whites have had to bargain with them as equals. Similarly, by stressing Negro superiority —racist though that message is—the Black Muslims have had astonishing success straightening out the lives of lower-class Negroes, curing them of drug addiction, alcoholism and self-hate.

▶ White Americans must go out of their way to give Negroes a helping hand; merely allowing them long-withheld civil rights is not enough. They must provide public education for Negro children at an earlier age—at three or four. By the time the children are five or six, an overcrowded, oppressive home life has stifled their impulse to learn and made them much less alert than comparable white children. Corporations must set job quotas for Negroes, give them on-the-job training, even put up with impaired efficiency until the Negroes are trained.

▶ The "most impressive experiment affecting Negroes anywhere in the U... says Silberman, took place in Chi... Woodlawn slum. Despairing over... decline of their neighborhood... clergymen called in Saul D. Al... whose profession is creating large... grass-roots organizations in U.S. ... Alinsky welded together such an... tive group that it was able to org... a boycott of white merchants who... charged the neighborhood. It t... slumlords to clean up their prop... it put the heat on city hall to relie... overcrowding in the ghetto schools.

Alinsky is Silberman's chief ... the man who has shown Negroes ... way to make themselves most effe... Critics charge that Alinsky is a ... tator, and Alinsky proudly agrees ... uses nearly any method for maki... thorities miserable—rent strikes, ... onstrations, marches on city hall. ... stated intent is to "rub raw the sore...



SILBERMAN

Agitator is an honorable title

discontent" in order to inspire ... pressed community to act to help ... Silberman argues that it is this ... al participation in action that also ... give Negroes a real sense of the ... dignity. "It is in the act (or the ... of working for freedom or ... that one gains freedom or equali...

Silberman warns that things ... worse before they get better. "T... groes' impatience, bitterness and ... are likely to increase the close ... come to full equality. This is not ... of Negro character but a charac... of all disadvantaged groups: the ... they are to their goals, the harde... to understand or justify the disp... that remain. Indeed, it is a co... place of history that revolution... the Negro protest movement resu... a revolution in many ways) steep... hope, not despair; from progress ... stalemate. And the nearer to ... the revolutionaries get, the tougher ... usually become."

TIME, MAY 2...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

New York: it's the year to see the fabulous World's Fair!

Fly east–or fly west–to the U.S.A. on Pan Am!

You can fly to the U.S.A. East via Tokyo . . . or West via Europe *all without change of plane*—only on Pan Am. 24 jets a week throughout the summer. More than any other airline.

Pan Am's convenient *Eastbound* service to the U.S. West Coast lets you enjoy stopovers in Hong Kong, Tokyo and Hawaii at *no extra fare* . . . or you can fly from Tokyo to California via Pan Am's exclusive Great Circle Route. Other Jets direct to the U.S. West Coast from Singapore via Manila and Hawaii.

Or fly *Westbound* to New York. En route you can see the most exciting cities in the Middle East and Europe at *no extra fare!*

Whichever way you choose, you're flying with the airline that knows the world best. Gives you a comfortable feeling, knowing you're flying with the World's Most Experienced Airline. And the hospitable, generous service includes cuisine by *Maxim's of Paris* on every flight.

Choose first-class *President Special* or low-fare *Rainbow* Economy service. For information and immediate reservations, call your Pan Am Travel Agent or Pan Am.

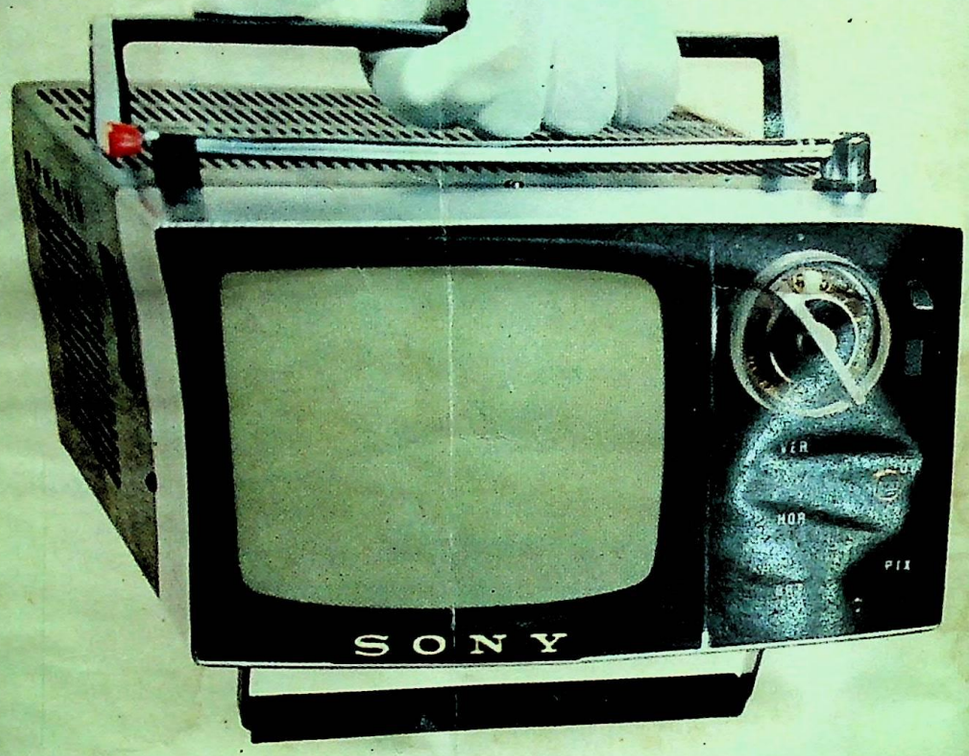
FIRST ON THE PACIFIC . . .
FIRST ON THE ATLANTIC . . .
FIRST IN LATIN AMERICA . . .
FIRST 'ROUND THE WORLD . . .

PAN AM

YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITH PAN AM
—WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Enjoy it on the way... enjoy it when you get the

SONY Micro TV is television to take along. Install it in your car (or your boat) and its built-in Automatic Gain Control and Automatic Noise Suppressor systems assure you of a rock-steady image no matter where you go. Micro TV has been engineered to take the jarring shocks of bumpy roads . . . and keep right on playing. This concept-changing set weighs a light 8 lbs, is hardly larger than a telephone, and plays on its o tery, 12v auto/boat battery, or AC. In you the beach, or on a picnic you get a m sharp, clear picture without intruding s thanks to twenty-five transistors and a s signed picture tube. W your dealer demonst markable SONY Mi sonalized televisio

RESEARCH MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

SONY®

micro TV MODEL 5-303

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

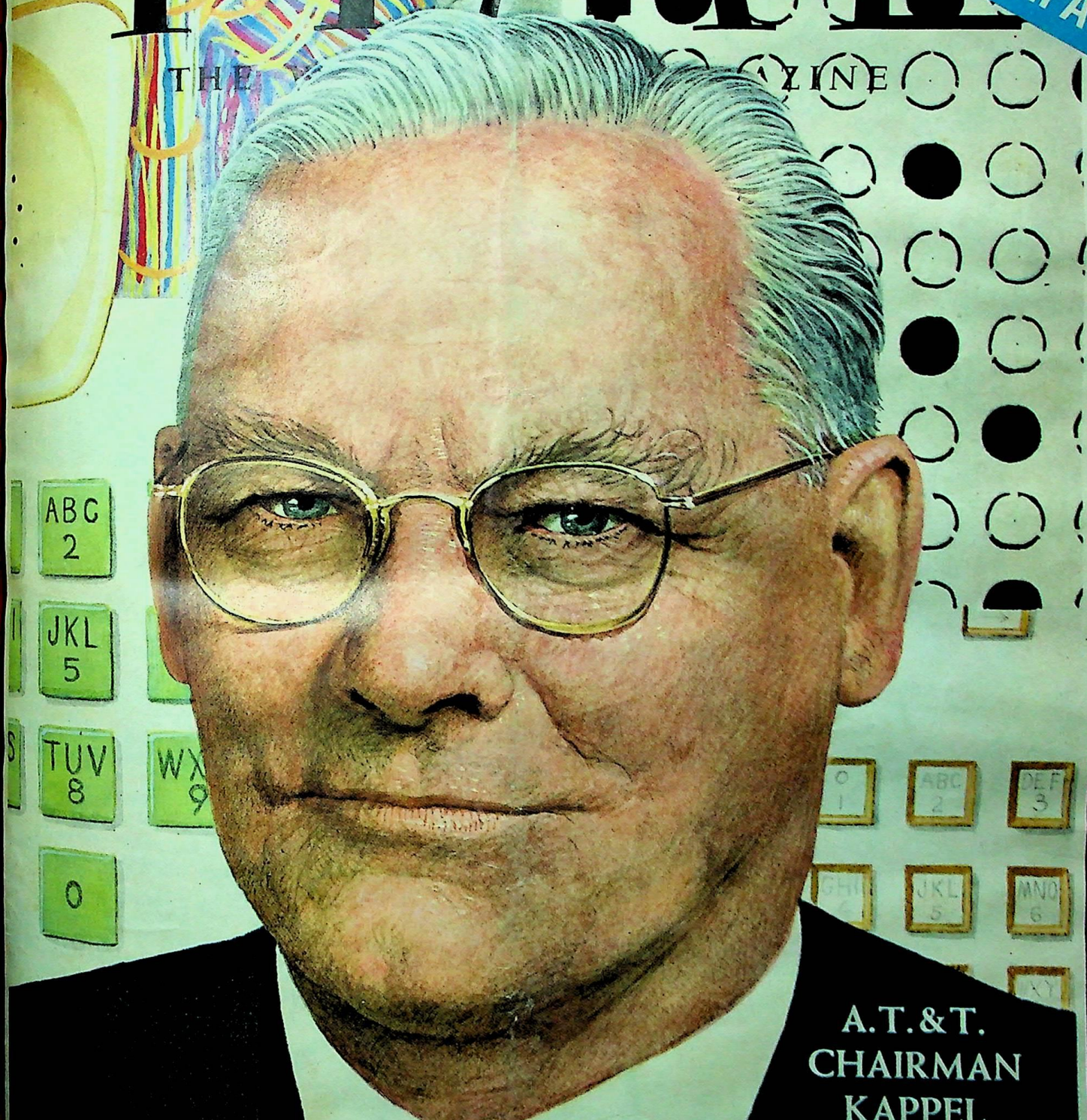
MAY 29, 1964

ASIA EDITION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST COMPANY



A.T.&T. CHAIRMAN KAPPEL

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

YOU MEET THE NICEST PEOPLE ON A HONDA

Maybe it's the incredibly low pri

Or the fact it doesn't gulp p
Just sips it—90 kilometers to the l

Or the way the masterful 4-stro
50cc OHV motor carries you along
65 km/h without a murmur
More like gliding than ridi

Or it could be the ease of 3-spe
transmission, automatic clu
and the extra safety of Honda's
cam-type brakes on both whe
The optional push-button sta
makes you feel right at home. T

But most likely it's the
Evidently nothing catches on
the fun of owning a Hond
You see so many around these da
And the nicest people riding abo
Why don't you join

u might not
ized as rolli
ra region to
pographic ar
ften dictate b
ent. The 350
tachi supplie
ays are a goo
t, dry climat
e of the wor
t sand-proo
signed and
gine and co
rtable sand
t unusual str
ra-strong fr
a result: per
t the Egyp
00 more cars
commuter syst
in the case

World's Largest Motorcycle Manufacturer

HONDA

HONDA MOTOR CO., LTD. Tokyo

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Making the product fit the clime

You might not think anything as standardized as rolling stock would vary from one region to another. Yet climatic, topographic and other local conditions often dictate basic changes in the equipment. The 350 self-propelling diesel cars Hitachi supplied to the Egyptian Railways are a good example. Besides the hot, dry climate, sand turned out to be one of the worst natural enemies. Special sand-proofing equipment had to be designed and installed to protect the engine and coaches. And because the unstable sand road-bed and uneven rails put unusual stresses on the bogie trucks, extra-strong frames had to be designed. The result: performance so satisfactory that the Egyptian government ordered 100 more cars just like them for Cairo's commuter system.

In the case of 30 diesel-electric locomotives supplied to Thailand or the latest type of AC locomotives for India, different local conditions created different sets of problems. In every case, Hitachi's ability to adapt its products "to fit the clime" provided the key to a solution.

Rolling stock is not the only field where Hitachi has shown its capability. Hitachi manufactures some 10,000 individual products—ranging from heavy electrical, industrial, and transportation equipment to precision electronic instruments and scientific apparatus. If you're interested in any of our product lines, we'll be happy to forward you complete information. Or if you'd like to know more about our latest activities, we'd be delighted to send you our popular, informative quarterly, Age of Tomorrow, or our comprehensive technical bimonthly, the Hitachi Review.

MAIN PRODUCTS: Turbines & Generators · Transformers · Rolling Stock · Nucleonics · Power Shovels & Cranes · Pumps · Machine Tools · Electronic Computers · Communications Equipment · Switchboards · Lighting Equipment · Electron Tubes · Semiconductors · Scientific Instruments · Refrigeration · Air Conditioning · Motors · Wire & Cables · Iron & Steel Products · Insulating Materials · Electric Home Appliances

Hitachi, Ltd.

C.P.O. Box No. 14 Tokyo, Japan

Overseas Offices: New York · Chicago · San Francisco · Buenos Aires · Sao Paulo · Bogota · Mexico City · New Delhi · Calcutta · Karachi · Bangkok · Singapore · Taipei · Seoul · Beirut · Cairo · Duesseldorf

Where 10,000 products share one feature—excellence

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 27

TOWN MEETING OF THE WORLD (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* Former Vice President Richard M. Nixon, Senator J. William Fulbright, British Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson, and Maurice Schumann, chairman of France's Foreign Affairs Committee, will be linked via Telstar II for a live discussion of U.S. foreign policy, based on Senator Fulbright's recent denunciation of the assumptions behind U.S. policy.

Thursday, May 28

GENTLEMEN: START YOUR ENGINES (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). History of the Indianapolis 500-mile Speedway Race. Color.

KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATER (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Julie Harris stars as a homely schoolteacher wooed by a handsome fisherman who is determined to get hold of a ring she purchased in a curio shop. Color.

Friday, May 29

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Efrem Zimbalist Jr. stars in an adaptation of Carson McCullers' *The Sojourner*, the story of a restless wanderer.

Saturday, May 30

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). National A.A.U. Gymnastics championships from Kings Point, L.I.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9 p.m.-conclusion). Sidney Poitier, Rock Hudson and Dana Wynter in *Something of Value*.

Sunday, May 31

THE CAMPAIGN AND THE CANDIDATES (NBC, 7-7:30 p.m.). Preview of the California primary elections.

Monday, June 1

MONDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor and Cyd Charisse in M-G-M's 1952 spoof of Hollywood moviemaking, *Singin' in the Rain*.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Theodore Bikel guest-stars as the father of a 20-year-old mentally retarded boy accused of having molested a young girl. Repeat.

Tuesday, June 2

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Carol Burnett re-creates the role of Princess Winifred, which first brought her to fame.

THEATER

On Broadway

HAMLET. Although Richard Burton as Hamlet and Hume Cronyn as Polonius burnish all the richness of language, wit and humor of the play, this revival, and specifically Burton's Hamlet, lacks the burning passion, the mind-tossed anguish, the self-divided will that Hamlet must have to be a true prince of tragedy.

FUNNY GIRL shines in the refracted light of the most brilliant new star to rise over Broadway in years, Barbra Streisand.

HIGH SPIRITS. As a spirit brought back to haunt her husband by means of a slapstick *séance conducted* by mad Bea Lillie, impish Tammy Grimes is about as ghostly grey as a rainbow.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Without even the help of her closetful of balloons, Sandy Dennis ascends from playmate to helpmate in two acts.

DYLAN. Alec Guinness probes the special hell in which Dylan Thomas found himself. His performance is moody, taut with rage and sometimes bright with humor.

HELLO, DOLLY! Part of this musical's nostalgic appeal lies in its evocative Oliver Smith backdrops of little old New York, part lies in its hissable boss-villain (David Burns), whom Dolly finds kissable. Most of it lies in the skirt-swishing charm of Carol Channing as Dolly.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. Playwright Neil Simon's deft quips punctuate this early-marital farce with humor to spare for a zany subplot involving a mother-in-law and a Continental charmer (he thinks).

Off Broadway

DUTCHMAN, by LeRoi Jones. In a New York subway car, a white girl who is a twitchy, neurotic bundle of well-informed clichés and sterile sexual aggressions, lures, taunts, degrades and destroys a Negro in a Brooks Brothers shirt, but not before he tells her, with profane and explicit brutality, how much Negroes hate whites.

THE BLOOD KNOT. Two half brothers, one light and one dark, act out in miniature the torment of being a racial outcast in present-day South Africa. Playwright Atholl Fugard writes with a tenderness, poignance and understanding that crosses all color lines.

THE TROJAN WOMEN, winner of a special citation from the New York Drama Critics' Circle, is a powerful, tormenting image of humans bearing the unbearable.

RECORDS

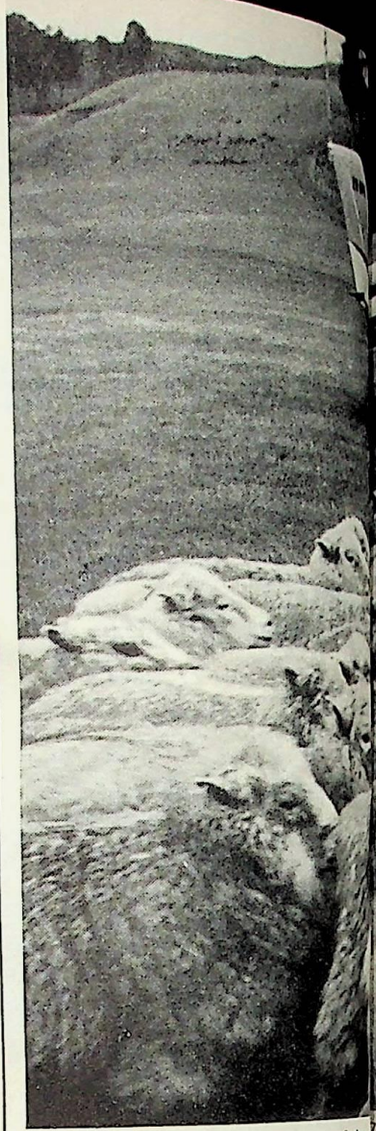
Opera

I PURITANI (3 LPs; London) is the last and loveliest of Bellini's operas, a story about the Roundheads and the Stuarts in the days of Cromwell incongruously drenched in Italian melody and sunlit harmony. Only singers skilled in *bel canto*, such as Joan Sutherland and Maria Callas, dare try it. In the new recording, Sutherland is the demented Elvira, and when she sings *Vien, dilètto* in a deluge of perfectly matched and sparkling runs and trills, she embellishes even the embellishments. Maria Callas (on Angel's earlier version of *I Puritani*) has no such quicksilver in her voice, but in many poetic passages, exquisitely shaded and phrased, she is the better proof of Bellini's proposition: "The object of opera should be to weep in song."

GREAT SOPRANOS OF OUR TIME (Angel). Sutherland and Callas again, and out to draw blood. Callas plays Verdi's Lady Macbeth, chilling in the sleepwalking scene, and Sutherland is Donna Anna, crying vengeance on Don Giovanni at the top of her voice. The other reigning sopranos in this international exposition are Sweden's Birgit Nilsson singing Beethoven, France's Régine Crespin singing Wagner, Germany's Elisabeth Schwarzkopf singing Mozart, and Spain's Victoria de los Angeles singing Verdi and Gounod.

JUSSI BJOERLING sings operatic duets with Robert Merrill and scenes (from *Il Trovatore, Rigoletto*) with Zinka Milanov and

* *All times E.D.T.*



Fat sheep, some of the [illegible] Zealand. Behind

Neal

How a hand[illegible]ily farm

How does a small, distant, unde[illegible] country, lacking mineral resou[illegible] one of the highest living stand[illegible] world? By making the most of [illegible] In New Zealand's case this is g[illegible]

1 Two things have combined to Zealand prosper: a favourable [illegible] where cattle and sheep can graze [illegible] And a guaranteed market in pa[illegible] Britain, 12,000 miles away.

EXPLOITING THE PAST

2 To these advantages the New Ze[illegible] has added a combination of scienc[illegible] nisation so effectively that today engages one-seventh of the labou[illegible] ing the rest to services and indust[illegible] small country of 2½ million peop[illegible] the world's biggest exporter of m[illegible]

3 Yet most of the farms are run with only an occasional helping neighbour. Spray and fertilisers craft. There are machines to [illegible] to the soil, make the hay, [illegible] milk, separate the cream and [illegible]

SCIENCE ADDS A MILLION

4 Thirty laboratories and experi search into problems of anim disease, soil fertility. Nearly a acres in the central plateau of [illegible]

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F. Mexico. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME (Pacific) Inc., 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries listed elsewhere.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection. Tambaram.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

me of the Zealand. Behind them, a light aircraft used by owner-farmer to commute to his outlying pastures. New Zealand has 7,000 farm airstrips.

Nealand grows on grass

a hand ily farms produces the world's highest exports of meat and butter

stant, unde
eral resou
ving stand
e most of
e this is g
mbined t
ourable fa
can graze
rket in pa
way.

HE PAST

the New Ze
n of scien
hat today
the labou
nd indus
lion peop
orter of m

s are ru
l helping
rtilisers
es to ap
nay, pl
m and s

MILLION

nd expo
of anim
Nearly
eau of th

less, were brought into production by cobalt to the soil. Science has helped production to grow 63% in 20 years.

Ingenuity and hard work have earned a life for New Zealanders. They have a week, liberal holidays, model social services, full employment. And a car for four persons (New Zealand, 1,000 has 57,000 miles of roads).

OIL ON THE FARM

than half the country's oil require- in fact, go in gasoline to run the motor and fuel for the highly mechanised industry (New Zealand has a tractor to). With the recent opening of the first at Whangarei (in April 1964), New started processing 90% of her oil including well over a million tons of and nearly half a million tons of fuel dustry.

ration has also revealed substantial of natural gas (producing 60 million a day, equivalent to a little over ons of fuel oil a year). This could be a variety of purposes, but is particularly r the generation of electricity.

ther there are six schemes, to come ce between 1968 and 1972, which will ew power from water and geo-thermal The use of natural gas has also been ed. One scheme, the Manapouri Project, may be linked with an aluminium industry.

SEARCH FOR NEW MARKETS

9 But meanwhile 95% of the value of New Zealand's exports still comes from the sheep and the cow. The more immediate problem is not so much to change this situation as to find new markets.

10 In the last decade, New Zealand has steered 17% of her traditional trade into continental Europe, America and the Far East. She has won 80% of the US imported lamb market (most of it shipped in glossily packaged cuts, complete with recipes). While keeping her old friendships, New Zealand is responding to the prospects of new, wide horizons.

SHELL AND WORLD OIL

SHELL

To keep pace with her development, in agriculture and industry, New Zealand will need cheap and dependable oil. So will the rest of the world. Oil is one of the fastest growing sources of energy, and demand is expected to double within 15 years.

Meeting this demand has to be an international operation because no other commodity is moved in such tremendous volumes across so many frontiers, broken into so many products, planned so far ahead. It needs a complex, world-wide organisation—the kind Shell has built up over the years.

FACTS AND FIGURES

For Shell, getting oil to the markets means operating over 11½ million tons of tanker shipping, and 32,000 miles of pipelines over the great land routes. Establishing marketing companies in over 100 countries. Doing business in nearly every major language. And encouraging 6,000 research men to find new and useful products — new fuels, plastics, resins, fertilisers and insecticides.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Shell is dependable because it is in the whole oil cycle. It looks for oil, finds it, raises it, transports it, breaks it down into products, and gets them to market as regularly as a metronome. In doing so, it averages about 1¼ US cents profit per gallon on its sales.

Shell is useful. It gets the right product to the right place at the right time. **It serves consuming countries by finding dependable energy, producing countries by finding dependable markets. Year after year.**

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Complete Victory

* T-6 (Touring) 1600cc～2000cc＝20 laps. 120km. 30 cars entr'd—Prince Gloria 6 〈9〉, Crown〈10〉, Bellel〈4〉, Cedric〈7〉						
Winner	Prince Gloria 6	Hideo Oishi	1 hr.	0 m.	10 sec.	6
2nd	Prince Gloria 6	Yukiro Sugita	1 hr.	0 m.	16 sec.	9
3rd	Crown	Sokichi Shikiba	1 hr.	0 m.	25 sec.	9
4th	Prince Gloria 6	Tatsu Yokoyama	1 hr.	0 m.	30 sec.	9
5th	Crown	Takatoshi Teranishi	1 hr.	1 m.	12 sec.	7
6th	Crown	Hiroaki Taga	1 hr.	1 m.	25 sec.	3
* T-5 (Touring) 1300cc～1600cc＝15 laps. 90km. 30 cars entr'd—Prince Skyline 1500〈9〉, Bellett〈10〉, Corona〈10〉, Lotus Cortina〈1〉						
Winner	Prince Skyline 1500	Tetsu Ikusawa	44 m.	45 sec.	6	
2nd	Prince Skyline 1500	Yukiro Sugita	44 m.	46 sec.	3	
3rd	Prince Skyline 1500	Hideo Oishi	44 m.	46 sec.	6	
4th	Prince Skyline 1500	Giichi Sunako	44 m.	47 sec.	3	
5th	Prince Skyline 1500	Nobuyuki Tonoi	45 m.	1 sec.	0	
6th	Prince Skyline 1500	Yoshihiro Suda	45 m.	1 sec.	2	
* GT-2 (Grand Touring) 1000cc～2000cc＝16 laps. 96km. 30 cars entr'd—Porsche Carrera 904〈1〉, Prince Skyline GTS54〈7〉, Fairlady〈14〉, Lotus Elan〈1〉, MG-B 〈2〉, Bellet GT〈3〉, Triumph TR4〈1〉, Lotus Elite〈1〉						
Winner	Porsche Carrera 904	Sokichi Shikiba	45 m.	29 sec.	9	
2nd	Prince Skyline GTS54	Giichi Sunako	45 m.	39 sec.	3	
3rd	Prince Skyline GTS54	Tetsu Ikusawa	45 m.	58 sec.	8	
4th	Prince Skyline GTS54	Masaru Kodaira	46 m.	48 sec.	8	
5th	Prince Skyline GTS54	Nobuyuki Tonoi	46 m.	58 sec.	5	
6th	Prince Skyline GTS54	Yoshihiro Suda	46 m.	59 sec.	1	

Prince Gloria 6 and Prince Skyline 1500, Winners of Japan's Second Grand Pr Car Race Meeting Sponsored by The Japan Automobile Federation

300,000 excited racing fans watched, at the Suzuka Circuit on May 2 and 3, 1964, Prince Gloria 6 and Prince Skyline 1500 run away from Foreign and Japanese made cars. Prince collected 14 out of the 18 medals, defeating all of its class competitors.

These races proved that Prince engineering, road testing, road holding, acceleration and braking are tops in automobile research and proven in toughest track competition. Prince research eng ering showed that all advances from laboratory track are the reasons for Prince's domination the Grand Prix Car Races. There is no challeng Prince's supremacy on the Race Course or the Busi Avenue.

PRINCE MOTORS, LTD

Export Dept. 5-16, Shiba-Tamachi, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Ja

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

others (RCA Victor). Like Caruso, whose popularity he nearly attained, the Swedish tenor died before 50, but unlike Caruso he was able to leave a treasury of well-engineered recordings of Italian opera. These excerpts date from 1950 to 1956, and show his voice getting slightly heavier and darker while retaining its refinement and radiance.

THE CRUCIBLE. (2 LPs; Composers Recordings Inc.). Based on Arthur Miller's play exposing some of the all too human motives behind the Puritan witch hunts, this 1962 Pulitzer prizewinner is the most successful to date of the operas subsidized by the Ford Foundation. Robert Ward's music is conservative by Schoenbergian standards, but dramatic, with syncopated, dissonant hymns and minor-keyed, folk-like tunes suggesting the poisoned New England atmosphere. Most of the New York City Opera singers who premiered the work record it here with fine *esprit de corps*, led by Conductor Emerson Buckley.

BORIS GODUNOV (Angel). Highlights from Moussorgsky's masterpiece sung by the black-voiced Bulgarian basso, Boris Christoff. His characterization of Godunov is justly renowned. "Always I die new deaths. Always I change," says Christoff. Here he dies a brooding, pitiful sinner, and in the Clock Scene, the terror of his guilt creeps into his voice as quietly as a spreading stain.

CINEMA

THE ORGANIZER. Director Mario (*Big Deal on Madonna Street*) Monicelli's vivid, moving, timelessly beautiful portrait of 19th century Italy comes into sharp focus in Marcello Mastroianni, demonstrating his remarkable versatility as a socialist Savonarola who leads Turin textile workers in a strike that fails.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. Istanbul provides an exotic backdrop for the harem-scare-'em adventures of James Bond, alias 007, alias Sean Connery. A sly spoof of Ian Fleming's fiction.

THE GRAND OLYMPICS. Made in Italy, this color sportstacular dazzlingly synthesizes the glory that was Rome's during the summer Olympiad of 1960.

THE NIGHT WATCH. This perceptive French thriller follows five jailbirds along an underground escape route and unearths a sister tale of dishonor among men.

BECKET. Richard Burton is England's 12th century Archbishop of Canterbury, Peter O'Toole is King Henry II—both bring grandeur to a stunning, cerebral spectacle based on the drama by Jean Anouilh.

THE SERVANT. As a conniving "gentleman's gentleman" who masters his master, Dirk Bogarde puts a fine polish on Director Joseph Losey's study of class distinction in Britain.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT spins hilariously when Concert Pianist Peter Sellers finds his private life ruined by ramptious Teen-Agers Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth.

DR. STRANGELOVE, OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB. Stanley Kubrick's black comedy about nuclear war features fine performances by Sterling Hayden, George C. Scott and the multifarious Peter Sellers.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. Disporting themselves *con brio*, Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni make memorable fun of three zesty folk tales directed by Vittorio De Sica.

THE SILENCE. A litany on selfishness, loneliness and death, starkly told and austerely photographed, with a cast of non-normal characters directed with brooding penetration by Ingmar Bergman.

TOM JONES. Lusty lads pursue busty maids through "Best" Director Tony Richardson's wonderfully wicked assault on Fielding's 18th century classic. Winner of four 1963 Oscars.

BOOKS

Best Reading

CRISIS IN BLACK AND WHITE, by Charles E. Silberman. The author believes that the best, in fact the only, way to achieve equality and integration is by massive, militant drives in housing, schools and jobs. A thoughtful study of the Negro revolution at a crucial stage.

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH, by Philip Magnus. It was "Prince Bertie's" misfortune that he had to wait 40 years of his adult life before he could take over from his mother, Queen Victoria, but he filled the years by becoming monarch of his own kingdom of society's scandal and fashion.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. Toward the end of his life, the novelist wrote these memoirs of the '20's in Paris when he was young and poor. The result is a poetic word picture of Paris, a loving one of his first wife, and waspish anecdotes of Joyce, Ford Madox Ford, and especially the Fitzgeralds, who are treated unkindly.

PEDRO MARTINEZ, by Oscar Lewis. With his tape recorder spinning, the author of *The Children of Sanchez* gets down the biography of another Mexican: a peasant farmer who engaged in one ill-fated political reform after another.

THE SPIRE, by William Golding. In this medieval parable, an obsessed canon orders a huge stone spire to be built atop his fragile cathedral, only to realize at last that his monument was not to God's glory but his own.

EPISODE—REPORT ON THE ACCIDENT INSIDE MY SKULL, by Eric Hodgins. The author of *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* recounts his partial recovery from a "cerebrovascular accident" (in layman's terms, a stroke). His wit and skill with words are totally unimpaired.

Best Sellers

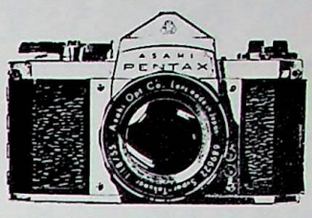
FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (3)
3. The Group, McCarthy (2)
4. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (6)
5. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever (5)
6. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer (4)
7. The Spire, Golding (10)
8. The Deputy, Hochhuth (7)
9. The Martyred, Kim (9)
10. The Venetian Affair, MacInnes (8)

NONFICTION

1. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (1)
2. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, Bishop (2)
3. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (3)
4. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (6)
5. The Naked Society, Packard (4)
6. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris (5)
7. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (7)
8. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (8)
9. In His Own Write, Lennon
10. Beat the Dealer, Thorp

T-6404



ASAHI PENTAX
INTERNATIONAL PHOTO CONTEST

TOKYO

ИНТЕРНАЦИОНАЛЬНЫЙ
ФОТОГРАФИЧЕСКИЙ КОНКУРС

Concours International de Photo

アサヒペンタックス
国際写真コンテスト

Concurso Internacional de Fotografía

Internationaler Fotowettbewerb

Internationale Fotowedstrijd

Internationella Fototaevling

國際影攝比賽

ΔΙΕΘΝΗΣ ΦΩΤΟΓΡΑΦΙΚΟΣ ΔΙΑΓΩΝΙΣΜΟΣ

Kansainvälinen Valokuvauskilpailu

1,228 PRIZES WORTH MORE THAN $56,246.61

INCLUDING FREE TRIP TO JAPAN
FOR 5 GRAND PRIZE WINNERS
VIA PAN AMERICAN

Contest is now open. Start shooting with your Asahiflex, Asahi Pentax or Honeywell Pentax with Takumar lenses. Get your contest rules and entry blanks from your Asahi Pentax dealers.

Asahi Optical Company, Ltd.
C.P.O. 895, Tokyo
5, ave. Clemenceau, Brussels 7

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

Duels in the West

Sir: Everyone seems surprised that Rockefeller won in Oregon [May 22]. But the Lodge workers could not even pronounce the name of the state! Rocky and his campaigners cared enough to say "Oregon" correctly, not "Ore*gone*."

KAY SPIESS

Hollywood

Sir: Oregonians were obviously misled by the meaning of Rockefeller's slogan, "He Cared Enough to Come." It was not Oregon he cared about, but his all-consuming desire to be President. This desire has left New York without a Governor for months at a time. Many Republicans will never forgive him and the so-called Eastern bloc for their smear campaign against Senator Goldwater.

CARROLL P. GRIFFITH JR.

New York City

Sir: Some say that Goldwater should be given the nomination if only to prove to the party—once and for all—that superconservatives can't win an election. But what a risk! In view of Johnson's wild self-confidence in his personal survival rate in fast cars and in crowds of potential assassins, I'll vote for a real presidential alternative in our primary: Rockefeller.

TOM WALKER

Los Angeles

Sir: We saw a display of Senator Goldwater's famous temper in Kansas City recently. The offending parties were not "fresh jerks," but serious Americans seeking to meet the man of so much supposed presidential timber. How can we trust him with the hot line when something might come up on one of his dour days?

DONALD A. JOHNSTON

Shawnee Mission, Kans.

Sir: If Senator Goldwater becomes President, a courageous, morally upright patriot will assume the office. No one can guarantee there will be no war, but with Goldwater we can be sure there will be no surrender.

MARVIN E. ROE

Ellsworth, Iowa

Sir: I think you should know that our total Oregon expenditure for Lodge was $52,975.63. It should also be realized that the unpaid balance (as of May 18, 1964) is $7,000, as contrasted to a $23,000 deficit in New Hampshire. Considering the fact that Ambassador Lodge ran second in Oregon against a very active candidate, Rockefeller, who had tremendous financial support (a probable $350,000), I do not think Ambassador Lodge did poorly. It is our opinion that a very good man won the Oregon primary.

ALAN GREEN JR.
State Finance Chairman
Oregon Draft Lodge Committee

Portland, Ore.

Sir: So Oregon Cave Men and Woodpeckers [May 8] don't carry too many votes, eh!

DONN KUMMER

Albany, Ore.

Trying To Be Meaningful

Sir: Your statement that Governor Connally faces no meaningful Republican opposition [May 15] is in error.

JACK CRICHTON
Republican Candidate for
Governor of Texas

Dallas

Massachusetts Morality

Sir: Instead of the Indian that appears on our Massachusetts state seal, it would be more appropriate to have a state official with his amply greased hand outstretched. The title of your article, "Corruption Is Commonplace" [May 15], would be a good substitute for our state motto. Nothing is more fitting.

CHARLES M. LAPIENE

Springfield, Mass.

Sir: It is very apparent that the state politicians of Massachusetts are very sincere and honest in their efforts to serve the commonwealth—first, before they go to jail; second, while in jail; and third, after they get out of jail.

MARK J. MOORE

Boston

Sir: I do not suggest that we go so far as the Romans did when they stabbed Caesar, or as far as the English when they beheaded Charles I, or the French when they stormed the Bastille, or the Russians when they assassinated their czars. But I am sure that our ancestors who dressed themselves as Indians and threw the contents of British ships into Boston Harbor must be looking down upon us with scorn.

ALEXANDER N. MACLEOD III

Boston

Old Folks There Are Not Forgotten

Sir: I believe TIME clipped Lady Bird's feathers unduly. Though I'm a young 34 and live somewhat outside the pockets of poverty, I'd gladly change places with Cutlers at a rent of $5 per month [May 22]. I'd breed beagles on the acreage.

WILLIAM H. THOMPS[illegible]

New York City

Sir: You quoted Mrs. Cutler as [illegible] "But I do wish Mrs. Johnson would [illegible] roof. The old house leaks bad." In this statement lurks the key to poverty, social squalor in the U.S., among white and Negro groups. The Cutlers after rent, $145 per month clear in [illegible] funds. Why the hell didn't they [illegible] themselves?

JOE LA ROC[illegible]

North East, Pa.

The People Called Methodists

Sir: A word of appreciation for the [illegible] sitive and piquant article dealing with [illegible] people called Methodists [May 8].

LLOYD C. WI[illegible]
Bishop, New York Ar[illegible]
The Methodist Church
New York City

Capitol Game

Sir: There is a new game going [illegible] Washington. The way you play is [illegible] 100 people and choose up sides. One [illegible] tries to win by voting. The opposition [illegible] to stop the vote, and the best way [illegible] can do this is to filibuster. It's [illegible] game: it's called Stop the World I [illegible] 20 Million People To Get Off.

JOHN C. FRI[illegible]

Arlington, Va.

Helpful Discrimination

Sir: Aloha and thank you for "Lega[illegible] a Princess" [May 22]. It concludes [illegible] the thought that our native Kamehe[illegible] Schools run against civil rights prin[illegible] because only Hawaiian and part-Haw[illegible] children attend. Is this idea really [illegible] palling? Our native Hawaiian people [illegible] welcomed with aloha all races and [illegible] to our islands. But the cost to us ha[illegible] heavy. From an original populat[illegible] 500,000 in 1778, our people have [illegible] 114,000 left. The tragic marks of [illegible] present suffering are to be seen in [illegible] statistics of our social welfare and [illegible] health agencies, our prisons and re[illegible] tories. We lead all the races in these [illegible] gories, but trail all others with the [illegible] median income in the islands we [illegible] owned. Our princess left her estate [illegible] redeem her people. I cannot believe [illegible] our beloved nation would intentionally [illegible] prive a materially and culturally weal[illegible] native people of the last remaining [illegible] ments of their redemption.

(THE REV.) ABRAHAM K. AK[illegible]

Honolulu

Local Heroics

Sir: In a small Seattle coffee shop, [illegible] to break up a fight between two [illegible] close quarters which threatened the [illegible] of many women. Aside from one [illegible] guy's friends, nobody else helped—[illegible] too exciting, you see (and I think [illegible] the real reason). Even the waitress [illegible] charge of the place soundly berates [illegible] for "interfering" and for asking [illegible] driver to call the police. If they had [illegible] outside in an alley by themselves, I'd [illegible] just watched too.

VICTOR LYGDMAN

Seattle

Bing's Musical Chair

Sir: Lady Bird Johnson's fall at the [illegible] ropolitan Opera [May 15] reminds [illegible] an account of Queen Victoria's [illegible]

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
Sullivan 31
Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city state or province country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

richlorocarbanilide and you'll never regret it

richlorocarbanilide stops bacteria.

nd starts the sales of soaps contain-
g it.

ll it TCC for short (or whatever
u want when it's in your product).
l you need to know is that it pro-
des extra protection against skin
cteria when blended into soap and
p products, and that it stays on the skin to provide long-lasting protection. It gives bar soaps, detergents and soaps for animals a sales advantage that's hard to beat.

Just a pinch of TCC in your product will inhibit Staphylococcus-type organisms.

In daily use, TCC products deposit their protective, anti-bacterial layer with such mildness that no one coul guess a bacteriostat was present.

("Bacteriostat" is a big word fo germ stopper.)

Ask for a sample and test it in you laboratory. When you put it in you products, people may start callin you "Doctor".

Monsanto, St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A

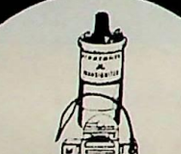
Monsanto

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

INSIST ON GENUINE PRESTOLITE PARTS
prestolite

BATTERIES
prestolite

THUNDERVOLT SPARK PLUGS
prestolite

TRANSISTORIZED IGNITION SYSTEMS
PRESTOLITE INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
London, Brussels, Johannesburg
Mexico City, Sydney and Toledo, U.S.A.
Export Sales: Geon, Great Neck, New York, U.S.A.

Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie in Paris in 1855. According to Historian Raymond Mortimer: "At the opera the contrast was conspicuous between Victoria's figure and that of the willowy Empress. The Parisians noticed, however, that when they sat down after the national anthems, the parvenu Eugénie looked around to see that her chair was rightly placed, and the Queen did not: born royal, she knew that it would be." Mrs. Johnson did exactly the right thing. Shame on Mr. Bing!

ALICE L. EVERITT

New York City

Ancient River

Sir: Bravo, bravo, bravo to Laurence Lowry for his sensational photographic essay, "A Mighty New Dam To Tame the Nile" [May 22]. His uncanny eye has captured and distilled a moment when past, present and future collide. Seldom is so much said with such eloquence.

DONALD RAMSEY

Los Angeles

Sir: TIME's photos of the Nile Valley and the Nubian monuments were awe-inspiring. It should be added as a footnote to your story that the $12 million that President Kennedy had hoped the U.S. could contribute to the $35 million needed to save the splendid temples of Abu Simbel was recently denied by Representative John Rooney and his House appropriations subcommittee. This project would not have cost the U.S. taxpayer one penny. The $12 million was to have come from the many millions of dollars in American credit already in Egypt as counterpart funds that can be spent only in that country.

BARBARA SWITALSKI

Chicago

Fast Reaction

Sir: Your story on the thought-provoking suggestion by Judge Burger that citizen review boards be set up to scrutinize cases where police officers may illegally obtain evidence [May 15] was fair and objective. Speaking for the professional association of police executives, I can assure you that this will continue to receive our conscientious attention.

Incidentally, you might like to know that in line with your suggestion in a previous issue [May 8] that a simplified national telephone number be developed to obtain emergency police service more quickly, our communications committee will shortly undertake an exploration of the merits and feasibility of this very worthwhile thought.

QUINN TAMM
Executive Director
International Association of Chiefs of Police, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Sir: When the Supreme Court, after weeks of study, rules five to four that a split-second decision made by a policeman while arresting a felon amounted to an unreasonable search and seizure, we, the police, will have to accept the fact that the policeman's action was an "error." If, as you assert, the policeman was "ignorant of the doctrine [May 15]," then it would appear he has company among the minority of the Supreme Court. For many years we have been trying to persuade the courts, the legislatures and the people that law-abiding citizens should have some rights too. We are pleased to note that Judge Burger, along with other jurists, is likewise becoming concerned about the constitutional rights of society as well as those of individuals.

R. S. SEAR
Chief of Police
Arcadia, Calif.

Mrs. Murray's Atheism

Sir: Atheists have the unwelcome distinction of being the only group in America that is officially persecuted on religious grounds [May 15]. Until 1961, atheists could be barred from holding public office. The House version of the civil rights bill cynically authorized an employer to "refuse to hire and employ" an atheist. Even Presidents of the U.S. have found it politically expedient to imply a link between atheists and the enemies of the country. But during the last census 1 million Americans declared no formal religious allegiance. If Madalyn Murray's actions are extreme, they are a reaction to the injustices that the atheist suffers.

DR. ALEX HERSHEY

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Catholic citizens who use parochial schools pay public school taxes. Jewish citizens accept the fact that their business will not proceed as usual on Christmas and Easter, Republicans abide by the election of a Democratic executive (or vice versa), pacifists pay taxes to be used for military defense, and nondrivers pay taxes which are used for highway construction. Each of us, I am sure, contributes to or accepts in some way some national policy with which he does not agree. Mrs. Murray must recognize this *sine qua non* of existence in a democratic society.

JAY ARNOLD

Kingston, N.Y.

Timeless Martyrdom?

Sir: I must disagree with your statement that Shaw's play *Saint Joan* has "little bare" ideas [May 22]. How could anyone one sit through the trial scene and not realize that the Inquisition excommunicated her because she would not follow her conscience to its dictates? If this is not an attempt at brainwashing, I don't know what is. And if brainwashing isn't relevant to the 20th century, I don't know what could be.

PATRICIA K. SANTELMANN

Bloomington, Minn.

Sir: In one short season in Minneapolis thirty-five professional actors are assured of work and experience. An excited community, 1,200 miles from the center of the theater world, is personally involved in the survival of the Minnesota Theater Company. You can't lower our sights by implying that the productions offer anything but the kind of easy laughs the Midwest audience demands!

MRS. CONNIE GOLDMAN

Minneapolis

Subtle King

Sir: It hardly does to call Nepal's King Mahendra a "consummate wheeler-dealer" [May 15], with all that this implies, when he has been eminently successful in an impressive bid to close a gap of centuries in the shortest time possible by obtaining technical and capital aid from outside sources. In accepting aid from several sources rather than from just one or two, the King shows that he is aware that responsible leadership requires that the political element in bilateral aid be clearly recognized.

CHIRAN S. THAPA

Trinity College
Cambridge, England

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ..... ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT ..... JAMES A. LINEN
EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ..... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ..... ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
A. T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George G. Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Anatole Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, Gilbert Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Marshall Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert McLaughlin, John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, Jon Borgzinner, Clell Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Dudley Doust, Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, Barry Farrell, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Grossman, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ronald P. Kriss, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Mitchel R. Levitas, George Love, Richard Murphy, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, Jerrold L. Schecter, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Susie Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Berta Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Virginia Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Nancy Atkinson, Priscilla B. Badger, Reva Berger, Jean Bergerud, Karen B. Booth, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, Nicolette Caliendo, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian Cotterell, S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall, Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Francis Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Lea Guyer, Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Anne S. Hopkins, Andria E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Edith Kraemer, Susan Krieger, Judith Liersch, Mary Michelle, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Merrin, Shirley Morse, Deborah Hanson Murphy, Nancy Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Pampel, Jean Pawula S. Marion Pikul, Ruth Reed, Eleanor Robbins, Wendy Kupsick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Stadler, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Lynn Thomas, Fortunata Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanaman, Susanne S. Washburn, Helgard Wienert, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Smith, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, John Cook Jr., Simmons Fentress, Jean A. Franklin, Jerry Hannlinn, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, William Rademackers, Wallace Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin H. Zim. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Clark, Christopher Easterfield, Miriam Rumwell, Arlie W. Schardt. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Robert W. Glasgow, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Kaiser, Andrew D. Sinclair, Joseph Lewis, William A. McWhirter. NEW YORK: Isaac Nick Chimmesch, Israel Shenker, Christopher T. Duffy, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA: Jerry Johnston, Dudley E. Morris. BOSTON: Ruth Stevens, Ray Kennedy, Robert A. Ellis, John L. Wilhelm. HOUSTON: Mark Sullivan. DENVER: Barron Beaver. DETROIT: Leon Jaroff, Benjamin W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: Roger Stone, Arthur Jacobson. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin, Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Charles Champlin, Donald S. Connery. PARIS: Curtis Cheetham, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Main, Friedel Hardtbreger, James Wilde. COMMON MARKET: Jason McManus. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, Peter Forbath. ROME: Robert E. Jackson. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. LISBON: George de Carvalho. HONG KONG: Frank Robertson, Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. NAIROBI: William E. Smith. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. TOKYO: Lee Kisala, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. OTTAWA: Murray Gart, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Martin Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed Ogle. VANCOUVER: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO DE JANEIRO: John Blashill, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Andrew Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Cunningham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ..... LAWRENCE E. LAYBOURNE
GENERAL MANAGER ..... JOHN J. FREY
MANAGING DIRECTOR ..... JAMES A. THOMASON

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR ..... Edgar R. Baker
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR ..... David W. Ballard
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN ..... Yasuo Kitaoka
EUROPE ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... William S. Honneus

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

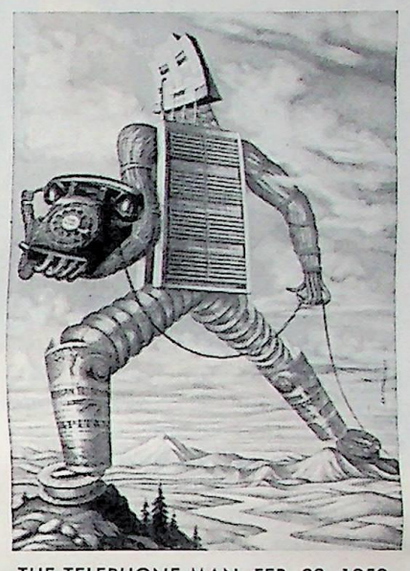
A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

WRITER MARSHALL LOEB looked up from the stack of research prepared for him by Correspondent Bob Ball and Researcher Jean Pascoe, considered his deadline for this week's cover story and mused about time and TIME. What if he had one of those new pushbutton telephones? The buttons save five seconds a call compared with that old-fashioned dial. At the rate of, say, 24 seven-digit calls, he could save two minutes a day, ten minutes in a five-day week, and, allowing for four weeks' vacation, that would add up to an important eight hours a year!

Whether this bit of strategic calculation will ultimately get Loeb a pushbutton phone remains to be seen, but it is clear that he is not the first TIME writer to muse about what the telephone might do in the future. "Use of automatic [dial] telephones increased 50% during 1925," reported TIME, March 15, 1926. "The automatic seems the only relief for telephone congestion in the great cities." And another writer joined the Bell men in peering a long way ahead in the May 18, 1931, issue: "Telephonic television is still the most satisfactory means of transmitting the image. In the U.S. there is one telephone-television circuit in regular operation. One end of it is in the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.'s offices at No. 195 Broadway, the other in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. A.T. & T. is experimenting because it feels that sometime a practical use for television may crop up. Only uses conceived so far: for separated sweethearts, for identifying criminals, for the convenience of bank depositors who want to cash checks away from home."

Some people may argue that no practical use for television ever cropped up, but these bits of history emphasize how fast and how much communications have advanced. The pace was fast enough when TIME, Feb. 23, 1959, reported in a cover story on the great strides being made



THE TELEPHONE MAN, FEB. 23, 1959

by "The Telephone Man," but it is even faster now. Looking to the near future, Artist Robert Vickrey chose for the cover background a section of the new "Trimline" phone that has dialing, listening and speaking elements all in one piece, a wiring pattern in an A.T. & T. experimental office, part of a dialer card for the new automatic dialing phone and the soon-to-be-familiar pushbuttons.

The cover story, edited by Edward L. Jamieson (who, incidentally, wrote the 1959 cover story), deals of course with where the world's biggest company came from and where it is, but, perhaps most important, with what might be ahead. Assessing what new developments of the present mean in terms of the future is becoming a more and more important part of the journalist's task as the pace of change increases. Whether it is a story like Modern Living's report on how new communities are being developed around the family airplane, or Medicine's story of how a dramatic new use of the plastic bag will help save lives, or where Chairman Frederick Kappel is leading the world's biggest company—TIME aims to keep looking ahead of change.

INDEX

Cover Story....54

Art.....42
Books.....60
Cinema.....52
Education.....35
The Hemisphere 26
The Law.....34
Letters.....6
Medicine.....38
Milestones.....49
Modern Living...40
Music.....36
People.....30
Press.....32
Religion.....45
The U.S.....11
Science.....44
Sport.....50
Theater.....48
Time Listings.....2
U.S. Business...54
The World.....19
World Business...59

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

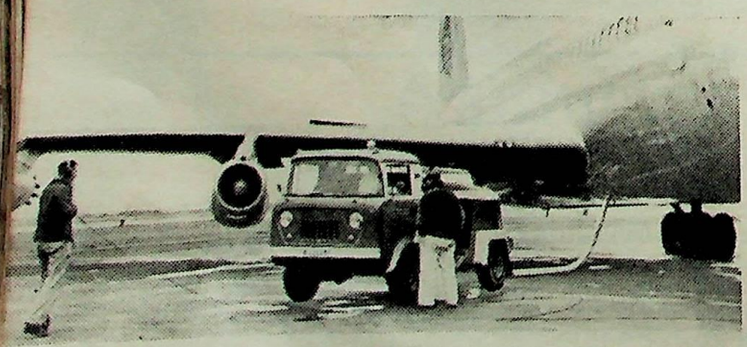
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PICTURE OF A MAN ABOUT TO START AN AIRLINE

oupling up an air-hose may em an odd way of starting aircraft. But then, strangely ough, the modern jetliner's appetite for air begins *before* the start. Its turbine starters must be fed warm air continuously, at a constant pressure and free from impurities. Given this, four jet engines can be started in sixty seconds.

This, however, is only part of the problem. Another is to do it simply, at a low cost per start. Surprisingly, the answer began to take shape long before the advent of the commercial jet, with a Swedish invention—the rotary screw compressor—developed for large production plants. It was only a short, if technically skilled, step for Atlas Copco to adapt this design for mobile service as the Air Partner.

Today, at major airports such as Paris, Rotterdam, Dusseldorf New York, the Air Partner more than show how compress air technology has kept pace jet-age aviation. It is an exa of the kind of experience Atlas Copco brings you industry, mines and constru sites the world over.



Air Partner jet starting unit is regarded as an essential part of ground service ities by principal world airlines such as BOAC, KLM, SAS, TCA and others.

Atlas Cop

puts **compressed** to work for the w

OUP HEADQUARTERS · ATLAS COPCO AB · STOCKHOLM 1 · SWEDEN · SALES AND SERVICE IN OVER 100 COUNTRIES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
May 29, 1964 Vol. 83, No. 22

THE U.S.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Unpleasant Options

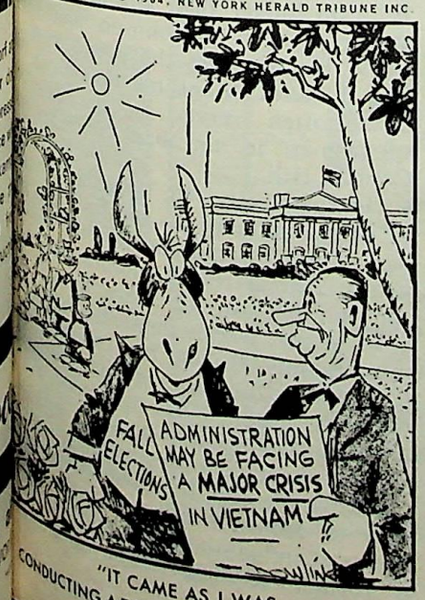
All of a sudden Southeast Asia—the whole area, not just Viet Nam—was back at the top of everybody's crisis list.

In Laos, Communist Pathet Lao troops had driven U.S.-endorsed neutralist forces off the strategic Plain of Jars and threatened to carry clear to the Thai border. In Cambodia, while Prince Sihanouk was howling about U.S. and South Vietnamese border violations, Communist Viet Cong guerrillas were enjoying sanctuary and transit rights to facilitate their war against the U.S.-backed government in Saigon. And in South Viet Nam, in the war into which the U.S. has poured both blood and billions, the struggle against the Reds was steadily deteriorating.

The Words. Only a few weeks ago, Southeast Asia evoked only bland smiles from most U.S. officials. Reason: President Johnson, for understandable political reasons, had decided to continue old policies, to let things slide—without a crash landing—until after November. Things slid, all right—almost to the bottom of the slide.

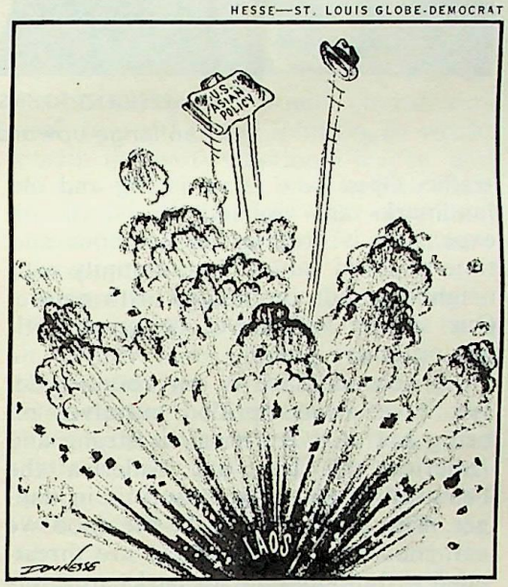
Realization of this fact brought some tough, sometimes eloquent, talk from the U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk last week warned that the U.S. intends to stand fast and that the conflict in Laos and South Viet Nam might expand, "if the Communists persist in their course of aggression." With particular emphasis, he added: "This is the signal which must be read with the greatest care in other capitals, and especially in Hanoi and Peking." He also called in Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin and sternly admonished him to give his boss the same message.

DOWLING—© 1964, NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE INC.



"IT CAME AS I WAS CONDUCTING A TOUR OF THE ROSE GARDENS!"

HESSE—ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT



Similarly, United Nations Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, summoned home from a trip to Europe, warned the Security Council that the U.S. would remain in South Viet Nam as long as North Viet Nam, "with comradely assistance from the regime in Peking," continues to wage war there. "The U.S.," said Adlai, "cannot stand by while Southeast Asia is overrun by armed aggressors. If anyone has the illusion that my government will abandon the people of Viet Nam, or that we shall weary of the burden of support that we are rendering these people, it will be only due to ignorance of the strength and conviction of the American people."

But for all their forcefulness, neither Rusk nor Stevenson did much more than reiterate what U.S. policy has been all along—and there was mounting doubt about the efficacy of that policy. "We are rethinking the whole mess," said a State Department official.

The Crux. One alternative, already suggested by such people as France's Charles de Gaulle, is to neutralize all of Southeast Asia. But U.S. officials would have to do an awful lot of rethinking before they bought that one, for Laos is proof positive of just how badly neutralization can flop. Another possibility is to expand the war to North Viet Nam with bombing raids and guerrilla attacks. That, too, has its pitfalls, for the upshot could be massive Red Chinese intervention, and another Korea. Still a third option is to keep muddling, as the U.S. has been doing. But that policy has so far failed, and there is no prospect that it will suddenly start paying off.

The crux of the matter is Viet Nam, and U.S. policymakers see precious few glimmers of hope that the situation there will improve. Perhaps the grimmest fact, from the U.S. point of view, is this: Whatever the shortcomings of Ngo Dinh Diem's regime, his ouster and murder have not accomplished the reforms they were supposed to. South Viet Nam's present leader, General Khanh, is trying hard enough to take hold, and in fact, Washington fears that if he were eliminated by a coup or a killer, there would be nobody left to maintain even the semblance of an anti-Communist government. But Washington is beginning to realize that most of the complaints made against Diem can be made against Khanh: he has not rallied the people, he is out of touch with the countryside, he is a poor administrator, his finances are chaotic—and lately, the same old crowd that hounded Diem has even accused Buddhist Khanh of being beastly to Buddhists.

That leaves Lyndon Johnson with some mighty unpleasant options to choose from—particularly in an election year.

YOES—SAN DIEGO UNION

"PLAIN OF JARS"

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The American Civilization

It is not often that a U.S. President has tried to articulate the meaning and the goals of an American civilization that is distinct from its European roots and is more than a mere piece in the mosaic of world order. That, however, is what President Johnson accomplished last week. In a speech before 80,000 at the University of Michigan stadium at Ann Arbor—where he was given an honorary Doctor of Civil Law degree—the President eloquently invited his fellow citizens to join in the pursuit of a "Great Society" uniquely American both in spirit and promise. Excerpts:

"For a century we labored to settle and subdue a continent. For half a century we called upon unbounded invention and untiring industry to create an order of plenty for all our people. The challenge of the next half-century is whether we have the wisdom to use that wealth to enrich and elevate our national life—and to advance the quality of American civilization.

"Your imagination, your initiative, your indignation will determine whether we build a society where progress is the servant of our needs, or a society where old values and new visions are buried under unbridled growth. For in your time, we have the opportunity to move not only toward the rich society and the powerful society but upward to the *Great Society.*

"The Great Society rests on abundance and liberty for all. It demands an end to poverty and racial injustice —to which we are totally committed in our time. But that is just the beginning."

Quality, Not Quantity. "The Great Society is a place where every child can find knowledge to enrich his mind and enlarge his talents. It is a place where leisure is a welcome chance to build and reflect, not a feared cause of boredom and restlessness. It is a place where the city of man serves not only the needs of the body and the demands of commerce but the desire for beauty and the hunger for community. It is a place where man can renew contact with nature. It is a place which honors creation for its own sake and for what it adds to the understanding of the race. It is a place where men are more concerned with the quality of their goals than the quantity of their goods.

"But most of all, the Great Society is not a safe harbor, a resting place, a final objective, a finished work. It is a challenge constantly renewed, beckoning us toward a destiny where the meaning of our lives matches the marvelous products of our labor.

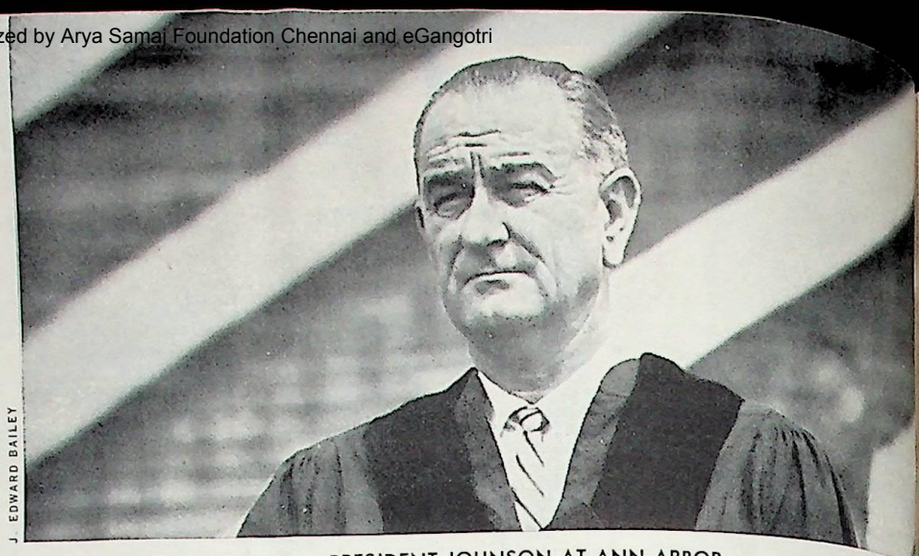
"In the next 40 years we must rebuild the entire urban United States. It is harder and harder to live the good life in American cities. There is the decay of the centers and the despoiling of the suburbs. There is not enough housing for our people or transportation for our traffic. Open land is vanishing and old landmarks are violated. Worst of all, expansion is eroding the precious and time-honored values of community with neighbors and communion with nature. Our society will never be great until our cities are great.

"A second place is our countryside. We have always prided ourselves on being not only America the strong and America the free but America the beautiful. Today that beauty is in danger. The water we drink, the food we eat, the very air we breathe are threatened with pollution. Our parks are overcrowded and our seashore overburdened. Green fields and dense forests are disappearing. A few years ago we were concerned about the Ugly American;* today we must act to prevent an Ugly America. For once our natural splendor is destroyed, it can never be recaptured. Once man can no longer walk with beauty or wonder at nature, his spirit will wither and his sustenance be wasted."

In the Classrooms. "A third place is in the classrooms. Our society will not be great until every young mind is set free to scan the farthest reaches of thought and imagination. In many places classrooms are overcrowded and curricula are outdated. Most of our qualified teachers are underpaid, and many of our paid teachers are unqualified. We must give every child a place to sit and a teacher to learn from. Poverty must not be a bar to learning, and learning must offer an escape from poverty.

"Those who came to this land sought to build more than a new country. They sought a new world. I have come here to your campus to say that you can make their vision our reality. Let us from this moment begin our work so that in the future men will look back and say: 'It was then, after a long and weary way, that man turned the exploits of his genius to the enrichment of his life.' "

* The President perpetuated a popular misconception. The hero of the 1958 novel is physically ugly but is the only "good" American among a host of inept blunderers working abroad for the Government.



J. EDWARD BAILEY

PRESIDENT JOHNSON AT ANN ARBOR
A challenge upward to the Great Society.

The New Team

A whirlwind President may be f
but who provides the whirls that cre
the wind? At the present time th
names are Moyers, Valenti, Jenkins
Reedy. Three of them are from Te
and all have known and served Ly
Johnson for a number of years—
right now they are very busy.

▶ Bill Moyers, 29, a scholarly j
nalism graduate whom Johnson c
"my Baptist preacher" (he was n
a preacher but was ordained to te
in Baptist schools), has become the
tellectual commander of the John
troops. He assigns the speeches, wr
some himself, checks them for t
and accuracy. He plans Johnson's tr
such as his recent poverty tours, se
out advance men, coordinates it
with the President's desires.

▶ Jack Valenti, 42, an energetic
mer Houston adman, serves the
sonal side of the President, arra
his appointments, works out his d
schedule, frets about his public im
dogs Johnson wherever he goes. Va
ti, says Johnson, "is the only man
knows everything that goes on in
White House."

▶ Walter Jenkins, 46, a soft-spo
fellow from Jolly, Texas, has kn
Johnson longer than any of the oth
and has been a Johnson aide s
1939. He manages the presidential
fice, handles Johnson's nonofficial
fairs, often serves as his perso
spokesman in the back corridors
Capitol Hill.

▶ George Reedy, 46, takes his posi
as press secretary so seriously that
has slimmed from some 265 lbs.
nearly 200 in recent months. A Jo
son intimate for 13 years, he was
aide about whom newsmen had
most doubts. But he has emerged
capable performer who can pro
in-depth briefings. He was partic
effective during the complex rail
labor-management negotiations.

Below the top four, whose relatio
ship to Johnson is particularly c
the most influential member of the s
is former Kennedy Aide McGeo

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Bundy, a specialist in foreign affairs and national security. Bundy almost quit after Kennedy's death, is less of a freewheeler than he was under Kennedy, but now seems completely comfortable with L.B.J.

So far, two topflight speech writers have emerged in the Johnson stable: Kennedy's former Latin American specialist, Richard Goodwin, 32, and Horace Busby, 40, a University of Texas graduate and longtime Johnson friend. Goodwin cranks out major texts in far less time than Kennedy's Ted Sorensen did, and Johnson insists that he does it with just as much style. Busby is a quiet, discreet intellectual. Warns one experienced Washington hand: "Watch Buz. He's a comer."

Riding Herd. Two recent additions to Johnson's staff also are being eyed closely by the others, since their roles are not yet clear. Douglass Cater, 40, former national affairs editor of *The Reporter* magazine, is expected to provide long-range thinking on foreign policy, will work with Bundy—although by no means at Bundy's request. Princeton History Professor Eric Goldman, 48, although not a fulltime aide, is an idea man who is supposed to draw upon the nation's intellectual talents.

As his own personal secretary, Johnson has brought in Mrs. Juanita Roberts, an attractive and efficient former WAC, who is still a lieutenant colonel in the Army Reserve.

The Johnson team regards the President with a mixture of awe, terror and intense devotion. L.B.J. rides herd on them and needs their loyalty. As such, the operation is very different from the way it was under Kennedy, but so far it has worked with fabulous results.

POLITICS

The Myth America Contest

Every political year gives rise to political myths, and 1964 is no exception. Of the two most prevalent so far, one works against Barry Goldwater, the other for him.

Myth No. 1 is that "Goldwater's nomination would set the Republican Party back 20 years."

The New York Times, which fervently believes this one, gave Barry a break of sorts last week when it cut the period by which Goldwater's nomination would set the party back to a mere decade. The notion behind the myth is that although Goldwater would almost certainly lose to Lyndon Johnson, he would remain the party's national leader, and his fervent followers, who believe their brand of Republicanism is the only kind, would take over the G.O.P. machinery for years to come.

Recent history points to the flaw in the theory. As it happens, losers have an awfully hard time controlling anything thereafter. Alf Landon certainly didn't control the Republican Party after 1936. Neither did Wendell Willkie after 1940, or Dick Nixon after 1960. Tom Dewey did maintain his control between 1944 and 1948, but he did it with the help of a superb political machine. Goldwater has no such machine, and the chances that he could control the G.O.P. after defeat seem negligible.

Myth No. 2 holds that "Goldwater should be nominated so as to provide, once and for all, a clear-cut choice between a conservative and a liberal."

Perhaps the voters should be given that choice some day. But Goldwater *v.* Lyndon Johnson certainly won't do it. Goldwater is the beneficiary of whatever conservative trend has been running in the country, but he is far from being an articulate spokesman of a well-reasoned conservative philosophy, and the practicalities of the campaign have forced him constantly toward the middle. At the same time, who says Lyndon Johnson is a liberal? Certainly not the U.S. businessmen who so enthuse over his performance as President. And not the traditional labor and ethnic libera'ls, who are suspicious of him but have nowhere else to go at the moment. Of course, Lyndon owes his present position to the very fact that he was picked to be the Democratic vice-presidential nominee in 1960 as a nonliberal counterbalance to Jack Kennedy.

Still, it is all but certain that thousands of Americans this year will let their opinions and their votes be shaped by one or another of these myths.

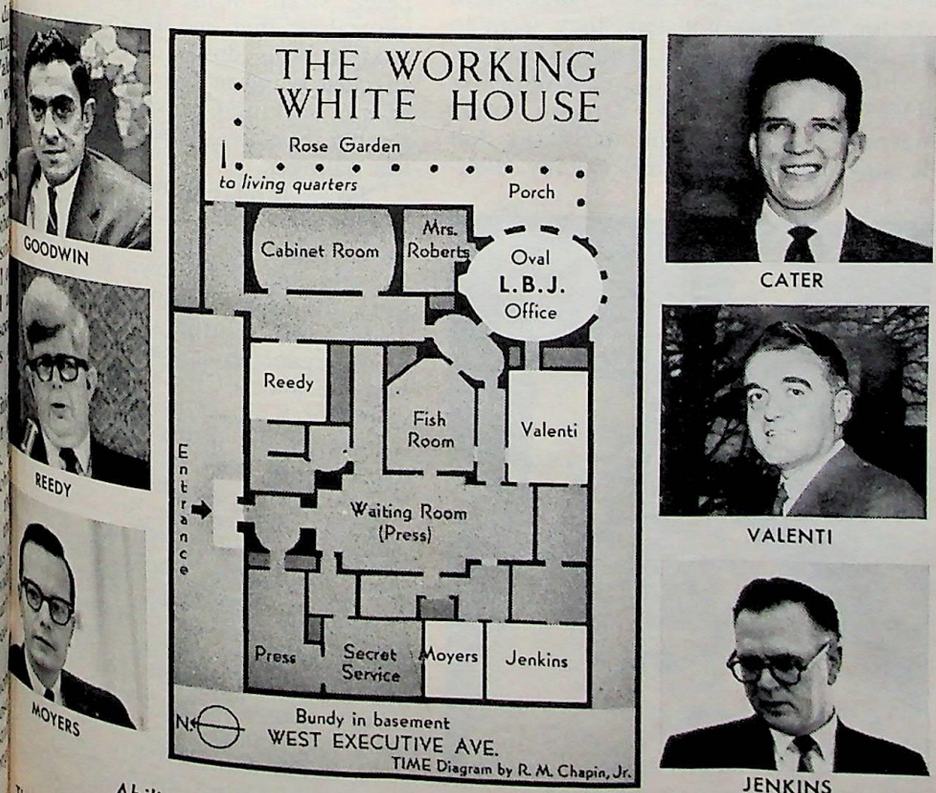
From Behind in the Stretch

Remember Silky Sullivan? A big, chestnut, three-year-old colt in 1958, he had a breathtaking way of staying 25 or 30 lengths behind and then, in the stretch, thundering up on the leaders while thousands roared, "Here comes Silky Sullivan." He didn't always make it, of course, but that made little difference in California, where they love a come-from-behind stretch runner.

That's the way it is coming into the stretch for California's June 2 Republican presidential primary. In their two-man race, Arizona's Barry Goldwater still seems ahead, but New York's Nelson Rockefeller, like Silky Sullivan, is roaring up on the outside.

Added to the Agenda. Fresh from his Oregon upset, Rocky was running as though there were no tomorrow. His chartered bus rolled over California freeways at speeds of 65 to 75 m.p.h., taking him from speech to luncheon to reception. His crowds were large and enthusiastic; he could have yelled "Fresh fish!" and received cheers. About 7,000 people lined up for three blocks outside a reception at the Disneyland Hotel to wait their turn for a quick Rockefeller handshake. At a senior citizens' center in Stockton, he charmed the oldsters when he stirred his coffee with the stems of his spectacles, danced with half a dozen of the women. His schedule grew by the hour as he insisted on adding to his already overcrowded itinerary. One day's schedule, for example, listed six stops when it was issued early in the morning; within a few hours it had been revised to 18.

Wherever he went, Rocky attacked the Johnson Administration's confusing array of "120 foreign policies," and called for "hot pursuit" of Viet Cong guerrillas into North Viet Nam and Laos. But it was another message that Rocky really wanted to get across: "Like Abraham Lincoln and Dwight Eisenhower," he said time and again, he represented "the mainstream of Ameri-



Ability mixed with awe, terror and intense devotion.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ROCKEFELLER IN SAN FRANCISCO
Out in the mainstream.

can thought"—while Barry was way off to the right.

Kidding Themselves. For his part, Goldwater left California early last week. On his way to Washington he stopped off at tiny Fredonia, Ariz. (pop. 643), which he calls his "lucky town" and where he has spoken every year since 1950. To Rocky's charge that he stands apart from the American "mainstream," Barry snorted: "I'm up to my neck in it." Goldwater himself still appears confident, but his followers are increasingly worried. Says his campaign coordinator, Denison Kitchel: "We've got a real battle on our hands. We're kidding ourselves if we think we don't." To help out, the Goldwater forces enlisted the aid of 23 U.S. Congressmen from 18 states to barnstorm California on Barry's behalf this week. And under urging, Goldwater reluctantly announced that he would spend all this week in the state, instead of the three days he originally had planned.

Heavy Spending. For his come-from-behind effort against Goldwater, Rocky has the benefit of a well-paid reasonably smooth-working, professional organization headed by Spencer-Roberts, a crack California public relations outfit. The Rockefeller people were planning to pour upwards of $1,000,000 into the last days of the campaign for radio and television time, direct mailing and the like. Rockefeller also is sending scores of workers into Negro areas from San Francisco to Los Angeles in an attempt to get out the presumably anti-Goldwater Negro vote.

Goldwater, too, is spending up to $1,000,000 in the closing days of the campaign. But he has a couple of advantages over Rocky. For one thing, he is much better known in California. Since 1958, Goldwater backers point out, he has made at least 500 speeches there on his own behalf and for other Republican candidates. His organization is less professional than Rocky's, but more zealous. In San Diego County, for example, 26 separate Goldwater volunteer headquarters are at work; Los Angeles County numbers no fewer than 42 headquarters. By election eve, Goldwater workers vow that they will have reached every registered Republican in the state with at least one mailing, a phone call and a visit from a Goldwater precinct worker.

On Rockefeller's side is the momentum he achieved in his Oregon primary win, plus the fact that supporters of Henry Cabot Lodge have come out for him. Lodge is popular in California, but just how many of his admirers will vote for Rocky remains open to question; Pollster Sam Lubell last week figured that about three out of five of them will follow the Lodge leaders' suggestion. As for the other pollsters, they seem to be in a tailspin. Just before Oregon, California's Field Poll gave Goldwater 43% to Rocky's 27%; Oregon surely narrowed that gap, and the Field Poll is now conducting a new survey. Poll-

GOLDWATER IN LOS ANGELES
Up to his neck.

ster Lou Harris, who underrated R... efeller in Oregon by 6%, was not ... to underrate him again. In a poll ta... shortly before Oregon, Harris calle... Goldwater 55% to Rockefeller's 45... in a post-Oregon poll he did a mea... flip-flop, called it Rockefeller 57%... Goldwater's 43%.

The Questions. In the final ev... Rockefeller will probably run stron... northern California, especially in ... well-heeled suburbs of the San F... cisco Bay area. But southern Califo... is Goldwater country, and the Ro... forces believe that to have a cha... they must hold Barry to a 200,... margin in Los Angeles County, ... Diego County and Orange County.

Can they do it? Can Nelson Ro... feller come from far behind, like S... Sullivan? Obviously, nobody re... knows. But that's what makes h... races.

The Difficulty of Selling So...

"As far as I'm concerned," ... Pierre Salinger's campaign publ... Christy Walsh Jr., "Pierre is a b... soap, and we're going to sell him ... fectively as we can." The only tro... is, that particular bar of soap do... seem to be selling very well these ... By general agreement, Salinger has ... en behind State Controller Alan C... ton in their race for California's D... ocratic nomination to the U.S. Se... The latest Field poll shows Cran... 33%, Salinger 27% and Incum... Clair Engle, whose name remains ... the ballot despite his withdrawal, ...

On both domestic and foreign is... Cranston and Salinger take exactl... same stands. Well, almost. Salinger ... come out in favor of saving the ... peter swan, while Cranston re... neutral on that one. In any event, ... contest boils down to a major p... struggle between Governor Pat B... who is backing Cranston, and State ... sembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, wh... for Salinger.

"Front Man." Brown is a whiz... campaigner with a wide personal ... lowing, and he has been working ... Cranston as if his own political ... were at stake—as indeed it ma... "Big Daddy" Unruh, on the other ... is an organization man who has ... him the aura of the political boss ... work for Salinger has been behin... scenes; on the theory that his en... ment might hurt more than he... has not come out publicly for ...

This suits Cranston just fine. ... delights in calling Salinger a ... man" for Unruh. Replies Pierre ... ly: "To my knowledge, Speaker U... is neutral." Retorts Cranston: "... has never drawn a neutral breath ... life. He'd take violent sides in a ... League game if he thought he ... own the winner."

"I Remember When . . ." Cranston's tactics have worked ... and account for most of his ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

lead over Salinger. But Pierre is still in there pitching. He bounces out of bed at dawn each day for a dozen or more appearances—about twice as many as Cranston. He draws bigger crowds than Cranston, but California politicians have long since learned that crowd size doesn't mean much in their state. Invariably, Salinger's campaign pitch includes recollections of the days of glory with Jack Kennedy, of his own meeting in Moscow with "Chairman Khrushchev," of how he and a few other New Frontier notables spent seven days and seven nights "looking down the nuclear barrel" at Castro. He insists that he knows more people in Washington than Cranston, and as a Senator could get past more doors. Replies Cranston: "It is one thing to get in the door. It is another thing to know what to do when you're inside."

More on That Non-Candidate

Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton is the only Republican who has succeeded in convincing anyone that he really is a presidential non-candidate. Yet last week in Washington, he convinced a few more people that he surely should be in the running.

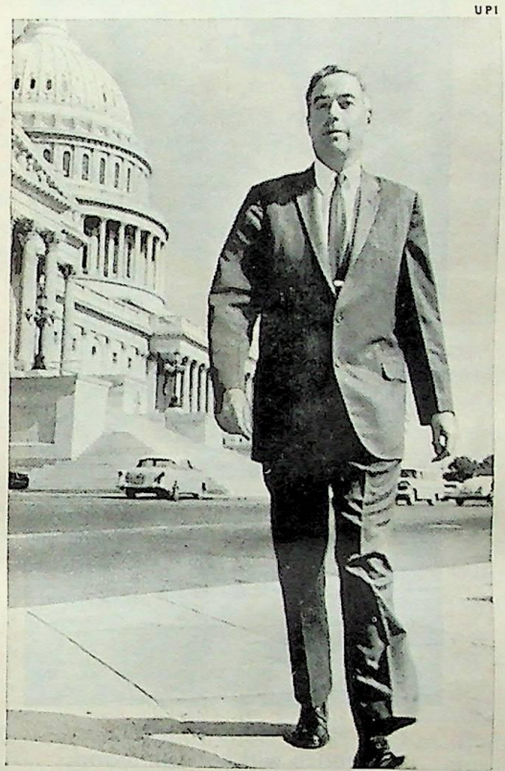
Before attending a State Department briefing on foreign affairs, Scranton appeared before a special House committee studying President Johnson's program to eradicate poverty in the Appalachian states. Scranton was all for the idea, but he thought that some severe flaws in the Johnson program ought to be corrected.

Patches of Misery. Said Scranton to the Congressmen: "Twenty-three hundred years ago, Plato described poverty as the 'parent of meanness and viciousness,' and he urged that society declare war on it. 'It would be strange indeed,' he wrote, in a state even 'tolerably ordered,' if the poverty-stricken were to be 'utterly neglected' or allowed to fall into 'utter destitution.' Long centuries later, our great nation still has that this year it has become fashionable to call pockets of poverty. Our society is shamed and weakened by their existence, whether they be patches of outright human misery or whether they be areas where prosperity is a fragile thing because there simply aren't enough jobs to go around."

So saying, Scranton detailed his objections to the bill. He argued for revisions permitting the states much greater power in planning and implementing the anti-poverty program, greater curbs on the role of federal authority, annual appropriations for funds to be made by the Congress instead of "back-door" financing, and more specific remedies to clear up the hazards of health and economy of Appalachia's coal regions.

When he finished, committee members nearly fell over themselves in praise. "Governor," said Tennessee's Democratic Congressman Clifford Davis, the chairman, "this committee has never had a finer presentation. You have given me a weekend of homework." Pennsylvania Democrat Frank Clark said that Scranton was "the best witness we ever had." Minnesota Democrat John Blatnik congratulated him for his "obviously very thoughtful and carefully worked out" presentation. New Jersey Republican James Auchincloss confessed that he had been "thoroughly confused about the whole program" until Scranton came along and "cut away the cobwebs."

Praise & Hope. Illinois Democrat John Kluczynski was carried away too, and in heaping his thanks onto the pile, took note of Scranton's presidential situation. "I know you're doing a marvelous job as Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania," Kluczynski gushed, praising with a faint damn, "and I hope you continue to do so for the rest of your term."



UPI

PENNSYLVANIA'S SCRANTON
More than Platonic.

Through the laughter, Bill Scranton —whose term as Governor expires in 1967—replied: "That's my hope also."

More About the Backlash

"Look at that! Look at that!" cried Alabama's Democratic Governor George Wallace. Eyes fixed on a TV set, fist beating on the arm of his chair, he was watching early returns from the Maryland presidential primary at his Towson, Md., campaign headquarters. The cause of Wallace's excitement was that, for the moment, he was leading Maryland's Democratic Senator Daniel Brewster, a stand-in for Lyndon Johnson. But as the votes piled up, Brewster pulled ahead, finally won 265,713 to 214,029.

Even so, Wallace had taken 42.7% of the record primary vote, and he talked triumphantly. "They called me a bigot, a liar, a racist, an agitator, a trespasser," he said. "They pictured my supporters with Ku Klux hoods. They called in ten Senators to beat us down, and yet a majority of the white people in Maryland gave me their support. I'm elated. That's far more than I ever expected."

In a wistful voice, Wallace added: "Just leading awhile, why that's something. If it hadn't been for the nigger-bloc vote, we'd have won it all." As it was, Wallace threw an awful fright into Maryland and national Democratic leaders, who are really beginning to watch that so-called civil rights "backlash" in the North.

Counting the Votes. There were reasons besides the backlash for Wallace's near miss. For one thing, Brewster is closely identified with the unexciting administration of Democratic Governor Millard Tawes, which this year took a long step down the road from popularity by increasing the state income tax by a full one-third. For another, Brewster himself, a much-decorated World War II marine, is a wealthy, gentleman-jockey type and a political lightweight who at first took Wallace's challenge much too lightly, then panicked and began taking it much too seriously.

It was impossible to tell just how much of Wallace's vote derived from such factors. But at the same time, there was certainly a civil rights backlash, and the voting pattern throughout the state proved it.

Along Maryland's rural, racially troubled Eastern Shore, Wallace carried all nine counties with more than three-fourths of the vote. In Dorchester County (Cambridge), the scene of recent Negro riots, Wallace beat Brewster by better than four to one. He also carried two of Baltimore's six districts. In each, blue-collar workers fear Negro incursions in neighborhoods and jobs. The heavily Catholic First District, where Negroes have already moved in alongside Greeks, Italians and Poles, gave Wallace 11,000 votes to Brewster's 8,000. In the Sixth District, now the home of many transplanted Southerners who came to Baltimore to find jobs in its big industrial complex, Wallace outdrew Brewster 10,000 to 9,000. In all, Wallace carried 16 of Maryland's 23 counties.

Brewster ended up taking the state's three westernmost counties, where the Negro population is small and civil rights are no problem. He also scored heavily in the well-to-do bedroom suburbs that skirt Washington. But his winning margin came from Baltimore's Jewish and Negro areas. The city's Fifth District, home of 80% of Baltimore's 90,000 Jews, gave Brewster 39,000 votes, Wallace 9,000. The lopsided results were much the same in black Baltimore. In 17 Negro precincts, Wal-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

lace got not a single ballot. Eighty-seven Negro boxes gave the Alabamian fewer than six votes per precinct against a total of 18,765 for Brewster.

The Militancy Issue. Wallace had based his campaign for Maryland's 48 Democratic Convention delegates on a strong pitch against the civil rights bill now pending before the U.S. Senate. But there was evidence that his vote came less in protest against the bill, in and of itself, than against Negro militancy and excesses.

Thus in another race, Joseph D. Tydings, a stepson of Maryland's late Democratic Senator Millard E. Tydings and a liberal who was outspoken in his advocacy of the civil rights bill, won the Democratic senatorial nomination over State Comptroller Louis Goldstein, the choice of the Tawes organization, by a 123,000-vote margin. Democratic voters also renominated all five of their party's congressional incumbents—and all had voted for the civil rights bill. On the G.O.P. side, Senator J. Glenn Beall, who also supports the bill, easily won renomination over Challenger James Gleason, who doesn't.

THE CONGRESS

Close to Kingship

Not since the floor days of Lyndon Johnson and, for a brief while, the fitful reign of Oklahoma's late Democratic Senator Robert Kerr, has the U.S. Senate had anything close to a king. But now moving toward that position is a most unlikely person: Illinois' Everett McKinley Dirksen, 68, a politician of many ups and downs and backs and forths, whose only present power lever is that of leader of an underwhelming minority of 33 Republicans.

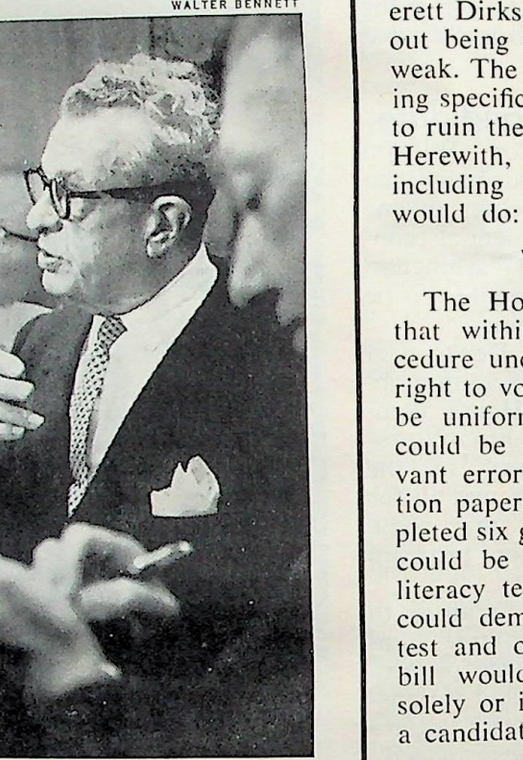
The first secret of Dirksen's success is the fact that the lopsided Senate Democratic majority is split every which way, while Old Ev can influence, if he cannot command, almost all his Republicans. Because of this, Dirksen can often provide the votes that a Democratic Administration needs for its programs—particularly when a two-thirds Senate majority is required, as on treaties or for cloture. And that is the second reason for Dirksen's success: when such Republican votes are needed, he is always willing to cooperate with the Administration—but never without the Democrats paying a certain political price.

A prime example came last year in President Kennedy's nuclear test ban treaty. When it was first proposed, Dirksen expressed "grave doubts" about it and its effect on the U.S.'s atomic strength. But the Administration, wanting as nearly unanimous approval as possible, needed all the Republican votes it could get. One fine day, Dirksen went to the White House for a chat with Kennedy. He argued that with a few "assurances" from the President, he could still his own doubts and those of most of the Republican holdouts. Kennedy eagerly agreed, the assurances were given, Dirksen cooperated, and the treaty was ratified, without amendment, 80-19.

The Key That Opens the Lock. An even better case in point is this year's civil rights bill. Without a large number of Republican votes, the Democratic Party cannot even begin to hope to impose cloture and thereby shut off the filibuster by some of the Senate's most powerful and entrenched leaders. Dirksen is the key to those Republican votes. And he was willing to open the lock—on his own terms. He insisted on some 50 amendments (*see box*) in the civil rights bill already passed by the House.

For a while, the Johnson Administration insisted that it wanted its original bill to go through the Senate completely intact, proposal by proposal, comma by comma, and would brook no change. But Old Ev knew better—no changes, he said, and there would not be enough Republican votes to pass the salt. The Administration, being eminently realistic, eventually gave in, and in a series of meetings between Dirksen, the Democratic Senate leadership, Attorney General Kennedy and Justice Department lawyers accepted almost all of Dirksen's ideas for changing the bill.

WALTER BENNETT



DIRKSEN & REPORTERS
Influence without command.

It was then up to Dirksen to sell the package to his fellow Republicans. Last week, in three conferences, he came very close to doing just that; it might take until the early part of June before a handful of still-doubtful Republicans decide that the segregationist Democrats have used up their hallowed right of "unlimited debate," but the time will surely come.

A Little Sermon. Beyond that, Dirksen at long last wore his own civil rights heart on his sleeve. Never before had

WHAT THE CIVIL RIGHTS BI WOULD DO

DOES anyone really know wh civil rights bill now propos has been kicked around for an a long while. First sent to the Co by President Kennedy last June, partly changed by the House of R sentatives and sent on to the Se February. It has languished i chamber of winds during the l filibuster in history, still faces s tive amendment under a bipa agreement achieved by Republica erett Dirksen. Civil rights groups, out being specific, claim that it weak. The bill's opponents, witho ing specific, insist that it is so str to ruin the framework of the Re Herewith, what the civil right including the Dirksen amend would do:

VOTING RIGHTS

The House-passed measure re that within a given county the cedure under which residents see right to vote in a federal election be uniform for all persons. N could be disqualified for some vant error or omission in his a tion papers. Any person who has pleted six grades in an accredited could be presumed literate. W literacy test is required, the ap could demand a certified copy test and of the answers he gave bill would cover any election solely or in part" to elect or nom a candidate for federal office.

PUBLIC ACCOMMODATIO

The House bill bans discrimi in hotels, motels, inns, restaurants terias, lunch counters, soda fou theaters, concert halls, sports and gas stations. It exempts clubs and rooming houses with than five rentable rooms in bu occupied by the owner.

If a person were denied acc such a public place, his remedy be to file a civil suit asking a court to order the proprietors to such discrimination. Also the A General could file such a suit on of the U.S. Where state or loca ban such discrimination, the A General would have to give s local officials "reasonable time" before filing suit. The Attorney could, if he wished, use the of local agencies to seek a vo solution. But if he decided the delay would "adversely affect" terests of the U.S." or that re state officials would "prove ineffe he could so notify the court ceed with the suit.

TIME, MAY

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Dirksen would alter this procedure sharply. If there were a local public-accommodations law, an individual could not file a federal suit until 30 days after he had notified local officials of his complaint. The federal court could delay the suit until local officials completed their action. If there were no local law, he could file federal suit immediately. The court then would have the power to ask a newly created Community Relations Service to investigate and to seek voluntary compliance with the law for up to 180 days. These negotiations would be secret. If they failed, the suit would proceed.

Under the Dirksen amendments, the Attorney General could not institute such suits for individuals. He could ask the court, however, to permit him to "intervene" in such cases. If granted, that would mean that federal attorneys would help to argue the case. But if the Attorney General could demonstrate a community pattern of denying free access to public accommodations, he could file a federal suit, set forth his facts, seek a court order against specific proprietors whom he considered part of the pattern.

PUBLICLY OWNED

Any individual denied equal access to a publicly owned facility, such as a park, swimming pool, hospital or library—but not a school—could file a complaint with the Attorney General. If the Attorney General decreed the individual unable to afford his own suit or in fear of physical or economic harm, the Attorney General could institute a civil suit to force state or local officials to desegregate such a facility.

PUBLIC EDUCATION

The House bill would allow the U.S. Commissioner of Education to help local public school officials draw up plans for desegregation, finance and plan training courses in colleges to instruct school officials and teachers in how to deal with desegregation problems. The commission could supply federal grants to school boards to train teachers and hire consultants on such problems. The Attorney General could institute a suit when tax-supported college students or parents of schoolchildren filed a complaint that they were being denied admission to a school or college because of race, religion or national origin.

Dirksen would amend this section so that it would not empower federal courts to order the transportation of pupils to correct a racial imbalance—as in "bussing."

CIVIL RIGHTS COMMISSION

The bill would extend the life of the Civil Rights Commission until February 1968. Both the House bill and Dirksen amendments would provide new protection for persons appearing before the commission, and would require that commission proceedings in executive session could be made public only by vote of the commission.

FEDERAL ASSISTANCE

Each federal department or agency that provides financial assistance "to any program or activity" would be required to make rules, subject to presidential approval, banning discrimination in such programs. They would cut off such assistance if discrimination persisted. Before such action, however, voluntary compliance with the rules would have to be sought and the contemplated action reported to an appropriate committee of the House and Senate. A decision to curtail funds could be appealed in the courts.

A Dirksen amendment would specifically limit the curtailment of funds to those recipients of assistance actually found to be discriminating. For example, an entire state could not be shut out of all federal programs if only a particular city discriminated in a federal housing project.

EMPLOYMENT

The bill would make it illegal for any employer with more than 100 employees to discharge or refuse to hire any person because of race, religion, sex or national origin. Labor unions could not deny membership or apprentice training on such grounds. Neither could employment agencies refuse to refer applicants. Colleges run by religious organizations in which religion might be a valid employment requirement would be exempt.

The bill would create an Equal Employment Opportunity Commission that could assist local groups in eliminating job discrimination, make technical studies on the subject, offer conciliation service when requested by employers. Either an individual or a member of the commission could file a complaint of job discrimination, and the commission would investigate the charge and notify the persons or organizations against whom the charge was brought. If two of the five commissioners found that the charge was valid, and the efforts at getting voluntary compliance failed, the commission could file a federal civil suit. If the court found that an unlawful practice was committed, it could take whatever action it deemed appropriate, including requiring an employer to hire specific persons with back pay for the period in which the employment was denied.

Many of Dirksen's amendments apply to this section. He would extend coverage to federal employment and union hiring halls and exempt Indian reservations and cases involving national security. He would eliminate the commission's right to file suits. Instead, it would investigate and could recommend that the Attorney General intervene in suits.

Under the Dirksen procedure, the commission would investigate a complaint in secret and, in those states or cities that have a Fair Employment Practices law, notify the local authorities, who would have 90 days to remedy the practice. If they failed, the commission would have 90 days to seek voluntary compliance. If that too failed—or there was no local law—it would notify the person who filed the claim, and that person could then file a federal civil suit. The court could, if it wished, delay the suit for another 90 days to let local officials or the federal commission try again to resolve the matter. The court could also authorize the Attorney General to intervene in the suit. But the Attorney General could not initiate a suit himself unless he could show that a pattern of job discrimination existed in the community. Dirksen would require the plaintiff to prove that the violation had been "intentional."

COMMUNITY RELATIONS SERVICE

The bill would create a Community Relations Service in the Commerce Department to assist communities and individuals in resolving problems of discrimination. The Service could offer its assistance whenever "peaceful relations among the citizens of the community involved are threatened." It would be required to seek the cooperation of local authorities and to keep its activities confidential.

ENFORCEMENT

The purpose of the bill is to provide citizens with a practical means of exercising their constitutional rights, and it would be enforceable only through civil suits in federal courts. The complainant would state his grievance and ask the court to issue an injunction, restraining or other order against those persons he contended were denying him his rights. In many cases, the court could assume the complainant's legal costs. No one could be jailed or fined under the act unless he violated such an order from a court. To expedite the suits, the bill would permit the Attorney General (and in some cases defendants) to request a three-judge panel to hear the arguments. Their decision then could be appealed by either side directly to the U.S. Supreme Court.

The House-passed bill retains the 1957 Civil Rights Act procedure, under which the judge determines whether the accused shall have a jury trial. If a jury trial were granted, a guilty verdict could result in a maximum jail term of six months and a $1,000 fine. If the case were decided by a judge, without a jury, the maximum sentence would be 45 days and $300. Under a Dirksen-Mansfield amendment, this jail term would be reduced to 30 days. Any contempt conviction could be appealed.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

he talked about the moral basis for the bill. Now he did, calling in reporters for a news conference and delivering unto them a "little sermon." He said he was quoting the words Victor Hugo penned in his diary on the night he died: "Stronger than any army is an idea whose time has come."* Said Dirksen: "Civil rights—here is an idea whose time has come. It is inescapable, and we've got to deal with it." Everything in his own perspective of the world, Dirksen continued, told him that a new role for the Negro in America was as obvious as the child labor law or women's suffrage had been in their time. Added he, gesturing toward the Senate chamber: "No one on that floor is going to stop this. It is going to happen." And with his help, it probably will.

PHILANTHROPY

Building a Library

Jackie was constantly on the phone. Rose Kennedy was in North Carolina, where, with Teddy, Evangelist Billy Graham and Governor Terry Sanford, she appeared at a fund-raising rally. The North Carolina "quota" for the $10 million John F. Kennedy Memorial Library on the banks of Boston's sleepy Charles River had been set at $200,000, and this rally alone produced pledges of more than that amount.

In-Law Steve Smith, the Kennedy family's political and financial troubleshooter in New York, was soliciting in Manhattan.

Senator Teddy Kennedy, after taking leave of North Carolina, flew to Paris to thank the French government for a $100,000 donation, then began a ten-day tour of European cities. In Italy, he met with businessmen. In Germany, he would talk with members of a fund-raising committee in Munich, explain the project to students in Hamburg and labor leaders in Frankfurt. Then on to Brussels and Zurich. There was even a stop at the Vatican to explain to the Pope about the library.

The man overseeing the entire fund-raising effort is Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who was scheduled to appear this week at the Manhattan opening of an exhibit of J.F.K. memorabilia, including the late President's rocking chair, and to urge more contributions. Well in advance, he had told his staff that he would accept no radio or television engagements that did not have to do with the library.

To All Employees. In Washington, New Frontier chieftains were busy spreading the word. Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, who had made a *faux pas* early in the Kennedy Administration when his name appeared on a Democratic fund-raising note to oil and gas industry executives, now sent a memo to all "Heads of Bureaus and Offices" in his far-flung department. The solicitation was part of a "Government-wide campaign," said Udall, adding: "I am sure we are all eager to contribute our share toward this building in his honor. . . . As in other campaigns, your chairman should submit a weekly performance report in writing to N. O. Wood, director of management operations. Detailed instructions will be forthcoming."

Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach sent a memo to Justice Department employees: "A program has been organized for all of us who wish to contribute to do so. Special rosters have been prepared for contributors to sign so that their participation can be made part of the library's archives. This effort is completely voluntary." Similar messages went out from Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges and Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman.

AP

ROSE KENNEDY & GOVERNOR SANFORD*
The quotas were coming in.

There is a fairly extensive history of presidential-library fund-raising efforts. Friends of Franklin D. Roosevelt got off a memo to Agriculture Department employees suggesting that they contribute to the Hyde Park Library, then did some fast backpedaling when the press caught wind of it. Harry Truman's campaigners solicited top businessmen, pointing out that all contributions were, of course, tax-deductible. Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. and Adlai Stevenson took to nationwide television to ask donations for Dwight Eisenhower's library in Abilene, Kans.

Those Who Give. But there has never been anything to compare with the Kennedy library movement. Under Bobby's direction, committees have been set up in more than 40 states—chaired by such men as Governor John Reynolds in Wisconsin, Governor Philip Hoff in Vermont, former Governor Dennis Roberts in Rhode Island, and Continental Air Lines President Robert Six in California. Eugene Black, former president of the World Bank and chairman of the library's board of trustees, has sent a letter to every foreign embassy, from Afghanistan to Yemen, suggesting how their countries might contribute, if they are of a mind to do so.

A committee that includes Big Blue IBM Chairman Thomas Watson and former Defense Secretary Robert Lovett is in charge of soliciting from the corporations. Among the field of gatherers: Ford Motor Co. Chairman Henry Ford II,* Standard Oil (New Jersey) Chairman M. J. Rathbone, and U.S. Steel Chairman Roger Blough.

Among individuals, contributions include $209,000 from Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, $250,000 from André Meyer, senior partner in Wall Street's brokerage firm of Lazard Frères, and amounts ranging down to 1¢ change from 55,000 others. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. has pledged $2,000,000. From abroad, gifts have come in from the governments of Venezuela ($100,000), Liberia ($25,000), and Puerto Rico ($100,000). The list of business donors includes IBM ($350,000), Continental Air Lines ($100,000), and Fiat Motor Co. of Italy ($50,000, and an additional $50,000 from Fiat Vice President Giovanni Agnelli).

The plans for the Kennedy library have already gone far beyond the sort of quiet, scholarly haven that Jack Kennedy envisioned in his lifetime. To the project, Harvard in 1963 granted 35 acres of its Charles River-bank property. Now there are plans to make the library an institution in the style of a contemporary political science, with big-name, not-necessarily-Harvard director. Some 200 tape-recorded interviews have been conducted with the great and the near great to create an "oral history" of the Kennedy years. So far, about the only holdout is former British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, who explains that he is preparing his memoirs and hopes "to write about his relations with President Kennedy with more feeling than he could into a recording."

Some Harvard officials are beginning to fret about the giant scale of the plans, but it may not be necessary. For there already is talk among the fund-raising enthusiasts about giving up the Harvard donated site and purchasing a much bigger property.

* *No diary of Hugo (1802-85) has been found; Dirksen quoted a popular version of Hugo's "On résiste à l'invasion des armées; on ne résiste pas à l'invasion des idées," from his Historie d'un Crime.*

* Behind them: Teddy Kennedy, Billy Graham.

* Ford was also putting his shoulder to the wheel for Lyndon Johnson. In an interview with the Detroit Free Press, Ford said he would support Johnson in November even if a Republican candidate, even though he had never before voted for a Democratic President. Said Ford of Johnson: "I think he's a

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

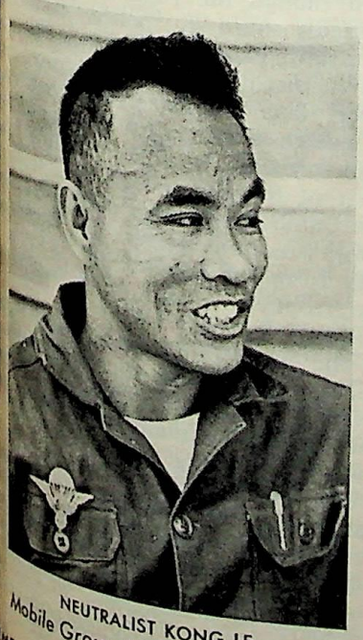
LAOS

Springtime on the Plain

For three years now, Laos has marked the advance of spring by nearly falling into the hands of the Communists. Last week was no exception. Heavy fighting suddenly erupted on the Plain of Jars, and, as usual, the Communist Pathet Lao severely punished the neutralist army commanded by plucky little General Kong Le. Once again, it seemed like the end of whatever remained of Laotian neutrality, supposedly guaranteed by the Geneva agreement, which in 1962 had been solemnly signed by 14 nations, including Soviet Russia. And, once again, the Laotian government of neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma seemed on the verge of toppling.

Actually, Souvanna's regime topples more often than it governs. It last fell last month when two rightist generals staged a bloodless coup in Vientiane. After considerable palaver and eager intercession by the U.S., Russian and British ambassadors, Souvanna agreed to resume his premiership, backed by the rightists and his own neutralist battalions. The men of the Communist Pathet Lao, who hold the central and northern portions of the country, remained outside the government and were nourished by lengthy truck convoys lurching down dusty Route 7 from the North Viet Nam frontier.

Slashed Necklaces. There, several rightist battalions, known as Mobile Group 13, moved into position on the steep hillsides above Route 7. They halted convoys with land mines and shelled the trucks with bazooka fire. The Communist Pathet Lao, who have controlled a large part of the Plain of Jars since last year, decided to fight their way through. Moving behind a mortar barrage, the Pathet Lao swept through the mountain villages of the anti-Communist Meo tribesmen and closed in on the rightist roadblocks, driving before them hundreds of hapless Meo refugees. Meo men and women carry their wealth with them in the form of silver necklaces; as the Pathet Lao shot them down, soldiers would whip out knives and slash free the silver necklaces from the dead and dying Meos.

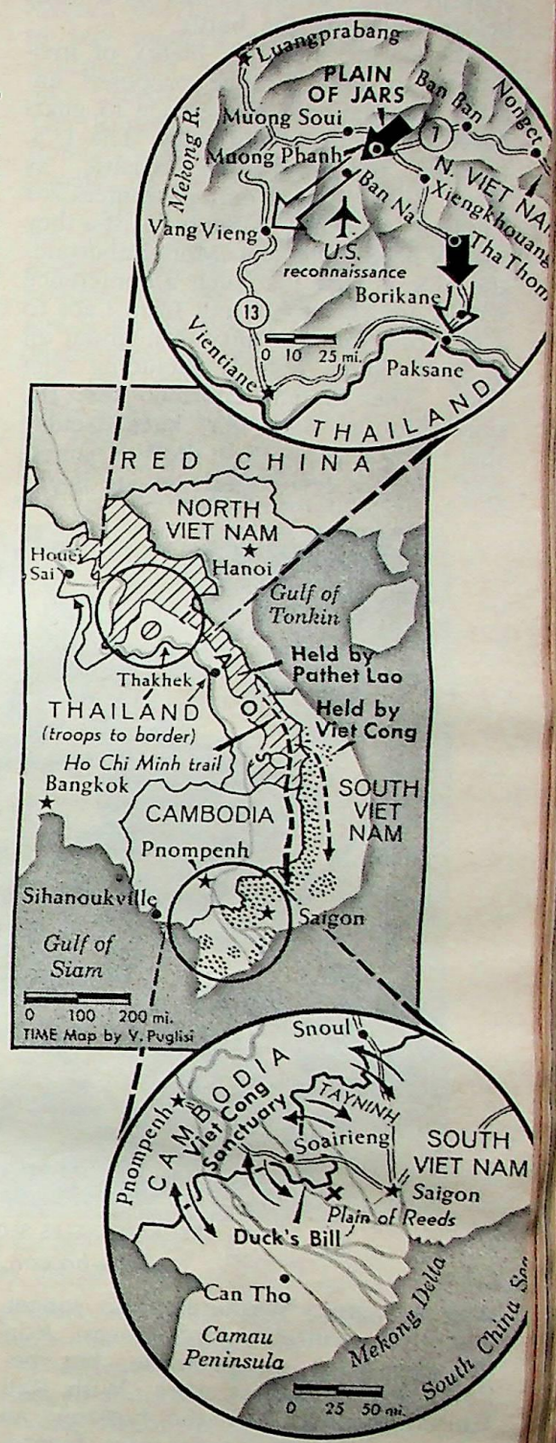


NEUTRALIST KONG LE
Mobile Group 13, where are you?

Neutralist General Kong Le launched a counterattack against the Pathet Lao but was unable to dislodge them from the hills above Mobile Group 13's escape route. With the help of several defecting neutralist battalions, the Reds smashed their way through Kong Le's headquarters at Muong Phanh, and turned to head for the Mekong River. A courageous but often inept commander, Kong Le fell back with his battered troops to Ban Na, on the southwestern edge of the plain. He managed to salvage ten tanks, but lost nine armored cars and four antiaircraft guns. All week long, small parties of neutralist troops made their way back through the hills to rejoin their commander. They reported that the Pathet Lao were aided by up to five battalions of North Vietnamese regulars. Kong Le announced: "From now on, I will support all who are against Communism." The fact that Kong Le and his men were still fighting at all seemed remarkable to U.S. observers, since they have sometimes gone for as long as a year without pay.

Pointed Cameras. Prince Souvanna sent a telegram to his half brother, Prince Souphanouvong, leader of the Pathet Lao, warning him that the Communists "must accept full responsibility for these violations of the Geneva accord." U.S. Ambassador Leonard Unger said, "This is worse than the piecemeal nibbling process that the Communists have been engaged in for the past ten years—it is a substantial bite." The first U.S. reaction was odd and somewhat embarrassing: Washington asked Britain and France, which maintain diplomatic relations with Peking, to try to persuade Red China to halt the Communist attacks in Laos. It was a clear indication that it is Red China, and no longer the Soviet Union, which controls Red moves in the area, but predictably the U.S. plea got nowhere.

Next there was talk of sending U.S. Marines to Thailand (which itself moved troops to the Laotian border) as a sobering threat to the Reds. This had worked once before when President Kennedy tried it in 1962, but that gesture had little permanent effect because the U.S. pulled the troops out again after six weeks. Washington still considered repeating the Marine maneuver and possibly leaving the force in



Thailand more or less permanently this time. But for the present the only tangible U.S. reaction came in the form of jets that whooshed low over the Plain of Jars; they aimed only cameras at the Red positions, but the U.S. was obviously trying to make the point that if it really wanted to get tough, it could just as easily aim bombs. The U.S. has reportedly been flying such reconnaissance missions on and off for two years. The beleaguered Meo refugees cheered as they saw the planes, and Pathet Lao gunners blazed away, scoring a few hits but more misses.

Invitation to Talk. Possibly because of the warning overflight, or because of the need to regroup—or simply because Laos is Laos—the Red advance toward the Mekong slowed to a halt. Just like last year and the year before, the Communists had grabbed more ground in Laos and inflicted more defeats on their opponents. Now they

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

were probably willing to talk for a while before resuming the battle.

There were certainly plenty of invitations to talk. France proposed another international conference to guarantee the neutrality of Laos. The U.S. rejected the suggestion because, as Dean Rusk pointed out, guarantees for Laotian neutrality already exist—they simply need to be kept. More important, the U.S. is sure that such a conference would quickly branch out from Laos to a proposal for neutrality throughout all of Indo-China, notably including Viet Nam. The French consider this the only solution, since they have decided that the U.S. cannot win the Vietnamese war. Quite a few Americans are beginning to agree. Washington no longer objects to neutrality in Southeast Asia (or elsewhere) on principle, but believes that it cannot work. With Red China looming over the horizon, an attempt to neutralize the area regardless of international guarantees might simply turn the entire region into one big Laos. As government propaganda in Saigon posters puts it: "Red Plan—First Neutralize, Then Communize."

AP

U.S. SERGEANT HELPS SECURE VIET CONG GUERRILLA
But who can hustle the East?

SOUTH VIET NAM

And Now the Rains

It is not good for the Christian health,
To hustle the Asian brown;
For the Christian riles, and the Asian smiles,
And he weareth the Christian down.
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white,
With the name of the late deceased;
And the epitaph drear: "A fool lies here,
Who tried to hustle the East."

This version of a poem by Rudyard Kipling is much quoted in Viet Nam by Americans who are desperately trying to hustle Premier Nguyen Khanh's regime into stepped-up action against the ever more aggressive Red guerrillas. The latest factor that hampers U.S. efforts is that old Asian stand-by, the rainy season, which is now beginning over South Viet Nam's Mekong Delta. As usual, while the mud and discomfort would seem to be the same for both sides, they favor the enemy.

Creeping Crickets. Twice a day, usually in early afternoon and again at dusk, the warm monsoon rains patter down. The paddies of the delta are already flooded ankle-deep. Plodding patiently across them, in a tableau ancient as the land itself, peasants in conical hats and mud-caked pants thrust pale green rice shoots into the fertile soil beneath the water. And in the humid dusk, countless crickets sing out—or get themselves captured by small boys who sell them to gambling elders for cricket fights.

The Viet Cong guerrillas are almost as much at home in this setting as the crickets, while the government soldiers—many of them city boys, most of them encumbered with heavier equipment and moving in much larger units—are increasingly bogged down in unfamiliar terrain. In recent months U.S. advisers have pondered ways of improving mobility during the rainy season. One new tactic: a buildup in small boats to transport troops across paddyfields. But hustling the East in the rainy season promises to be even more frustrating than usual, though last week five government battalions were ambitiously attempting to flush the Reds from a stronghold in the northern mountains.

The Khanh regime is eagerly awaiting Washington's latest boost—an additional $125 million in economic and military aid recommended fortnight ago by U.S. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Of the total, $70 million will go toward bailing out the war-bankrupted Vietnamese economy, $55 million toward raising the pay of soldiers and civilian government employees engaged directly in Khanh's badly lagging "pacification" campaign.

Mounting Mayhem. U.S. ... alone cannot strengthen the Vietna... will to fight—or counteract the ri... deliberate Red policy to break that ... through terror. For almost a mo... the rate of Viet Cong terrorist "in... dents" has been up from an aver... 300 to 400 per week to 500 to 700, ... a higher-than-usual percentage co... ing of seemingly senseless mayhem. ... Reds have mined and fired on peas... loaded buses, ambushed three-whe... Lambretta motor scooters, which ... favorite peasant means of conveya... and unmercifully harassed junk fa... on canals and rivers. Last month ... Reds burned every building in one ... let to the ground, including the ... Buddhist temple. One night last ... in Ba Xuyen province, while a cr... of farm families watched a roa... play, the Viet Cong fired into t... killed a father, mother and child.

In a small way, all this has backf... there has been a slight increase in ... fections of Viet Cong supporters. ... the Reds obviously feel that they ... afford to pay this price in return fo... fear they are spreading across the c... tryside—and in the capital as ... Twice last week Saigon tensed for ... Cong attacks. One night rumors s... Saigon that the guerrillas planned a ... jor assault on a U.S.-operated s... communications center south of ... city's outskirts. The next night the ... namese army massed artillery ami... ports that the Reds planned to sh... Saigon airport. The attacks fail... materialize, but this did not dispe... suspicion that the Reds might have ... capable of mounting them.

Nettling Neighbor. As if Saigon ... not have enough on its hands wi... Viet Cong, it faced the proble... a troublesome neighbor, Cambo... South Viet Nam's Red guerrillas ... long used Cambodia as a sanct... and though the rugged border is ... mittedly hard to police, Cambo... neutralist Prince Sihanouk has don... tle to discourage his guests from ... door. Their busiest crossing point... a stretch bordering Viet Nam's ... ninh province, the Plain of Reeds ... west of Saigon, and an area sou... the Cambodian village of Soairieng ... *map, preceding page*). The three ... tors form the "duck's bill" porti... the frontier, which juts to within ... miles of Saigon.

The Viet Cong roam freely, ... military men claim, for some 30 ... inside Cambodia, cache arms and ... plies there, maintain small com... posts. Conducting themselves as ... guests, the guerrillas rarely even ... Cambodian girls, use their haven ... for rest and regrouping. But ... South Vietnamese troops ... pursue fleeing Viet Cong into ... sanctuary—and, according to Ca... dia, killed seven Cambodians earlier ... month—Sihanouk's delegate ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

before the U.N. Security Council last week that his country has been the victim of aggression.

The U.S.'s Adlai Stevenson denied that Americans had anything to do with the latest incidents, retorted that the Communists have used Cambodian territory "as a passageway, source of supply, and sanctuary from counterattack." He proposed some sort of U.N. supervision of the border, which would bring the U.N. into Indo-China for the first time in such a capacity. South Viet Nam's General Nguyen Khanh expressed approval, but it remained to be seen whether Sihanouk would go along.

AUSTRALIA

Poor Military Posture

"Our state of preparedness is inadequate, our defense expenditure unworthy of a wealthy people that has accepted onerous treaty obligations, and the administration of defense at the top levels of government is weak and too loosely coordinated." So said a group of Australian experts in a recent military study. In a modest way, Australia is trying to do something about it.

A detachment of army engineers last week embarked for Borneo to build landing strips as part of a plan to help Malaysia in its "confrontation" with hostile Indonesia. Australia also agreed to a U.S. request for more aid to South Viet Nam, and the government plans to increase its mission in Saigon, which now consists of only 30 army instructors. But Australia, a SEATO member and often hopefully regarded as the West's anchor in the South Pacific, is still woefully unable to back up its brave intentions.

New Mirages. Australia's air force is obsolete, its navy a memory, its 23,000-man army smaller than Cambodia's. The country has no draft, spends less than 3% of its gross national product on defense *v.* nearly 7% in Britain and more than 9% in the U.S. There is so much dissatisfaction in the services about low pay* that the government last year had to forbid further resignations by officers. Only 1,765 recruits were obtained in the last nine months, which, after wastage, resulted in a net gain of only 816 men.

Since Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies and his Liberal Party were reelected last November, he has raised the defense budget by $124.5 million to a total of nearly $586 million. Australia's seven squadrons of obsolete Canberra bombers and F-86 fighters will be replaced with French Mirage 111-0 fighters. Menzies has also placed orders for three U.S. guided-missile destroyers and four British Oberon-class submarines to bolster Australia's tiny fleet, consisting of a single aircraft carrier (damaged in collision last Feb. 10), three destroyers and a half-dozen frigates and mine sweepers.

Uneasy Possession. What especially stymies recruiting is the flourishing state of Australia's economy, and the labor-hungry industries are certain to oppose any attempt to bring back the draft, which was abandoned in 1959 as "wasteful." Yet Menzies hopes to boost the army by 5,000 men at year's end, and has asked Parliament for an extra $35 million to win new recruits. Even so, this would leave it vastly inferior in numbers and even in equipment to the 350,000-man force kept by the Indonesians, with whom Australia shares uneasy possession of New Guinea.

Said External Affairs Minister Hasluck last week: "One encounters sometimes the rather simple belief that we can be a neighbor of Southern Asia by picking out the nicely behaved nations whom we can ask to tea Sunday afternoons. We cannot work out relationships with neighbors our own size and our own outlook, and forget that at the end of the road lives China."

Even though Aussie soldiers are among the highest-paid in the world. An Australian private earns $4.27 per day compared with $2.86 per day for a U.S. private.

AP

AUSTRALIAN TROOPS ON MANEUVERS
But whom can they ask to tea?

COMMUNISTS

The Flag Follows Trade

When George Marshall made the historic offer in 1947 to extend massive U.S. aid to help rebuild the shattered economies of friend and foe alike, the prostrate Soviet-occupied states of Eastern Europe responded with enthusiasm. But before their delegations could pack their scuffed suitcases and head West, Moscow thundered its veto of Communist participation in the Marshall Plan. Last week, in Conference Room 1105A of the State Department, a Rumanian delegation was finally able to accept, if not the 17-year-old offer, at least a latter-day, more commercial version.

Urbane and businesslike, Deputy Premier Gheorghe Gaston-Marin negotiated with Under Secretary of State Averell Harriman for massive credits* to buy modern petrochemical plants, which would expand the industrial complex already in operation near Ploesti. The Rumanians also urged increased contacts with the U.S. in academic, diplomatic, technical and cultural fields.

To improve the climate of the talks, the Bucharest regime reportedly released a few of the estimated 10,000 political prisoners still in Rumanian jails and leaked stories of anti-Russian demonstrations in Rumania. The Rumanians, who have long challenged Moscow's economic domination of the Eastern bloc, made it quite clear last week that they felt they could get away with all this because Moscow is currently too preoccupied with Red China to give them much trouble.

The Russians seemed indeed preoccupied. In addition to Nikita Khrushchev, wooing Arabs in Egypt, Mikhail Suslov journeyed to Paris to persuade the French that Russians are better friends than their new-found Chinese pals, while peripatetic Supersalesman Anastas Mikoyan scurried about Japan, inspecting plants and talking glibly of buying Japanese ships, pulp mills and industrial plants for the production of fertilizer and plastics on long-term credits.

Many Japanese were interested, but paradoxically, not the 100,000-member Communist Party, whose pro-Peking leaders prefer to talk trade with the Chinese. To make their position clear, Japan's 57-man Central Committee last week voted overwhelmingly to expel two leading party members for taking Russia's side in the schism.

* Last year, Washington extended $46 million in aid and credits to the Poles to help finance their $151 million trade with the U.S. No aid or credits went to the other satellites, whose trade with the U.S. is minuscule: Czechoslovakia $20 million, Hungary $18 million, East Germany $9.6 million, Rumania $2.4 million, Bulgaria $1.2 million.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

FRANCE

The Decline of Maurice

France's Communist Party used to be the biggest, proudest bearer of the Red banner in Western Europe. Today party membership is 240,000, down from nearly 1,000,000 after World War II. Only 41 Communists sit in the National Assembly where 150 Red deputies raised their voices in 1956. More or less oblivious to these figures, 776 chanting, clapping delegates to the 17th Party Congress in Paris' Latin Quarter heard Party Boss Maurice Thorez describe changes in the party advertised as "revolutionary." They turned out to be hardly that. To provide a little more "democracy" in convention proceedings, secret balloting was introduced, and 30 new Central Committee members were elected to replace oldtimers. Potentially the most important change: Thorez himself resigned after 34 years as secretary-general.

Down in Front. But at 64, "*cher Maurice*" was not really retiring; in good corporate style, he simply moved upstairs. Assuming the newly created post of president, he made room for a man only five years his junior, Assistant Secretary-General Waldeck Rochet, a onetime shepherd boy who became the party's expert on agricultural affairs and has always been a loyal party wheelhorse. Plainly, Thorez will continue to make party policy. It was quite a demonstration of the power to hang on, considering that he still shows the effects of the paralytic stroke he suffered 14 years ago—he remained seated as he delivered his closing speech in Paris last week. In almost any other line of business, given the state of his health and the relative failure of his enterprise, he would have been out of a job.

Of course, it is tough to be a successful Communist under Charles de Gaulle, who has a way of stealing the Reds' issues: he is suitably anti-American, in his own way pushes the cause of the underdeveloped and unaligned nations, and above all rules a country that is bursting with prosperity. Besides, Thorez is having his ideological troubles. Once intensely loyal to Stalin, Thorez long resented Khrushchev's attacks on his old mentor, then finally made his peace with Nikita, and today is among his strongest supporters in the split with Red China. But he runs his party in the unbending Stalinist spirit, disillusioning many intellectuals and particularly the young.

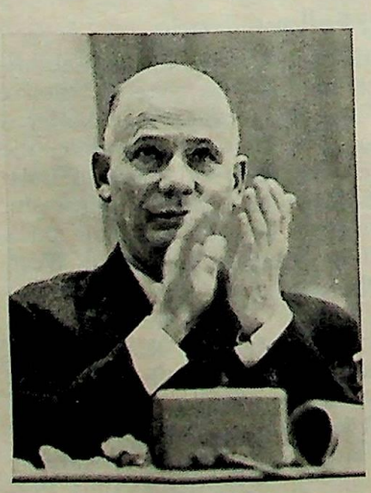
Thorez is haunted by the example of the Italian party, which has actually grown under the leadership of Palmiro Togliatti (present membership: 1,700,000). Togliatti has been far more flexible than the hidebound Thorez, has encouraged more freedom of expression and more young blood in his party. While not pro-Peking, Togliatti has not rushed to line up with Khrushchev in his fight against the Chinese—simply to show his independence from Moscow.

Search for Support. This has drawn many French and other Western European comrades toward Togliatti's way of doing things, has precipitated a significant split between the French and Italian parties. Always sensitive to Maurice's concerns, his formidable wife Jeannette Vermeersch, a party veteran of 35 years, rose at last week's Paris Congress to denounce the pro-Italian faction.

But Thorez has not lost all his leverage. After all, his party still commanded 3,800,000 French votes in the last election. The French Socialists, abjuring the support of France's middle and right wings, may have to combine with the Communists if they are to have any chance of seizing power from De Gaulle in the 1965 election. The Socialists' presidential candidate, Gaston Defferre, is not making any compromises to win Communist support, but Thorez invited all Socialists to join *cher Maurice v. le grand Charles.*

REPORTERS ASSOCIÉS

THOREZ WITH JEANNETTE



WALDECK ROCHET

Quite a way of hanging on.

ESPIONAGE

The Moscow Bughouse

Most old structures have bugs, but these were different. Tipped off by a Red defector, security men in the new year-old U.S. Embassy in Moscow broke into the walls of several rooms and found more than 40 microphones planted 8 in. to 10 in. inside the walls. The bugs* were estimated to be twelve years old, going back to the Stalin era, but still eminently operational. Lamented one U.S. official: "Here we've been using the most up-to-date methods to pick up the most sophisticated bugs, and what happens? They had us. It amounts to an old system of crystal sets buried in the walls."

Listening Bowl. It was not the first discovery of bugs in U.S. embassies behind the Iron Curtain, but one of the few that the U.S. chose to make public. All knowledgeable foreigners in Moscow take it for granted that embassies and hotels are bugged, and U.S. diplomats go through an exhaustive briefing before reporting for Russian duty, including a tour of the State Department's "Chamber of Horrors" which contains a vast display of bugs found behind the Iron Curtain. U.S. Embassy officials in Moscow hold their really important talks in a specially constructed, supposedly bug-free "tank," while strolling out in the open.

Even that is not completely safe, because laser beams can pick up a conversation 100 yds. away. With miniaturized transistorized equipment, even trees and flower beds have on occasion been bugged, along with practically everything else—bedsprings, toilet bowls, buckles. Americans believe that the microphones in their living quarters are turned on only when they receive important visitors, but they cannot be sure. Says one diplomat: "A man and his wife can't even have an argument unless they are willing to let the Russians in on it."

Needled Agent. The Russian spy machine requires battalions of clerks to transcribe, translate and file what has been overheard, as well as "evaluators" to judge its significance. A U.S. official concedes that the Moscow bugs may have picked up "potentially useful elements," but adds that "getting them sorted out and fitting them together would require a very large investment in time and effort for a potentially small return."

Western diplomats sometimes use Soviet bugs for their own purposes. They may feed them false information or get them to needle a top Russian official they would like to get rid of, either by suggesting he is on the U.S. payroll or hinting he is having an affair with a Soviet minister's wife. In fact, skeptics wondered last week why such obviously bugged bugs had remained immune

* The term derives from telegraphers' slang for the Morse code signaling key.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

long to modern detection devices. Was it because the U.S. knew the mikes were there and employed them to plant phony data? And why did the U.S. choose this particular moment to announce the discovery? Was it because the Russians had already decided that the information they were getting was false?

Whatever the answer, legend has it that Sir Winston Churchill long ago offered the definitive riposte to those Russian buggers. At Yalta, warned that his room was bound to be wired, he strolled up and down, shouting at the walls: "Baboons! Baboons!"

EGYPT

Fatigued Finish

Wilted and liverish, his famed bounce almost gone, Nikita Khrushchev sweated grimly through the final week of his state visit to Egypt. He barely glanced at the Karnak temples, passed up the German-built steel mill near Cairo and even the star belly dancer at the Nile Hilton who, in deference to the Russian visitors, obeyed the usually ignored regulations by being swathed in silk from neck to ankles. Khrushchev's humorless, polemic speeches and their endless translations bored dwindling crowds in Cairo, Port Said and Alexandria. They felt that Nikita might as well have gone back home after attending to his main business—inaugurating the Aswan Dam.

Interpreting Unity. Obviously recalling Chinese Premier Chou En-lai's Cairo visit only six months ago, Khrushchev tried hard to sound every bit as revolutionary as Peking. He attacked Israel as "an agent of imperialism," supported the Arab policy on Jordan water, tore into the British and their position at Aden.

At one point he went a little too far for his hosts. When Nasser spoke of Arab unity, Nikita asked testily: "Does this mean we Russians should go home? We are not Arabs." Making a heavy-handed pitch about how Arab oil riches and Russian power together could defeat "any enemy," Khrushchev explained that unity must not be simply considered in national terms but must embrace the working classes all over the world. Some Arabs, for instance those in the oil sheikdom of Kuwait, continued Khrushchev angrily, are "lackeys of imperialism. Can you really unite with such people?" The air chilled, interpreters stammered, the Egyptian Ambassador to Moscow, Russian-speaking Murad Ghaleb, explained to Nasser that the translation had been faulty. "No, no," interrupted Nikita. "I meant what I said."

Balancing Budgets. In sum, while the dam represents a considerable success for Russia, Khrushchev fared less well with his personal and political appeals in Egypt. At week's end the sight of ripe Egyptian wheat roused him to his old antics as he toured the Liberation province land-reclamation project. He sickled and tasted some of the grain ("a bit dry"), criticized the housing facilities for peasants ("too costly"), later congratulated winners of a skeet-shooting contest. Between outings, Nikita retired to rest and continue private talks with Nasser.

Much of the talk was inevitably about money. This year Egypt must pay Moscow the first of twelve annual payments on the estimated $271 million Moscow is putting into the Aswan Dam and ancillary installations. Though eventually the project will pay for itself in new cropland and electric power, these benefits will not be fully realized for nearly a decade, during which Nasser needs even larger sums for industrial development, and already Egypt owes the Soviet bloc $800 million plus a large, secret bill for arms. Khrushchev hinted broadly that there would be further massive credits—even though some Russians complained that Moscow already had too many foreign aid commitments.

P.A. REUTER

DEFIANT YOUTH AT BRIGHTON BEACH
One way to beat boredom.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Battle of the Yobs

For the three-day Whitsun weekend, the weather was as warm and bright as the sky in a Visit Britain poster. Streaming out of London by scooter, motorbike and train, the kids swarmed into two seaside resorts, the prearranged settings for their teen-age rites of spring. There, in two days of juvenile violence without parallel in England, they left no stone unhurled to turn holiday into holocaust.

Like Sea Slugs. The battle had been shaping up since Easter, when more than 1,000 members of Britain's rival teen cults threw a wild weekend punch-up at seaside Clacton. This time, some 3,000 "Mods" and "Rockers" flocked to Margate and Brighton, the Mods (for modern) spiffed up in drainpipe trousers and pastel shirts, the Rockers encased in black leather jackets and cowboy boots. At each resort the Mods, who ride scooters and call their girls "birds," pitched camp at one end of the beach. The Rockers, who care more for their motorcycles than their birds, formed a tight rectangle at the other end. With jackets incongruously zipped up despite the sun, the pallid, scruffy youths looked like a colony of sea slugs washed in by the tide.

Tension mounted all Saturday night as guitar-thrumming youths became "blocked," their term for getting high on goofballs. Because Mods sport elaborate hairdos and often tart themselves up with eye shadow and transparent lipstick, they are sneered at by the Rockers. Margate was the Mods' big chance to assert their virility. At dawn on Sunday, armed with ripped-off legs from beach chairs, stone-hurling Mods charged their rivals, injuring two policemen who tried to intervene. As police reinforcements poured in, the battle surged to and fro along the beach, then spread into Margate's streets. Two youths were stabbed, dozens injured by brass knuckles, flying stones or milk bottles, and Rockers' studded belts; in two days, 69 were arrested.

Sawdust Caesars. Both in Margate and in Brighton, where more than 1,000 kids joined another melee and 75 were arrested, irate magistrates handed out stiff jail sentences (up to six months for assault) and fines totaling some $6,000. Stormed a magistrate: "These long-haired, mentally unstable, petty little hoodlums—these sawdust Caesars—seem to find courage, like rats, by hunting only in packs."

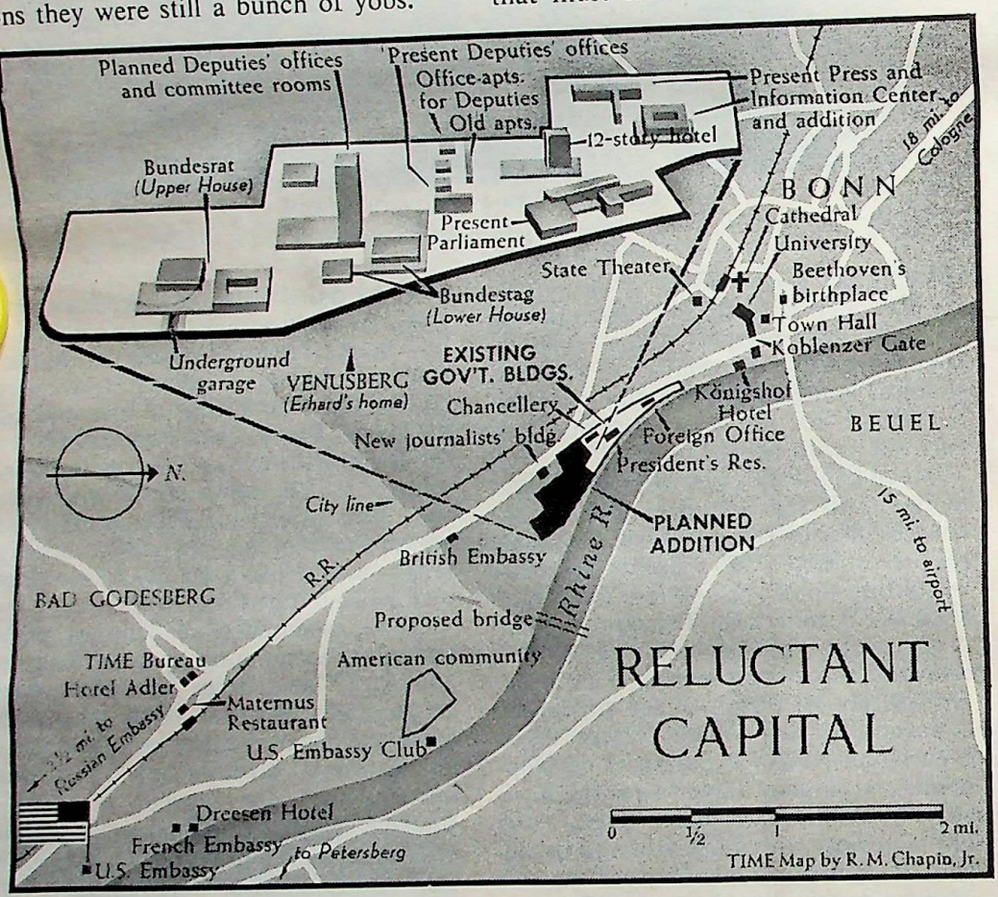
More patient sociologists who have studied them say that few members of both groups are actually "yobs" (hoods), but that they all are too easily incited by hooligans and by the op-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

portunity to show off. Mod-Rocker antagonism is honed by class resentment, for the Rockers are mostly manual workers while Mods tend to be self-consciously superior white-collar types. Many Britons see in these outbursts a symptom of deep boredom and frustration that, in different ways, is also shared by the older generation. While the youngsters enjoy unparalleled affluence, they nevertheless see drab lives ahead. As the Guardian diagnosed it, "Theirs is an ailment which can only be cured when the places in which they live and the schools in which they learn are less cramped, less frustrating and less deadly to hope."

All true, no doubt, but to most Britons they were still a bunch of yobs.



WEST GERMANY

C'est Si Bonn

Under the disapproving gaze of two stuffed giraffes, West Germany's leaders met in 1948 at Bonn's zoological museum to draft their new constitution. Far from welcoming their decision to make Bonn West Germany's "provisional" capital, most of the university town's 100,000 inhabitants vociferously protested the choice. For the *Bundesdorf*, or "federal village," as it is condescendingly called elsewhere in Germany, is a Peter Pan among cities. It never wanted to grow up into a capital, stubbornly resists every government scheme to make it function like one, and does its best to ignore the 200,000 additional citizens who have settled in Bonn itself and a score of towns and villages that cluster around it. "Bonn," says Bundestag Vice President Carlo Schmid, "is not a metropolis. It's an a-polis, a non-city."

Sheep Crossing. Previously famed mainly as Ludwig van Beethoven's birthplace, Bonn today is known to diplomats as the most inconvenient, uncomfortable capital this side of Usumbura. True, the Rhine offers a lovely, healing view to harassed government types, but Bonn is Germany's rainiest (161.8 days a year) and most densely populated city; its traffic is the heaviest, its rentals among the highest. "The city is just half the size of Chicago's Central Cemetery," says a U.S. diplomat. "And twice as dead."

Its main street, the Koblenzer Strasse, is part of the north-south highway from Cologne to Coblenz, and is perpetually jammed by 36,000 trucks and cars a day that must slow to a crawl to squeeze through the 18th century Koblenzer Gate in the middle of town. The 20,000 cars a day that travel east or west through Bonn have to cross a railroad line that bisects the city; at three level crossings the gates are closed for 360 trains a day, or an average of 20 minutes each hour. Capital traffic is also disrupted by a flock of 400 sheep that has to cross the highway, as well as the hay wagons that occasionally break down in town. In time, foreigners learn to take such quaint delays in their stride. "*C'est si* Bonn," they shrug.

Slaughtered Legion. The federal a-polis has widely unnoted theatrical and opera companies and a dozen or so mediocre nightclubs, boasts only three starrable restaurants: the elegant, century-old Adler, a favorite of government gourmets and gossips called Maternus, and La Redoute, a rococo mansion where Beethoven once performed. For members of the 88 diplomatic missions in Bonn, the main diversions consist in attending one another's parties at least 20 a week—and the Americ... Club's Wednesday night bingo ga... The Old Bonn families keep strictly ... themselves; so do the town's 13,000 ... versity students and faculty membe... New Bonners, as they call the ... Bundestag members and 12,150 fede... employees, usually go to Cologne or ... blenz for amusement. Most U.S. dipl... mats and journalists live and enter... each other in Bad Godesberg, Bon... picturesque neighbor, where the Ame... can colony is known variously as ... Ghetto, the Compound or Westches... on-Rhine.

The city's antipathy to outsiders d... back to Roman times, when a leg... garrisoned in "Bonna" was decim... by the warlike Batavi. Today local r... sentment manifests itself in Bonn's c... stant fight to keep the government fr... taking over existing buildings or p... cious real estate. Recently, with bip... tisan backing, Bundestag President E... gen Gerstenmaier disclosed plans ... a new parliamentary center on ... Rhine, consisting of a 25-story o... building for Deputies, a twelve-s... hotel and an 18-story press center, ... well as a series of bridges across ... railroad tracks. Bonn's burghers ... tested that Gerstenmaier's "Brasília" ... the stuffy Rheinische Post dubbed ... would occupy their best recreati... land. The program has been postp... for years, since the government has ... ways clung to the belief that by ... ting up permanent buildings in a "p... visional" capital it might weaken ... claim that Berlin and the rest of G... many must ultimately be reunited.

Pentabonn. As a result, governm... ministries are strung miles apar... makeshift, inadequate buildings ... range from a pre-empted hotel, wh... each office has a private bath, to a c... verted Wehrmacht barracks. Embas... are scattered from Cologne, 18 m... north of Bonn, to Rolandseck, ten m... south in the neighboring state of Rh... land Palatinate, where the Russians ... taken over an old resort hotel. Ch... diplomats must work above the di... a five-and-dime store on the floor ... low; the small, ugly British chancel... is smack in the middle of a corn... across the street from a Coca-C... plant. New buildings, like the sprawl... U.S. office complex known as the ... tabonn, have been cannily designed ... that they can be converted to local ... as hospitals, industries and sch... should the capital ever move back ... Berlin.

Bonn's villagers, old, new, acade... and foreign, can hardly wait for ... happy day. Meanwhile, the new ... million building program should ... make life more enjoyable for a cros... who tried to burn down Beetho... birthplace (now a museum) a few ... ago. Asked why he had done it, ... arsonist demanded with impeccable ... ic: "In this whole town, what else ... there worth burning?"

TIME, MAY 29...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TODAY IN AUSTRALIA

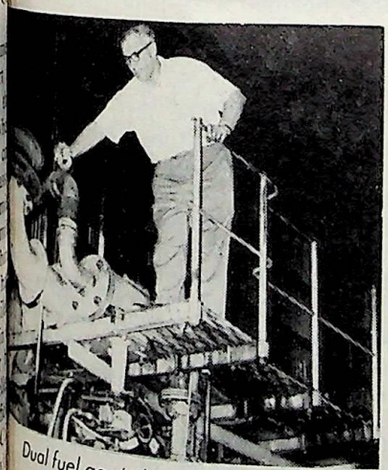
What's new in this land of rapid growth and huge potential

Set fair

In the Australian spring, an Australian's fancy will probably turn to trade fairs, judging by massive plans for September and October. Prize piece will be a British Exhibition representing more than 300 British companies. This will be followed by the annual Sydney Trade Fair which last year, with exhibits from all countries, attracted almost a million visitors. British troops will come to Sydney for the British Exhibition to put on a searchlight tattoo, staged in front of a replica of Edinburgh Castle.

Gasser

The huge reservoirs of natural gas now being discovered as a by-product of Australia's oil search could revolutionise local power industry. In several years at least two of Australia's State capitals may be serviced by natural gas pipe-



Dual fuel gas/oil engine at Roma

lines spreading hundreds of miles. So far three Australian companies have made significant natural gas discoveries — a nice consolation prize for companies that do not find oil.

Good Sports

Going to Tokyo in October will be more than 250 of Australia's top amateur athletes selected after many months of trials to compete in the 28th Olympic Games; it is Australia's biggest team ever. The greatest hopes for gold medals lie with the 46-member swimming contingent, the largest group to represent any one of the 15 sports in which Australian athletes will be competing. Thirty-six of these 30 men and 16 women are still in their teens. One of them is only 13.

Experts consider Australia has a good chance of winning 10 gold medals at Tokyo. In Rome in 1960, athletes won eight gold, eight silver and six bronze medals to place Australia fifth among the amateur sporting nations of the world. This year Australia will be seeking a gold medal in one sport for the first time—judo; appropriate for Tokyo.

Pretty basic

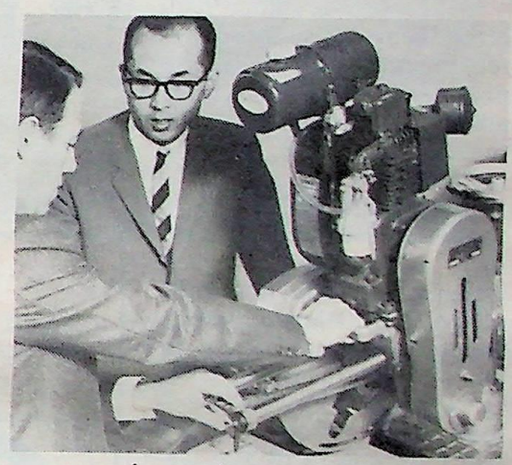
It is the big stuff that counts. So more than 60 per cent. of Australia's current investment in manufacturing industry is going into four basic industries—iron and steel, non-ferrous metals, petroleum refining and motor vehicles. That's where most of the millions of pounds of overseas investment that floods into Australia every year is going. But it's not just from big companies starting up in Australia to cater for the buoyant Australian market and nearby Asian markets. All over the world thousands of private investors searching for a safe, profitable and expanding market now look to Australia. Many of them go there and see for themselves.

Snow and sun

Of the great winter holiday seasons now open in Australia, one is of snow, one of sunshine. In the snowfields of the Australian Alps, with an area as big as those of Switzerland, the ski-ers are perfecting their runs; and along the sunny, tropical North Queensland Coast, thousands of other tourists are relaxing beside the Great Barrier Reef, 1,200 miles of it, by far the longest coral reef in the world. This year more than 150,000 overseas tourists are expected in Australia; travel experts expect more than twice as many by 1970. In the last five years the number of first-class hotels in Sydney and Melbourne has doubled as Australia speedily expands for the tourist age.

Hats to clothes hoists

The latest official news says that the export of Australian manufactured goods is still rising. Australia's main manufactured exports are metal products, iron and steel, motor vehicles, electrical equipment, machinery, petroleum products. But many other



Manufactured exports rising...

Australian products are on sale around the world, from quality felt hats to clothes hoists, from fountain pens to fashion goods. In 10 years' exporting, one Australian motor vehicle manufacturer has now sold its 50,000th car overseas. The industry did not exist 15 years ago.

How little extra

Your Travel Agent or Qantas will show you how little extra it costs to include Australia in your next round-world itinerary. Fly there and judge business opportunities in this growthland for yourself. Every few hours, Qantas 707 V-Jets—fastest in round-world service—leave from America, Europe, Asia and the Orient for Australia. Ask Qantas, too, about Qantas Air Cargo, offering fast, frequent services to all parts of the world with renowned Qantas care. Call Qantas today.

AUSTRALIA'S ROUND-WORLD AIRLINE

QANTAS

43 YEARS OF DEPENDABLE SERVICE

Qantas Empire Airways Limited, in association with Air India and B.O.A.C.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

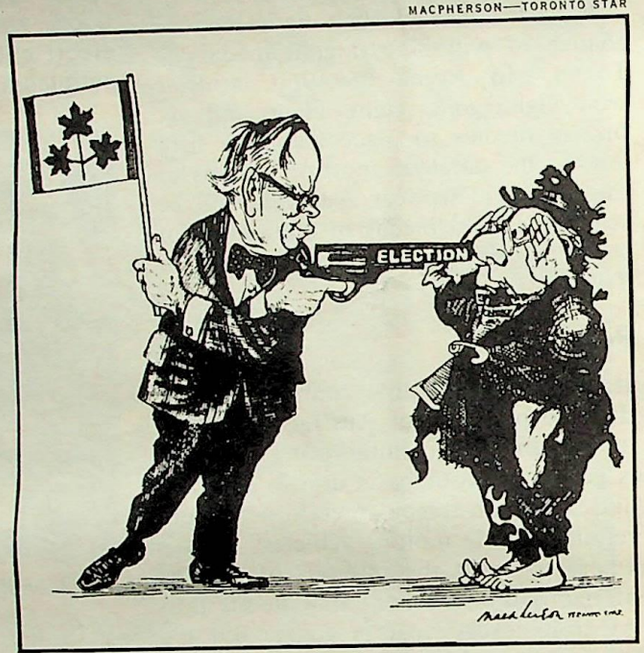
CANADA

Rallying Round a Flag

Prime Minister Lester B. ("Mike") Pearson stood before the Royal Canadian Legion in Winnipeg, discussing a subject near to his heart. During his election campaign in the spring of 1963, he had promised to give Canada a national flag of its own to take the place of Britain's Union Jack and Canada's semi-official Red Ensign, incorporating the Union Jack and the Canadian coat of arms. Now, said Pearson, he was ready with a design. As later approved by his Cabinet, the flag features three red maple leaves on a white field with a vertical blue bar on each end, symbolizing Canada's motto, "From Sea to Sea."

The reaction could hardly have been pricklier had Mike Pearson suggested a red porcupine on a bed of pine needles. The war veterans almost booed him from the hall, and throughout the land other flag-waving Canadians raised a howl. Editorial cartoonists had a field day; a flag-toting Pearson dodging the shot and shell of protest; Pearson with a flag in one hand, a gun in the other, threatening John Q. Canada. Vowed Newfoundland's Premier: "We will continue to fly the Union Jack if we are the last place in Canada to do it." In angry letters to a Winnipeg newspaper, Pearson was voted down ten to one. "Bad art, a bad flag," grumped an advertising executive in Vancouver. "It's the kind of flag someone might fly over a yacht, but not over a country," added an Edmonton publisher.

MACPHERSON—TORONTO STAR



PEARSON & PUBLIC: TWO-HANDED SALUTE

Dangerous Division. The hullabaloo reflected far more than a revolt over esthetics or the Prime Minister's notions of heraldry. As Pearson himself was only too well aware, it reflected a deep and dangerous division between Canada's English-speaking majority and its French-speaking minority centered in the province of Quebec. To English Canadians, the Union Jack is a cherished symbol of Canada's strong allegiance to the mother country. But to French Canadians—with their own language, Roman Catholic religion and cultural identity—the Union Jack is an ugly reminder of Quebec's forcible conquest by England in 1759, and what they regard as their own second-class status ever since.

French Canadians complain that "Englishmen" control Quebec's industries and natural resources, that although the country is officially bilingual the federal government operates in English only, that French Canadians are discriminated against in the civil service, and in a thousand other ways. The disaffection has been growing, until today a considerable number of French Canadians want out of Canada altogether. Separatist groups are clamoring for secession, to the point where a legislative committee is now studying what this would mean to Quebec. Then there are the extremists, who call themselves the Quebec Liberation Army, and have been planting bombs in mailboxes, dynamiting army installations and looting armories. In the matter of flags, Quebec flies its own French fleur-de-lis over provincial government buildings in preference to the Red Ensign or the Union Jack.

Saving Not Building. Since his election, Pearson has been trying hard to repair the disunity. He has given French Canadians a stronger voice in Ottawa, has appointed a Royal Commission on Biculturalism, even modified a new federal, social-security-type pension plan to guarantee Quebec's participation. He conceives of a flag that all Canadians can salute as one more plank in the program, and for good measure, he hopes to substitute *O Canada* for *God Save the Queen* as the national anthem.

To prove he means business, Pearson intends to regard the flag vote as a vote of confidence. He will probably win it: Canada's three splinter parties have pledged to support his minority Liberal government on the vote. But a flag and an anthem are only first steps in joining together divided Canada. "Our problem today," said Mike Pearson to the House of Commons recently, "is not one of nation-building. It is a problem of nation-saving—saving this nation from forces that weaken and could ultimately destroy it."

CUBA

War of Nerves

The exile campaign against C... Fidel Castro pressed on last week... war of words, nerves and calcu... confusion designed to bedevil and ... gravate Cuba's Communists.

All week long, reports of new ... ings and new attacks poured out of ... ami. Spokesmen for Manuel Ar... M.R.R., which destroyed a sugar ... fortnight ago, announced that they ... gone in again to blow up six hig... bridges inside Cuba—then ad... that this was untrue but promised ... Castro would hear from them ... Stories of exile training camps ... the rounds—particularly of big d... at the old Bay of Pigs camps in G... mala and Nicaragua. NBC-TV sh... films of exile guerrillas training ... where in Central America," likely ... ta Rica. Almost with one voice ... governments of the three co... stoutly denied any Cuban rebel ... ty, and other newsmen prowling ... area found nothing.

Corsair & Caesar. Anti-Castro ... stations came on the air, and so... the broadcasts may have indeed ... from inside Cuba. But most of ... probably originated no farther ... than "Little Havana" in south... ern Miami. Using code names su... "Tiger," "Corsair," and "Alpha ... they beamed a 24-hour torrent of ... ter, reading off metronome-like ... bers in Spanish and repeating ... messages: "Caesar is approaching ... Colosseum," "The little tree is ... middle of the pasture." More than ... Castro stations broke in angrily. ... one Castroite at the microphone: ... have no guts to come here, son ... whore! You only know how to ... children. Effeminates! Tell me ... you are—I'll get you." Replied an ... Castro station: "That is the edu... that the Russians have given you ... we are going to re-educate you."

The one man everyone expected ... hear from was mysteriously silent. ... nolo Ray, leader of the JURE ... group, had promised to be inside ... reorganizing the anti-Castro ... ground by May 20, Cuba's Indep... ence Day. On the 16th, Miami ... tors picked up a brief broadcast ... porting to be from Cuba: "This is ... speaking to all Cubans from free ... tory." But Ray's lieutenants said ... not Ray's voice. On the 20th, there ... nothing but silence from Ray's ... Was their leader in Cuba? A spok... merely smiled.

"Fight to the Death." The ... nerves was beginning to tell on C... and his henchmen. "We are face to ... with history," roared Minister of ... dustries Che Guevara last week. ... cannot be afraid. This is a fight to ...

TIME, MAY 29, 19...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

death." Added Castro's little brother Raúl, head of Cuba's armed forces: "We must be alert. We must be implacable."

Castro canceled all military leaves and placed his armed forces on full alert. Havana University was drained as students were called to arms in militia units. Night after night, radar antennas scanned the sea and sky for any suspicious movement, while patrol boats and shore patrols filled in the radar gaps. So busy were MIG fighters that one jet narrowly missed ramming into a Cuban airliner over eastern Oriente province. Castro's internal radio even issued a call for volunteer blood donors in preparation for "any emergency." Meantime, Cuba's powerful, 100,000-watt propaganda radio blared defiance to the world: "The Cuban people will flatten those who try to take over Cuba. Cubans are ready."

BOLIVIA

Progress Toward a Third Term

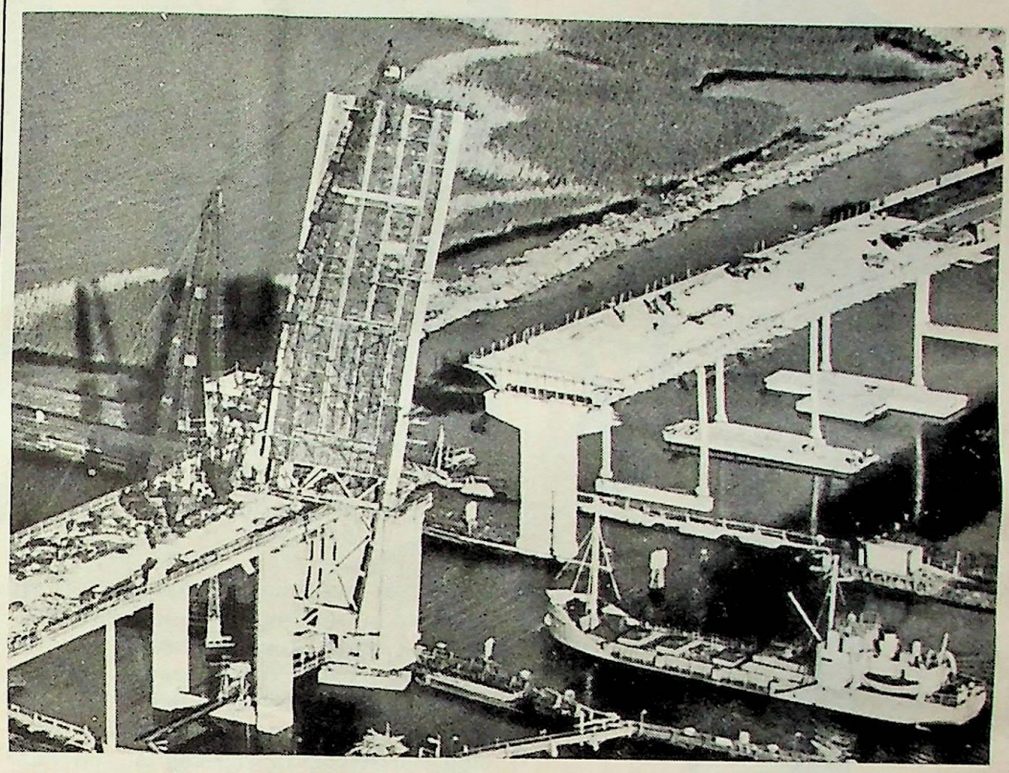
Bolivia's May 31 election was approaching, and it was time for President Víctor Paz Estenssoro, running for a third term, to demonstrate that for all practical purposes he had disarmed his most violent opposition. Climbing into his DC-3, he flew to Oruro (pop. 71,000), market center of the country's tin-mining area and for years a stronghold of rebel Vice President Juan Lechín and his Communist-dominated mining unions. For good measure Paz invited U.S. Ambassador Douglas Henderson to come along as his guest.

Neither had anything to fear. Communist agitators were conspicuous by their absence. A confetti-tossing crowd of 5,000 greeted Paz at the airport and hoisted him to its shoulders. In town, a banner-wielding throng of 7,000 jammed the narrow streets, waving and shouting, "Workers for Víctor Paz." "This is an emotional experience for me," Paz told the crowd, and went on with Henderson to snip a ribbon on an Alianza-financed road project, inspect a new water plant and attend a civic banquet. On the flight back to La Paz, the President allowed that "this has been a great day."

Flags v. Fertilizers. Bolivia is still a cruel, almost medieval land locked in Andean poverty. On the 12,000-ft.-high Altip'ano, where 75% of its 4,000,000 people live, Indian *campesinos* still consider white flags draped on their oxen a surer crop guarantee than fertilizer. Some 60% of the people speak only Indian languages, and per capita income is a pitiable $114. But under Paz Estenssoro, 56, Bolivia is gradually improving.

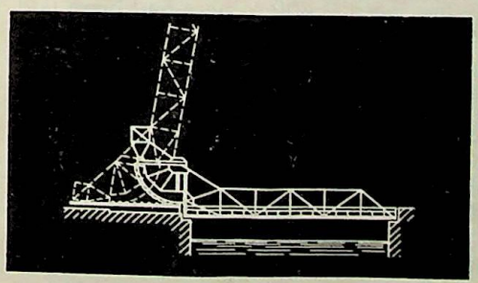
It is hardly a democracy in the U.S. sense. As Bolivia's first President after the 1952 revolution that toppled the country's tin-mining aristocracy, Paz reorganized a heavyhanded political police and created almost a one-party state. He also gave the country its first taste of competent government. He built new roads, commenced an ambitious

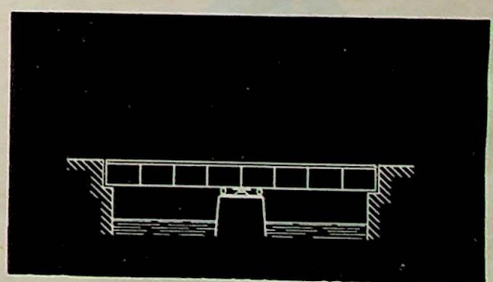
PROBLEMS we encounter

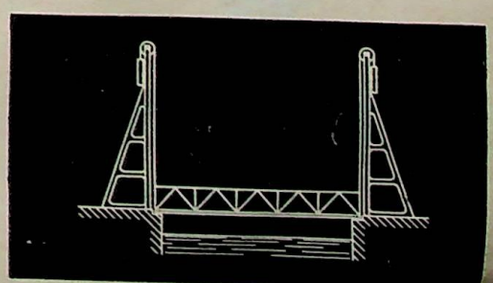


Navigable waterways are liable to be a major problem to road transport especially around big sea ports. Rarely can a fixed bridge be built with the spans high enough to clear the ships' masts and superstructures. A bascule, swing or vertical-lift type bridge is then the solution. Which to adopt depends on the subsoil conditions, the type of traffic on the bridge and the waterway, the nature of the banks, the traffic pattern and other specific factors.

To take a 17.3 m. wide road across the Göta älv near Vänersborg in Sweden our Gustavsburg bridge specialists decided on a rolling-lift type bascule bridge which spans the 50 m. channel with one leaf. The bridge which is seen in the course of erection in our picture has its tail end in the shape of a segment on which it rolls backwards to give full lateral and unlimited vertical clearance.







0040 e

M·A·N

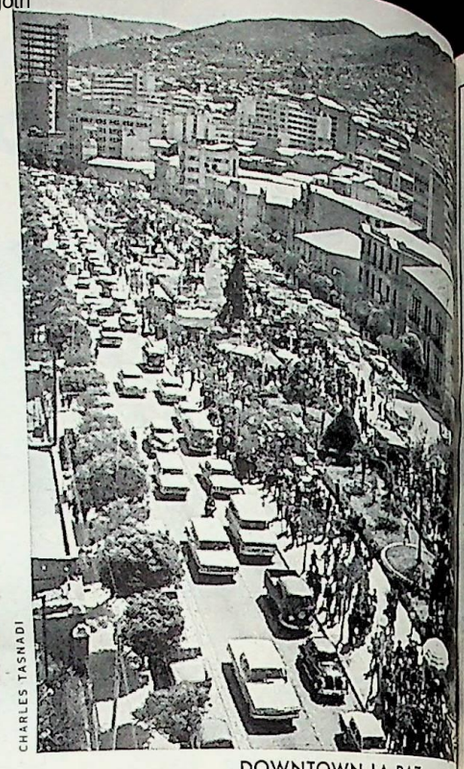
MASCHINENFABRIK AUGSBURG-NÜRNBERG AKTIENGESELLSCHAFT

Plants in Augsburg · Hamburg · Nuremberg · Munich · Gustavsburg

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PRESIDENT PAZ ESTENSSORO
All for the design.



CHARLES TASNADI

DOWNTOWN LA PAZ

project of resettling *campesinos* from the Altiplano on more fertile farm areas in the eastern lowlands. After his re-election in 1960, Paz expanded his programs until today some 150,000 *campesinos* have been resettled. New cars clog the streets of the capital, La Paz, and new buildings rise above the old Spanish city.

Paz's biggest job was whipping the nationalized tin-mining industry into shape. Under Union Boss Lechín, mine employment soared from 19,000 to 29,000; by 1960 the mines were losing $10 million a year, and only aid from the U.S. kept the industry going. A year later, Paz signed an agreement with the U.S., the Inter-American Development Bank and West Germany for $38 million to modernize the mines, promising in return to lop 6,000 men from the payrolls. Lechín and his miners threatened civil war. But Paz had enough political strength to ride out the storm. By last week 2,400 miners had been laid off; others will go. Says Guillermo Bedregal, boss of the mining complex: "By the end of this year, the mines will be paying their way."

"There May Be Trouble." The animosity between Paz and Lechín has grown ever more bitter. In December, tensions exploded when the miners kidnaped four Americans as hostages for two far-leftist union leaders arrested as part of the mine cleanup. After ten days, the miners backed down; at the party convention a month later, Lechín was drummed out, and Paz was named for a third term. The raging Lechín called a rump convention and swore to run against Paz.

How much power Lechín retains is questionable. After Paz's triumphant tour of Oruro last week, Lechín decided to withdraw from the election and announced that he would boycott the voting. He then did the only thing he could think of: he challenged Paz to a duel "to prevent the spilling of innocent blood." Paz ignored the challenge, and other threats of street demonstrations, strikes and even assassination. "There may be trouble," he admits. "They may try to kill me. But I have set out the design, and we intend to carry it off."

PANAMA

U.N. Diplomat in Action

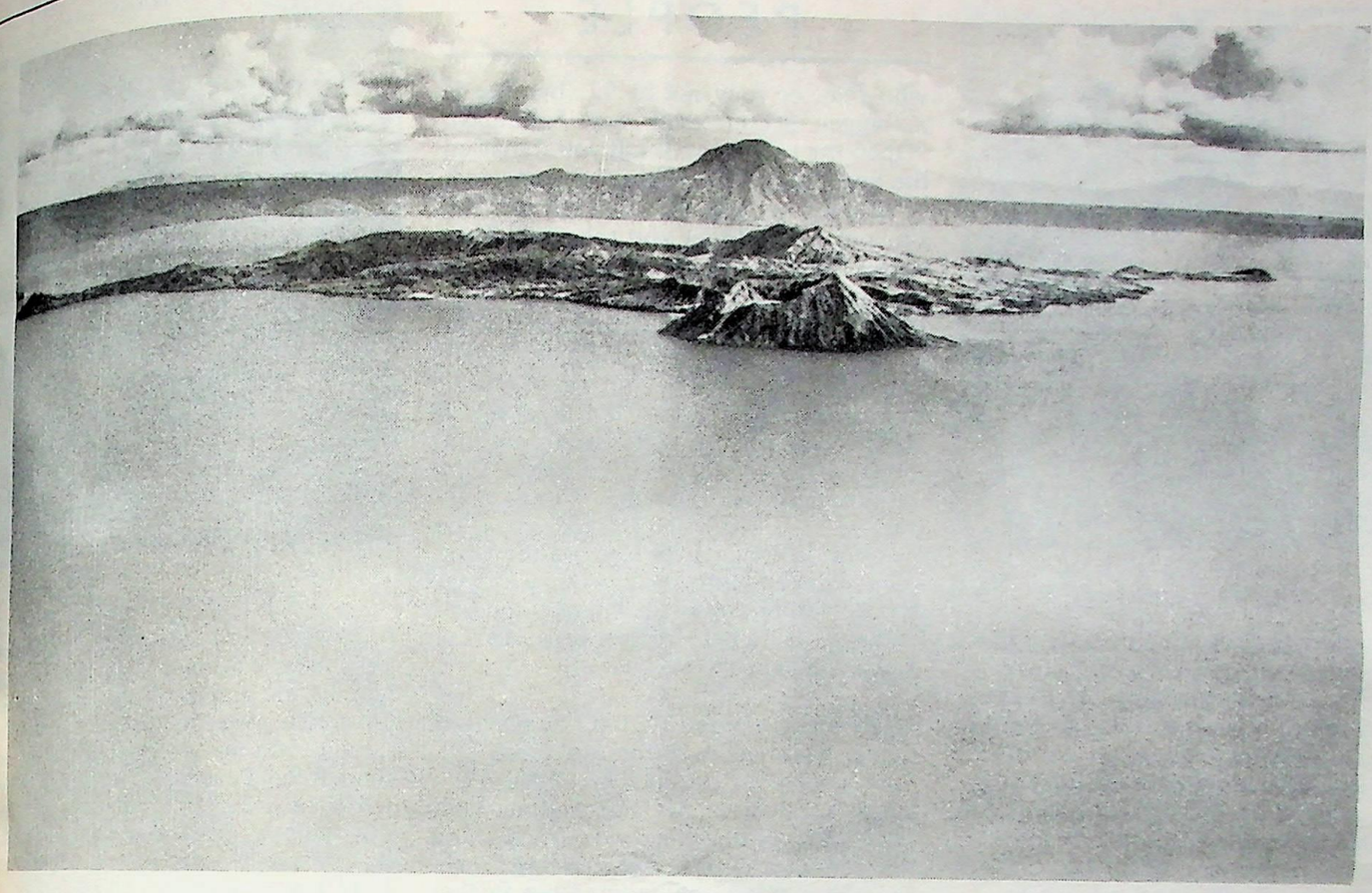
As an up-and-coming Panamanian politician, Aquilino Boyd liked to make his position witheringly clear. He led a band of hooligans in the 1959 Canal Zone riots—they tore down an American flag and urinated on it. At the height during last January's Panama crisis, he was all indignation, accusing the U.S. of "bloody aggression." Last week he was back home, being more aggressive than ever.

In the recent elections for President and the National Assembly, Boyd was among the losers, failing to retain the Deputy's seat that he had held in addition to his diplomat's job. Panama's daily La Hora ran an editorial taunting him on his poor showing, adding that even his effort to cheat his way in had flopped. When Boyd saw Escobar Calvo, editor of La Hora, while driving along a Panama City street, he leaped on his brakes, cutting off Calvo's car, hopped out, and pumped two shots into his surprised victim before his gun jammed. Then he pistol-whipped Calvo at Calvo's head until he was finally subdued by bystanders.

The wounded editor, with three holes in his left side and arm, drove himself to a hospital. U.N. Diplomat Boyd went home to lunch. Even as a lame-duck Deputy he had all sorts of immunity, and in Panama, where the *macho* approach clicks with voters, he might even have improved his political popularity.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Romblon Island, Philippines.
Problem: Communications isolation.
Solution: A nationwide telecommunications network.

For the first time in the history of the Philippines all the major islands—from northern Luzon to southern Mindanao—will be linked in a major telecommunications network. And for the first time the Philippines will have national communications that meet international standards.

ITT Philippines, Inc., will supervise and coordinate installation of the network. Its backbone will be a troposcatter system supplemented by mainline microwave links and secondary VHF feeder links. All three will provide telephone and high-speed telegraph service. Crossbar telephone switching exchanges will be installed in 27 cities and toll exchanges in four regional centers. Local personnel will be trained to operate and maintain their new equipment.

Vast skills and resources enable ITT to provide equipment that best satisfies the particular requirements of this tropical network. The fact that this equipment will come from ITT System companies in the U.S.A., Australia, Belgium, and Germany testifies to ITT's worldwide capabilities. And helps explain why ITT is the world's largest international supplier of electronic and telecommunication equipment.

For information or service, contact your ITT distributor or write: ITT Far East and Pacific, Inc., 24 Des Voeux Road, Central, Hong Kong. World Headquarters: 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

ITT SYSTEM REPRESENTATIVES AND ASSOCIATES:
AUSTRALIA Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Sydney / BURMA Fairweather Richards & Co., Rangoon / CAMBODIA Ets. Denis Freres, Phnom Penh / CEYLON Brown & Co., Ltd., Colombo / HONG KONG AND MACAO Shewan Tomes (Traders) Ltd., Hong Kong / INDIA Standard Telephones & Cables, Ltd., New Delhi / INDONESIA ITT System Representative, Djakarta / KOREA Hae Nin Commerce Company, Inc., Seoul / MALAYSIA Paterson, Simons & Co., Kuala Lumpur; Paterson, Simons & Co., Ltd., Singapore / NEW ZEALAND Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Wellington / PAKISTAN Interhom Trades and Constructions, Ltd., Lahore / PHILIPPINES ITT Philippines Inc., Manila / THAILAND International Engineering Co., Ltd., Bangkok / VIETNAM S.A. pour le Riz et l'Industrie, Saigon.

worldwide electronics and telecommunications **ITT**

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PEOPLE

ITALYS NEWS

ANITA & MATE
Sniping at shutterbugs.

War photography may be a dying art, but on one front it is still going strong—at the Italian villa occupied by Robustious Swedish Cinemactress **Anita Ekberg**, 32, and her American actor-husband, Rik Van Nutter. Anita these days could practically play the mountainous billboard heroine of *Boccaccio '70* without any trick camera work, and, bugged by shutterbugs, she understandably responds with whatever comes to hand. Last week it was a rifle with telescopic sights, and she spent a busy few minutes sniping away at a photographer in a tree a few hundred feet from the manse. Fact is, Ekberg worries too much. If you like the motherly type, those extra pounds don't look so bad.

. . .

He originally liked Yale, but his mother made him stay at home, so he went to City College in Manhattan instead. Then Princeton came to mean a lot when its ex-president, Woodrow Wilson, called him to government duty, and now the letters and other documents chronicling the services of **Bernard M. Baruch**, 93, to nine U.S. Presidents will go to Princeton. With the Wilson collection, and papers of Old Nassau Grads **John Foster Dulles** ('08) and **James Forrestal** ('15), they will form the nucleus of a new Center for Studies in 20th Century Statecraft that eventually will also include the papers of U.N. Delegate **Adlai Stevenson** ('22).

. . .

Even with the new low withholding rates, it was a drag to raise five children on a Government salary of $21,000 a year, and so **Mortimer Caplin**, 47, finally resigned as Internal Revenue Commissioner, to return to practicing tax law in Washington.

. . .

Elizabeth Arden could have told them she was a rough customer. So could the Revson boys. But all she looked like was a fragile little old lady, so these three tough guys, dressed up in blue delivery boy's suits and wrap-around sunglasses, broke into the 26-room Park Avenue triplex of **Helena Rubinstein**, who may or may not be 92 (her age is a bigger secret than her formulas). "Open the safe or we'll kill you," snarled the head hood. "Go ahead," she sneered. "I've lived my life. You can kill me, but I'm not going to let you rob me." That kind of shook the thugs, and when she screamed they faded faster than a telltale wrinkle, without so much as laying a finger on anything in the joint.

. . .

His brother likes to zoom along in high gear, but **Sam Houston Johnson**, 50, is a more conservative Texas sort: he just gets into trouble going backwards. Last week, he backed his 1964 Pontiac out of an Austin parking lot, then banged into a passing delivery truck, wound up with "minor fender" damage, a ticket for reckless driving and a $10 fine.

. . .

The needle-nosed F-104G Super Starfighter boomed over the measured ten-mile course at 37,000 ft. above California's Edwards Air Force Base. Officials checked its speed with radar, and when blonde Aviatrix **Jacqueline Cochran**, 57, landed, she had another feather to put in her pretty cap. This time the cosmetics executive (chairman of Jacqueline Cochran, Inc.) had set the women's speed record of 1,429.2 m.p.h. at more than twice the speed of sound, easily shattering eardrums and her own 1963 record of 1,273.1 m.p.h.

. . .

It looked like a regular hegira at Accra International Airport as 5,000 frantic Ghanaians cheered, "Welcome, King of the World! Welcome, Mohammed Ali!" Actually it was only that latter-day prophet, Heavyweight Champion **Cassius Clay**, 22, who speedily made clear that he likes Moslem women and customs. "I'm going to get me

AP

MADAME HELENA
Too tough for the thugs.

GERRY CRANHAM—SPORTS ILLUSTR

CASSIUS IN GHANA
Calling all wives.

four wives and take them back ho
he 'lowed. "Abigail will sit beside
feeding me grapes. Susie will be rub
olive oil over my beautiful mus
Cecilia will be shining my shoes,
there'll be Peaches, too. I don't k
what she'll do. . . ." The listeners
ded happily, realizing full well that
was a king's prerogative, especial
king from America.

. . .

New York's two Republican Se
tors, **Kenneth Keating**, 64, and Je
Javits, 60, have no problem remem
ing each other's birthday, since h
were born on May 18. Last week Ja
remembered Upstater Keating wit
red-leather clipboard and pen, for
ting notes on planes during next f
re-election campaign. In return,
big-city sophisticate got a wine dec
in red-leather casing, intended to k
the Burgundy at the right temper

. . .

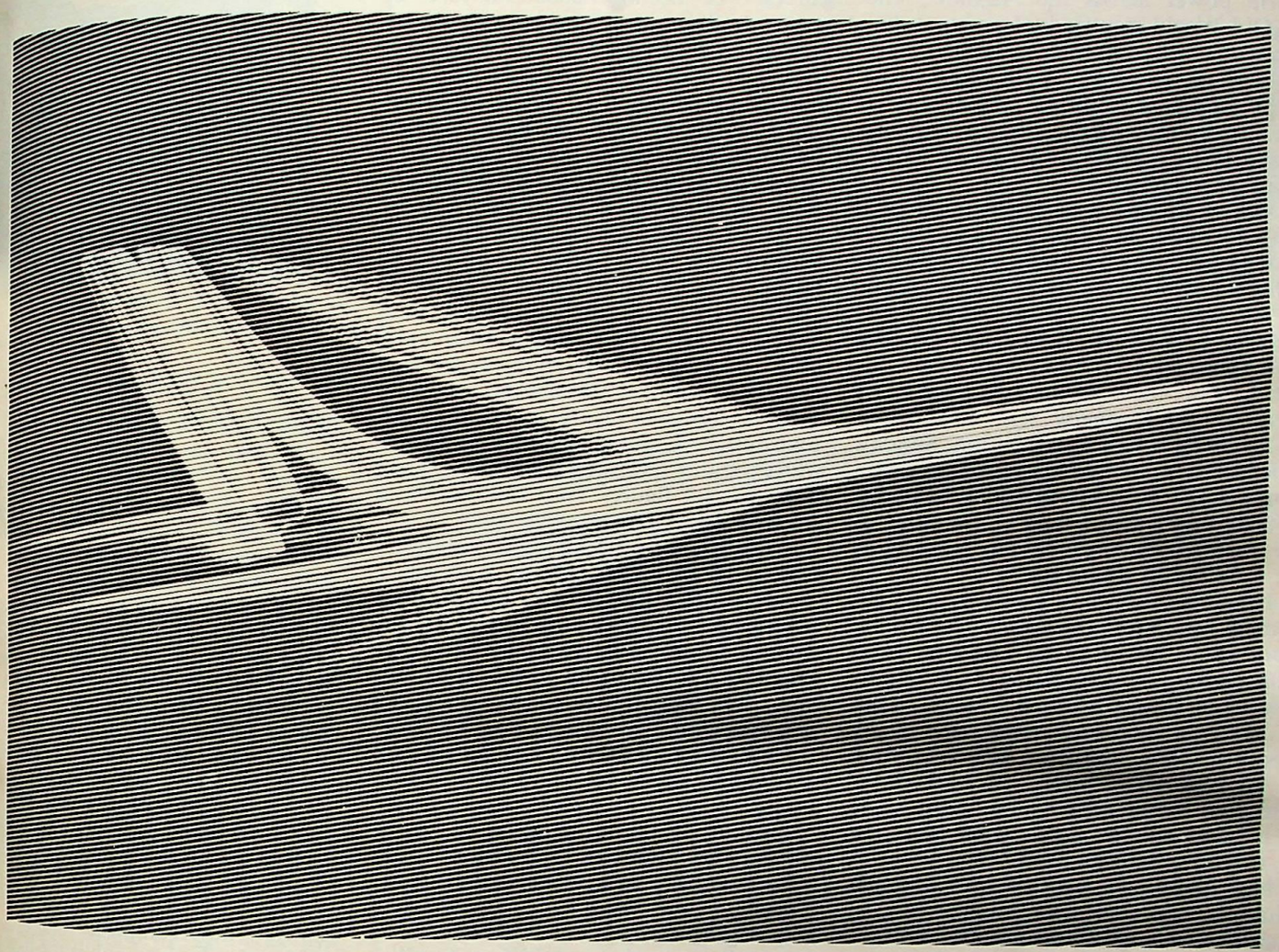
In Washington, **Lynda Bird John**
20, went to a local production of *C*
elot with 1st Lieut. David A. Le
U.S.M.C., 24, who is stationed a
White House as a "social" aide.
romance? "That's part of his w
said his father.

. . .

Midst laurels stood: Comedian
Hope, 61, given the National Co
ship Award of the Military Chap
Association for his "tireless, uns
efforts" to bring "warmth and
by personal visits" to U.S. service
Composer **Benjamin Britten**, 50, w
of the New York Music Critics' C
awards in two categories—operatic
A Midsummer Night's Dream)
choral (*War Requiem*); Thomas
Watson Jr., 50, chairman of Inte
tional Business Machines Corp., e
president of the National Council
Boy Scouts of America (he joined
first troop in Short Hills, N.J., on
day in 1927 that Lindbergh flew
Atlantic); Playwright **Lillian Hel**
58, and Artist **Ben Shahn**, 65, bo
with gold medals by the National
tute of Arts and Letters.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



AIR FRANCE

the worldwide jet flight specialist

You know why : you've tried it... Logical after all, **Air France flies further than any other airline.** Its network is 176 000 miles long; its superb Boeing 320 B'S with a flying range of 6 200 miles, take oceans and continents in their stride - Today, it's an effortless non-stop flight from Paris over the Pole to Los Angeles, or Madrid to Rio, or Hamburg to Anchorage... with enough fuel for a long extra lap to boot - At Orly, hub of the network, a newly built industrial complex carries out meticulous overhaul and maintenance operations on all Air France jets. The Orly complex is Europe's most modern and rivals top installations on both continents - Did you know that 3 600 000 satisfied passengers flew Air France lines last year ? Satisfied to fly on one of the great international airlines and satisfied above all by Air France's kindly intelligent service.

When you fly to America, Africa or Asia, remember Air France is the airline which helps you best

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

REPORTING

Johnson's Image Abroad

By Old World standards, John F. Kennedy was a hard act to follow. He was all grace and incisive confidence; by his very youth he seemed to bolster European faith in that vigorous young world power across the Atlantic. And by Old World standards, Lyndon Johnson was hardly the man to replace him: he was an American politician in the most pejorative sense of the word. In the six months since Lyndon Johnson took office, how has he fared in the European press?

Marks of Greatness. Surprisingly, Britain's Fleet Street seems to have lost its newspaper heart to the new President. Whether from relief because the death of Kennedy proved a survivable U.S. tragedy, or whether British newspapers took their cues from a favorable U.S. press, they have been extravagant in their praise. Kennedy was only three weeks dead when the London Sunday Telegraph predicted that "Kennedy's name in the history books may well appear as little more than a footnote in the massive chapter on the presidency of Lyndon B. Johnson."

Headlines all over London have reflected similar approval: PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S POPULARITY BOOMS (the Guardian), PERSUASIVE—AT A FURIOUS PACE (the Financial Times), FINE START BY LYNDON JOHNSON (the Daily Herald). "The Johnson era is certain to be one piled high with difficulty," said the Times of London. "But there is a good chance that it will bear the marks of greatness too."

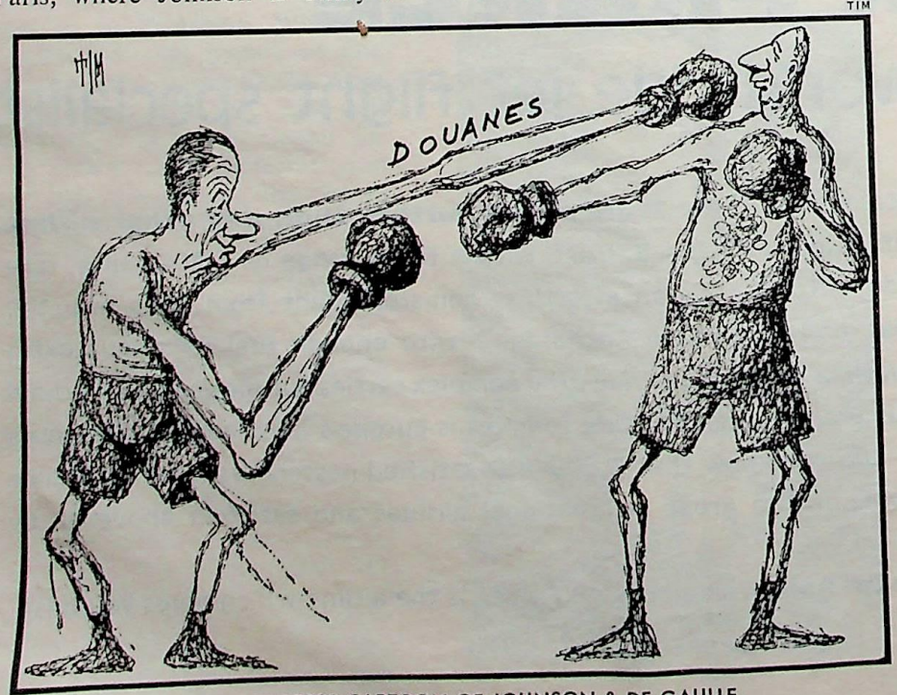
No Radiance. Across the English Channel, however, the Johnson image is still contesting unsuccessfully with unfamiliarity, indifference, and fond remembrances of the man he replaced. In Paris, where Johnson is dimly remembered as the Kennedy emissary who paid France a grinning visit in 1961 and distributed ballpoint pens, the press has not yet tried to take the measure of the new President. Most papers have kept a slightly mystified and slightly hostile silence, as if they did not understand the newcomer and hardly cared. "A homogeneous mixture of merits and cunning," cabled the Washington correspondent of Le Monde in a recent attempt to translate Johnson into Gallic terms. In L'Express, Editorial Cartoonist Tim was even blunter. He showed a long Johnsonian arm, labeled *Douanes* (tariffs), jabbing at the beak of Charles de Gaulle (*see cut*).

West German correspondents in Washington have found Johnson both boring and unfathomable. "He is so 100% American and so Texan," said one, "that we simply cannot understand him." Hamburg's Die Welt, a newspaper with national circulation, recently weighed Johnson on the scales of statesmanship and found him wanting: "Admittedly the new President is no radiant political figure. That role has been taken over by De Gaulle."

Still in Eclipse. In Italy, Johnson's image is still eclipsed by Kennedy's. Publications seem more interested in noting that there is an Italian in the White House—Milan's *Epoca* magazine recently ran a lengthy profile on Johnson Aide Jack Valenti—than in sizing up the White House's tallest tenant.

And where the press has tried to appraise Johnson, the treatment has generally been superficial and routine. "Johnson is not an intellectual nor a philosopher nor an innovator," said *Vita* magazine in a cover story on the President. But then *Vita* paid Johnson a grudging compliment: "He has, however, an unequaled capacity and ability to resolve, one at a time, the little problems of daily life."

TIM



PARIS L'EXPRESS CARTOON OF JOHNSON & DE GAULLE
The new President has yet to cross the Channel.

SHEILAH GRAHAM
Bearding Shaw took cheek.

COLUMNISTS

From Nowhere to Everywhere

As soon as a Hollywood col... attains celebrity status, several ... happen. The headwaiter at Ch... with a deferential flourish, wipes ... nary dust motes from the best ... in the house. Film stars proffer un... the gilt nuggets of gossip that on... to be mined. Film fans clamor fo... graphs. And the elevated one pu... an autobiography. Until last week ... two of the three Hollywood col... who boast star billing had fulfill... requirement of *noblesse oblige*: ... Parsons, who wrote her life s... 1961,* and Hedda Hopper, wh... hers two years later because Lo... written *hers*. With publication of ... Graham's *The Rest of the ...* (Coward-McCann; $4.95), the t... raphy is now complete.

Miss Graham's book is the ma... a woman who happens to be a ... wood columnist, rather than the ... oir of a Hollywood columnist w... pens to be a woman. The nece... that crowd her daily column as ... duced mainly to illuminate the ... and not always in a flattering lig... umnist Graham tells of the ... Actress Jessica Tandy led her to ... Brando's dressing room door. ... lon," said Miss Tandy, "I want ... meet—" Brando did not let he... "Your mother?" he interrupted ... The comment was as inaccura... was unkind. At 54, Miss Tandy ... five years Miss Graham's junior.

Through the Vegetables. ... now with stargazing, Author ... examines, with disarming can... undilutable fascination, the m... portant person in her life. T... is led through two acco... ("Sound the trumpets, and H... and thank you, God") and t... bands, the last identified c...

* Miss Parsons actually did it ... time in 1944.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"unpronounceable Polish name." The reader shares Miss Graham's relief on auditing the tape of her first radio show ("My voice was clear and beautiful"), her pleasure at being a Somebody in a world of Nobodies: "At any airport in the world, the passenger manager will usually take care of my luggage and we are put on the plane first."

Such passages echo the wonder of a little nobody whose childhood dreams seem to have come true. Born Lily Sheil in England, the daughter of a clothing manufacturer in Leeds, she came to the U.S. outfitted with a pretty face, an attractive accent, and the ambition to make $5,000 a week. The combination was readily merchandisable around the sound stages of Southern California.

The Graham byline soon spread across the continent. She had her own radio show. After war came, she was able to talk her syndicate, North American Newspaper Alliance, into sending her to England. There, as a self-styled "war" correspondent, she gathered tips from the U.S. newsmen tippling at the Savoy bar, interviewed Lord Beaverbrook ("You're sweet," she told him, to his utter astonishment), and bearded George Bernard Shaw, who almost never granted newspaper interviews. Correspondent Graham turned the trick with one phone call, a little patience and a little cheek. When Shaw's secretary at Ayot St. Lawrence told her to wait, Miss Graham refused. Shaw, who had been eavesdropping behind a door, materialized at once and escorted her on an unenlightening tour of his vegetable garden.

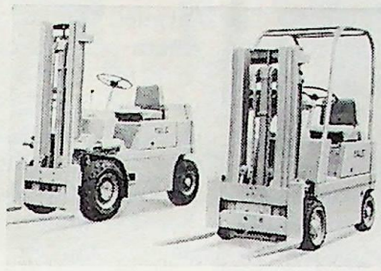
Another Ambition. Despite success in her chosen career, Sheilah Graham played her most satisfying role during the three years (1937-40) she spent in Hollywood with F. Scott Fitzgerald, then at the end of his tether. With ghostwriter Gerold Frank, Miss Graham told that story in the bestselling *Beloved Infidel* (TIME, Nov. 24, 1958). "I was never a mistress," writes Miss Graham firmly in her current book, whose very title pays tribute to the depth of that experience. "I was a woman who loved Scott Fitzgerald for better or worse until he died."

Today, Sheilah Graham has deposed Hopper and Parsons as doyenne of the Hollywood columnists. Miss Parsons is down to 69 papers, Miss Hopper to 100; Miss Graham column appears in 178. But the crown has lost much of its luster. In January, Miss Graham's column title was changed from *Hollywood Today* to *Hollywood Everywhere* in belated recognition of Hollywood's decline as the capital of filmland, or the capital of anything. Miss Graham herself stays away as much as she can. "I get bored with all the nonsense," she said the other day.

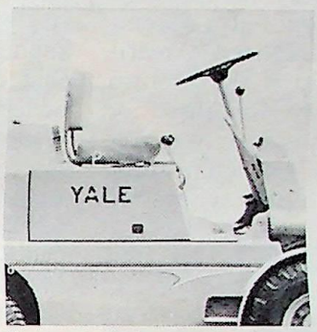
She has another ambition now. "I am working on being a charming old lady," she says in the last chapter of *The Rest of the Story*. "It is not easy. I have much to correct in my character."

It takes 2 to cut your handling time and costs

1. the right equipment



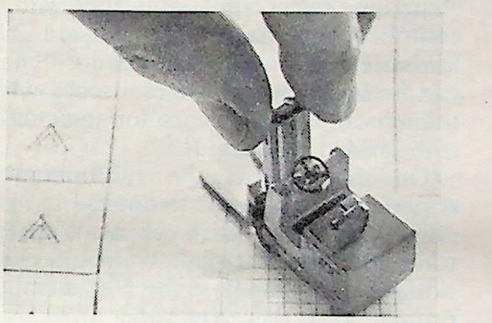
Only the Yale G51 gives you a choice of 3 transmissions.



Roomy operator's compartment; convenient controls.

Excellent accessibility to engine and transmission.

2. efficient application



What makes the Yale G51 the finest gas lift truck ever built? Performance, safety and maintenance features like those above. Plus many other proven advantages which enable the G51 to outperform and outlast other lift trucks. However, it takes more than the best equipment to cut handling time and costs to a minimum. You must have the right type of truck and know-how to make the most of it. That's where your Yale representative comes in. He's an expert on how materials can be handled most efficiently and economically. He'll check your entire handling program and help you select the truck best suited to your needs. (The G51 is available in 3,000- to 10,000-lb. models.) He'll then make sure that your truck is properly installed, and show your people how it can best be employed. By doing all this he protects your investment. He also provides complete maintenance service.

Remember, it takes a team to cut handling time and costs—a Yale truck and your Yale representative, who stays on the job after the sale.

For additional information, write: Dept. E34, Yale & Towne International, Inc., Box 30, Maxwell Road Post Office, Singapore.

YALE & TOWNE

YALE & TOWNE, INC.

U.S.A., U.K., GERMANY

Licensed Manufacturers in France, Italy, Spain, Australia & Japan.
Yale & Towne International, Inc., Promotion & Service of International Sales.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE SUPREME COURT

Welcome Home

Such is the Supreme Court's reluctance to overturn an Act of Congress that in 28 years it has done so only eight times—nearly always on the ground of safeguarding individual rights. Last week the court cautiously did it again by voting 5 to 3 to throw out a federal statute that strips naturalized Americans of U.S. citizenship if they return to their native country for three or more years. The ruling evidently makes equally unenforceable a companion statute that has the same effect on

AP

APPELLANT SCHNEIDER
As good as the natives.

naturalized Americans who live in any foreign country for five years.

Winner of last week's case was German-born Mrs. Angelika L. Schneider, who immigrated to the U.S. as a child in 1939, became a citizen in 1950 and graduated from Smith College in 1954. After marrying a German lawyer in 1956, Mrs. Schneider went to live in Cologne. On applying for a new U.S. passport three years later, she was turned down as no longer a U.S. citizen under Section 352 of the 1952 Immigration and Nationality Act. This ruling also split her four sons' nationalities, since two of them were born in Germany after the three-year limit. To make herself and all of her boys American, she appealed to the court.

Congress enacted the expatriation rules to avoid squabbles with other countries in behalf of naturalized Americans who "only claim citizenship when it suits their purpose." But the rules do not apply to native-born Americans, who can live abroad as long as they please, and it may well be that this disparity presumes for naturalized Americans a kind of second-class citizenship.

In his majority opinion last week, Justice William O. Douglas rejected "the impermissible assumption that naturalized citizens are less reliable and bear less allegiance to this country." Their rights and those of the native-born "are of the same dignity and are coexistent," said Douglas. "The only difference drawn by the Constitution is that only the 'natural-born' citizen is eligible to be President." In dissenting, Justice Tom C. Clark argued that Mrs. Schneider "wishes to retain her citizenship on a stand-by basis for her own benefit in the event of trouble. There is no constitutional necessity for Congress to accede to her wish." The court majority disagreed. Along with Mrs. Schneider, 50,000 other ex-Americans (mostly living in Europe) may now seek restored U.S. citizenship, if not election to the presidency.

LAWYERS

The Pathfinders

Chief Justice Earl Warren opened the meeting with a cry for help. U.S. courts must "repair the dislocations of a changing, burgeoning and increasingly complicated social order," he said. The law's delay is worse than ever. "There can be no justice in the real sense when litigants must wait years for their cases to be heard and decided."

On that theme, the 1,500-member American Law Institute opened its 41st annual meeting last week at Washington's Mayflower Hotel. Unlike conventional conventioneers, the 500 members present were there for sober work. The institute (dues: $35 a year) taps only the ablest, most dedicated judges, lawyers and law professors in the land.

High on last week's agenda was a Warren-inspired project, financed by the Ford Foundation, to ease the workload in case-clogged federal courts. A key problem: the right of litigants from different states to use federal courts in cases involving more than $10,000. Such "diversity suits" (18,990 last year) can be halved in federal courts, urged an institute preliminary report, if the old right is sensibly curbed so that many suits do not automatically escalate into federal cases. If the institute has its way, for example, a person suing in his home state will no longer be able to ask for federal jurisdiction simply because the defendant is a citizen of another state.

Clarifying & Simplifying. Arcane as they may sound to laymen, such subtleties reflect the institute's lofty goal: "To promote the clarification and simplification of the law and its better adaptation to social needs." Source of that idea was Elihu Root, then "dean of the American bar," who in 1923 founded the institute with the cooperation of such other legal eminences as Benjamin Cardozo, Learned Hand, Roscoe Pound, Harlan Fiske Stone and Harvard's Samuel Williston, author of such law-school classics as *Williston on Contracts*. [illegible] two chief defects in American [illegible] they fretted, "are its uncertainty and complexity." This led to the question: what exactly was U.S. law?

With hefty grants from the Carnegie Corporation, the institute began its monumental "restatement"—a panning search for the essential ciples of U.S. law. Codified in 2 umes, the results clarified every from *Agency* to the *Law of Tru* each field exhaustively panned by a flight academic (or "reporter"), endlessly sifted by expert "adviser the field, then refined by the insti 30-member council and finally appr by the full membership.

Business & Crime. All this took —17 for the five-volume *Restate of the Law of Property*—and while the courts ground out new sions that often outdated the wor 1951 the institute got enough money to start continuous revision a second series of restatements, is still far from finished. Despite difficulties, the present restatement so authoritative that by last month had been cited in 32,422 appellate decisions alone.

Jointly with the American Bar ciation, the institute now runs nationwide program of "continuing education" that aids lawyers th courses, pamphlets and a 16,00 scriber magazine, *The Practical yer*. The institute is completing statement of foreign-relations la mulling over others on the laws of copyright, and such land-use pro as zoning (one of U.S. law's ma fields). In recent years, the institu gone beyond restatements of com law rules in an effort to improv law through legislation—honing codes that state legislators may ta guides. Most effective so far: the Uniform Commercial Code, whic ordinates all business transaction has been enacted by 30 states Oregon to Massachusetts. Equally pressive is the 1962 Model Penal C a blend of enlightened law and be ioral science that sharply clarifies emotion-clouded problems as ins obscenity, sex offenses, and the penalty. Widely cited, copied and claimed, the code has already s criminal-law revisions in states New York to California.

"The purpose of the law is to pline and harmonize, not to reflect mentary public passions," says the code's chief reporter, Columbia Professor Herbert Wechsler, who came the institute's director last A noted critic of the Supreme C —for its reasoning rather than cisions—Wechsler faults the court being overly attentive to narrow "neutral principles" transcend He seeks ing particular cases and parties four decades, that has been the the Law Institute itself. And W obviously hopes to keep it that way.

TIME, MAY 29

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EDUCATION

TEACHERS

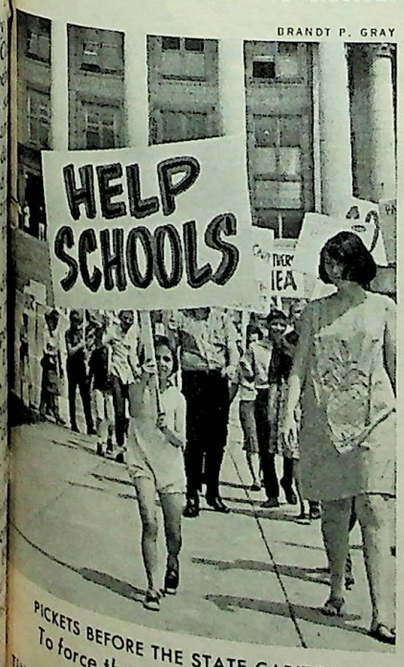
Utah: Off Limits

The powerful National Education Association, spokesman for 902,000 classroom teachers, frowns on the words "strike" and "boycott"—they describe highly unprofessional behavior. But in Utah last week, 10,000 N.E.A. teachers went on a two-day "recess" while the association voted "sanctions" against the whole state, and for all Utah knew it might just as well have been struck and boycotted.

The blast was aimed at one target, Republican Governor George Dewey Clyde. The Utah Education Association, the N.E.A. affiliate that represents 98% of the state's public-school teachers, thought it had wrung a concession from Clyde last summer when he named a committee to investigate their demands for more money to run the schools. A fortnight ago, the committee recommended spending $6,000,000 on selective wage increases (average salary: $5,900), hiring new teachers, buying more books and equipment. Clyde rejected the report the day it came out. The U.E.A. at once called a strike—causing one father of four to observe: "It isn't easy to be stupider than Clyde, but the teachers managed it."

The teachers voted not to sign contracts for the 1964-65 academic year. Nevertheless, it seemed likely that they would be back at their blackboards this fall. Elections are coming up in November for a new legislature (40 teachers are candidates) and a new governor (Clyde cannot succeed himself). Rather than stay off the job, the U.E.A. will probably pressure the seven gubernatorial candidates for a commitment to educational spending, then grandly declare that the next move is up to the politicians who are elected.

BRANDT P. GRAY



PICKETS BEFORE THE STATE CAPITOL
To force the Governor's hand.

TIME, MAY 29, 1964

PERRY NATIONS

TOUGALOO STUDENTS ON CAMPUS
To break the cycle of the poor reproducing the poor.

UNIVERSITIES

The Adopt-a-School Plan

Southern Negro colleges may be theoretically obsolete in an integrationist era, but they are a practical necessity for a long time to come. Accepting this fact, foundations have since last fall showered money on impoverished Negro colleges. Encouraged by the American Council of Education, which sees big-scale Northern university aid as the most practicable way of raising Negro college standards decisively and quickly, more than a dozen Northern schools are exchanging faculty members and students with Southern partners. California's Pomona, for example, is matched with Nashville's Fisk, Pennsylvania's Haverford and Bryn Mawr with North Carolina's Livingstone, Cornell with Virginia's Hampton Institute.

The University of Michigan and Tuskegee Institute, in a wider collaboration, are reforming Tuskegee's curriculum in biology, chemistry, engineering and veterinary medicine. Last week Rhode Island's prosperous Brown University and Mississippi's Tougaloo College announced the most ambitious "big brother" arrangement yet.

"Cancer College." The Tougaloo campus, just outside Jackson, is an old Faulknerian plantation dotted with moss-hung oaks. A rundown ante-bellum mansion serves as the administration building. It is the only integrated school in Mississippi; Jackson racists call it "Cancer College." The dean of students, Methodist Minister R. Edwin King, keeps as a souvenir a charred K.K.K. cross—"the handy field model," he jokes—that was set afire this spring on Tougaloo's campus.

The college has a faculty of 34 (half white, half Negro) and a student body of half a dozen whites and 500 Negroes. "We get some students with good potential, but they are undereducated—if they are educated at all," said Adam Beittel, the white president of Tougaloo. "What they need more than anything else is someone who can give them motivation."

Cram Courses. Foundation grants of $363,000 will pay for some basic necessities. Faculty salary ceilings will be raised from $6,500 to $8,000, to slow down a high turnover rate. The library will be expanded beyond its meager list of 33,000 titles. Brown's share of the job will be to supply what money cannot buy: higher academic standards.

Brown graduate students and professors will go to Tougaloo on one-year assignments to beef up its overloaded staff (only the English department has more than three teachers) and improve instruction in several departments taught by men without doctorates. Tougaloo, in turn, plans to send promising graduates to Providence for a fifth year of study, enabling them to go on to get advanced degrees. Jointly, Tougaloo and Brown will expand the college's curriculum, add a tutorial system.

Starting this summer, Tougaloo will conduct and Brown will supervise five-week remedial classes in English, math and geography for incoming Tougaloo freshmen. Negro high school graduates in Mississippi are usually so far behind normal U.S. standards that they spend the first year or two catching up with college-level courses. Since three-fourths of Tougaloo's graduates become teachers, the cram courses will help to break a melancholy cycle of Southern Negro education that produces poor teachers from inferior segregated schools, who teach a new generation of poor students, who in turn become the next generation of poor teachers.

Brown, with only 37 American Negroes among its student body of 4,300, expects to profit from the partnership by what it will learn firsthand about the Southern Negro. Said President Barnaby C. Keeney: "We welcome the opportunity to participate directly in what could become the most significant educational experiment of this generation."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SINGERS

Two Old Pros

At 41, Judy Garland may have gone over the rainbow for the last time.

She arrived in Australia patting her stomach to show how thin she was and vowing that her drinking days were

AP

DIETRICH IN MOSCOW
She made it mutual.

over. Sydney loved her. Then on to Melbourne and a sellout audience of 7,000 for a one-night stand at Festival Hall. They waited exactly an hour and seven minutes past curtain time for her to appear, and this was one time Judy was not worth waiting for.

Allergy in Melbourne. She stumbled onstage in her street clothes and went straight into her opening number, *When You're Smiling*. Strutting around and mugging, she invited her audience to "Let's all sing together!" but they wouldn't have any of that. "I just couldn't get out of that hotel," she said, and a voice yelled, "Have another brandy!" She didn't need one.

She got the conductor's baton away from him and began trying to conduct the 30-piece orchestra; she draped the cord of her microphone around the head of one of the violinists; she sat on a chair and seemed to be muttering to herself. She slurred through some of her songs at random. "I'm supposed to be temperamental," she explained.

The audience began to leave long before she did, but she finally stalked off, leaving the orchestra to play her signature, *Over the Rainbow*, again and again in a vain attempt to get her back.

The next day Judy's manager explained that she was suffering from an allergy that made it necessary for her to spray her throat continually, and she was whisked into an airplane for Sydney so fast that her feet barely touched the ground. There was time, though, to kiss one reporter on the mouth and answer another's question about whether she thought she would retire. "I think so," said Judy. "I would like to do a play. I would like to do a comedy."

Affinity in Moscow. Things were different in Moscow, where an even older pro wowed her sellout audience of 1,350 in a variety theater across the river from the Kremlin. Marlene Dietrich, who left her native Germany in 1930 and refused to go back after Hitler came to power, was hailed by the Russian press as a "fighter against Fascism," but she did her best to dodge politics—and it wasn't hard in a tight, transparent pink evening dress.

She delivered the old Dietrich standbys in the old throaty stage whisper that makes every man feel as though Marlene's face were buried in his neck. Even if she is now 62, the audience loved the feeling. When it was over, she made it mutual. "I must tell you that I have loved you for a long time," she told them. "The reason I love you is because you have no lukewarm emotions—you are either very sad or very happy. I am proud to say I think I have a Russian soul myself." The curtain calls lasted for 15 minutes.

CONCERTS

Doing the Noble Thing Badly

The ideal pops concert is played in a park, and its program is as light and harmless as a passing cloud—Gershwin, Sousa, Leroy Anderson. This follows the old axiom that serious music, like aged whisky, should be saved for cold winter nights.* But the music that Conductor Andre Kostelanetz chose to open the New York Philharmonic "Promenades" series last week had real substance—Shostakovich, Ravel, Alan Hov

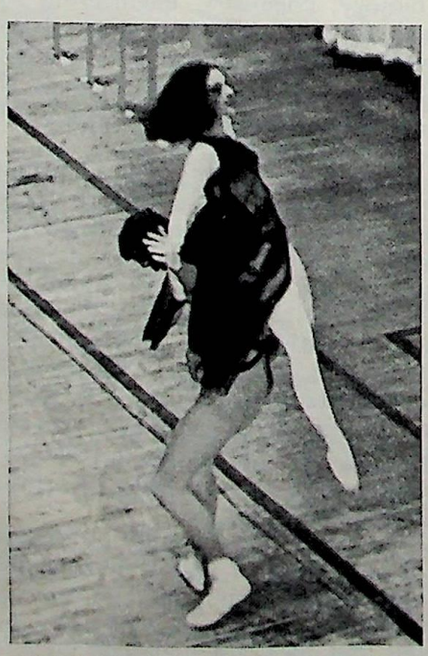
Such enterprise might easily be taken for coming to the picnic in coat and vest, especially since the harmonic is a beginner at a game played in Boston, and a rather beginner at that. But the mood telanetz was after was something order of refined amusement. The rows of amber seats had been re from Philharmonic Hall and replac tables and chairs as closely packed a Paris café. As the orchestra pl the audience sipped champagne gazed around the hall. To such a ful atmosphere, Kostelanetz wanted to add music worth listeni

But things turned out unhappily modern dancers who interpreted New York première of Howh *Meditations of Orpheus* danced and well, but the choreography fail suggest much beyond a battle o nightgown. The gown was worn b rydice (Dancer Cora Cahan) over colored tights and, as New York News Critic Douglas Watt observe seemed Orpheus wanted it. (P.S. got it.) Excerpts from Shostako *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* and R *Piano Concerto in G* were deform the Philharmonic's raucous and ja performance.

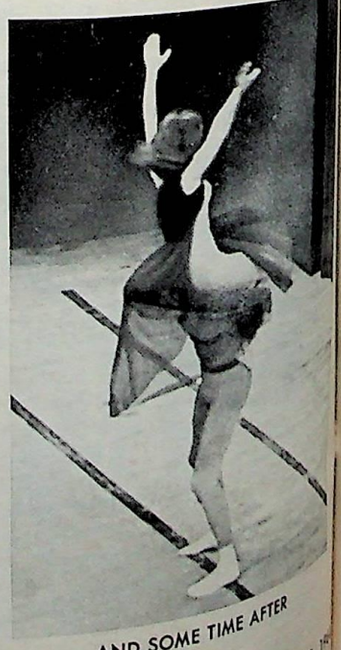
The champagne was enough to i the audience's good humor, but the ics could scarcely express their di tent. "A tasteless hodgepodge," said Times. "A grab bag of cheap tri grumbled the News. Poor Kostel —he did the noble thing, but he d badly. He had tried to elevate the concert to a level beyond simple gettable amusement. With the resp he got, he no doubt wishes he had s to schmaltz. But the Philharmonic's gram for the rest of the 20-concert ries includes much that is seldom formed and deserves attention. credit for good intentions, at least longs to Kostelanetz.

* Orchestras obey this law so piously that Beethoven and Brahms are rarely played outside of the basketball season.

BEN MARTIN



PHILHARMONIC'S EURYDICE: BEFORE



AND SOME TIME AFTER

What Orpheus wants, Orpheus gets.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Bayer Leverkusen · Dyestuffs · Chemicals · Pharmaceuticals · Man-Made Fibres · Crop Protection Products · Photographic Products

BAYER

The Hallmark of Reliability

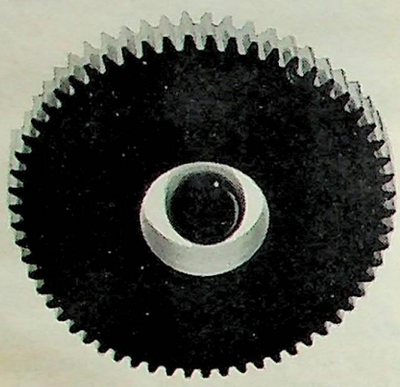
"what do you expect me to say?..."

Polly is quite a bird! Her gay plumage gives her top billing in Mother Nature's color scheme, a model for Bayer's dyestuff researchers. We all love colorful surroundings. For the last 100 years Bayer has been helping to lend color to everything created by Man..... gay, vivid, fresh and fast colors to protect objects of daily use and to make the world more beautiful.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Electronics / Telecommunications
NEC
Nippon Electric Company Limited
P.O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan



Come to the Fair in Tokyo

SIZE & SCALE:
Site Area: approx. 150,000 square meters
Number of Booths: approx. 2,750 booths (indoor) 3m × 3m per booth
Number of Pavilions: 9
ITEMS TO BE EXHIBITED: Foreign & domestic metal working machine tools, and related machines and instruments
TO BE EXHIBITED FROM: Austria, Australia, Belgium, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, East Germany, France, Hungary, Italy, Luxembourg, Rumania, Sweden, Switzerland, U.K., U.S.A., U.S.S.R., West Germany & Japan

JAPAN INTERNATIONAL MACHINE TOOL FAIR
TOKYO
NOV. 9-20, 1964

sponsor: TOKYO INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR COMMISSION
C.P.O. BOX 1201, TOKYO, JAPAN CABLE ADDRESS: "TOFAIR TOKYO"

You read advertising news in these columns
So do millions of others.

If you have a product that is news...which people should be interested in, why not tell them about it here? Ask for information from... TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

HOSPITALS

Life in a Life Island

Infection in hospitals runs in a vicious circle. Many a patient enters because of infection, and the doctors must try not only to cure him but to keep his germs from other patients who are particularly susceptible because their resistance is low. Achieving the necessary germ-free atmosphere, though, is far easier said than done.

Last week, at the Medical College of Virginia Hospital in Richmond, Dr. Boyd Withers Haynes Jr. had two burn patients recovering rapidly in virtually germ-free surroundings, thanks to an ingenious device. The "Life Island," as its inventor, Frank E. Matthews, an ex-Navyman, calls it, looks like a plastic bubble completely enclosing the hospital bed. It has a console of Buck Rogers gadgets at the foot. Dr. Haynes is testing two Life Islands for the U.S. Army Surgeon General's office, and there is another at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto.

Zipped In. After Dr. Haynes's patients had had their burns treated, the rest of their bodies was scrubbed with detergent. Their heads were shampooed and their fingernails trimmed and cleaned. To keep down bacteria that normally live inside the nose, Dr. Haynes gave them an antibiotic. Then the patients were put to bed in the pre-sterilized Life Island, and its long zipper was closed.

But they had no need to suffer claustrophobia. As soon as they were zipped in, the plastic envelope was inflated with double-filtered air, delivered under pressure. The envelope is transparent; they could see all around, and they could talk through it without raising their voices.

When a nurse wanted to give the food or medicine or a bedpan, she took it from a sterile cabinet, put it through an outer port in the cone and closed the door. Automatically, traviolet radiation was switched on kill off late-arriving bacteria. Then slipped her hands into the long gl built into the side of the plastic. W these, she could reach any part of interior. She opened the inner port the air-lock and passed the article to patient. When he had finished, whe with meal tray or bedpan, he put a plastic bag that went out through air-lock after a pause for ultraviole sterilize its exterior.

Working with her gloved h through the side, the nurse can tak patient's temperature or dress wounds. There are electrical conn tions embedded in the plastic so many tests and treatments can be g without destroying the internal steri

Lister's Dream. Protection against fection is especially important for b patients because their wounds are la and the dead tissue is a rich soil for b teria. It is no less important for tra plant patients and for many others high doses of cortisone-type dr whose resistance to infection is reduc

Some pioneering surgeons are ready putting patients into similar pla bags and performing major operati through glove ports. It should not long before many patients can hav truly sterile operation, fulfilling Jose Lister's dream of aseptic surgery, then be moved into the sterile isol for recovery—something that not Lister dared to hope for.

TORONTO TELEGRAM

BURNED BOY IN TORONTO'S ISOLATOR
What's out stays out.

TIME, MAY 29, 19

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

We park the big ones right in our own backyard

(One of the ways we work with steel)

Even 70,000 ton freighters drop anchor right at Sumitomo's Wakayama steel mill. It's one of the few mills in the world that contains its own modern port facility with a 46-foot-deep harbor. The blast furnaces are only steps away. The result: important savings in freight costs. That's half the story. Finished products, too, go free of mill-to-port transportation charges. You'll find the time, labor and expense this convenient port saves in the Sumitomo price lists. ☐ Efficiency like this is a habit at Wakayama, newest of four Sumitomo steel mills. Designed by Kaiser Engineering and supplied by United, Abbey Etna, Mannesmann, Mesta, Sack and Krupp, this ultra-modern mill turns out 2,300,000 tons of steel per year (5,000,000 projected by 1968).

☐ For superior steel competitively priced—tubes, pipe, sheets, plate, wire rods, castings, forgings and rolling stock parts—you're right with Sumitomo.

SUMITOMO METALS

OSAKA, JAPAN
SUMITOMO METAL INDUSTRIES, LTD.
NEW YORK/LOS ANGELES/DUSSELDORF

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MODERN LIVING

FASHION

All Tanked Up

Once bathing suits were sturdy little numbers, more comfortable than dazzling. But it would not do to make a vogue of the practical, and fashion dismissed tank suits with alarm, cried out for prettier versions that covered less, described more. What came in one piece soon came in two, grew teenier and weenier, until last year's bikini could barely be seen by the naked eye. The logical next step: no fashion but a felony called indecent exposure.

The jet set doesn't give a fig for propriety, wouldn't swap bikinis for Fort Knox. But most buyers and designers this year reluctantly gave ground, turned around, backtracked, and ended up where the alarm began.

Well, not quite. For while the new suits run in one loose-hanging piece from the tip of the collarbone to the top of the thigh, they are sometimes as provocative as if they were made of isinglass instead of ordinary jersey and nylon knits. The most popular model has a blouson top, designed to be "loose as a fat man's undershirt," which more than fulfills its promise before nipping in just below the belly. But what the blouson obscures of the chest, it more than makes up for by leaving off the standard modest skirt, affording emphasis at the lower symphysis—an alternative for girls whose waists are going slack, and a consolation prize for men who have to look somewhere.

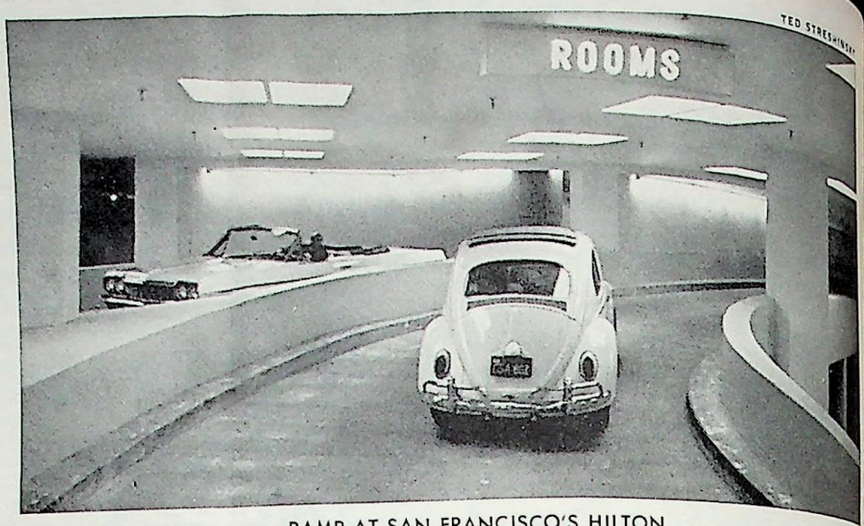
More high-style versions do even more concealing, can be even more revealing. Shaped rather like dancers' leotards, the most far-out have full-length sleeves. "Chic this year," explains *Harper's Bazaar*, which ought to know, "is the sheltered woman in the sun, long-sleeved swimsuit and long-stemmed woman."

COVERED UP

WALTER DARAN—OHRBACH'S

STRIPPED DOWN

More concealing can be more revealing.



TED STRESSING

RAMP AT SAN FRANCISCO'S HILTON

Only a step from car to bed.

Prim as the leotards start out, they are saved by their necks at the finish. For whether laced up the front or left gaping, scooped out, cut in a V, or zippered (one hasty pull affords the shy an emergency exit), most of the models offer a plunge of sorts—not just down to, but between, in a passage as perilous as the strait between Charybdis and Scylla. It may not be quite so much fun for women, but men will find the dip infinitely more invigorating than one in the sea.

TRAVEL

The Ultimate Drive-In

Like soft-shell crabs when the carapace comes off, Americans feel naked and vulnerable outside their cars, and much Yankee ingenuity has been expended to make this unnecessary. First came the carhop, with a four-course meal at the rolling down of a window, and the motel, followed by the drive-in movie and the curbside teller's cage. Last month Macy's announced plans for a department store flanked by a spiral ramp to enable customers to park within a few yards of the counter they want to visit (TIME, April 10). And last week San Francisco saw the opening of a $29 million, 1,200-room hotel where the guest can register behind the w and drive to his room.

In this newest of the world's 61 tons, guests register at the garage trance, get their room keys by p matic tube from the main lobby, zoom up the spiral ramp and start l ing for their room number when floor beneath the car matches the c of the key tab.

Designer of this San Francisco H is Architect William Tabler, 49, has unpinned some 60 major h from his drawing board—nine of t Hiltons, with three more Hiltons i works. San Francisco's antique buil codes gave him a rough time, and that the hotel is finished, there is m head shaking over the look of i gleaming checkerboard of glass marble that has been compared t white-on-white box of Ralston.

Tabler explains that the chec board design is dictated by the fact the building is braced against ea quakes not only horizontally and tically but diagonally, and the diag girders run through every other sq of the checkerboard. "This is the s hotel in the world," he says. "Whe earthquake comes, the people who h been criticizing the outside appear of the hotel are going to be a lot m complimentary than they are now."

• • •

The Australians have gone the U automotive culture one better with Motel-Hotel Shandon in Adelaide. building overlooks a drive-in mo features picture windows and bed loudspeakers for sybarites who rather catch their double bills fro bed than a back seat.

EXURBIA

One Foot in the Air

One recent sunny Saturday, V Beville, 36, assistant professor of gineering at California's Fresno S College, looked up from the breakf table and said to his wife: "Mom, us a lunch. Rusty here needs an o to pass his Cub Scout test." An hou so later Vince, Rusty, 8, Sandy, 6,

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

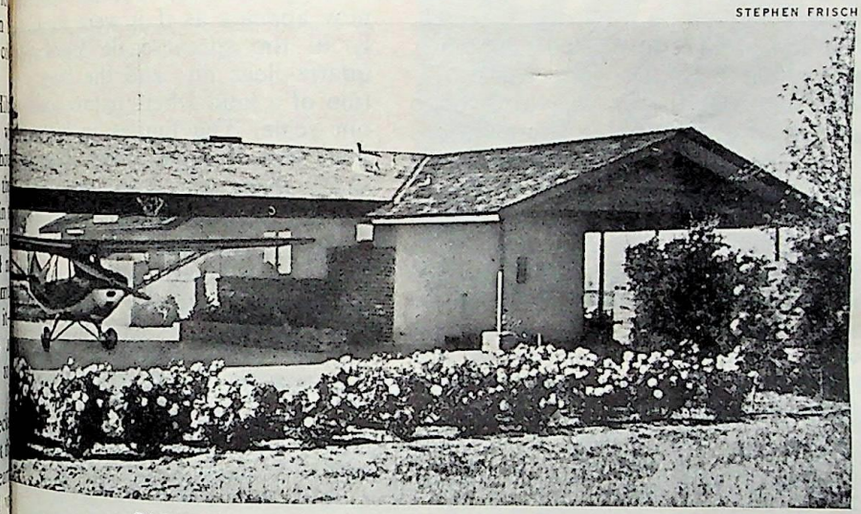
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Marty, 4, taxied off, while Mom waved goodbye from the front door.

They taxied not in a taxi, though, but in the Cessna 170 they keep in the backyard hangar. The neighbors find nothing odd about that. They have airplanes in their backyards too.

They all live in a new kind of community springing up in the U.S. where the village green is an air strip, the streets are at least 80 ft. wide, and the street signs are only two feet high so that the planes' wings can clear them. The Bevilles' "town" is called Sierra Sky Park—130 acres of housing development in the San Joaquin Valley seven miles north of Fresno that is the hope and faith of a onetime flight instructor and sometime real estate salesman named William V. Smilie.

Purchase of a lot ($4,200-$12,650) carries with it runway privileges for two airplanes. Smilie has also staked out space for a shopping center and a hotel. Residents of Sierra Sky Park



STEPHEN FRISCH

BACKYARD PLANEPORT AT SIERRA SKY PARK

Not everyone taxis in a taxi.

think nothing of going to lunch with friends 300 miles away. In fact, they find to cultivate far-flung friendships—it gives them an excuse to fly.

Dr. John A. Bendall, 52, a general practitioner, who started a similar land-strip community at Yucca Valley, Calif., in 1956, now has nine neighbors who own their own planes and patients scattered over hundreds of miles who fly their own planes in to see him. "It's a wonderful place—and way to live," says Real Estate Man Jules Haidizsar, who has a house on Bendall's Mesca strip. "A couple of weeks ago, all of us—in separate planes, of course—flew to Las Vegas for the weekend and had a grand time. Last summer my wife and I and three of our neighbors flew in four planes to Florida."

One Element to Another. The need for places to fly is planting the land with resorts that offer airborne tourists various versions of sporting life and change of scene. There are currently 400-odd of them—about a quarter located on a body of water—enabling landlocked air families to transfer from one element to another within minutes after touching down.

Fly-in marinas range from spartan to sybaritic. A sampling:

• BLAKELY ISLAND, a 7-sq.-mi. member of the San Juan Archipelago off the northwest corner of the state of Washington, was bought ten years ago by Pioneer Sports Flyer Floyd Johnson, who canvassed the west coast from Mexico to Canada to find an island he could turn into a flyer's private paradise. Johnson has left most of Blakely wild, has put a 2,400-ft. lighted landing strip (planted in grass) in one corner and surrounded it with lots for no more than 200 families, plus a comfortable clubhouse and one of the finest marinas on the coast. Many of Blakely's youngish colonists—well-heeled manufacturers, ranchers, contractors and lettuce kings—use their houses on the island all the year round, husbands commuting to work by air.

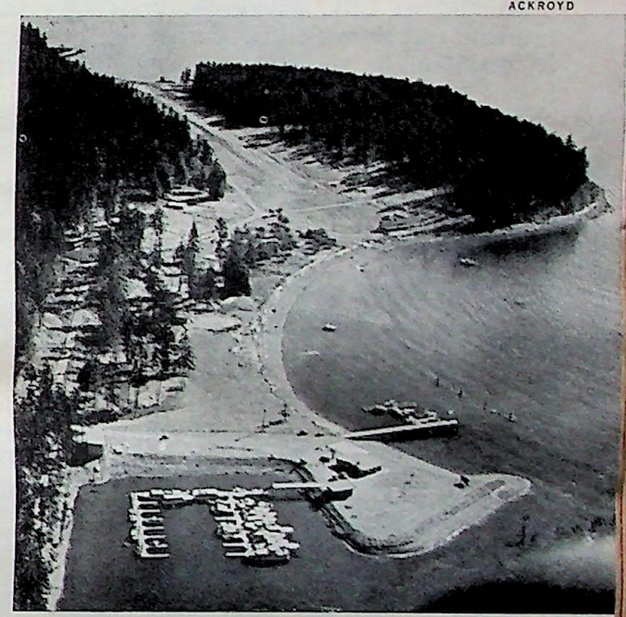
• SKYLINE MARINA is on another San Juan island, Fidalgo. While not so exclusive and luxurious as Blakely, it is well equipped with facilities for both boats and aircraft, and caters especially to fishing enthusiasts, who cherish its salmon and sea bass.

• HAVASU LAKE, in western Arizona, is part of a model city now abloom in the desert under the aegis of Los Angeles Saw King Robert McCulloch. McCulloch confidently expects his two-runway recreation center to be one of the principal drawing cards for the project.

• THE NORTH SHORE YACHT CLUB on the landlocked 44-mile-long Salton Sea, once a part of the Gulf of California, has 2,300 dues-paying members, and a 2,600-ft. landing strip, from which visitors may transform themselves into sea dogs and start trolling within minutes of arrival for such specialized game fish as corvina (which go to 20 lbs.) and sargo. Since Salton Sea is 234 ft. below sea level, speed enthusiasts also like to test the theory that engines run better and boats go faster because the air is denser there.

• THE OCEAN REEF CLUB, with 1,800 acres and a 3,000-ft. landing strip on Florida's Key Largo about 15 minutes' flight from Miami, is one of the many sport resorts in the east coast's southern waters that are encouraging fly-in visitors. "We're trying to get more of the rendezvous business," says Manager Robert Trier. "Like a club from Pompano that flew in recently, had breakfast with us and took off again."

ACKROYD



BLAKELY ISLAND'S FLY-IN MARINA

GAMES

Whats-Its

Tom Swifties were barely buried and done with when the elephant gags came along. And no sooner had those grey flat footsteps faded than the whats-it jokes took over, and what's black and white and red all over turned out to be no newspaper, after all, but a bleeding nun.

Other examples:

Q. What is black and yellow and squeals when you turn it over?

A. A school bus.

Q. What is black and lives in trees and is very dangerous?

A. A crow with a submachine gun.

Q. What is purple and weighs 2,000 pounds and lives at the bottom of the sea?

A. Moby Plum.

Q. What is grey, has four legs and a trunk?

A. A mouse on vacation.

Q. What is covered with salt and has a twisted mind?

A. A thinking pretzel.

Q. What is soft, yellow and lethal?

A. Shark-infested custard.

Q. What is brown, has two humps and lives at the North Pole?

A. A lost camel.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

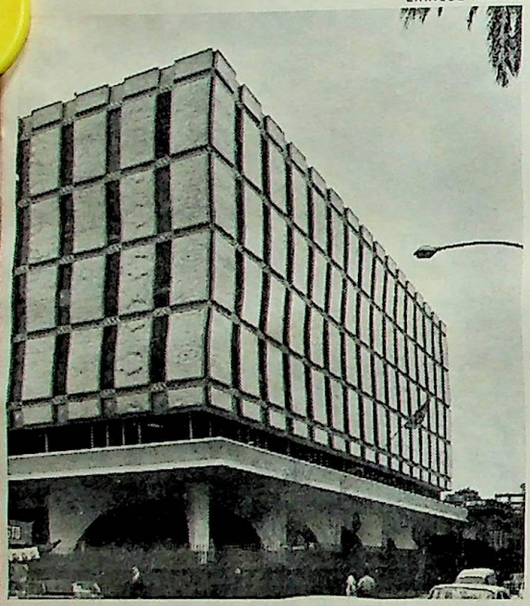
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Opening Nights

During the past decade, the U.S. State Department has tried to put its best façade forward in building more than 30 new embassies and consulates. In The Hague, Marcel Breuer built a blunt, lantern-windowed structure as stolid as a Dutch door. In Athens, Walter Gropius used the same Pentelic marble that forms the Parthenon. Edward Durell Stone's grillwork adorns New Delhi like a Hindu temple. In Baghdad, José Luis Sert put up a tentlike structure fit for a caliph and cooled by channels of river water. Saarinen warmed his Oslo embassy with teak screens; Yamasaki lightened his Kobe consulate with airy Japanese panels. The openings of U.S. embassies have come to be as eagerly anticipated as big Broadway first nights. This month the State Department opens two.

In Mexico City, where the press of tourism and business requires the U.S. to maintain its second biggest embassy (after London), the new building is a functional, if spiritless, product of Texas Architects R. Max Brooks and Llewellyn Pitts. Basically it is a chunky, $5,000,000 rectangular marble box rising six stories above some elegant but unrelated granite vaultwork. Since much of Mexico City sits on what was a lake, the building must be broad-footed to avoid sinking into muddy subsoil. A Mexican engineer, Leonardo Zeevaert, designed a displacement foundation that is in effect a watertight ship, and the weight of the building that it supports exactly equals the weight of the soil removed in excavation. Mexicans call it "the floating embassy."

ENRIQUE FRANCO



U.S. EMBASSY IN MEXICO CITY

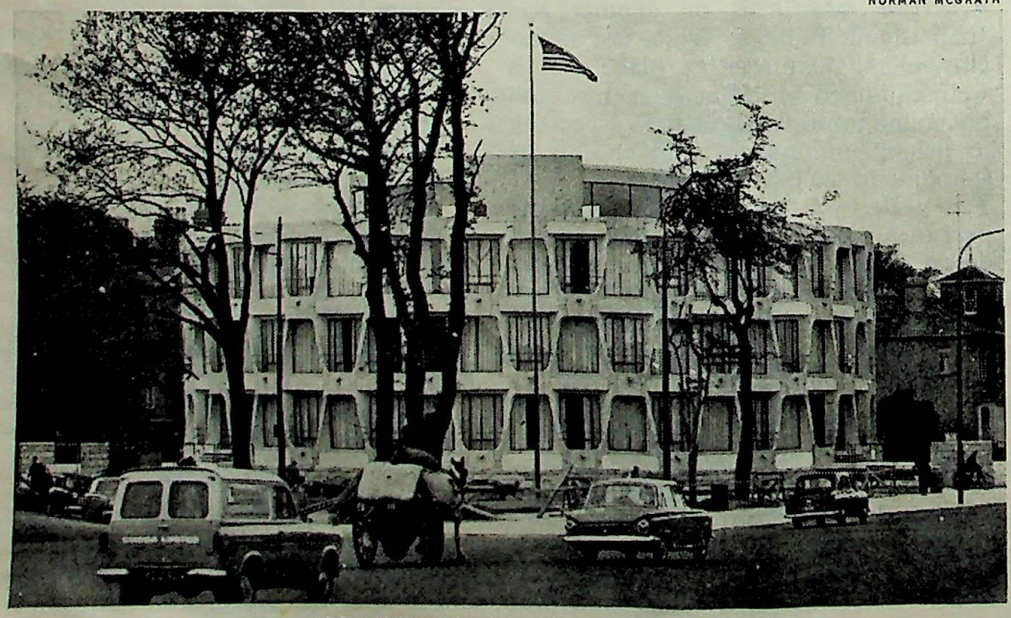
By comparison the smaller $1,000,000 Dublin embassy, designed by Connecticut Architect John M. Johansen, is exciting in design and construction. Its cylindrical shape, on a 110-ft. diameter, presents, says Johansen, a "façade that turns its back on no one." Made of concrete precast in Holland, the basic structural element is a twisted I, which, multiplied and dovetailed together, turns window frames into walls.

This vigorous façade weaves through space like the interlacing illuminations in the Irish *Book of Kells*. Set on a rusticated granite base, the moated turret echoes ancient Celtic round castles scattered across the green countryside, recalls the Martello towers built to defend Ireland's coasts during Napoleonic times. Johansen even made studies of how soot streaks the concrete so that the walls would weather with character. The embassy bespeaks an understanding of the nation it was built to befriend.

In the Right Hands

His huge, enigmatic abstract slabs of saturated oil are widely sought after, but Clyfford Still, 60, is pretty picky about who gets them. "A painting in the wrong hands," he says, "is a highly dangerous force, like an equation." He

NORMAN MCGRATH



TOWER-SHAPED EMBASSY IN DUBLIN

Putting the best facade forward.

tells about a young man who w... buy several of his works and ... "Mr. Still, what are you trying t... Still answered: "You want an e... don't you?" The young man ... "So I threw him out," said S...

Manhattan's Museum of Mod... had to wait two years to buy ... But Buffalo's burgeoning A... Knox Art Gallery is a museum ... taste. He admired Director C... Smith's willingness in 1959 to s... Still paintings all at once, ... Still believes that he cannot be ... stood properly in small doses. ... week he gave 31 paintings (es... value: more than $1,000,000) ... Albright-Knox, possibly an all-... ord for an artist's generosity.

Hot Capriccios

Philip C. Curtis paints like no o... under the sun, in whose bright ... lives on the Arizona desert near ... nix. Born in Michigan 57 year... and trained in art at Yale, Curtis ... to Arizona mostly to soothe a ... case of arthritis. Yet his parch... now appears as if it were formed ... ly in the spread-eagle landscape ... quartz-clear air, and the human ... tion of a land where nature seems ... out scale. The figures in his pa... float like mirages, their pinpoint ... sad as those of pedestrians in hell.

This mystical country stirs su... miration in Arizona that five year... Phoenix boosters formed a syn... to finance Curtis for three years. ... Then Manhattan's Knoedler & Co. ... him on, selling his better oils at ... apiece. Now the bachelor artist ... a cool wooden bungalow on a dir... called Cattle Track, paints prod... and has no link to any school.

Style in Curtis is closer to old... ioned capriccios than to surrealis... puts familiar objects in unfamilia... tings with cavalier abandon. A... every dreamlike painting is set ... undifferentiated desert stage. Ba... sages tote trays of naked dolls on ... heads as if bearing man's fate on ... minds, while disputing some unk... subject. A balloon bobs over a ... strand carrying a pipe organ. In ... *Drummer* (*see opposite page*) th... ages on flaking and fading bill... alternate between stage flats and ... figures in a wistful play of appea... and reality.

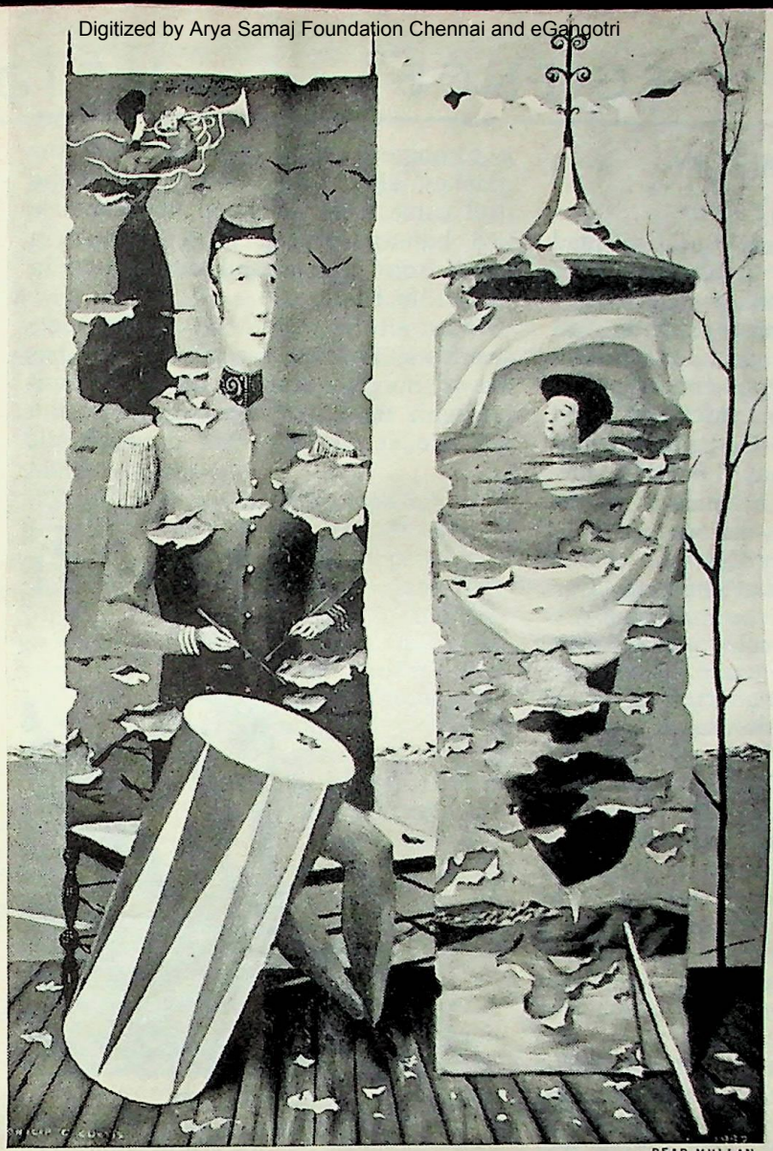
Curtis charges his thin, unpa... work, stronger in thought than ... nique, with static neurosis. He use... color red liberally because, says h... "has a sort of unrelated strength ... isn't seen much in nature." He ... doorways and chairs in abundance ... empty chair has great impact," he ... "Sometimes I think chairs are ... out because there is so much of a ... son in it that he can't stand it any ... er." He likes to point out that psy... trists admire his work. His painting ... ert provokes the viewer to question ... unverbal, mysterious charades.

TIME, MAY 2...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

HALLUCINATIONS IN THE DESERT



PHILIP C. CURTIS' *The Drummer* (1957) is moody image of tattered remnant of some forgotten gaiety.

READ MULLAN

GGED PLAYERS in *The Meet-* (1960) attracts the eye with nt irony set in feverish colors.

LEWIS RUSKIN

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BIOCHEMISTRY

What Darwin Didn't Know

Zoologists have long been satisfied with the evolutionary theory that holds that humans and monkeys are closely related. But the theorists always welcome additional evidence, and last week they got some striking chemical proof. Drs. B. H. Hoyer, B. J. McCarthy and E. T. Bolton of the Carnegie Institution demonstrated that the DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) in human genetic material has many sections that are identical with monkey DNA.

The experiments that the three Carnegie men report in the magazine *Science* were both delicate and difficult. DNA molecules are made up of two very long strands connected to each other by hundreds of thousands of short submolecules, which are set in place like the rungs of a ladder. The rungs differ chemically, and the order in which they are arranged constitutes the genetic code that controls heredity. When DNA is heated in just the right way, the rungs break and the long strands separate. Though the strands are eager to recombine, they cannot do so unless their broken rungs are matched in perfect order.

The Carnegie men heated a solution of mouse DNA until its strands separated. Then they mixed it with agar that cooled to a stiff jelly, which immobilized the long strands and kept them from recombining. Next, the jelly was reduced to tiny granules, each charged with mouse DNA.

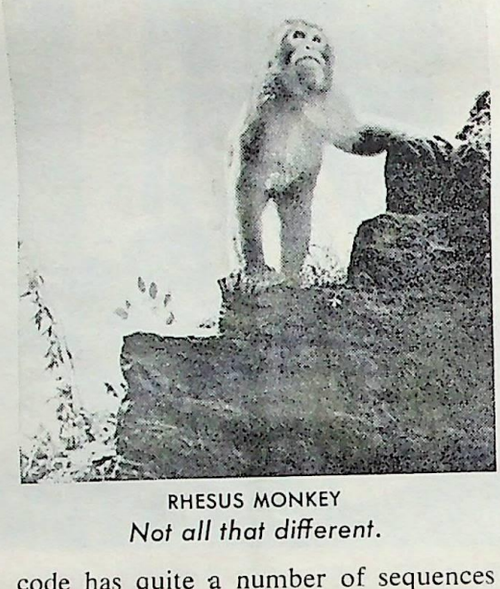
Code Segments. The scientists then prepared a solution of mouse DNA that had been made radioactive with carbon 14. They chopped the molecules into short sections, each carrying a small part of the mouse genetic code, and separated the two strands. When these were mixed with the chunks of agar, their small size permitted them to diffuse into the jelly, and whenever one of them encountered a trapped strand that had a matching sequence of genetic code, the two segments combined firmly.

By measuring the radioactivity of the recombined DNA, the scientists could estimate closely how many of the segments had found matching partners. Under the best conditions, about 25% of the chopped DNA hooked up with that in the agar. This comparatively high figure was only natural, since both samples came from the same species of animal.

Other Species. Next step was to repeat the experiment with different species. Just as predicted by evolutionary theory, mouse DNA combined nicely with that of other rodents, such as rats and hamsters. But it showed much less attraction for the DNA of monkeys and cattle. Human DNA demonstrated only moderate interest in mouse, but it combined with some from a rhesus monkey almost as strongly as if the stuff came from a human. Both mouse and human showed weak interest in DNA from salmon, and almost none in that from bacteria.

What all this means, say the Carnegie scientists, is that bacterial DNA has almost no code sections that are identical with those of higher animals. But fish are vertebrates; thus their genetic

OWEN MARTIN © COUNTRY LIFE



RHESUS MONKEY
Not all that different.

code has quite a number of sequences that have survived from the primitive fish that were the ancestors of all vertebrates. When fragments of human DNA combine with salmon DNA, they presumably find matching code sequences that control such common attributes as hemoglobin in the blood or an internal skeleton. Mice are mammals, so they have more in common with humans (warm blood, hair, a similar reproductive system); and in the world of primates monkeys are so similar to man that long stretches of their genetic codes must be identical. The all-important differences between men and monkeys, say the Carnegie scientists, are not likely to be detected by their DNA-matching method.

ASTRONOMY

What Makes the Shadows Hot

The more they improve their techniques, the more they refine their measurements, the more problems astronomers seem to discover. But the very recognition of those problems may point the way toward prediction of the weather of the universe, toward the type of forecast that will be essential for far-voyaging astronauts.

Cool Sun. When they set up their cameras in a Douglas DC-8 jetliner and flew high over Canada during last summer's eclipse, Drs. Guglielmo Righini of Italy and Armin J. Deutsch of the U.S. counted on snapping some of the clearest pictures yet of the sun's glowing corona. But up there above the dust, water vapor and other diffusions of the earth's atmosphere, the astronomers told the Florence meeting of COSPAR (Committee on Space Research), they found far more than expected. Their pictures of the sun's spectrum showed a strange line that had not been predicted by any of the calculations.

Not that the line was hard to identify; its wave length showed that it came from ionized calcium atoms that have lost one electron. But where does this calcium come from? At the sun's temperature, 3,000,000°, calcium loses nearly all its 20 electrons. The line shows the loss by emitting a distinctive kind of light. In the singly ionized state, calcium cannot exist above a comparatively frigid 20,000°.

Drs. Righini and Deutsch now believe that there must be cool spots in the corona, but they can only guess at the mechanism that makes these cool spots possible. Perhaps, they say, the corona is threaded with magnetic fields that churn it around, making it hot and unevenly heated. Whatever the final explanation, it may provide insight into solar flares, the violent storms which generate radiation that can kill a man in space.

Hot Shadows. Jupiter's temperature now seems as mysterious as the sun's. Astronomers Bruce C. Murray and Robert L. Wildey of Caltech uncovered that surprise by placing a new infrared photometer at the focus of Palomar's 200-in. telescope and taking the temperature of Jupiter's cold atmosphere. Although the photometer designed by Engineer James A. Westphal is 20 times as sensitive as earlier instruments, it registered no change as it scanned the Great Red Spot and the light and dark bands that decorate Jupiter's disk.

Then the scientists spotted another quarry: the shadow of Jupiter's satellite Ganymede, which is bigger than the earth's moon. They expected the shadow to be colder than the surrounding area, just as the moon's shadow casts coolness on the earth. To their surprise, the temperature reading rose more than 100°, from −230° F. to −117° F., as the photometer focused on the shadow. Incredulously, they repeated the experiment many times, always with the same result. The shadow of another satellite, Europa, proved to be equally warm.

The two scientists offer two explanations, both of them uncertain. Perhaps the passage of a satellite's shadow will disturb Jupiter's atmosphere in such a way, permitting warmer lower gases to rise upward and be detected from the earth. Or perhaps the interception of sunlight stops a photochemical reaction in Jupiter's high atmosphere, making it temporarily more transparent so that radiant warmth from below can escape into space.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Praying It in English

When a Roman Catholic priest turns to address his congregation at Mass this fall, no longer will he mumble "*Dominus vobiscum*." Instead, he will pray it in English: "The Lord be with you." The historic language switch in the Mass, authorized by the Liturgical Constitution of last fall's session of the Vatican Council, is at last firmly set in the U.S. Enacted by the 245 Catholic bishops of the U.S., it has now been confirmed by the Holy See.

The revisions will put nearly half the Mass and all the sacraments, except holy orders, into English. In both low and solemn Masses, Latin will be retained for the beginning prayers at the foot of the altar and for the canon, the central prayer of the celebration. But the Epistle and Gospel and all the chants of the Mass—the introit, gradual, offertory and communion verses—will be in English, and so will a number of prayers that will be recited by priest and congregation together: the *Kyrie eleison* (Lord, have mercy on us), the Gloria, the Creed, the Sanctus at the beginning of the canon, and the Lord's Prayer. Also in English will be a new Prayer of the Faithful, in which the congregation will be asked to pray for such causes as the church, the bishops, all Christians, and (by name) the sick and dead of the parish.

The amount of English approved by the bishops was considerably more than many lay Catholics expected; the quality of the language, however, will be considerably below what Episcopalians have in their stately *Book of Common Prayer*. All Bible readings will be taken from the still-incomplete Confraternity version, a reliable but sometimes leaden-footed translation begun in 1945 by scholars of the Catholic Biblical Association of America. Other parts of the Mass will be in a version that synthesizes various translations found in Catholic missals. The Gloria, for example, begins: "Glory to God in the highest. And on earth peace to men of good will. We praise you. We bless you. We worship you. We give you thanks for your great glory."

A few conservative bishops may try to stall off the switch to English as long as possible, but most U.S. dioceses will probably make the change on the first Sunday of Advent (Nov. 29), the beginning of the ecclesiastical year. Sweeping as the revisions seem, they are only the beginning. In Rome, the Vatican Council's Liturgical Commission is at work on a major revamping of the structure of the liturgy, which will prune off many rites and prayers that were added to the original Roman Mass, provide a greater variety of scriptural readings.

AL FENN

ROMAN CATHOLICS AT MASS
In plain words: "The Lord be with you."

CHRISTIANS & JEWS

Combatting Contempt

"The worst deed of the Jewish people, the murder of the Messiah, resulted in the greatest blessings for mankind," says a widely used Roman Catholic textbook, reflecting what has been for centuries a commonplace of Christian thinking. The teaching not only fosters anti-Semitism but also is historically wrong, according to a new book called *The Teaching of Contempt* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $4), by the late French-Jewish Historian Jules Isaac.

Isaac turned to the critical study of anti-Semitism during World War II, when his wife and daughter were killed by the Nazis. In 1960, three years before his death, he urged his friend Pope John XXIII to express publicly the Roman Catholic Church's opposition to anti-Semitism, which the bishops of the Vatican Council plan to do at the third session this fall. In *Contempt*, Isaac closely examined three fundamental misconceptions about Judaism that found their way into Christian thinking —and argued that none of them had much basis in fact.

Shifting the Blame. Answering the charge of deicide, Isaac points out that it is illogical to blame an entire people, most of whom never heard of Jesus, for the crime of a few. Even Peter, in *The Acts of the Apostles*, says that the Jews had condemned Christ out of ignorance, not knowing him to be the Son of God. Isaac does not deny that some Jewish leaders in Jerusalem were involved in the plot against Jesus, but he argues (and quotes Christian scholars who support him) that the Gospels, written at the time when Christianity was forsaking its Jewish origins to convert the gentile, tend to shift the blame for the Crucifixion from the Romans to the Jews. Pontius Pilate, for example, appears as a weak but well-meaning governor instead of the brutal autocrat other sources make him out to be.

Historically, Isaac points out, the least justifiable of the Christian misconceptions about Judaism is that the Jews became the object of divine wrath for killing Jesus, and were dispersed into homeless exile after Jerusalem was destroyed by Roman troops in A.D. 70. The Jews began to emigrate from Palestine more than 500 years before Christ, and, far from being destroyed after Christ's death, they staged powerful uprisings against the Romans in the 2nd and 4th centuries. The very period of supposed exile was the time when Palestinian scholars united to transcribe the oral teachings of the rabbis into the first written Talmud.

What destroyed Palestinian Judaism over the course of centuries was a combination of war, rebellion and emigration. The effective end came in 1099 with the First Crusade, when Christianity's noble lords crowded the Jews into the synagogues of Jerusalem and set them aflame.

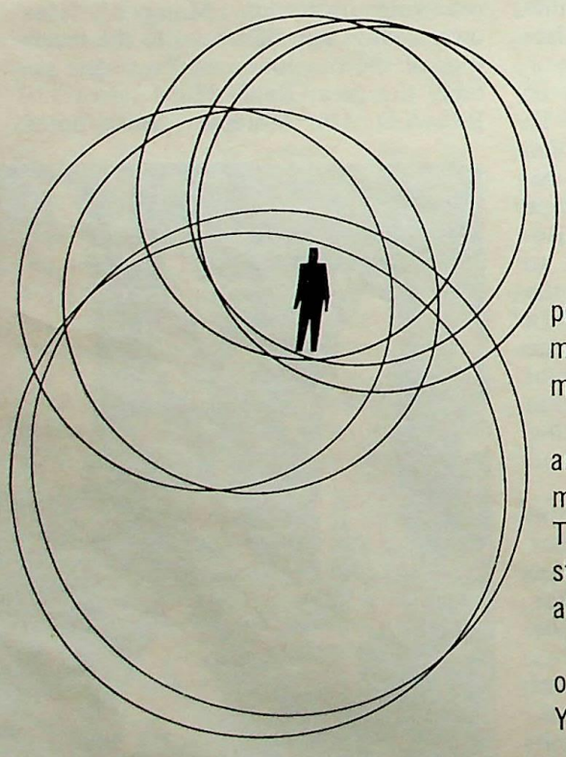
Christian theologians have often claimed that the Judaism of Jesus' time was decadent, "a world of ossified belief in the letter, of a narrow-minded caste spirit and materialistic piety," as the German Catholic Theologian Karl Adam put it. On the contrary, Isaac argues, the two centuries before Jesus' birth marked an era of great spiritual vitality, which produced both the beautiful writings of the Apocrypha and the flowering of the synagogue as a faith-renewing institution. Many of Jesus' own sayings can be traced to the teachings of the much-abused Pharisees, notably the great Rabbi Hillel (circa 110 B.C.-A.D. 10). Moreover, Isaac notes,

TINTORETTO'S PILATE JUDGING JESUS
A loaded question: who killed Christ?

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

GO
DIRECT
TO CANADA'S HEART
PORT OF TORONTO
TORONTO HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS, 60 HARBOUR ST. TORONTO 1, CANADA



EVERY WEEK TIME's cover story puts a figure into focus—takes a newsmaker, examines his career, probes his motives, weighs his acts and opinions.

But what's the controversy boiling around him—what threshold of achievement has he taken mankind across? This is the news significance of TIME's story—the story of one individual as he affects us all.

It's one of journalism's most thorough and far-reaching explorations. You find it every week in TIME.

the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls proves that Judaism can claim a monastic sect—the Essenes of Qumran—that rivals the early Christians in their ideals.

"Purifying Stream." Christianity, Isaac concludes, "does not require for her own glorification a corresponding disparagement of ancient Israel, of the people of the Old Testament, the people of Jesus and the Apostles." Fortunately, he adds, "a purifying stream exists in Christianity and grows stronger every day"—and Isaac's book appears at a time when almost every day brings new evidence that his cause is on the verge of victory.

This month, for example, saw the publication of a Catholic textbook survey by scholars at Jesuit-run St. Louis University that listed a number of derogatory references to Jews (and Protestants)—and urged textbook writers to take greater care in discussing other faiths. The Lutheran World Federation's Commission on World Mission held a consultation in Denmark declaring that anti-Semitism is "a demonic form of rebellion against the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and a rejection of Jesus the Jew, directed upon his people." And in Florence, European representatives of an international society for Christian-Jewish cooperation met to discuss their latest efforts to combat anti-Semitism. There, Catholics and Protestants attended a service of prayer at the city's Jewish temple in honor of "Jules Isaac Day."

BAPTISTS

Behind the Front

While the Presbyterians held the leadership in church integration, most of the nation's big Baptist churches have grappled with the race issue—one-by-one, rightly, the other with considerable hesitation. Last week the Southern Baptists (10,395,940 members) and their Negro Southern cousins, the American Baptists (1,559,103), held their annual conventions in separate rooms of Atlanta's City's Convention Hall, and joined with five other groups for a three-day celebration of the Baptist Jubilee.*

Traditionally opposed to racial segregation in both theory and practice, the American Baptist delegates have proved their church's strongest words yet on civil rights. Their resolution advocated withholding church funds to segregated Baptist congregations and putting fair-employment-practice clauses in all contracts for church and builders. But the Southern Baptists, about 90% of whose congregations are segregated, rejected the

* Commemorating the formation of the nation's first Baptist mission society. Also present: the Seventh Day Baptist Conference, the North American Baptist General Conference, the Baptist Federation of Canada, and two Negro churches: the National Baptist Convention of America and the National Baptist Convention, U.S.A., Inc.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

mild, nonbinding recommendations that would approve an open-door policy on race in churches. Instead, the delegates adopted a policy statement that left the question of church integration right where it has always been: up to the decision of individual congregations.

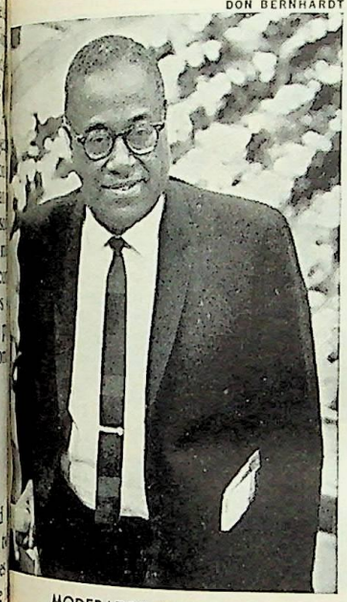
PRESBYTERIANS

In the Van

The United Presbyterians have a knack for breaking race barriers without catering to either politics or sentimentalism. Last week, at their 176th General Assembly in Oklahoma City, the Presbyterians elected a qualified and articulate church statesman as moderator of the 3,291,998-member church for a one-year term. He is the Rev. Edler Hawkins, 55, a Negro.

The Presbyterian moderator's tasks are largely ceremonial, but Edler Hawkins (his life is an endless battle

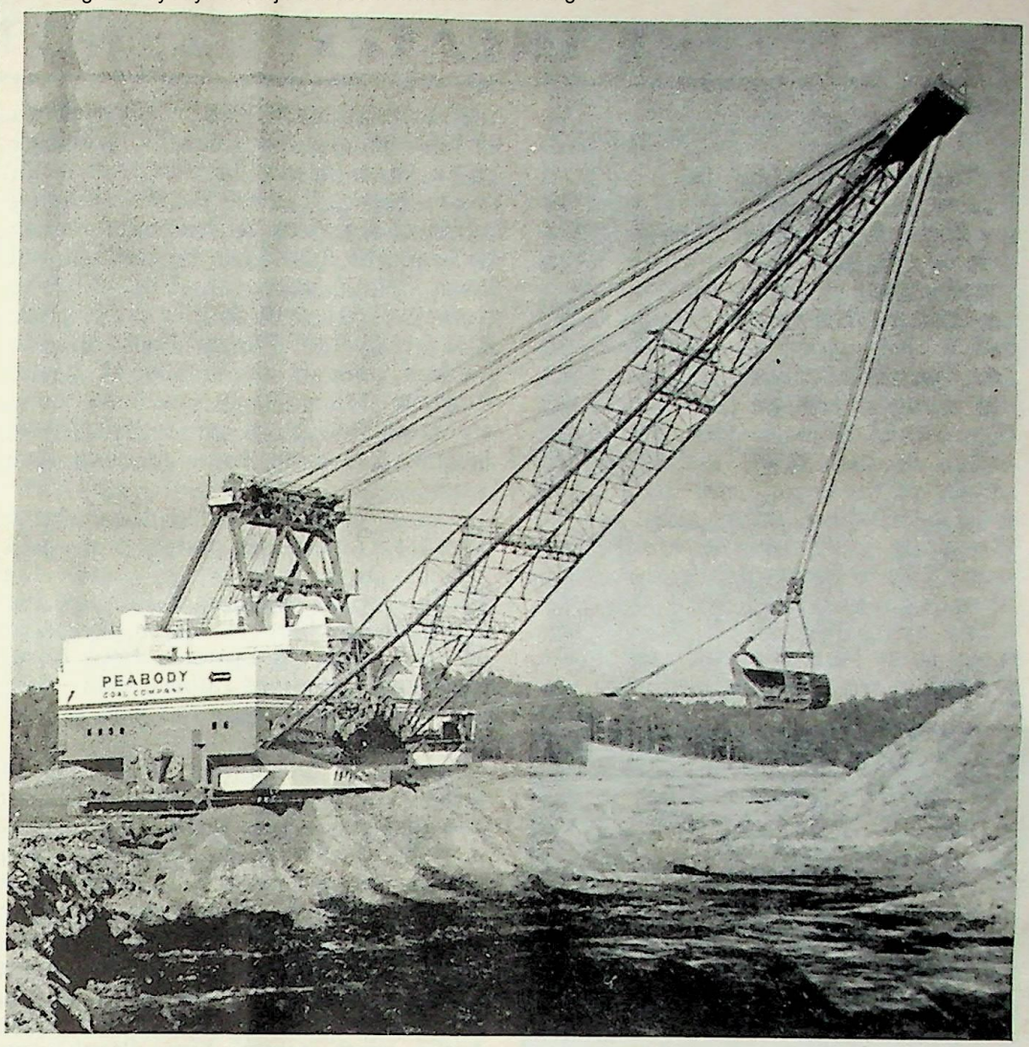
DON BERNHARDT



MODERATOR HAWKINS
The membership is 95% white.

against people who spell his name "El-") nonetheless becomes chief spokesman for a church that is 95% white in membership. A 1938 graduate of Union Theological Seminary, Hawkins has held only one ministry in his pastoral career, at St. Augustine's Church in a some-what slum-ridden section of the lower Bronx in New York City. He started the church from scratch, with a congregation of nine; today it numbers 1,000, about one-third of them Puerto Ricans. Hawkins has also served for two one-year terms as head of the New York Presbytery, governing body of the city's 90 churches.

Hawkins will undertake the customary "moderator's tour" of the nation's Presbyterian churches. But he also plans to visit Africa, the Middle East and Europe this summer, including, possibly, an important stop in Italy. "I can see the necessity of going on to Rome to visit the Pope," he said. "Pope Paul has opened up channels of communication on the road to a new unity of Christendom."



WORLD'S LARGEST WALKER MARION 8800

You are looking at a photograph of the world's largest walking dragline now operating at Peabody Coal Company's Homestead mine in Western Kentucky. ■ This 85-cubic-yard giant will increase the efficiency of the mine and will make it economically feasible to mine coal that otherwise might be left underground. It will be used for removing up to 140 feet of overburden now covering the coal seam. ■ The 12-million-pound 8800 is a machine with amazing operating speed and proportions. It will complete a working cycle of digging, swinging, dumping and swinging back in less than one minute. The boom can swing a 443,000-pound load more than 550 feet and dump it on top of a 14-story building. The machine is the world's first to be equipped with four hoist and four drag cables, adding greatly to cable life and providing better load distribution. ■ For more than 20 years, Marion has been producing the industry's broadest and most complete line of Walking Draglines. During these two decades, Marions have proved repeatedly their ability to move big yardages at lower costs on many different types of work in all parts of the world. It will pay you to get complete information on Marion "Walkers." They are manufactured in sizes from 5 to 100 cubic yards.

you get more with MARION

MARION POWER SHOVEL CO. • Marion, Ohio, U.S.A.
A Division of Universal Marion Corporation

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

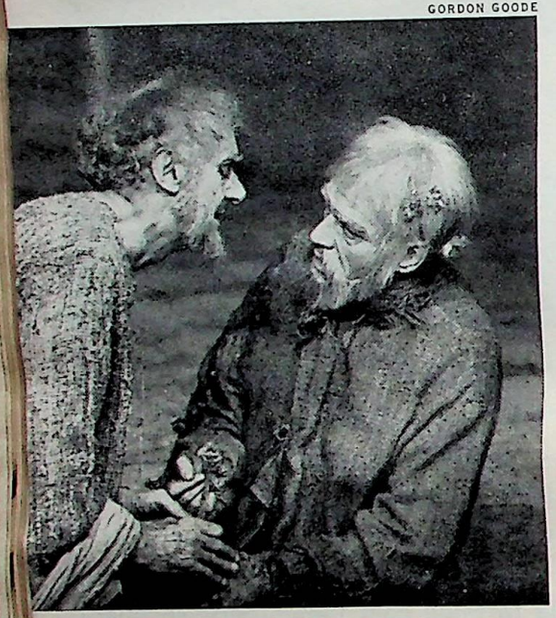
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Double Will from England

King Lear. The fatal flaw that mars Paul Scofield's Lear is detachment. In the Royal Shakespeare Company's version of the play now in repertory at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater, Scofield seems to see through Lear's nature and coolly contemplate Lear's fate, instead of suffering it. But Lear, like Oedipus, cannot see himself, or there would be no tragedy. He threatens to do such things as will be "the terrors of the earth," but his cruel lot is to have those things done to him. He is stretched on the rack of the world like a pagan Job without hope of redemption.

Just as the play moves from a royal court to a bare, storm-blasted heath, so Lear is changed from the man who

GORDON GOODE



LAURIE & SCOFIELD IN "LEAR"
Looking on horror coolly.

thinks he has everything to the creature who is made to know himself as "unaccommodated man," a "poor, bare, forked animal" owning nothing. It is a double fall and a double loss. The loss of his possessions scourges Lear almost physically. But it is the loss of order in human affairs and in the cosmic scheme of things that sends his mind whirling into madness. He is crushed by what crumples under him—the order of rank and authority, the order of filial devotion, and the divine order of the universe of which these earthly orders are, hopefully, the reflecting mirror. But Shakespeare was not hopeful when he wrote *Lear*: it contains his darkest and bleakest vision of human existence. He asks his tragic hero to look on horror bare, a grotesque, absurd, uncharted realm of meaninglessness.

To ask an actor to convey the blinding desolation of this vision may be like sending a man to do a god's work. The trouble with Scofield's performance is that he relies on technique to serve as passion. He is so cold in his rages that one cannot believe in the warmth of his love, even for Cordelia. When he prays, "Let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven," there is no scalding terror of unreason in his voice. When he bears the dead Cordelia onstage and keens "Howl, howl, howl, howl!", she seems weightless, so hollow is his grief. And his fivefold "Never" lacks the anguished sense of the finality of death. Cordelia (Diana Rigg) is equally cool, a sort of New York career girl, brittle, lacquered, remote, more manikin than woman.

Lesser roles are better filled. Irene Worth's Goneril has poured a Borgia's venom into her veins, and Ian Richardson as the bastard Edmund has a subversive charm to match his crooked soul. Alec McCowen's Fool is refreshingly pensive rather than hopfootedly antic; he jousts as well as jests with the king.

While the costuming might be labeled G.I. nondescript, the stark grey and rust panels that serve as a set temper the throbbing Shakespearean line with a dry astringency. Director Peter Brook arrests his pace with symbolic and sometimes affecting visual still lifes, most notably the blinded Gloucester sitting motionless at the center of the empty stage while the din of an offstage battle roars behind him. Brook's intelligence has shaped a *Lear* that knows its own mind and sticks uncompromisingly to it. Unfortunately, there is a hole in its heart.

The Comedy of Errors is either a condescending insult to American taste or a lazy lapse of British taste. The rationale behind the Royal Shakespeare's choice is obvious enough: conventionally, repertory groups alternate deep-think with no-think. After chinning itself intellectually on *King Lear*, an audience is presumed to be so exhausted that it can only cope with the slack-jawed humors of *Comedy of Errors*.

The trouble is that this tyro script of Shakespeare's is more tedious than frivolous. Not even the cast can work up a very convincing case of comic hysteria over which twin, Antipholus of Ephesus or Antipholus of Syracuse, has a wife, wears a gold chain, or has entrusted a bag of 500 ducats to his manservant. Equally low-laugh are the twin Dromios, who persistently mistake the identity of their masters and also serve by merely standing around and getting repeatedly cuffed.

During most of Act I, the players stick to the script and almost sink with it. Then, in Act II, a mad-scientist conjurer Pinch (Michael Williams) appears, and with the aid of a berserk chemistry set and a few other non-Elizabethan props takes the playgoer's mind mercifully and hilariously off the plot. As a beardless Bardlet, Shakespeare pretty much stole *The Comedy of Errors* from Plautus. The only successful way to revive it now is to [illegible] it from Shakespeare, à la *The Boys from Syracuse*, now running [illegible] off Broadway.

Presidential Snipshots

The White House takes playgoers on an anecdotal tour of the private lives of U.S. Presidents and their First Ladies. It combines the shallower features of a dramatic reading and a TV documentary. To cover the presidential years from Washington through [illegible] scenes and episodes have to be [illegible] to candid-camera snipshots. While [illegible] less history is the mood, the recurring theme, insofar as there is one, is that sorrow, great loneliness and sometimes tragedy are the permanent occupants of the house on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Sadness dominates the dramatic high point of the evening. Mary Todd Lincoln (Helen Hayes) is undergoing [illegible]

HAYES AS GRANT'S WIFE
Looking on crossed eyes fond

jury trial to determine her sanity. [illegible] an obvious desire to be frank, [illegible] gins to link any strangeness in [illegible] havior to the inconsolable loss of [illegible] sons and the assassinated Abe. [illegible] the artless conviction of her accounts taking hold, a spasm of madness [illegible] ters her face in fragments as if an earthquake had jaggedly ripped open [illegible] mind's thin crust. As Lincoln, [illegible] Weaver brings timely eloquence to [illegible] pithy debate on civil rights.

Too much of *The White House* is stuffed with incidental trivia of the you-know variety: President [illegible] was known as "His Accidency"; [illegible] Grant found his wife's crossness [illegible] rather endearing; Andrew Jackson's wife ordered an inaugural veil of lace name JACKSON stitched in lace from ear to ear; Mrs. Benjamin Harrison had 2,000 azalea plants [illegible] daily. A supple cast treats this [illegible] with greater respect than it merits. *The White House* remains [illegible] tribute to the nation's highest office a gossipy raid on its prestige.

TIME, MAY [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MILESTONES

Born. To Anita Bryant, 24, record-ing star (*Until There Was You*), singing sidekick to Bob Hope in four U.S.O. Christmas tours, and Disk Jockey Rob-ert Green, 33: a daughter; in Miami.

Married. Lauritz Melchior, 74, famed Wagnerian tenor now in retire-ment; and Mary Markham, 40, his one-time secretary, now a top Hollywood booking agent; he for the third time, she for the second; at Melchior's estate near Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Margaret Schulze Downey, 42, one of the nation's richest women, heir-ess to an estimated $150 million con-centrated mainly in Newmont Mining Co. and Magma Copper Co. (founded by Grandfather William Boyce Thomp-son), a pretty brunette who briefly filled the gossip columns in the late '40s when her divorce from polo-playing Polish Prince Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen prompt-ed him to shoot himself (he recovered), led down to marry Morton Downey, radio's dulcet-toned troubadour of the '30s, and take an active director's role in minding her business; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. DeLesseps ("Chep") Morri-son, 52, longtime mayor of New Or-leans (1946-61) and Kennedy's ambas-sador to the Organization of American States (1961-63), an ebullient, debo-nair politician who spearheaded a re-form movement to bring trade, industry and an honest police force to his city, but could never quite carry his mes-sage to Louisiana at large in three un-successful campaigns for Governor; in the crash of a chartered plane carrying seven others, including his seven-year-old son Randy; near Quajolota, Mexico.

Died. Austen Herbert Croom-John-son, 54, co-father of the singing com-mercial, a onetime NBC program idea man who teamed with Announcer Alan Kent in 1939 to write "Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot," a jingle that jangled for 20 years until Pepsi decided to "be socia-ble" by dropping it; of a heart attack; in New York.

Died. Steve Owen, 66, longtime (1931-53) coach of the New York Gi-ants; onetime cowpuncher from Okla-homa's Cherokee Strip, who played a bone-bruising tackle for five years for the Giants, as coach won eight Eastern Conference titles and two world cham-pionships, retired in 1953 when the razzle-dazzle aerial game found him losing in the win column; of a cere-bral hemorrhage; in Oneida, N.Y.

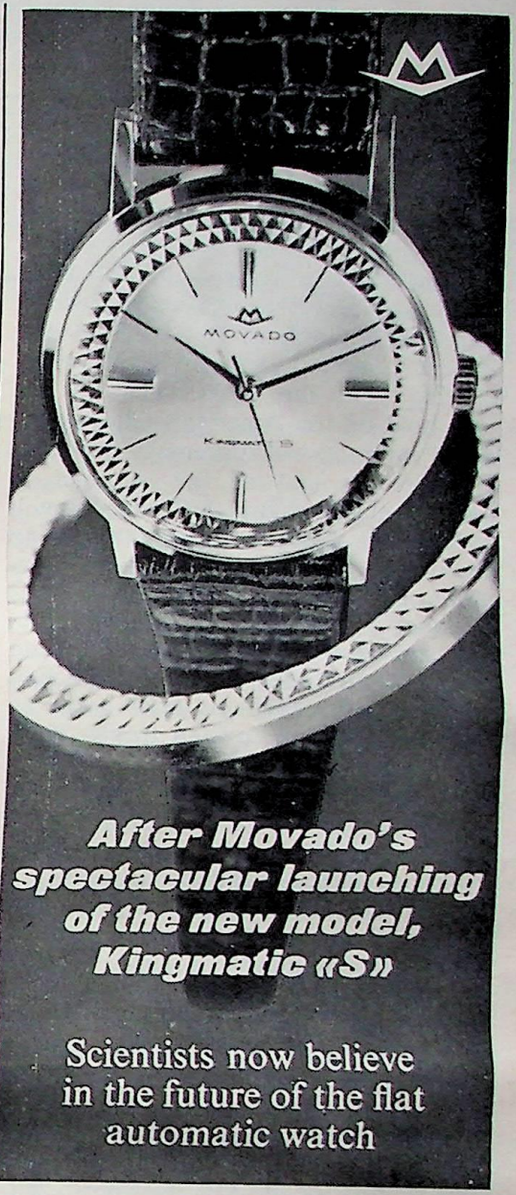
Died. Arthur Hugh Bunker, 68, re-tired chairman since 1960 of American Metal Climax, and younger brother of Ellsworth Bunker, U.S. ambassador to the OAS, a kinetic, foresighted business-man who dabbled successfully in fields as diverse as oil speculating and orchid growing (at one time he owned one of the world's largest orchid nurseries), but found his niche among rare metals, promoting new uses for radium in med-icine, new processes for extracting va-nadium (a steel strengthener) and new markets for molybdenum, a high-strength metal of the jet age; of leu-kemia; in Manhattan.

Died. Lord Brabazon of Tara, 80, pioneer British aviator and a Minister of Aircraft Production in Churchill's wartime government, a crusty curmudg-eon who in 1909 managed to take off in a fragile cloth-and-wood contraption and fly it a mile, bounced in and out of Parliament until his 1941 appointment to boss Britain's rapidly expanding air-craft industry, a job he did well until he was ousted in early 1942 for impolit-ically suggesting that England should be happy that German Nazis and Rus-sian Communists were killing each oth-er off; following a heart attack; in Chertsey, England.

Died. Dr. James Franck, 81, Ger-man-Jewish physicist, winner with Gus-tav Hertz of a 1925 Nobel Prize for the discovery of the laws governing col-lisions between electrons and atoms; of a heart attack; in Göttingen, Germany. Forced out of his professorship at the University of Göttingen in 1933, Franck later came to the University of Chicago, headed a wartime team of scientists that perfected the method for reducing ura-nium oxide to metal, a major contribu-tion to the Manhattan Project.

Died. Otto Vigelmovich Kuusinen, 83, oldest member of the Soviet Union's aging twelve-man Presidium; of cancer; in Moscow. A native Finn, Kuusinen fled to Moscow in 1921 when a Russian-model Bolshevik revolution was crushed in his own country, became secretary of the Comintern, then returned home to rule over fellow Finns as puppet president of the 68,900-sq.-mi. Karelo-Finnish Republic, carved out of the eastern portion of Finland by Russia during World War II. His shrewd bet on Khrushchev in the post-Stalin power struggles won him a return ticket to Moscow in 1956, a seat at the very top a year later, and finally that ultimate accolade of Communism, a niche for his ashes in the Kremlin wall.

Died. Leonard Florsheim, 84, Chi-cago transportation tycoon, one of the founders of the National Conference of Christians and Jews and a scion of the Florsheim shoe family who, with his friend John Hertz, founded the Yellow Cab Co., Chicago Motor Coach Co. (the hub of the Chicago Transit Au-thority's bus routes) and the Omnibus Corp., later to become the Hertz Corp.; after a long illness; in Chicago.



After Movado's spectacular launching of the new model, Kingmatic «S»

Scientists now believe in the future of the flat automatic watch

Only yesterday they believed that, to make an automatic model slimmer, the mechanism had to be miniaturized thus becoming more delicate and complicated. Today the new Movado Kingmatic «S» has convinced them of the contrary: it is flatter, slimmer yet sturdier, simpler and more accu-rate than its predecessors.

A rare combination of new solutions

During the years of research on the Kingmatic «S», the Movado engineers have registered an impressive number of patents, both Swiss and international. Combined, they reveal the many secrets of an admirable construction which, to make best use of the available space has introduced a new arrangement, for certain organs of the watch, which is both logical and highly efficient.

KINGMATIC «S»
with ball-bearing
"Fire Disk" Model (see illustr.)
A superbly styled Kingmatic «S», with super-waterproof "Sub-Sea" case.
Gold 18 K, goldcap, steel or rolled gold 40 microns steel back.
Other automatic models in the "Kingmatic" series, with or without date.

See the Movado exhibit at the New York World's Fair!

MOVADO
Kingmatic «S»

Sold and serviced all over the world.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

YACHTING

For Country & for Mug

Monopolies tend to dull with age, and sporting monopolies are hardly sport at all. The Yankees, for all their skills, are now New York's "second team" with the fans. But there is one ancient monopoly that only grows more exciting with the years. That is the U.S. hold on the America's Cup—symbol of international supremacy in yachting. By the end of this summer, a doughty group of British yachtsmen will have spent close to $600,000 in an attempt to remove the ungainly, Victorian cup from its accustomed place of honor in the New York Yacht Club. And an equally determined and even more affluent collection of U.S. yachtsmen will have spent at least twice as much to keep the coveted trophy right where it is.

All told, foreign sailors have traveled across the oceans to compete 18 times since 1851, when the schooner *America* started it all by trouncing a fleet of the fastest boats Britain could muster. Every challenger has returned home emptyhanded. In 1958 Britain's *Sceptre* went down to a humiliating four straight defeats by the U.S.'s *Columbia*; two years ago, Australia's *Gretel* lost 4-1 to *Weatherly* and its master tactician Bus Mosbacher. Now it is Britain's turn again, and the Royal Thames Yacht Club means to make a sterner test of it. Off Newport, R.I., this summer, two new British twelves will fight it out for the right to challenge the U.S. in the best-of-seven series. They are *Sovereign*, owned by London Financier Anthony Boyden, 36, and *Kurrewa V* (pronounced *Coo*-roo-aa),* jointly financed by British and Australian money and skippered by British Yachtsman Owen Parker, 31.

Made-in-U.S. Look. Both boats were designed by Britain's David Boyd, whose first twelve was *Sceptre*. But Boyd thinks he has learned about blue-water sailing since then. Gone are *Sceptre's* tubby lines; the new boats have a swift, made-in-U.S. look with sharp, clean bows, narrow hulls and wide sterns. They could be twins except for the keels: *Sovereign's* is V-shaped and knife sharp, while *Kurrewa's* is heavier and rounded.

The two met for the first time three weeks ago off the Isle of Wight, and have been going at it in all weather ever since. So far there is little to choose between them. In eight races, *Sovereign* has won five times, *Kurrewa* three. Old *Sceptre* was there too—as a trial horse, and a mighty worrisome one at that. One day she beat *Sovereign*, and on another day showed her stern to *Kurrewa*, leading the Times of London to grumble: "We have heard a great deal about experimenting with different sails and techniques, but the awful suspicion grows that neither *Sovereign* nor her sister, *Kurrewa*, may be as good as people hoped." But the Royal Thames sailors put it all down to green crews and believe that the new boats will be far superior to *Sceptre* after the shakedown sessions are over. Says Kenneth Poland, vice commodore of the Royal Thames: "We are already talking about where we will defend the Cup after we've won it."

Two Plus Three. That may take some doing. *Weatherly* is resting peacefully in a Connecticut boatyard, and Mosbacher is busy in Manhattan ing his oil investment business had it," he says. "Never again— I might buy a powerboat to we races." But the U.S. is hardly h for Cup defenders. Last week a ing new U.S. twelve went do ways; a second new twelve launched the week before, and veteran boats were fitting out to pete for the honor of defend "auld mug."

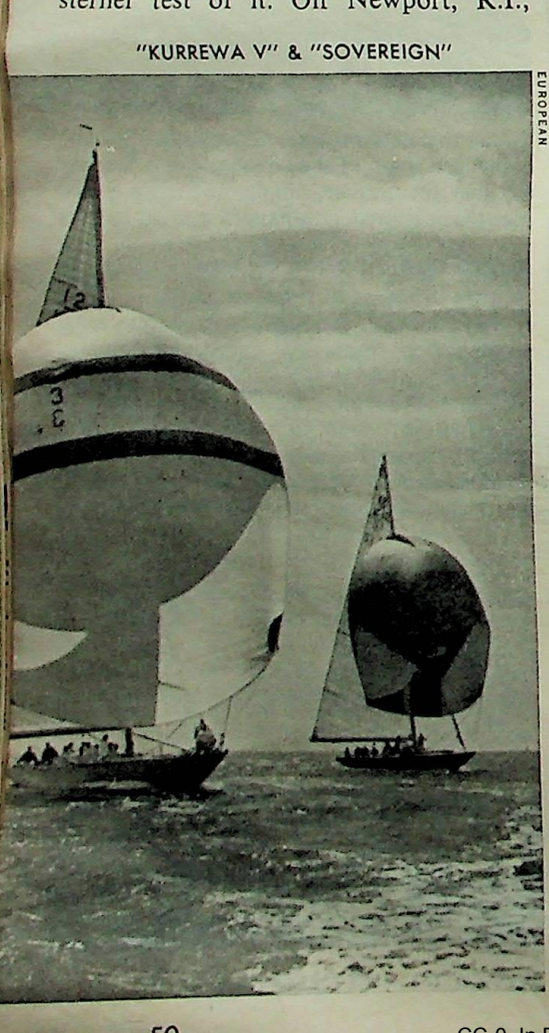
American Eagle, which hit the at Stamford, Conn. last week, is builder A. E. ("Bill") Luders' fir yacht and the most daring twelv designed. Other twelves have crowned decks to add strength hull; *Eagle's* is pancake flat to g crew better footing and to low center of gravity so the boat wil up straighter in strong winds. modern twelves have a reverse-transom—an ugly but useful de save weight—but Luders achie same end by tapering deck and h pointed stern.

To lessen drag, *Eagle's* ne shaped rudder is much smaller th al and is tucked farther forward most twelves. And for a jib, s carry a huge new cross-cut gen is supposed to hold its shape bett old jibs. *Eagle's* 36-man syndi headed by Pierre du Pont an York Yacht Club Commodore H. Pratt and includes the recently d Mrs. Briggs Cunningham who the same silver dollar to place *Eagle's* mast that rode under *Co* when Cunningham captained it 1958 defense. *Eagle's* skipper S. Cox, 51, an international ch in small boats, whose lack of e big-boat experience is offset by full of Cup veterans.

Constellation, the other new comes from Olin Stephens, 56, already designed two of the worl est twelves, *Vim* and *Columbia*.

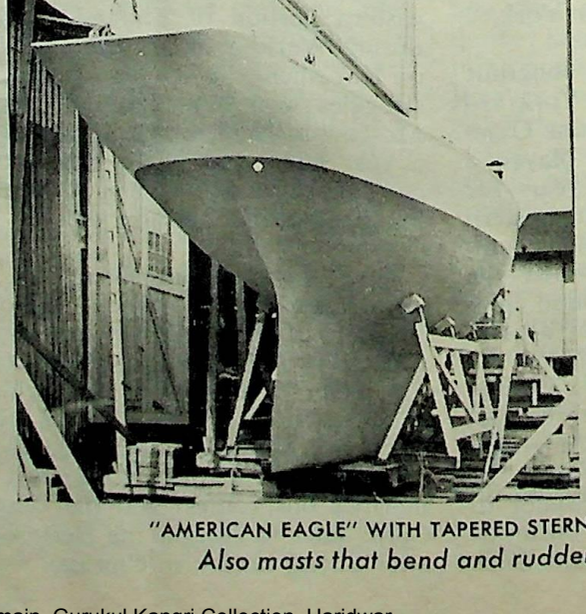
* Maori word for fast swimming fish.

"KURREWA V" & "SOVEREIGN"



EUROPEAN

MORRIS ROSENFELD

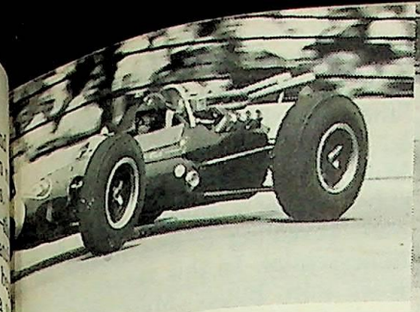


"AMERICAN EAGLE" WITH TAPERED STERN & "CONSTELLATION"

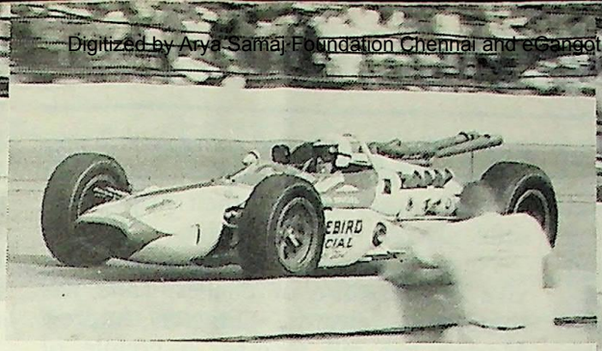
Also masts that bend and rudders like scimitars.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

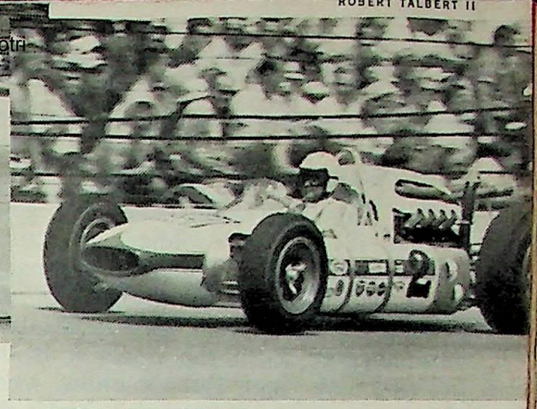
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



CLARK DRIVING A LOTUS-FORD
Back to settle the matter.



MARSHMAN IN A LOTUS-FORD



WARD IN A FORD-POWERED SPECIAL

AUTO RACING

Ford on the Pole

It was the biggest crowd of the year to attend a U.S. sporting event. At Indianapolis' Motor Speedway last week, 250,000 spectators jammed into the stands to watch the world's fastest racing cars blast around the 2½-mile oval. Who won the race? There was no race. The Indianapolis 500 isn't until this week, and these were merely the qualification trials. But they pitted a new breed of rear-engined racers against the reigning kings of the Brickyard, the burly front-engined Offenhausers that have won every 500 for the past 17 years. No auto buff within driving distance wanted to miss any of the fun.

Everyone remembered last year when three tiny, British-built Lotuses powered by rear-mounted Ford engines showed up to challenge the Offies. They looked like go-karts, and their drivers were sports-car types, not Indy men. But then Grand Prix Champion Jimmy Clark, 28, drove one Lotus to second place, the U.S.'s Dan Gurney put another in seventh, and a roaring argument exploded over what might have been if Parnelli Jones's leading Offy had not dumped half its oil in front of the fast-closing Clark 25 laps from the finish. Now the rear-engined boys were back to settle the matter once and for all.

Records All Around. Clark and Gurney were both on hand with new Lotus-Fords—along with seven other drivers with Ford engines behind them. Nor were these the same souped-up versions of the old family Fairlane engine that raced in 1963. For this year, Ford had a brand-new, strictly racing engine with an aluminum block, double overhead camshaft, and a fuel injection system that cranked up close to 420 h.p.

First out of the pits was Clark, his exhaust winding up in a high, thin scream. For four laps, he howled around the track, and clockers stared openmouthed at the time: an average 158.8 m.p.h. per lap, an astonishing 7.7 m.p.h. faster than the track record set by Jones last year. Then came Bobby Marshman, 27, an Indy veteran and an ex-Offy man now driving for Lotus-Ford. In practice, he had roared around the track at an incredible 160.1 m.p.h. He settled for an average 157.8 m.p.h. during the qualification trials. Next was Roger Ward, still another old Offy man who brought out his new Ford-engined car and qualified at 156.4 m.p.h.

By dint of superb driving, those two old front-engine diehards, Jones and A. J. Foyt, pushed their standard Offies into fourth and fifth starting position, but then Gurney, taking it cool, slipped into sixth position in a Lotus-Ford. The qualification runs go on until this week, when the top 33 cars are chosen to compete on Memorial Day. There is always a chance that someone with a hot engine, front or rear, will rack up an even more spectacular time. Offy itself, after a year of experimenting, has a rear-mounted engine, and 14 of the 61 entries at Indianapolis were running with Offies behind. But they seemed far slower than the Fords, and the best a rear-mounted Offy could do by week's end was 153.8 m.p.h. to qualify in 8th position.

Big Question. The trials are not the race, and Offy partisans concede nothing. They point out that the Fords, for all their speed, are new engines, and the 500 is a machinery-destroying grind. But at the start at least, it looks as if the pole, the entire three-car first row, and four out of the first six positions belonged to Ford-in-the-rear. Growled Parnelli Jones: "Those Fords are pushing us Offy boys pretty hard."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▶ California: the Western Intercollegiate Rowing championship on San Diego's Mission Bay, beating Washington by one-half length. Rowing against strong tides over a 2,000-meter course, the undefeated Golden Bear crew pulled away from Washington at 1,000 meters, held its margin with a strong 40 strokes per minute, became early favorites, along with Harvard, for the Olympic trials this July.

▶ Overtrick: the $50,000 International Pace at New York's Yonkers Raceway, in 3 min., 3⅗ sec., only ⅗ sec. off the world pacing record for 1½ miles. The victory squashed rumors that Overtrick had gone lame, added $25,000 to the big bay colt's lifetime earnings, which now amount to $344,902.

▶ Mickey Wright, 29: first-place money ($1,250) in the Muskogee (Okla.) Civitan Open golf tournament with a three-over-par 213, nine strokes better than second-place Marlene Hagge. The victory, fourth in six tournaments this year, brought her 1964 winnings to $7,400, almost twice as much as any other woman golf pro.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The Nature of the Beast

The Thin Red Line. The only good soldier is a crazy soldier. In James Jones's story of the ghastly campaign on Guadalcanal, this thesis was expounded with passion, and in the picture adapted from the novel it is developed with vigor. But somehow, when the stereophonic tumult and the dubbed-in shouting dies, the spectator senses that once again he has been told

KEIR DULLEA & ENEMY IN "LINE"
Uncovering the killer instinct.

the tale of the crusty sergeant and the sensitive dogface who fought each other as hard as they fought the enemy but at last became buddies in battle on the island of Twaddlebanal.

The dogface (Keir Dullea) is scared and the sergeant (Jack Warden) knows it. "You think this whole stinkin' war has just got one purpose—to knock you off," he sneers. First day ashore, the purpose is almost achieved. A Japanese sniper wings the private and then moves in for the kill. But when the private sees the bayonet he goes beast, and when he comes to his senses again the sniper has been reduced to sukiyaki. "That was close, wasn't it?" the sergeant sniggers softly in the private's ear. "And now you feel guilty because you found out you like to kill."

"You're crazy!" the private screams, and no doubt the sergeant really is crazy, but he is also right. The private does like to kill, and every time he kills he likes it more. He likes it as much as the sergeant does, and he hates the sergeant because the sergeant won't let him forget that they are tigers of the same stripe, who go mad when they smell blood. When there is blood to smell, the tigers infest the screen with danger and excitement. When there isn't, and in every third or fourth scene there isn't, they suffer an embarrassing transformation. They begin to purr like patriotic pussycats, and their stripes turn suddenly red, white and blue.

Nevertheless, for observers who survive the crossfire of clichés, *Line* has some real rewards. Director Andrew Marton has put together a couple of masterly melees. And in the character of the private he has described with horrifying clarity the nature of the beast in men and nations that perennially threatens to engender Armageddon.

One Man's Homily

The Ceremony is a long-winded melodrama that can't decide which way to blow. Produced and directed by its star, Laurence Harvey, this film about a killer's escape from prison in Tangiers deplores the death penalty, sadistic bureaucrats, and nine out of ten cops. It adores condemned criminals and close-ups. But whenever the camera can wrench itself away from Harvey's grab-bag morality and his own vulpine profile, the supporting actors prove their worth. As Harvey's brother, Robert Walker gives the kind of performance that starts fan clubs springing up, and Girl Friend Sarah Miles, an *ignis fatuus* personified, fills her slattern's role with a kitten-in-the-rain charm that only the most heartless desperado could resist.

All Thumbs, None Green

The Chalk Garden. Transplanted from stage to screen, Enid Bagnold's witty, pitiless and elliptical high comedy yields only a withered bouquet of hearts and flowers. Made by Producer Ross Hunter, who customarily trafficks in Doris Daysies, the movie is all thumbs, none of them green.

Into an elegant manse atop the white cliffs of England's south coast ventures Deborah Kerr, beautifully coiffed and dressed for a royal weekend, doing her primmest impersonation of a gentlewoman fallen upon difficult days. Indeed, no one would suspect that she is a convicted murderess but recently released from prison. So Dame Edith Evans hires Deborah to tend her garden —where nothing grows—and to keep an eye on Granddaughter Hayley Mills.

"The child is fond of screaming," Dame Edith explains, because "by some extraordinary carelessness she was violated in Hyde Park at the age of twelve." Moreover, the child hates her mother, who has recently remarried, and she keeps threatening to burn down the house. While Deborah gallantly maneuvers to reunite mother and daughter and keep the home fires from spreading, the butler (Hayley's real-life father, John Mills) arranges luncheon for a guest, an elderly judge. Of course the judge's intimates call him "Puppy." Of course he is the very man who once condemned the lovely governess to death.

Patently contrived, the plot gave Author Bagnold a framework on w... to hang some illuminating asides a... "the astonishment of life" and life's ... ed possibilities. But Scriptwriter ... Michael Hayes sticks doggedly to ... substance of a story that was all ... ows, revealing a sure instinct for ... nonessential. In this version, Gover... Kerr and Butler Mills are obvi... made for each other and for a for... fadeout. The younger Mills, abrim ... mental health and ebullient spirits ... thus strikingly miscast, suggests that ... alone knows what it is that makes ... *Garden* grow. Potash? Peat moss? L... No, just gobs and gobs of Po... nalysis, laid on with a silver trowel.

The Way-Out West

Viva Las Vegas has the wholes... mindless spontaneity it takes to c... a successful Elvis Presley movie ... one gambles on hips, not chips. C... girls scamper through such neon ... pots as the Stardust, Flamingo, T... cana and Sahara, and Elvis himse... wrinkleproof an example of m... packaging as anyone has yet prod... sings, dances, swims, water-skis, f... helicopter and finally enters his ... blue racing car in a big, ex... race referred to as the Las V... Grand Pree.

First, though, he meets Ann-Mar... who wriggles by the garage to ... "I'd like you to check my motor." ... her motor turns over, it seldom ... Neither does the movie, mostly be... Ann-Margret—whose scanty war... suggests that she draws her energ... rectly from the sun—gyrates w... stem-to-stern fury that makes Pre... pelvic r.p.m.s seem powered by a ... light battery. Ann-Margret isn't ... ried about his sacrum, she is afraid ... break his neck in the Grand Pre... no. They enter a talent contest a... for first prize—a prepaid honeym... Las Vegas. Since they are already ... the picture ends in a hurry.

ANN-MARGRET & ELVIS IN "VEGA...
Keeping their motors warm...
TIME, MAY 2...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"let's see what ASEA can do"

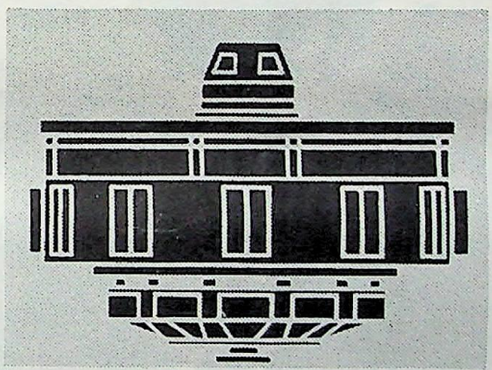
Versatility and inventiveness have come to be regarded as leading features of the specific ASEA approach to electrical problems. All over the world you may hear important discussions being finished up with the decision: "Let's see what ASEA can do!"

ASEA's achievements in power technology – the production, transmission and distribution of electric power – are of world renown. Putting electricity to use presents a sphere of activity of equal scope for the company and, here too, ASEA research and development has been of decisive importance in creating new products and facilities, making technological improvements in industrial drives and automation, electric furnaces, traction and transport.

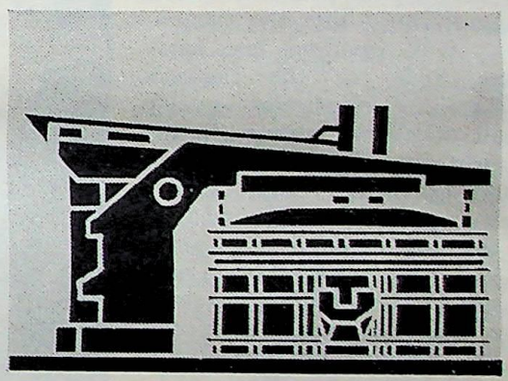
With production facilities in 7 countries and representation in 65 countries, ASEA is a thoroughly international group of companies in every sense of the word. You will find it easy as well as worth-while to contact the ASEA organisation to "see what ASEA can do".

a creative force in the electrical field **ASEA**

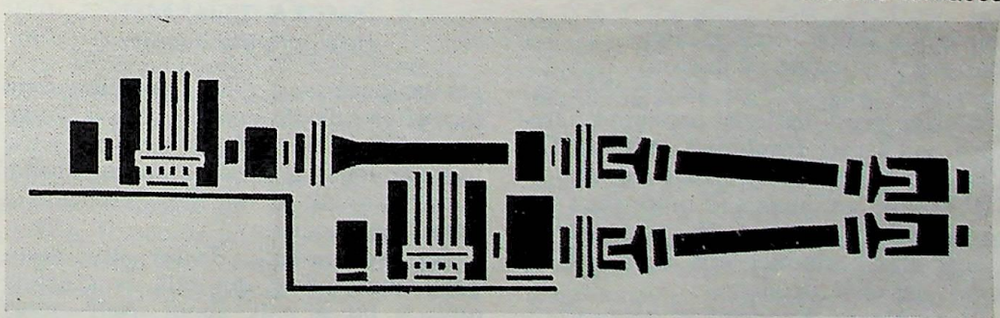
Head Office Västerås, Sweden. Represented in 65 countries.



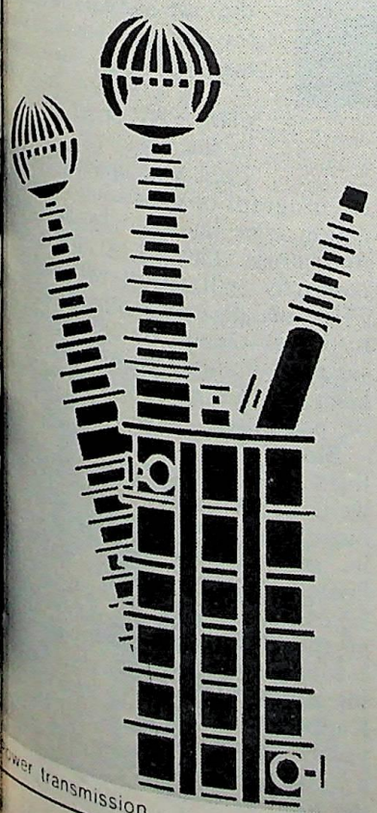
Power production



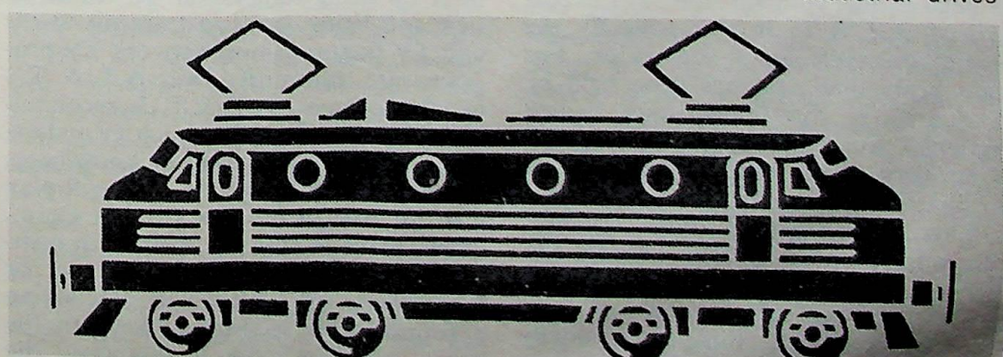
Electric furnaces



Industrial drives



Power transmission



Traction and transport

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CORPORATIONS

The Bell Is Ringing

(See Cover)

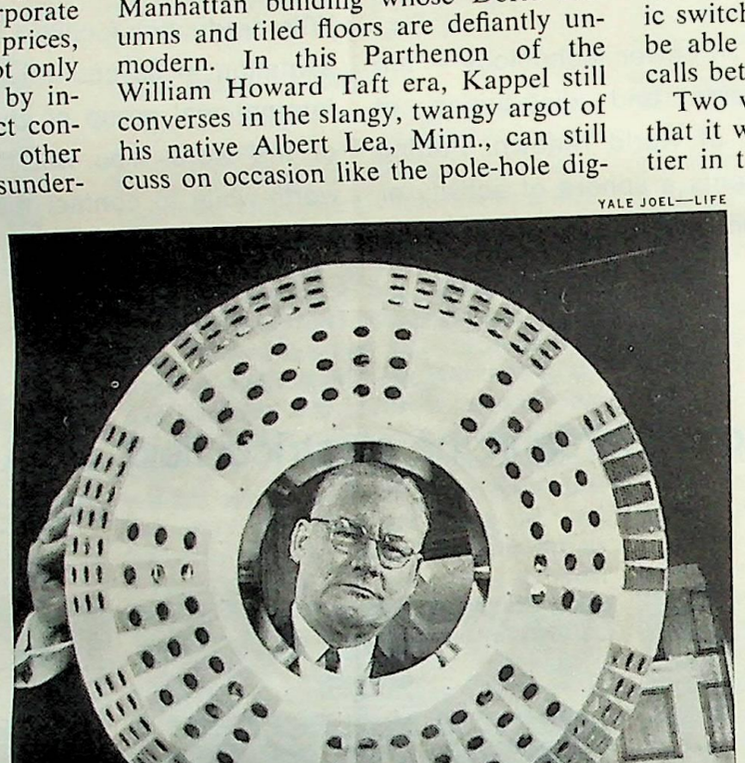
The world's biggest company is a bundle of paradoxes wrapped in a string of superlatives. It makes a product that cannot be bought and lives on a commodity that cannot be seen. In a nation that idealizes competition, it has practically none. Unlike other corporate giants, it cannot set its own prices, which are carefully regulated not only by the Federal Government but by individual states. It has more direct contact with Americans than any other company, yet it often feels misunderstood. Few companies are more conservative; none are more creative. It has grown huge by paying attention to little things—little efficiencies, little economies, little people. It is that ubiquitous firm whose business is talk and whose product is the telephone: the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

At A.T. & T., superlatives recur with the persistence of a busy signal. An outsize and aggressive utility, the company owns, operates and services 83% of the nation's 84 million telephones—nearly half of all the phones in the world. Its assets of $28 billion top those of General Motors, General Electric and U.S. Steel put together, and since 1945 it has raised enough new capital ($26 billion) to buy up the gold reserves of the U.S., Britain and several European countries. With 733,000 workers, the company employs a labor force greater than the population of Boston; its annual wage bill of $4.7 billion exceeds the gross national product of Ireland and Israel combined. A.T. & T.'s 1963 revenues, which reached almost $10 billion, amounted to more than the combined incomes of 30 state governments and accounted for 1.7% of the gross national product.

Long Noses. By virtue of his position as head of this colossus, the chief executive of A.T. & T. is automatically the biggest businessman in the nation. For eight years that post has been held by a square-cut, thin-lipped man named Frederick Russell Kappel, who happens to be very much like the corporation he heads—a creature of power and paradox. Chairman Kappel (rhymes with apple) mixes freely among the mighty in science, politics and business. The 65 corporate chiefs who make up the prestigious U.S. Business Council, a group that advises the Government, have elected him their chairman. Lyndon Johnson often calls Kappel to discuss the state of U.S. business, is also one of A.T. & T.'s best customers.

But for all the importance and respect his position brings, Fred Kappel, at 62, remains essentially a small-town boy who retains the earthy and often unsophisticated ways of the heartland. He runs the most modern of corporations from an old-fashioned office in a lower-Manhattan building whose Doric columns and tiled floors are defiantly unmodern. In this Parthenon of the William Howard Taft era, Kappel still converses in the slangy, twangy argot of his native Albert Lea, Minn., can still cuss on occasion like the pole-hole digger he once was. One significant term that often salts his conversation is "long-nosed." Says Kappel: "It's a term I use to mean looking ahead, planning ahead. I like to think of the Bell System as a long-nosed company."

YALE JOEL—LIFE



KAPPEL & TELSTAR PART
He's got your number.

See-As-You-Talk. Today, the company that thrives on talk is creating quite a bit of talk about itself—most of it by being long-nosed. In search of new and better ways to transmit words and TV pictures (most network TV programs are transmitted over A.T. & T.'s telephone lines), A.T. & T. is reconnoitering the frontiers of technology and expanding man's inventory of knowledge. It built Telstar in its labs, and will play a major role in the new Comsat Corp., which plans to ring the earth with communications satellites within two or three years. This fall it will start laying a fourth cable to Europe beneath the ocean, and last week it completed the first telephone cable to Japan. In typically prudent fashion, the tele... company is preparing for just abo... eventuality: late this year it w... ish a $200 million underground ... across the U.S. that will be able to ... important calls even if all ... ground wires are destroyed in a n... attack. It is also developing a wi... ray of new equipment, including ... button phones, which have just ... into use in 35 cities, and a new ele... ic switching system so swift that ... be able to handle 1,000,000 tele... calls between two ticks of the cloc...

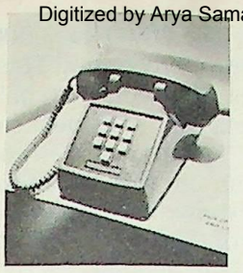
Two weeks ago A.T. & T. anno... that it will soon cross yet another ... tier in technology: it will put into ... lic operation the world's ... see-as-you-talk Picture... service. Already on v... A.T. & T.'s pancake-s... pavilion at the World's ... the Picturephone will ... service next month in ... booths in New York, C... and Washington, offer ... between those cities to ... who are willing to pa... that will range from $... $27 for three minutes. W... as the regular phone use... one circuit, Picturephon... current stage needs the ... alent of 125 of them—... 125 hair-fine lines on ... TV screen. With con... that this problem w... solved, A.T. & T. sees a ... and profitable future ... latest device.

Even more exciting ... the see-as-you-talk ph... the nation's businessm... economists is the imp... A.T. & T.'s spend-as-yo... plans. As proof of its ... in the economy, A.T. & ... 1964 will undertake th... est program of expansion and m... zation ever launched by any co... in history. The $3.35 billion th... company will spend will accou... 7½% of all capital spending b... business, create 180,000 new ... supplier companies and do m... keep the U.S. economy's greatest ... of peacetime expansion going ...

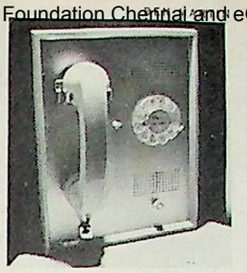
Blank Checks. To get more ... third of the money it needs, A.T. ... went to its usual source of cash ... most democratized group of cap... its own stockholders. The co... floated history's largest stock ... 12,241,294 shares, and gave first ... at the issue to its shareholders ... 1-for-20 basis. Openly trying to ... the stock even more attractive ... Kappel announced an increase ... yearly dividend from $3.60 to $... a 2-for-1 split that next month w... the total to 512,000,000 shares. ... holders gobbled up almost the ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

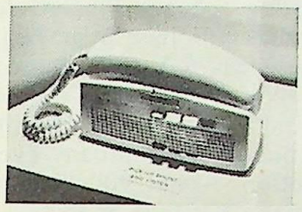
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



TOUCH-TONE

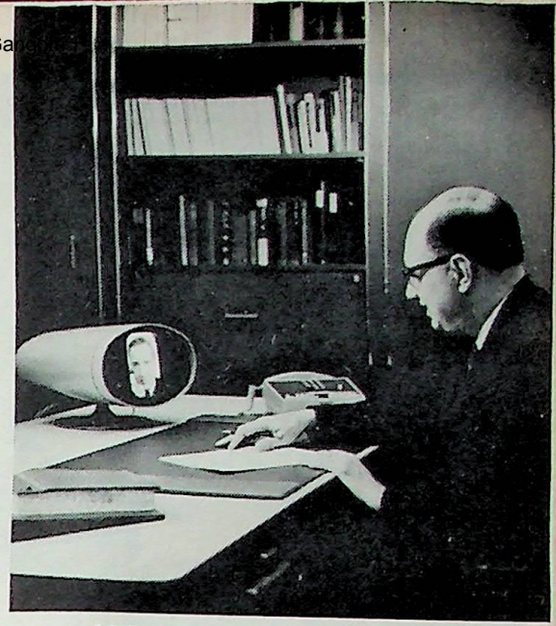


PANEL PHONE



PATIENT'S PHONE

TRIMLINE



SCIENTIST WITH PICTUREPHONE
They never cease inventing.

A.T. & T. embraces in the Bell System. He also takes time out from each busy day to study stacks of mail from customers and stockholders on the theory that "it's a good way to get a feel for what people are thinking," has ordered that every letter must be answered within seven days.

Kappel is convinced that life's biggest kicks and greatest challenges come from working in the large corporation. "This 'Organization Man' thing makes me disgusted," says he. "When someone talks that to me I say he doesn't know what he's talking about. Somebody who is really running a railroad must do his job and not be afraid about making mistakes. I've made all kinds of mistakes. Somebody who never makes a mistake is sitting on his fanny not doing anything. But a man ought to be right more than half the time."

Percentage Player. Kappel has seen to it that he has been right more often than that. A barber's son who worked his way to an electrical-engineering degree at the University of Minnesota ('24), he joined A.T. & T. 40 years ago at $25-a-week. He was soon promoted from pole-hole digger to such jobs as "interference engineer" and "foreign wire relations engineer" and spotted by his superiors as a cool, unflappable fellow not given to snap decisions. Every night he took home a briefcase heavy with homework, and even when he went to the ballpark he took along other A.T. & T. people to talk operations and engineering. He steadily moved up 14 levels on the corporate escalator to a vice-presidency of A.T. & T's Northwestern Bell. He was called to New York headquarters, became president in 1954 of A.T. & T.'s manufacturing arm, Western Electric, and took over as president and chief executive of A.T. & T. in 1956. Says Kappel, who became board chairman in 1961: "I've never had anything I didn't get for myself."

Chairman Kappel now earns $271,667 a year and lives in a four-bedroom, six-telephone house in Bronxville, a New York suburb. He allows few expensive tastes to enter his well-modulated life. His wife does the cooking, except for parties. Kappel doesn't smoke, rarely drinks, and faithfully attends Bronxville's Dutch Reformed Church, whose 3,000 members make it the largest church of that denomination in the U.S. He does not openly participate in party politics ("I don't believe that I should"), but he likes to read books of a political nature. Among his recent favorites: J. Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit* and Victor Lasky's *J.F.K.: the Man & the Myth*. Regularly, every two weeks, he plays with a bridge club, also enjoys an occasional shrewd game of poker. "He is a percentage player, not a chance taker," says a man who has often watched his game.

Much Like the Army. Kappel is the prototype of the A.T. & T. executive, that particular type of U.S. manager whose training and abilities make the telephone company about the best-managed firm anywhere. One former A.T. & T. vice president wrote that the company's management system "is much the same as the Army's." A.T. & T. is a pure meritocracy, run by men who started at the bottom and worked up, step by step, winning the nod of many bosses along the way. The executives at A.T. & T. combine in themselves dedication, sense of service, awareness of public responsibility, invocation of old-fashioned virtues, puritan earnestness, Rotary Club friendliness, and a touch of self-righteousness. They consider themselves a breed apart —and they are. They value continuity and gradualism in management more than most, and, though at ease in handling vast sums, run their company with a peasant's fear of debt and the thrifty conviction that every piece of installed equipment ought to be good for 40 years. Most of all, they view their job—helping the people to speak —as an almost priestly calling.

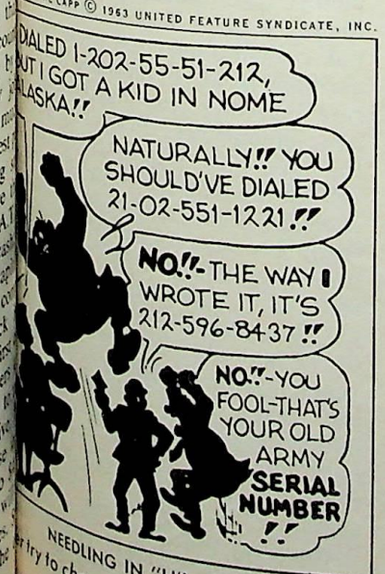
To make sure of a continued supply of such men—they are not born, but made—A.T. & T. has developed one of U.S. business's most advanced programs of management training and evaluation. Every year it deploys 300

...ssue, and thousands sent the company ...lank checks in an unprecedented show ...of confidence, asking A.T. & T. to fill in ...the cost of whatever they could buy.

More shareholders have placed their ...avings and hopes in A.T. & T. than in ...ny other corporation. It is a haven for ...,250,000 investors, many of whom are ...nnutored in the nuances of high finance ...but feel certain that the nation's largest ...mpany will prosper so long as the ...ation itself does. A.T. & T. has so many ...ockholders that 20,500 of them are ...amed Smith, and 100 die every day. ...hree-quarters of them own fewer than ...0 shares, and the biggest holder, Wall ...reet's Merrill Lynch, keeps most of ...3,600,000 shares for small-customer ...ccounts.* No wonder that Wall Street ...lls A.T. & T. "the widows' and or...ans' stock," and shareholders affec...nately refer to it as "Ma Bell."

"I've Made Mistakes." Not everyone ...ares this fondness for the telephone ...mpany, but almost everyone has an ...inion about it. To U.S. military chiefs ...a first-class defense contractor, and ...ntists consider its Bell Labs to be ...finest industrial-research establish...nt anywhere. A.T. & T. has become ...much a part of the American scene ...it is at once a source of envy ...admiration and a butt of jokes. ...Cartoonist Al Capp, whose *Li'l ...ner* delights in needling Mother Bell: ...this country, if we don't like our ...es, or even our Government, we ...change them. But have you ever ...d to change your phone company?" ...Fred Kappel does not take kindly to ...impertinent questions. He likes ...think of A.T. & T. as a warm and ...thful creature, and of anyone who ...s not like its predominance as some...g of an ingrate. He lists his own ...e-phone number in the directory ...and so do the presidents of the 23 ...nal operating companies that

...rgest individual owner: Showman Billy ..., whose 80,000 shares, worth $11.2 mil...at the current price of $140 each, have ...ght him $288,000 in dividends during the ...ear.



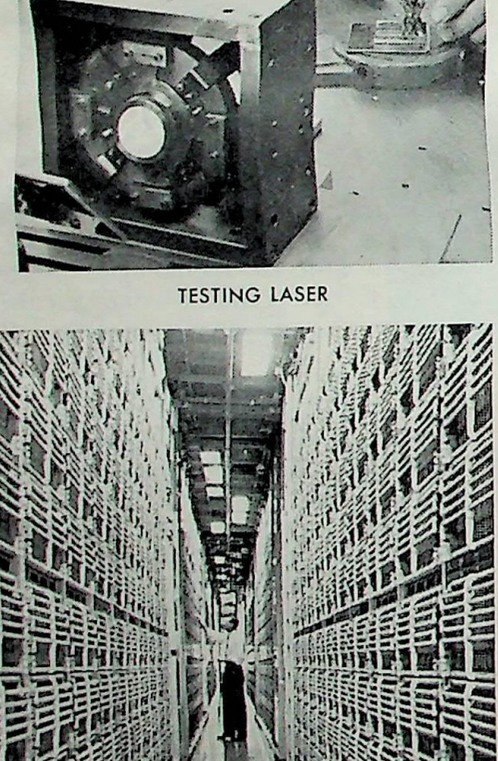
NEEDLING IN "LI'L ABNER"
...try to change your phone company?

...MAY 29, 1964

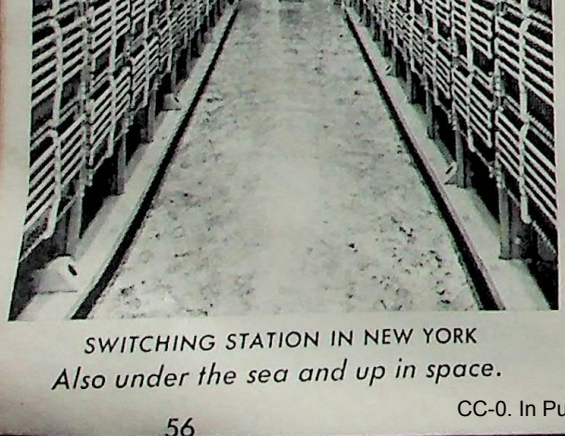
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EXPERIMENTING WITH NUCLEAR FRAGMENTS



TESTING LASER



SWITCHING STATION IN NEW YORK

Also under the sea and up in space.

recruiters to search out 2,500 to 3,000 trainees on the nation's campuses. They pick their men only from the top half of the graduating classes, and look for those who have spent more time in the libraries than in the stadiums: A.T. & T.'s studies show that marks are the best indicator of how a candidate works out later, extracurricular activities the least reliable. The head-hunters offer good starting salaries ($6,300 to $7,200) and a stock-purchase plan. Half of all employees own A.T. & T. shares, most of them bought at 85% of the market price and sometimes in installments; but no one in the company ever gets a stock option. About 900 men in Bell's system make $25,000 or more.

The new recruit soon learns that A.T. & T. insists on making one man —any man—ultimately responsible for every single project, however big or small, and that he stands to take the blame if that project sours. As soon as he joins the organization, each candidate is tossed into the decision-making maelstrom, perhaps as chief of a small-town office or traffic department, where his performance can be easily measured. About 20% of all trainees wash out in the first year, but even those who do not make A.T. & T.'s stiff grades are scooped up by other companies eager to hire men with some Bell seasoning.

Internal Competition. To save itself from becoming fat and lazy like most monopolies, A.T. & T. purposely sets up internal competition. It pits man against man, office against office, district against district—and carefully rates each performance on report cards that are analyzed by efficiency experts. "We have people breathing down everybody's neck," says one high personnel man at A.T. & T. The company even rates its accounting departments according to how many pieces of paper each one processes; woe to the junior executive who finds himself saddled with slothful clerks. Every month the company publishes its "Green Book," a 32-page pamphlet that critically compares the performance of Bell's operating companies, one against the other, in 41 categories that range from the percentage of calls affected by static (yearly average: 2%) to the rate of resignations (yearly average: 2.4% for men, 17.6% for women).

Many other companies try to copy A.T. & T.'s training and rating program, but they cannot copy the advantage that bigness gives to Bell. A.T. & T. has so many operating companies, divisions and branch offices that it has plenty of demanding and responsible jobs in which to develop and store up executive talent. Men with the stamp of success on them are groomed for high management positions as much as 30 years in advance. Some of the young executives are interviewed every year by one or more of A.T. & T.'s 20 staff psychologists, who plumb their changing moods, opinions and goals.

The men who travel farthest in this obstacle course are tough, well and able. At the very top, A.T. run by a 23-man group that is Kappel and President Eugene Neely, 63, a stern taskmaster pervises operations and person has followed Kappel into three tive positions since 1949. This is known to company insiders Cabinet." It is made up of an ly close-knit and like-minded men (median age: 57) with similar backgrounds. They feel comfortable with their own kind to the extent of lunching together day in the 22nd-floor executive room. Three-quarters of them from small towns, only a handful to Ivy League universities, and them have engineering training age when more and more are bossed by accountants, sales lawyers, A.T. & T. remains one few giants dominated by engi with all that implies of diligence dence and respect for proven

Conformity or Chaos. Sharp a.m. every Monday, the Cabinet bers sit down in red leather armc the 26th-floor board room for hour meeting. One by one, each briefs the others on development division—new products, spending struggles for higher rates. But the inet seldom wastes time on de minor decisions. All down the A.T. & T.'s middle executives solve all problems long before reach the vice-presidential level only the knottiest ones to the If there is then a dispute, Kap the last word. "I may get into ment," he says. "There's nothing than somebody who agrees with thing. We all agree in advance agree with anything unless we believe in it." But he also argues "there must be some conformity against conformity is to be a der and for chaos."

Though such a sprawling co beyond the power of any one change it substantially, Kappel his mark on A.T. & T. Perhaps nal contribution has been to earnings nicely by pushing through rate increases and introducing new efficiencies. Long-distance tors are now taught by progr instruction textbooks, which cheaper than human teachers reading courses have cut the time that information operators to look up a number from 37.6 to 33.3 seconds, at an annual of $8,000,000. During Kappel years, earnings have jumped last year's $1.5 billion—after and state taxes of $2 billion. habitually pays out 62% of its dividends and invests the rest spending.

Keeping the Reins On. Fre contends that A.T. & T. needs er profits to grow on, but he opposition in Washington.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

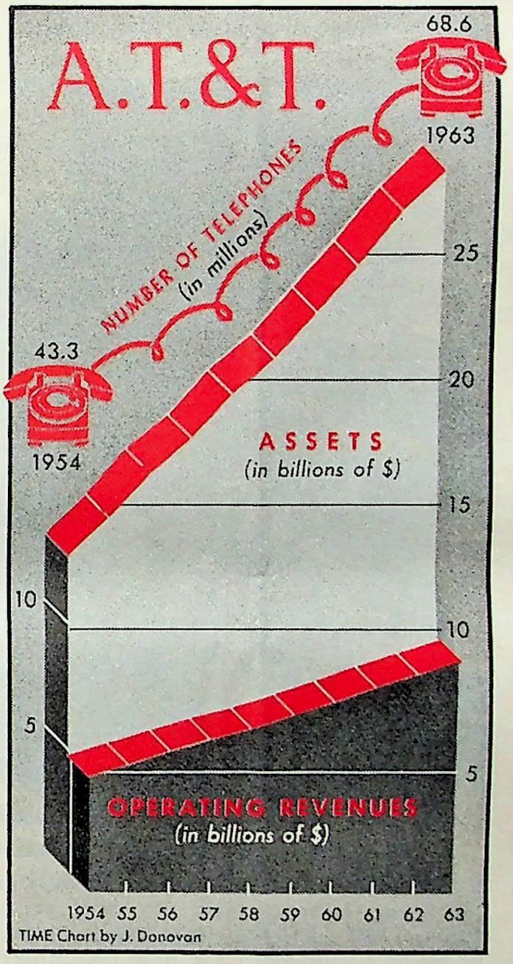
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ernment officials insist that his compa-
ny is already too profitable and too
powerful. In terms of return on net cost
of plant, the usual gauge of profitabil-
ity in utilities, A.T. & T. earns some-
what more than the average: 7.2%. The
General Services Administration, repre-
senting the Government as a user in reg-
ulatory hearings, has recommended that
Bell's return should be limited to 6.6%,
and the staff of the Federal Commu-
nications Commission, which regulates
the Bell System and its interstate rates,
has suggested 6.5%. So far, the FCC's
seven commissioners have refused to go
along with this recommendation.

A.T. & T. aims at getting an 8% re-
turn whenever it can. It has to negoti-
ate constantly not only with the FCC
but with local commissions in the 48
states in which it operates (all except
Alaska and Hawaii). In 47 of them,
A.T. & T. hammers out local phone
rates with state commissions, but in
Texas it has to dicker with no fewer
than 1,500 town councils. Rates vary
widely, depending upon how much
money A.T. & T. has invested in an
area, how many numbers residents can
call without paying a toll and what the
local commission will allow. When
commissions agree to give A.T. & T. in-
creases, they sometimes find it politic
to hold local rates steady but to raise
the charges for phone installation and
for such extras as color phones. De-
spite some increases, rates have not ris-
en as much as the overall cost of liv-
ing. While the U.S. consumer price in-
dex has gone up 59% since 1946, local
telephone rates have increased 48%;
interstate rates have actually dropped
20% since 1940, thanks to a combina-
tion of new efficiencies, higher volume
of calling and pressures from the FCC.

Breaks for the Little. Last year the
FCC forced the company to reduce
some of its long-distance rates, so that
anyone can now call anywhere in the
continental U.S. after 9 p.m. for no
more than $1 for the first three min-
utes. Two months ago, the FCC hit
from the other side: it ordered A.T. & T.
to raise rates on its "cheaper-by-the-
dozen" Telpak service, which transmits
printed as well as spoken messages over
big bundles of circuits. The commission
felt that A.T. & T. had originally priced
this fast-growing service abnormally
low in order to attract big users. At the
same time, the FCC denied A.T. & T.'s
request for permission to send printed
as well as spoken messages through its
own transatlantic cables, but granted
the right to international competitors
to lease channels within the cables.
In an open admission of favoritism for
such companies as RCA, Western
Union International and International
Telephone & Telegraph, one FCC of-
ficial said: "They're the little boys, so
they deserve the breaks."

But the big boy has always man-
aged to win the most important battle;
A.T. & T. defeated the Justice Depart-
ment's persistent attempts during the
Truman and Eisenhower Administra-
tions to divorce it from Western Elec-
tric, and not much is heard about that
any more. A virtual monopoly almost
since it was founded in 1877, the Bell
System has preserved its special status
by arguing that it is much more efficient
and economical than a lot of little, lo-
cal phone companies would be. It has
agreed not to invade the territory of the
2,645 independent companies that con-
trol the remaining 17% of the phone
business. Largest of the independents by
far is General Telephone & Electronics
Corp., which has 5,000,000 phones as
well as extensive manufacturing and re-
search facilities. By buying up smaller
companies and shrewdly moving into
rural areas and fast-growing suburbs



that A.T. & T. does not reach, General
Telephone has lifted its sales 1,450%
in the past dozen years—to last year's
$1.4 billion. A.T. & T. has barely ex-
panded its area of coverage in 42 years,
and in 1956 the Justice Department or-
dered it to open its thousands of patents
to all comers.

Lovable Green Giant. Always sensi-
tive about its bigness, and reluctant to
be viewed as the great profitmaker that
it is, A.T. & T. has devised one of the
most effective lobbying and public rela-
tions systems in industry. It keeps many
discreet and well-connected lobbyists in
Washington and in the state capitals.
The phone company's public relations
campaign paints it as a lovable green
giant of communications. In fact, it is so
anxious to be loved that it polls 80,000
stockholders each year to find out what
they think about the company, even
financed a study to determine whether
public telephones are dangerous germ
carriers. A.T. & T.'s answer: No.

Employees take company courses in
politeness and courtesy, are constantly
reminded that they and their customers
have no fewer than 10 billion conversa-
tions a year. A.T. & T. executives are
encouraged to lead civic-uplift drives,
and to join many public service groups.
Once they have joined, they frequent-
ly volunteer to make speeches about
A.T. & T. or show company films,
preaching such slogans as "The Voice
with a Smile Is Still Behind Your Dial"
and "Whatever the Future Brings, It's
Still People Talking."

Fred Kappel himself gives about a
dozen public speeches a year, and in one
of them, delivered four years ago at
Columbia University, he said that "low
tolerance for criticism" is a sign of loss
of business vitality. A.T. & T. certainly
has plenty of business vitality—and
plenty of sensitivity to criticism. Kap-
pel calls A.T. & T.'s Washington critics
"breaker-uppers" and "glorified publici-
ty seekers." Fortnight ago, at the Busi-
ness Council's meeting in Hot Springs,
Va., he deplored increasing regulation
of business by Government, and he be-
lieves that A.T. & T. could have moved
much faster toward creating a large net-
work of Telstars if the Government had
only given it permission to go ahead. As
it is, the ownership of Comsat Corp.—
whose shares were approved for listing
two weeks ago by the New York Stock
Exchange—will be divided among the
public and the nation's communications
companies. The size of A.T. & T.'s stake
has not yet been determined, but it will
be substantial.

Hotter Meetings. When it comes to
the customers, Kappel is often more
puzzled than angered by complaints. He
admits that A.T. & T. made a tactical
error in pushing all-numeral dialing
without a public educational campaign.
By abandoning the familiar exchange
prefixes (KLondike, PEnnypacker, GYp-
sy) and forcing users to dial seven num-
bers, A.T. & T. raised the possible total
of phone numbers in any area by 50%.
But it also raised an uproar, was soon
accused on all sides of an Orwellian
scheme to dehumanize everyday life—
even though it would really have had to
dehumanize life by ultimately limiting
service if it did not have the new sys-
tem. "We've got to do it if the country
is going to grow," says Kappel. "But I
don't believe we did very well when we
started explaining it. We took the atti-
tude it's something we've got to do, and
why the hell bother to explain." The
fuss has since died down, and the advent
of direct distance dialing will, within
the next decade, enable telephone users
to call any major country in the world
by dialing twelve digits.

Other telephone customers complain
that A.T. & T., which owns all its equip-
ment and only rents it to subscribers,
will not permit them to hook up an-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

tique phones, and that it charges them 50¢ a month extra for an unlisted number in New York City and Philadelphia; Cinemactor Tony Randall, who can well afford it, has dodged the charge by listing his number under a phony name, Irvine W. Tishman. As in many another company, A.T. & T.'s officers also are getting more and more harassment at annual meetings. Kappel has special controls behind the rostrum at which he stands to cut off any speaker who becomes too windy or unruly. But he delivered his most effective cut without benefit of switch at the April 15 annual meeting, where a professional meeting-goer asked a seemingly endless round of questions, including one seeking to know how much A.T. & T. gave to charity. Told that the amount was $10 million last year, the woman said: "Mr. Chairman, I think I'm going to faint." Replied Kappel coolly: "That would be helpful."

Hooray! For all the complaints, big and small, A.T. & T. has given the U.S. the world's least frustrating telephone service with the world's most trouble-free gadget. Kappel points out that the average U.S. phone needs a repair only once every five years; except in times of flood or other natural disasters, no A.T. & T. switching office in the past 40 years has been out of order for as long as ten minutes. No place is too inaccessible, no service request too small for A.T. & T.'s telephone men. They have put up phone booths in the middle of forests for the convenience of hunters, offer phones with gentle chimes for those who cannot stand the regular bells. Even former FCC Chairman Newton Minow, a voluble critic of many other institutions, told a Senate committee last year: "Having just returned from Europe, I would say hooray for the phone service you get here."

That service is growing even faster than the U.S. Every working day, A.T. & T. installs 11,500 new phones and handles 251 million calls. The number of Bell telephone calls within the U.S. is expanding by 15% a year, and A.T. & T. is straining to prevent a massive clogging of overloaded circuits by steadily expanding and improving its equipment. Actually, the Bell System is one great computer, linked by 2½ billion interconnections and by enough copper wire to spin a four-ply cable to the sun. The computer's innards are an orderly assemblage of $24 billion worth of the most sophisticated equipment ever devised, and its long limbs sprawl over 3,000,000 square miles of city, plain, mountain, valley and river. It is in constant change, works around the clock, seldom errs—and often corrects itself when it does.

Kappel and his long-nosed engineers never cease devising comely new gadgets to hook onto this computer to bring more profit to A.T. & T. and to add luster and convenience to what they call "p.o.t."—plain old telephone service. They have successfully sold the idea of color for telephones: 21 million colored phones are now in use in U.S. homes. For a monthly charge of $25 to $35 apiece, they have installed 17,000 telephones in cars and trucks, including several in Lyndon Johnson's autos. Though 37% of the nation's telephones are already extension phones, A.T. & T. executives figure that less than a quarter of U.S. homes are "fully telephoned"—having all the telephones they could use.

An even greater field for expansion lies in the area of business phones, which already account for fully half of A.T. & T.'s revenues. The company's new pushbutton Touch-Tone, which reduces the average "dialing" time from nine to four seconds, will make every business phone a candidate for replacement. Cost: $5 for installation, plus $1.50 to $1.90 extra a month. Another innovation that A.T. & T. recently introduced is the Card Dialer, which enables a user to reach frequently dialed numbers by slipping a punched-hole plastic card into the base of the phone. It cuts dialing time to two seconds, costs $15 to install, plus $3.50 a month extra, with 40 free cards. This year A.T. & T. will bring out the Trimline phone, whose dial is embedded in the receiver; aside from being good-looking, it also will be a boon for the nearsighted and the bedridden.

YALE JOEL—LIFE

McNEELEY & KAPPEL WITH CARD DIALER
For those in Bell, an almost priestly calling.

The Hell with Economics. These new products—and the ideas behind them—spring from the fertile soil of two A.T. & T.-owned giants in their own right: Western Electric and Bell Labs. Western has 149,000 employees, turns out more than 50,000 kinds of communications gear, and buys parts and materials from small businesses in some 3,000 U.S. towns. U.S. busters complain that Western equipment to A.T. & T. at half price it charges competitors, out that it earns only 5% on its Kappel argues that if A.T. & T. did have Western, its own costs jump by hundreds of millions a and rates thus would have to go Says he: "Our first command to ern Electric is the hell with econ—produce something that will the phone business."

Ideas are the chief products at brated Bell Labs, where 4,575 entists are engaged in what K calls "the exploration of dreams." dreams range from figuring out to stop squirrels from chewing up phone wires to devising a typew that could work by oral dicta Endowed with virtually limited resources and dom, Bell Lab scientists made such major through discoveries as astronomy, magnetic-tap corders, hi-fi, and the important invention World War II, the tran

Thanks to the tran Bell next year will beg slowly convert to a fully tronic switching system will enable the phone to reach frequently numbers by dialing onl digits, to call third p onto the line, and to s incoming calls to other bers if he leaves his or office. What nex their yellow brick hea ters, which sprawls Pentagon of science o wooded hills of Murra N.J., Bell's crew-cut ematicians, physicists chemists—many of the yet 30—are working pocket phones, wrist phones, and laser beams someday will replace wires and waves as carriers of the spoken

A Basic Difference. Looking his own tomorrow, Fred K knows that A.T. & T.'s inflexible by-65 rule will compel him to down within three years. He knows that though personnel and ucts will change, A.T. & T.'s philo has been too successful for any tamper with it. "The first thing Kappel, "is to make sure that we ever settle for second best." company that sells service in an omy whose biggest growth service, A.T. & T. can hardly hel pering and expanding rapidly. a basic difference between us manufacturing concern," says K "They have a judgment whether want to expand or not. We ha choice. We are obliged to serve adequately, and so we are alw ing to be growing."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MONEY

Conflicting Goals

The economies of the Western nations have been steadily drawn together since the end of World War II by such devices as the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, the Common Market and countless little meetings among world bankers. Last week, as 700 bankers from 14 nations assembled in Vienna's baroque Palais Schwarzenberg for the annual international conference of the American Bankers Association, some major signs of discord and conflict came to the surface. Said one top U.S. economic policymaker: "There's a tendency to see the divisive factors in the Atlantic alliance as strictly political. Actually, some of the worst problems are economic."

Imbalance & Interest. The alliance faces two basic economic problems: Europe is wrestling with persistent inflation, and the U.S. is fighting a pernicious international payments imbalance and gold outflow. These two problems captured the attention of the meeting, which included almost everybody who is anybody among the world's money managers—from IMF Managing Director Pierre-Paul Schweitzer and Deutsche Bank Chief Hermann Abs to Morgan Guaranty Chairman Henry C. Alexander and the U.S.'s Gardner Ackley, a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The more they talked, the more obvious became their conflicting goals. Nearly every important measure that Europeans take to check inflation tends to aggravate the U.S. balance-of-payments problem. Higher interest rates, which have the effect of curbing demand, are the main weapon that Europeans are using against inflation. Already this year, the central banks of Britain, West Germany and Switzerland have increased rates; last week delegates in Vienna predicted further boosts before long by Britain, Italy and The Netherlands. Europe's high and rising rates tempt many big bank depositors—including some oil-rich Middle Eastern sheiks and Latin American strongmen—to shift their funds from the U.S. to Europe. Though U.S. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon reported that "U.S. international payments so far this year have been in approximate balance," he expects the U.S. to do less well as the year goes on, particularly if the European interest rates keep going up.

F. MAIER

ACKLEY AT VIENNA MEETING
Gains and pain from inflation.

Oddly enough, the U.S. also will do less well if the Europeans succeed in tamping their inflation. Europe's rising prices have made U.S. goods more competitive in many world markets and helped to lift U.S. exports to a record $22 billion last year. Says Economist Ackley: "There's no question but that Europe's inflation has helped the American economy."

Clash & Cameras. The fact that the U.S. and Europe are at odds seriously threatens their greatest current attempt to create still more economic interdependence: the so-called Kennedy Round tariff talks that aim to cut almost all duties in half. The Europeans at Vienna tried to disarm the U.S. delegates of their fears that General De Gaulle may scuttle those negotiations, but the chief U.S. tariff negotiator, Christian Herter, was uncharacteristically pessimistic. It became clear at Vienna that unless the U.S. and Europe can resolve their immediate conflicts, the march toward Western economic unity may be set back in a way that would affect the pocketbooks of everyone who buys anything from Japanese cameras to German Volkswagens.

BRITAIN

Dunlop Rides High

Few corporations have a closer or more constant contact with the ordinary Englishman than the 75-year-old Dunlop Rubber Co. Dunlop makes the hot-water bottle he tucks into bed with him, the galoshes he depends on in England's soggy climate, the hose he waters his roses with, and the cricket bat he wields. Most of all, Dunlop makes his tires: half of all British vehicles roll on Dunlops. With car sales strong, business is bullish. This week the company will report that profits jumped 14% last year to $77.5 million on sales of $792 million.

From Uganda to Indianapolis. The world's biggest rubber-goods manufacturer outside the U.S., London-based Dunlop has 51 plants in Britain and 60 more in 15 countries, including one in Buffalo, N.Y. Though its sales rank behind those of the U.S.'s big four (Goodyear, Firestone, U.S. Rubber, Goodrich), Dunlop boasts that it is the most technologically advanced and versatile

ALAN CLIFTON

GEDDES & RACING TIRE
Profit from 1,800 varieties.

of the lot. American tires are meant for high-speed driving on well-paved streets, but Dunlop develops different tires for different kinds of roads. Its Hi-Mu broad-tread tires are specially designed to grip wet British roads, and its engineers at Birmingham's sprawling Fort Dunlop plant—known to employees as "The Vatican of Rubber"—have fashioned tires for smooth German autobahns, cobblestoned French lanes and rock-strewn African trails.

To test the tires and to reinforce its image, Dunlop eagerly participates in auto racing. Every world championship Grand Prix winner since 1959 has worn Dunlops; the Indianapolis Lotus of Current Champion Jim Clark (*see* SPORT) is similarly equipped.

Up from Tricycles. Dunlop rolled into the rubber business aboard a tricycle. Scottish Veterinarian John Boyd Dunlop fashioned a set of pneumatic tires for his small son; they rode so well that he went into business making racing cycle tires. The company still manufactures 4-oz. bike tires for racers. But it makes 1,800 other varieties as well.

Tires represent 60% of Dunlop's business. The rest includes such diverse items as disk brakes, moving sidewalks, even high-fashion boots. With Britons enjoying more leisure time than ever, Managing Director Reay Geddes, 52, is working to see that they spend it using Dunlop golf clubs, tennis rackets, fishing tackle—or latex foam mattresses. Tall, grey-eyed Geddes, who has roamed the world as a salesman, is also busily reorganizing his company. "We had become too big and too varied for a central form of management," says he. Geddes has given more autonomy to managers of Dunlop's 130 subsidiaries, spends much of his time flying to his factories and overseas rubber plantations on inspection trips. The planes he rides, naturally enough, touch down on Dunlop tires.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

A Saint in Politics

CORDELL HULL *by Julius W. Pratt.* 2 volumes, 840 pages. Cooper Square. $15.

When President Roosevelt was about to appoint Cordell Hull Secretary of State, five Democratic Senators complained that Hull was too idealistic for the job. The objection was unusual, and F.D.R. laughed it off; but this first biography of Hull shows that the Senators had a point.

A diplomatic historian for 40 years, Julius Pratt has taken a close look at the Hull record. He plowed through the Hull papers in the Library of Congress, the unpublished papers of some of Hull's State Department colleagues. Pratt has written a spare, straightforward narrative that steers shy of judgments. But he does lead a reader to the inescapable conclusion that Hull—an amalgam of idealism, caution, and at times heroic stubbornness—was not up to the job of Secretary of State, even though he held it for nearly twelve years, longer than anyone else.

Confidence of Congress. Hull was a likable Tennessee politician, who became a state circuit judge at 32, served 24 years in Congress and was elected Senator in 1930. Frail but craggy in appearance, he struck people as the solidest of citizens. He looked dignified, even saintlike. He spoke with gravity and with a slight, endearing lisp. When he helped put Roosevelt over at the 1932 Democratic Convention, he was practically assured appointment as Secretary of State. He brought to the job a conviction that all the world's ills could be cured by lowering tariffs and living up to the principles of international law.

In a matter of months, Hull learned the major fact of his new job: Roosevelt intended to be his own Secretary of State. The lesson came when Hull went to the much-vaunted World Economic Conference in London in 1933 with the hope of increasing international trade by stabilizing the world's wildly fluctuating exchange rates. Roosevelt was experimenting with inflation as a cure for the U.S. Depression and did not want to peg the dollar. He torpedoed the conference (and Hull) with a disdainful note saying the U.S. would not cooperate.

But Hull had the confidence of his old colleagues in Congress, and in 1934 he persuaded Congress to pass the Reciprocal Trade Act, allowing the President to negotiate tariff cuts with other countries without having to go to Congress for authorization.

No-Good Neighbors. Hull worked hard to promote the Good Neighbor Policy in Latin America, but had a harder time persuading Nazi Germany to be a good neighbor. If Roosevelt was cautious in speaking out against Hitler for fear of antagonizing the isolationists, Hull was even more timid. He objected to Roosevelt's provocative speeches, argued down such formidable Cabinet colleagues as Henry Stimson and Frank Knox, who were urging direct action against Germany. In 1940 Canada was worried that Germany might invade Greenland and suggested sending some troops there. Hull vetoed the idea as too inflammatory. Soon after, Iceland pleaded for U.S. protection; again Hull said no. F.D.R. overrode him and sent a destroyer to the island.

From then on, the President bypassed Hull, at least in the European theater, and relied on Stimson, Hopkins or Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles for diplomatic chores. By 1943 Hull was humiliated enough to force a showdown. Either Welles had to leave the State Department, he told F.D.R., or he would. Though Welles was a close friend, F.D.R. knew the domestic political value of Hull. Welles left.

HOLMES I. METTEE

CORDELL HULL
The courage of his illusions.

Hull had a freer hand in the Far East. The most important job of his career was handling the touchy prewar negotiations with the Japanese. Hull doggedly insisted that the Japanese clear out of China, as well as out of Southeast Asia, before he would discuss anything else. The Japanese refused to budge. When Pearl Harbor was bombed, Hull admitted the Japanese negotiators into his office and, according to legend, gave them an old-fashioned cussing-out that all Americans cheered. Historians today generally agree that war with Japan was probably inevitable, but it has been argued that Hull never really gave diplomacy a try.

Hull was equally stubborn about Gaulle. The leader of the Free F... exasperated him by criticizing U.S. ... gotiations with Vichy France (... paid off handsomely in the Allied ... African landings). When De Gaul... dered the Free French to occup... Vichy island of Saint-Pierre, o... coast of Newfoundland, Hull flew ... a rage from which he never ... recovered. "Amid gigantic eve... Churchill marveled, "this small ind... seemed to dominate in his mind."

Least excusable of Hull's po... Pratt implies, was the pressure he ... on Chiang Kai-shek to come to ... with the Chinese Communists. ... cerned above all with military v... over Japan, Hull wanted the Co... nists in the war; Chiang had ... boxed into northwestern China. C... repeatedly said that the Comm... had only one ambition: to take ... China. Hull responded that the ... eralissimo showed a "discouraging ... of progress in his thinking."

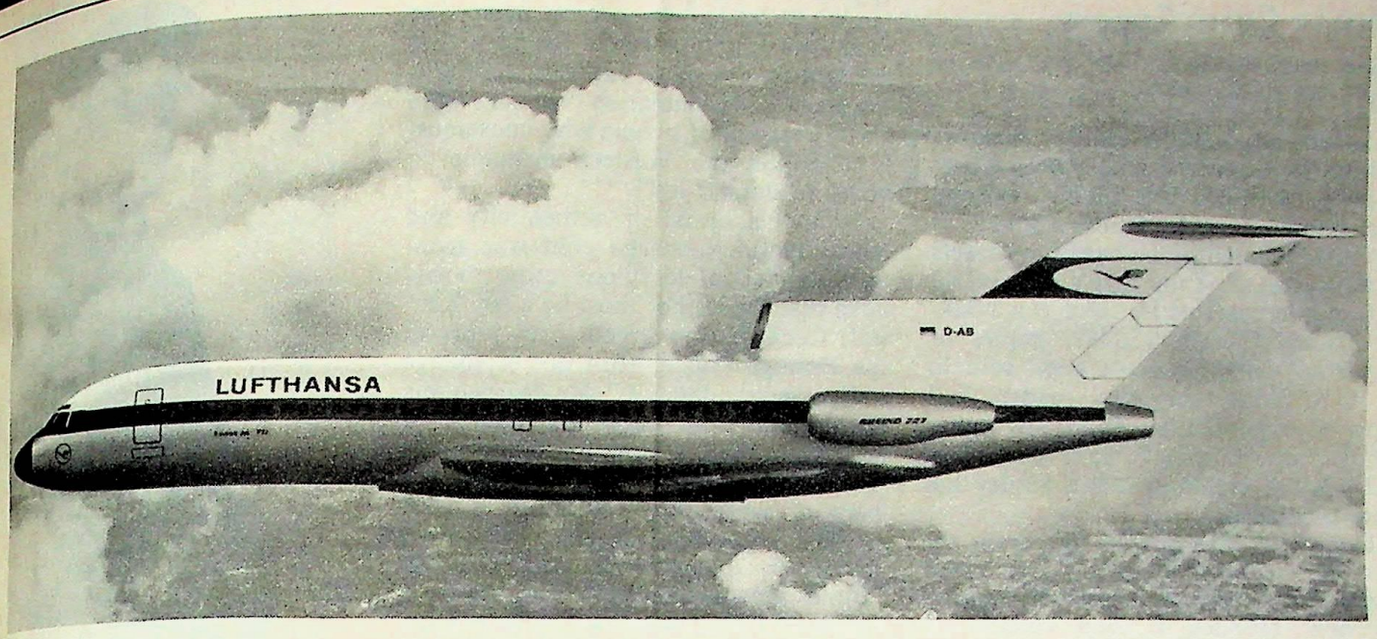
However, in 1944, his last ye... office, Hull helped foil one mane... the incredible Morgenthau Plan. ... sumably authored by Assistant Tre... Secretary Harry Dexter White, a C... munist sympathizer, the plan pro... to destroy all German industry ... "pastoralize" the nation. Hull wro... er: "It angered me as much as ... thing that had happened durin... career as Secretary of State."

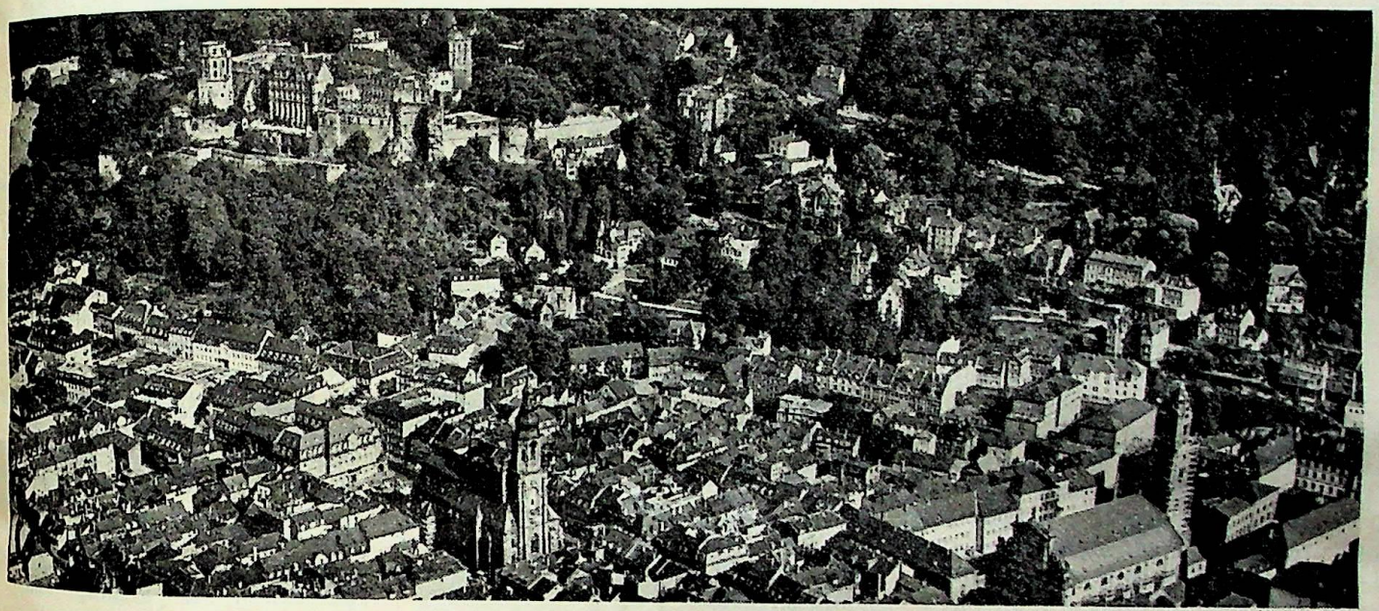
Euphoric Future. Hull shared ... Americans' illusions about Stalinist ... sia. From F.D.R. down, most o... Administration believed that R... would behave nicely in the po... world if the U.S. went out of it... to be friendly. In Moscow in ... Hull persuaded Molotov to agree ... postwar international organizati... return for Allied concessions: one-... of the ships of the conquered I... navy transferred to Russia, reassu... of a second front in the spring of ... In a euphoric mood, Hull went ... to address a joint session of Con... "There will no longer be nee... spheres of influence, for alliances ... balance of power, or any other ... special arrangements through whic... the unhappy past, the nations stro... safeguard their security or to pro... their interests." On the strength of ... vision, which was shared by many ... worked unstintingly to create ... United Nations.

In many ways, the U.S. was luck... have Hull as Secretary of State ... prewar years. Though a Wilsonian ... eral, he had the respect of the ma... conservatives. He helped swing ma... opinion from isolationism to inte... tionalism. But like his mentor Wo... he was too didactic, too cocksu... his own principles. By believing ... the United Nations would solve all ... world's problems and make ... the cold realities of Communist ... he contributed to the bad peace ... followed World War II.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



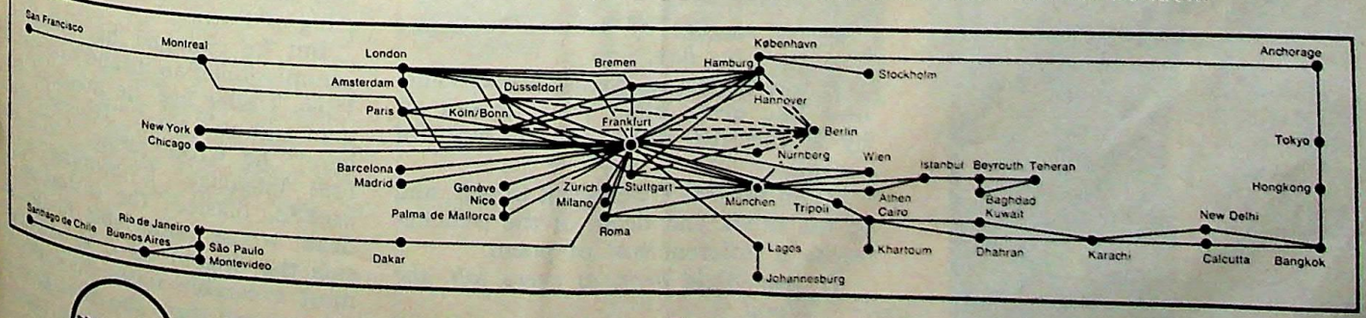


Heidelberg

Only Lufthansa's 'Europa Jet' cruises at 600 mph without putting its nose outside Europe

Touching 600 mph is just cruising to the 'Europa Jet', Lufthansa's name for the Boeing 727. Yet Lufthansa will use this new, fast medium-range aircraft on short-hop flights – from Germany to Madrid, Barcelona, London, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Milan, Rome and the Near East. Why? Because you get all the speed, power and importance of a big intercontinental flight, even when you're going only a short distance.

In just 12 minutes 'Europa Jet' can set down and pick up its passengers or cargo. Built-in passenger steps emerge immediately after the arrival. Electric starters speed the jet into flight. The three jet engines have a reserve power unique among passenger-carrying aircraft. Thanks to Lufthansa's 'Europa Jet', intercontinental standards will now apply to air travel from one European city to another. You'll sink back into the cushioned luxury of spacious cabins, and measure in minutes the flying time to Madrid, Milan, Stockholm or London.



Lufthansa
German Airlines

DLH 417

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

More Le Carré Capers

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY by John Le Carré. 381 pages. Walker. $5.95.

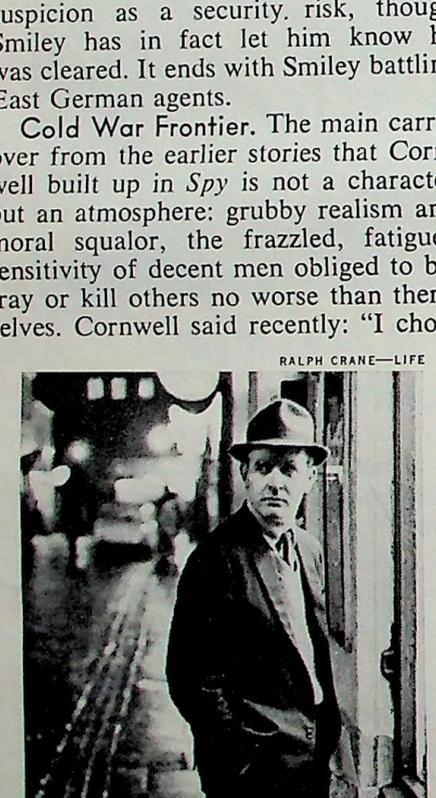
Lurking among the chillier shadows of John Le Carré's *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* is a plump, worried man named George Smiley. Smiley is the British intelligence agent who sets up the betrayal of the hero's mistress so that another part of the plot can thicken. Though nearly 150,000 copies of *Spy Who Came in* have been sold in the U.S. alone, very few readers will know George Smiley from any other stranger who hurries by in a dark street with his hat pulled low. But Smiley has quite a dossier.

Turns out that Smiley figures in the first two capers by Le Carré (alias David John Moore Cornwell), which are now reissued in one volume as *The Incongruous Spy*. One of the two is a routine British murder mystery set in an Establishment boys' school. The other story is much better.

Call for the Dead was Le Carré's first novel. It examines the same world of seedy treachery that the author got to know better and like even less by the time he wrote *Spy*. The tale begins when a Foreign Office clerk apparently commits suicide because he is under suspicion as a security risk, though Smiley has in fact let him know he was cleared. It ends with Smiley battling East German agents.

Cold War Frontier. The main carryover from the earlier stories that Cornwell built up in *Spy* is not a character but an atmosphere: grubby realism and moral squalor, the frazzled, fatigued sensitivity of decent men obliged to betray or kill others no worse than themselves. Cornwell said recently: "I chose spying as a subject for reasons of polemic. Western democracy seems to have one unifying force: the idea that individuals are more valuable than philosophies. My intention was to write about a group of people who consciously abandon the Western principle in order to defend it."

RALPH CRANE—LIFE



JOHN LE CARRÉ

Morals in the seediest profession.

It is this brand of authenticity and moral paradox on the cold war frontier that led at least one critic to believe that the author must be a spy himself. Cornwell did spend three years in the Foreign Office. "But not espionage —I've never done it." He learned his spymastery from published reports: "I was astonished at how much had been said. Intelligence seems to be an iceberg of which 80% is above water."

"The Ultimate Nonsense." Cornwell detests the James Bond kind of book: "Bond spends what he likes, keeps a stable of cars, fornicates by proxy for six million commuters. He is indifferent to pain (particularly other people's), and is fortunate in one respect: the nearer he gets to the enemy, the more horrible the enemy becomes."

With *Spy* sure to earn at least $200,000, Cornwell recently quit as a British consul in Hamburg and moved self, wife and three growing sons to Crete, where the British income tax does not reach. There, in a white stucco house within 30 yards of the sea, he is working over the final draft of his next book. Called *The Looking-Glass War*, it springs from the fact that in one way he now finds *Spy* not realistic enough. "The biggest fault," Cornwell says, "was that the operation was brilliantly conducted. My next book is about an operation that isn't so efficient." And he sees it as exposing "the ultimate nonsense about spying."

The Shropshire Lad

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILFRED OWEN *edited by C. Day Lewis.* 191 pages. *New Directions.* $4.75.

In 1914, a month before the guns of August began to thunder, a 21-year-old Englishman wrote some verse:

Leaves murmuring by myriads in the shimmering trees.
Lives wakening with wonder in the Pyrenees.
Birds cheerily chirping in the early day
Bards singing of summer, scything thro' the hay.

It was charming, Keatsian and somehow like every other poem tossed off by a carefree youth in the flush of summer.

Then Wilfred Owen went to war, and in the muck and death of the trenches wrote a different sort of poem:

If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gurgling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,

WILFRED OWEN

Poetry for the most execrable sig

My friend, you would not tell such high zest
To children ardent for some de ate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et Decorum Pro Patria mori.

Owen's poems seemed to spea all the war's suffering and brought lish poetry down to earth with homely words. Auden, Spender, Eliot and a whole generation of E poets acknowledged their debt to Now Owen's poems have been pub in the most complete edition to Editor Lewis has added severa published poems that were writ Owen's youth and were in his br possession; in addition many poems have been corrected.

A War of Caterpillars. Owe born in sleepy Shropshire. His was a railway engineer; his mothe a taste for culture. Shy, moody, Owen began writing melancholy, sensuous verse in his teens, dealing erally with "golden gardens and glooms." Since his family did not the money to send him to colleg went to France as a tutor. While war broke out. Owen had no des get involved. He wrote his moth feel my own life all the more pr and dear in the presence of this d ering of Europe."

But he changed his mind an commissioned an infantry officer 1916. Under fire, he matured as man and as a poet. "Hideous lan here," he wrote home. "Vile p foul language. Everything un broken, blasted; the distortion dead, whose unburiable bodies side the dugout all day, all nig most execrable sights on earth, etry we call them the most glor

Owen was soon calling these by their right names in his own p He wanted people at home to fe suffering of the maimed, the blin

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

dying and the mad, the muddy horror
of no man's land where

Across its beard, that horror of harsh wire,
There moved thin caterpillars, slowly uncoiled.
It seemed they pushed themselves to be as plugs
Of ditches, where they writhed and shrivelled, killed.

Swelling of the Sea. Owen narrowly escaped death many times. One night, he fell into a well, suffering a concussion. He was sent to a hospital in Edinburgh, where he met Siegfried Sassoon, who read Owen's poems and encouraged him. Owen left the hospital convinced of his profession. "I go out of this year a poet, my dear mother, as which I did not enter it. I feel the great swelling of the open sea taking my galleon." Friends tried to get him a job in London, but Owen decided to return to the front. He believed that he could convey the suffering of his fellow men only by sharing it. He won the Military Cross for capturing a number of machine guns and German prisoners: "I only shot one man with my revolver; the others I took with a smile." A week before the Armistice, Owen was leading his company across the Sambre Canal when he was hit and killed.

Shortly before his death at 25, he wrote, in effect, his own epitaph:

Move him into the sun.
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unsown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.
Think how it wakes the seeds,
Woke, once, the clays of a cold star.
Are limbs, so dear achieved, are sides
Full-nerved—still warm—too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?

Also Current

ONE DAY IN THE AFTERNOON OF THE WORLD by William Saroyan. 245 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

There's more loving here than even Saroyan fan can stand. "Rosey's my daughter," muses the hero, "and Van's my son and Laura's their mother so loving *them* is easy. So I love everybody else, too. I love the dead, I love *them* especially. But not so much as I love the unborn." And most wondrous of all, not so much as he loves "the unborn who are never going to *be* born." But how about the reader who's never going to read it? He'll take more love than even Saroyan has.

DOCTOR GLAS by Hjalmar Söderberg. 160 pages. Little, Brown. $3.95.

Even the Swedes were dismayed by Söderberg's grim-grey novel when it was published in 1910, but today it is recognized as a Scandinavian masterpiece. Dr. Glas has never made love

These 3 tests prove First National City Travelers Checks are "Better Than Money"

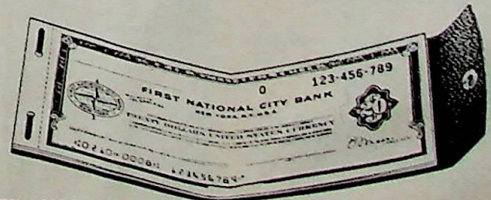
Citibank Travelers Checks are the best way to carry money. Actual tests, shown below, demonstrate three specific reasons: *ready availability... immediate acceptability... on-the-spot refundability.* In case of loss, there are thousands of refund points throughout the world... leading hotels can direct you to the nearest one.

In the United States, no Travelers Check is more spendable, more readily available than these famous checks backed by First National City Bank. And, in case of loss, there are many thousands of U.S. refund points... easily located simply by calling Western Union Operator 25.

Test No. 1–Refundability–in London
Miss Isabella M. Cunningham, of New York City, made this dramatic test, actually burned $200 worth of Citibank Travelers Checks. Directed to a nearby bank by her hotel, Miss Cunningham received a full refund on-the-spot.

Test No. 2–Acceptability–in Manila
The Robert D. Highs, of Medina, O., found Citibank Travelers Checks welcome in small shops, useful for all their travel needs.

Test No. 3–Availability–in New Delhi
Joe Gore, of Florissant, Mo. bought more Citibank Travelers Checks right here. It's quick and easy at banks everywhere.

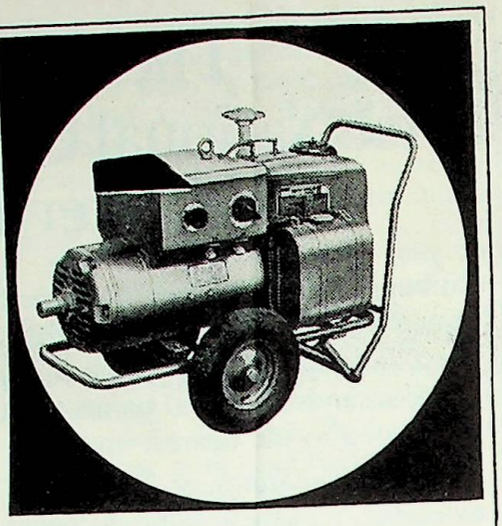


OFFICIAL TRAVELERS CHECK NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1964-65
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Electric power unavailable?
Weld with the
KB 250
Wisconsin



which is a petrol-engine powered welding set with outstanding welding characteristics.

Generator • ESAB Type KB 250 Welding Generator with welding current continuously adjustable within eight subsidiary ranges from 20 to 265 A. Open-circuit voltage 60—75 V.

Engine • Wisconsin THD — a modern air-cooled engine of the two-cylinder, four-stroke type providing a maximum output of 17.5 h.p. at 3000 r.p.m.

Ancillary Power Supply • This is intended for electric hand tools, lighting units, etc. Max. output 1500 VA, 50 c/s A.C. Voltage 110 or 220 V.

Also produced is a wide range of welding sets and automatic welders. Literature available on request.

ESAB are manufacturers of the world-famous OK electrodes and fluxes.

ESAB

EXPORT DEPARTMENT • BOX 850, GÖTEBORG 8, SWEDEN
Tel. 177310 • Telegr. ESABEXPORT • Telex 20625
Factories in 12 countries • Represented in 58 countries

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o The People's Bank #13, 625 Merchant St., Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$ 400; 3 yrs, NT$ 800; 5 yrs, NT$ 1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S. $11.25; 3 yrs, U.S. $22.50; 5 yrs, U.S. $33.75), TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, C. D. Jackson; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Arthur Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

because the act seems too gross. O
day a local beauty comes to Glas
a problem: her clergyman husb
keeps insisting on his connubial ri
even though her heart belongs to
other. That other, she intimates, is
The doctor sees his duty. He must
cue the lady from rape. One after
Glas slips a potassium cyanide pi
the clergyman's Vichy water. B
man with nerve enough to murder
the will to make off with the wi
That would lead to happiness, and
piness, Söderberg implies, is the
thing a conscience can tolerate in a
of-the-century guilt-ridden society.

THE TOWN BEYOND THE WAL
Elie Wiesel. 179 pages. Athe
$3.95.

Why did so many Jews go unresi
even unknowing, to the extermin
camps? Why were so many obse
apathetic? The questions refuse t
away. Now Elie Wiesel, 36, survivo
Auschwitz and Buchenwald, sug
the poet's answers with a strange,
ly novel, drenched with horror,
besotted and all-but-autobiograph
The hero, Michael, secretly return
his native Hungarian town, is arr
by the Communist police and int
gated. To keep silent, Michael fi
himself to relive his past; through
memories, people and episodes are
tised together to form a convincing
saic portrait of East European Jew
gripped by a curious, optimistic fat
and a too-great intimacy with
Finally, released from the torture
flung in prison, he moves beyond i
bility to action. In the dungeon wi
is one worse off than he, a prisone
tally withdrawn and silent. After
of struggle to make contact, M
brings the man to speak at last
knows the touch of divine grace
accompanies the assumption o
sponsibility of each for each.

A LIFE FULL OF HOLES *by Dris
Hamed Charhadi, as told to and
lated by Paul Bowles.* 310 pages.
Press. $5.

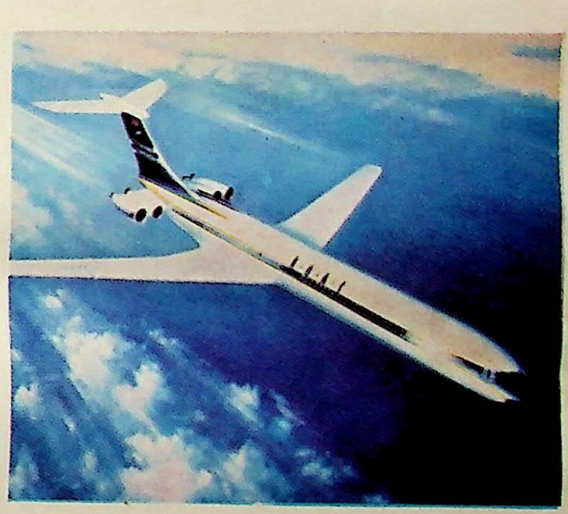
Paul Bowles has solved two
problems that still nag at the mode
fashioned novelist—the invention
story and the creation of characte
this book, the character writes the
He is Driss ben Hamed Charha
North African Arab whose langua
Moghrebi (an Arabic dialect), and
has been shepherd, baker's delivery
carpenter and kif salesman. With
encouragement of Bowles and the
of a tape recorder, Charhadi n
the life of a fatherless child growing
in the boondocks of French Mo
A horrible life it is—on the move,
of food, rarely with a job, and
subject to thievery, peonage, and
dom homosexual attack. "It sounds
fine in Moghrebi," Bowles told his
ative protégé, "but I can't tell you
thing until I've changed it into Eng
Probably shouldn't have tried.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The most comfortable economy class seat in the world is on

THE B·O·A·C VC10



The BOAC VC 10 brings a new luxury to Economy class travel, with a completely new seat design. A seat that assures you a much more comfortable flight, because there's more room for your legs under the seat in front, better support, deeper cushioning, and improved sleeping position. Just sit back and enjoy the wonderful BOAC cabin service. Fly Economy Class on the VC 10 for the lowest fare and greater comfort than ever before. And with all this in Economy Class, you can imagine how superbly comfortable VC 10 First Class is. The BOAC VC 10 is now in service from London to Nigeria and Ghana and soon will serve East Central and South Africa, the Middle East, Pakistan and India.

ALL OVER THE WORLD

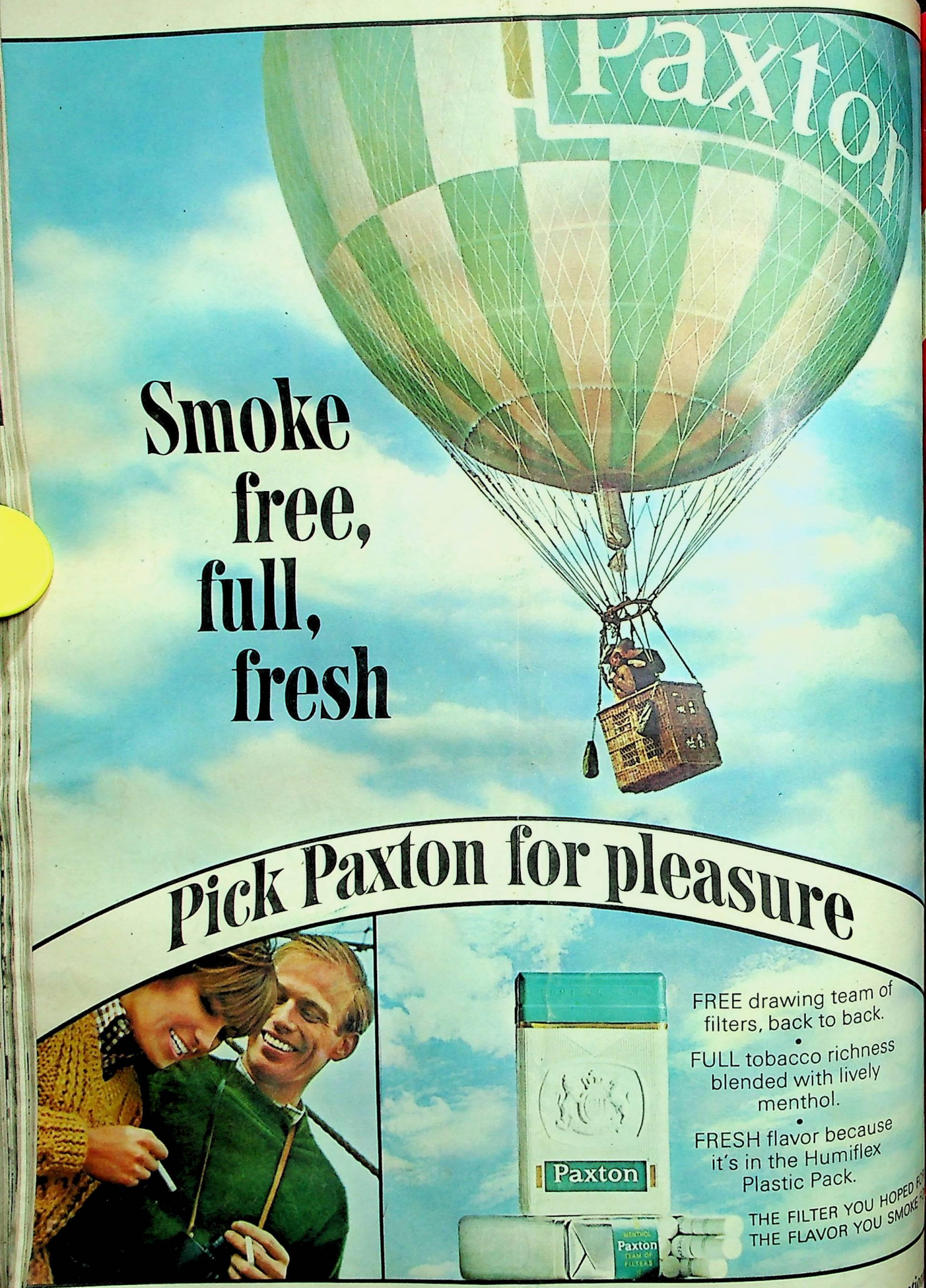
B·O·A·C

TAKES GOOD CARE OF *YOU*

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

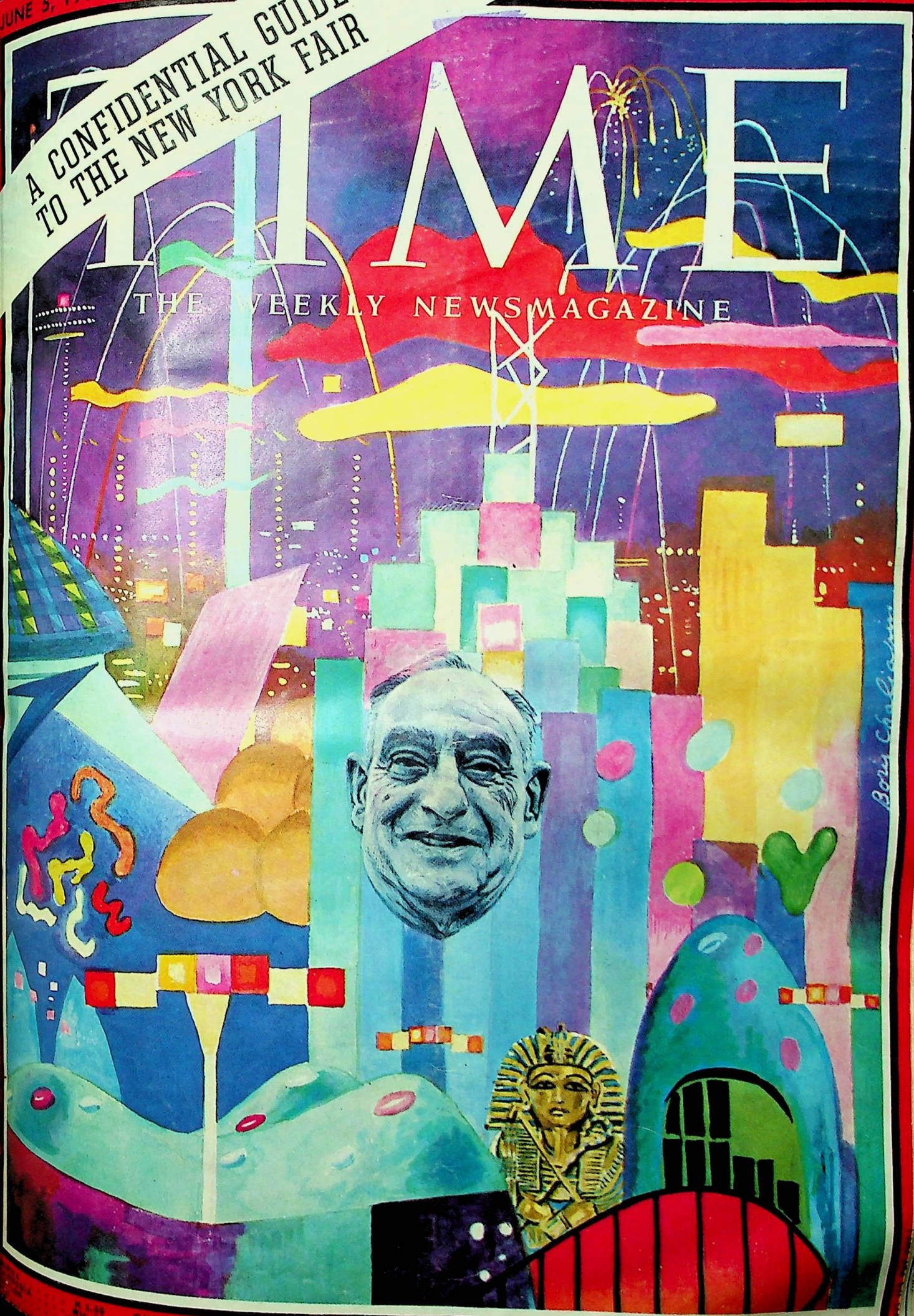
JUNE 5, 1964

ASIA EDITION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE NEW YORK FAIR



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

POTTERY BY ULLA PROCOPE AND ANNIKKI HOVISAARI OF ARABIA

CANDINAVIAN MODERN is Finnish pottery, and the art of worldwide airline service

e Scandinavians excel at applying art in everyday life. Arabia pottery is one mple. SAS service is another. For wherever SAS jets fly, to 39 countries on ontinents, the Scandinavian art of making you comfortable goes. That includes S cuisine—continental with added Scandinavian delicacies. The celebrated S "extra touch of service." The pleasant feeling of flying in the care of eran Scandinavian pilots. It all adds up to a design for travel that is unusu- appealing. Try it soon. (Try SAS cargo service, too. Unusually efficient.)

SCANDINAVIAN MODERN—WORLDWIDE

SAS

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYS

by C. A. Peterson on Kodak Ektachrome film.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 3

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Carol Burnett's off- and on-Broadway hit musical of 1959, with much of the original cast, including Carol.

Thursday, June 4

MEREDITH WILLSON VARIETY SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). The first of three specials produced by the Music Man himself, this one features Caterina Valente, Sergio Franchi, Willson and his wife.

Friday, June 5

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 8:30-10 p.m.). "D-Day Plus 20 Years: Eisenhower Returns to Normandy," Ike's commemorative pilgrimage to the invasion beaches with his personal recollections of the events surrounding June 6, 1944.

Saturday, June 6

THE BELMONT STAKES (CBS, 4:30-5 p.m.). The 96th running of the oldest U.S. racing classic, at Aqueduct, N.Y., in which all eyes will be on Northern Dancer, who, if he wins, will become the first triple-crown winner since 1948.

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The English Derby from Epsom, with commentary by Jockey Eddie Arcaro. Also water-skiing from Pine Mountain, Ga.

Sunday, June 7

DISCOVERY (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Repeat of the second part of a visit to London, including Westminster Abbey, Mme. Tussaud's, the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, and a chat with Leslie Caron.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The story of Wendell Willkie.

DUPONT SHOW OF THE WEEK (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). "The Patient in Room 601," a documentary about 23-year-old Lita Levine and her fight for life after being severely burned in a 1958 plane crash.

Monday, June 8

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A repeat of "Monsters We Have Known and Loved."

Tuesday, June 9

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Project 20's view of American patriotism, narrated by Walter Brennan and filmed from sea to shining sea.

THE FRENCH ARMY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A history, from Verdun to Algeria.

THEATER

On Broadway

HAMLET. Richard Burton is a virile, extroverted Hamlet with no hint of the melancholy self-questioning that stays his killing of the King. However, Burton's fresh reading of the play's famed familiar lines lends great luster to the evening.

FUNNY GIRL. A one-woman burst of star-quality named Barbra Streisand illuminates the rise, the love life and the heartbreak of another great and funny girl, Fanny Brice.

HIGH SPIRITS. Anyone who can count to 10 will recognize the source of all the zany good humor that has been injected into this musical version of Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*. The blithesome twosome—Bea Lillie and Tammy Grimes.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Sandy Dennis looks as licit as a child with an ice-cream cone, but she is the Other Woman in a hilariously illicit schedule of sex on the one-day-a-week plan.

DYLAN is a brilliant illustration of how an actor of unparalleled skill can invade the mind and personify the temperament of another man, despite a considerable difference in appearance. For a little over two hours, Dylan Thomas lives again in Alec Guinness.

HELLO, DOLLY! is a big, bouncy, brassy, sassy Broadway musical in the best sense of all those mildly intimidating words. Ditto Carol Channing.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. Playwright Neil Simon, Director Mike Nichols and Stars Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford pack a hamperful of laughs for this comic picnic about two newlyweds and their ups and downs in a six-flight walk-up.

Off Broadway

DUTCHMAN, by LeRoi Jones, raises the color question to a new and distinctly terrifying pitch of violence. A sexually aggressive white girl and a sedate but inwardly seething Negro tell each other off in words that finally kill.

THE BLOOD KNOT links two South African half brothers in a twisted, tender but tormenting embrace that involves both races and the human race.

THE TROJAN WOMEN. The keening eloquence of body, mind and speech that graces this superb revival of the Euripidean classic is the unstillable cry of tragedy.

RECORDS

Shakespeare

SCENES FROM SHAKESPEARE (London, 4 LPs). Samplers from the first recorded set of Shakespeare's complete works (137 LPs), of which the final six plays are being released this week. All were produced during the past seven years by Cambridge University's Marlowe Dramatic Society, which imported professionals for the leading roles. Directed by Scholar George Rylands, they are meant to be poetic readings rather than aural plays; sound effects are minimized and the actors are anonymous. These four recordings are available separately; one contains excerpts from the comedies, one from the histories, and two from the tragedies. They show the fine diction, well-matched voices and generally high standards of the series. Among the records of the complete plays, *Othello*, *King Lear* and *Much Ado About Nothing* are outstanding. But *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* and *The Tempest* are given comparatively undistinguished performances.

THE TEMPEST (Caedmon, 3 LPs) is the 20th release of the Shakespeare Recording Society, which also intends to record the complete works. They use the star system, generally more elaborate sound effects, and provide a written text. *The Tempest* suffers less than most plays from being heard and not seen, and scarcely at all in a reading like this. Sir Michael Redgrave as a lordly Prospero, his daughter Vanessa as an otherworldly Ariel, and Hugh Griffith as a bestial Caliban join the gallery of other actors who have contributed splendid performances to this series, notably Richard Burton as Coriolanus, Anthony Quayle as Macbeth, Claire Bloom as Juliet, Diane Cilento as Cressida, Sir Ralph Richardson as Julius Caesar, Sir John Gielgud as Richard II.

HAMLET (Columbia, 4 LPs). The new Broadway production starring Richard Burton, who speaks poetry with as rich and melodic a voice as any on records. As Hamlet he rages like Jove, muses like a sage, sparkles in repartee, and keeps the play fast-moving and fresh. But Burton's Hamlet is primarily an Angry Young Man: he is above suffering, he has made all his decisions before he picks up the microphone, he loses his temper but seldom his equilibrium. Paul Scofield (Caedmon, 4 LPs) plays a tortured, questioning Hamlet, sometimes bogged down in his torment, whose words echo less resonantly in the listener's ear but longer in his heart. One believes it when the Queen, magnificently played by the late Diana Wynyard, gasps, "He's mad!"

HOMAGE TO SHAKESPEARE (Argo). Assorted tributes on his 400th anniversary by poets, musicians and scholars on one side of the record, and on the other, brief readings from his later works by 16 leading Shakespearean actors, including excerpts from two plays now on the boards: Paul Scofield reading Lear's reconciliation with Cordelia and Sir Laurence Olivier delivering Othello's speech to the Senate.

CINEMA

THE ORGANIZER. Director Mario (*Big Deal on Madonna Street*) Monicelli's vivid, moving, timelessly beautiful portrait of 19th century Italy comes into sharp focus on Marcello Mastroianni, demonstrating his remarkable versatility as a socialist Savonarola who leads Turin textile workers in a strike that fails.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. Istanbul provides an exotic backdrop for the harem-scare-'em adventures of James Bond, alias 007, alias Sean Connery. A sly spoof of Ian Fleming's fiction.

THE NIGHT WATCH. In this taut French thriller, five criminals trying to tunnel out of a Paris prison learn that a man can scratch and claw his way to freedom from everything but himself.

BECKET. Church-state conflict turns friends to foes in a glowing screen spectacle based on Jean Anouilh's drama about England's 12th century Archbishop of Canterbury (Richard Burton), who dies defying King Henry II (Peter O'Toole).

THE SERVANT. As a conniving "gentleman's gentleman" who masters his master, Dirk Bogarde puts a fine polish on Director Joseph Losey's study of class distinction in Britain.

DR. STRANGELOVE, OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB. Stanley Kubrick's black comedy about nuclear war features fine performances by Sterling Hayden, George C. Scott and the ubiquitous Peter Sellers.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. Disporting themselves *con brio*, Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni make memorable fun of three zesty folk tales directed by Vittorio De Sica.

THE SILENCE. A litany of selfishness, loneliness and death, starkly told and austerely photographed, with a cast of non-normal characters directed with brooding penetration by Ingmar Bergman.

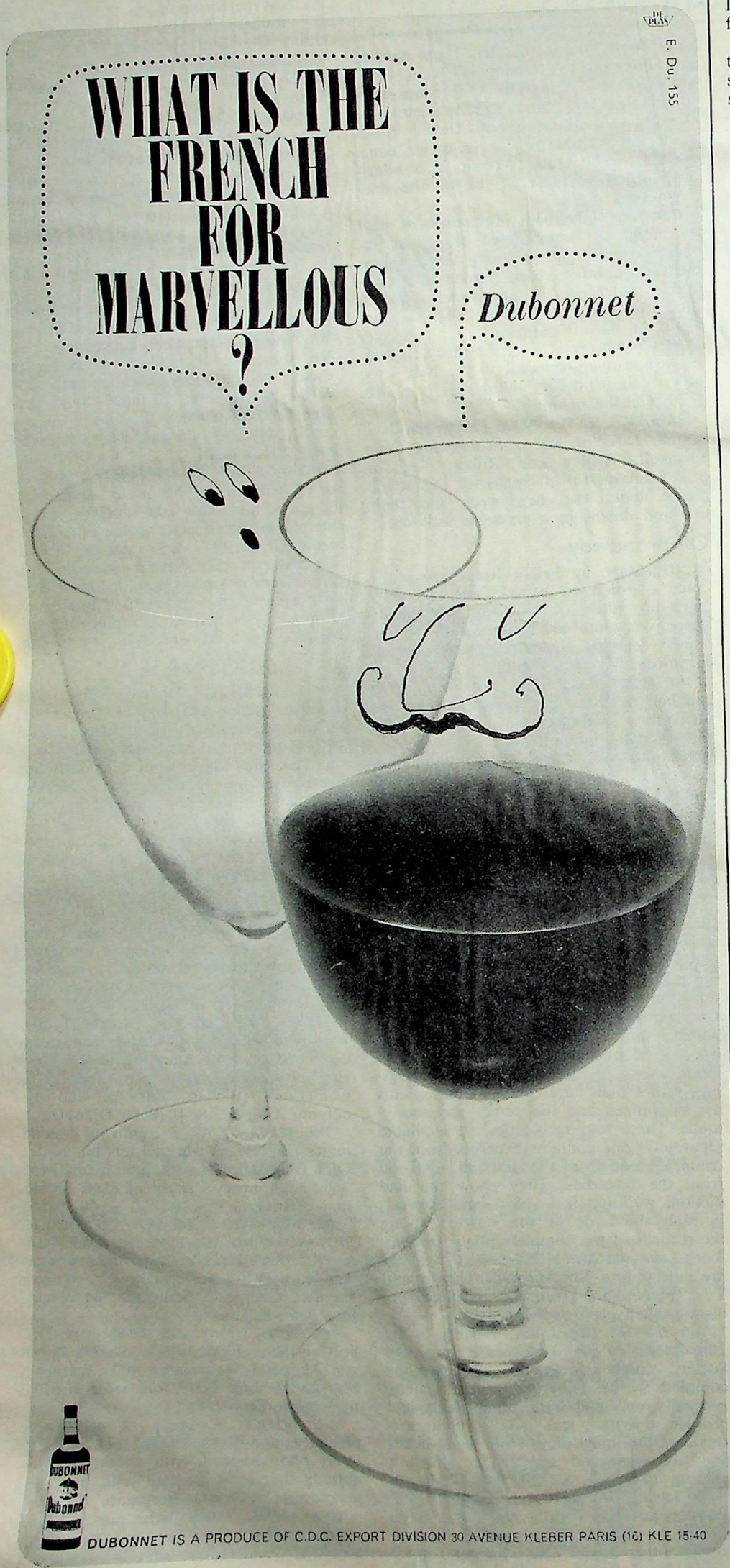
TOM JONES. Lusty lads pursue busty maids through "Best" Director Tony Richardson's wonderfully wicked assault on

All times E.D.T.

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, Subscription Service, P.O. Box 1550, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017. TIME is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. TIME Asia Edition Volume LXXXIII Number 23

CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Haridwar.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Fielding's 18th century classic. Winner four 1963 Oscars.

THE GRAND OLYMPICS. Made in Ro this color sportstacular dazzlingly synth sizes the glory that was Rome's during t summer Olympiad of 1960.

BOOKS

Best Reading

CORDELL HULL, by Julius W. P Though he was F.D.R.'s Secretary of S for nearly twelve years, Hull learned riously little about either statesmans or psychology. Pratt's is a straight ward biography that shies away fr judgments.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY, by John LeC The first two thrillers by the author *The Spy Who Came in from the C* have been reissued in one volume. first is a workmanlike crib on Josep Tey; the second is about British in gence, has some of the same character *The Spy*. Both are fine whodunits.

CRISIS IN BLACK AND WHITE, by Ch E. Silberman. The author believes tha best, in fact the only way to ach equality and integration is by ma militant drives in housing, schools jobs. A thoughtful study of the N revolution at a crucial stage.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hem way. Toward the end of his life, the n ist wrote these memoirs of the '20 Paris when he was young and poor. T result is a poetic word picture of Par loving one of his first wife, and war anecdotes of Joyce, Ford Madox F and especially the Fitzgeralds, who remembered with malice.

PEDRO MARTÍNEZ, by Oscar Lewis. his tape recorder spinning, the auth *The Children of Sánchez* gets down biography of another Mexican: a pe farmer who engaged in one ill-fated p cal reform after another.

EPISODE—REPORT ON THE ACCIDEN SIDE MY SKULL, by Eric Hodgins. Th thor of *Mr. Blandings Builds His D House* recounts his partial recovery f a "cerebrovascular accident" (in lay terms, a stroke). His wit and skill words are totally unimpaired.

Best Sellers

FICTION

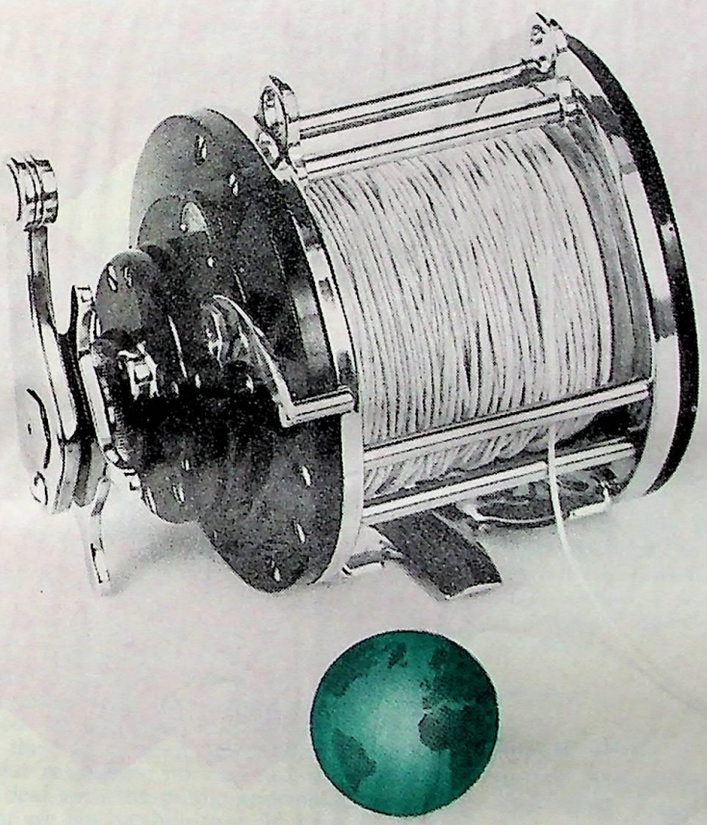
1. The Spy Who Came in from the Co Le Carré (1 last week)
2. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (2
3. The Group, McCarthy (3)
4. The Spire, Golding (7)
5. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (4
6. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever (5
7. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer (6
8. The Deputy, Hochhuth (8)
9. The Martyred, Kim (9)
10. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg

NONFICTION

1. A Day in the Life of President Kenne Bishop (2)
2. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (1)
3. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (4
4. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (3)
5. The Naked Society, Packard (5)
6. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris (6)
7. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (7)
8. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (8)
9. In His Own Write, Lennon (9)
10. When the Cheering Stopped, Smith

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



New line!

Synthetics: a new line of man-made fibers that perform better than conventional materials. We have been working hand-in-hand with international synthetics manufacturers for years. Result: a line of quality chemicals, developed through intensive Esso research, which are converted into such modern wonders as wash-and-wear clothes, stronger fishing lines and nets. This kind of involvement in an industry is not unusual at Esso. Our business is to know your business: whatever and wherever it may be. Perhaps this is a prime reason why Esso is the **World's First Choice!** Your local Esso organization will gladly advise you on your chemical product needs.

Esso

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SUMITOMO

28 INDUSTRIES 1 COMPANY NAME

Sumitomo is the name and it is synonymous with practically every kind of industry: chemical, steel, electric, glass, machinery, banking, insurance, trading . . . 28 companies in all. It is also one of Japan's historical enterprises. ■ Sumitomo began more than 300 years ago with a small copper refinery which quickly became the nation's largest copper trader. From this base Sumitomo multiplied its activities right into the 20th century under the control of the Sumitomo family. ■ Today the family ties are extinct. Although the companies now are separate corporate structures, they still act as a group. Their forces are integrated in order to provide a single yet comprehensive source of a wide range of products and services. ■ Sumitomo's collective knowledge can be of great value when you do business in or with Japan. To some of the complexities out of international trade by contacting Sumitomo Shoji Kaisha, Ltd., world-wide trading company and spearman for the Sumitomo Group. There are offices in most of the world's commercial centers.

The stylized Sumitomo emblem, representing an ancient Japanese well frame, symbolizes a never-ending flow of prosperity.

Sumitomo Chemical Co., Ltd. / Sumitomo Machinery Co., Ltd. / The Sumitomo Bank, Ltd. / Sumitomo Metal Industries, Ltd. / Sumitomo Metal Mining Co., Ltd. / The Sumitomo Trust & Banking Co., Ltd. / Sumitomo Mutual Life Insurance Co. / Sumitomo Coal Mining Co., Ltd. / The Sumitomo Warehouse Co., Ltd. / The Sumitomo Marine & Fire Insurance Co., Ltd. / Sumitomo Electric Industries, Ltd. / Sumitomo Real Estate Co., Ltd. / Sumitomo Light Metal Industries, Ltd. / Sumitomo Shoji Kaisha, Ltd. / ⊙ Nippon Sheet Glass Co., Ltd. / NEC Nippon Electric Company Ltd. / Sumitomo Atomic Energy Industries, Ltd. and eleven others / For further inquiries contact: Sumitomo Shoji Kaisha, Ltd., Osaka, Japan. Cable: "SUMITSHOJI OSAKA"

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

Primary Politics

Sir: My first vote for President of the U.S. was for T. R. This man Rocky is the nearest thing to Theodore Roosevelt the Republicans can find. He has more brains, personality, and experience than any of the others. I hope I will have a chance to vote for him.

ANDREW FISHER

Roxbury, Mass.

Sir: A state that elects Wayne Morse Senator is obviously loaded with screwballs. The results in Oregon [May 22] should not be used as a criterion for the rest of the country.

R. P. MCLAURIN

Kirkwood, Mo.

Sir: Even we bemused bystanders, the Oregon Democrats, gave a reluctant cheer for Rocky, who didn't know when he was licked—and so wasn't! His final days of furious persuasion warmed the stony hearts of our Oregon Republicans.

MONROE SWEETLAND

Milwaukie, Ore.

Sir: You noted that Goldwater had no civil rights platform to offer. Did you ever stop to think that most of the people in this country who are working against a Socialist dictatorship are for individual rights and don't want to burn the barn down to get rid of the rats?

NORMAN E. MCCAY

Los Angeles

Sir: You reported that Senator Goldwater said, "You can't pass a law that will make me like you or you like me." For the Senator's information, there already are such laws on the statute books of man: "And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (*Lev. 19:18*) and "Love ye therefore the stranger" (*Deut. 10:19*).

DR. GILBERT KLAPERMAN
Rabbi

Congregation Beth Sholom
Lawrence, N.Y.

Sir: TIME expresses surprise that Senator Barry Goldwater is beginning to show some signs of strain [May 15]. It is only natural that a man subjected to so much misinterpretation, misquotation and downright smear attacks should become irritable. We are not dismayed by the fact that the hoopla of a campaign is making our candidate irritable. The qualification for President of the U.S. is not the ability to slap backs or wear funny hats. The qualifications are honesty, integrity and loyalty. Senator Goldwater has these qualifications.

MRS. H. SWEETWOOD

Paterson, N.J.

Marching Through Maryland

Sir: Your statements concerning Senator Brewster's campaign against Governor Tawes [May 29] were the most precise I have seen. Instead of appealing to the intelligence of the voters (the logical way to combat stupidity), Brewster relied solely on a name-calling campaign until it was too late. Surely the Maryland primary will not cause concern about the Northern backlash."

BARBARA FISHER

Baltimore

Sir: I find it shocking that the people of the good state of Maryland should give so much support, in such an important election, to a racist and bigot like George Wallace. I sincerely hope that the people of the other states in the Union will show more sense than those of my own.

BRUCE L. HELLER

Baltimore

Sir: All smearing by the country's liberal press, TV and radio notwithstanding, thank goodness Governor Wallace made quite a showing! Would that more men had his guts and spoke the truth as he does about the vicious so-called "civil rights bill"! So many in the U.S. are willing to sell their traditions and their racial integrity for a mongrelized mess of pottage. If the evil civil rights bill passes, we will be living in a police state.

H. H. BURNS

Columbia, Mo.

Sir: Cambridge has been described as a tense and strife-torn town. It is not. Most of the citizens of both races are trying to live normal lives. Our tension becomes acute only after reading newspapers and watching on television the antics of Mrs. Richardson and her out-of-town guests.

ELIZABETH T. EDMUNDS

Cambridge, Md.

Blowing the Horn

Sir: Let us quickly assure Chairman Kappel [May 29] that we do not want to change our phone company. A.T. & T. is capitalism's proudest product: remarkable service, polite personnel, steady profit for investors, and a credit to our nation throughout the world. If the U.S. Post Office and all the American railroads were promptly turned over to the capable hands of A.T. & T., we could shortly expect two mail deliveries a day, clean post offices, well-mannered clerks, trains on time, plenty of brand-new cars. And, whoopee, none of those dismal deficits!

ARTHUR HORNBLOW JR.

New York City

Sir: Anyone who has dealings with the Bell System finds that he can only talk with computers, which have been programmed with few responses. It does no good to talk with supervisory personnel, as they have been programmed with the same responses; no one has the authority to deal with the public and make decisions that are not on their tape. If there is a more impersonal corporation and one less cooperative, then show it to me!

JIM PILES

Hillcrest Heights, Md.

Sir: If the long-nosed engineers at A.T. & T. would devise a method to quickly trace anonymous telephone calls of an obscene or annoying nature, the need for unlisted numbers would decrease materially, along with requests for number changes.

BERTRAM J. ZOSLAW

Abington, Pa.

Ethnics All Around

Sir: As a Jew, I was quite shocked to read of the scandalous stories being spread by Congressman Farbstein about Democratic Candidate William Haddad [May 22]. Farbstein obviously thinks that any man who is born in an anti-Semitic country is an anti-Semite. If this were true, then what stories should we start telling about Moses?

I. STEVEN SIMON

Lawrence, N.Y.

Sir: Your proud reputation for accuracy is going to pot in a hurry unless you hire some researchers more wide-awake. You state that Candidate William Haddad was a World War II Merchant Marine officer. You also state that he is 35. That means that when the war ended, he was only 16. I think your readers are entitled to an explanation.

REID JORGENSEN

St. Thomas, V.I.

▶ *At the age of 14, Haddad enlisted in the Army Air Forces, had advanced to cadet squadron commander before discovery and discharge. He tried unsuccessfully to enlist in the Army and Marine Corps before signing up in the Merchant Marine, which commissioned him an ensign at 16.*—ED.

Rally Round

Sir: If Quebec "gives" Canada that new heraldic nonentity that is being waved around—mostly by the Prime Minister [May 29]—one lone consolation will accrue. At least the problem (if there is one) of a new national anthem will be solved automatically: why, the *Maple Leaf Rag*, naturally! They will make the perfect couple.

ROY S. CUYLER

Ottawa

Nasser's Dam

Sir: I would like to bring up to date your Nile map [May 22]. Khashm el Girba dam is not any more "abuilding" but is "existing." On April 13, the bottom gates were closed and storage was started. On May 20, water impounded in the reservoir went for the first time into the

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
Sullivan 31
Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

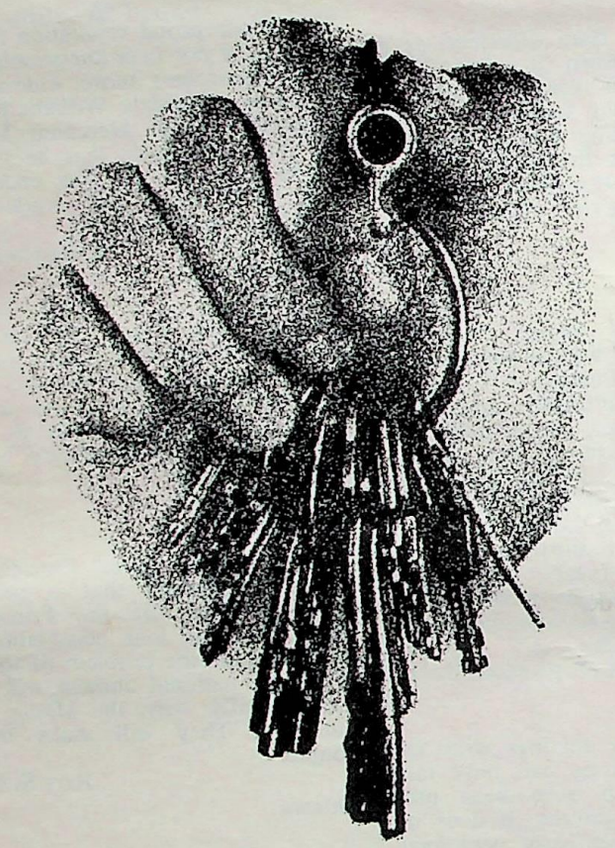
city state or province country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Looking for a key to international trade?

YOUR MAN FROM C. ITOH HAS A KEY FOR EVERY DOOR



C. Itoh, one of Japan's oldest and most experienced trading companies, is a master locksmith when it comes to opening the doors of international trade.

With a staff of almost 6,500 experts and over 70 branches and affiliates throughout the world, C. Itoh offers you fast efficient service in export, import, triangular trade and joint investment ventures.

Why not let your nearby C. Itoh man give you his expert help? You'll find one in every major city of the world.

C. ITOH & CO., LTD.
(ITOCHU SHOJI KAISHA, LTD.)

International Traders/General Importers and Exporters/Business Consultants

HEAD OFFICE: C.P.O. Box 117, Osaka, Japan Cable: "CITOH OSAKA"
TOKYO OFFICE: C.P.O. Box 136, Tokyo, Japan Cable: "CITOH TOKYO"

OVERSEAS OFFICES: Hong Kong, Bangkok, Saigon, Phnom Penh, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Djakarta, Sydney, New Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Colombo, Teheran, Karachi, Dacca, Lahore, New York, Los Angeles, Mexico City, São Paulo, Buenos Aires, London, Paris, Hamburg, Beyrouth, Johannesburg and other major cities of the world. (Liaison) Manila and Rangoon.

main irrigation canal. The new lake will be full next August.

SAVERIO C. FABOZZI
Project Manager
of the Main Contractor
Giuseppe Torno & Co., Sudan Branch
Khartoum, Egypt

Sir: You cannot imagine how pleasant it is to read a nice story about Egypt once in a while. For years I have hunted for reports of the kind you have written about the Aswan Dam.

M. ABOU-SABÉ

Pittsburgh

Mutual Interests

Sir: Your story about the retirement of Americans in Mexico [May 22] is a kind of constructive reporting that fosters one of the many complementary interests of Mexico and the U.S., and makes a real contribution to better understanding and friendship.

ANTONIO CARRILO FLORES
Ambassador of Mexico

Washington, D.C.

Still the Greatest

Sir: Pale, sick, exhausted Judy Garland should never have been forced to undergo the ordeal of the Melbourne concert [May 29]. Superb in Sydney, sick in Melbourne —in any shape, size or condition she is still the greatest entertainer alive.

RODNEY FISHER

Melbourne

Mow Those Lawns, Pull Dem Weeds

Sir: After reading your review of Mr. Gunther's *The Weekenders* [May 22] I feel compelled to tell Gunther that all is not lost! Why, our weekends are filled with meaningful things like hanging clothes, doing dishes, writing reports, mowing lawns, changing diapers, answering mail, hollering at children, pulling weeds, charcoaling hamburgers, dashing to church and watching TV (with snide comments, so people will know we're not overly too intelligent for TV). If Mr. Gunther knows of any place here in Ohio where some of that deplorable sin and dreadful hollow fun is going on, could he please let us know—soon? If possible, before next weekend.

(MRS.) JANICE C. GALVIN

Piqua, Ohio

Q. & Aw!

Sir: To add to your collection of wit in its [May 29], I offer the following:

Q. What was purple and conquered the world?

A. Alexander the Grape.

Q. What is yellow and found under water?

A. Mao Tse Sunk.

STEVEN L. HIRSH

Philadelphia

Sir: *Q*. What is green and dances?

A. Fred Asparagus.

Q. What weighs six tons and sings calypso?

A. Harry Elephante.

Q. What is green and yellow and lies in a gutter surrounded by cookie crumbs?

A. A dead Girl Scout.

Q. What is yellow and points north?

A. A magnetic banana.

Q. What is green and clicks?

A. A ballpoint cucumber.

CARROLL KROUT

Port Chester, N.Y.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ..... ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT ..... JAMES A. LINEN

EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ..... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ..... ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
A. T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George G. Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Anatole Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, Gilbert Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Marshall Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert McLaughlin, John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, Jon Borgzinner, Clell Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Dudley Doust, Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, Barry Farrell, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Gressman, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ronald P. Kriss, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Mitchel R. Levitas, George Love, Richard Murphy, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, Jerrold L. Schecter, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Essie Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Berta Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Virginia Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Nancy Atkinson, Priscilla B. Badger, Reva Berger, Jean Bergerud, Karen B. Booth, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, Nicolette Caliendo, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian Cornhead, S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall, Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Shanks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Lea Guyer, Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Janet S. Hopkins, Andria E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Krieger, Judith Liersch, Mary Mahdle, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Merrin, Shirley Monk, Deborah Hanson Murphy, Nancy Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Pampel, Jean Pearce, S. Marion Pikul, Ruth Reed, Eleanor Robbins, Wendy Kupsick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Snyder, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Lynn Thomas, Fortunata Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanahan, Susanne S. Washburn, Helgard Wienert, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Smith, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Tom Cook Jr., Simmona Fentress, Jean A. Franklin, Jerry Hamilton, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, William Rademaekers, Wallace Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin H. Zim. CHICAGO: Jerry Gart, Jon Anderson, Marah Clark, Christopher Leuchtenburg, Miriam Rumwell, Arlie W. Schardt. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Robert W. Glasgow, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Kaiser, Andrew D. Lloyd, Joseph Lewis, William A. McWhirter. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Israel Shenker, Christopher T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA: Jerry Johnston, Dudley E. Morris. BOSTON: Ruth Mehren, Ray Kennedy, Robert A. Ellis, John L. Wilhelm. HOUSTON: Mark Sullivan. DENVER: Barron Beneditt. DETROIT: Leon Jaroff, Benjamin W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: Roger Stone, Arthur Gleason. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin. Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Marlin Champlin, Donald S. Connery. PARIS: Curtis Cate, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Main, Friedel Bohny-Reiter, James Wilde. COMMON MARKET: Jason McManus. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, Peter Forster. ROME: Robert E. Jackson. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. GENEVA: George de Carvalho. HONG KONG: Frank Robinson, Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. NAIROBI: William E. Smith. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. BERLIN: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. TOKYO: Lee Griffith, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. OTTAWA: Peter Scott, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Martin Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed Ogle. VANCOUVER: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan, Walter M. Williams. CARACAS: Mo García. RIO DE JANEIRO: John Blashill, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Richard Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Cunningham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ..... LAWRENCE E. LAYBOURNE
GENERAL MANAGER ..... JOHN J. FREY
JAMES A. THOMASON

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR ..... Edgar R. Baker
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR FOR JAPAN ..... David W. Ballard
GENERAL MANAGER, EUROPE ..... Yasuo Kitaoka
EUROPEAN ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... William S. Honneus
EUROPEAN SALES DIRECTOR ..... Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

DAVID GAHR

McPHEE & FABER ON FAIR CABLE CAR

SOMETIMES he felt like that twelve-year-old boy who spent nine days and nights at the fair, sleeping in one pavilion or another and scrounging enough money for food by picking coins out of the fountains. But Writer John McPhee spent ten days there and only part of the nights and he ate—as the editorial business manager will discover—without dipping a finger in a fountain. In fact, he ate his way through such delights as soft-shelled crab on a bun, walnut fried Boston sole, partridge with grapes of Almeria, banana dogs, smoked eel of the river Tagus, *Kambing Masak Bugis* and *Ajam Panggang*—and one ham on rye to go. Followed, on occasion, by antacid tablets.

McPhee's mission was to do what no one else had done about the New York World's Fair. It had been previewed, opened, featured, highlighted and was even beginning to produce its own clichés. But there had been no intensive critique of it in the sense that, say, a theater critic reviews a play. McPhee and Researcher Nancy Gay Faber went to and from Flushing Meadow by car, subway, train and hydrofoil, walked and rode through the grounds, stood in the longest lines, went to literally every pavilion, park and exhibit. One day McPhee took two of his daughters, aged three and five, and stayed for more than ten hours. "They were so continuously fascinated," he said, "that they never disintegrated into some of their more conventional behavior patterns."

On the visual side, the color projects team was something of an advance party, covering the grounds earlier for days to put together the eight color pages. Nudged by the demands of engraving deadlines, Associate Editor Peter Bird Martin noted somewhat nervously one day that the demograph on the Equitable Life pavilion registered an increase of 165 souls while he was casing just one exhibit. Artist Boris Chaliapin, departing somewhat from his usual style, treated the cover with a touch of the abstract, a suggestion of pop and a shade of Moses.

The result is what the editors set out to provide for TIME readers: a definitive answer to the question, Should I go?, and a confidential, exhaustive guide to what is great, good, bad, indifferent and just Fair.

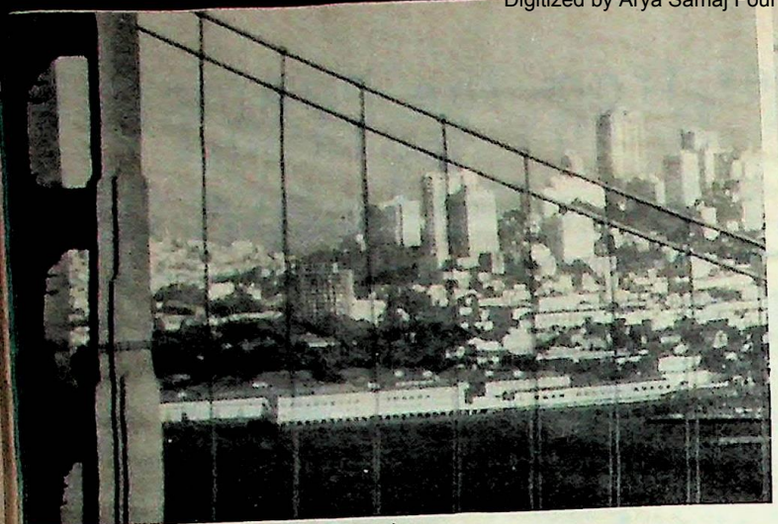
INDEX

Cover Story....34 Color: New York World's Fair....35

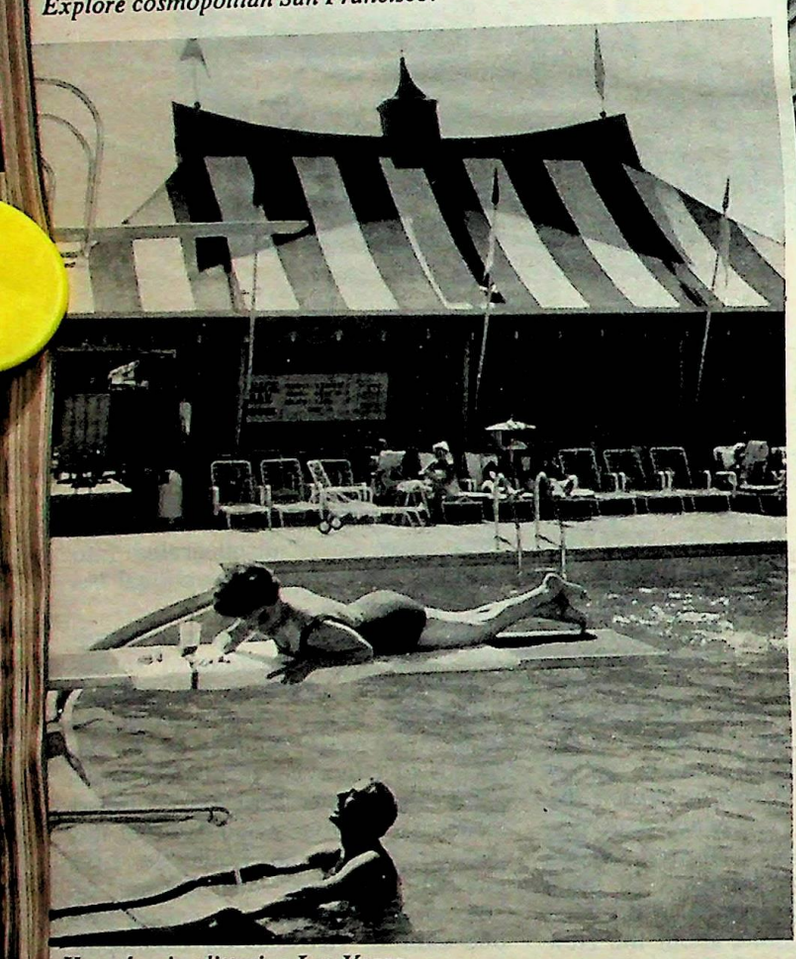
Art.....56
Books.....74
Cinema.....53
Education.....31
The Hemisphere 22
The Law.....62
Letters.....5
Milestones.....64
Modern Living...34
Music.....26
People.....25
Press.....49
Religion.....54
Science.....55
Show Business..72
Sport.....27
Time Listings.....1
The U.S.....9
U.S. Business...67
The World.....16
World Business..70

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Explore cosmopolitan San Francisco.



Have fun in glittering Las Vegas.

See the spectacular World's Fair.

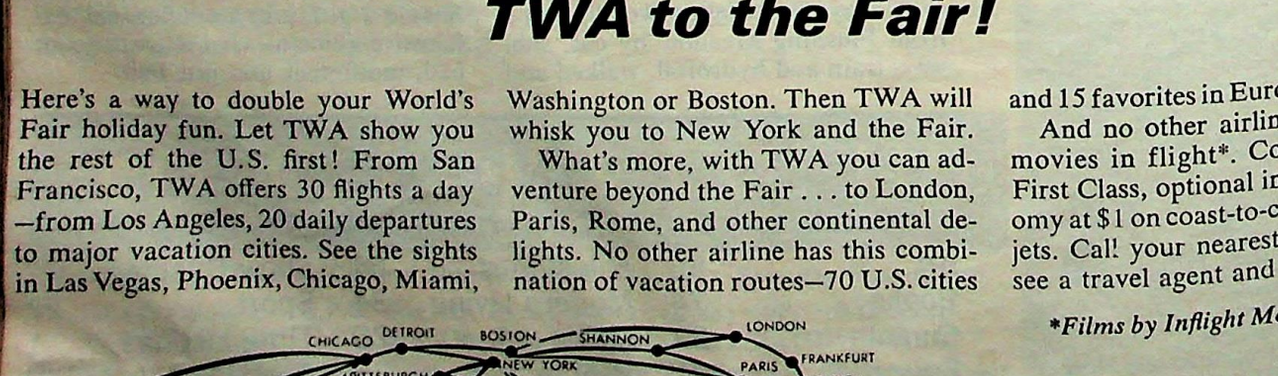
Two holidays in one: TWA throughout the U.S.... TWA to the Fair!

Here's a way to double your World's Fair holiday fun. Let TWA show you the rest of the U.S. first! From San Francisco, TWA offers 30 flights a day—from Los Angeles, 20 daily departures to major vacation cities. See the sights in Las Vegas, Phoenix, Chicago, Miami, Washington or Boston. Then TWA will whisk you to New York and the Fair.

What's more, with TWA you can adventure beyond the Fair . . . to London, Paris, Rome, and other continental delights. No other airline has this combination of vacation routes—70 U.S. cities and 15 favorites in Europe, Africa, Asia.

And no other airline offers first-run movies in flight*. Complimentary in First Class, optional in Coach or Economy at $1 on coast-to-coast and overseas jets. Call your nearest TWA office. Or see a travel agent and specify TWA.

**Films by Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc.*



TWA

TWA, official air carrier of the Transportation and Travel Pavilion, New York World's Fair

See other Life Magazine Coverage of the New York World's Fair

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
June 5, 1964 Vol. 83, No. 23

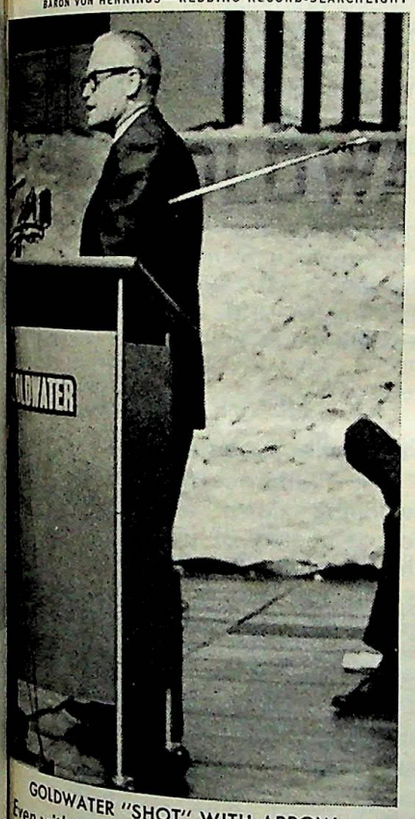
THE U.S.

REPUBLICANS

Straight Down the Middle?

Dwight Eisenhower was chipping and putting as if he were 37 instead of 73. In a charity match at Ardmore, Pa., last week, Ike paired up with Arnold Palmer, almost stole the affections of Arnie's Army in helping beat Dancer Ray Bolger and Golfer Jimmy Demaret

BARON VON HENNINGS—REDDING RECORD-SEARCHLIGHT



GOLDWATER "SHOT" WITH ARROW
Even with his foot out of his mouth . . .

three and two. Even with the match won, Ike insisted on finishing the full 18, and stroked in a superb 40-ft. birdie putt after two rolls and a dip on the 17th green, left the golf course exuberantly, and cried to reporters, "I don't know what I would do without this game. I really love it."

All of which had long since led a lot of Republicans to fear that the G.O.P. might be playing second fiddle to Ike's golf iron during this year's match-play presidential campaign. For months, many influential Republicans had been desperately trying to get Ike to think a bit about par and more about politics—at least to the extent of expressing himself on party principles, policies and candidacies before the G.O.P. convention in July. Again and again, Ike said he'd prefer a straight-down-the-middle stance, supporting no one, rejecting no one.

Most of the pressure on Ike came from anti-Goldwater people, specifically including Milton Eisenhower, Minnesota's former Governor Elmer L. Andersen and, very actively, New York Herald Tribune President Walter N. Thayer.

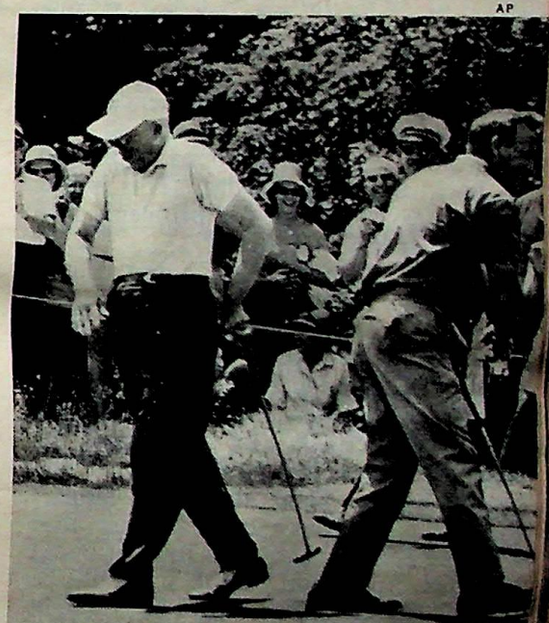
The Prelude. Ike was not exactly warm toward Goldwater, who in 1960 had labeled the Eisenhower Administration "a dime-store New Deal." Still, he declined to become part of a stop-Goldwater movement. On May 14 Eisenhower told newsmen he would support "whoever is nominated," and the next day he appeared on national television to say that "I personally believe that Goldwater—Senator Goldwater—is not as extreme as some people have made him. But, in any event, we are *all* Republicans."

The fact was that Eisenhower simply did not believe that Goldwater could get the nomination. Therefore, why should he help bring on a party split by coming out against Barry? Not until he had pointed out to him a TIME report that Goldwater already had some 550 more or less committed delegates, not including California's 86, was Ike convinced. At that point, he agreed to write a Republican "profile"—without mentioning names—that would detail the kind of G.O.P. candidate Ike really favors. Eisenhower started to draft the statement in his Gettysburg office on May 19, went to New York on May 22 and showed it to Thayer, handed a finished copy to Thayer in Gettysburg the next day, then phoned in some last-minute changes to the Herald Tribune on May 24.

The Statement. "I do fervently hope," wrote Ike, "that the person selected to lead our party in the coming campaign will be a man who will uphold, earnestly, with dedication and conviction, the principles and traditions of our party." G.O.P. principles, said Eisenhower, were "spelled out at length" in the party convention platforms of 1956 and 1960. "These platforms," said Ike, "represented the responsible, forward-looking Republicanism I tried to espouse as President, the kind that I am convinced is supported by the overwhelming majority of the Republican Party, the kind I deeply believe the party must continue to offer the American people."

He listed some of his Administration's domestic accomplishments—establishing the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, extending social security, a new program for medical aid for the aged, urban renewal, the U.S.'s first depressed-areas legislation, as well as the first civil rights bills since Reconstruction. Said Ike: "As the party of Lincoln, we Republicans have a particular obligation to be vigorous in the furtherance of civil rights."

AP



BIRDIE-PUTTER IKE AND PARTNER PALMER
. . . the shoe would never fit.

Then, speaking of foreign affairs, he said that "the overriding concern of the Republican Party—of either party—must be the maintenance of peace while protecting and extending freedom." This, he said, requires military strength and "loyal support for the United Nations in its peace-keeping efforts." He warned that "in today's nuclear-age diplomacy, there is no time for indecision, but neither is there room for impulsiveness."

The Reaction. Ike insisted that his "profile" was neutral, but it hit the Goldwater camp like a hurricane. [illegible] erything, from backing the U[illegible] tions to supporting civil [illegible] mestic social legislation, to the crack about avoiding "impulsiveness" in for-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

eign affairs, struck at least obliquely at Goldwater. Worse, after the 1960 presidential election, Goldwater had scoffed at the same party platform that Ike now praised so highly by saying, "We lost on it." To make sure no one missed the point, Thayer's Tribune planted a column by Pundit Roscoe Drummond squarely alongside the Eisenhower text. Said Drummond's lead paragraph: "If former President Eisenhower can have his way, the Republican Party will not choose Senator Barry Goldwater as its 1964 presidential nominee." And the New York Times headlined its Page One analysis piece: STATEMENT BY THE GENERAL APPEARS TO FIT ALL IN RACE BUT GOLDWATER.

Ike himself appeared taken aback by the stir. When a reporter said, "My editor wants to know if Senator Barry Goldwater fits your specifications," he replied enigmatically, "Let your editor try to fit that shoe to that foot."

As for Goldwater, he tried to make the best of Ike's statement. Said he: "I hail its forthright restatement of the basic Republican principles upon which I proudly stand and its public rebuke to those who would rule or ruin." But Barry knew better. The same day Ike's message was published, he appeared before a Redding, Calif., audience with an arrow tucked under his arm so that, in profile, it appeared to have pierced his back. Said Barry sadly, "This is just to show you some of the problems I've had in the last few days."

Indeed, as things were going, Barry never really could get his foot out of his mouth long enough to try on Ike's shoe. Early last week he raised a new crop of scary headlines by implying his support of the idea that Viet Cong supply lines in North Viet Nam could be uncovered through "defoliation of the forests by low-yield atomic weapons." Barry had to make it clear later that what he really meant was that "it could be done, but I don't think it should be done." When asked why he thought Eisenhower had issued his statement, Goldwater said bitterly that a "mysterious clique in the East that nobody seems to know anything about but everyone agrees is in existence" had probably prevailed upon him.

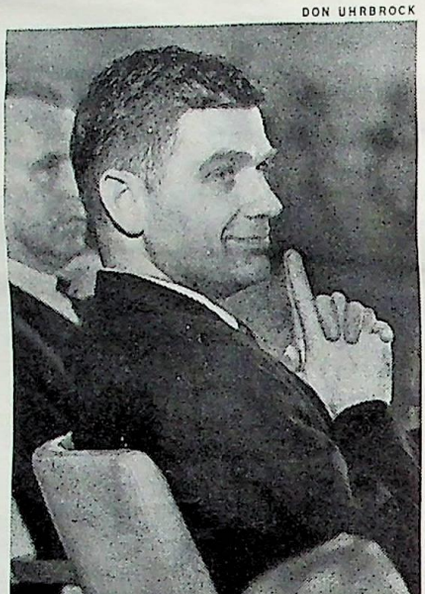
On the other hand, Nelson Rockefeller happily recalled that he had helped draft the very 1960 G.O.P. platform that Ike liked so much. Cried Rockefeller: "I fall within the framework of Eisenhower's description. I don't think Senator Goldwater's views are compatible." Workers for Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., having thrown their support to Rocky in the California primary, quickly chimed in that Lodge, too, fitted Ike's qualifications.

On the eve of that primary, there was no telling about the contribution Ike had made to the outcome. But one thing was certain: in the long-range G.O.P. situation, the last Republican President of the U.S. had, intentionally or not, thrown his considerable weight against Goldwater.

Projecting the Image

Time was when top officers of national political conventions were picked because of their position of integral power within the party structure. For example, the permanent chairman has often been the party leader in the U.S. House of Representatives—Democrat Sam Rayburn or Republicans Joe Martin and Charlie Halleck. But such senior party citizens have a tendency toward bald heads, bulb noses, or gravel voices—and none of these come over well on television. The fashion nowadays is to select younger, better-looking men to project the party's image. Thus, the Republican National Committee last week named Oregon's Governor Mark Hatfield, 41, temporary chairman and keynoter and Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton, 56, permanent chairman for the July 13 nominating convention in San Francisco.

DON UHRBROCK



OREGON'S HATFIELD

WALTER BENNETT

KENTUCKY'S MORTON

Good-looking guys get on-camera.

Hatfield, a man of boyish good looks, will be responsible for whipping delegates into a suitable state of partisan enthusiasm and wooing televiewers to the party cause. Actually, Republicans can expect little by way of breathless oratory from him. His delivery is often crisp and unemotional, whether on the political stump or talking to a group of his fellow Baptist laymen on the subject of "The Erosion of the Lordship of Christ in the Protestant Church." Hatfield will give convention viewers the far reaches of the western U.S. And no one doubts that the well-tailored, button-down appeal of middle-roading Republican Hatfield will be a rating builder.

Thruston (rhymes with House) Morton's Kentucky nudges the Mason-Dixon line, and his appointment offers calculated appeal to Southerner and Midwesterner alike. Morton is a seventh-generation member of a leading Kentucky family, a Yale graduate with citified manners and a Brooks Brothers look about him. Yet not even the backwoods folks of Kentucky would take him for anything but what he is: a tough politician in a state that grows tough politicians. Big (6 ft. 2 in., 190 lbs.) Thruston Morton is a shade to the rough-cut side of Mark Hatfield. But his vibrant voice and impressive manner behind the gavel will certainly project an image.

The third key conventioneer—Republican Platform Chairman Melvin Laird, 41, Congressman from Wisconsin—is bespectacled and a bit on the pudgy side. But that makes little difference; his role will be performed mostly off-camera.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Roller Coaster

The Johnson roller coaster kept swooping down and up—from the forced hilarity of political show biz to the solemnity of tributes to two of the world's lost leaders, from the gaiety of a Gaelic reception to the sentiment of a high school commencement in the President's home town.

"This is not a partisan dinner," declared the President at a noisy party rally in Washington's National Guard Armory. "It is open to any member of any political group who wants to contribute $100 to the Democratic Party in November." For their money, some 6,000 Democrats saw a two-hour show in which Comic Milt Kamen tastelessly joked about the mating habits of the whale, Gregory Peck quipped that 1964 is the year of the "Republican write-in," and the "Democratic shoo-in," Dancer Mitzi Gaynor peered down her middy blouse and asked: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? That Dick Nixon knows."

There were fleeting moments on a higher plane. Operatic Soprano Anna Moffo, aglitter in gold, thrilled with a selection from *La Traviata*. Folk Singer Joan Baez, musically effective if a bit maudlin, dedicated *All My Trials* and a plea, "Hush, little baby, don't you cry," to Jacqueline Kennedy. The show crac-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

to a close as a huge red heart emblazoned U.S.A. LOVES L.B.J. drifted from the ceiling and the crowd chorused an Allan Sherman parody to the tune *Once in Love with Amy*. Sample lyric:

Once in love with Lyndon,
Always in love with Lyndon;
Love him and love him,
Till our hearts are aching;
Why are we making this fuss?
'Cause Lyndon's always been in love with us.

Beyond Duty. Proving that his devotion to party extends far beyond any sense of mere duty, Johnson sat through the show again two nights later with 16,000 Democrats in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden. He also attended $1,000-a-plate dinners at Washington's International Inn and Manhattan's New York Hilton, a $100-a-plate dinner in Manhattan's Americana Hotel. The five affairs stuffed the party's 1964 campaign wallet with some $2.5 million.

Ireland's tall, tough President Eamon de Valera, 81, arrived for a ceremonial state visit, went to a White House dinner attended by such American-Irish as Eileen Farrell, Ed Sullivan, Speaker John McCormack. Johnson and De Valera both recalled the warm reception Jack Kennedy had received in Ireland last year—a visit that had led the Irish President to plan his U.S. trip so as to be in Washington on Kennedy's 47th birthday.

For the birthday, Johnson invited the Cabinet, the National Security Council and former Kennedy aides to a meeting to pay tribute. Said Johnson: "You served with devotion to his person and dedication to his cause. None of us would deny that a great cause requires great captains. But he also knew, as we must always remember, that beyond this hallowed house and this cherished city abide the people we serve. Without us, they are a strong and free people in a strong and free land. Without them, we are nothing. That and that alone is the secret of this transition."

HENRY GROSSMAN

MITZI GAYNOR AT PRESIDENTIAL GALA
A peek and a tricky answer.

"More Than Any Other." Johnson also noted the passing of India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. Said the President: "Perhaps more than any other world leader, he has given expression to man's yearning for peace. In this fearless pursuit of a world free from war, he has served all humanity."

From New York, Johnson flew to Texas to deliver the commencement address for 30 graduates of Lyndon B. Johnson High School in Johnson City. When Lyndon graduated as president of the six-member class of 1924, it was known simply as Johnson City High.

The return put Johnson in a reminiscent mood. Said he: "Forty years ago almost to this very night, I left my high school diploma at home and headed west to seek the fame and fortune I knew America offered. I came back because I realized that the place to really begin was the place I had been all the time. I cannot tell you what the future will be, any more than I could have predicted, when I sat in your place, that I would be standing here tonight. But I know it can be a place in which, in a thousand towns like Johnson City, a boy, young in years, but deep in dreams, can hope to come forth and take his place among the leaders of the world."

Grappling with Succession & Disability

The events of last Nov. 22 stepped up the argument among politicians, legal scholars and political scientists over what to do about a glaring deficiency in the U.S. constitution: its silence on the transfer of executive power when a President is disabled. Last week a Washington forum of the American Bar Association heard from one to whom the question is far from academic. Said Dwight D. Eisenhower: "I have a personal interest in this. Three times I was reminded that I was one of those people who might be found with a disability."

Looking fit and ruddy-faced, Eisenhower reminisced about his September 1955 heart attack. "One morning at two o'clock I had a pain. The doctors came and gave me something in the arm. I was soon under an oxygen tent. I felt rather amused that this could be happening to me." It was a week before doctors would let Ike even discuss any of the normal work of his office. Said Eisenhower: "When Sherman Adams finally came in, he had some tough ones. They kept the newspapers away from me so I couldn't see what the press was saying about my illness. Some of it was acutely embarrassing to me. But within a week I was picking up the burden, and within three or four weeks I was carrying on the essential duties of my office."

Loss of Memory. When Ike was stricken by ileitis in June of 1956, he found himself too preoccupied to ponder the disability problem. Explained Ike simply: "It hurt." About a year later, Eisenhower suffered a minor stroke, which he described as "a spasm of the brain." Said he: "For 24 hours I had an absolute loss of memory for words. If I wanted to see anybody I couldn't possibly remember their names. This passed quickly."

WALTER BENNETT

SPEAKER McCORMACK & SENATOR HAYDEN
Two elderly men and a glaring deficiency.

Eisenhower then endorsed A.B.A. proposals to resolve the disability problem and the matter of filling a vacancy in the vice-presidency. The A.B.A. seeks a constitutional amendment under which the Vice President would become acting President if the President declared himself unable to perform his duties. If the President did not, or could not, make such a declaration, the Vice President could petition the Cabinet to declare the President disabled. If a majority of the Cabinet affirmed the disability, the Vice President would become acting President.

The President could at any time declare himself able to resume his duties and would go back to work unless the Vice President disputed his judgment and was backed by a majority of the Cabinet. In that case the question would go to the Congress. It would require a two-thirds vote of both the Senate and the House to empower the Vice President to continue as acting President. The Bar Association's suggestion on filling a vacancy in the vice-presidency is perhaps the simplest yet proposed: the President would choose his new Vice President, subject only to approval of both houses of Congress.

"Close to Each Other." These proposals assume a close working relationship between the President and Vice President—an assumption with which Eisenhower agreed. Said he: "Here you have a man who has been chosen along with the President and upon his recommendation. When he takes over, he picks another man to work with him in that fashion. In this way you can make sure of bringing into the presidency one who has had full opportunity of know-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ing all the problems facing the Government. The only individual who can make the decision that a President is disabled is the Vice President. He cannot be excused if he does not act. The U.S. cannot afford to go ahead in these days without someone who's capable of making a decision and ready to do it. It is important that these two people be close to each other."

Later in the week a Senate Judiciary Subcommittee approved a constitutional amendment similar to the A.B.A. plan. Although there is a vacancy in the vice-presidency now—for the 16th time in U.S. history*—the Congress seems likely to ignore the amendment this year. It would call undue attention in a campaign year to President Johnson's 1955 heart attack, and it might offend the men who are in line to succeed Lyndon Johnson: House Speaker John McCormack, 72, and Senate President Pro Tempore Carl Hayden, 86.

THE CONGRESS

"A Salable Piece of Work"

Near adjournment time one afternoon last week, Illinois' Republican Senator Everett Dirksen arose in the Senate. "Mr. President," he proclaimed, "I present an amendment in the nature of a substitute." Passing to Senate Parliamentarian Charles Watkins a 74-page rewrite of the House-passed civil rights bill, Ev resonated: "I doubt very much whether in my whole legislative lifetime any measure has received so much meticulous attention."

By that time the civil rights bill had been before Congress for six months and six days. Reported to the House last Nov. 20, after 22 days of Judiciary Committee hearings, the bill was debated for nine days, then passed by the House 290 to 130. On March 26, the Senate voted to take up the bill, has been debating it steadily since March 30. During the last three weeks, Dirksen, who insisted on 50-odd amendments in return for precious G.O.P. votes in invoking cloture against the Southern filibuster (*see box*), was "beating out the iron upon the anvil of discussion" in conferences with other Republicans, Minnesota's Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey, and Attorney General Robert Kennedy. The fruit of their endeavors was what Dirksen now offered the Senate.

"We have now reached the point where there must be action," said Ev. "I believe this is a salable piece of work, one that is infinitely better than what came to us from the House."

One who predictably disagreed was Georgia's Democratic Senator Richard Russell. "Stripped of any pretense," he charged, the Dirksen substitute amounted to "a punitive expedition into the Southern states." Russell continued: "As one who lives in the South, as one who has never been ashamed of being a Southerner, and as one who believes that the people of the South are as good citizens as people anywhere else in the country, I resent this political foray." He also had a word of warning for Dirksen: "Unless I am badly fooled," said Russell, "he has killed off a rapidly growing Republican Party in the South, at least so far as his party's prospects in the presidential campaign are concerned."

If Ev was worried he didn't show it; instead exuded optimism over prospects for a speedy cloture vote. "I believe we can get cloture," he said. "And I think we have to have cloture now."

Last week the Congress also:

▶ Approved, in the House Foreign Affairs Committee, President Johnson's $3.5 billion foreign aid authorization request. It was the first time in the stormy, 17-year history of foreign aid that the committee had voted to give the President all he asked for. But Lyndon Johnson wasn't home free. Still to come was the foreign aid appropriations bill, which would no doubt feel the political knife of Louisiana's Democratic Representative Otto Passman, champion slasher of Presidential foreign aid hopes.

▶ Endorsed, in the House Education and Labor Committee, the Administration's $962.5 million anti-poverty program by a party-line vote of 19 Democrats to 12 Republicans. Among the program's costlier features: $340 million to finance 90% of local projects that will attack such poverty-breeding misfortunes as illiteracy, lack of job skills, slums and health hazards; $412 million to establish a volunteer job corps for youths from 16 to 22; and $150 million for a work-training program to pay part of the employment costs of youths who must work to help their families.

▶ Passed, in the Senate, a $1.3 billion deficiency-appropriations bill to keep programs that are running out of money. Included in the total were $1 billion for military pay raises and $45 million for Alaskan earthquake recovery.

CLOTURE ROLL CALL

Required for cloture: two-thirds of the Senators who are "present and voting." Thus, if all 100 Senators were present, 67 votes would be needed to stop the Democratic filibuster against the civil rights bill. The bill's bipartisan supporters say that now that they have presented the package of Dirksen-sculptured amendments, they will have the necessary votes when a cloture petition is filed, probably by the middle of this month. Georgia's Senator Richard Russell, leader of the filibuster forces, makes "no claim as to being able to beat the gag rule."

If the bipartisan coalition manages to invoke cloture, no amendments can be offered without unanimous consent, and no Senator can speak longer than an hour before final action on the bill, and Southern resistance will be futile. The present roll call:

FOR CLOTURE—61

Democrats—41

Anderson (N.Mex.)	McGovern (S.Dak.)
Bartlett (Alaska)	McIntyre (N.H.)
Bayh (Ind.)	McNamara (Mich.)
Brewster (Md.)	Magnuson (Wash.)
Burdick (N.Dak.)	Mansfield (Mont.)
Church (Idaho)	Metcalf (Mont.)
Clark (Pa.)	Monroney (Okla.)
Dodd (Conn.)	Morse (Ore.)
Douglas (Ill.)	Moss (Utah)
Engle (Calif.)	Muskie (Me.)
Gruening (Alaska)	Nelson (Wis.)
Hart (Mich.)	Neuberger (Ore.)
Hartke (Ind.)	Pastore (R.I.)
Humphrey (Minn.)	Pell (R.I.)
Inouye (Hawaii)	Proxmire (Wis.)
Jackson (Wash.)	Randolph (W.Va.)
Kennedy (Mass.)	Ribicoff (Conn.)
Lausche (Ohio)	Symington (Mo.)
E. V. Long (Mo.)	H. A. Williams (N.J.)
McCarthy (Minn.)	S. M. Young (Ohio)
McGee (Wyo.)	

Republicans—20

Aiken (Vt.)	Javits (N.Y.)
Allott (Colo.)	Keating (N.Y.)
Beall (Md.)	Miller (Iowa)
Bennett (Utah)	Kuchel (Calif.)
Boggs (Del.)	Morton (Ky.)
Carlson (Kans.)	Mundt (S.Dak.)
Case (N.J.)	Pearson (Kans.)
Cooper (Ky.)	Prouty (Vt.)
Dirksen (Ill.)	Saltonstall (Mass.)
Fong (Hawaii)	Scott (Pa.)

AGAINST CLOTURE—24

Democrats—21

H. F. Byrd (Va.)	R. Long (La.)
R. C. Byrd (W.Va.)	McClellan (Ark.)
Eastland (Miss.)	Robertson (Va.)
Ellender (La.)	Russell (Ga.)
Ervin (N.C.)	Smathers (Fla.)
Fulbright (Ark.)	Sparkman (Ala.)
Hayden (Ariz.)	Stennis (Miss.)
Hill (Ala.)	Talmadge (Ga.)
Holland (Fla.)	Thurmond (S.C.)
Johnston (S.C.)	Walters (Tenn.)
Jordan (N.C.)	

Republicans—3

Goldwater (Ariz.)	Tower (Texas)
Simpson (Wyo.)	

UNCOMMITTED—15

Democrats—5

Bible (Nev.)	Gore (Tenn.)
Cannon (Nev.)	Yarborough (Texas)
Edmondson (Okla.)	

Republicans—10

Cotton (N.H.)	Jordan (Idaho)
Curtis (Neb.)	Mechem (N.Mex.)
Dominick (Colo.)	Smith (Me.)
Hickenlooper (Iowa)	J. J. Williams (Del.)
Hruska (Neb.)	M. R. Young (N.D.)

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Consular Convention

There was the White House-Kremlin hot line, then the test ban treaty—and now a U.S.-U.S.S.R. consular convention to promote trade and to protect the citizens of each country while dwelling in the other.

President Johnson announced the pact, said it would be signed this week. Under it, each nation may open consulates outside the capital cities, possibly in Leningrad and Chicago. The pact requires that whenever one nation arrests a citizen of the other, it must notify the other nation within three days, and permit a visit from the prisoner's consulmen within four days. It is the first bilateral treaty between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., and will, of course, require ratification by the U.S. Senate.

* *Eight Vice Presidents took over from Presidents who died in office. Seven Vice Presidents died in office. John C. Calhoun resigned the vice-presidency in 1832 to become a U.S. Senator.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE ECONOMY

Raising the Roof

Increases in the huge U.S. debt limit —and there have been four of them in the past two years alone—seem to signal a rip-roaring, breast-beating debate in Congress on Government spending. But last week, when Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon went before the House Ways and Means Committee to request a $9 billion boost that would lift the limit to an alltime high of $324 billion, there was hardly a protest to be heard. The committee did not even bother with a roll call, instead gave speedy voice-vote approval to Dillon's request.

The fact is that President Johnson has gone a long way toward taking the bite out of the spending issue. Two weeks ago, for example, he announced that spending in fiscal 1964 and 1965

JIM MAHAN

VIRGINIA'S HARRY BYRD
Instead of a battle, a breeze.

would be $700 million under his January estimate, and that the overall deficits for the two years would be decreased by $300 million to a two-year total of $14.6 billion. And while such economizers as Virginia's Democratic Senator Harry Byrd, who wants to cut spending by $6.5 billion in fiscal 1965, are likely to have a lot more to say on the matter, the new limit is expected to breeze through Congress with less difficulty than in many a year.

Facing more resistance, however, is the Administration's request to extend for another year some $530 million in excise taxes that were first levied at the beginning of World War II. Led by Wisconsin's John Byrnes, the Republican members of Ways and Means sought to reduce the 10% levy on jewelry, furs, perfume, cosmetics, watches, luggage and other leather goods to 5% by July 1, and to nothing the following year. With one exception, the committee's proposal to defeat it by a party-line vote of 14 to 11. But that is not likely to be the last of it. Byrnes said he would try to excise the excise taxes when they reach the House floor, and a hot debate is in prospect.

INVESTIGATIONS

Conflict of Interests

Democrats, quite understandably, wish that the Bobby Baker case would quietly disappear. Republicans, also understandably, would like to keep it wide open at least until November. This conflict of interests has caused some spectacular fireworks in the staid Senate chamber.

Slow Burn. New Jersey Republican Clifford Case helped bring things to a head by urging that the Rules Committee reopen the Baker probe and question Senators. "When I hear of an employee of the Senate boasting that he has ten members of this body in his hand," said Case, citing a statement attributed to Baker, "I do a slow burn." Delaware Republican John J. Williams followed with a resolution that would authorize the committee to quiz Senators and to look into "any illegal, immoral or improper activities" including the misuse of campaign funds.

Democrats practically went through the rotunda at that, particularly Washington's Warren ("Maggie") Magnuson. Noting that some of the Senators sponsoring the resolution were up for reelection, he snorted: "I am sure they do not run their campaigns on hot air. They might, but I feel certain they do not." Replied Williams: "The Senator from Washington has a great voice. But he reminds me of my favorite animal when I was a boy on the farm. I always refer to my good friend from Washington as 'Maggie.' That was the name I gave to my old friend on the farm—Maggie. He was a jackass." For a moment Maggie looked as if he had just been kicked by one. Finally he came back with a retort that was, at best, second best: "The Senator keeps some gabby old hens down there too, does he not?"

Shouting Match. The shouting match got worse the next day when the Senate met to consider Williams' resolution. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield was on his feet, attacking the resolution for its "sly innuendo," when suddenly Case bolted from his seat. "Mr. President," he shouted to Teddy Kennedy, who was then in the chair, "a point of personal privilege!" Mansfield ignored him. Case, arms waving and face purpling, kept shouting. By now, Mansfield was getting pretty hot himself. "I do not yield the floor for any purpose!" he cried. For nearly 20 minutes, the two men yelled across the aisle at each other while Teddy and Parliamentarian Charles Watkins flipped frantically through the rule book. Not quite sure of what to do, Democrat Teddy repeatedly thumped his gavel and ordered Republican Case

AP

NEW JERSEY'S CASE
Fueling the fireworks.

to sit down.* The Democrats then defeated the Williams resolution.

Virtually shamed into action by the G.O.P.'s prodding, the Rules Committee did begin studying an 18-page draft report on the Baker investigation prepared by its special counsel, Lennox McLendon of North Carolina. The report noted "the existence of a breeding ground of practices inimical to the public interest," offered three recommendations to Senators and Senate employees: 1) that there be "compulsory public disclosure" of their financial holdings; 2) that they be prohibited from associating with persons engaged in any business with the Government; and 3) that they be required to testify at the request of Senate committees. There was not much chance that the Senate would accept these recommendations.

* For that, Kennedy was later scolded by Mother Rose who phoned him to say: "Teddy, you know Kennedys are never supposed to make decisions unless they have all the facts in command. You weren't sure of your facts, were you?"

WALTER BENNETT

WASHINGTON'S MAGNUSON
Memories of Maggie.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

RACES

Who Likes Whom

"Would you want your daughter to marry a white man?"

That was the sense of a question put to 721 Chicago Negro families by University of Chicago Sociologists Donald Bogue and Jan Dizard in a four-year study financed by the Ford Foundation. Bogue and Dizard found that nearly half the Negroes said they would try to prevent an interracial marriage, or would permit it only after strong opposition. Most of the others claimed that it "made no difference" if their children married whites. Only a minute percentage—1.1% of Negroes living in slums and 2.5% of Negroes in middle- and upper-income neighborhoods—said that they would encourage their children to marry whites.

"Eighty percent or more of Negro parents would permit their child to marry a white person if the romance had already developed without their knowledge," said the sociologists, "but there is no evidence of a desire for miscegenation, or even interest in promoting it, except among a very tiny minority."

Bogue and Dizard went on to reveal some other racial attitudes they found among the Negroes and 839 white families interviewed. Among their findings:

▶ Forty-eight percent of the Negroes said they wanted to live in neighborhoods where whites and Negroes were about equal in number; 25% said they didn't care one way or another; 22% wanted to live in neighborhoods that were predominantly or wholly Negro; and 5% said they would prefer to live apart from other Negroes.

▶ "A majority of the Negroes denied that their race kept them from getting ahead as fast as other people. When faced with discrimination, Negroes tend to become either passively or actively regretful—they either feel depressed or they get angry. Only about one Negro in 16 believes the Negro is at fault; overall, the Negroes place the blame for the behavior of the whites upon the culture and tradition of the whites and hence believe a good part of the problems of race relations is one of changing the white culture. Negroes do not place all of the blame for the problem of discrimination on the whites, however." The study found that over half of the Negroes "were willing to adopt the position that some, but not most of the troubles that Negroes have are their own fault—their behavior patterns, their outlook on life, and so on."

▶ "Among whites, persons of European ancestry generally showed the greatest desire for residential segregation. About 8% would dislike living near Italians or Jews. More than one-fifth would not like to live near Japanese. Over 75% would dislike living next to Negroes. The Jewish population itself appears to have a rather high level of prejudice against other groups, especially with regard to Negroes and Puerto Ricans. In fact, Jewish respondents showed a greater level of prejudice toward others than others toward Jews. Negroes are anti-Italian and anti-Semitic to nearly the same extent as native Europeans."

ARMED FORCES

Non-War Is Hell

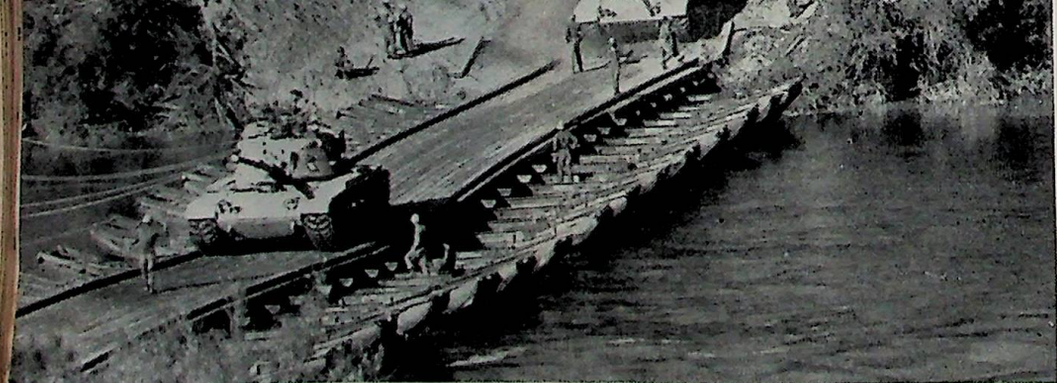
Hordes of 52-ton tanks churned up choking waves of orange dust over California's Mojave Desert. Oil-drum devices released mushroom clouds to simulate atomic attack. In the 105° heat, smoke generators threw up acrid screens. Fighter-bombers singed the sand with the blast of their afterburners. The normally green Colorado R... turned brown with machine-sw... mud, black with slicks of oil. Heli... ters chattered, machine guns clatte... and men swore.

All of the noise, grime and foul s... were generated by Joint Exercise D... ert Strike, the biggest U.S. desert... fare maneuver since General Ge... Patton trained his tank forces i... same area in 1942 to prepare fo... invasion of North Africa. Althoug... sidered a war "game," Desert S... ran up costs that smacked of the... thing.

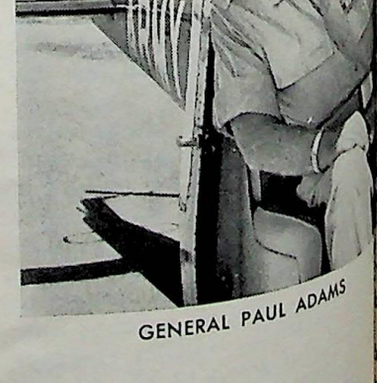
The two-week exercise cost... some $60 million, since it involved... than 100,000 men (90,000 Army... 000 Air Force), 780 aircraft, ... wheeled vehicles, 1,000 tanks. All... deployed over some 13 million ac... California, Nevada and Arizona... scape.. Air Force units operated o... 25 airfields from Texas to Oregon.

The exercise caused or contri... to the deaths of 33 men, includi... in aircraft crashes, five by drow... five in truck accidents, and two sle... soldiers who were run over by a...

Is Desert Strike worth such a... General Paul D. Adams, whose A... Air Force STRIKE Command is... ducting the exercise, is certain that... Puffing on a cigar in his air-condi... trailer at Needles, Calif., Adams... who bears a striking resemblance t... original "Desert Fox," German ... Marshal Erwin Rommel, explai... "There are lots of things we try t... complish in an exercise like this... the first time we've been able to ... proper training area for the ar... divisions for ten or twelve years ... where they will encounter the ta... and maintenance problems they ... find in a real combat operation... want to do all the things you're...



2ND ARMORED DIVISION TANKS CROSSING PONTOON BRIDGE



GENERAL PAUL ADAMS

The price of war gamesmanship: $60 million and 33 lives.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

posed to be able to do in combat. There's a close interrelationship of fire-power and mobility in the two services, and we're working further on the development of joint doctrine. We're trying out techniques of conventional and nuclear warfare. There's a lot of desert in Africa and the Middle East, and if we ever have to go over there, we'll know what we're doing."

PENNSYLVANIA

Hope in Appalachia

If it ever gets serious, Lyndon Johnson's war on poverty might be waged all around Hazleton, Pa. (pop. 32,500), which is perched amid deserted coal mines high on Spring Mountain in the heart of depressed and desolate Appalachia. But Hazleton has already fought a valiant anti-poverty war of its own. Moreover, it has done so with a minimum of federal help.

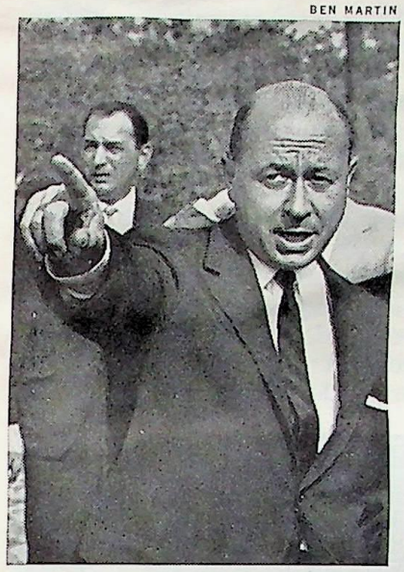
For years, the town lived respectably if not richly from coal mines and textile plants in the area. But after World War II, Hazleton found itself on the skids. One after another, the mines shut down. Between 1946 and 1958, coal-mine employment plunged from 14,000 to 1,750; young people began leaving town at the rate of a thousand a year. In Hazleton it became the rule rather than the exception for wives to plod off to work at sewing machines in the textile and garment plants while listless, jobless husbands stayed home to keep house.

Expensive Experience. Desperately, the Hazleton Chamber of Commerce worked to keep the community alive. When a local silk plant announced that it would move to cheaper labor markets in Mississippi, 70 Hazleton businessmen signed mortgages totaling $50,000 to keep the factory in town. Within three years the plant moved South anyway—putting 2,000 people out of work. Refusing to give up, the chamber formed the Hazleton Industrial Development Corporation, raised $650,000 in bonds and contributions its first year, agreed to donate $500,000 as a no-strings down payment on a $1,600,000 plant built to any prospect's specifications. The Electric Auto Lite Co. (now the Eltra Corp.), accepted the offer, but created fewer than 300 new jobs after the community thought it would employ at least 1,000. It was an expensive, disillusioning experience.

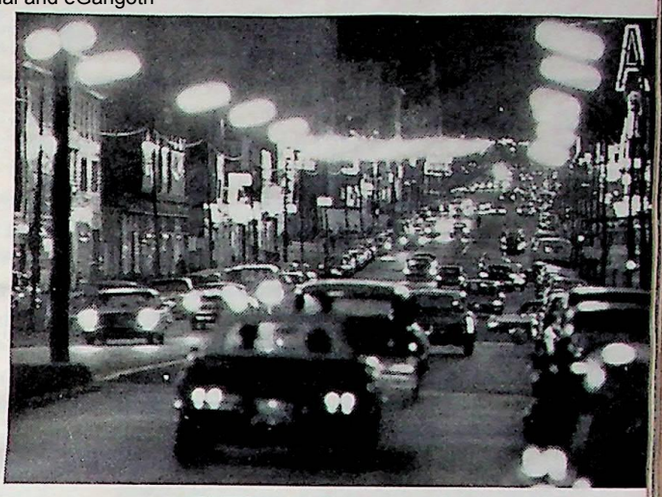
In 1955, Hurricane Diane crashed through—flooding and wrecking the few deep mines that remained. It was almost a death blow. Most of the mines never reopened, and 16% of Hazleton's workforce was unemployed. But the next year proved to be Hazleton's turning point—for the better.

CAN DO. Dr. Edgar Dessen, now 47, a physician, had been president of the Chamber of Commerce during the dark days. Under his determined guidance, a 550-acre site near town was bought for $10 an acre as an "industrial development park." Not long after, the Pennsylvania state legislature passed a law providing loans to towns that could scrape up outright contributions from townspeople—as well as bank loans—to attract new industry. Dessen got a local organization going to get the money, dubbed it CAN DO, then spent three weeks trying to dream up some words to fit the initials. Finally he came up with the coherent if colorless label, "Community Area New Development Organization."

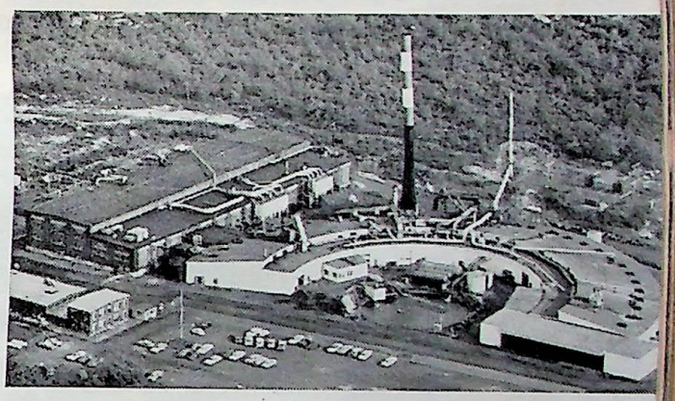
BEN MARTIN



DR. EDGAR DESSEN



HAZLETON'S BOOMING BROAD STREET



BERYLLIUM CORP.'S REFURBISHED ROUNDHOUSE

Out of despair and desolation, a self-made tow

Goal of the first CAN DO drive was $500,000—a part to be acquired by selling 15-year 3% debenture bonds, the rest from donations. Dessen's group put on heavy pressure, had every single contributor listed daily in the Hazleton Standard-Speaker, and classified the lists so that all lawyers or all employees of one factory were together—making for easy (and occasionally embarrassing) comparisons. To keep the pressure up, Dessen went on the radio every noon to read the names and amounts contributed. Within three weeks CAN DO was well over its quota, with $200,000 in cash and $540,000 in bond purchases.

The Road Back. Then the town began to improve its "industrial development park," building roads, sewer and water systems, and a 60,000-sq.-ft., $150,000 "shell plant" on sheer speculation. The General Foam Corp. moved in almost right away, has since enlarged until its investment is almost $5,000,000. About the same time, the Beryllium Corp. was persuaded by Hazleton citizens to take a look at an abandoned locomotive roundhouse built in 1918. Said Dessen: "I was ashamed to show it to them. It was built with reinforced concrete, but it was in a mess. Every window had been broken; there was soot all over everything. They said they had looked at 30 or 40 sites all over the Eastern U.S. and Puerto Rico." But Beryllium bought the roundhouse because it was a good building for a bargain price, now employs 400 people, has an $8,000,000 investment. Later the Sekisui Corp., which makes plastics and is the first Japanese-financed factory built in the U.S., put up a $1,750,000 plant.

Now, with CAN DO's fund-raising drives (collected so far: $2,200,000) keeping the state loans flowing, the once-dying town has, since 1956, attracted 15 new industries with payrolls totaling $13 million a year. No fewer than 11,000 new jobs have been created in the last five years.

Hazleton has its own airport, with daily flights from Washington and New York, a new 175-acre park with a man-made lake, an active arts council; and early this spring ground-breaking ceremonies were held for two new federal superhighways near by. Nearly all of this has been done without federal funds. And even though unemployment in Hazleton is still at an unsettling 7.8%, Edgar Dessen, for one, is not waiting with outstretched hand for poverty-war funds from Washington. Said he: "Federal programs will never rebuild towns that just aren't capable of helping themselves. Some towns should be allowed to become ghost towns—they did in the West. We should not try to create a vast WPA that will make people dependent on the Government forever."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

INDIA

Man of East & West

Clad in a white sari, Indira Gandhi sat weeping on the floor beside her dead father's bed. He lay stretched out under a sheet, two crossed lotus blossoms resting above his head. Later, the body was moved to the doorway of the Prime Minister's white-walled house as a line of weeping, shouting mourners two miles long formed to offer final tribute to Jawaharlal Nehru.

Throughout the land, Indians wept and fasted for the remainder of the day. As the news slowly spread to the remote provinces, some feared that Nehru's passing would trigger war or natural disasters—and, in fact, Delhi was twice shaken by earth tremors. Many gathered to chant: "May Nehru live long after his death!"

BALDEV—PIX

NEHRU LYING IN STATE AT DOORWAY OF OFFICIAL RESIDENCE*

After the curling smoke of sandalwood, the true test of greatness.

Though it had long been anticipated, Nehru's passing found India unprepared. Only the week before, clearly enfeebled by the stroke he had suffered in January, he had himself brushed aside a question about his successor with the smiling reply: "My lifetime is not ending so very soon." Last week he had helicoptered back to Delhi from a four-day vacation in the cool hills surrounding Dehra Dun. He woke as usual at 6:30 a.m., but instead of performing his customary yoga exercises, complained of pains in his back. Within minutes, he collapsed in a coma from which he never recovered. At 2 p.m., he was dead. A Cabinet minister rose in Parliament and announced in a choked voice, "The Prime Minister is no more."

The world joined in the mourning, less for the international statesman—whose always exaggerated role as mediator between East and West had declined with the decline of the cold war—than for a tireless national leader. Nehru had more or less held together, in all its nagging greatness, Asia's largest democracy—indeed the largest single mass of unshackled mankind on earth. The true test of his accomplishment might be set by death itself; for it remained to be seen whether Nehru had given his people enough strength and order to go on without him.

Downed Magnum. In his 74 years, Nehru traveled an immense distance—from spoiled child to charismatic leader, from model English gentleman to Oriental father figure. Born in the northern Indian city of Allahabad, he belonged to a wealthy, Westernized family of the highest Brahmin class. When he was 15, the family sailed for England and the boy was entered at Harrow, where, as he put it, "I was never an exact fit." He moved on to Cambridge and two years of law studies at London's Inner Temple. He also had the money and appetite for fashionable parties in the West End, and could down a magnum of champagne without losing his poise or equilibrium. He was attracted by the ideas of his time, from the Fabian Socialism of Bernard Shaw to the moral relativism of Bertrand Russell and the welfare economics of John Maynard Keynes.

Nehru was 22 when he returned to his homeland, and he continued to dabble in a gentlemanly way with revolutionary ideas. His first meeting with Mahatma Gandhi left him unimpressed—civil disobedience and nonviolence had little appeal to a young man who saw himself as Byron in Greece or Garibaldi unifying Italy. The great change occurred when Lawyer Nehru was sent and indulgently visiting an Indian village. "A new picture of India seemed to rise before me, naked, starved, cruel and utterly miserable," he wrote. "... their faith in us, casual visitors from the distant city, embarrassed me ... filled me with a new responsibility ... frightened me."

Midnight Stroke. Nehru joined the fight for Indian independence, and was rewarded by more than ten years in British prisons. Gandhi was the torch that lit the way to freedom and Nehru the organizer who made it possible. In 1947, as British troops left the subcontinent at a slow, half-step march, Nehru rose in the Constituent Assembly to declare, "At the stroke of the ... night hour, when the world sleeps, ... will awake to life and freedom."

From that midnight stroke in 1947 until last week, India's destiny was in Nehru's hands. He guided his nation through partition, the horror of communal strife that cost an estimated 200,000 Moslem and Hindu lives, and the shock of Gandhi's assassination in January 1948. Despite deep poverty, inefficiency and corruption, despite frightening capacity for violence, despite sharp differences in language, religion and caste, India became a nation and a working democracy.

Abroad, Nehru became the spokesman for the nonaligned Afro-Asian nations that wished to stand aside from the cold war—though it often seemed to embittered Westerners that Nehru's moralizing neutrality played into Communism's hands. In part, his policy of nonalignment was based on a shrewd calculated risk. He recognized that India could not afford both a big military budget and industrialization; his role as a peacemonger offered prospects of aid from both sides.

For 15 years, this balancing act worked. But Nehru tarnished his image of nonviolence when he employed force in 1961 to seize the tiny colony of Goa from Portugal. And Red China punished his policy of nonalignment in 1962, when the Reds streamed across the Himalayas and brushed aside the defending Indian troops, long ill equipped and ill guided by a Nehru favorite, the wavering Defense Minister Krishna Menon. Yet the West moved a little closer to Nehru as neutrality became more acceptable, and Nehru moved a little closer to the West as he belatedly sought arms against Red China.

Paid Homage. At home, Nehru gave himself tirelessly to his 450 million people. He was both a kindly father and a stern schoolmaster, and each morning began with a *darshan*, a communion

* At far right, Daughter Indira Gandhi and Sister Viajaya Lakshmi Pandit.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

with the pilgrims who gathered daily outside his home. They would sit quietly in rows on the ground while Nehru walked among them, exchanging smiles and the palms-together gesture of *namaste*. Occasionally, a woman would say shyly, "We come to pay homage." Nehru would answer laughingly, "Well, pay homage then."

Darshan was more emotional than verbal, which was fortunate, since of India's many languages Nehru spoke only Urdu with any proficiency. Often his speeches to crowds numbering in the millions were delivered in English and translated into the local dialect by interpreters. The multitudes listened quietly and seemed somehow comforted by Nehru's presence. He could patiently calm the terrors of superstitious peasants who feared the world was coming to an end, yet scream at a servant because a cup was misplaced. He crusaded tirelessly against the ingrained Indian habits of inefficiency, tardiness and cheerful anarchy, but made no real effort to raise up young leaders to succeed him. He railed against the prevalence of holidays, wandering sacred cows, and often fraudulent holy men, yet did nothing about them. He preached socialism but only partly practiced it, calling on Cabinet ministers who were conservative businessmen to administer a half-planned economy.

Normal Confusion. Perhaps his most remarkable trait was his devotion to democracy. Nehru could have become dictator of India, and he knew himself well enough to recognize his dictatorial impulses. Yet all that he accomplished was done under a free parliamentary system. Once, halfheartedly, Nehru spoke of resigning, but he allowed himself to be dissuaded by the clamor of his Congress Party followers, who cried, "Panditji, don't abandon us!"

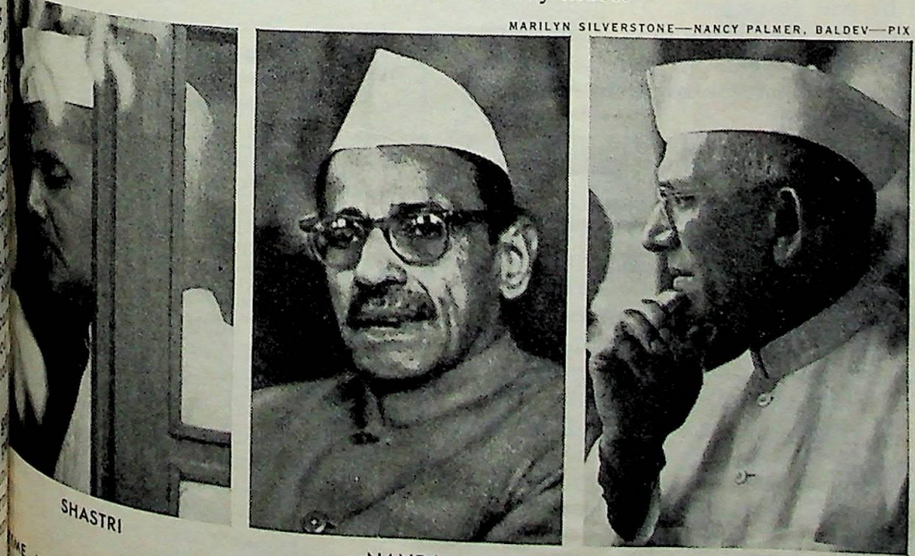
Nehru abandoned India only by abandoning life itself. His slim, bent-shouldered figure, with the fresh rose-red in a buttonhole and the white Gandhi cap, will be seen no more. There will be no more large family breakfasts, with the watchdog nuzzling his knee beneath the table and grandchildren giggling in the corner; no more long hours in the Foreign Ministry office, where monkeys scamper among the colonnades; no more rides along thronged streets to be pelted by flowers and nearly trampled by the ardent heedlessness of an Indian crowd. Perhaps his people had clung to him too fervently, too long—and he to them.

He had consistently refused to designate a successor; on his death, instead of orderly transition, there was some normal confusion. India's President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan chose the senior member of the Cabinet, Home Minister Gulzari Lal Nanda, 65, to serve as Acting Prime Minister. At week's end the Congress Party working committee, in consultation with Indian state ministers, began meetings to select a permanent successor. Leading candidate: La Bahadur Shastri, 59, who served as Nehru's deputy and is a somewhat obscure political moderate. Among other candidates: Morarji Desai, shrewd, free-enterprising former Finance Minister.

Fanned Ice. After lying in state overnight, cooled against the New Delhi heat by fans blowing across blocks of ice, Nehru's body was placed upon a gun carriage and, to the funereal beat of muffled drums, drawn six miles through Delhi to the banks of the holy Jumna River. A stampede in the huge crowd killed four persons and injured scores. Although Nehru had been an agnostic, his corpse was placed on a Hindu funeral pyre. An Indian air force band played the hymns, *Abide with Me* and *Lead, Kindly Light*. Nehru's grandchild, Sanjay Gandhi, stepped forward and touched a torch to the pyre.

As the flames spread and sandalwood smoke curled toward the sky, priests in yellow and white robes chanted, "He is free of his earthly bondage." In response the crowd shouted, "*Amar rahe* [May he be an immortal]!" But India's deep and visceral feelings for its dead leader may best be found in his own words, spoken on the occasion of Gandhi's death: "A light has gone out of our lives. We cannot run to him and seek solace any more."

MARILYN SILVERSTONE—NANCY PALMER, BALDEV—PIX



SHASTRI NANDA DESAI

Was there strength enough left behind?

SOUTH VIET NAM

Again, the Buddhists

By 6 a.m., a crowd of 50,000 Buddhist faithful had gathered for the sunrise service on the banks of the Saigon River. Packed shoulder to shoulder under a 120-ft.-high pylon put up with the help of army engineers, they were led in prayer by shaven-headed monks while a girls' choir sang hymns. Then down from a candle-laden altar was handed a glass case containing a small blackened object identified as the preserved heart of Thich Quang Duc, the first monk to burn himself alive during last year's Buddhist demonstrations.

The relic was placed on the lead float of a mile-long procession, which began a parade through the city while flocks of pigeons and sparrows were released from cages.* Also swirling overhead: thousands of round paper disks representing Buddha's "wheel of life," air-dropped by chartered Cessna. Lining the parade route, sustaining themselves on peanuts, soda pop and peppered fish sticks, were 250,000 spectators. As the Buddhists celebrated the 2,508th year of Buddha's birth and the first anniversary of their successful campaign against President Ngo Dinh Diem, they plainly showed themselves a growing force in South Viet Nam. Significantly, neither Premier General Nguyen Khanh nor U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge was present at the ceremonies—a reflection of growing distrust of Buddhist aims.

Cowing Catholics. Ever since Diem's overthrow, the Buddhists have worked diligently to expand their influence. They have launched a collection drive to build up working capital, are constructing schools. Vietnamese Catholics complain that they are beginning to suffer the same discrimination by Buddhists that the Buddhists complained of under Catholic Diem.

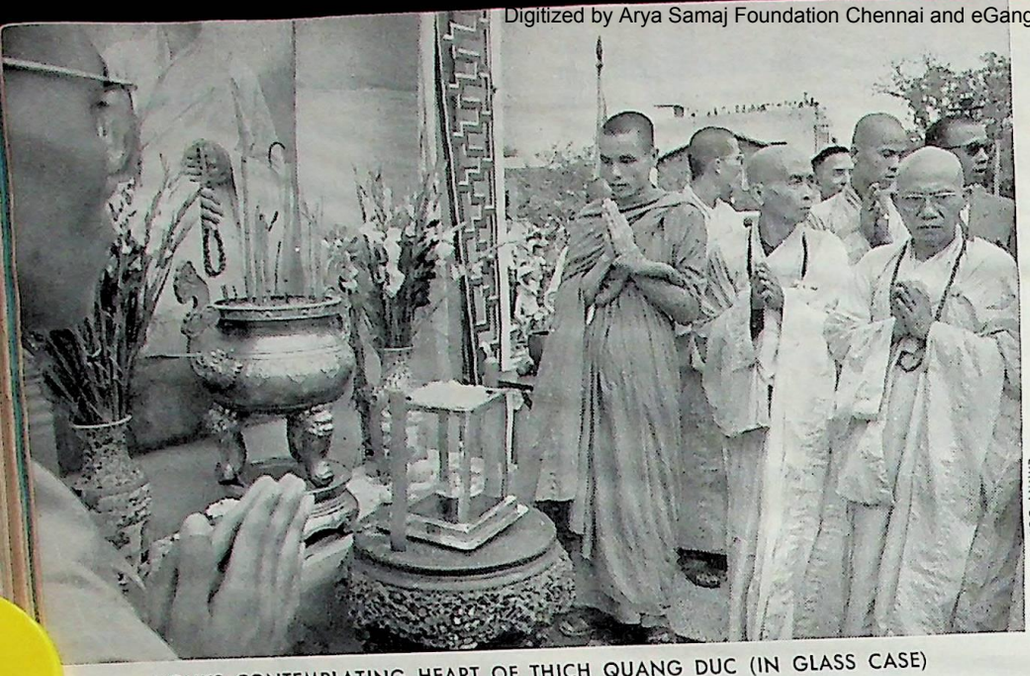
Tension developed between the two religious groups recently when Buddhists demanded the execution of Catholic Army Major Dang Sy, who is awaiting trial for giving the orders to fire on Buddhist demonstrators in Hué last year. Earlier the Buddhists had insisted that no mercy be shown to Diem's jailed brother, Ngo Dinh Can—who was executed even though Lodge privately pleaded with Buddhist leaders against the death penalty—or to Can's aide, Lieut. Phan Quang Dong, who was shot before an enthralled crowd of 8,000 in the stadium of Hué.

In Major Sy's case, Catholics angrily argued that he had only followed superiors' directives to keep order, and Catholic army officers circulated leaflets warning of serious trouble if Sy was shot. Although the Buddhist hierarchy

* Buddhist doctrine teaches that freeing caged birds is one way to earn virtue. As a result, one Saigon bird merchant has reputedly made a fortune by training his feathered charges to return to him as soon as they have been bought and freed by virtue seekers.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



LARRY BURROWS—LIFE

MONKS CONTEMPLATING HEART OF THICH QUANG DUC (IN GLASS CASE)
Growing force, growing distrust.

now speaks of leniency for Sy, fear of a clash persists. Khanh, a Buddhist, has taken pains to antagonize neither the Catholics nor the Buddhists. But he is angered by the Buddhists' lack of support for his regime.

Late in the Game. Of particular concern to the U.S. embassy—where he enjoyed asylum for several weeks last year—is Thich Tri Quang, a frail, hot-eyed monk who heads the Institute of Buddhist Clergy. Quang has managed to confuse everyone about his political loyalties, but he masterminded last summer's Buddhist strategy against Diem and is now thought to be a leader of the militant monks exhorting Buddhists to "assert" themselves. What worries the U.S. is the possibility that they will assert themselves for neutralism—and the question of why they have failed to assert themselves against Communism.

The speeches at last week's celebrations were masterpieces of ambivalence, saying nothing for or against Khanh, for or against the Reds. Aged Supreme Patriarch Thich Thien Khiet appealed enigmatically to Buddhists "regardless of their sects" to "achieve more union and to think of the danger faced by Buddhist law and the people." He added, equally mysteriously, that Vietnamese Buddhists "know how to approve of sound policies and resist nefarious ones."

Some observers believe that the Buddhists are still trying to make up their minds about what position they should take on Communism—pretty late in the game. Others suggest that the Buddhists want only to be independent of both government and Communists—which sounds like a neutralism of sorts. Moreover, Communist tactics being what they are, it would be almost miraculous if the Buddhists were not infiltrated by Red agents.

Whatever their aims, the Buddhists are stronger than last summer—a force now rivaling the Viet Cong in organization. Channeled against the Reds, they could quite possibly help win the war by galvanizing the apathetic populace. And, logically, they should want to do so, for their northern brethren have fared badly under Communist rule. But then logic has never been a noticeable spoke in the Buddhist wheel of life.

THE PHILIPPINES

The Last of the Huks

Preoccupied with the war in Viet Nam, the U.S. sometimes forgets that a similar struggle against Red rebels was won in the Philippines. Under relentless pressure from President Ramon Magsaysay's counter-guerrilla forces, Philippine Communist Leader Luis Taruc surrendered a decade ago and accepted amnesty, ceding command of 56,000 remaining Hukbalahap guerrillas to Jesus Lava, a wiry physician.

One steaming noon last week, intelligence agents of the Philippine Constabulary closed in on a modest clapboard house near Manila's center and roused a pale, gaunt man from a pre-lunch nap. His indignant protest of innocence lasted only until the agents found letters from Mao Tse-tung and other top Communist leaders. When confronted by the now respectable Luis Taruc, he admitted he was Jesus Lava, 51, general secretary of the Philippine Communist Party. After years in the backwoods, Lava had apparently come to Manila to visit his family.

Though Lava faced trials for armed rebellion and murder, he was taken to Malacañan Palace for an almost cordial interview with President Diosdado Macapagal. The meeting was symbolic of the fact that the once powerful Huks are no longer a serious threat in the Philippines, even though economic instability and corruption remain dangerous; the hard-core armed Huks probably number only a few hundred, and they may be able to draw on perhaps 10,000 supporters in remote Mindanao and Luzon. Successor to Lava as leader of the Huks is Pedro Taruc, cousin to Luis, who seems determined to continue desultory attacks on remote villages.

SOUTHEAST ASIA
The Alternatives

In Hawaii this week, on the Presidential orders, Dean Rusk, Robert McNamara and Maxwell Taylor will sit down again with top U.S. diplomats and soldiers to discuss the deteriorating situation in Southeast Asia. Lyndon Johnson obviously wants to avoid any drastic action until after the elections, but events may not permit such delay. In the ensuing debate about what to do, what are the alternatives?

Neutralization

Some prominent U.S. voices are convinced that the military commitment in Viet Nam should never have been taken over by the U.S. from the defeated French and must now be liquidated as soon as possible, at almost any cost. Columnist Walter Lippmann, for example, thinks that an honorable and perhaps successful way out lies in Charles de Gaulle's proposal for neutralization. Though never spelled out by De Gaulle, this would mean a negotiated peace under auspices of the U.N. or of a renewed Geneva conference, to stress even by international guarantees the [illegible] made—and since broken—in the original 1954 Indo-China settlement. The possibility is backed by Senators Mike Mansfield, George McGovern and others, who see defeat and humiliation for the U.S. as the only fruits of continued fighting in South Viet Nam.

Proponents of neutralization do not deny that, at the very least, it would increase Chinese "influence" in the area. As the University of Chicago's Hans Morgenthau argues, this influence has always existed and cannot be prevented short of a head-on war with China, perhaps not even then. But some believe that a neutralized South Viet Nam would encourage North Vietnam's Premier Ho Chi Minh to become a kind of Tito in the shadow of Red China. In one view, expressed by Asian Expert Bernard Fall, Ho Chi Minh is afraid of U.S. air strikes, which could destroy his struggling economy, and if suitably threatened he would accept a neutral, more or less independent South Viet Nam.

Most neutralization advocates, however, agree that at present the Communists are doing so well in South Viet Nam that the U.S. couldn't get neutralization even if it wanted it. It would first have to improve the military situation. This means, in effect, urging the South Vietnamese, not to mention the American "advisers," to fight another war with only an uncertain neutrality as the declared prize—a dubious war aim, to say the least. On balance, the State Department and Pentagon are convinced that any agreement to neutralize Southeast Asia, even if one would be concluded, could not be enforced. It would be, in Dean Rusk's words, "a formula for surrender"—merely a cover

TIME, JUNE

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Red infiltration and eventual Communization of all Viet Nam, which has been the clear Communist purpose ever since Laos was "neutralized" in 1962.

Withdrawal

Then why not get it over with fast and pull out at once? This is the argument of Senator Wayne Morse, who believes that current U.S. participation in the Viet Nam war is not only unconstitutional but "threatens to engulf the resources and manpower of the American people on the continent of Asia for an undefined time and purpose." Some argue wistfully that the U.S. might as well extricate itself from the messy, soft center of Southeast Asia —Viet Nam, Laos, Cambodia—and make a firm stand along a "hard perimeter" based on Malaysia, the Philippines and Okinawa. There, with massive air support and the Seventh Fleet, the U.S. would at least know where it stands and what it is defending.

Or would it? Under such conditions, staunchly pro-Western Thailand would succumb sooner or later, and Burma, acutely aware of its 1,370-mile frontier with China, would swing away from its current neutralism toward Peking. The pressure on India would be great. For that matter, argue some U.S. strategists, the security of Malaysia and the Philippines has largely been due to the existence of non-Communist buffers in Indo-China. A series of takeovers by the Reds on the Southeast Asian mainland would revive the Communist threat in the island nations, and a U.S. defeat might well persuade Indonesia's Sukarno that he could press his own expansionist plans with impunity. In effect, U.S. defenses would be pushed to Okinawa.

Above all, a U.S. pull-out would convince all of Asia, including Japan, that Americans cannot be relied on as allies against Communism. Chances are that the U.S. would only have to fight later.

Attack the North

If these are indeed the consequences of withdrawal, shouldn't the U.S. move to the offensive right now? Many think so, and one proposal is an attack on North Viet Nam, which guides and supplies the Viet Cong and other Communist forces in Southeast Asia.

Such an attack could take several forms. One would be a drastic insurgent campaign conducted by South Vietnamese commandos in enemy territory. Premier Nguyen Khanh supports the idea only if he receives guarantees of total U.S. backing should moves against the North draw massive Chinese retaliation. Besides, South Vietnamese Special Forces teams have been trying to penetrate North Viet Nam for at least two years, have met with almost total disaster so far.

Another possibility, strongly favored by some U.S. officials, is to bomb Ho Chi Minh's industrial and military bases and supply routes. This could hurt. But everyone at the Pentagon recalls Korea's Operation Strangle, an Air Force effort to prevent Chinese and North Korean supplies from reaching the front in 1951. After each day's bombing, no matter how many bridges and railroad facilities were blown up, the Korean peasants succeeded in patching things up at night. Ho Chi Minh's men doubtless could do the same. Besides, there is a growing belief that, while ideological direction from the North is important, northern supplies are not essential to the Viet Cong terrorists in South Viet Nam, who are armed largely with captured weapons. Many believe that even if North Viet Nam were to withhold all aid, the Viet Cong could fight on for at least two to three years.

If the U.S. did strike at North Viet Nam, would the Chinese strike back by sending their own infantry hordes south? Chances are that Peking would, though no one can say on what scale. Some American strategists would actually welcome such Chinese intervention as a chance for the U.S. to blast Red Chinese atomic developments and other installations.

Yet, for all the tensions of the Sino-Soviet split, who is to say for certain that Russia would not feel compelled to step in on the side of a fellow Communist nation? In fact, could Russia afford not to do so?

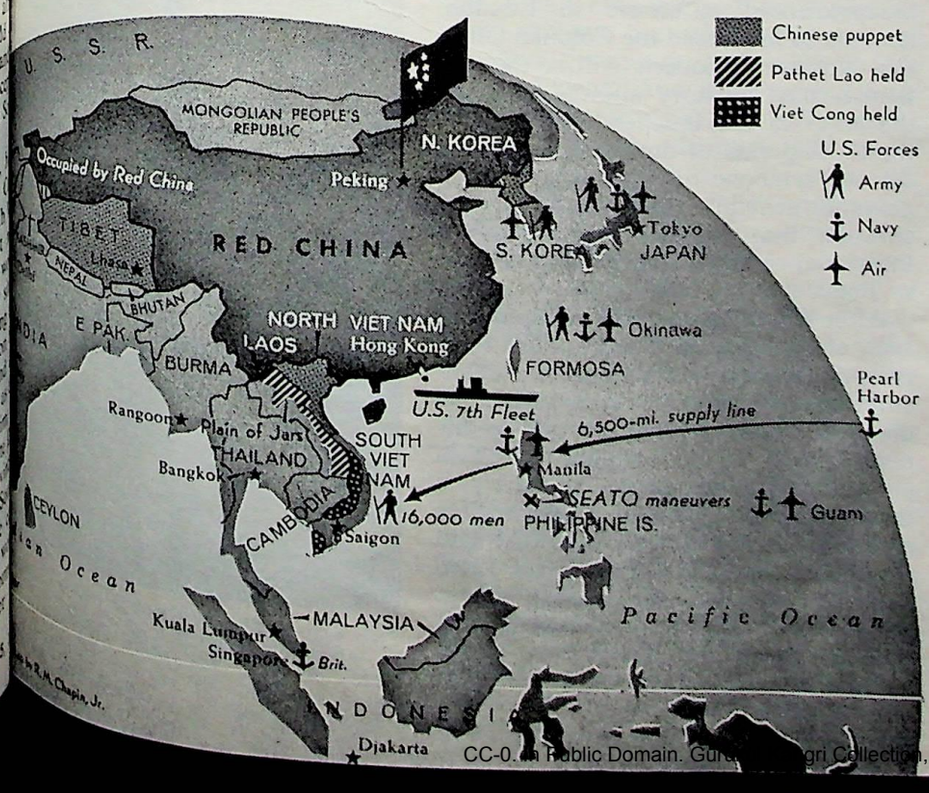
Win in the South

One of the seemingly simplest proposals is to ignore North Viet Nam for the moment, drop the U.S. "adviser" role in South Viet Nam and add 30,000 to 40,000 U.S. troops to the fray. Some feel that this added strength in fighting men, plus the addition of perhaps a few hundred thousand newly recruited Vietnamese soldiers to General Khanh's existing 450,000-man force, would be enough to back the Viet Cong into a corner. It would make the ratio closer to the 10-to-1 troop strength the British used to defeat the Reds in Malaya; at present, the U.S. and Khanh are trying to do the job with a troop ratio of only 4½ to 1, inadequate where the enemy has the advantage of guerrilla status.

Such direct intervention would at least demonstrate beyond all doubt that the U.S. means business in South Viet Nam. It would also enable the U.S. to drop the cumbersome and frustrating task of trying to run the war by advising and persuading Vietnamese officers, and instead to assume direct command of operations. In fact, most U.S. military men badly want to do this right now but realize it would be difficult without more U.S. troops on hand.

U.S. forces in the South might well draw Red Chinese "volunteers" into the battle, although Russia probably would not find it necessary to join the fighting on this account. There are other, greater risks. For one thing, relatively modest estimates of U.S. troop requirements are questionable; some believe the U.S. might have to send in 100,000 to 200,000 men to make a dent. Moreover, how would American troops take to a guerrilla war, compared to which even Korea was an old-fashioned textbook conflict? In the swamps of the Mekong Delta, would they be any better at telling friend from foe than the South Vietnamese troops themselves? And how much could an alien Western force do to win popular support?

There is, of course, always the possibility of choosing the *status quo*—with a few new trimmings. One suggestion in the trimmings category does not directly concern Viet Nam but Laos: bomb the Pathet Lao forces, encourage Thailand's army to occupy part of Laos, and move U.S. marines into Thailand more or less permanently. But even if these moves were to be decided on, it is far from clear whether they would make any real difference—or whether they would simply demonstrate the need for real intervention.



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

KAUNDA GREETED BY CABINET MINISTERS ON RETURN FROM LONDON
Jumping into a new republic.

NORTHERN RHODESIA

Roar of the Black Lion

Welcome banners bedecked Lusaka's postage-stamp airport, and 2,000 jubilant Africans pressed against its wire fence, their faces daubed festively with red ink, and frantically waving ceremonial palm fronds. Out of the Dakota transport stepped a shock-haired, anthracite-black man in a natty suit. To cheers of "Ken, our Zambia boy!" he unfurled a banner that proclaimed: REPUBLIC DAY, OCTOBER 24. Then he said: "I told you before we left we were going to collect a republic. We have brought it back to you."

Thus last week Northern Rhodesian Prime Minister Kenneth ("The Black Lion"*) Kaunda returned from London bearing a long-coveted gift for his 3,500,000 people: a fixed date for independence. Next Oct. 24, Northern Rhodesia will become the Commonwealth Republic of Zambia.

Going It Alone. For ten years Northern Rhodesia formed part of Britain's ill-starred Central African Federation, in which the black-dominated protectorate was bound awkwardly to equally black Nyasaland and white-ruled Southern Rhodesia. Last year, after Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland demanded independence, London reluctantly cut the ties among the three. Nyasaland is to gain independence in July, but is poor in resources and rich in unemployment. Southern Rhodesia is rent with racial strife because it refuses to grant equal representation to blacks, has received no independence date. Of the trio, Northern Rhodesia's future looks by far the brightest.

One reason is that, despite its need to develop educational and agricultural resources, Northern Rhodesia is inherently richer than its two neighbors—thanks to fabulous copper reserves that net $336 million a year. A more important cause for optimism is Kenneth Kaunda himself. A teetotaling preacher's son and ex-schoolteacher, Kaunda, 40, is a fiery nationalist who has spent his share of time in British prisons. But he has since convinced his former masters that he has the makings of a moderate African statesman in the mold of Tanganyika's Nyerere. Kaunda advocates a "multiracial society" that will protect the rights of the white minority. He favors foreign investment, has promised just negotiations with the British-owned copper companies for an increased local share of the take.

No Nonsense. During the 16-day independence conference in London, Kaunda so impressed the Colonial Office that Northern Rhodesia will be the first British-ruled territory allowed to make the jump to full independence without the usual period of dominion status under the symbolic tutelage of a Queen's governor-general. Under a new constitution that includes safeguards for individual rights, Kaunda will take over as President.

After his return home, Kaunda beamingly shook hands with his Cabinet ministers, who had turned out in slogan-emblazoned "freedom shirts." Then he drove through cheering crowds to his neon-lighted United National Independence Party headquarters (formerly a dry-cleaning plant). There he praised his reception as "nonracial, nontribal and purely Zambian." Then the Black Lion, who has shrewdly raised the pay of his soldiers and police to discourage dissension like that which jarred East Africa, made clear that he can be as tough as he is mild-mannered. Said he, addressing himself to his country's often troublesome trade unions, and by implication to all future Zambians: "This government is strong and here to stay. I do not want to hear any more nonsense from anyone."

* *So nicknamed, according to one account, because he once met a lion, frightened the beast into retreating by staring it down.*

SOUTH AFRICA

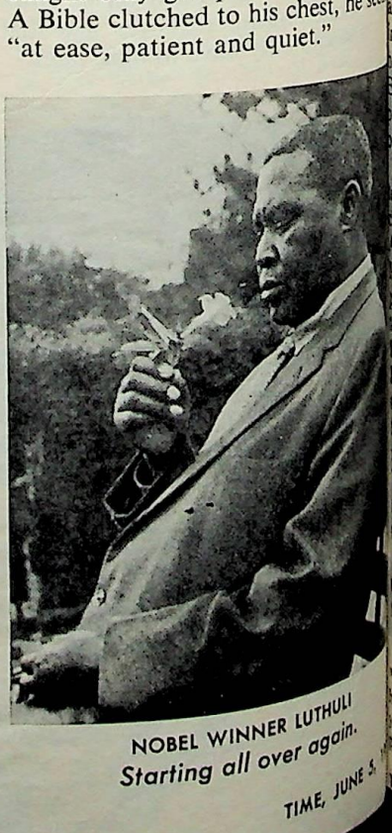
Another Five Years

His followers call it "living death." For heading the African National Congress, an organization dedicated to passive resistance against *apartheid*, the South African government five years ago banished Albert John Luthuli to a 25-acre sugar farm near the Zulu village of Groutville and to the little town of Stanger. Since then he has won the 1960 Nobel Peace Prize and quietly kept up his stance of resistance, though he was forbidden to speak or write for publication.

Last week, the day before the five-year ban was up, two Special Branch detectives caught up with Luthuli in a shop near his farm and handed him a notice. It banished Luthuli for another five years, this time under even more rigid conditions; henceforth he may not even go into Stanger or attend services in the local Congregational Church. They fear he would incite other blacks to riot.

Basis for the new ban: the Minister of Justice, who under the law need not furnish proof, declared himself "satisfied" that Luthuli had engaged in "prohibited" activities and espoused the "cause of Communism." He also linked Luthuli to other leaders of the African National Congress, Nelson Mandela and Walter Sisulu, currently on trial for their lives on charges of sabotage.

Since the ban prohibits visitors to Luthuli's home unless they have government permission, his neighbors caught only glimpses of him last week. A Bible clutched to his chest, he seemed "at ease, patient and quiet."



NOBEL WINNER LUTHULI
Starting all over again.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

AUSTRALIA

Civil Rights for Aborigines

Australia's 40,000 full-blooded aborigines,* nearly half of whom live in isolated tribal groups in the Northern Territory, are "protected" by confused statutes restricting their movement, forbidding them to drink alcoholic beverages even if they remain sober and orderly, to own land or firearms, and to cohabit with white Australians.

Liberal-minded critics have long objected to these discriminatory laws. The boomerang-hurling aborigines, who still go naked in many areas, did not seem to mind cohabiting mostly with their own kind, but they took to drinking cleaning fluid and dissolved shoe polish. They also began demanding equal rights and equal pay—cattlemen often employed them at bargain wages.

Last week the state legislature at Darwin passed a law striking down all unequal prohibitions against the aborigines in the Northern Territory and requiring them to attend school in English, since they have no written language. Other states are following suit. Some Australians fear that the natives are not ready for such freedom and should remain wards of the government. Says Western Australia's Native Welfare Minister Edgar Lewis: "Some people think there will be orgies and riots, but I am sure it won't happen."

MIDDLE EAST

You Were Expecting Maybe James Bond?

Like many sensitive young Germans, Graduate Student Frowald Hüttenmeister felt a sense of guilt for Nazi atrocities against the Jews. Studying Hebrew, history and archaeology, he made field trips to the Middle East and came to identify himself with the Jews because, as he later put it, "I was so well received in Israel as a German." Along the way, he became deeply entangled in Israeli-Egyptian espionage, one of the less publicized but most bizarre branches of the spy business.

Recruited by an Israeli agent, Hüttenmeister became convinced that he could somehow make amends for Auschwitz and Buchenwald by helping Israel protect itself against Egyptian plots and plans. After training in cryptography and other techniques in an Israeli-operated spy school in Paris, Hüttenmeister flew to Cairo with instructions to pick up a capsule of microfilm from a Sudanese clerk named Ismail Sabri and smuggle it out of Egypt. The neophyte spy had no sooner taken the film than he was arrested by Egyptian security agents.

Hearing his full confession last week, the Cairo Supreme State Security Court found the defendant guilty of working for the Israeli government. But Hüttenmeister's death sentence was reduced to ten years at hard labor and a $2,500 fine "in view of the defendant's youth and inexperience, and in appreciation of the cooperation of German scientists in Egypt."

Triumphantly, Egyptian intelligence sources then revealed that the young German had been betrayed by Sabri, who, while pretending to work for the Israelis, had for four years fed them phony information. Espionage sophisticates wondered why, if Sabri had really been such a successful double agent, the Egyptians had not managed to catch Hüttenmeister without exposing him. But then intelligence is apt to get fairly intricate, in the Middle East even more than elsewhere. So far this year, Syria has sentenced to death a Lebanese Protestant missionary for broadcasting information to Israel from transmitters hidden inside statues, and Lebanon meted out 20 years to a Jewish woman named Sholla Cohen for recruiting agents at "wild parties" in her apartment. On the other side, the Egyptians not long ago sent into Israel an Armenian agent who disguised himself so thoroughly as a Jew that he not only had a full set of ancestral documents but had even had himself circumcised.

FRANCE

Face Watching

After a three-week rest at his villa in rural Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, France's foremost convalescent returned to public life last week, and instantly the nation's favorite game became face watching. The face, of course, belonged to Charles de Gaulle, and what his countrymen saw in it depended partly on their politics. The anti-Gaullist weekly L'Express, for instance, carried a photo of a worn, waxen-faced man whose eyes were more deeply pouched than ever. Gaullists found him leaner than before his April prostate operation but fit enough to serve for years and years in the Elysée Palace. And those who viewed him without any political prism saw a man surprisingly vigorous after major surgery—but, after all, 73 years old.

First Fruits. De Gaulle's first public outing took him to the inauguration of the Moselle River Waterway. After six years of work and an investment of nearly $200 million, the Moselle has been widened and provided with locks, thus making the river navigable for big barges and giving the steel mills of Lorraine an easy link to the Ruhr Valley's coal.

France considers the Moselle Waterway so valuable that it paid a handsome price: Paris agreed to foot two-thirds of the bill and renounced its claims to the Saar; Germany paid only one-third of the cost, though nine-tenths of the canal flows through its territory. When the project is linked up with the Sâone and Rhône rivers through a complex system of canals, it will provide an unbroken waterway from Marseille to Rotterdam, a route first visualized by the Roman generals Nero Claudius Drusus and Gaius Antistius Vetus some 2,000 years ago.

JACQUES DE POTIER—PARIS-MATCH

CONVALESCENT DE GAULLE ON DECK*
Worn and waxen or fit for years?

At the French town of Apach, De Gaulle boarded the carnation-decked pleasure boat *Strasbourg*, along with West German President Heinrich Lübke and Luxembourg's Grand Duchess Charlotte, to begin the four-hour cruise along the Moselle to Trier, across the German border. There, De Gaulle hailed the project as one of "the first fruits" of the recent Franco-German *rapprochement*. After "so much pain to which this river was a sad witness for centuries," said he, "we have been able to sail down it together, without meeting any resistance except that of ribbons."

Fecund Frenchwomen. The boat ride tired De Gaulle, and when he returned to Paris, a scheduled Cabinet meeting was put off 24 hours. But after a day's rest, he not only presided over the meeting but played host to King Mahendra of Nepal. Later in the week, De Gaulle received a delegation of 14 mothers who have given his "100 Million Frenchmen" campaign a boost by bearing big families, also welcomed a papal legate on hand to help celebrate the 800th anniversary of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

While he was in the hospital, according to the latest De Gaulle story making the rounds in Paris, his wife timidly suggested that he might not be up to another term. His reply: "I am *old* enough to know what I should *do*—even another seven years *at the head* of the Republic."

* Thought to be of Dravidian origin and to have migrated to Australia at least 10,000 years ago from Asia via the Indonesian archipelago or over a since sunken land bridge.

* In light hat: *Grand Duchess* Charlotte of Luxembourg.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BRAZIL

Toward a New Economics

Brazil is famous as the lost continent of economics. It has ignored all the rules, maintained a giddy inflation of 40% to 80% per year, built up a foreign debt of $3 billion, and seemed to be operating on four basic Brazilian principles: 1) God is a Brazilian, 2) confidence is a good racket, 3) paper is the stuff money is made of, and 4) the Americans would always bail them out anyway.

All that is changing. Having kicked out Leftist João Goulart, Brazil's new President Humberto Castello Branco is determined to put his country's economic house in order once and for all. To do the job, he has chosen Roberto de Oliveira Campos, 47, a brilliant economist and diplomat, who was Brazil's Ambassador to Washington until last December, when he quit in disgust at Goulart. As Minister of Economic Planning, Campos knows just how big a task he faces. In 31 months of Goulart, the value of the cruzeiro plummeted 83%, and the cost of living rose 340%. The confidence that had always helped Brazil grow in spite of itself disappeared—and so did many outside investors. Private foreign investment went from $85.1 million in 1960 to a trifling $4,500,000 last year.

Historical, Not Hysterical. Campos is far too shrewd to dream that he can turn the economy around overnight. "Our actions are based on historical—not hysterical—concepts," he says. Inflation is obviously the primary target, and as a first step, Campos hopes to slow the spiral to 70% this year. Even that would be a major victory, considering the current rate of 30% for the first quarter. By early 1966, if all goes well, he plans to get it down to a "normal"—at least for Brazil—10% to 20% annually.

For a starter, the new government has canceled Brazil's $200 million-a-year wheat and petroleum import subsidies, cut the national budget 30%, and is promoting a bill that will create a National Monetary Council for stabilizing finance and trade policy. It also intends to cut back commercial credit for businessmen, hold down those famous 100% wage boosts Goulart liked to pass out to unions, expand exports by offering credit insurance.

A $500 Million Boost. The government's mightiest weapon, however, promises to be an emergency tax law to reduce the estimated $1.1 billion budget deficit for 1964. That, says Castello Branco, is "the primary cause of our inflation," and he has already rammed through Congress a bill to increase revenues by $500 million or more this year.

Under the bill, every company has 90 days to revalue its assets to bring them into line with the inflated value of the cruzeiro. The companies will then be required to pay a capital gains tax on the new figures. They can either pay in cash or, for a sweetener, buy a stake in the new Brazil by putting the money in short- and medium-term government bonds paying 6% interest. The government also firmly intends to collect some $23 million in back taxes.

To make the point crystal clear, Castello Branco's tough old War Minister Artur da Costa e Silva went on TV last week to remind everyone that the military will stand for no monkeyshines. "Go and pay now, gentlemen," he warned, "so that we do not have to come and get it from you. You owe a great deal to the revolution; and the government needs that money."

MANCHETE

PLANNER CAMPOS
Time to go and pay.

Planning Ahead. The strong measures have brought wounded howls from many Brazilians. But most businessmen are no longer in love with inflation and are ready to go along. "Inflation," says São Paulo Industrialist Paulo Quartim Barbosa, "is an illusion of grandeur and a guarantee of catastrophe." As for foreign investors, they were busy dusting off all the expansion plans pigeonholed while Goulart was in power. Willys-Overland do Brasil, the country's largest automaker, plans a $30 million expansion, Volkswagen is investing another $21 million in its São Paulo plant, Argentina's Bunge & Born is ready to go ahead with a $16 million superphosphates plant, Columbia Ribbon & Carbon plans an $8,000,000 investment, and Holland's Philips Lamp is set to build a $10 million TV picture-tube factory.

In the last month alone, executives of 35 major U.S. corporations have been scouting São Paulo, and this week six leading Brazilian businessmen will travel to New York—at Banker David Rockefeller's behest—to talk with 1[illegible] other U.S. prospects. "Only by creat[illegible] wealth," says President Castello Branc[illegible] "can we distribute it justly among [illegible] Brazilians. We intend to support a[illegible] stimulate capital."

BRITISH GUIANA

Race War

Terrorist bands of East Indians a[illegible] Negroes roamed British Guiana day a[illegible] night last week, waging sporadic war[illegible] each other, murdering and loot[illegible] burning homes and assaulting wom[illegible] Only the presence of 1,200 Bri[illegible] troops with orders to shoot to kill p[illegible] vented the ugly violence from erup[illegible] into a full-scale civil war, pitting [illegible] country's 295,000 East Indians, led[illegible] Premier Cheddi Jagan, against its 18[illegible] 000 Negroes, who hate Jagan as a r[illegible] and rabble-rousing Marxist.

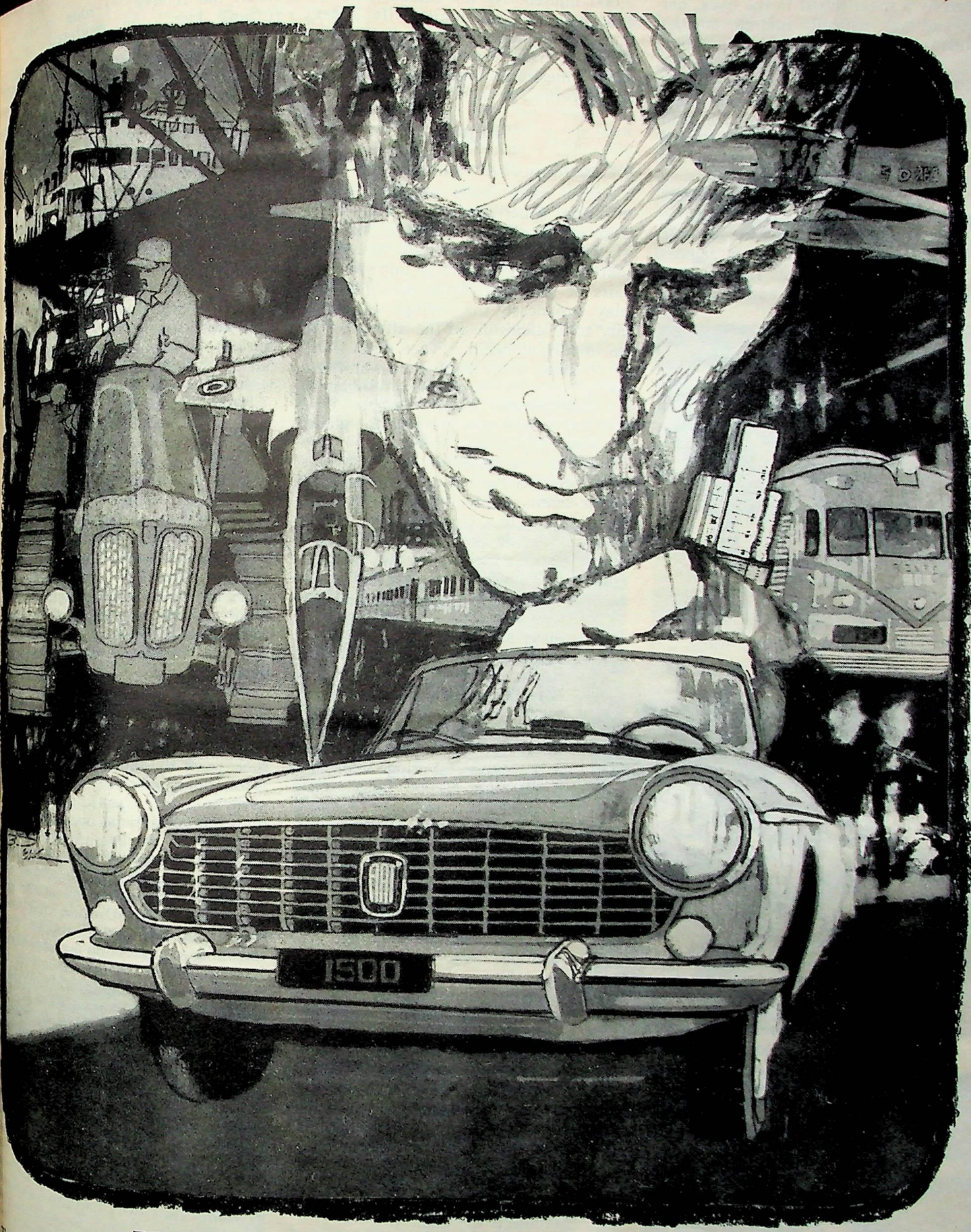
Cats in the Cane. Tensions have[illegible] building up for years between the [illegible] peoples in Britain's small, self-gove[illegible] ing South American colony. Instead [illegible] seeking to calm the passions, Jagan [illegible] only fanned them higher. Three mon[illegible] ago, he sent his East Indian sugar wo[illegible] ers out on a jurisdictional strike agai[illegible] a larger, anti-Jagan union. Cats w[illegible] doused with gasoline and sent yow[illegible] through the cane fields as living torc[illegible] Jagan's strikers attacked Negroes in[illegible] fields; half a dozen workers died of[illegible] beatings. Retaliating in kind, gangs[illegible] Negroes went hunting for East Indi[illegible]

In the early stages, the worst of [illegible] fighting was centered in a small to[illegible] eleven miles west of the George[illegible] capital. Last week the violence flared [illegible] across the unhappy colony. One r[illegible] in Leonora, ten miles west of Geo[illegible] town, a band of terrorists attacked [illegible] police patrol, killed two constables [illegible] escaped with their rifles. Next morn[illegible] an elderly Negro couple was found s[illegible] to death on their nearby farm. At fi[illegible] of the killings, a raging mob of Neg[illegible] halted a Georgetown-bound train [illegible] in a vicious melee left 17 East Ind[illegible] injured, including one victim with h[illegible] hands, both legs and his back bro[illegible] In Georgetown, gangs of Negroes [illegible] up hundreds of Indians, looted In[illegible] market stalls, robbed Indian wom[illegible] chased Indian children out of a sch[illegible]

Spear in the Back. Within hours [illegible] situation was so far out of control [illegible] British-appointed Governor Sir Rich[illegible] Luyt declared a state of emerge[illegible] throughout the colony, ordered a 7[illegible] to-5 a.m. curfew in one troubled a[illegible] and sent a hurry call to London [illegible] brought 500 more Tommies to reinf[illegible] the troops already on hand. St[illegible] killing went on. At Bachelor's Ad[illegible] ture, a predominantly Negro village [illegible] miles from Georgetown, Negroes [illegible] up spears and pitchforks, began att[illegible] ing Indians and burning their homes [illegible] pregnant woman, mother of eleven [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



PRIME MINISTER TO A GROWING WORLD

Throughout the world, the real long-term measure is the market. Not decrees. Not legislation. NO individual. ■ In empires, kingdoms, and republics, what works best sells best. Fiat learned this first by producing an automobile that now sells in 125 different countries. As Fiat's cars got around, Fiat became familiar with the transportation needs of all those nations. ■ Next to the need for transport was the need for agricultural mechanization, and advances in industrial and marine power. That is why Fiat cars, trains, trams, trucks, buses, tractors, diesel-powered ships, gas turbines, and jet aircraft operate under just about every flag. ■ No one appoints you to a post like this. You find yourself in it. You have to work hard to hold it. Everyone is watching you. ■ **FIAT S.p.A. Turin, Italy**

FIAT

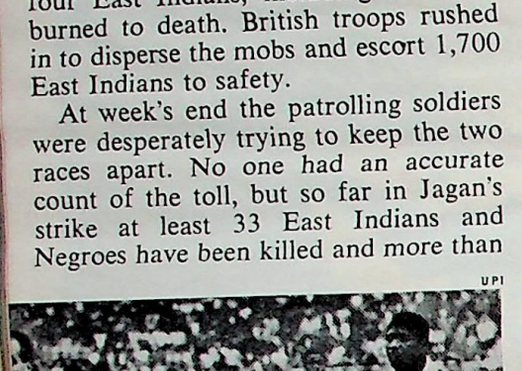
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

killed by a spear thrust in the back, her husband was critically injured, and an Indian watchman on a sugar plantation was shot dead. In Wismar, 60 miles south of Georgetown, Negro bands burned close to 200 homes and killed four East Indians, including one man burned to death. British troops rushed in to disperse the mobs and escort 1,700 East Indians to safety.

At week's end the patrolling soldiers were desperately trying to keep the two races apart. No one had an accurate count of the toll, but so far in Jagan's strike at least 33 East Indians and Negroes have been killed and more than 2,000 injured. As for Cheddi and his Chicago-born Communist wife Janet, they still clamor for immediate independence from Britain and noisily accuse "American imperialists" of stirring up opposition to their rule.

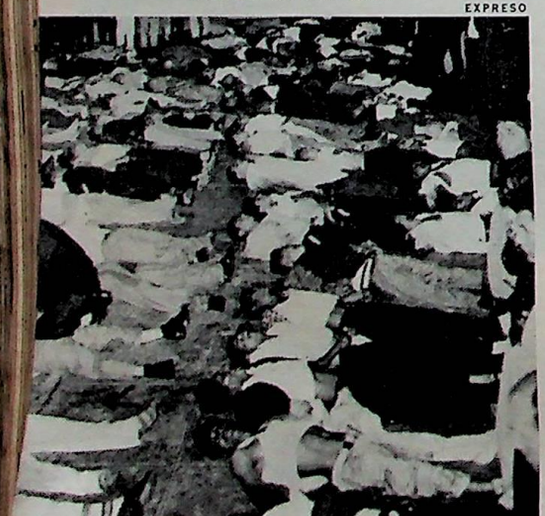
UPI



REFEREE PAZOS & "BOMBA" ROJAS

PANIC IN AN EXIT

EXPRESO



IDENTIFYING THE DEAD

Not a game, but war.

PERU

A Crashing of Mountains

Fútbol often seems more important to Latin Americans than birth, marriage and death. It is the mania that lifts a *campesino* from the daily treadmill, that causes a President to put aside affairs of state and listen to a play-by-play broadcast, that brings an entire city to a standstill on the afternoon of an important match. "They don't think it's a game. They think it's a war down there," says William Cox, president of the International Soccer League. And in a war it's not how you play the game, it's whether you win or lose.

Nothing else mattered in last week's clash between Peru and Argentina. National teams from the two countries were playing in a continent-wide round robin to decide on two teams to represent Latin America in the Olympic Games in Tokyo. Argentina, with a 5-0 record, seemed a shoo-in. Peru had two wins and a tie, but with three to play, still had a chance—if it could get by the tough Argentines. Scalpers had a field day. Bleacher seats went for as much as 30 soles ($1.00) apiece, twice the regular rate and equivalent to a full day's pay for many a Peruvian laboring man. By game time, 50,000 fanatic soccer fans had crushed into Lima's National Stadium to howl for a home-team victory. Wild-eyed *aficionados* were already jubilant and confident of the win.

The Bomb. All through the scoreless first half, the Peruvians matched the smoother Argentines with a spirited attack that drew wild cheers from the crowd. Then halfway through the second half, Argentina scored to take a 1-0 lead. At last, six minutes from the end, a Peruvian forward battered his way past an Argentine defender, toed a loose ball in front of the goal, and booted it home for the tying score. A roar like thunder burst from 50,000 throats. Then there was stunned silence in the stands. Referee Angel Eduardo Pazos, a Uruguayan, signaled a foul against Peru and disallowed the goal.

Suddenly, everything that could be pulled loose in the stadium—cushions, bottles, shoes, even bricks broken out of a wall—rained down on the field. A huge Negro, Matías ("Bomba") Rojas, with a police record for previous attacks on referees, came scrambling over the 9-ft. barbed-wire-topped fence separating the stands from the playing field. And the cry went up: *"Ahí va Bomba* [There goes the Bomb]!" The cops caught him just before he could reach the referee. "I hate to see P... ruvians lose," he muttered as t... police hustled him off the field. "I do... know what happens to me. I get b... all over."

Following the Bomb's lead, o... fans got hot all over and raged o... the field. The terrified ref hurried... called the game, giving Argentina a 1... victory, and fled to the security of... steel-doored dressing room. At that... entire crowd went berserk. In the cen... of the field, a small knot of beleaguer... cops started lobbing tear-gas grena... into the onrushing mob. Trying to... store order in the upper stands, a h... less policeman was seized by his ha... and feet, swung back and forth a... hurled to his death on the conc... 50 ft. below; another was strang... with his own necktie.

"Wave in a Bad Sea." The m... fury turned to blind panic. "A horri... noise, like the crashing of mounta... went through us," said a 16-year-... student. A few men stood firm, sh... ing, "*Calma, calma.*" They were sw... aside and trampled in the stampede t... the exits. A woman knelt to pray w... a baby in her arms; both were storm... to death. Recalled Leonardo Ceva... 37, a fisherman who brought his wi... family to the big game: "The peo... came at us like a wave in a bad sea. ... wife and my five children are gone... all of them."

At the stadium's north end, three ... the five steel doors leading out w... still inexplicably closed. One theory ... that the gate attendants had deser... their posts to watch the game's clim... Rank upon rank of screaming, str... gling humanity crashed against the s... until the doors burst open and the m... surged over the crushed bodies in ... corridors. Strips of skin clung to ... walls, and in places the corpses w... six deep. The death toll at the g... alone was 200. Outside, the ric... crowd rolled on through the stre... smashing windows and burning vehi... forcing police reinforcements to ... into their midst. Small parties of gho... scurried around, looting the dead.

All through the night, ambulance... rens wailed through Lima. By morn... the toll stood at 293 dead, nearly ... injured. President Fernando Belaú... Terry decreed a week of natio... mourning and suspended constitution... rights for 30 days to prevent le... agitators from taking advantage of ... situation.

Even taking into account the fe... of *fútbol* fans, why had this happened... Jorge Basadre, Peru's foremost histo... an, tried an answer: "Our people, ... pecially our lower classes, are full ... tensions and frustrations, dark, pen... passions and angers. This situation is ... coming acute under the impact of ... population explosion and the pow... of the masses. Add to this the Com... nist contagion. These people have ... some of their faith and hope. When ... happens, then sometimes people ... behave more like brutes than men."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The important thing for a second-grade teacher is getting across the essence of addition and subtraction. But of late, willowy Social Registerite **Victoria Thompson**, a 1960 Radcliffe graduate who teaches well-scrubbed little girls at Manhattan's exclusive Chapin School, finds her problems multiplying, what with all those reporters nosing around. One newshen nabbed her last week, but Vickie muttered, "I can't talk about that" and hurried away. About what? Well, what that happy band of Rocky boosters on the Coast keeps gloating about: they say that on June 10 Victoria will marry Dr. **James Slater Murphy**, 42, the suave Manhattan virologist who was Happy Rockefeller's first husband.

• • •

"It's just one of those silly things," says New Mexico's Senator **Clinton Anderson**, who started keeping licorice in his Capitol desk years ago to sweeten up dull debates. "I would give **Wayne Morse** some. Then **Alan Bible** would look over and say, 'What are you doing?' and he'd come around. **Gaylord Nelson** is the smartest. He waits till he sees a hand going into the box, then he'll come over. **Mike Mansfield** comes around a lot too. The other day, I accused **George Smathers** of stealing. He said, 'Not only that, I can prove it,' and he pulled two pieces from his pocket." The end of Anderson's free-candy counter for deserving Democrats may be in sight: licorice manufacturers, happily scenting publicity, have started to ship in complimentary goodies.

• • •

By all odds the most nubile director of a corporation listed on the New York Stock Exchange is **Catherine Hohenlohe**, 22, debutante daughter of Polish Prince Alexander Hohenlohe-Langelfingen and the late Manhattan heiress Margaret Schulze Downey. Mother was a working director of Newmont Mining Corp. until her death fortnight ago, and now Catherine has been elected to represent the $5,000,000 worth of Newmont stock held by her mother's estate. Presumably, she'll be getting plenty of mature male advice. But those blue-suited young Wall Streeters had better not apply. She is already engaged to Harvard Graduate Student William Ewald Cook.

EL MOROCCO

CATHERINE HOHENLOHE
Nubile advice.

• • •

In advance of what would have been her husband's 47th birthday, **Jacqueline Kennedy**, 34, traveled to Manhattan to inaugurate a touring exhibit of his mementos to raise funds for the Kennedy Memorial Library. On the day itself, she was home in Washington attending a Mass at St. Matthew's Church. But such occasions are interspersed with lighter ones now. She is being seen more often around town in Washington and Manhattan, and she appears rested, relaxed, and more beautiful than ever as she smiles and chats with family and friends. At week's end, with her sister Princess Radziwill, Caroline and John Jr., she flew to a family reunion in Hyannis Port, and to appear in a transatlantic TV birthday tribute with Britain's Harold Macmillan, Berlin's Willy Brandt, Ireland's Sean Lemass.

UPI

JACKIE KENNEDY
Friends are nice.

• • •

"We do it for love," cried **Gina Lollobrigida**, 35, letting it be known that in the great beagle debate she and L.B.J. see ear to ear. Gina does it to her six-year-old son Milko: "I love my son; I pull his ears. President Johnson loves his dogs; they love him too. I think this is a natural way to express affection for someone you love very much."

• • •

For years, the freckled blonde from Hans Brinkerland has been dazzling European fans with her silver skates. Now

JERRY COOKE—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SJOUKJE DIJKSTRA
Lots of ice.

American audiences will have a chance to see the twisting double axels, flying camels, and sizzling sit-spins that have made The Netherlands **Sjoukje Dijkstra** (pronounced *Shaw*-keya *Dike*-stra), 22, European, world and Olympic champion. Outdistancing Sonja Henie as the world's most highly paid winterland performer, Sjoukje signed a two-year contract with the U.S.'s *Holiday on Ice* show for a reported $50,000 to $90,000 a year, a fancy figure that, if she likes to wear it, too, should buy the girl quite a lot of ice.

• • •

"This show depicts the Negro as a foot-shuffling handkerchief-head," snapped Chicago Urban League Director Edwin Berry. "A lazy, soft-shoe jokester is an insult," added Joan Kehoe, of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. Both groups planned protests, and it looked like check and double check for **Amos 'n' Andy**, the radio duo born in Chicago in 1928, whose return in a filmed CBS television series had been announced by Chicago station WCIU. However, WCIU's President John Weigel is no man to get regusted. "When you try to expurge folklore," he retorted, "it's a bad situation, comparable to book burning in Nazi Germany." On with the show.

• • •

James Hoffa, 51, has been on trial in federal court six times in the past six years, and the fees on that kind of action mount up. Until recently, his Teamsters Union footed the bills. But last month Jimmy got the boot instead when a group of unmatey Teamsters sued to keep him from using union funds. Though he plans to fight the suit, Hoffa sadly says that he is selling stocks, bonds, "what amounts to all my savings," to pay costs estimated at $1,000,000 so far this year. "I've got to earn the money somehow," he explained.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MUSIC

COMPOSERS

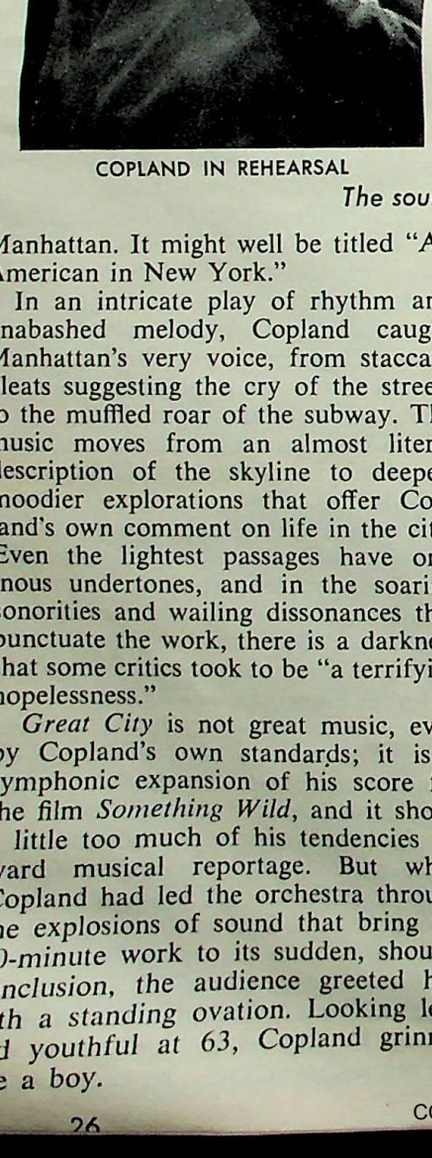
Music from Manhattan

Since the work was commissioned by the London Symphony Orchestra, it was only right and proper that Aaron Copland should entitle it *Music for a Great City*—diplomatically leaving the city's precise locale to the imagination of his audience. But Copland had no more than struck the downbeat at his new work's première last week when it was obvious to everyone in the packed house at Royal Festival Hall just what city they were hearing about. *Great City* is an unmistakable evocation of Manhattan. It might well be titled "An American in New York."

In an intricate play of rhythm and unabashed melody, Copland caught Manhattan's very voice, from staccato bleats suggesting the cry of the streets to the muffled roar of the subway. The music moves from an almost literal description of the skyline to deeper, moodier explorations that offer Copland's own comment on life in the city. Even the lightest passages have ominous undertones, and in the soaring sonorities and wailing dissonances that punctuate the work, there is a darkness that some critics took to be "a terrifying hopelessness."

Great City is not great music, even by Copland's own standards; it is a symphonic expansion of his score for the film *Something Wild*, and it shows a little too much of his tendencies toward musical reportage. But when Copland had led the orchestra through the explosions of sound that bring the 20-minute work to its sudden, shouted conclusion, the audience greeted him with a standing ovation. Looking lean and youthful at 63, Copland grinned like a boy.

ALAN CLIFTON



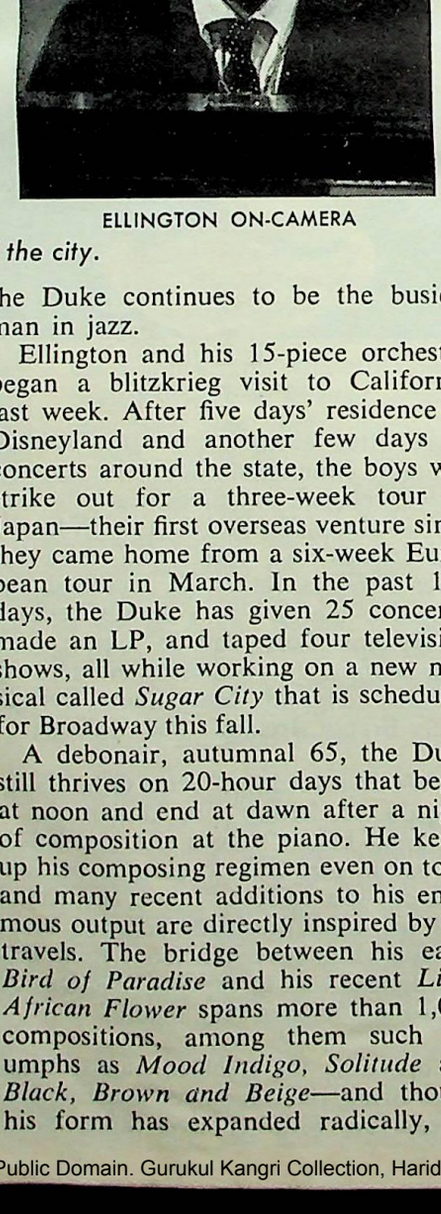
COPLAND IN REHEARSAL

JAZZ

The Duke's Day

The Duke Ellington Jazz Society would be just another fan club if anyone else were its hero. But the Duke exudes the kind of grandeur that makes a simple fan feel like a servant of history, and the society's members cheerfully devote themselves to such quiet works as assembling the world's greatest archive of Ellingtonia. Such attention suggests that the Duke has become a precious cultural heritage, but the honor has not begun to slow him down. As he has been for most of the past 40 years, the Duke continues to be the busiest man in jazz.

DAVID GAHR



ELLINGTON ON-CAMERA

The sounds of the city.

Ellington and his 15-piece orchestra began a blitzkrieg visit to California last week. After five days' residence at Disneyland and another few days of concerts around the state, the boys will strike out for a three-week tour of Japan—their first overseas venture since they came home from a six-week European tour in March. In the past 100 days, the Duke has given 25 concerts, made an LP, and taped four television shows, all while working on a new musical called *Sugar City* that is scheduled for Broadway this fall.

A debonair, autumnal 65, the Duke still thrives on 20-hour days that begin at noon and end at dawn after a night of composition at the piano. He keeps up his composing regimen even on tour, and many recent additions to his enormous output are directly inspired by his travels. The bridge between his early *Bird of Paradise* and his recent *Little African Flower* spans more than 1,000 compositions, among them such triumphs as *Mood Indigo, Solitude* and *Black, Brown and Beige*—and though his form has expanded radically, his substance has never drifted far from jazz. *"Le jazz, c'est moi,"* the Duke seems to say, and students of his music can hardly help but agree.

Sometimes the Duke descends to d... mayingly unctuous moments on the bandstand; "I love you madly," he w... coo, "and the fellows love you m... too." But such lapses do not deter ... musician from his work. When 500 f... gathered at Columbia University ... month for the Ellington Society's ... nual tribute to the maestro, the D... himself appeared to present the ... sical offering. "I will now rehearse," ... said softly, and with that the ... Duke sat down at the piano for an h... of the finest Ellington anyone had he... in years.

ROCK 'N' ROLL

Some Place near Despairsville

The psychodynamics of the rock ... roller has long been a fertile field ... motivational researchers. In the pr... itive *Blue Suede Shoes* era eight y... ago, Elvis was first explained as fa... of a faintly menacing breed of c... dren's crusaders marshaling the ... parent instinct into a kind of teen-... Viet Cong. Later the diagnosis chang... the real rock addict was pronounce... "rhythmic obedient" whose craving ... the big beat was only the expression ... his frustrated wish to obey mother. S... findings were hardly helpful to the r... ord industry in its search for a s... money-making groove. And then a n... type of rock song began to climb ... charts. Now it is the rock fan's wish ... die that is supposed to account for ... success of hot-rod and surfin' song... great tonic to the industry for all ... year now.

Not Today. How ingenious such ... orizing. But death has no dominion ... rock 'n' roll. Songs that hint of a te... age demise do so with a bright insou... ance, as if the singer imagines death ... be only the flip side of life. In su... music—which is just rock 'n' roll dre... for the beach—sudden death is trea... as a nuisance hardly worse than rain:

Angry sea
Took my love from me.
No surfin' today.

And as for hot-rod music—rock 'n' ... with a straight stick and no muffler ... death emerges only in traffic sa... parables:

The last thing I remember, doc,
I started to swerve.
You won't come back from
Dead Man's Curve.

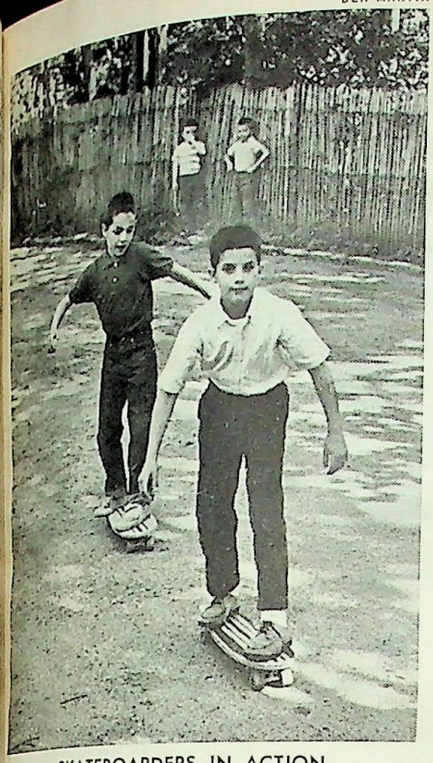
Many of the most popular songs ... crawl around under the hood admir... the engine without so much as a ... tion of speed and danger.

Sure They Fight. It does seem ... bizarre, though, that music intended ... nine- to 16-year-olds should speak ... death at all—or even of life. But r... 'n' roll has lately acquired an engag... relevance to life that is found now ... else in pop music. Says B.M.I.'s Ro...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BEN MARTIN



SKATEBOARDERS IN ACTION
Death on the flip side.

Sanjek, whose firm represents battalions of teen music composers: "Who ever flew to the moon on gossamer wings or began a beguine? These songs reflect the times and the audience, and they're closer than they've ever been to their ultimate audience."

That ultimate audience dwells somewhere between Malibu Beach and Despairsville, a spot where life is cursed by school trouble, girl and boy trouble and car trouble. When they climb out of the surf, the songs are addressed to such matters as poverty, suspicion, ill health and the Oedipus complex. Such numbers as *Six Months with My Mother* (*Six Months with My Dad*) are willing to go right into court in pursuit of genuine grief:

Please, judge, bring them back together.
Sure they fight, but all parents do.

A sharp comment, considering the source. Elsewhere parents appear with stunning accuracy as the oddly permissive disciplinarian:

She'll have fun, fun, fun,
Till her daddy takes her T-Bird away.

Dark Message. Today the kids seem to want to listen to a message with their music. But some of the record companies still seem to be listening to the dark message of their social scientists. They are still on the prowl for another salable demonstration of the death wish, and the latest candidate is skateboarding. A skateboard is a surfboard scarcely larger than a steak plate, mounted on roller-skate wheels, and a skateboarder is anyone daring enough to careen over the concrete while aboard one. David Kapralik, a music publisher for Columbia Records, has high hopes for the fad. "It's another thing that reflects the adolescent's self-destructive tendencies," he says eagerly. "Columbia is bringing out a record on it this month."

AUTO RACING

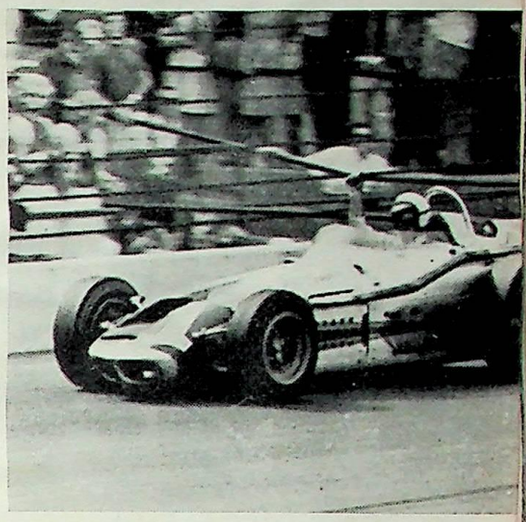
A Day for Survivors

Whatever else it is—a proving ground for automobiles, a nostalgic bit of Americana—the Indianapolis 500 is mainly a dice with disaster. Drivers come and go, cars change, engines get bigger. The one constant is danger. In 54 years of Memorial Day racing at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, 56 people have died. But nobody has to twist a driver's arm to compete. The prospect of instant fame and fortune is inducement enough —even though he knows, as Eddie Sachs once said, that "in the long run, death is the odds-on favorite."

Sheets of Flame. Last week, the favorite won. The 33-car field was the fastest in 500 history. Driving a rear-engined Lotus-Ford, Scotland's Jimmy Clark roared through the first lap at 149.7 m.p.h., and other drivers strained to match his pace. One was too bold. On the second lap, drifting off Indy's No. 4 turn, Californian Dave MacDonald lost control of his Thompson-Allstate Ford, spun crazily and smacked into the inside wall. In one horrible instant that none of the 300,000 spectators will ever forget, a sheet of flaming gas spread across the track.

Blinded, unable to stop at 160 m.p.h., other drivers tried to pick their way through the fire and smoke. Most made it. Seven did not. In the darkness, Eddie Sachs slammed broadside into the wrecked Ford. Another car piled into the tangle, and ran right up MacDonald's back. Four more cars crunched into the wreckage. By some miracle, five of the drivers survived. Eddie Sachs was trapped in his cockpit; he was dead from the flames by the time rescuers reached him. MacDonald died two hours later in a hospital.

It took 1¾ hours to put out the fires and clear away the debris. And then, Indy being Indy, the race began again. Fans had expected a showdown between the new-fangled rear-engined Fords and the front-engined Offies that had dominated Indy for years. For a while, it looked as if they would get it: Clark again jumped into the lead, but he was quickly passed by Bobby Marshman in another Lotus-Ford. After 39 laps, Marshman was 27 sec. in front of Clark; both were averaging more than 150 m.p.h., smashing Indy's old speed record every time around. The Fords were clearly faster. But could they last 500 miles?



FOYT AT THE MOMENT OF VICTORY

EZ, It Read. The answer was no. On the 38th lap, Marshman cracked his crankcase. Nine laps later, Clark's left axle crumpled, and California's Parnelli Jones, 1963 winner, urged his Offy into the lead. But it was not Jones's day either: running low on fuel, he pulled into the pits. Somehow, a spark got into the fuel tank; the car burst into flame. Uniform smoldering, Jones leaped out

AP

RACERS DODGING FLAMING WRECKAGE AT INDIANAPOLIS
"In the long run, death is the odds-on favorite."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

and rolled on the ground; stretcher bearers carried him off.

Carefully nursing his Offy-powered Sheraton-Thompson Special to conserve fuel and tires, burly Texan A. J. Foyt, 29, inherited the lead from Jones on the 55th lap and kept it all the way. Indiana's Rodger Ward, in a Ford, cut his margin to 9 sec. at one point. But Ward kept running out of fuel, had to make five stops to Foyt's two. In the pits, mechanics waved a big blackboard—EZ, it read. Foyt still won by more than a lap. It was his second victory at Indianapolis, and his average speed—147.350 m.p.h.—set a new record. His winner's share: about $160,000. "Everybody kind of laughed at me in this Offy," he said. "I'm kind of proud of them. These old antiques have won me a hell of a lot of money."

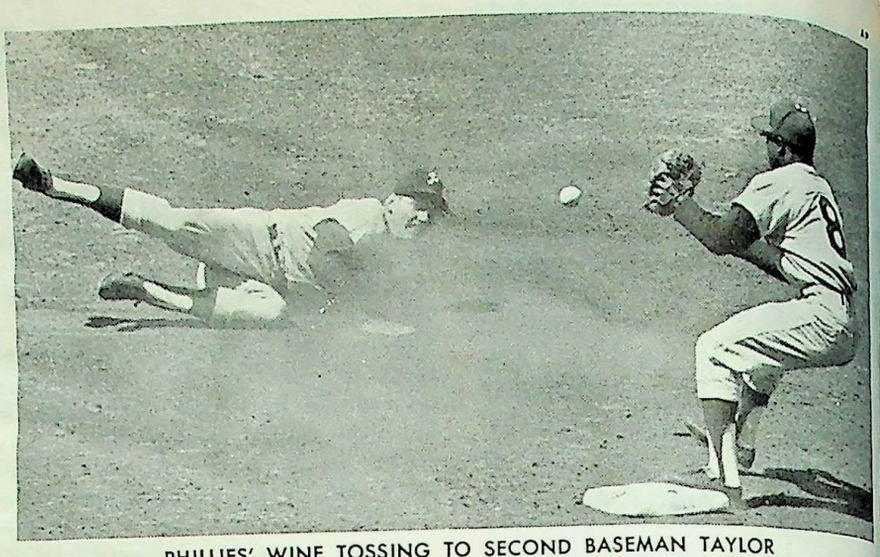
BASEBALL

"Like a Big Infection"

The world has gone to pot. There was a time when the very least that a baseball fan could count on was that New York—or Brooklyn, anyway—would win the National League pennant, and the Philadelphia Phillies would wind up shoveling coal in the cellar. The Polo Grounds is a gutted steel skeleton now; Ebbets Field is apartment houses. And last week the Phillies were leading the league.

It was only by a few percentage points to be sure: Phils .605, San Francisco Giants .600. And strange things do happen in the spring. But the 1964 Phillies are no fluke. Unlike the fence-busting Giants (40 home runs), the Phillies get their runs in sprinkles on singles, rely on sound defense, tight pitching, plus the old-fashioned virtue of team spirit. The urge to win, says Manager Gene Mauch, is "like a big infection," and last week the Phils were breaking out all over. They shut out Pittsburgh 2-0, dropped a protested game to the Pirates, 6-5, and bounced back to edge the Houston Colts, 7-6. By week's end the suspicion was beginning to dawn on Manager Mauch that the infection just might be incurable. "You know," he said, "we could even win this pennant."

Try Suicide. Historians smile at the thought. In 81 years, the Phils have won only two pennants (in 1915 and 1950), and Mauch may be the only manager in history who took a demotion from the minors to the major leagues. A tense, cold-eyed baseball strategist who took the Minneapolis Millers to two straight Junior World Series, he got the Philadelphia job in 1960 when Eddie Sawyer quit after the first game, explaining, "I'm 49 years old and I want to live to be 50." The Phils welcomed their new manager the way they knew best: by finishing dead last. The next year was even worse. The Phils were last again, and set a modern major league record by losing 23 games in a row. "No matter what we tried, it didn't work," says Mauch. "The only thing that I didn't try was suicide."



PHILLIES' WINE TOSSING TO SECOND BASEMAN TAYLOR
Everything but suicide.

In 1962, the Phils climbed all the way up to seventh, and awed sportswriters voted Mauch Manager of the Year. But Mauch and General Manager John Quinn refused to rest on those laurels. They were too busy rebuilding the team's dilapidated farm system and hunting for promising young players. "The secret of a good trade," Mauch says, "is not to try to fool anybody. They know the score as well as you do." Sometimes even better. Occasionally, a deal went sour: Pitcher Curt Simmons got his unconditional release in 1960, has beaten the Phillies 13 times since.

No Use Arguing. But most paid off handsomely. To plug a hole at second base, Quinn hired Tony Taylor away from the Chicago Cubs; all he did was bat .281 last year and spark the Phillies to fourth place. Quinn pried Pitcher Jim Bunning away from the Detroit Tigers; by last week Bunning had already won five games. All three of the Phillies' starting outfielders came by way of trades. The farm system did the rest, producing Pitchers Art Mahaffey (3-2 this year) and Dennis Bennett (5-3), acrobatic Shortstop Bobby Wine, and the brightest new star of all, Third Baseman Richie Allen, a 22-year-old slugger who has nine homers to his credit so far this year.

No molly-coddler, Manager Mauch always has a train ticket ready for a slacker. Starting pitchers know that it is no use arguing when he wants a replacement from the bullpen. He simply marches to the mound and holds out his hand for the ball. His hair-trigger temper is legendary; he has been suspended three times for jawing with umpires, and wise players stay out of his way on a losing afternoon. One day last year, infuriated by a narrow loss to Houston, he stalked into the clubhouse, found the Phillies feasting gaily on a buffet of barbecued spareribs—and flipped the whole table upside down. But that was last year. "Gene's pretty strict," grins Outfielder Callison. "But lately he seems to be easier to get along with."

That Magical Day

A lot of baseball games are wo lopsided scores, and 19 runs is a way from a record. But such is the of the New York Mets that when score 19, fans all across the U.S. s and take notice, and newspapers p pictures of the scoreboard to prove it really did happen.

There is no rational reason why Mets should ever score 19 runs game. But maybe they were rereading those grand old boys' books, *Base Joe* and *Double Curve Dan*. The is in a losing streak—disaster after aster. Then, all of a sudden, comes magical day when everyone has spr in his legs and all the bats are made hoki-moki wood, and the ball spra long ears and a cottontail.

So it was for the Mets last we Of course, the victims were the ni place Chicago Cubs, and only 2 home folks were at Wrigley Field witness the massacre. In the very inning, the Mets scored four runs. added three more in the second, tw the fifth, four in the seventh, and si the ninth. They banged out 23 including 17 singles, three doubles, triples and a home run. Charlie Sm who had driven in only five runs year, drove in five that afternoon. Smith, who had 13 hits to show for whole season, got five in six trips to plate. The Cubs, naturally, were state of complete shock. The cat and first baseman collided chasing foul ball. The rightfielder let a ro fly slip through his hands. One Met scored on a passed ball, and an crossed the plate on a balk. Final sc Mets 19, Chicago 1.

The books always ended there there was more to come, dear re Back home in Shea Stadium a few later, the Mets rose up and smoo fearsome San Francisco Giants, 4- fore 55,062 wildly cheering fans. It the biggest crowd of the year in league. Now that kind of a house serves an encore. And so next day, Mighty Mets walloped the Giants more, this time by a score of 6-2.

This seat is not for sale

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

This seat is not for sale

You'll have to buy a whole Mercedes-Benz if you like this seat. What makes it so precious? It is not merely the leather, the correct seating position it offers, the good ventilation of the upholstery, a finish which is hard to equal. Precious is not the right word — exquisite is better. And, of course, the seat is not the most important part. Just the most comfortable.

The 220 SE Cabriolet or Coupe for example has 2 individual seats in front and a bench seat in the rear (all leather). On request bucket seats can be supplied. Door and side trim, as well as 4 armrests are all finished in leather. Overall there are 25 items of equipment for your comfort.

MERCEDES-BENZ

414 A 6

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

72 General Motors Locomotives at work o New Zealand Railways...20 more on orde

Since 1955, when the first General Motors Model G12 locomotives entered service on New Zeal Railways, a total of 72 units have been delivered. 20 more GM Diesel-Electric units are now sc uled for delivery in 1964. Repeat orders from satisfied railway customers throughout the world h made General Motors the world's leading exporter of main-line Diesel motive power.

GENERAL MOTORS OVERSEAS OPERATIONS

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, NEW YORK 19, N. Y., U.S.A. CABLE ADDRESS: GENMOTSEAS

ASSOCIATE BUILDERS: Australia—Clyde • Belgium—Brunivel • Germany—Henschel • Sweden—Nohab • South Africa—Union Carriage • Spain—Macosa

GENERAL MOTORS LOCOMOTIVES

GM DIESEL POWER

LOCOMOTIVE PLANTS: La Grange, Illinois, U. S. A., London, Ontario, Canada

COST LESS IN THE LONG RUN

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EDUCATION

INTEGRATION

More Speed, Less Deliberation

"With all deliberate speed" was the well-calculated phrase that the Supreme Court used in 1955 to describe how U.S. public schools should be desegregated. Last week the court decided—in the words of Associate Justice Hugo L. Black—that "there has been entirely too much deliberation and not enough speed." In separate unanimous decisions, it gave federal district courts considerable powers to reverse one flagrant defiance of the law in Virginia's Prince Edward County and to challenge a typically tortoise-paced Southern effort at obeying in Atlanta.

"Inordinate Delays." There was a measure of exasperation and even anger in Justice Black's decision on the "inordinate delays" in Prince Edward County, which closed its public schools in 1959 rather than integrate them. Since then, white children have been educated by the "private" Prince Edward School Foundation. Now supported largely by parental donations, the foundation was helped along by a system of state and county tuition grants until 1961, when a district court ruled that such grants were illegal so long as the public schools remained closed. Negro children, who for four years had virtually no education at all, now have a temporary school system, paid for mostly by out-of-state donations. Since every other county in Virginia operates public schools, the court decided that the Prince Edward system denied Negroes equal protection of the law under the 14th Amendment.

The court accepted without quarrel a Virginia court decision that every county in the state has the option to operate public schools or not. But, the U.S. court added, it was unmistakably clear that Prince Edward County had exercised its option solely to prevent white and Negro children from attending classes together. "Whatever nonracial grounds might support a State's allowing a county to abandon public schools, the object must be a constitutional one, and grounds of race and opposition to desegregation do not qualify as constitutional," wrote Black. Since "relief needs to be quick and effective," the Justices declared that federal district courts had the power to compel county supervisors to raise taxes for the reopening of the public schools.

The Atlanta decision was a gentle attempt to accelerate one of the South's best-publicized plans for achieving integration without revolution. In 1961 Atlanta adopted a system of desegregating classes at the rate of one grade a year, starting with the twelfth grade. Since then, only 150 of the city's 45,000 Negro pupils have gone to school with whites, and the program will not make full effect until 1971. The Justices therefore ordered the federal district court in Atlanta to take another look at the plan and consider changes if it does not fit the Supreme Court's rulings.

Room for Evasion. The decisions left plenty of room for more segregationist evasion. In Atlanta, school officials were relieved that the court had not directly outlawed their mode of gradualism. Said Superintendent of Schools John Letson: "I think that the district court will review what the board of education has done, and see that it has done it in good faith."

Prince Edward County also had some leeway. Since the Supreme Court ruling on the subject of tuition grants limited itself to pronouncing them illegal when part of a school-closedown program, county supervisors could presumably reopen the public schools for Negroes and any whites who wanted to attend —and then resume their old practice of providing funds to help the white-only foundation schools. To settle this issue will take another long battle through the state and federal courts.

ART SHAY

DATA-PROCESSING CLASS FOR FORMER AUTO WORKERS
Schools cost less than welfare.

ADULT EDUCATION

Retraining in South Bend

It was an irrefutable bit of logic that forced South Bend, Ind., to open job-training schools: minimal relief for 6,900 workers let out by Studebaker Corp. last December would cost about $1,000,000 a year more than a big program to retrain them. Now, as a result of the economic blow that it suffered, South Bend is the pattern-maker of a branch of U.S. education that could potentially enroll most of the nation's 4,000,000 unemployed.

Hidden Illiterates. South Bend's effort is a joint venture of the local, state and federal governments, plus the nonprofit National Council on the Aging. On a grant from the U.S. Labor Department, the council interviewed 1,348 of the dropped employees of 50 years and older, many of them Negroes and men of Polish and Hungarian extraction who had worked for Studebaker all their lives and had never before hunted for a job. Testing by the Indiana Employment Security Division showed that more than a tenth of the men had forgotten—or never knew—how to read and write with any skill. One cook, for example, had memorized the first letter of each item on the menu, and thus hid his illiteracy; his downfall came when the boss ordered him to get some wine and he could not read the labels. The first step, for many, had to be elementary schooling.

Now 96 students attend classes in a former high school for 6½ hours a day. They start out by shuffling packs of 2-in. by 2-in. cards with a one-syllable word printed on one side and a picture on the other; they then go on to cards that must be phonetically arranged (*low, row, blow*). Some students have covered six grades in two months.

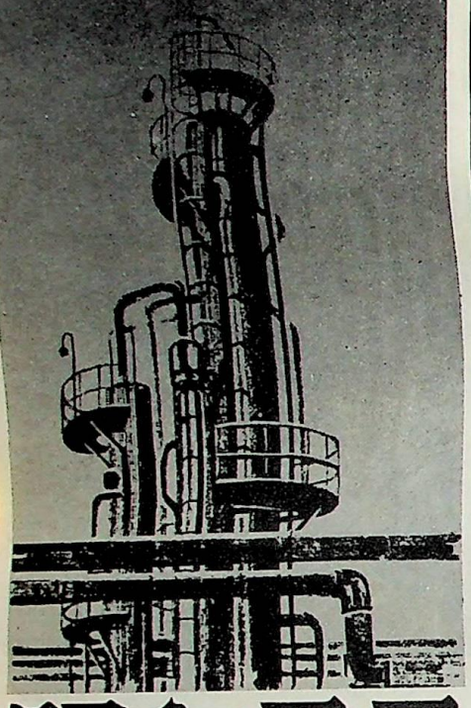
The stories in their readers eliminate Dick, Jane and Spot in favor of history, geography and Arabian Nights fantasy. One student's daughter was taunted by a neighbor who said her father was attending "dumb school"; she replied that she was proud of him. Kids surreptitiously aid parents. One homework book came back to school marked by a helpful child: "If you look on page six, you'll find the answer."

In Small Bites. Once they can read and write, the adults join 384 others in vocational training. At Studebaker's abandoned truck assembly plant, they are taught new skills—data processing, air-conditioning maintenance—by nonprofessional teachers who are experts at their trade. Says Harry Lane, 46, who gave up his used-car lot and repair shop to become a teacher: "It's like teaching a baby to eat. You have to do it in small bites." But the work is rewarding: "Three men out of my first class are

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WHAT'S IN A NAME



昭和電工

SHO WA DEN KO

This is the way Showa Denko, the name of a leading Japanese chemical and metal manufacturer, is written in Japanese.

"Showa" is a proper noun—the name of the period under the reign of the present Emperor of Japan. Thus, in Japan, 1964 is known as the 39th year of Showa. "Denko" means electrical industries. It was originally adequate because the company started out as a manufacturer of electrochemical and electrometallurgical products. As a result of continued expansion in these sectors, today it consumes more electricity than any other enterprise in Japan.

With its rapid advance into petrochemicals in recent years, however, Showa Denko has outgrown its name. The petrochemical products now manufactured by Showa Denko and its subsidiaries include polyethylene, synthetic rubber, carbon black and propylene glycol. It also uses petrochemistry in producing vast amounts of ammonia.

There has been much advice to the contrary. But we're holding on to the name, because it has become synonymous to so many people both inside and outside Japan with products of uniformly high quality.

Main Product Lines

Aluminum	Organic Chemicals
Ferroalloys	Inorganic Chemicals
Electrodes	Chemical Fertilizers
Abrasive Grains	Nuclear Reactor Materials

SDK *Write for our new catalog.*

SHOWA DENKO K.K.

34, Shiba Miyamoto-cho, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan

now making more money than they ever made in their lives."

Since the vocational training center opened, three-fourths of the graduates have found new jobs. Recently a cooking class moved in, and after a week of lectures was doing so well that it will soon be feeding the student body. By the time the 48-week course ends, promises Instructor Charles Harper, the class will be able to turn out French, German and Italian specialties for the Florida hotel trade—and every student will be able to read the menu.

KUDOS

Political Color

In an election year, the chance to honor a big-catch politician with a degree often lets a university push forward a favorite son, influence the vote, win cubits of reflected prestige, or give a statesman a platform. President Johnson inaugurated the kudos season by accepting a Doctor of Civil Laws degree at the University of Michigan, then got an LL.D. from Texas (*see below*). But if politics promised to color the commencements, honors were also going as usual to artists, inventors and scholars. Last week's:

BOB JONES UNIVERSITY

George Corley Wallace, Governor of Alabama—LL.D. *You have demonstrated in the showing which you have made in states long dominated by cheap demagogues and selfish radicals that there is still in America love for freedom, hard common sense, and at least some hope for the preservation of our constitutional liberties.*

OTIS ART INSTITUTE (LOS ANGELES)

William L. Pereira, architect—Arch.D.

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

Howard Hanson, composer, conductor and director of the University of Rochester's Eastman School of Music—Litt.D.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Clarence L. ("Kelly") Johnson, vice president for advanced development projects, Lockheed Aircraft Corp., designer of the U-2 and A-11—Eng.D.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

John Presper Eckert Jr., co-developer (at Penn in 1942) of ENIAC, first electronic digital computer—Sc.D.

William Warren Scranton, Governor of Pennsylvania—LL.D. *To the manor born and to American politics also, your statesmanlike vision has ranged over this country as well as this commonwealth. Your energetic and determined leadership has caught the imagination of your fellow citizens everywhere in the nation.*

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

Lyndon Baines Johnson—LL.D. *A native Texan who has remained in private life and in public career a devoted Texan, without boast and without apology.*

Claudia Taylor Johnson—Litt.D. *As the wife of a leading citizen of the world, she has accompanied him with grace and*

AN AMERICAN EDUCATION FOR YOUR CHILD

KINDERGARTEN — EIGHTH GRADE

Wherever you may be, you can give your child an American education in your own home. Approved Calvert Courses come to you by mail. Helpful step-by-step instructions guide home teaching. Children may start any time, transfer easily to American schools.

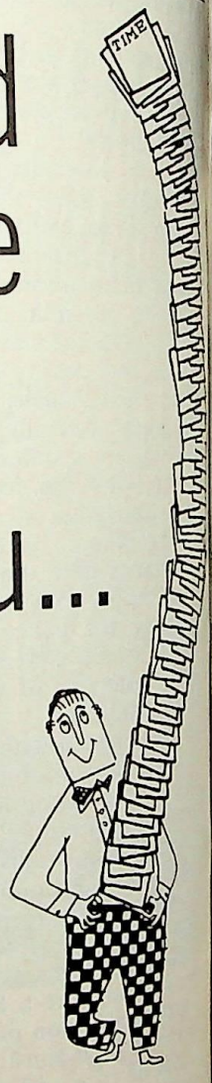
The courses are kept up to date by continuous pretesting in Calvert's laboratory-school in Baltimore. Emphasis on the three R's and cultural subjects. Calvert Courses are used to enrich the educational experience of the above-average child. 58th year. Non-profit. Free catalog (give age, school grade).

The School That Comes to You

CALVERT SCHOOL

286 E. Tuscany Rd. Baltimore 10, Md.

and one for you...

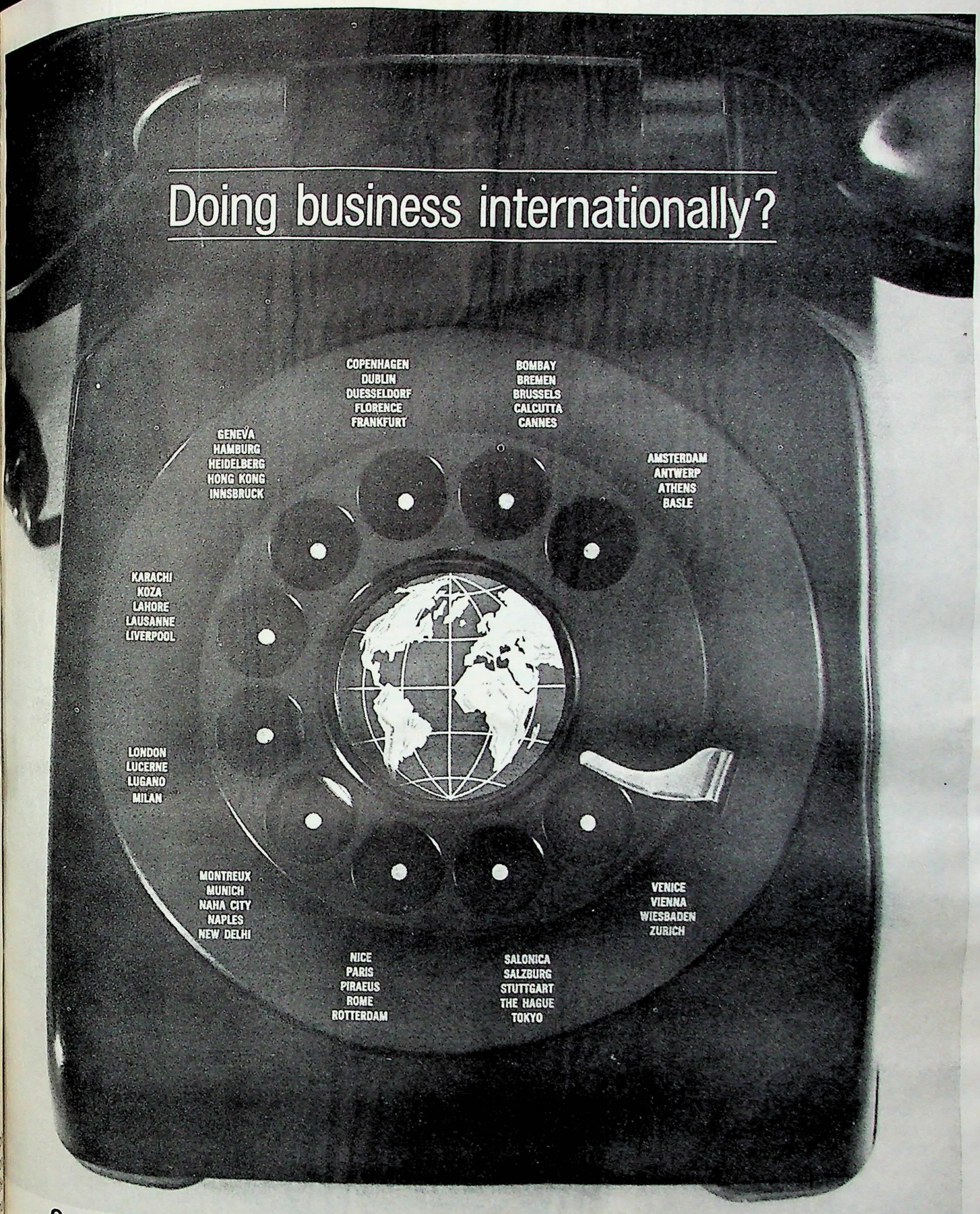


Each week TIME speeds to busy people around the world whose education, position and variety of interests demand the complete news coverage only TIME brings.

You can insure a personal copy of TIME for yourself every week by subscribing. See your local newsstand, bookseller or subscription dealer... or send your payment direct to TIME at the address shown for your country in the rate column which appears in the front page of this issue.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Call on the worldwide banking experience of American Express

48 banking branches in 16 countries outside the United States • More than 60 years of international banking know-how and experience • Complete commercial banking facilities—plus many unique American Express financial and international freight services to meet your particular needs • For full details, call the American Express banking office nearest you, cable AMEXCOMM in New York, or write to the address below.

THE AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY, INC., OVERSEAS BANKING DIVISION
International Headquarters: 65 Broadway, New York 6, New York

AMERICAN EXPRESS

First Overseas Office: Paris, 1895 • First Overseas Banking Office: Rotterdam, 1904 • Latest Overseas Banking Office: Lugano, 1964

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

FAIRS

The World of Already

(See Cover)

It returns the child's eye to the retinas of men. Emerging from subway. train or even hydrofoil, the visitor to the New York World's Fair feels that he is in a special world, full of runaway pylons, impossible cantilevers, and buildings that look like flowers or accidents of flowing lava.

Is it the future? Not exactly. The 1964 fair both celebrates and illustrates the fact that in the last 25 years science has so far expanded the human imagination that anything seems possible. Crowds at the 1939 New York fair stared with skepticism at exhibits of air conditioning, television and the first nylon stocking. The 1964 fair displays not what might be done in the future, but rather what has already been done. The 1939 fair was a promise. The 1964 fair is a boast.

BEN MARTIN

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR: FIRST LOOK
A boast, a bazaar, and a feeling.

Much of it, to be sure, has a tacky, plastic, here-today-blown-tomorrow look, as if it were a city made of credit cards. But much of it has grace and substance. From nations to corporations, everybody is there to hawk and hornblow. All the crammed buildings are engaged in a mad struggle for attention. And somehow, in its jostling, heedless, undisciplined energy, it makes a person happy to be alive in the 20th century.

The place has been open for a little more than a month now, and has at last settled down so that it no longer rings with hammers and confusion. More than 6,000,000 people have been there already; and the question in millions of other minds is whether or not to go. The decision should be yes.

Scant Martini. With more than 300 companies, 66 nations, Mormons, Methodists, Catholics and assorted amusement-park types all reaching for him, a fairgoer is lost without a plan, since it is possible to spend a whole day in a series of places that might better be avoided for a whole lifetime. A casual browser is better off in Death Valley than in Flushing Meadow, and the fair's avenues and promenades are already lined with the whitening bones of people who did not read up on the fair and map out their itineraries in advance.

One good way to start is to float over the grounds in a Swiss cable car. At 115 ft., the ride goes high enough to offer a sweep of the jumble below, but still low enough to make the rider feel the clash of the architecture and the overall dynamic of the vast bazaar. If his timing is lucky, he can almost feel the heat as tawny Samoan youths prance beneath on mats of fire, and only moments later he may be staring down into the whites of the eyes of a dozen Zulus. He flies from Denmark to Switzerland via Korea, Venezuela, Central America, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Polynesia, Taiwan, the Philippines, Jordan, Lebanon, Greece, Malaysia, and most of Africa, with the rest of the world stretching one way down a series of pools to the Bell System, and another way across the Unisphere to the sovereign republics of Ford, Chrysler and General Motors.

The one-way cable ride costs 75¢,* lasts four minutes, and is thus like a two-ounce martini, slightly intoxicating but only enough to create a need for more. It should be followed by a 50¢ elevator trip to the top of the tow-ers at the New York State pavilion, where one gets a panoptic, 360° fix on the fair, standing on a platform more than 200-ft. high. All the frantic collages that meet the eye nearer the level straighten out up there, as one sees from above the order of the fair.

Creative Study. It is laid out along the patterned streets that were designed on the same site for the 1939 fair. Most world fairs have been meticulously planned, their buildings a harmonious continuum expressing the genius of a committee. Robert Moses, president of the current fair, had no such architectural ambition. He merely leased the land and let everyone erect what he pleased.

This was probably the only intelligent thing in the past 75 years that New York's Robert Moses was permissive. Moses, whose vision has changed the face of New York State, is the sort of man who likes to knock things over rather than walk around them. When he took over as fair president, he forced the resignation of Robert Kopple, a builder from Long Island who conceived the idea in the first place and who raised the initial money for the fair because he felt that his children were ignorant of the world. Kopple had once made the mistake of opposing Moses on a New York city project. At least Kopple now has a free pass to the fair. Few other people do. Free passes are as rare as five-leaf clovers. The fair cost $[illegible] million. Moses is determined to make it profitable, so that there will be enough money left over to develop a park in the city.

Moses also shrugged off the International Bureau of Expositions, which refused to sanction this one on such grounds of finance and timing. So the fair is unofficial. But it has as great a spread of national exhibits as any previous fair, thanks to trade syndicates who hurried in where governments would not go.

Fins & Pylons. Moses once had a committee of architects somewhere underfoot, but they quit when they realized that no one was going to mind more than grass seed. Left to their own, many exhibitors predictably put up the sort of eyecatchers that suggest refreshment stands on the midway. In the main, even the fair's most interesting and successful structures are not really buildings. They are events. They were built, after all, to last for two years and then be demolished. They were built as elements of a fair, not as gatehouses to stately cities. Designed in words, they sound spectacular enough, but they are really just spectacular, for example.

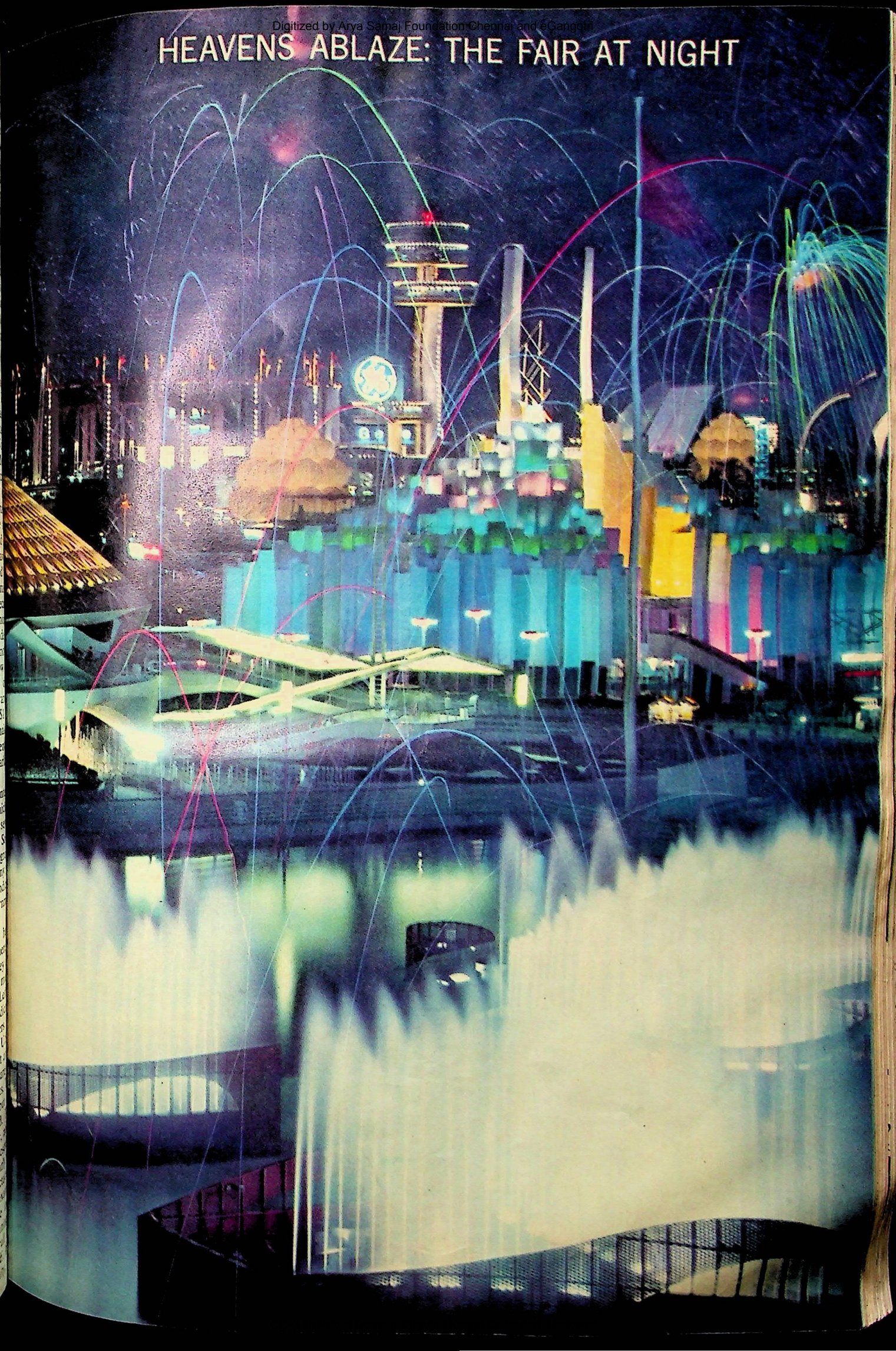
For General Electric, for example, architects turned a huge dome inside out, revealing its supporting latticework of intersticed steel so that its overall effect suggests *tripes à la mode de Caen* in a glorious defiance of sanitation.

* This price and those that follow are at the time of publication.

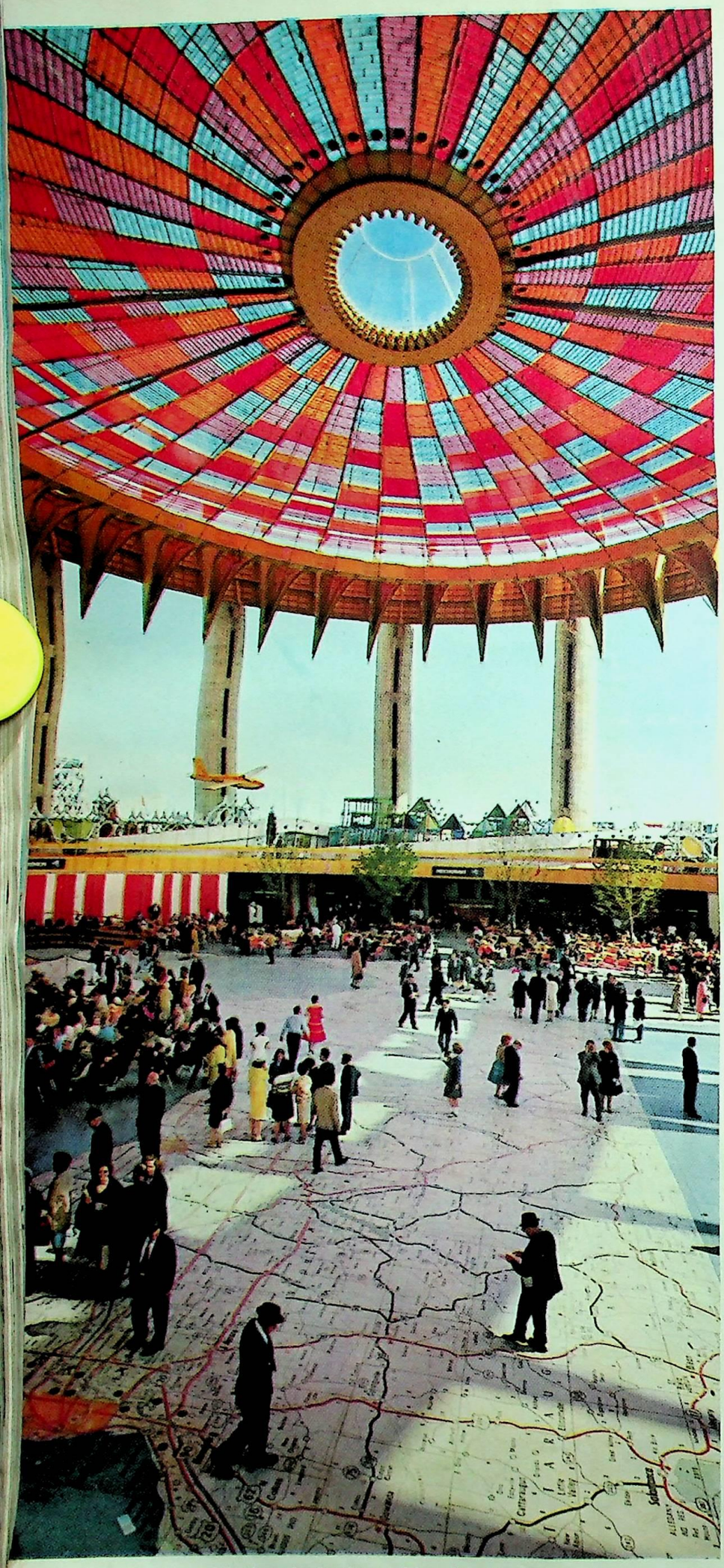
CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

HEAVENS ABLAZE: THE FAIR AT NIGHT

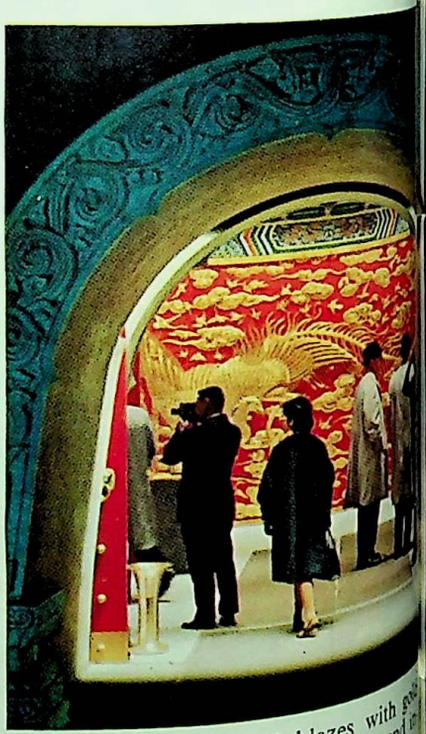


Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



BIG TENT of multicolored plastic is world's largest suspension roof, covers terrazzo motoring map in New York's $11.5 million pavilion designed by Philip Johnson. Fair's tallest tower (226 ft.) is outside.

BURUNDI DRUMMERS thump rhyth
for dancers outside circular, opensided "r
house" restaurant-bar of Africa pavili

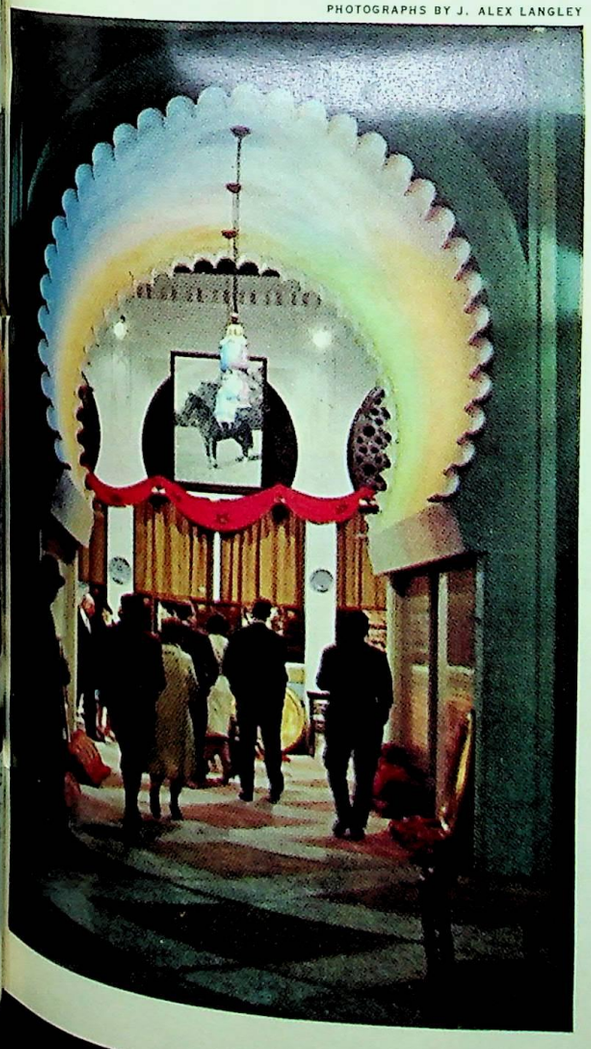


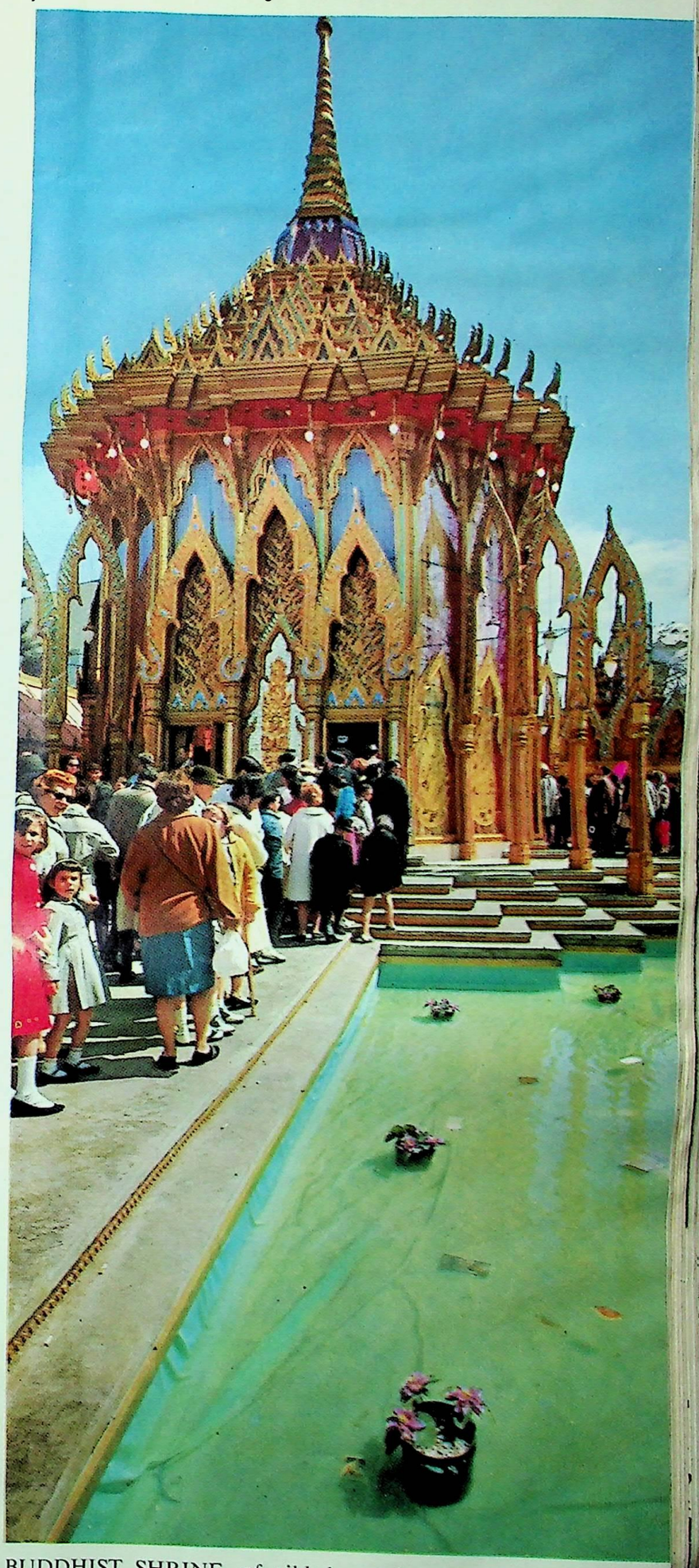
CHINESE PHOENIX blazes with gol
lacquer against vermilion background
side portal of Republic of China pag

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. ALEX LANGLEY





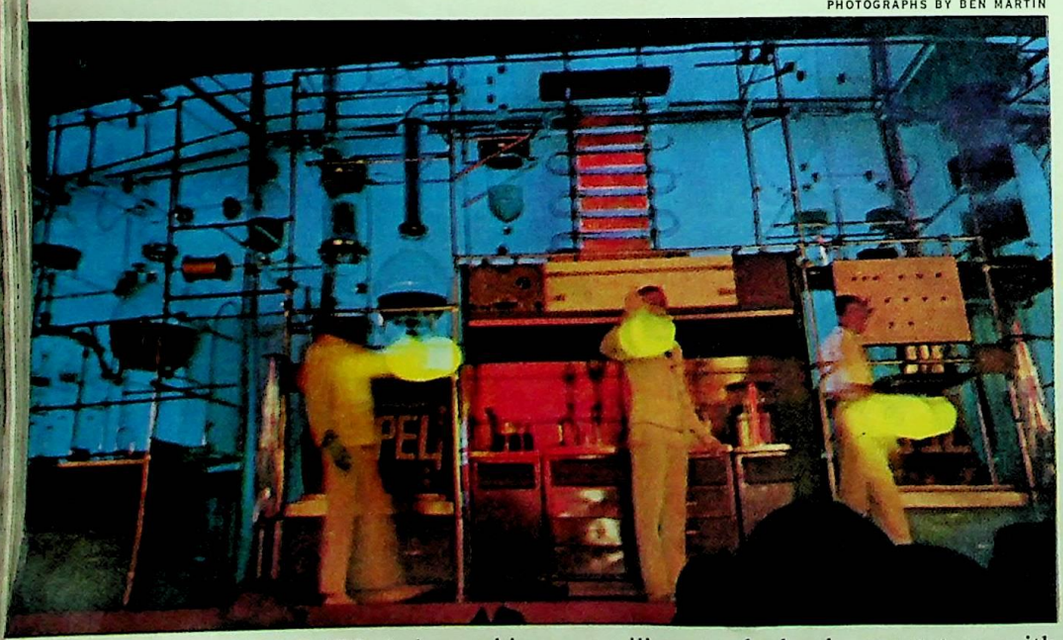
BUDDHIST SHRINE, of gilded cast iron, wood and bits of colored glass, is Thailand's gaudy showplace on Court of States.

MOORISH SCALLOPS edge entrance to bazaarlike Morocco pavilion and Thousand and One Nights supper club.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

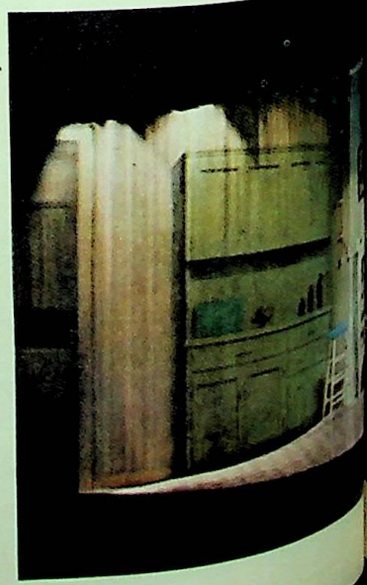
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN MARTIN



SHOWBIZ SCIENTISTS shake up big flasks of luminescent liquid at Du Pont pavilion to bedazzle spectators with agitated molecules glowing in the dark.

AUDIO-ANIMATRONIC MAN
Walt Disney, describes wiry kitch
the 1920s at General Electric ex

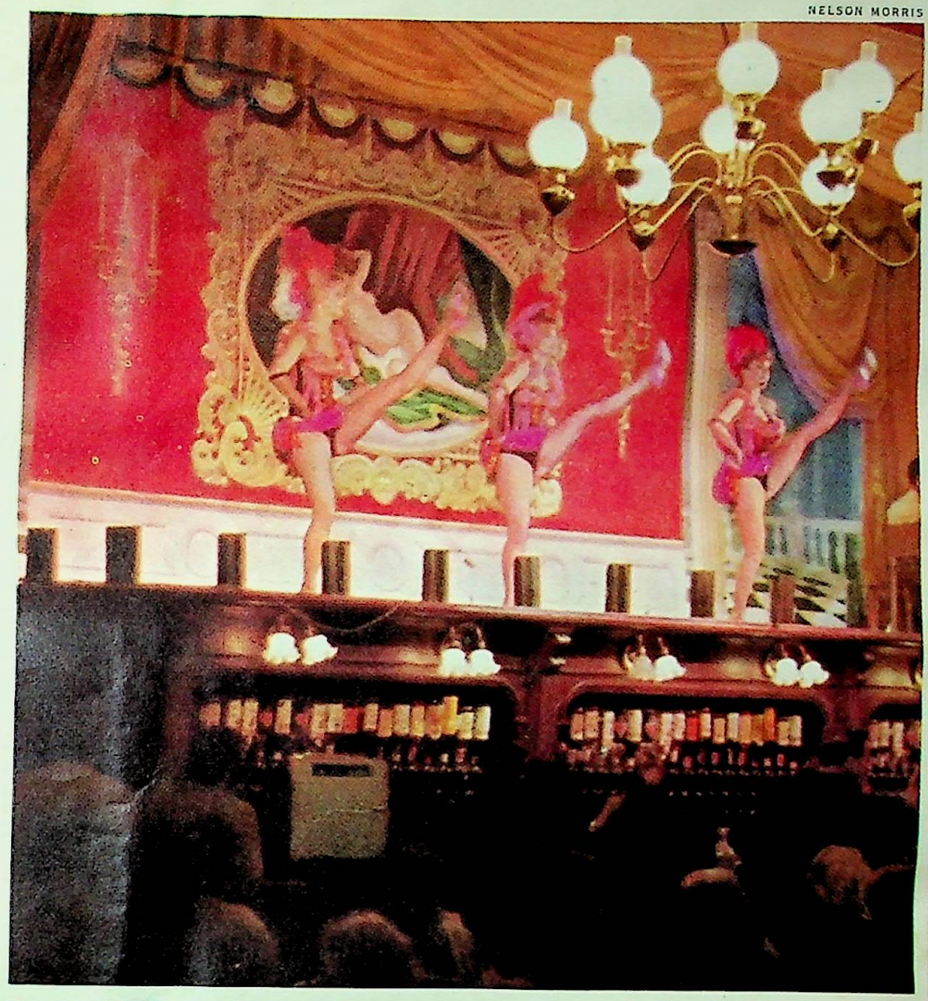


COLOR
as boat
Cola ex

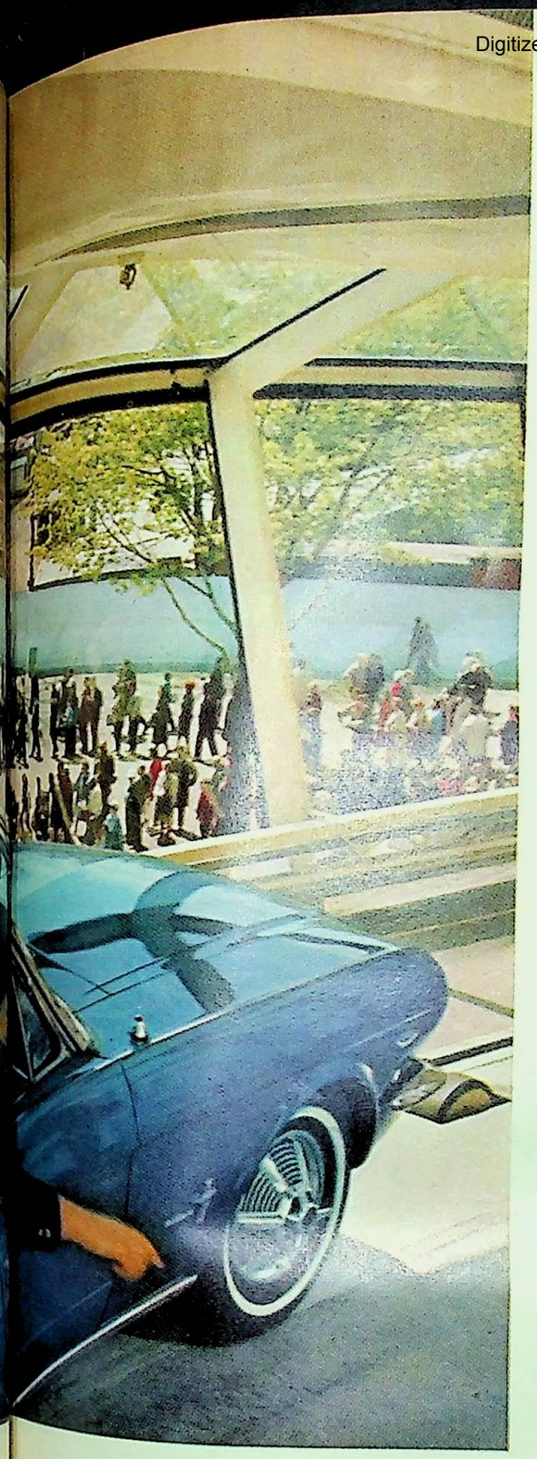
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NELSON MORRIS

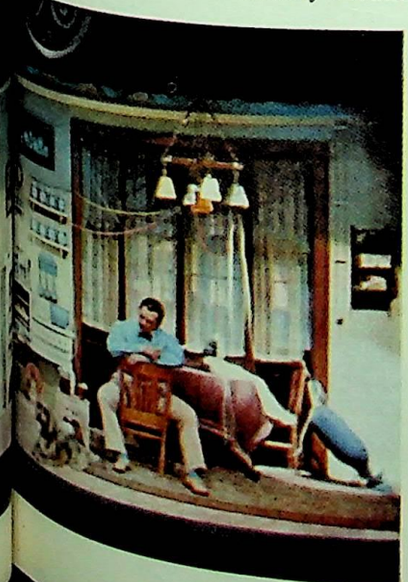


HIGH-KICKING CHORINES do the cancan above old-fashioned bar and steak-eaters at Frontier Palace restaurant in the Texas building. Pavilion also features splashy musical show *To Broadway with Love*.

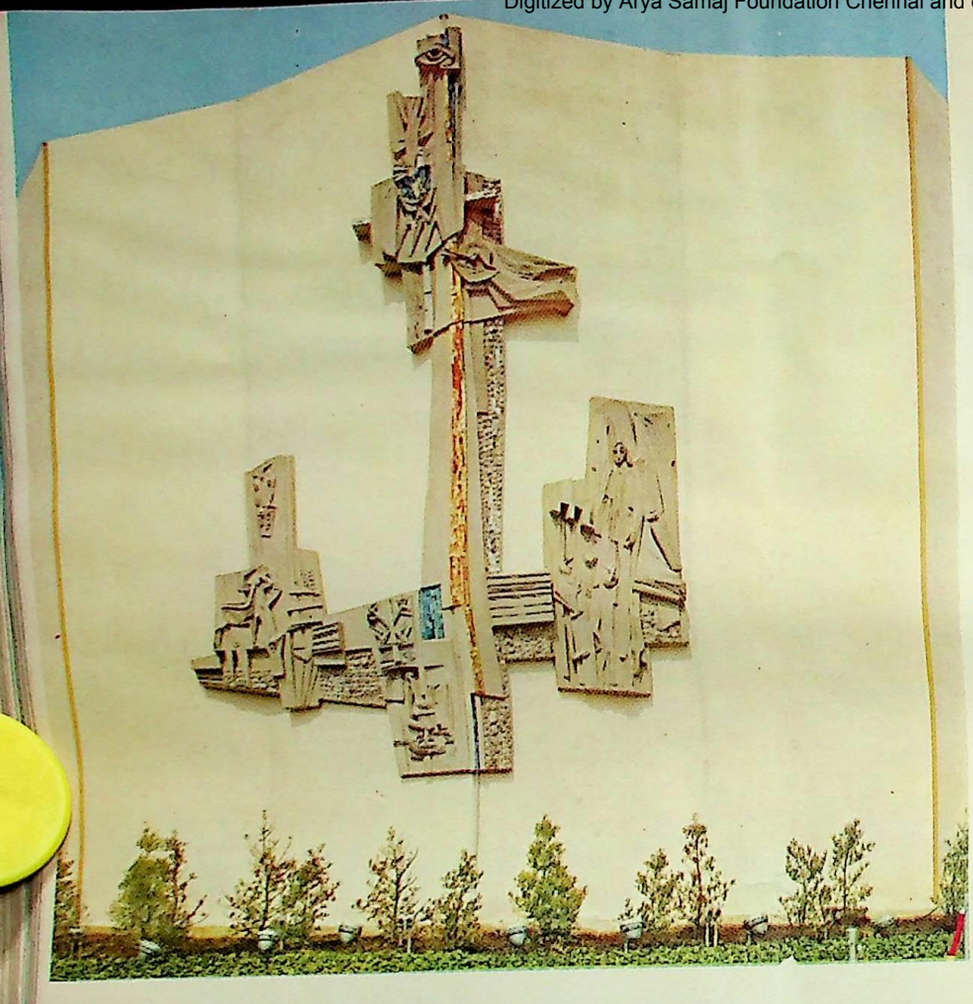


FAIRGOING FAMILY rides Mustang convertible high above queue waiting to enter Ford rotunda. Cables pull cars along preset route.

COLORIFIC FIGURES bob to music as boat riders pass through Pepsi-Cola exhibit, another Disney creation.



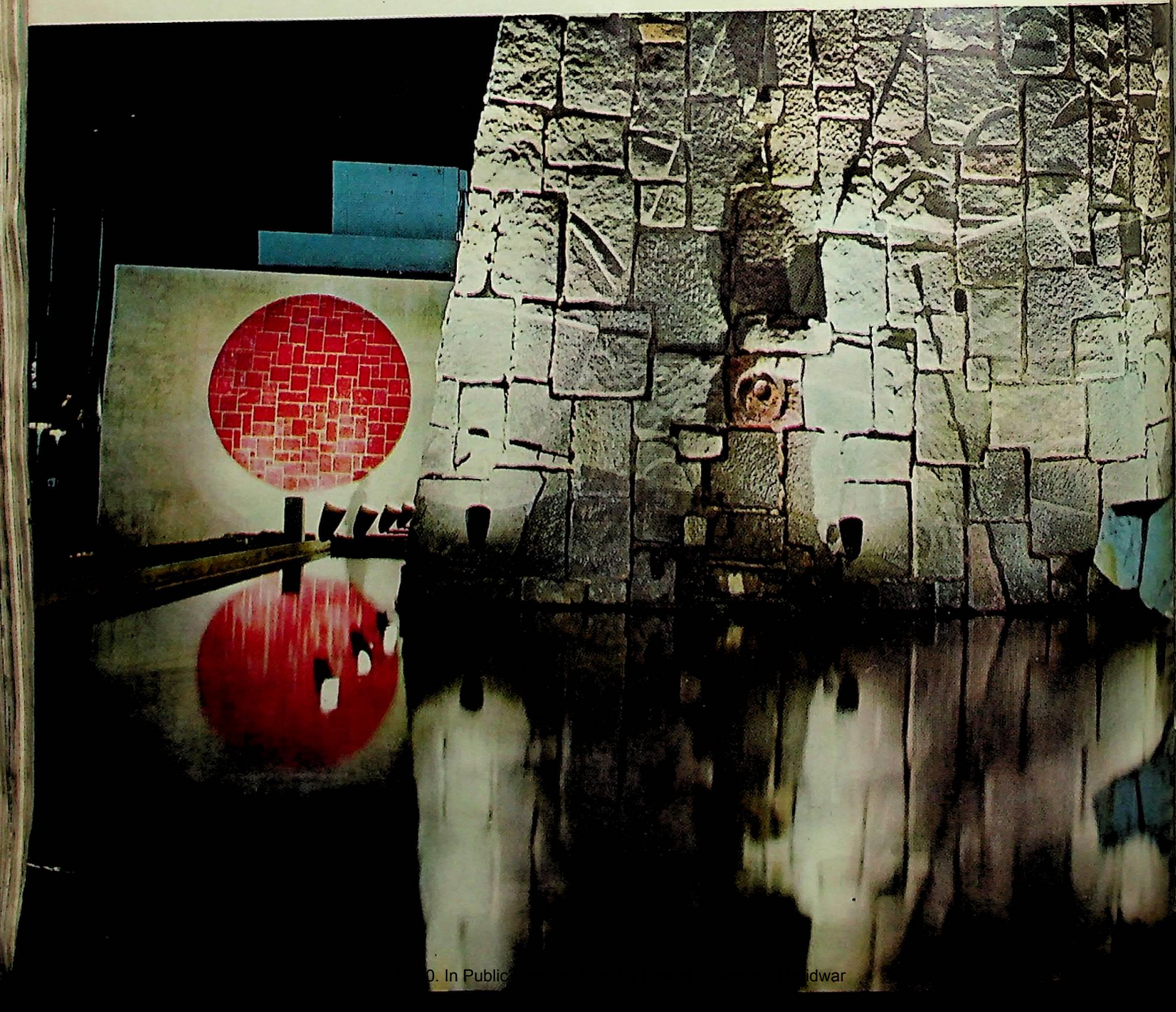
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



STYLIZED CROSS, called *Communion of Saints,* is beside entrance of Vatican pavilion. Of Styrofoam covered with epoxy cement, it is work of Long Island Sculptor-Designer V. K. Jonynas.

NUDE MAJA, by Francisco de Go
one of highlights of art collection
Madrid's Prado museum on disp
Spanish pavilion. Model was supp
Goya's great friend, the Duchess of

SCULPTURED WALL and waterspou
of Japanese pavilion is work of Masayuk
Nagare and has been called "finest wor
of art created for the fair." All 60
tons of stone were imported from Japa



set what ap
a nest of
trees, Johns
huge gold c
six slender
and flare int
Kodak has
dulating roo
plays hide-a
dancing up
forming a ho
rains can p
Harry Bert
People can
the roof. Yo
trol the rain
over dozens
all the girls
The eye s
massive, flo

Charles Luck
ion, and disa
phone's flyin
like a big h
than an airfo
that houses
ends in one g
e good as a
s architectur
he fair is A
New York S
ous columns
d colored p
a football fie
Beware Be
ure, one othe
ands out fr
ending to jo
ight do wel
are sometime
e down the
to be standi
ailed more
Ford, two fo
General Elec
member of
now is not v
is full of fin
queuing at a
Ford's Ma
of perhaps 3
ail lines ma
re giving
rowmanship
utomobiles
ssemblage o
he cavemen

0. In Public dwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

set what appears to be a 50-ton egg on a nest of plastic in the tops of metal trees. Johnson's Wax has suspended a huge gold clam over a blue pool inside six slender white pylons that rise high and flare into unearthly petals. Eastman Kodak has built a plaza under an undulating roof of thin-shell concrete that plays hide-and-seek with geometry, now ducking up into conical pinnacles, now forming a hole so that real and artificial rains can pour through onto Sculptor Harry Bertoia's metal flowers below. People can walk up and down dale on the roof. Young boys go there and control the rains by pinching their fingers over dozens of brass nozzles, spraying all the girls below.

The eye stops appreciatively on the massive, floating box-and-cloister of Charles Luckman's United States pavilion, and disapprovingly on Bell Telephone's flying wing, which looks more like a big hunk of sedimentary rock than an airfoil. The three-acre building that houses General Motors' Futurama ends in one gigantic tail fin, which may be good as advertising but is ridiculous as architecture. The boldest structure at the fair is Architect Philip Johnson's New York State pavilion: 16 tremendous columns support an elliptical roof of colored plastics that is larger than a football field.

Beware Behemoths. Beyond architecture, one other characteristic of the fair stands out from above, and before depending to join the masses the fairgoer might do well to contemplate it. There are sometimes more than 200,000 people down there and half of them seem to be standing in lines. People have waited more than 2½ hours to get into Ford, two for General Motors, one for General Electric. There is obviously a number of minutes beyond which a show is not worth waiting for. The fair is full of fine things that demand no queuing at all.

Ford's Magic Skyway is worth a wait of perhaps 30 minutes, on a cool day. But lines mass there as if the company were giving away Fords. The superb showmanship of putting people in new automobiles and driving them past an assemblage of plastic reptiles and plastic cavemen by Walt Disney is more than the contemporary world is able to resist. The prehistoric pageant lasts only twelve minutes. The car radio announces: "This is the world that was," and the rider swerves past little dinosaur eggs hatching before his very eyes, while off to the left a two-story *Tyrannosaurus rex* is busily killing a tough stegosaurus. A caveman with Cro-Magnon bravado appears, confronting an 800-lb. bear. A pert little cavewoman turns meat on a spit, while her cave-baby warms his bottom beside her. Cavedaddy turns out to be the first tycoon. He invents the wheel.

General Motors, star of the '39 fair with its revelations of the future, has again attempted to be visionary. Its Futurama is built around the idea that the human population has ample room to explode, and proves the thesis with wonderful models of future machines and future cities in contemporary wastelands. Man will subdue the primordial jungle, for example, with a G.M. machine a couple of hundred yards long. Out in front of it, smaller machines fell the great trees with laser beams. Blink, blink. The red beams slice the trees and they topple. The great mother machine now takes over, moving forward to eat the trees and all the undergrowth, meanwhile extruding four-lane highways from its distant rear. Dazzling cities spring up out of the bush to either side.

But for the rest, the present is abreast of the presumed future. There is an undersea hotel (Jacques Cousteau has already developed a five-man sea house), an aquacopter (just a baby submarine) and a space dormitory for moon travelers (it closely resembles the Indonesian pavilion half a mile away).

Egg & Carousel. IBM makes a show of its own mechanics. The audience of 500 sits on steeply tiered seats at ground level; and when the program is about to begin, this entire "people wall" is lifted 53 ft. into the air by two hydraulic rams. They end up inside the lofty IBM egg, watching nine movie screens at once, in a demonstration meant to explain how the human brain is just another computer.

Of all the big shows, G.E.'s Carousel of Progress is one of the most frankly commercial, but it is so studded with million-dollar gimcracks that it is worth seeing. Six audiences watch it at once, revolving in their seats to stop in front of segment after segment of a central stage. The star is a man who looks like Lowell Thomas full of formaldehyde. He sits in his kitchen, taps his foot nervously, blinks, and brags about his household appliances. He is made of plastic—Walt Disney again—and so is his dog, which grrrs and twitches on the floor. Caroline Kennedy saw the dog and wanted to take him home.

First the man crows about the faithful pump in his sink, the new icebox and his coal-burning stove. The year is about 1898. All these relics are choreographed to gush rusty water, pop open, or glow genially while he talks. The revolving audience sees him in three additional incarnations—in the '20s, the '40s, and today in his ultimate, modern G.E. home, with indirect colored lighting and clear-plastic, form-fitting kitchen chairs. The older appliances are wonders to behold. But the plastic man's life gets duller as it progresses.

BEN MARTIN

THREE-SCREEN TEEN-AGE SCENE IN JOHNSON'S WAX MOVIE
In the tentative leaps to adulthood, the mind fills the gaps.

Walt's Wonders. Disney's realistic robots, in fact, stalk the fair. Pepsi-Cola has about 350 of them, doll-size, flanking a boat ride that children seem to like more than anything else. Scottish dolls climb steep plaid mountains, Iranian dolls fly on Persian carpets, and French dolls cancan. The dolls sing an original tune about the cohesion of the peoples of the world that might have been composed by Wendell Willkie.

Disney's final contribution to the fair is a modest attempt to revive Abraham Lincoln by rebuilding him out of steel, aluminum, gold, brass, soft epidermal plastic, air tubes, fluid tubes, pneumatic and hydraulic valves. Abe works a twelve-hour day at the Illinois pavilion. He does a show every twelve minutes, speaking without notes and repeating bits of six of his earlier speeches, reminding his countrymen that "right makes might."

With a Nudge. The World's *Fair is* so resplendently miscellaneous *that it* defies a blue ribbon for *any one* pavilion, exhibit or show. *Nonetheless,* there is nothing better *on the* grounds than a movie called *To Be Alive!*, presented

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

by Johnson's Wax. It lasts 17½ minutes, has nothing to do with wax and does not even mention the company.

Its technique alone is of great interest. It uses three projectors, like Cinerama, but it resolves the problem of Cinerama with a simple touch of invention: the screens are set a foot apart. The mind fills the gaps without noticing them. Moreover, the separate screens enable the film makers—Francis Thompson and Alexander Hammid—to use them in multiple combinations, now showing three aspects of one scene, now three separate scenes, now a three-dimensional, three-screen headlong ride down a plunging highway that kneads the stomach far more than the roller-coaster ride in the first Cinerama.

Beyond technique, however, Thompson and Hammid have made a film of surpassing excellence about the universalities of human experience. When it begins, it is speeded up like an old Charlie Chaplin picture, showing New York masses rushing to work. On the corner of 42nd and Fifth Avenue, buses and cars go by like military projectiles, and hundreds of people zip across the screen like clouds of buckshot. Then—ping—the whole wide scene suddenly contains nothing but a drop of water in a pool. The movie starts life over again. A little Chinese boy studies a land turtle he has found in a field. A little boy in New York stares through a prism with which he can change the very face of the city. A little boy in the jungle learns the rhythm of a drum. A narrator speaks in the first person, describing his life from childhood to manhood, while the images on the screen shift constantly from the familiar to the distant, from face to face, from suburb to desert, from young Africans flirting in canoes to young Italians at a wedding feast in the hills of Assisi. The film is funny, informative, poetic, moving, ingenious, instructive, entertaining and beautifully photographed.

Film Fair. After that one, the most discussed picture is *Parable*, presented at the Protestant and Orthodox Center. Its central figure is a whitefaced clown. The circus is operated by Magnus the Great—a kind of Barnum and Belial character who sits in his tent and manipulates human marionettes strung on ropes high in the air. The whitefaced clown releases the ropes that hold the marionettes and frees them from bondage, replacing them himself. Stabbed by the agents of the malevolent Magnus, he is lofted on high, bleeding and suffering. He lets out a cry of agony and dies.

Throughout the fair, films are a basic denominator. In the United States pavilion, audiences are ridden past dozens of screens that light up consecutively with moments from American history. The narration is straight from *This Is Your Life*, styled in the second person singular, telling each and every American that *you* tamed the wilderness, then *you* invented the electric light, and *you* are now assaulting the universe.

Both New York State and the Port of New York Authority show movies that are the ultimate in wide screens, being 360° around. Audiences stand in the center. The device works well, and the state's show is a bit better than the Authority's. Riding in a car up a highway, you can look out the back window and see the road receding, or look forward and feel its onrush, while fields and trees stream by on either side.

Plunging Roots. Socony Mobil uses films in a fine game for teen-agers. Thirty-six kids at once sit in drivers' seats, hold steering wheels, adjust themselves to brakes and accelerators, and stare at a road ahead of them which is shown on small individual screens. With a whoosh and voom, they're off all 36 zinging up the same road in contest to see who is the most economical and safest driver. They are graded electronically as they meet situations—a school bus discharging its under cargo, an idiot driver warping and woofing all over the right of way.

A pavilion called Sermons from S[cience], one of the minor discoveries of the fair, presents the Word only as kind of commercial at the ends of excellent and varied movies on scientific subjects, which contain, among other things, fascinating studies in time lapse photography: cumulus clouds boiling upward, taproots plunge down through the soil like fast-moving snakes.

View It Yourself. Not all the fair's good shows, however, are on film or indoors. Several times a day, five Mexican Indians climb a giddy, 114-ft. pole outside the Mexican pavilion. One begins to dance on top of the pole, and four companions lean over backward and fall toward the ground. They are tied to long ropes which are wrapped tightly around the summit of the pole. Hanging upside down, all four men begin to spin in accelerating, expanding, awesomely descending circles as the ropes unwind, righting themselves just in time to drop lightly to the pavement.

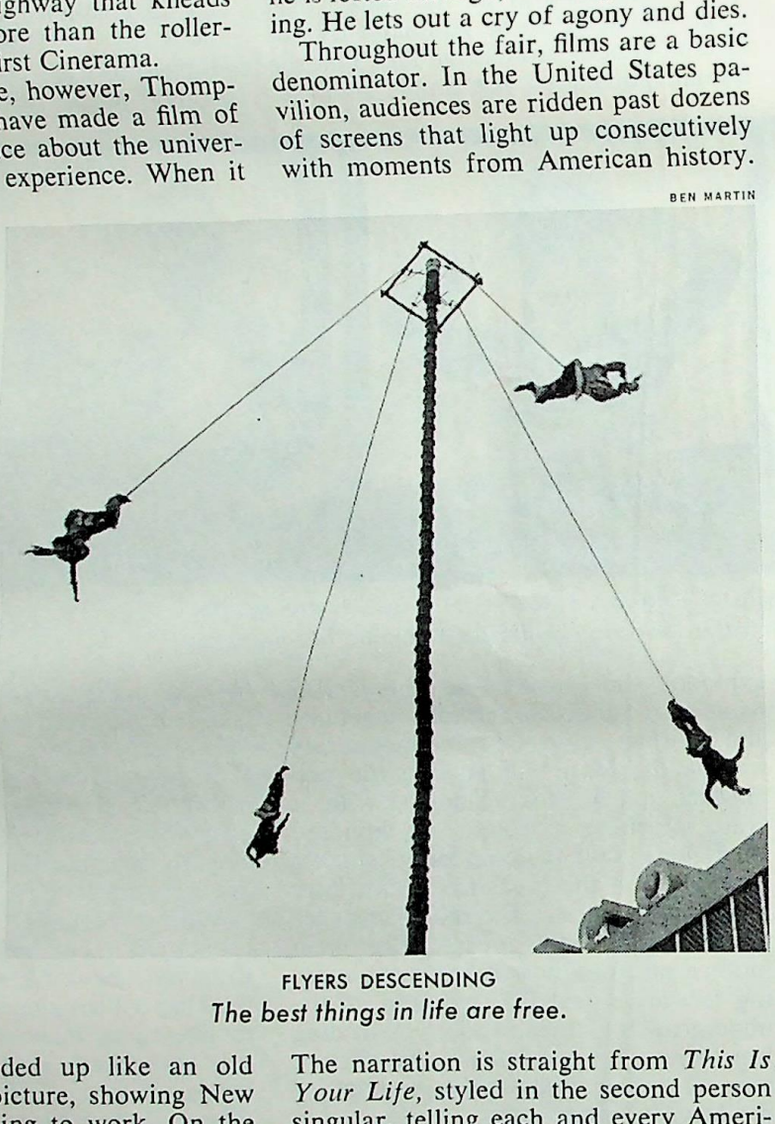
At the State of Oregon's timber carnival, a talented sculptor named Ken Kaiser casually shapes human figures from massive logs, using a roaring 30-in. gasoline-powered chain saw. Logrollers stand on thick timbers in the Flushing River, trying to jar each other into the scented currents. Husky lumberjacks heave double-bit axes at targets, handbuckers go through 2-ft. logs in about 40 sec., and competing axmen hack chips the size of dinner plates out of the remnants of trees.

At the Coca-Cola pavilion, the visitor takes an amusing, self-propelled international walk, first through Hong Kong where there are fish stalls in floating markets, with the smell of incense heavy in the air. For one startled moment, sniff again. Damned if the incense doesn't smell like Coca-Cola. Move on, turn a corner, and there is Garmisch-Partenkirchen, high in the Bavarian Alps, where the towering balsams have the unmistakable scent of pillows stuffed with Coca-Cola. A few more giant strides and there is a Cambodian jungle, where monkeys inhabit the lush vegetation and Coke bottles dangle in cool rushing streams, secured by their necks to trailing, primeval vines.

Million-Dollar Touches. Two of the fair's most attractive edifices stand out for their sense of permanence in a garden of transience. Spain's increasingly beautiful pavilion could probably stay in the meadow for a thousand years if it were permitted to, and it should at least be moved somewhere in 1965. It was designed by Architect Javier Carvajal and somehow suggests the courtyards of Castile and the filigreed palaces of Andalusia in its unending surprises of space and light. Spain, bidding for

MEXICAN RAIN GOD

BEN MARTIN



FLYERS DESCENDING

The best things in life are free.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

status in the conversation of international trade, has spared no expense to shine at its national best. Flamenco dancers of what Spaniards would describe as great purity perform in the pavilion's theater. From the Prado come Goya's great *majas*, clothed and nude. One could do worse than spend a day in the Spanish pavilion.

The Belgian Village looks as if it had been standing right where it is for at least 500 years—or will when it is finished. The biggest international exhibit at the fair, it is a giant section of a Flemish town consisting of 134 buildings. The roofs are being made of real slate and real tiles. The windows are leaded. The streets are all paved with cobblestones.

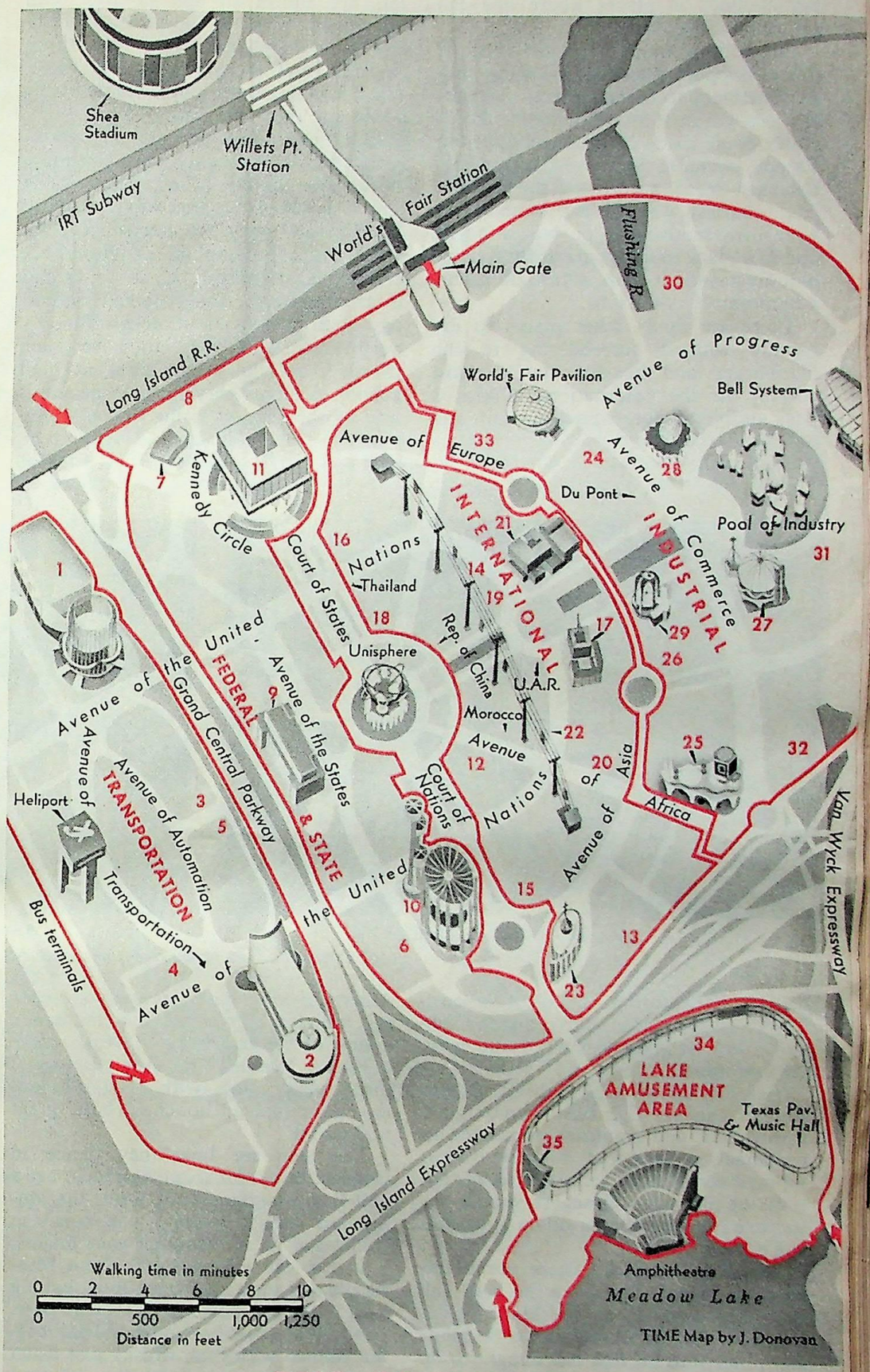
Three-year-olds and upwards are entranced by nearly everything at the fair, but there are certain stops, like the Pepsi-Cola ride, that are particularly smashing from their point of view. U.S. Rubber's Ferris wheel (50¢) is the largest replica of a tire ever made, and no child wants to miss it. The flume ride (95¢) is a bumping, bouncing, water-sprayed trip in a hollow plastic log through a reasonable simulacrum of rapids, ending with a plunge into still waters. General Cigar presents a brief but first-rate magic show. Sinclair's Dinoland is dinolated by nine prehistoric monsters made of fiberglass, scattered through a grove of pines. At the end, there are machines that make plastic dinosaurs. Put 50¢ in, wait a while, and out pops a little dinosaur like a hot dinner roll.

Cash Flow. One of the most common sights at the fair is of grown men wandering dazedly, holding their trouser pockets inside out in the timeless gesture of bankruptcy. People who have just rounded their first million sometimes go there to celebrate and are whimpers by nightfall. No complaint is more frequently heard at the fair than the cries of the nouveau broke.

With a little foreknowledge, this need not be. Nearly all the better things at the fair are free, and those that are not cost little. Actually, the biggest money drain is the high cost of drinks. In Switzerland the gutters are full of kirsch, but at the Swiss chalet a *petit* shot costs $1.25. Cocktails and highballs are free at $1, more common at $1.50.

Food is expensive too, and sometimes not very good. Entrees at the major restaurants average $6. The most elegant room is the Toledo, downstairs in the Spanish pavilion, where the chef of Madrid's Jockey Club somewhat inconsistently serves French cuisine.

In Denmark's beautiful small building with latticed woods and spacious glass, a smorgasbord with Danish smorgasbord is served for $6 a person. Sweden presents its own excellent smorgasbord for the same price. At the Indonesia pavilion, the *Rijsttafel Gambling Masak Bugis* and *Ajam Pangang* cost $6.50. From Mexico (*Carne Asada Tampiqueña*, $7) to India (*Chicken Masala Jaipure*, $5.75), the



BEST OF THE FAIR

Unisphere indicates special quality.
A - architecture C - for children E - exhibit S - show

TRANSPORTATION
1 Ford S
2 GM S
3 Sinclair C
4 Socony Mobil E
5 U.S. Rubber C

FEDERAL & STATE
6 Alaska E
7 Illinois S
8 Montana E
9 N.Y.C. E (*City model*)
10 N.Y. State AS
11 U.S. Pav. A

INTERNATIONAL
12 Africa ES
13 Belgian Vil. E
14 Indonesia ES
15 Int. Plaza (*Bazaar*)
16 Ireland E
17 Japan AS
18 Mexico S
19 Polynesia S
20 Sermons from Science S
21 Spain AES
22 Swiss Sky Ride
23 Vatican E (*Pietà*)

INDUSTRIAL
24 Coca-Cola S
25 Eastman Kodak A
26 General Cigar C
27 GE AS
28 IBM A
29 Johnson's Wax AS
30 Oregon S
31 Parker Pen AE
32 Pepsi-Cola C
33 Prot. Cent. Theater S

LAKE AMUSEMENT
34 *Flume Ride*
35 Monorail

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

fair abounds in places where one can eat well and pay well.

But nothing much is missed if all of this is skipped. There is no lasting culinary memory to be taken from the fair, as there was in 1939 when the Pavillon's Henri Soulé made his U.S. debut at the French *pavillon*. Moreover, great Curnonskian meals absorb too much time. The smartest way to eat is to bring your own sandwiches or buy a quick one in a place like Liebmann Breweries' oldtime tavern, where a fast beer and a ham on rye cost $1.10.

There are many other places to eat rapidly without surrendering to the hamburger and hot-dog stands, most notably in the International Plaza, a busy jumble of closely packed shops and food counters. The corner-lot boomtime atmosphere is a pleasant change from the more ordered pace of the rest of the fair. Ecuadorian banana dogs cost 50¢, Norwegian loganberry punch 25¢, and a 99¢ Belgian waffle covered with fresh whipped cream and fresh strawberries can be a meal in itself. Peptic athletes can eat Egg Foo Yumburgers, Fishwiches, and frankfurters packed in cornmeal, and wet it all down with Philippine beer. The Luxembourg, a restaurant the size of a closet, serves all the sausage-loaded country onion soup you can eat for $2.

Traps & Troubles. There are a few flypaper palaces that have the bads and should be noted for it. The Hall of Education is full of plastic flower exhibits and other flotsam that has nought to do with education. The Better Living and Transportation & Travel pavilions are both traps. Their Kafkan walls are lined with booths from which predator salesmen claw for the jugular. The pavilion of American Interiors is only a big furniture showroom that charges 50¢ admission. The Underground House ($1) is the pavilion of American Interiors six feet under. Hollywood ($1.25) is a stockade full of tacky TV and movie sets, plus a museum that misspells the names of stars (Tallulla Bankhead).

The so-called Lake Amusement sector is merely a disaster area. Its trouble is simple: the amusements the area offers are almost all less amusing than the free shows of the industries. In 1939 this amusement area was four times as large, and there were nudes there. This time there are a few trained porpoises and the flume ride.

But these things are not enough to draw crowds, especially when the main entrance to the fair is so far away. The major shows of the area would have to do that, and they are not succeeding. Texas' huge production, *To Broadway with Love*, costs from $2 to $4.80 and is an oversized, undertalented anthology of Broadway show tunes—done by performers who seem to have been drawn from the senior class at high school. A circus playing to 35 people is one of the rainiest sights in the world, and one can see it in the Ringling tent. The circus is a good one too. Finally, the entire amusement area is ringed by American Machine & Foundry's monorail, which is a good ride but commands a view of the dreariest part of the fair.

Pike & Watusi. The ultimate amusement really comes with the fair's endless cosmopolitan touches, both great and trivial.

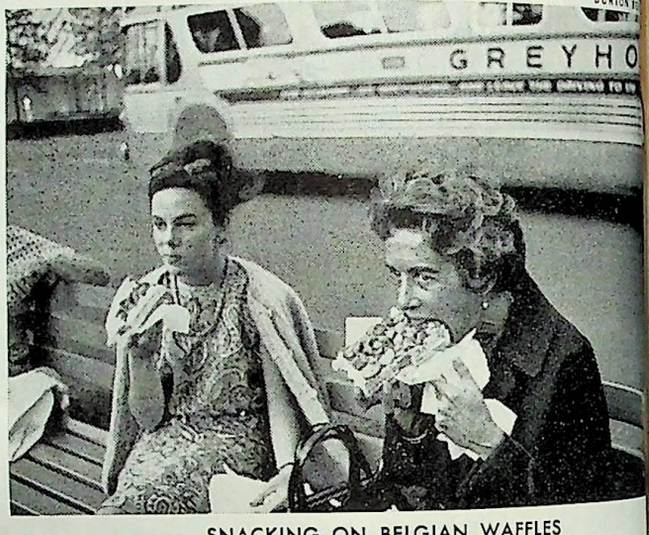
You can see how they dance in Guinea, buy a fez from Morocco, eat a soft-shell Maryland crab. While the Malaysians aren't looking, you can run Malaysian tin ore through your fingers. You can eat walleyed pike from Minnesota and see a chef from India baking bread in mud pots. In the calm oasis of the Irish pavilion, you can drink coffee primed with Irish whisky and listen on earphones to actors like Micheal MacLiammoir and Siobhan McKenna reading Yeats, Swift or Synge. In the Indonesian pavilion, you can look over the Indonesian girls that were personally selected by President Sukarno. There is even a portrait of a beautiful woman painted six years ago by Sukarno himself. Upstairs more girls dance to the *gamelan* music of Bali.

Fresh Sudanese dates cost 25¢, and 50¢ buys a look at the recently discovered 1,000-year-old Sudanese Madonna. You can watch a New York harnessmaker make a saddle and West Virginians blow glass. At the Singer exhibit, you can see jeweled woolen fab... that cost $1,200 a yard. You can w... through the African pavilion, see ... tusi dancers and royal Burundi dr... mers and have your eyes opened ... dozen nations you never knew ex... and a year or so ago you were righ...

You can eat pastry flown from ... nis, drink Israeli orange soda, ... an Egyptian beancake sandwich, ... taco from Colombia, drink Greek ... and sober up at an Indian tea bar. ... can inspect benni seeds from ... ra Leone, pitchforks from Taiwan ... yourself on RCA color TV. You ... see the *Pietà* of Michelangelo in ... Vatican pavilion.

Totems & Pen Pals. You can see ... derful relics of the early West in a ... that has come from Montana—an ... tation to a hanging, a machine ... which a bartender could mix drinks ...

DINING AT SPAIN'S TOLEDO



SNACKING ON BELGIAN WAFFLES

Not everyone had to be a peptic athlete.

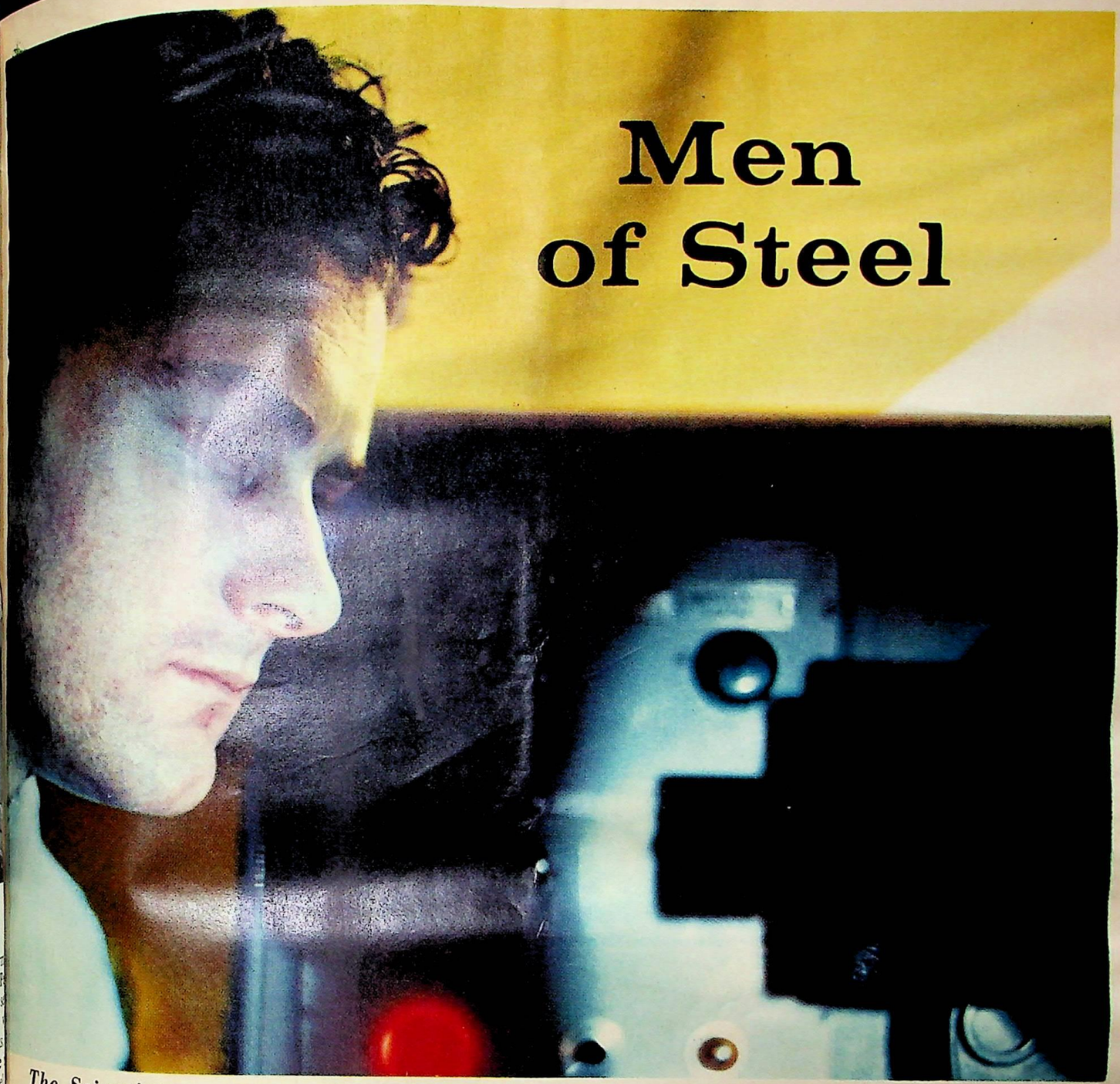
his foot, Calamity Jane's thunder... and Custer's watch. In Parker ... handsome pavilion, a computer can ... the world to find you a pen pal ... matches your interests and talents ... the New York City building, there ... fabulous 100-ft. by 160-ft. mode... the city, including every structure ... five boroughs, built at a scale of ... to 100 ft. for $600,000.

You can watch Japanese war... play vigorous sword games on a ... surrounded on two sides by water ... backed by a thunderous Nagare ... They smash one another over the ... with wooden poles, shouting noise... guttural rage, bobbing, feinting, ta... clever steps backward and occasio... falling by accident into the water. ... can try on a Panamanian straw ... test a Nicaraguan wooden spear, ... talk to a stranger in California ... you stare into his eyes on televi... telephone. Alaskan Chilkat Indians ... tell you how to make totem poles; ... by floating the log in a lake and ... steadies, then split off the upper ... since that is where the most knots ...

The great fair succeeds, in the ... because it so abundantly contains ... variety of the world. You have only ... walk through it to discover contin... in the corners of your eyes.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Men of Steel

The Scientist

Behind the workers at the steel making furnaces stands the scientist. To him it is a matter of emission spectra, of lines on a film disclosing the answer to the composition of every batch of steel from the B.H.P. organisation—makers of 98 per cent of Australia's steel.

B.H.P.—a public company with forty-four thousand employees, is owned by some ninety-seven thousand shareholders. During 1963 the equivalent of almost one hundred million U.S. dollars was invested in new capital works.

Current output of B.H.P. steel is at the rate of five million long tons of steel ingots a year. And increasing.

The Broken Hill Proprietary Company Limited and subsidiaries: a group of companies engaged in a complete operation comprising mining and shipping of raw materials and the manufacture of iron and steel.

Look South for Steel

HEAD OFFICE: 500 Bourke Street, Melbourne, Australia. Resident representative for South East Asia located in Singapore, and distributors in Hong Kong, Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, and Thailand.

BHP STEEL

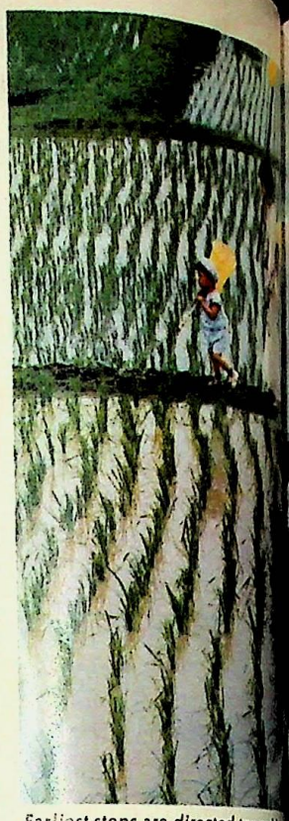
—a product of Australia

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The gracious household of Shoko Yamamoto

Happiness flourishes in the Japanese household . . . where courtesy is a way of life



Earliest steps are directed toward

Secret of airline service unique in all the world

As Shoko Yamamoto welcomes you aboard, you immediately sense the delightful difference of Japan Air Lines. Here in the cabin of a magnificent modern Jet Courier, Shoko and her sister hostesses create for you the serenity of classic Japan.

Part of their secret is Japan's gracious code of etiquette, cherished like a family treasure, practiced by daughters of the household since antiquity. The smallest service is performed with courtesy, warmth, and charm—as you discover to your delight on JAL. How gracefully your kimono-clad hostess offers warmed *sake* and *tsumami-mono* delicacies . . . later your favorite continental cuisine . . . attends your every wish amid the classic Japanese surroundings of your Courier cabin.

This unique hospitality, plus JAL's dependable airmanship, is yours *on JAL the world* around. Throughout the Orient, JAL's swift Jet Couriers shuttle between Tokyo and Hong Kong—direct, or via [illegible] —and between Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore, and Djakarta. Jets also link Tokyo with Okinawa and, now, Tokyo with [illegible]

To the U.S.A., JAL offers 14 flights a week—all via sunny [illegible] where you can stop over, if you wish, at no extra fare. Mornin[illegible] evening Tokyo departures give you added flexibility in planning [illegible] venient stopovers and fast connections.

To Europe, you can choose from two JAL routes. Take JAL's [illegible] Road" through the Middle East via Calcutta and Karachi. Or, [illegible] Tokyo, fly to Europe direct, over the fast Polar route.

Wherever you fly, enjoy the unique pleasures of flying JAL [illegible] the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound. Your [illegible] agent or nearest JAL office can give you complete details.

JAPAN AIR LINES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

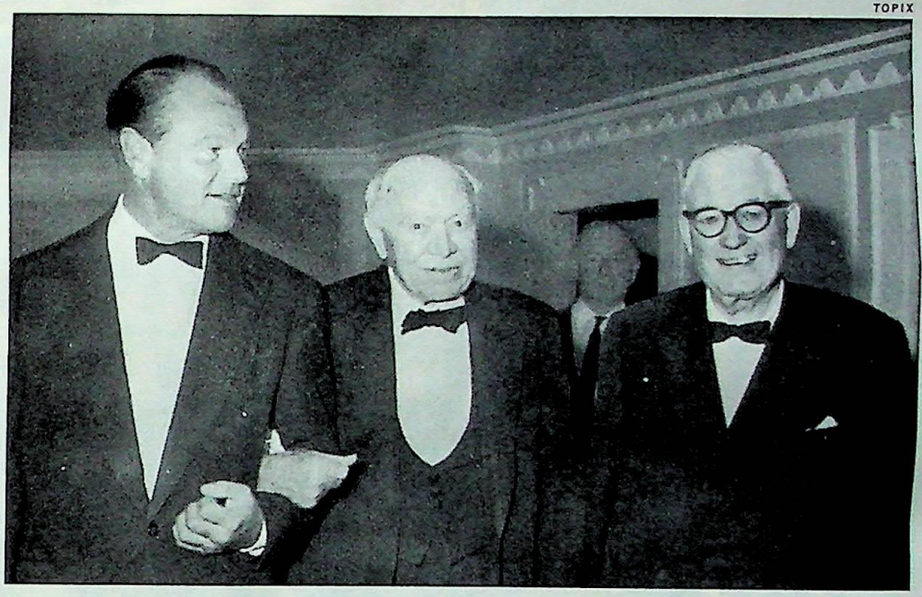
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PUBLISHERS

The Eternal Apprentice

The ballroom of London's Dorchester Hotel was crammed with stuffed beavers, scarlet-coated Mounties, feathered Indians, and R.A.F. trumpeters announcing the roast beef. Moist-eyed press lords bawled *Happy Birthday to You* and *Land of Hope and Glory*. All of which seemed only proper for a party given by Roy Thomson, the Canadian-born press lord who owns more newspapers than anyone else, for Max Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook, another Canadian-born press lord, who long since established himself as one of journalism's greats.

TOPIX



LORD BEAVERBROOK (CENTER), WITH SON MAX AITKEN JR. (LEFT) & ROY THOMSON

The journalist's code is written on his heart.

Burdened though he may be by sciatica, gout, and the cumulative fatigue of the 85 years he had come to celebrate, the feisty little guest of honor stole the show. So forcefully did he define his profession and the practices and crusades of his own turbulent lifetime, that even men who had long opposed him stood to cheer.

"It is quite true that I am old bones," he began in that gravel voice before which many an editor learned to quail. "My legs are very weak, but I still have something in the way of a head. I am still headstrong, and self-willed at that. I will try to make you a speech. Many shrewd observers will say that I have not had any pattern or continuous theme in my long life. Certainly I have. But I have never been a successful leader. I have always been an apprentice.

"In learning about journalism I had to learn about journalists. No other profession is so heavily criticized. No other is preached at so much and told so often to mend its ways. Some of the loudest critics have a very simple code for us. It is this. 'Don't ever print anything about me that I wouldn't want people to read.'

"I am not much impressed by all the talk about standards and codes. The code of a good journalist should be written on his heart. First, he must be true to himself. The man who is not true to himself is no journalist. He must show courage, independence and initiative. He must be no respecter of persons but able to deal with the highest and the lowest on the same basis, which is regard for the public interest and a determination to get at the facts. I take more pride in my experience as a journalist than in any other experience I had in a long and varied life."

The Beaver saved his best line for his peroration. Just before he left the room, he said: "It is time for me to become an apprentice once more. I have not settled in which direction. But somewhere, some time soon."

COLUMNISTS

Prose from the Pros

The U.S. golfer supports a costly habit. Last year, playing on seven thousand golf courses, he lost or disfigured 60 million golf balls, invested more than $110 million in golf equipment and, if he had the cash left, took lessons to improve his game. If he could not afford an average $15 an hour for personal advice from a pro, the addicted duffer got the word anyway—in the nation's newspapers. Season after season, it is dispensed by experts in the sports sections of the daily press.

There, between the baseball scores and the fishing tables, the nation's leading golf pros have turned syndicated columnists. It can be an extremely lucrative sideline. Mark H. McCormack and Arthur J. Lafave Jr., Cleveland attorneys who handle the literary careers of Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, Doug Sanders and Gary Player, count it a poor year when their clients' bylines do not earn at least as much as their tournament play. Palmer's column, which

e global services of Japan Air Lines

-four of JAL's fourteen transPacific jets
nate in Hong Kong. No stopovers.
same plane, JAL's "Sunset Express,"
all the way.

JAL

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

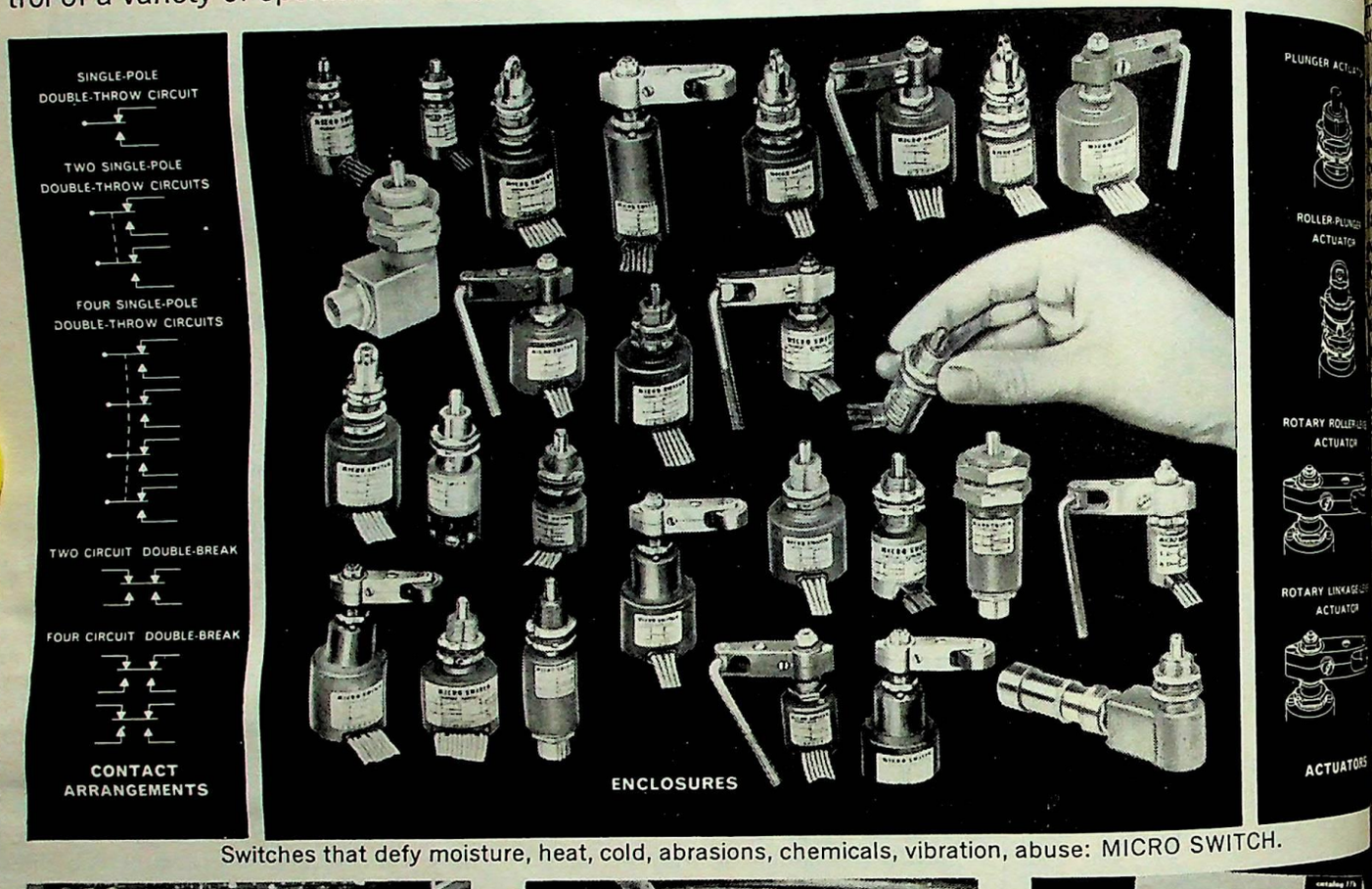
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PRECISION SWITCHING REPORT BY HONEYWELL

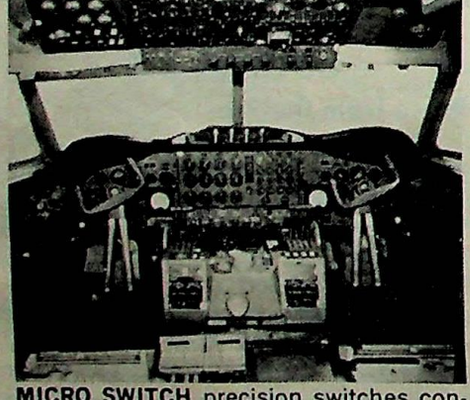
The first step toward automation!

Precision switches by MICRO SWITCH are bringing many of the advantages of automatic control with only a small investment. Switches that sense, detect, remember, alarm, provide automatic control of a variety of operations and processes.

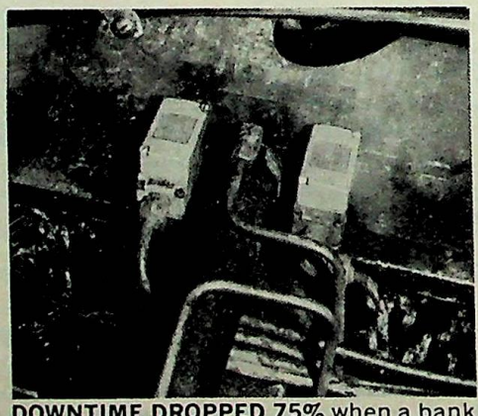
Look into the low-cost MICRO SWITCH way of automating operations. More than 16,500 combinations of various actuators, mountings, sizes, seals, circuits and capacities provide economical, reliable solutions to any switching problems.



Switches that defy moisture, heat, cold, abrasions, chemicals, vibration, abuse: MICRO SWITCH.



MICRO SWITCH precision switches control many important functions of today's high-performance aircraft. These rugged switches are ideal for any application where space is limited or where extremes of temperature and vibration are encountered.



DOWNTIME DROPPED 75% when a bank of MICRO SWITCH "Plug-in Limit" Switches were installed on this gear-hardening machine. Despite punishing use and continual flooding with water and steam, the switches operate accurately, dependably.

LET US HELP YOU with your control problems. Tell us your needs and we'll send catalogue for your requirements. Write, telephone today to the nearest office of Honeywell Pty. Ltd. or Paykel Bros. (See addresses below.)

Honeywell

HONEYWELL INTERNATIONAL: Sales and service offices in all principal cities of the world. Manufacturing in Canada, France, Germany, Japan, Netherlands, *United Kingdom and United States.*

AUSTRALIA: Honeywell Pty. Ltd., 63-73 Ann St., Surry Hills, Sydney, N.S.W. Branch Offices: Adelaide, Brisbane, Canberra, Hobart, Melbourne, Newcastle, Perth. NEW ZEALAND: Paykel Bros. Ltd., P.O. Box 5046, Auckland, C1. Branch Offices: Christchurch, Dunedin, Wellington.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ppears in 150 papers, generates up-ward of $50,000 a year.

Literary Caddies. Palmer commands the added income with the effortless grace that goes into a good tee shot. An editor of *Golf Digest*—one of the many magazines that also buy prose from the pros—writes Palmer's copy; the line drawings illustrating the text are traced from photographs taken of Palmer in Pittsburgh in 1959. About the only editorial control that Sam Snead exerts over his column, which has been running since 1940, is to insist that he be shown wearing that familiar Snead trademark, the porkpie straw hat.

Tommy Armour, Gene Sarazen, Alex Morrisson—almost every oldtimer still able enough to handle a club or a typewriter gets into the act. Cary Middlecoff, the dentist from Memphis, continues to drill out advice, though he stands farther than Palmer from the actual practice of journalism. His ghostwriter, Reporter Thomas E. Michael of the Memphis Commercial Appeal, last contacted the dentist nine years ago. "I'm very much by myself," says Michael, who has since managed six Middlecoff lines a week—for steadily dwindling readership. Most golf columns lose readers at about the same rate that their mentors lose tournaments. And since Middlecoff hasn't been winning any lately, his syndication is down to 30 papers from a high of 75.

Teeing-Off Tips. The newspaper lessons peddled by the masters cover much that the duffer knows full well: "If it actually is raining," began one Palmer column, "rule No. 1 is to keep your equipment and your hands as dry as possible. A good idea is to carry a towel." Jack Nicklaus can also belabor the obvious: "Prior to driving, a golfer can improve strokes merely by *looking down the fairway.*"

The golfer's every move gets detailed attention. The simple act of getting set for a shot turns Tommy Armour into a walkable encyclopedia. "As you address the ball," he said in one offering, "wiggle your toes." Another day, he had another approach. "As you address the ball be sure that your *left elbow is straight* and your right elbow is a bit bent and close to your body, a little bit forward of in line with your right knee." Sam Snead's approach is anatomical, right down to the X rays: "Imagine that your backbone is visible." Chances are most golfers are busy looking elsewhere —if only at another column of syndicated advice.

CENSORSHIP

No Change in Saigon

No matter who happens to be the boss in South Viet Nam, Saigon's newspapers lead a precarious existence. Those that don't die of malnutrition, a common fate where even the biggest daily is hard put to it to muster 35,000 readers, run the risk of offending the government. The late President Diem controlled the press with a heavy hand. And, after a temporary lull, so did the junta government that overthrew him. Last week Major General Nguyen Khanh, who overthrew Diem's overthrowers last January, demonstrated that he was no different from any of his predecessors. In two successive days he ordered seven Saigon dailies out of print.

The banned papers had sinned in the traditional South Viet Nam way—that is, by printing something not to the authorities' taste. One paper had dared to refer to Khanh's military regime as a "so-called democratic government." Another, noting that terrorists had scuttled a U.S. aircraft ferry in Saigon harbor last month, challenged the adequacy of Khanh's security measures.

Franco's New Commandments

For 26 years the press in Franco's Spain has been fenced in by a "provisional" code of *El Caudillo's* own construction. Its comprehensive restrictions, bound into law, taught newspapers such docility that enforcement of the law was rarely necessary. Last week, as a reward to his domesticated press, Franco proposed replacing the old law with what purported to be a more liberal statute. But the first six

AP

EL CAUDILLO (RIGHT) & PRINCE JUAN CARLOS*

Injunctions backed by excommunication.

press commandments enunciated by Minister of Information Manuel Fraga Iribarne suggested that in Franco's Spain press freedom would remain only a dream:

▶ "Observe the norms of Christian morals and maintain fidelity to the principles of the national movement."

▶ "Keep in mind the requirements of security and national coexistence, order and public health."

▶ "Give special care to everything that affects themes or publications destined for children and young people."

▶ "Observe the strictest respect for the dignity, privacy, fame and reputation of persons."

▶ "Keep the professional secret, except in cases of obligatory cooperation with justice."

▶ "Be loyal to the company for which they work."

To encourage newsmen to follow these injunctions, Iribarne also cited the severest penalty for disobedience: excommunication from the profession of journalism—as practiced in Spain.

* Shown last week as Franco for the third successive year chose the occasion of a massive military display to greet Prince Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón, leading contender for the Spanish throne.

NATIONAL NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE

...NIST TEACHER SNEAD

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

PLAY BETTER GOLF

By Tommy Armour

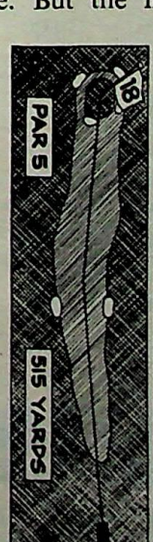
Keep Head Steady

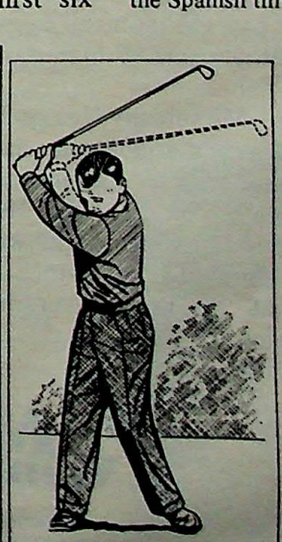
Turn head to right

YOU'VE got to keep your head steady or you haven't got a center of your swing. I think many common golfers right at the start get their necks and shoulders so stiff it is impossible for them to swing with any freedom and smoothness. A tip that helps a lot of them is to turn the head a little so the chin points to the right of the ball. Then they can turn their shoulders easily without getting out of balance. They'll find it easier, then, to follow the very old (and still very good) advice to keep the head steady until the left shoulder swings around and under the chin, then until the right shoulder touches the chin. It might give you a simple picture of the swing to think of staying steady while you worked your swing from the tip of your left shoulder.

©1964 by The Chicago Tribune

ARMOUR





PALMER

HALL SYNDICATE

Jack Nicklaus on GOLF

HITTING the LONG IRONS

THE MAJORITY OF PLAYERS WHO MISHIT THE LONG IRONS MAKE THE MISTAKE OF POUNDING DOWN ON THE SHOT.

OFTEN, IN THE PIVOT-TAKING PROCESS, THEY EITHER STOP THE CLUB IN THE GROUND OR HIT FAT BEHIND THE BALL.

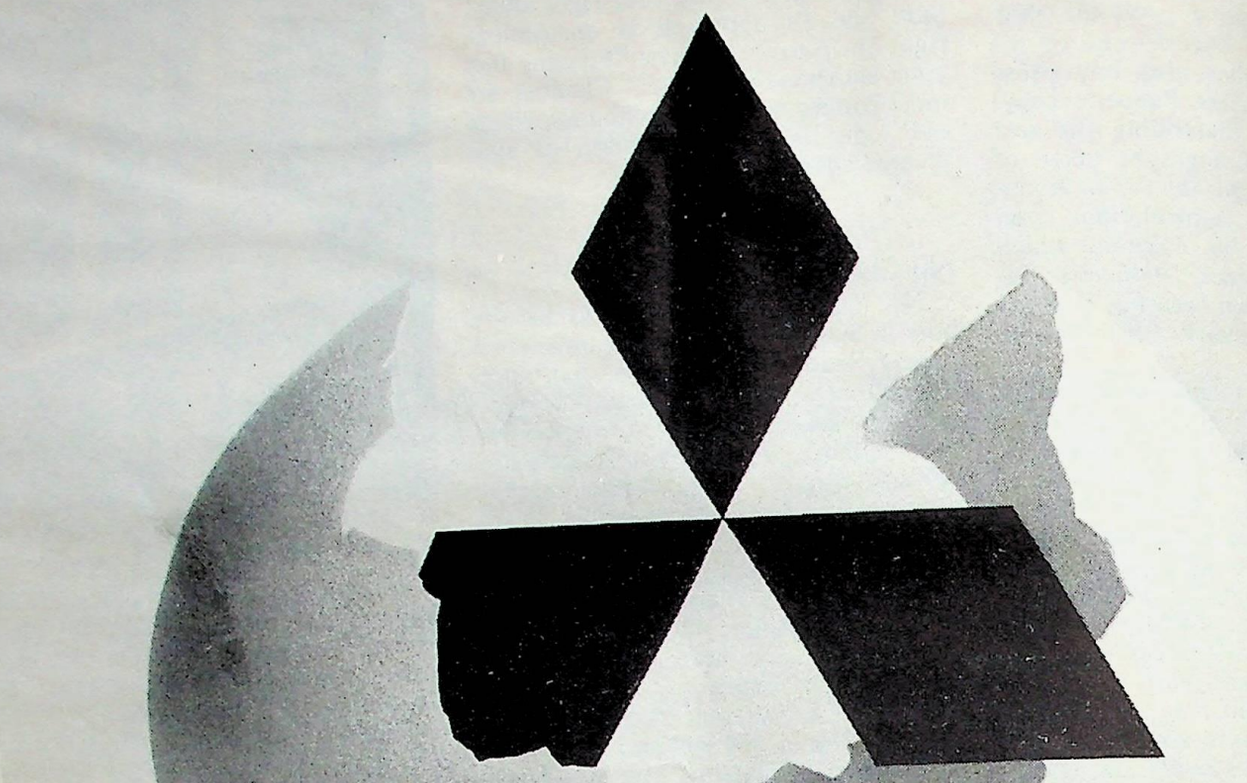
YOU MUST SWEEP THE BALL WITH THESE CLUBS - TRY TO KEEP THE CLUBHEAD ... IMPACT SO IT STRIKES THE BACK OF THE BALL SOLIDLY THEN CONTINUES THROUGH ... CATCHING GROUND THE RESULT ... LOFT AND GREATER ...

NICKLAUS

Imagine your backbone is visible, and carry a towel in the rain.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



a new company is born...

one that's already a hundred years old

The new company is Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, Ltd. It's the happy result of a merger (June 1) between Mitsubishi Nippon Heavy-Industries, Ltd., Shin Mitsubishi Heavy-Industries, Ltd., and Mitsubishi Shipbuilding & Engineering Co., Ltd. (Mitsubishi Zosen) — three companies with a hundred years of manufacturing experience behind them.

What does this make Mitsubishi Heavy Industries? A big leader among Japan's industrial giants. Estimated total annual sales will be more than those of any other company (one billion dollars in 1964). Also, we have more employees (79,500). And with several thousand different products to its name, Mitsubishi Heavy Industries becomes the most diversified organization in the entire Orient.

But that's just the size of the company. The merger brings about several distinct advantages. More money is now available for research and development. Efficiency is gained by having a single chain of command. Double investments are eliminated, the company's financial structure is economically sound, and all export business has been combined for quicker service.

Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, Ltd. will continue to honor all license agreements the three former companies had with foreign corporations, and no doubt sign a few more besides. Experience, as they say, is always the best teacher, especially a hundred years of manufacturing experience, and this has simply taught Mitsubishi never to stop learning. Or growing.

MITSUBISHI HEAVY INDUSTRIES, LTD.

Head Office: Marunouchi, Tokyo, Japan **Cable Address:** HISHIJU TOKYO **Telex:** TK 2443, TK 2874 (HISHIJU) **Works:** Nagasaki, Kobe, Shimonoseki, Hiroshima (Shipyard, Machine Tool), Tokyo, Nagoya (Machinery, Motor Vehicle, Aircraft), Mihara, Kyoto, Fukuoka, Kawasaki, Mizushima, Takasago • **Overseas Office** Office: 277 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017, U.S.A. Phone: 922-3700 • Los Angeles Office: 606 South Hill St., Los Angeles 14, California, U.S.A. Phone: 627-1431 • Office: Bow Bells House, Bread St., London, E.C.4, England • Oslo Representative: Havsfjords Gata 31B, Oslo, Norway • Duesseldorf Office: 1 Ludwig-Z... strasse, Duesseldorf, West Germany • New Delhi Office: United Commercial Bank Bldg., Parliament St., New Delhi-1, India • Bombay Office: Kasturi Bldg., Jamna... Road, Churchgate Reclamation, Bombay-1, India • Singapore Office: 44, Cecil St., Singapore 1 • Hong Kong Office: Central Bldg., No. 23, Queen's Road Central, Hong...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

1000 Thrills 1000!

That Man from Rio. Sssh. Out of a shadow a shadow glides, a sinister shape that stands up like a man but treads as softly as a jaguar. Stealthily the figure slips past the guard as he closes the main gate of the *Musée de l'Homme* in Paris; silently the figure vanishes along an aisle. Some minutes later the museum guard hears the crash of shattering glass, and away he runs to find out who is stealing what. Some minutes after that the police stand pondering a curious coincidence. The object stolen from the museum, a religious effigy, and the weapon used to eliminate the faithful guard, a poisoned dart, were both made by pre-Columbian Indians in the jungles of Brazil. "The Maltecs were a mysterious people," somebody murmurs portentously and then goes on to add, "Who knows? A few may have survived, and now they have come to reclaim their god!"

Go ahead, groan. Up to this point, Rio unreels like a bad French imitation of the standard filler thriller Hollywood produces for the shrunken-head set. But beyond this point, groans turn to giggles and giggles to guffaws. Made by Philippe de Broca, a young French director (*The Five-Day Lover*) of stunning *esprit*, the film turns out to be a clumsy but almost continually hilarious parody of the typical next-earthquake-please, throw-away-the-script-boys-this-is-an-action picture.

Director De Broca's technique is to assemble several hundred stock movie situations and fire them at the screen like soggy old lemons. In hysterically rapid succession his hero (Jean-Paul Belmondo):

Sees two ice-cold chocolate Maltecs steal his sweetie pie (Françoise Dorléac).

Chases the trio with brio to Rio.

Ducks a barrage of poisoned darts.

Squeezes through a tenth-story window.

Rescues his drugged darling.

Loses her to one of those mad scientists.

Pursues her upside down in an airplane.

Bails out.

Falls crunch into the craw of

A crocodile—what else? Much else, and all of it shrewdly calculated to make the customer laugh out loud at all the lousy movies he has ever seen and at the same time have a wild and wonderful time watching them again.

BELMONDO & DORLEAC IN "RIO"
A romp with soggy lemons.

HENRY GROSSMAN

LUALDI IN "DISORDER"
A slip-up at the party.

Malaise à la Milanese

Disorder boasts an impressive roster of international film stars sloshing through still another odyssey of contemporary moral chaos. In this artiest of art films, the malaise reaches epidemic proportions. To make his points, fledgling Italian Director Franco Brusati borrows freely but not well from Antonioni, Fellini, Visconti and perhaps Bunuel, hopefully compiling a whole movie from the kind of footage the masters might have left out.

The first episode pries into a decadent country villa where wealthy Industrialist Curt Jurgens is dying upstairs while his son Sami Frey throws a winging below. Suffering through the Oedipal conflict, language dubbing and dense cinematic trickery are Jurgens' wife Alida Valli and daughter Susan Strasberg. Among the more perceptive waiters hired for the revels is Hero Renato Salvatori, who abruptly exclaims: "What a house—lonely, sad, mean and rotten!" Salvatori heads home to Milan, only to find more moral chaos. Jean Sorel is so alienated that he goes to a party and seduces his own wife, luscious Antonella Lualdi, who clearly prefers Host Louis Jourdan. But Jourdan prefers a young man called Bruno, Salvatori's friend. Then, trying to get his mother out of the poorhouse, Salvatori meets a kindly, supposititious priest whose ramshackle home turns out to be a haven for prostitutes and transvestites. This last illusory retreat is literally and symbolically shattered when a demolition crew razes the place to make way for something new. Perhaps one of those sterile Milan apartment dwellings. The film's unwitting moral: people who stone glass houses deserve all the *Disorder* they get.

A Ro

Not
openin
strains
camer
pound
jewele
bottle
hind,
steami
an A-
a filth
"but t
it." By the time this cheeky, stylish, mordantly funny variation on *Room at the Top* is over, most of the smashing things are his.

EPISCO
Critic from W
To many
Christiani
ing fro
a pr
pu

ably conventional sub-
he outside hull serves
and control. When
vater enters that
a 7-ft. sphere
steel 1.33
from wa-
Its four
ob-
its

Bates begins as a lowly clerk in an upper-U firm of London property agents. En route to a partnership and a Westminster Abbey wedding with the boss's daughter (Millicent Martin), he hires an aging, aristocratic wastrel (Denholm Elliott) to guide him through a whirlwind curriculum of fashionable prejudices. "Say 'bloody' a lot," counsels Elliott. "Know a few dirty jokes about the Caesars." When tutor and pupil take aim at the Establishment in a series of daft vignettes—playing squash, touring Cambridge, or off on a jolly shoot—*Nothing but the Best* looks and sounds like superlative satire.

Later, the potholes in the plot tend to become troublesome, particularly in Bates's dealings with an oversexed landlady who helps him to conceal a corpse. But Director Clive Donner (*The Guest, Genevieve*) maneuvers between black comedy and melodrama with absorbing skill. Maintaining a light, steady touch on the story line, he deploys his camera for a series of witty asides, mocking views of upper-crust life as it is temptingly reproduced in the advertising on the lid of a cookie tin. And one ripe interlude at a hunt ball finds all the horsiest young socialites in full cry.

Democratic in its savagery, the film takes equal delight in nailing down its hero. Aping his betters, he finally, ironically, proves himself inferior—faster, bolder, by necessity more resourceful, but at bottom just a greedy, churlish Jimmy who yearns with might and main to be known as James.

WALTER DARAN

MARTIN & BATES IN *"THE BEST"*
An urge for the upper-U.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

RELIGION

EPISCOPALIANS

Critic from Within

To many young Protestant ministers, Christianity's newest and most challenging frontier is a mission to city slums—a proposition that often works out as putting aside the preaching of the Gospel for the sake of social work. To William Stringfellow, a Harvard-trained lawyer and Episcopal lay theologian, such ideas are anathema. In a newly published book called *My People Is the Enemy* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95), he labels the theory for what it is: sectarianism, "no less than it is where a church is established on grounds of class or race or language or any other secular criteria."

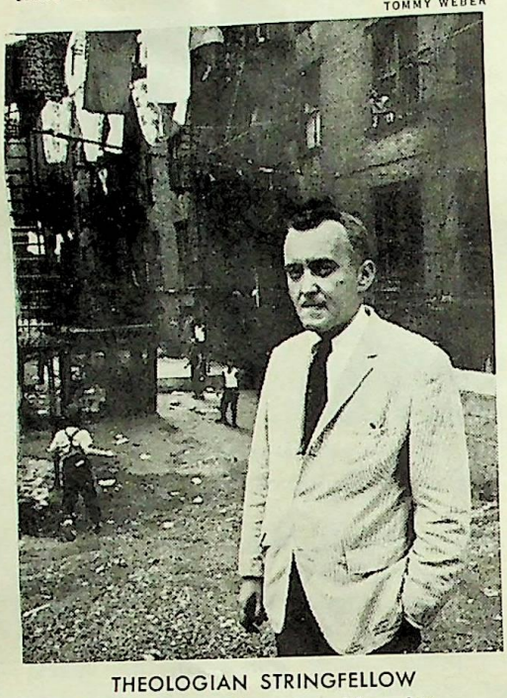
Stringfellow knows what he is criticizing. A former member of the group ministry at the famed East Harlem Protestant Parish, he lived and practiced law for more than six years in a $24.30-a-month flat in Spanish Harlem. In *My People*, he writes with vivid feeling and detail about what it means to exist in Manhattan's Puerto Rican ghetto, and how the slums are preserved by sloth, corruption and civic indifference—Mayor Robert Wagner, he notes, is a man of "extravagant apathy."

Gospel for the Hungry? But important as the urban mission is, Stringfellow writes, it is just one of many frontiers for the church—no more or less important than the university, the suburb or the technology lab. And on every frontier, the church faces the danger of conforming to the world "by accommodating the message and mission to the particular society in which the church happens to be, in the slums and in the suburbs, instead of honoring the integrity of the Gospel for all societies and for all sorts and conditions of men in all times and places."

If the Gospel cannot be preached to the hungry until they are fed, as the mission romantics claim, "then this is no Gospel with any saving power, this is no Word of God which has authority over the power of death. The Gospel is a Word which is exactly addressed to men in this world in their destitution and hunger and sickness and travail. The church must trust the Gospel enough to come among the poor with nothing to offer the poor except the Gospel, except the power to apprehend and the courage to reveal the Word of God."

Unapologetic Jeremiads. Such trenchant comments have made Lawyer Stringfellow one of the most persuasive of Christianity's critics-from-within; Karl Barth, on his U.S. trip in 1962, referred to him as the man "who caught my attention more than any other." Now 36, Stringfellow gave up his street-corner practice in Harlem two years ago to form a midtown Manhattan law firm, but he still takes many cases on behalf of the poor. During the academic year he delivers about 20 lectures a month, most of them sharply critical of organized Christianity's pretensions. He is fond, for example, of calling the current church interest in race as "too little, too late and too lily-white." But Stringfellow makes no apologies for his jeremiads. "Protestantism has forgotten that it is a community, a nation," he says. "It has little sense of being God's people. The church suffers from guilt about its own infidelity, and from time to time it feels a need to hear criticism for its own sake."

TOMMY WEBER



THEOLOGIAN STRINGFELLOW
Too little, too late, too lily-white.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

In Dutch with the Vatican

The sources of radical and rebellious Roman Catholic thinking used to be the industrial missions in urban France or the theological faculties of German universities. Lately, the fount of ideas that may skirt heresy—or may become the accepted reshaping of church thinking—is the staid and sober Netherlands.

The latest incident to alarm Rome's Holy Office involves a lively magazine called *De Nieuwe Linie* (The New Frontier). Owned by Catholic laymen but numbering three Jesuits among its editors, the magazine has within the past two years become one of the most provocative in Europe. It has run articles discussing the moral licitness of the birth-control pill for Catholics* and has suggested a change in church ru... limiting mixed marriages. Last F... ruary two priests used its pages to q... tion clerical celibacy. A month l... a Catholic layman raised ques... about the doctrine of transubst... tion, which holds that the bread ... wine change into Christ's body ... blood at the consecration of the ...

A Box on the Ear. A report on articles was sent to Rome by the ... tiously conservative Apostolic Inter... cio, Archbishop Giuseppe Beltrami... April the Jesuit General, Father ... Baptiste Janssens, ordered the ... Jesuit editors to leave the staff of ... *Nieuwe Linie* because he could ... agree with the magazine's edi... views. Other journals—Catholic, ... estant and secular—hurried to ... defense of *De Nieuwe Linie*, and a ... ber of Dutch Jesuits have openly ... tested Father Janssens' blunt ha... of the case. Two of the Jesuits ... ignored the order, still show up ... work at the magazine every day.

Such small signs of defiance ... kept Archbishop Beltrami and his ... ecessor extremely busy writing to ... superiors in recent years, and ha... month goes by that some Dutch ... logian does not receive a *mo...* (warning) from the Holy Office. ... call it a box on the ear," says one.

Translation Errors. Although ... bishops in The Netherlands are ... siderably more conservative than ... priests and laymen, they too have ... in dutch with Rome. Shortly ... the Vatican Council began in 19... Italian edition of their encyclical ... posing considerations for the co... was withdrawn from circulation ... cause of "errors" in the translati... fact, the Holy Office objected t... Dutch bishops' defense of the no... miliar idea of episcopal collegia... that is, the bishops' sharing ruling ... over the church with the Pope. ... also informed Bernard Cardinal A... of Utrecht that the principal auth... the encyclical, the brilliant Dom... speculative theologian Edouard Sc... beeck, would not be acceptable ... theological adviser to the Co... Preparatory Commissions.

Dutch Catholics do not question ... right and duty of the Holy Of... keep the faith of the church fr... error. Thus most of the censured ... logians have accepted their *mon...* have either kept silence or co... what Rome regards as mistakes. ... a land where Catholics (40% o... population) live elbow-to-elbow ... Protestants (38%) and the gener... el of education and intercommu... is high, Rome's fetters often seem ... anachronistic and Italianate. ... John's summoning of the coun... vinced the Dutch that renewal ... hand; and now, says one Dutch ... gian, with pride in his voice, ... Catholics have protested openly ... time Rome takes an action th... don't like."

* Last week the Vatican's *L'Osservatore della Domenica* suggested that medical research might call for a re-examination of Catholic teaching on birth control. In an interview for an Italian weekly last week, Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani of the Holy Office said that public discussions of the pill are up to the Holy See and the Vatican Council rather than individual theologians—but he did not outlaw further consideration of the problem by moralists.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SCIENCE

AERODYNAMICS

Blown Flaps For Slow Landings

Constantly increasing air travel has brought commercial airlines constantly increasing headaches. And control of the swift traffic aloft is only a part of the problem. With their high speeds and long landing runs, the big jetliners demand long runways on which to set down, but few cities have that kind of space near by. Convenient, close-in airports, which are usually small, have become the domain of smaller planes and feeder airlines.

Now pilots of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration are learning how to land the big jets closer to town. At Wallops Island, Va., they bring their Boeing 707 slanting out of the sky at a limping 100 m.p.h.—50 m.p.h. slower than a standard jetliner. They float over the end of the runway and touch down at only 90 m.p.h.—as slow as an old-fashioned propeller-driven DC-3.

How can a big sweptwing jet stay in the air and maneuver safely at such low speeds? The answer can be read in the big landing flaps at the rear edge of its wings. On the landing approach the flaps extend at an unusually sharp angle; sometimes they droop as much as 70°. Ordinary flaps would not work effectively at this angle; instead of giving more lift, they would merely create drag as the air passing over them curdled into turbulence.

On NASA's 707, though, the steep-angled flaps have help. Just ahead of their leading edges, where they join the wing, streams of high-pressure air from the compressors of the jet engines spurt out of nozzles and bathe the flaps' upper surfaces, smoothing the air flow and creating extra lift. To supply enough air at 100 lbs. per sq. in., the engines must run at high speed, developing too much thrust for a plane on its landing approach. But the research ship picks up no extra speed; its extra thrust is contained by big clam-shell deflectors that can be controlled by the pilot. As NASA's 707 drops down to the runway slowly that its horizontal tail surfaces need special, upside-down flaps, which jet upward from the stabilizer's leading edge, to make the air flow over them properly at low speed.

RESEARCH 707

Clam shells for closer to town.

This system of "blown flaps" was first developed in 1956 by NASA's predecessor, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, but it roused little interest. At that time the airplane industry was more concerned with the high cruising speed of jetliners. Landing speed seemed secondary. Now everyone knows better.

OCEANOGRAPHY

Deep-Down Submarines

The loss of the nuclear submarine *Thresher* last year in 8,400 ft. of water was a painful reminder of just how much of the ocean bottom lies below the Navy's reach. The bathyscaphe *Trieste* could dive to the general area of the *Thresher's* wreck, but it could not do much that was worthwhile when it got there. Instruments and grappling devices operated from surface ships were all but useless in strong currents and rough seas.

Urged on by the disaster, work on deep-submergence systems has been picking up pace ever since. The Navy has recently recommended that $333 million be spent on the design and construction of deep-diving submarines capable of exploring the bottom and doing useful work at extreme depths. And in response to the growing demand from both Government and industry, the drawing boards of the nation's naval architects are producing a fleet of small, odd-looking submarines, most of them aimed at great depths.

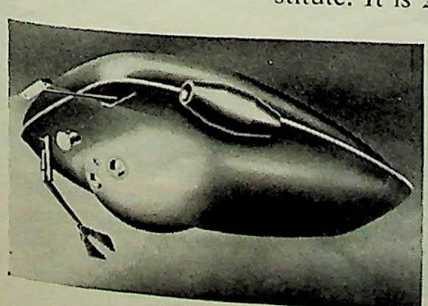
▶ *Alvin* (named for Oceanographer Allyn Vine), is a perky little craft built by Litton Industries with Navy funds for the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute. It is 22 ft. long, weighs 13 tons, and has a reasonably conventional submarine shape, but the outside hull serves only for streamlining and control. When *Alvin* submerges, the water enters that thin skin freely. Inside is a 7-ft. sphere with walls of high-strength steel 1.33 in. thick to protect the crew from water pressure down to 6,000 ft. Its four viewing ports permit the pilot and observer to see ahead and below, and its three steerable, battery-powered propellers, two of which can swivel to point up or down, give high maneuverability and a top speed of about 7 m.p.h. Before *Alvin* tries deep and perilous submergence, it will begin practice runs this month in the pleasant shallows near Cape Cod.

▶ *Deepstar*, which looks like a close cousin to *Alvin*, is being built by Westinghouse in collaboration with Jacques-Yves Cousteau, co-developer of the Aqua-Lung. It, too, has a streamlined outside hull containing a thick-walled pressure sphere to protect its crew. Its intended depth will be 12,000 ft., and it will have a claw like a giant lobster. *Deepstar* will not be ready until 1965, when Westinghouse will begin using it in its own underwater research, besides leasing or selling it to other organizations that feel an urge to explore the ocean bottom.

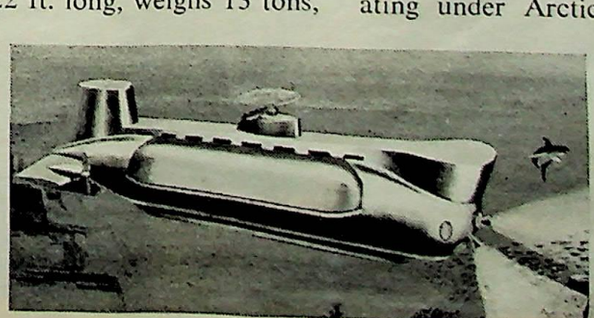
▶ *Aluminaut*, probably the biggest research submarine under construction, is now being built for Reynolds Metals Co. by the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics at Groton, Conn. It will be 50 ft. long and made mostly of 6½-in.-thick aluminum. To be launched this summer, it is expected to cruise comfortably three miles down and can stay submerged three days with a crew of three.

▶ *Turtle*, Lockheed's odd-looking entry, is lens-shaped to allow it to scoot along the bottom like a flounder. After experiments with a small, self-propelled model, Designer Willy Fiedler decided that the lenticular shape, made of two strong metal saucers joined at their edges, is the best for the moderately deep ocean. It will resist pressure and have more maneuverability than a sphere. Dr. Fiedler hopes to use it to spy on fish and learn to catch them cheaply. It can repair damaged cables and bury radioactive wastes in the ocean bottom. Lockheed has high hopes of eventually being able to build large *Turtles* to carry cargo, perhaps operating under Arctic ice.

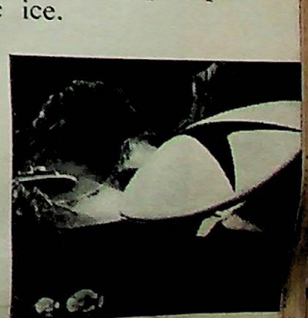
ALVIN



DEEPSTAR



ALUMINAUT



TURTLE

Thin-skinned, lobster-clawed, and flat like a flounder.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CITY PLANNING

The Pennsylvania Hypotenuse

As the nation's TV viewers know from watching many an open Cadillac —or caisson—make the trip, Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C., has both grandeur and grubbiness. As it stretches toward the Capitol, the stalwart neoclassical façades of federal buildings rise evenly on the right. But on the left side is an uneven collection of old hotels, decayed storefronts vacant above the first floor, and dreary parking lots.

Yet, as conceived by George Washington, who suggested it to the capital's original planner, French Engineer Pierre Charles L'Enfant, Pennsylvania Avenue was to be a symbolic "axis of the nation," balancing democracy at either end in the architecture of the executive White House and the legislative Capitol. Last week the Kennedy-launched Council on Pennsylvania Avenue, chaired by Architect Nathaniel A. Owings, released plans that might make L'Enfant's dream finally come true.

Haussmannian. More than the stopgap panaceas and two-dimensional thinking of much urban renewal, the plan is Haussmannian in scope and architectural in dimension. The council would turn Pennsylvania Avenue into a ceremonial boulevard with distinctive brick paving, bordered by double or triple rows of graceful shade trees, and three-level sidewalks to take the rubbernecking out of parade watching. Constitution Avenue, which now makes a messy, scissorslike intersection with Pennsylvania, would neatly dive beneath it.

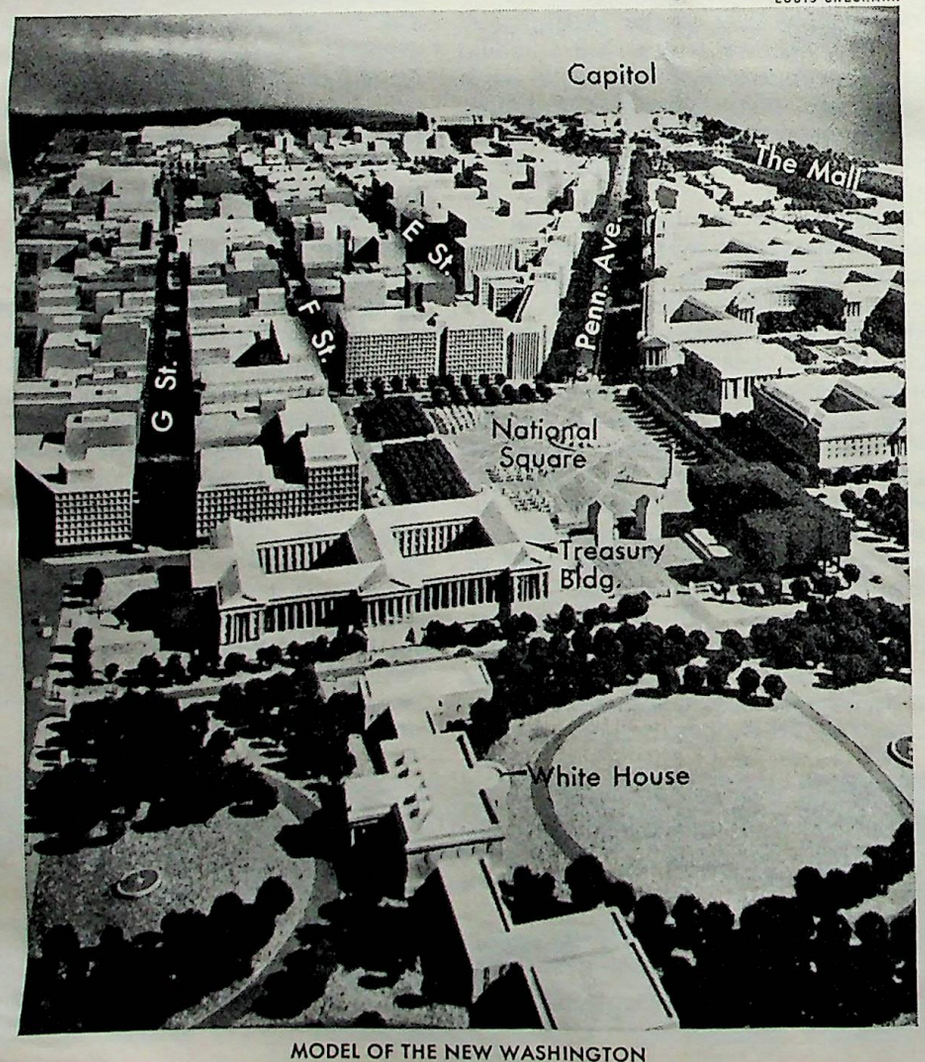
City planners have often pronounced the Treasury Building, at the White House end of the avenue, to be "misplaced," because it blocks the presidential residence from view down Pennsylvania. The new report turns this deficit into asset: the White House, the council members have perceived, is less impressive a terminus for the street than the colonnaded Treasury.

But more than the Treasury is needed, so they would create a great National Square that gives a distinguished destination for the avenue, provides access through a monumental gate to the White House grounds, and offers a car-free plaza for people afoot. Halfway between there and the Capitol, they take advantage of the fact that the National Gallery and the Archives Building now sit facing each other [illegible] latedly on opposite sides of the ave[illegible] and would create another big M[illegible] Square that gives vistas of the fa[illegible] of both buildings.

Northern Triangle. But the co[illegible] while keeping grandeur in mind, [illegible] more than a nice street for ina[illegible] parades. Pennsylvania Avenue i[illegible] hypotenuse of two triangles. [illegible] bounded on the south by the M[illegible] composed of existing federal bui[illegible] —the Department of Justice, the [illegible] Office and Department of Comm[illegible] The council now proposes to finish [illegible] northern triangle south of G S[illegible] presently a junky commercial [illegible] The most striking feature would [illegible] daring mezzanine that carries pe[illegible] ans over traffic. Lifting strollers [illegible] cars, it would bring people into [illegible] theaters, hotels and restaurants w[illegible] around new federal buildings. [illegible] commerce could draw Washingto[illegible] who are building away from the [illegible] tol, back toward the center of the [illegible]

As befits an auto-age capital, w[illegible] not only shoppers, workers and the [illegible] tion's second biggest stream of tra[illegible] pour into the center of the city, p[illegible] ful double-level underground ga[illegible] are provided, with accesses from n[illegible] boring streets but not from the [illegible] eight-lane boulevard itself. It i[illegible] told, a bold step up (and down) [illegible] the one-curb city.

LOUIS CHECKMAN



MODEL OF THE NEW WASHINGTON
174 years after L'Enfant, time to grow up.

COLLECTORS

The Abstract Businessman

The British critic Sir Kenneth [illegible] wrote once that he understood a [illegible] tain private collection of Fragon[illegible] rococo oils when he looked at the [illegible] owner's collection of butterflies. [illegible] collector's eye had plainly d[illegible] strength from the kinship of fra[illegible] fluttery forms in art and nature. T[illegible] down the taste of California Entr[illegible] neur Norton Simon, 57, the most [illegible] criminating art collector on the [illegible] Coast (*see picture pages*), is a st[illegible] exercise in analogy. But Simon's [illegible] collection is companies.

He began as head of Hunt F[illegible] and Industries, the world's largest p[illegible] er and distributor of tomato foods, [illegible] and has since branched out into [illegible] a dozen businesses from Ohio M[illegible] Co. to *McCall's* magazine. He s[illegible] controlling stock in other firms in h[illegible] of improving them, and, says one [illegible] seum curator, "in the same way [illegible] picks up a company that could be [illegible] ing better, Simon makes a good pi[illegible] ing more important by adding it to [illegible] collection." By hanging it in the c[illegible] pany of centuries of masterworks, [illegible] Simon's Rembrandt gains characte[illegible] a personal choice, and returns the c[illegible] pliment to Simon's spread from Le[illegible] zo Monaco to De Kooning. It [illegible] coincidence that Simon speaks [illegible] existential philosopher and terms [illegible] self an abstract businessman: he [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

FOR HOME & OFFICE: The Norton Simon Collection

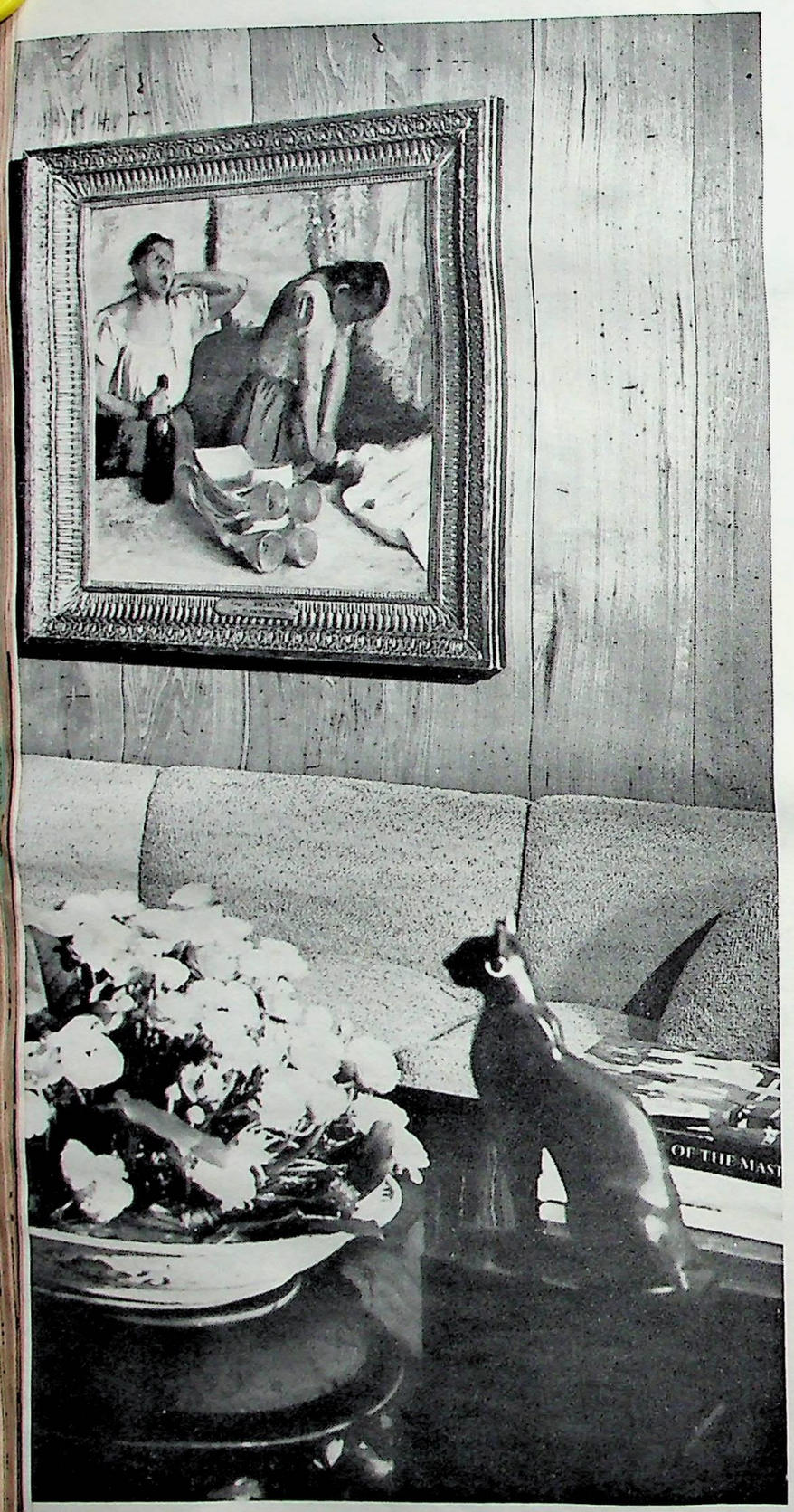
ART AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE of Norton Simon's office headquarters is a museum nucleus, includes Barlach's jocular Singing Man *(1930), a sumptuous Van Dyck portrait of a Genoese marchioness* (left) *and Arshile Gorky's buoyant 1947 surrealist-expressionist work,* Plumage Landscape.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY J. R. EYERMAN

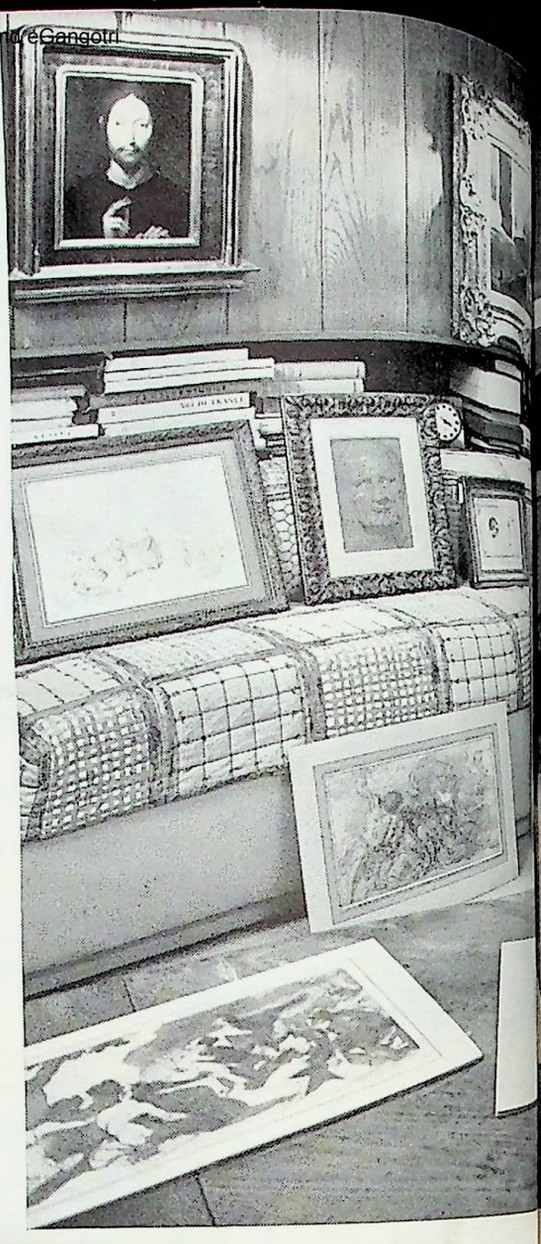
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

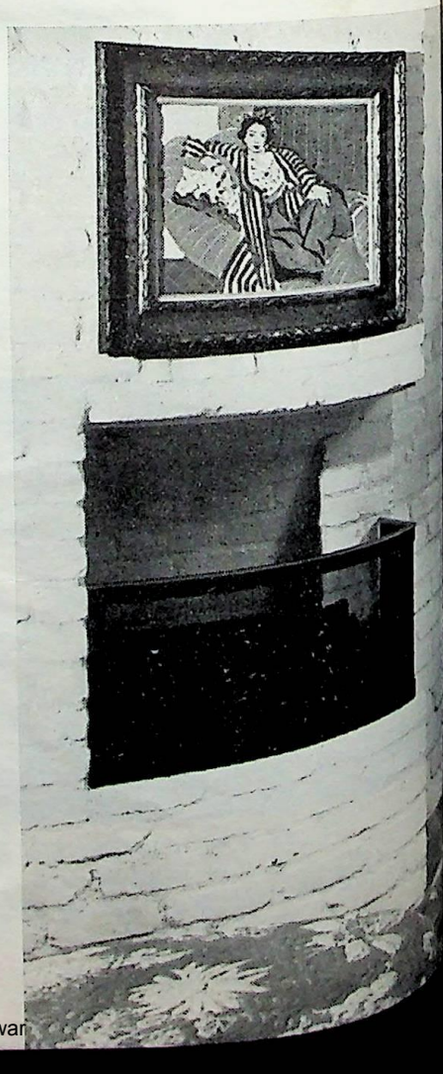
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

STUDY where Simon contemplates purchases is often a clutter of Old Master drawings, here has on walls (left to right) *Memling's 1478* The Blessing Christ, *Degas'* Woman at her Toilette, *Daumier's 1870* Buffoons, *Giorgione's 1509* Portrait of a Lady. *Bronze on table is a Degas dancer.*



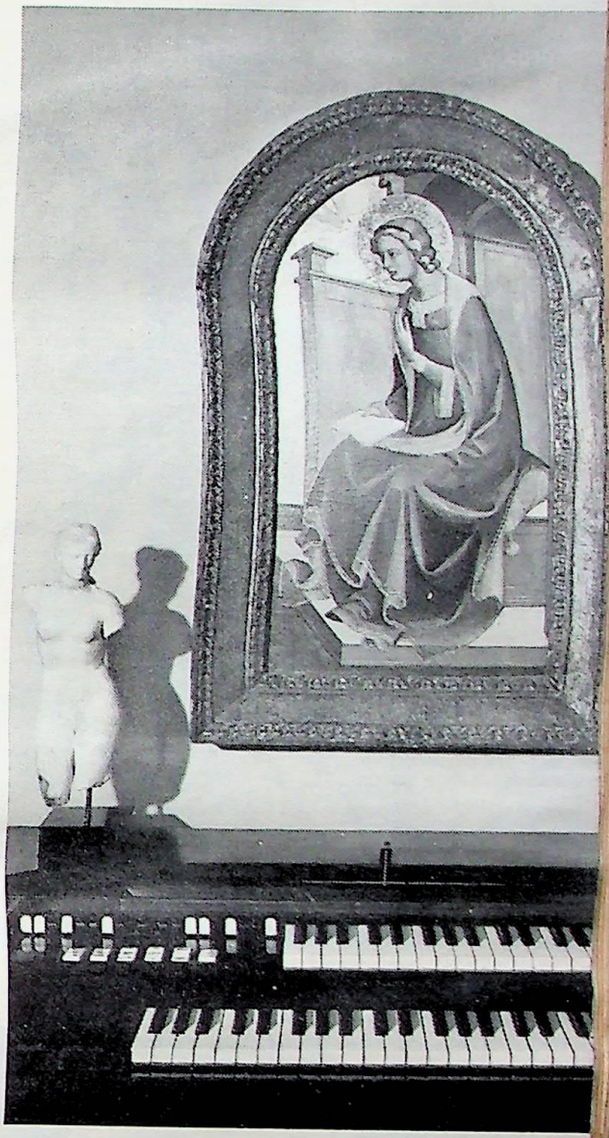
LIVING ROOM is as informal as the Simons, reflects their taste in combining flowers, the yawning pose in Degas' Laundresses (*1884*), *and bronze cat from 6th century Egypt.*



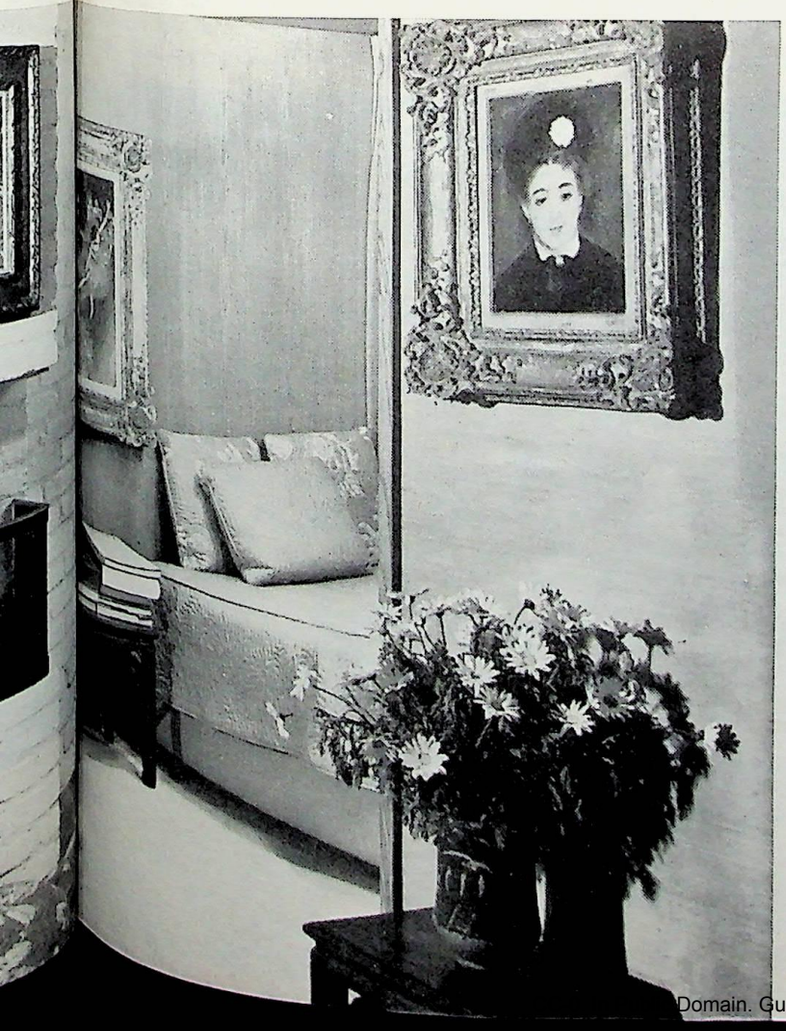


CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



ORGAN in bedroom shares niche with two ideal women: a Renaissance Virgin by Lorenzo Monaco and a marble Grecian Venus.



BEDROOM nook is casually hung with masterworks with rainbowy Matisse Odalisque (*1937*) *over fireplace, Degas' arc-lit* Seesawing Dancer (*1874*), *and early study of sloe-eyed girl by Renoir. Every object has quality of restrained beauty, even bronze Chou-dynasty vase on floor.*

Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EZANNE'S lush Tulips *(1895) is more solid landscape than still life, where gravity of the apples on table attracts curve of vase toward them, warping nature to suit artistic balance.*

REMBRANDT'S pearly portrait of his second wife, Hendrickje Stoeffels, with its passionate orange highlights, is quite naturally the favorite painting of Mrs. Norton Simon.

VAN GOGH'S grotesquely lush golden Mulberry Tree, *once part of Pissarro's collection, is a feverish tribute to the naked forces of nature, was painted shortly before the artist shot himself.*

THE S

Making good p

man's fulfillm
business.

Agony in a
collection is
painted picture
Nothing amon
unfinished or s
consideration is
regard for p
Brown, directo
County Museu
just that wa
longside a Go
ng alongside
kes courage
means holding
shortening up."

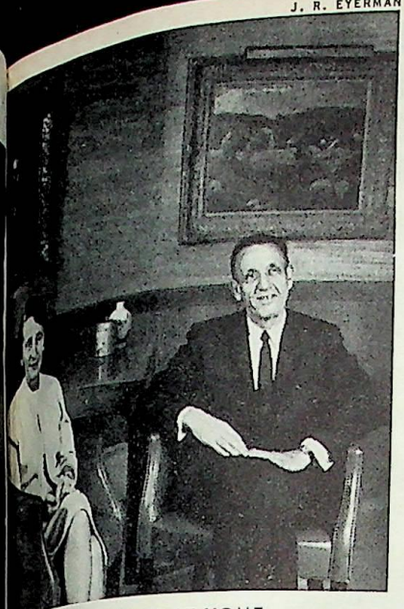
Another hall
estrained trea
flamboyant,
despairing. But
ce of Simon
ity within.
mon has "a sy
e a desire
" and Simo
ellectual wh
eks, consider
d reality as
The yaw
conceals the
ery boredom
Dying Art
ingly analyze
on buys ar
y a paint
ering it. H
rs ago with
o other 19
ists (he ow
annes), yet
style.
ughout hi
ad administ
Calif., a
Renaissance
along with
s, file dra
are stuffe
nes, Parke-
transpare
Daumier
ntry bump

JUNE 5, 19

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

J. R. EYERMAN



THE SIMONS AT HOME
Making good paintings more important.

man's fulfillment of self in art and business.

Agony in a Yawn. A hallmark of the collection is its focus on the well-painted picture with perfect brushwork. Nothing among Simon's pictures looks unfinished or sloppy. "Simon's primary consideration is esthetic quality without regard for periods," says Richard Brown, director of the Los Angeles County Museum. "And he lives with it just that way, hanging a Van Dyck alongside a Gorky in his office, a Memling alongside a Degas at home. This takes courage and taste, because it means holding the bat full length, not shortening up."

Another hallmark is Simon's eye for restrained treatment. His Gorkys are flamboyant, his late Van Goghs unimpairing. But the peaceable appearance of Simon's art masks the tough quality within. As Brown explains it, Simon has "a sympathy, an understanding, a desire to recognize agony in life," and Simon himself, a self-made intellectual who quit college after six weeks, considers "the facts of life and hard reality as bona fide subjects of art. The yawn of Degas' laundress conceals the agony of poverty and agony boredom.

Buying Art Slowly. Just as he painstakingly analyzes a business investment, Simon buys art slowly. Often, he will study a painting for a year before acquiring it. His collection began ten years ago with a Bonnard, broadened with other 19th century postimpressionists (he owns twelve Degas, nine Cézannes), yet is not slavish to any single style. He scattered Picassos throughout his William Pereira-designed administration building in Fullerton, Calif., and then smoothly turned to Renaissance painting.

Along with Dun & Bradstreet reports, file drawers in his secretary's office are stuffed with Wildenstein catalogues, Parke-Bernet auction lists, and color transparencies. On his desk sits a Honoré Daumier bronze of a humble country bumpkin. He also wants his

employees to appreciate art, gives them plenty to look at. Rarely have they failed to enjoy it, but once he had to take down a Léger tapestry of a mechanical man in the office foyer. Employees read themselves uncomfortably into the image.

MUSEUMS

The More Modern Modern

It was a long way from the backwoods hollers of West Virginia; yet there was the First Lady in a white silk faille gown, saying: "This generation is engaged not only in a war against the poverty of man's necessities, but also in a war against the poverty of man's spirit." Then Mrs. Johnson inaugurated Manhattan's revamped Museum of Modern Art, which, as it reopened last week after a six-month, $5,500,000 expansion, looked splendidly equipped to fight in the second of Lady Bird's wars.

Two days later, the museum opened to the public. Back were the sandal-*schleppers* in ponytails, the docents lecturing groups of housewives, the high-schoolers and collegians scribbling notes religiously. "Are you going to describe only the paintings you like?" one asked another. It was just as if they never had been away.

Double the Fun. The old entrance, known by its Arp-like curving marquee that tried to turn the façade toward Fifth Avenue, is now a wide breezeway through to the garden. To the east of it, Architect Philip Johnson, once the museum's director of architecture and design, has built a new wing with a façade of muscular steel beams framing huge plates of glass from sidewalk to roof (a similar wing will eventually be built to the west). Inside, the doubly expanded museum seems more than doubly competent to its task. Extra room lets it show how the whole family of modern art lives in harmony: photography, cinema, industrial design, architecture, graphics, paintings and sculpture all have permanent galleries.

The whole parade of the last 80 years of art unwinds through a continuous maze of 37 galleries from Rousseau's primitives to Claes Oldenburg's plaster hamburgers, which the museum—swallowing hard but still proud of being first—says it bought before anyone else got the hunger. Of the museum's 1,800 paintings and sculptures, some 550 are on view, more than double the previous number. The sculpture garden grew to three-fourths of an acre, where weeping beeches hang over a raised level roofing on top of a 60-ft. by 75-ft. exhibition hall. Among the garden's weightier new residents are Herbert Ferber's jangle-in-a-box *Homage to Piranesi I* and Alexander Calder's creeping *Black Widow*. More than ever, it is an oasis amidst city din, filled with spouting fountains and bronze genies.

Time-Tested Modern. For 24 years the Museum of Modern Art refused to label its works as a permanent collection, and always planned to switch time-tested art to dustier museums. It bought paintings on the calculation that one out of a dozen might have permanent value. "Today's masterpiece is sometimes tomorrow's bore," wrote the first director, now director of museum collections, Alfred H. Barr Jr., in 1942. Even today, the official permanent collection numbers fewer than 20 works.

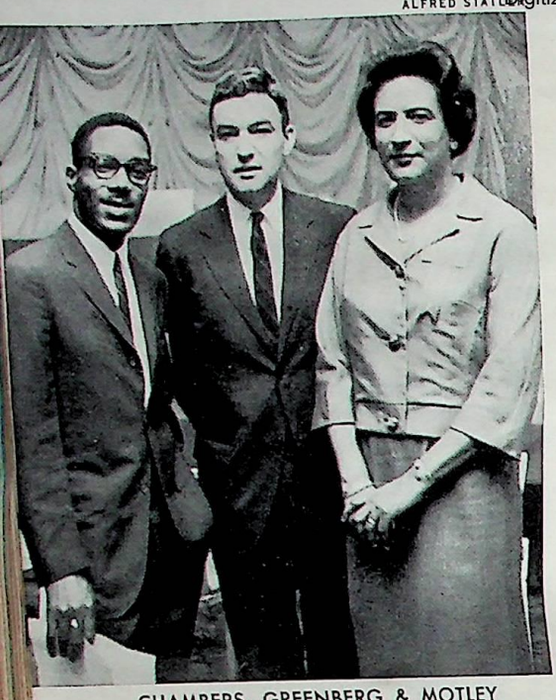
But in the end, the museum could not find the heart to send away what might yet prove good, and what might yet prove good turns out to be a stunning display of art. Now the Museum of Modern Art has room to show it, and it also has a vast willingness to bank on tomorrow, as if by definition modern art can never run out.

BEN MARTIN

UPPER DECK OF NEW SCULPTURE GARDEN
Making room for the whole parade.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



ALFRED STATLER

CHAMBERS, GREENBERG & MOTLEY
Enforcing the precedents.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Constitutional Commandos

It may be the sit-ins, pray-ins, stall-ins and school boycotts that stir headlines and dramatize Negro grievances. But the fundamental civil rights revolution has been in the courts, where in ten years U.S. Negroes have made giant strides.

The leading force behind this progress is a kind of constitutional commando—Manhattan's *N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc.* Though it has only 14 fulltime lawyers, the aggressive defense fund has in recent years argued more cases before the Supreme Court than any other nongovernmental organization. Last week it scored again when the court ordered faster school desegregation in Atlanta (*see* EDUCATION). While also celebrating its 25th birthday, the "Inc. Fund," as it is now known by its many friends and many foes, basked in praise from such admirers as Burke Marshall, the Justice Department's civil rights chief, who called the fund "a gigantic force for change."

Revolutionary Counsel. Now proudly independent, the Inc. Fund grew out of the N.A.A.C.P.'s legal victories of the late 1930s, which were largely the work of two brilliant Negro lawyers, Charles Houston and young Thurgood Marshall. On a budget of less than $10,000 a year, their office a car speeding from court to court, Houston and Marshall won a key desegregation case against the University of Missouri Law School in 1938, and suddenly the N.A.A.C.P. was deluged with a flood of new cases to try. To raise cash, it spun off the legal fund in 1939 as a tax-exempt organization.

In 1950, Director-Counsel Marshall pierced "separate but equal" segregation when the Supreme Court ordered *Heman Sweatt* admitted as the first Negro at the University of Texas Law School and told the University of Oklahoma to stop isolating Negro Graduate Student George McLaurin. *Sweatt* and *McLaurin* opened the way for 1954's *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, the landmark Supreme Court decision against school segregation. After that came a virtually unbroken string of Inc. Fund triumphs against segregated buses, beaches, golf courses, hospitals and courtrooms—the major victories of the U.S. civil rights revolution.

Top Training Ground. When Marshall became a federal judge in 1961, he was succeeded by Jack Greenberg, then 36, a Columbia-trained lawyer whom Marshall fondly calls "about as Negro as a white man can get." Greenberg's No. 2 man is a woman, the formidable Negro lawyer and New York State senator, Constance Baker Motley (Columbia '46), who in 1962 calmly convoyed James Meredith through the courts into Ole Miss. "We couldn't have asked for anyone better," says the Justice Department's Burke Marshall. "She could work for anyone."

But not anyone can work for the Inc. Fund; its current staff, including three whites, is heavy on ex-law-review editors and Ivy League products. Under a pioneering legal-intern program, the fund is training and will subsidize civil rights lawyers to fill an urgent need: fulltime practice in the South. The entire state of Mississippi, for example, has at present only four Negro lawyers. One promising recruit: Julius L. Chambers, son of an auto mechanic and first Negro to edit the North Carolina *Law Review*.

Solid foundation grants have now boosted the Inc. Fund's bankroll to $1,500,000, which is still austere for an organization that last year (aided by 102 cooperating lawyers) defended 10,487 civil rights demonstrators, fought 168 separate groups of legal actions in 15 states, and pushed 30 cases up to the Supreme Court. A single such high-court case costs as much as $50,000; in six months of defending 3,000 Birmingham demonstrators last year, the fund shelled out $105,000.

Rewon Freedoms. Director Greenberg sees the fund's main future as "enforcement of the major precedents we established." Acting on last week's Supreme Court order in Atlanta, for example, the fund aims to tackle tokenism in 80 other school cases. Also [illegible] way are training institutes for S[illegible] ern civil rights lawyers, taught Northern law professors, plus legal [illegible] inars for more Northern lawyers [illegible] 2,000 Northern collegians, who [illegible] spend this summer trying to reg[illegible] Negro voters in Mississippi. If and [illegible] the civil rights bill passes, pre[illegible] Greenberg, "massive resistance to enforcement" will plunge the fund [illegible] more litigation than ever.

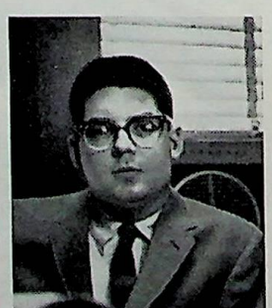
THE SUPREME COURT

The Job No Young Lawyer Can Afford to Turn Down

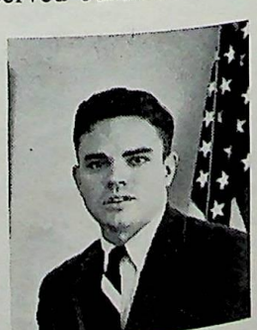
When Mr. Justice Holmes ascen[illegible] from the Massachusetts Supreme C[illegible] to the U.S. Supreme Court in 190[illegible] brought along his custom of each [illegible] picking a bright young clerk from [illegible] vard Law School. Himself childless, [illegible] explained that his clerks gave him [illegible] fun of fatherhood without the [illegible] since his "sons" changed every [illegible] Holmes's legal family became so [illegible] ular that it soon grew into a sch[illegible] Rhodes scholarship of U.S. law. C[illegible] ing for the Supreme Court is no[illegible] launching pad for all kinds of later [illegible] —be it heading the State Depart[illegible] (Dean Acheson), running U.S. [illegible] (Irving Olds), going to jail ([illegible] Hiss), becoming a leading sociol[illegible] (David Riesman), or returning [illegible] Supreme Court Justice (Byron W[illegible] "It is much more than a meal ti[illegible] explains one ex-clerk. "It's an inc[illegible] lably valuable experience."

Picking Patterns. By federal stat[illegible] the eight Associate Justices are [illegible] each entitled to two clerks, and [illegible] Chief Justice to three. At $8,745 [illegible] pay is equal to the starting salar[illegible] top law firms, and there is an a[illegible] $1,000 for the chief clerk, who se[illegible] the Chief Justice. Most law clerks [illegible] not all, are fresh out of law schoo[illegible] the brightest in their class, the edi[illegible] of the law review. Geographical p[illegible] erence and a loyalty to certain scho[illegible] are the only patterns of prejudice [illegible] are known to attract the Justices, b[illegible] all its history the court has picked [illegible] one woman clerk, Lucille Loman, [illegible] served Justice Douglas in 1944, and [illegible] Negro clerk, William T. Coleman, [illegible] served Justice Frankfurter in 194[illegible]

DODYK



COLLINSON



ELY

GOLDST[illegible]

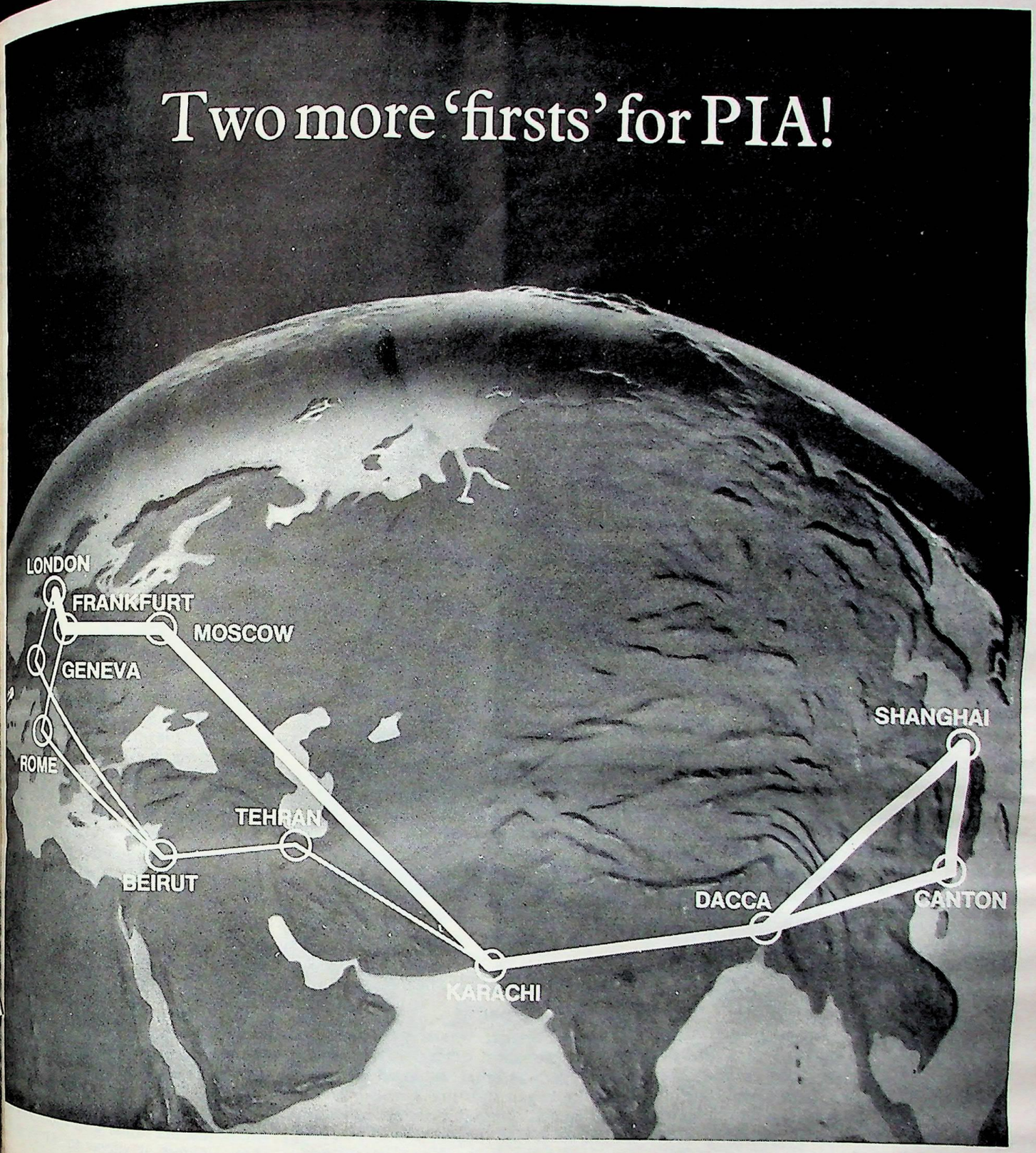
But only the brightest need apply.

TIME, JUNE 2[illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Two more 'firsts' for PIA!



FIRST THROUGH MOSCOW AND ONWARDS

FIRST INTO CHINA WITH BOEING FAN JETS

LONDON, FRANKFURT, MOSCOW, GENEVA, ROME, BEIRUT, TEHRAN, KARACHI, DACCA, CANTON, SHANGHAI

Now five flights every week by PIA Boeing 720B fan jets between London and Karachi! The fifth flight—a completely new service through Moscow, and an airline-industry 'first' for PIA! For PIA is the only international airline to fly to Moscow and onwards. And now, too, another 'first' for PIA! PIA introduce the first jet service to Canton and Shanghai—thus pioneering a direct air-link between Europe and China! Add this to PIA's 88% punctuality average last year and you can understand why travellers say PIA are great people to fly with.

Great people to fly *with*

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

In the classic Holmes manner, Justice Brennan relies on Harvard Law Professor Paul Freund (who clerked for Justice Brandeis) to send him the best he has. Justice Douglas relies on a West Coast lawyer named Stanley Sparrowe. The others do more scouting and interviewing on their own. Justice Stewart is high on Yalemen, Justice White favors Westerners, Chief Justice Warren looks for Californians. Justice Black likes fellow Alabamians; Justice Clark tries to tap lesser-known law schools. Aspirants know all these quirks. "My best chance was either slipping in as one of Stewart's Yalies," said one of this year's hopefuls, "or under Warren's California quota."

Rich Crop. By last week, all of next year's clerks were known—18 of them, since Justice Douglas uses only one, plus a 19th for retired Justices Reed and Burton. Harvard's six clerks made up the lion's share—followed by Yale and Pennsylvania with three, Virginia and Stanford with two, Texas, Columbia and North Carolina with one. Seldom had the court had a richer crop. Samples:

▶ Harvard's Paul Dodyk, 26 (picked by Justice Stewart), is the son of a Ukrainian immigrant and Detroit auto worker, went to Amherst on a General Motors scholarship, made Phi Beta Kappa and went on to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar. At Harvard Law School, he ranked seventh in his class, was a law-review editor, and while still a student himself taught U.S. tax law to foreign students.

▶ Yale's John H. Ely, 25 (Chief Justice Warren), is a *summa* Princeton graduate with the further distinction of having collaborated on a landmark Supreme Court case (*Gideon* v. *Wainwright*) before he got out of law school. Ely researched Plaintiff Clarence Gideon's appeal while working for the Washington law firm that handled the case. Second in his class at Yale (*magna* '63), he has since been working for the Warren Commission investigating the Kennedy assassination.

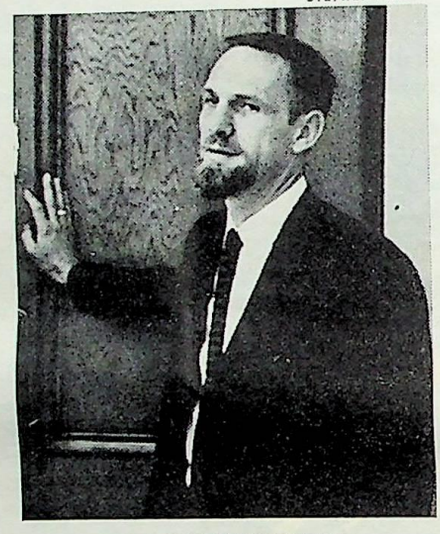
▶ Penn's Stephen Goldstein, 26 (Justice Goldberg), is the son of a Philadelphia postal clerk, won a mayor's scholarship to college and earned a Phi Bete key. First in his class at the law school ('62), Goldstein matched the school's highest average in 30 years but failed to get a Supreme Court clerkship on graduation. Grabbed by a prestigious Philadelphia law firm, he later got a second chance to clerk and accepted because "I couldn't afford not to."

▶ Columbia's Dale S. Collinson, 25 (Justice White), the son of an Oklahoma lawyer, is a *summa* Yale B.A. First in his class at Columbia Law School last year, he was turned down for a Supreme Court clerkship. While he waited for his next chance, Collinson clerked for U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals Judge Paul Hays in New York.

Such is the prestige of Supreme Court clerks that some ultracautious Congressmen have accused them of Svengalian powers and have urged "security" checks on clerks to keep them from infecting the Justices with sinister notions. Contrary to legend, however, the "junior court" does not come close to running the Supreme Court. Clerks have been known to help draft an opinion, and they serve the function of conveying what their old professors think (often not much) of their new bosses' thinking. But mostly they toil away at screening *certiorari* petitions (appeals for review), writing memos that sum up the issues, and doing the research that goes into well-honed opinions.

Some clerks have extralegal duties as well. The late Justice Stone had his clerks accompany him on walks, and Justice Black until recently was suspected of picking clerks for their tennis skill. But real influence? On a Supreme Court Justice? Snaps Mr. Justice Brennan: "Judging is not delegated." Adds one ex-Warren clerk: "The Justices can't even change one another's opinion, and if they can't do that, no law clerk is going to change their minds."

STEPHEN FRISCH



APPELLANT FORSTNER
Saved by hairsplitting.

DECISIONS

No Guilt-by-Beard

James Forstner was a well-regarded juvenile probation officer in San Francisco. He was, that is, until last fall when he began sporting a beard. Shave it off, he was ordered. Forstner's charges would get a bad "impression of beatnikism," said the boss. When he refused, Forstner was fired. When the civil service commission rejected his appeal, he went to state superior court. "Maybe every beatnik wears a beard," argued his hairsplitting lawyer, "but not every person who wears a beard is a beatnik."

"Arbitrary, capricious and violative of due process," ruled smooth-shaven Judge Joseph Karesh. "There is no end to what can be done if a superior is allowed to make this kind of decision. The next step is a thick mustache, then the thin mustache and then probably the crew cut. Where does it end?" Answering his own question, the judge wasted no time ordering the city of San Francisco to reinstate Probation Officer Forstner.

MILESTONES

Born. To Nelson Aldrich Rockefe... 55, Governor of New York, and M... garetta Fitler Murphy Rockefeller, ... a son, their first child (his sixth, ... fifth); in Manhattan. Name: Nelson ...

Died. Wilder Hobson, 59, ... staff member at TIME, FORTUNE, ... *per's Bazaar* and, for the last ten ye... at *Newsweek*, author of a histor... American jazz and an amateur t... bonist; of gastrointestinal hemorr... in Princeton, N.J.

Died. Ted Collins, 64, Kate S... manager and business partner for ... years, a onetime phonograph-re... salesman who in 1929 heard the ... known Kate sing a few lines in a B... way show, quit his job to team wi... in a company called "Kated," pro... the belt-'em-out singer into one of ... hottest properties on radio and ... making so much money (they g... $27 million in their first 20 years) ... he could indulge his passion for ... by dropping $1,000,000 on the ... cessful New York Yanks football ... of a heart attack; in Lake Placid, N...

Died. Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, ... British diplomat and Foreign Offi... pert on Germany, a High Commi... er in West Germany from 1950 to ... best known as the man sent hurry... Scotland in 1941 to identify and ... rogate Rudolf Hess after Hitler's ... uty Führer flew from Berlin (... landing his ME-110 fighter) in a ... attempt to negotiate peace with ... land; of a brain tumor; in Celb... Ireland.

Died. Henri Borgeaud, 68, one o... wealthiest and most influential Eur... ans in Algeria, an unswerving c... pion of "Algérie Française" who ... French Senator for Algiers from ... to 1959, upholding the conservative ... lonial cause so vehemently that M... terrorists machine-gunned his ca... Paris in 1957 (he escaped unin... and Ben Bella last year saw fit to ... fiscate all his lands and industrial ... ings, valued at close to $100 mi... in Paris.

Died. Jawaharlal Nehru, 74, P... Minister of India since 1947; of a ... attack; in New Delhi (*see* THE WO...

Died. John Finley Williamson, ... founder of the Westminster Choir ... lege in Princeton, N.J., whose aim ... to restore to choral music the fer... it enjoyed in the days of Palestrina ... Bach, over 40 years built one of ... most highly respected choirs in the ... saw his students create carbon... "Westminster Choirs" in such fa... lands as Japan and India; of a hea... tack; in Toledo.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Aqui fala-se português

Hier wird deutsch gesprochen

Qui si parla italiano

Aquí se habla español

Her snakkes norsk

日本語を此処で
話します。

Her tales dansk

Ici on parle français

Citibank's new International Banking Center in New York now serving visitors from abroad

ternational Banking" is spoken
e . . . by a staff of Citibankers
t in Danish, French, German,
n, Japanese, Norwegian, Por-
ese and Spanish.
he accent here is on complete,
nal banking service tailored
tively to the needs of visitors
abroad. Coming to New York
siness? To the United Na-
? To enjoy the World's Fair?
ever the reason, come to our
International Banking Center
and get the full service you'd expect of First National City Bank . . . a leader in world banking, with complete banks-on-the-scene in 37 countries on 5 continents.

The International Banking Center is conveniently located at the corner of 54th Street and Park Avenue in New York. Visit it whenever you have personal banking to transact. You'll receive a warm welcome and the immediate attention of banking specialists.

Some of the many services offered at the International Banking Center

Payments arranged from abroad
Checks cashed . . . deposits received
Travelers Checks issued or cashed
Letters of Credit
Letters of Introduction
Foreign Currency—exchanged, sold or purchased
Overseas Remittances
Mail and Cable Handling

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
PARTNERS IN PROGRESS AROUND THE WORLD
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK · NEW YORK ·

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THOUSANDS OF EXPERTS AT YOUR SERVIC

A GUIDE AS ACCURATE AS THE COURSE OF THE STARS. A Centre of Information for data from all over the world, a Control Tower for the exclusive use of the Company, a Meteorological Station, a radio bridge between each plane and all the landing stations. These are the means by which the Flight Assistance Office of ALITALIA is able to ensure absolute regularity on every ... Following the meteorological forecast and all the informa... ceived uninterruptedly from all over the world, the route of ... plane is traced kilometre by kilometre, minute by minute, ... per and watched, checked and eventually modified during the ...

ALITALIA AIRLINES

ALITALIA IS IN ALL OF ITALY AND GOES EVERYWHERE IN THE WOR...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

STATE OF BUSINESS

hat Ever Happened the Business Cycle?

Now that the economy is entering the th month of expansion, many people e wondering whether U.S. business as repealed its own law of gravity. ne of the hard facts of economic life as been that what goes up eventually mes down, sometimes with a thud. the classic business "cycle" of ups d downs (*see chart*), even the post-orld War II boom has been inter-pted by four disturbing recessions, ough they have been growing briefer d shallower. But the current recovery s shown unprecedented staying pow-, having survived the steel price show-own, a stock market slump, the Cuban issile crisis and the Kennedy assassina-n. Already it ranks as the best peace-e expansion in history—and there is end in sight.

The important indicators keep point-up. In 1964's first quarter, corpo-e profits after taxes spurted 22% ve the year-ago level, to an annual of $31 billion. New construction tracts in April ran 9% ahead of last ; orders for machine tools in April e 35% higher than in March. Con-er demand is rising, and money was er so plentiful—$418.7 billion in dis-able personal income this year *v.* 7 billion a decade ago. Auto sales id-May set an alltime record, run-g 8% over last year's rate. Steel-ers are revising their estimates up-d, now expect this year's produc-to equal 1955's record 117 million . At the American Iron and Steel ute convention in New York last , Inland Steel Chairman Joseph L. k foresaw at least twelve more rths of "increasing business tempo."

In Rare Tandem. Some business leaders believe that the U.S. may be able to moderate the cycle well enough to avoid sharp recessions altogether. That would take intelligent Government policy, economic sophistication, and some luck—all of which the U.S. economy has enjoyed in recent months. Both Government and business, working in rare tandem, have shown an increasing ability to keep the economy rising. Several economists call the current recovery "the managed expansion."

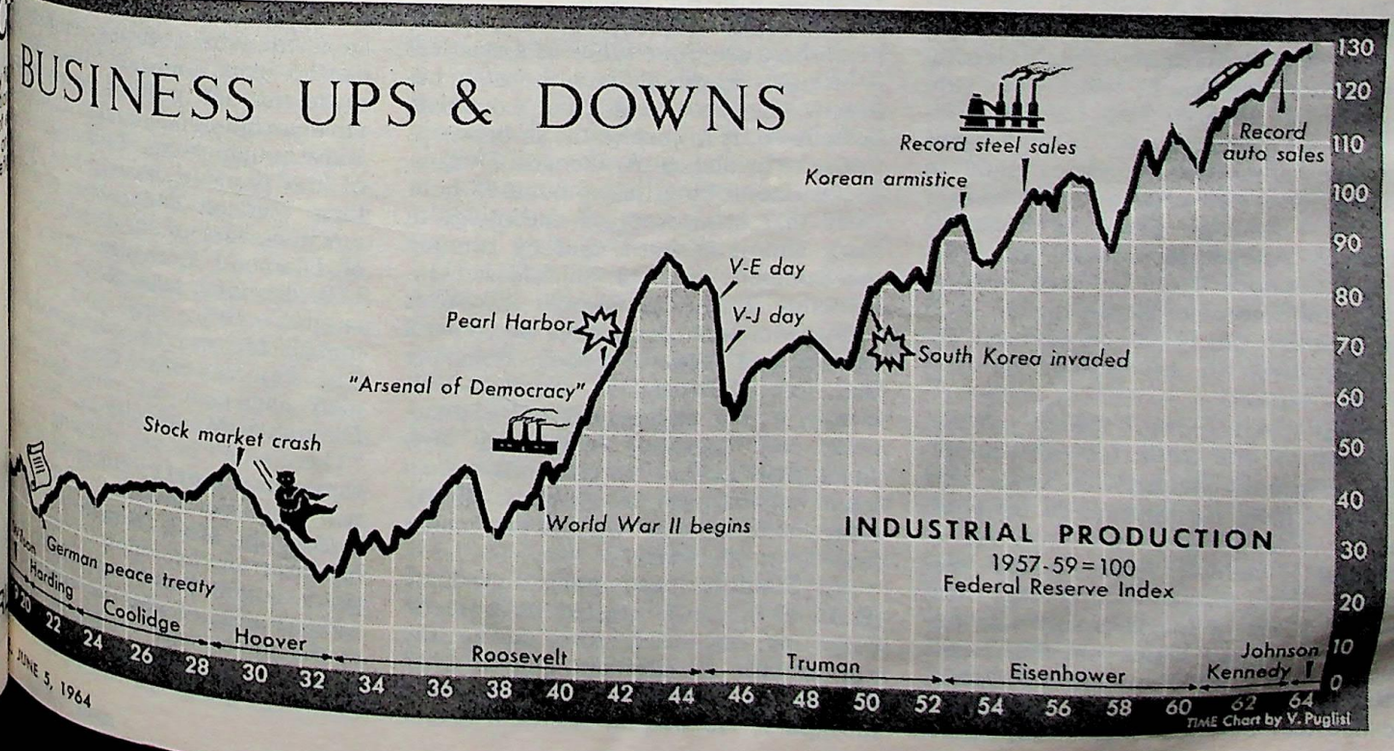
In the Government's campaign against the cycle, the Federal Reserve Board has sacrificed some of its independence, now meshes its policies more closely with the Administration. It has kept credit easy (average interest rate on business loans: 5%). The Administration has steadily increased federal spending, which now comes close to 20% of the gross national product. Washington has generally aimed to spend for the trend, stepping up the increases when private investment falters, and slowing them when business spending jumps—as it is doing now. The Government has given business more expansion capital by liberalizing depreciation allowances, putting through tax credits for industrial expansion, and passing the $11.5 billion tax cut. Says M.I.T. Economist Paul Samuelson: "The business cycle is doomed, thanks chiefly to the Government."

Well, let's not underestimate the businessmen's part. Thanks to electronic computers, businessmen can now spot trends much faster, keep inventories spare and flexible, and plan capital spending more shrewdly. Industry continues to expand at a sturdy pace, this year will spend an alltime-high $43 billion to grow, modernize and automate.

Business leaders have been helped by new sophistication on the part of some labor leaders, who are coming to realize that extravagant wage demands bring on the kind of inflation that eats into paychecks, and that higher costs can hurt U.S. products on world markets. During the current expansion, wages have gone up only 3% yearly while productivity has increased 4% with the result that the labor cost per unit of output has actually fallen and wholesale prices have remained steady.

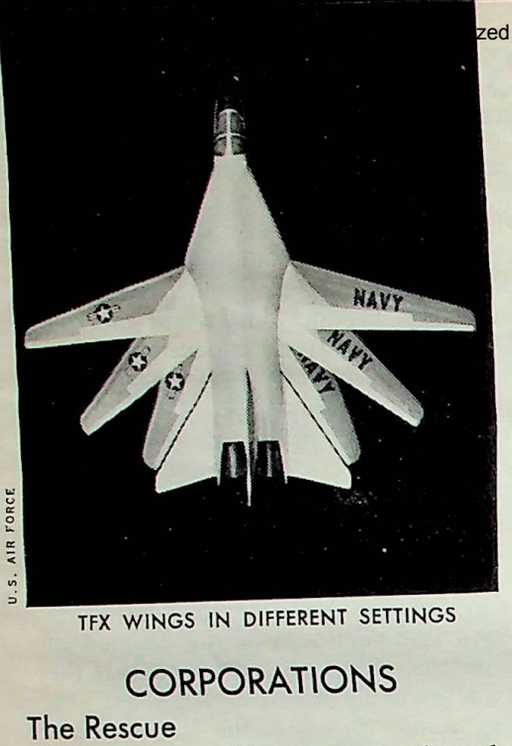
Toward Mastery. Many economists are far from convinced that the cycle has been fully mastered. Arthur Burns, who was the Eisenhower Administration's first chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, is worried that the economy could be "overstimulated" by easy money on top of the tax cut, proposes that the Federal Reserve clamp a lid on credit. "The danger is that the economy may move ahead too rapidly for the expansion to be sustained," he says. Other economists watch for signs of an unrealistic buildup of business productive capacity or private debt—but as yet no signals have appeared. In fact, consumers have been using much of their new tax savings to reduce personal debts. One possible pitfall lies in the auto industry's labor-contract talks this July. A long strike or an inflationary wage settlement—which now seem unlikely—could throw all forecasts out of kilter.

For political as well as economic reasons, President Johnson will do all he can to keep the economy growing at least until the election, and probably beyond. "We are prepared to take whatever measures may be necessary to avoid any declines," the President said recently. "I wouldn't say for a moment, though, that recessions are not possible." But they are a lot more manageable.



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

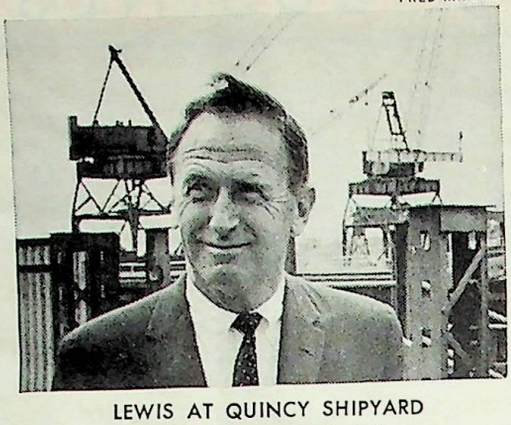
zed by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



U.S. AIR FORCE

TFX WINGS IN DIFFERENT SETTINGS

FRED KAPLAN



LEWIS AT QUINCY SHIPYARD

Two and two makes five.

AP

NUCLEAR SUB MIDSECTION

CORPORATIONS

The Rescue

In February 1962, Roger Lewis took over as president of General Dynamics, a sorely troubled company. Within a month, he flew from headquarters in Manhattan to the company's unprofitable and stubbornly independent Convair subsidiary in San Diego, where he boarded up the executive dining room, sold off the fleet of a dozen company limousines, and transferred the executive barber. Says Lewis, now 52: "That convinced them we meant business."

Under this we-mean-business management, the nation's fourth largest defense contractor (after Lockheed, Boeing and North American) is behaving like a lithe and freshly revitalized giant. In Miami last week, General Dynamics showed off the first scale model of its TFX adjustable-wing plane, for which orders may reach as high as $8 billion in the next five years, and in Washington the company was awarded a $237 million contract to build the Centaur mooncraft. In Quincy, Mass., it laid the keel for the first vessel—an attack submarine—that it will build in the shipyard it bought last January from Bethlehem Steel. In Groton, Conn., General Dynamics launched its first civilian submarine, a research sub for the University of Pennsylvania. It also broke ground for a lime-processing plant in Detroit and delivered a 160-passenger CL-44 turboprop plane to Icelandic Airlines. Altogether, General Dynamics has rebounded from a 1961 loss of $143 million—the largest deficit ever suffered by any U.S. corporation—to a 1963 profit of $50 million on sales of $1.4 billion.

"That's All Gone." Most, but not quite all, of the credit for this remarkable comeback belongs to Lewis. He benefited from the courage of his predecessor, Frank Pace, who wrote off all General Dynamics' losses in the year they occurred instead of stretching them out. That meant the company was unburdened of past losses and that Lewis began with a $143 million tax credit. But the tax credit has long since been exhausted, and the new chief has shown a big order of courage and savvy of his own. Lewis cut back the Convair division, shifted some of its projects and executives to other divisions in the company and fired more than a few. With his aides, he analyzed each one of the company's 100 major programs, from missiles (Mauler, Redeye, Terrier, Tartar) and planes (B-58, CL-44) to nuclear reactors and metal forming devices. He speedily closed down production of Convair's money-draining civilian jetliners, but put stronger emphasis on the TFX.

Most of all, Lewis restored central management to a company whose dozen divisions once traveled in separate directions. Says he with a smile: "We used to have a so-called management board—but, oh boy, that's all gone." Lewis, who likes to chop wood on weekends to release some steam, hacked way heavily at the loose hierarchy and put his mark on almost every important activity. Though many business theorists contend that a top executive should have no more than eight men reporting directly to him, Lewis deals face to face with 24. He writes no memos, and his company has no operational manuals or organizational charts. "Corporate policy," says he, "is formulated in conversation with the doers."

Sacrificing $1,425,000. In Lewis' book there are three kinds of executives —brilliant, mediocre and those in between. The job of the chief executive, he believes, is to inspire the in-betweens to rise to brilliance. At General Dynamics, he does it by grinding out a 75-hour week that inspires other executives to work almost as hard, and by running the company with a shirtsleeved informality. He has lured high executives away from such companies as General Motors and General Foods. Believing that "cross-fertilization" increases efficiency, he has also transferred 850 scientists and engineers to different divisions. Says Lewis: "If you shift a man from submarines to aircraft, pretty soon you'll find that two and two makes five—in productivity."

A Stanford economics graduate (B.A., '34), Lewis started as a metal cutter at Lockheed, rose during the war to boss of sales but quit in 1947 to join Canadair, a General Dynamics subsidiary. He was an Assistant Secretary of the Air Force when Pan American World Airways President Trippe hired him in 1955 as an executive vice president. When he left Am to join General Dynamics, he only gave up an odds-on chance succeed Trippe some day but made tremendous financial sacrifice: he feited stock options that by now have brought him a paper profit $1,425,000. Last year, at General namics, he earned a highly taxed 750 and picked up no options.

Lewis obviously delights in h "General Dynamics' history goes 65 years," he says. "Thirty years now, I hope someone will say, 'Lewis didn't goof this thing. He this thing going.'" More than Lewis has succeeded in the most arating job an executive can have cuing a mighty company.

MERCHANDISING

Diamonds Are A Dealer's Best Friend

They stored diamonds in mi in South Africa during the De —who could afford them? B more than 40 million American en wear diamonds, and last year icans bought about $400 million of the precious stones. Last w their biennial convention in M tan, members of the World Fed of Diamond Exchanges predicte U.S. diamond sales would rise another 10% this year, and looked forward to continued s Says Amsterdam's Louis Asscher mer chairman of the Interna Diamond Manufacturers Assoc "There won't be any queuing up fany's or Cartier's, but good d will be harder to find than ever.

Gems by Mail. Demand for has overrun the supply in the years, largely because producers want to exhaust their uncertain at the mines, and dealers like t the prices in the way-up-there b Last week South Africa's De Beers

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

lidated Mines—which markets 80% f the world's diamonds and sells only hen, where, and to whom it deigns—nnounced that stocks were little more han half as high as a year ago. There ave been two wholesale-price increases, btaling 15%, in the past 15 months. ewelers' retail markups have remained t a princely 100%. On Manhattan's ifth Avenue, a one-carat ring of high uality now retails for $1,600 to $1,700, p from $1,000 five years ago. Leading iamond dealers, not unmindful that alk of higher future prices will induce ome would-be purchasers to buy soon-r rather than later, estimate that in en years a one-carat stone will bring etween $3,000 and $3,500.

One reason for the spiral is that in-reasingly affluent Americans, who ac-ounted for more than half of last year's les, are calling for more and more iamonds. Four-fifths of the U.S. pur-

DAVID GAHR

$700,000 IN DIAMONDS*
Sears sells more than Tiffany's.

ses are for engagement rings, the st popular type being stones of about -half carat that retail for about 50. Styles are shifting: the pear shape emerald cut are fading in populari-but sales of the marquise and bril-t cut are sparkling. New York is richest market (20% to 25% of all S. sales), followed by Chicago, Texas Southern California. Surprisingly, ny Americans order their diamonds ough the mail. Says a partner in one anhattan firm that caters to custom-who buy large and expensive stones: ears sells more diamonds than Tiffa-, but Harry Winston probably sells most of all."

Buyers outside the U.S., exerting their n affluence, are also plunging into e diamond market. Sales are expand-g twice as fast in Europe as in the S. and jewelers boast that they are ccessfully "educating" young Europe-

Modeled at last week's meeting of diamond ers and cutters in Manhattan.

ans in the American custom of buying diamond engagement rings instead of simple gold bands or no rings at all. At the same time, Japan has eased its barriers against luxury imports, last year spent $11.5 million for diamonds.

Stones Under the Sea. Producers have lately begun to increase their output, but only slightly. Black Africa is making its first major effort to expand its mining and marketing; mines in Sierra Leone and Liberia have increased production. For the first time in 56 years, De Beers has reopened its big Old De Beers mine, using modern equipment to extract stones that once were thought uneconomic to mine. It has also helped to bankroll a Texan named Sammy Collins (TIME, Nov. 9, 1962), who is digging diamonds from under the sea off the coast of southwest Africa. But no dealer fears that production will ever rise high enough to hold down prices or remove any of the glitter from a girl's—and a dealer's—best friend.

COMMUNICATIONS

Mother Bell in Orbit

The U.S. Government often uses its vast powers to restrain big companies and give the smaller fellows a lift. But last week, as the federally sponsored Communications Satellite Corp. sold its first 5,000,000 shares (at $20 apiece) to U.S. communications companies, executives of American Telephone & Telegraph Co. were pleasantly surprised by the size of their allotment: 2,895,750 shares. That will give A.T. & T. by far the largest stake—a dominant 29% ownership—in the space company, which will transmit television programs, telephone calls and telegraph messages.

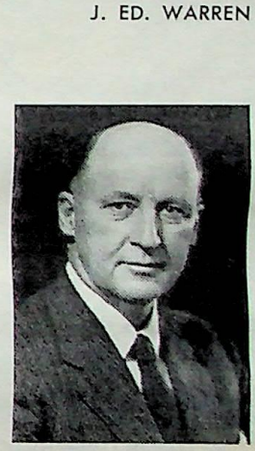
Though A.T. & T.'s $58 million holding is only two-thirds of what it bid for, the block is big enough to entitle Mother Bell to share a signal honor with the President of the U.S.: each will appoint three members to Comsat's 15-man board. International Telephone & Telegraph, which bought a 10.5% holding, will name one member, while General Telephone (3.5%) and RCA (2.5%), will join with 159 other smaller communications companies—all of which got all the shares that they asked for—to elect two members.

This week Comsat will offer another 5,000,000 shares, also at $20, to the public. Because of brisk demand, brokers will limit purchases by individual customers to 50 shares or less, and then the shares will be traded on the New York Stock Exchange. The public will elect six directors. But small shareholders seldom take the initiative to put up a slate; the public directors of Comsat Corp. will probably be nominated by the Government-appointed organizers of Comsat. It thus looks as if the commanding voices in the new space communications company will belong to President Johnson and A.T. & T. Chairman Frederick Kappel.

PERSONALITIES

WHENEVER the Government needs a troubleshooter in the oil business, it turns to J. (for John) Ed. Warren, 63. Washington called him to duty as a consultant during World War II, the Korean war and the Suez crisis, and he is now a part-time Pentagon adviser. Last week Cities Service Co. named him chief executive to replace Burl S. Watson, 70, who remains chairman. A stocky, straightforward man with a whimsical twist, Warren treats his promotion lightly ("You can't take yourself too seriously"), but concedes that he always had his sights on the top job. Warren started as a roustabout in the West, moved around the country as a geological scout and engineer, rose to become a senior vice president of New York's First National City Bank (in charge of oil matters). He joined Cities Service just six years ago, became president a year later. The ninth biggest U.S. oil company (1963 sales: $1.2 billion) has lately diversified into businesses as varied as plant foods and copper mining, and under Warren it will continue to explore new fields.

J. ED. WARREN



CHARLES BRINCKERHOFF

THE copper mines of Chile are a natural proving ground for the boss of Anaconda Co.—Charles M. Brinckerhoff, 63, who last week was promoted from president to the newly created post of vice chairman and chief executive officer. He succeeds Clyde E. Weed, 74, who stays on as chairman. A Columbia-trained mining engineer, Brinckerhoff spent 23 of his 38 years with Anaconda supervising its Chilean mines, the source of 70% of the output and 80% of the profits of the world's second largest copper producer (after Kennecott). Among his honors: the Bernardo O'Higgins Order of Merit, Chile's highest award to a foreigner. "The company will not stay static," says tall, even-tempered Brinckerhoff, who reported "encouraging" copper explorations in Arizona. Last year Anaconda's sales rose 2% to $709 million, but earnings dipped slightly, to $45 million. Brinckerhoff faces other headaches: labor contracts in the U.S. and Chile expire this month, and nationalization of foreign-owned mines is a hot issue in Chile's September elections.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TRAVEL

One Export Never Leaves Home

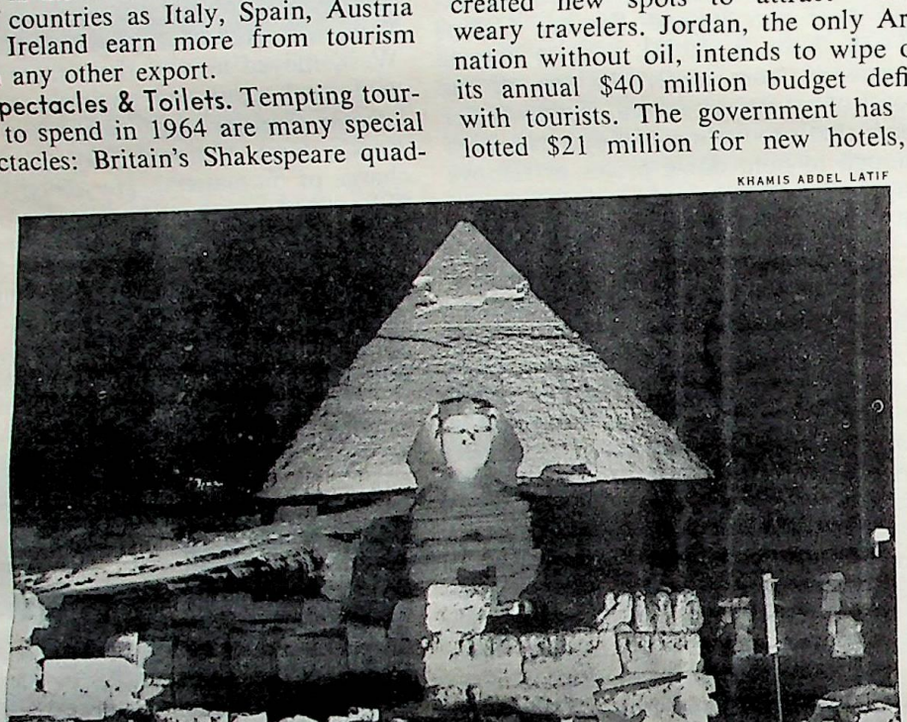
What is the most important commodity in the world's $132 billion annual volume of international trade? Oil? Steel? Cotton? No, it is an export that is sold at home: tourism. This year it will grow by almost 10%. Some 60 million international tourists will spend $9 billion, which in turn will generate $29 billion in wages, purchases and taxes in the countries they visit. Already such countries as Italy, Spain, Austria and Ireland earn more from tourism than any other export.

Spectacles & Toilets. Tempting tourists to spend in 1964 are many special spectacles: Britain's Shakespeare quadricentennial, France's 20th anniversary of D-day, Japan's summer Olympics, and the New York World's Fair. Last week Pan American and TWA reported transatlantic reservations for the summer were 50% above last year's.

Governments are investing heavily for the long term too. The Greek government has financed 60 hotels and rest houses in the last ten years, and West German castle owners who convert their properties to sight-seeing attractions can get state assistance. Ireland has budgeted $30 million for hotel development. Egypt, aware that increasing tourism will soon bring in about as much as tolls on the Suez Canal ($170 million), is spending $60 million on 40 new hotels, Nile River tourist boats and a Red Sea fishing resort at Ghardaka. The government now floodlights the Sphinx and the Pyramids of Giza, and stages a four-language "Sound and Light" panorama that relates the story of the Pharaohs. India is subsidizing airplane trips to the remote temples of Konarak. To ease Occidental sensitivities, Tokyo's municipal council recently allocated $560,000 for Western-style toilets in the city's older inns.

Along with improving tourist facilities at home, governments promote aggressively abroad. There are now no fewer than 520 state tourist-information offices in foreign places (105 in New York City). Britain, Canada and Mexico each spend $3,000,000 a year on promotions, and Australia allows tax deductions for companies sponsoring tourist advertising. The promotions have created new spots to attract world-weary travelers. Jordan, the only Arab nation without oil, intends to wipe out its annual $40 million budget deficit with tourists. The government has allotted $21 million for new hotels, is advertising both its camel races and a new seaside resort at Aqaba.

KHAMIS ABDEL LATIF



FLOOD-LIT SPHINX & PYRAMID IN EGYPT

Elsewhere safaris & sanctuaries for nudists.

Spreading Net. Until lately lures have been directed at near neighbors and Americans, whose spending is so lavish that foreign resort owners eagerly followed the progress of the U.S. tax-cut bill. But jet planes, higher incomes and the loosening of foreign-exchange restrictions have spread the net. Switzerland may soon begin tourist campaigns in Australia, Japan and Latin America. Spain, whose tourist income has risen 500% in five years to $900 million, has started an ethnic enticement toward Latin America. East Africa's safari promotions have drawn inquiries from Russia.

Russia, along with other Iron Curtain nations, has perceived the hard-money benefits of capitalistic tourism. It expects more than a million tourists this year, including 22,000 Americans. Bulgaria's Black Sea resorts are wooing German nudists, and Czechoslovakia attracts West Germans and East Germans, who hold surreptitious reunions there. Yugoslavia ("Europe in ture") spent $50 million last roads and hotels, anticipates a lion return this year. Even Red falling into step. The city of repainted for this spring's trade guest houses have been equipp air conditioning and Western but Americans are still unwelco

In this wooing of wayfarers, has been a late but eager three-year-old U.S. Travel maintains nine offices abroad $2,600,000 budget. The U.S. a million visitors this year, 60,000 Japanese. They will vantage of Japan's recently rela rency and travel restrictions t Hawaii and the U.S. mainland numbers for the first time since The visitors will spend $375 and see just about everything thing, that is, except some Americans, who by then will the country spending $3.1 bil where and tipping the U.S. b payments the wrong way.

WESTERN EUROPE

Where the Pay Is

The golden ruler by which business success is most often is income. This week Britain's ated Industrial Consultants L bring out the most thorough date on who makes how muc rope. After surveying the mid agers of 462 companies in countries, the questioners c that the best-paid managers English and the worst-rewarded Dutch, who have a surfeit of ment talent.

A chief accountant, for earns an average of $6,440 Britain but only $5,260 in The lands (and $6,160 in Belgium in West Germany, $5,400 in Britain also does best by its pl agers ($7,000), design-researc ($7,000) and domestic sales ($8,400).* The fringes are also in Britain. Almost two-thirds of managers drive company cars, private use, but less than one their German counterparts do is big on subsidized lunches; 4 middle managers eat at least the house. France leads in the subsidized housing, and the get the best Christmas bonuses two or three months' extra sa

In Italy, Belgium and The lands, the chemical industry pay ladder; in France, engine electrical goods; in Germany printing and publishing; in

* Europe's top executives were not the survey, but none earn nearly a the U.S.'s leader, General Motors Frederic G. Donner, whose 1963 and extras amounted to $806,248.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

sport and communications. The
agement work week ranges from
hours in Britain to 40 hours in
many and 45 hours in France.
ugh the Britons generally get the
best benefits for the least work, their
lator runs slower: since 1959, their
salaries have increased only 19%
9% for the Germans.

ELECTRONICS

novation, Junior-Size

n the complex and competitive elec-
nics business, the race is to the swift
ot necessarily the mighty. Two
-known companies reported that
y have beaten out the world's cor-
ate goliaths with important innova-
ns in their fields.

The world's first portable, transistor-
color TV set that is ready for pro-
tion was introduced by Japan's Yao
tric Co., whose founder, Keijiro
, 61, built a wartime radio manu-
uring business into a diversified
er of appliances with sales last year
67.5 million. His compact color TV
an 8-in.-by-6-in. screen, weighs only
bs., and uses a single electron gun
s color tube (bigger U.S. color sets
three electron guns—one each for
blue and green). Yao will put the
n the market this fall. Plans are to
t at first for about $360, then bring
price down to $280 as production
up, and to start exporting next
g to the U.S., where it will sell
bout the same price.

briefcase-size electronic "com-
" was brought out by Italy's one-
old Industria Macchine Elettrotec-
, a subsidiary of the country's big
n Group, which has been investing
er interests since its electric-power
were nationalized in 1962. The
nsistor computer weighs 30 lbs.,
es no more current than a 40-
bulb and operates up to 50 times
t as mechanical desk calculators.
ntly adds, subtracts, divides and
ies as many as eight digits in one-
econd, can carry out several jobs
e as different operators feed it
ms from separate keyboards. De-
d by 35-year-old Engineer Mas-
Rinaldi and dubbed the IME84,
has a "memory" system to help
more complex problems, and is
e of handling payrolls and in-
for medium-sized firms. Its pro-
already has 10,000 orders from
in eleven countries, including
S. Price: about $1,700.

ble on the Tapes

months the computer tapes of
Europe's biggest business ma-
makers have been feeding back
formation in red ink. The losses
—Italy's Olivetti and France's
Bull—stem at least in part
U.S. competition. Now both com-
have sought to program for prof-
aming new presidents.
ew Olivetti board, comprised of

FOTO ITALIA

OLIVETTI'S VISENTINI
Slowed by Underwood.

industrialists and bankers who stepped in to refinance the company, last week picked the first man outside the Olivetti family ever to head it. He is Bruno Visentini, 54, the vice president of Italy's huge, state-owned industrial holding company, I.R.I. (TIME, March 27). Visentini's main task is to strengthen the position of Olivetti's U.S. subsidiary, Underwood Corp., which has not kept up with its U.S. competitors. In addition, Olivetti (1963 sales: $360 million) is troubled by import restrictions in its sizable Latin American market. Visentini, a lawyer well-connected with Italy's center-left government, will also try to fight off recurrent threats of nationalization.

At Machines Bull, a group of financiers who had been called upon to save the French giant from losses and the prospect of nationalization selected Banker Roger Schulz, 44, to be boss. A director of the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, rugged and athletic Schulz has specialized in reviving comatose companies. Bull, the Continent's largest computer maker (1962 sales: $69 million) was gored by IBM and others when it tried to expand its line of small computers by building bigger models. The previous president, Joseph Callies, left under pressure after the French government vetoed his plan to get cash from General Electric and make it a major partner. Though the government opposes U.S. "takeovers" of French companies, it has been unable so far to induce other French electronic equipment makers to bail out Bull. Last week the bankers and politicians were negotiating a complex deal to split Bull into subsidiaries, let General Electric buy a share of some of them. President Schulz flew to Manhattan to talk with the top men in G.E.

TONY BOSCO

BULL'S SCHULZ
Help from G.E.?

IF YOU DEMAND BETTER BANKING SERVICE

Our 66 years of banking service have contributed to the industrial development and economic growth of Japan. And we too have expanded and kept up with the trend of the times during this period. Today our worldwide network of 130 domestic branches, 3 overseas offices and 1200 overseas correspondents is ready to give you the benefits of our vast experience and complete facilities by providing you with the kind of efficient personalized better banking service you have been looking for.

NIPPON KANGYO BANK
Head Office: Hibiya, Tokyo

World's largest zipper maker
in
total production
Y.K.K.
YOSHIDA KOGYO K.K.
YOSHIDA SHOJI CO., LTD.
Tokyo, Japan

Electronics / Telecommunications
NEC
Nippon Electric Company Limited
P.O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BROADWAY

Sisters Under Their Skins

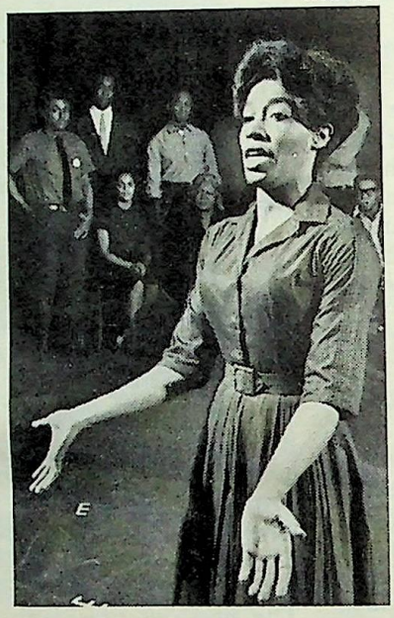
James Baldwin's *Blues for Mister Charlie* is a hard play for a white man to take. Brutally and sometimes eloquently, it tells every white man how much every Negro hates him, and enough of them have stayed away from the ANTA Theater to put *Mister Charlie* in imminent danger of folding.

But two young matrons who saw the play last week were so moved that they rushed backstage after the final curtain and donated $5,000 apiece on the spot to keep *Charlie* going. One was Mrs. William J. Strawbridge Jr., 25; the other was her older sister, who is married to the Rev. Robert L. Pierson, a dedicated civil-rights advocate who was arrested in 1961 for participating in a bus station pray-in in Jackson, Miss. Both are daughters of New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, and their generous and spontaneous gesture won't do Candidate Rockefeller any harm with the Negro vote.

PERCY RODRIQUEZ

ROCKEFELLER GIRLS, HUSBANDS & BALDWIN AT "MISTER CHARLIE"

GJON MILI



ACTRESS SANDS

The message was rage; the response was $10,000.

What probably most moved the sisters was a raging soliloquy by a young actress named Diana Sands. Her lover has been murdered by a white man. Standing alone in a spotlight with the stage dark behind her, her pretty face turns visibly gaunt with agony as she hurls her love-born hate at God's "icy snow-white heaven! If He is somewhere around this fearful planet, if I ever see Him, I will spit in his face! In God's face! How *dare* He presume to judge a living soul . . . Oh, let me be pregnant, let me be pregnant, don't let it all be gone!"

Diana Sands is a very promising young actress, and she has had the luck to emerge at a time when, at long last, Negroes can be actors or actresses, not just entertainers or character actors playing bit parts as Uncle Toms or Mammies. In the recent past, the great Negro names in lights are identified with song and dance—Harry Belafonte, Sammy Davis Jr., Ethel Waters, Lena Horne—and the dramatic roles open to Negroes have generally been stereotypes or slim pickings. But suddenly there is a new range of Negro roles and a new generation of Negro actors to fill them—Sidney Poitier, James Earl Jones, Ruby Dee, Ossie Davis, and now Diana Sands.

A handsome girl with high cheek bones, liquid eyes, and a voice like the woodwind section of an orchestra, Diana was blessed with good parents. Both her carpenter father and her milliner mother encouraged Diana in her ambition to become an actress, enrolling her in Manhattan's High School of Performing Arts. She sharpened her skill on an enviable series of supporting parts, won awards for her performance in *Raisin in the Sun* as a zany coed running a high fever in her frontal lobes and raves from the critics for her performance as a whore in last season's *Tiger Tiger Burning Bright*. She labored in television's well-trampled vineyard, in roles ranging from one on *Outer Limits* ("I played a beige monster") to a brilliant characterization of a bereaved mother on *East Side, West Side*. Next fall she will have her first Broadway lead, in a new play called *Wedding Band* by Negro Playwright Alice Childress—about an interracial love affair.

Diana is so serious about her work that she was even pleased when a voice in the audience booed her recently during a curtain call. "That's somebody I've reached," she said. Smiling at herself, she added: "I'm not saying that booing is my favorite sound. I also like it when they applaud."

They do plenty of that.

TELEVISION

Button, Button, Who's Got the Winner?

Back in the '20s and '30s, radio ... election nights social occasions. A... with pencils and ruled-off pads ... group around the set had plenty of ... for argument and suspense, listen... the votes pile up. Television took ... pencil-and-paper fun out of this ... substituting the tote board, ac... nied by the Friendly Pundit to e... what the flicking numbers seem... mean. Now the computer is in ... of spoiling the party altogether ... nouncing the winners before any... time to open a can of beer.

Today the trick is to be first ... authoritative prediction of the ... CBS was first by 37 minutes in ann... ing Henry Cabot Lodge's New H... shire victory at 7:18 p.m., only 1... utes after the polls closed. NBC ... back strong, was first ... linois by 55 minutes and ... gon by 22 minutes, ... lose out again, by four ... utes, to CBS in Maryl... cover California's pr... NBC has signed up ... people to gather fast ... at the precinct level. ... ly members of the M... Relief Society, which ... plied volunteers in ev... for NBC's $10,000 d... ABC has mustered ... mostly members of th... fornia Teachers Asso... CBS loftily professed ... above the numbers ... Said a spokesman: "W... it is better to have one ... trained division in the ... than a million un... troops."

Before this year's pre... tial campaign is over, ... CBS and ABC will have spe... million on news coverage—triple ... 1960 expenditure. Justification ... cash value of prestige. "It's an ... gible," says NBC Executive Vice ... ident William McAndrew, "but ... people say that our news image ... nitely makes sales for the whol... work schedule."

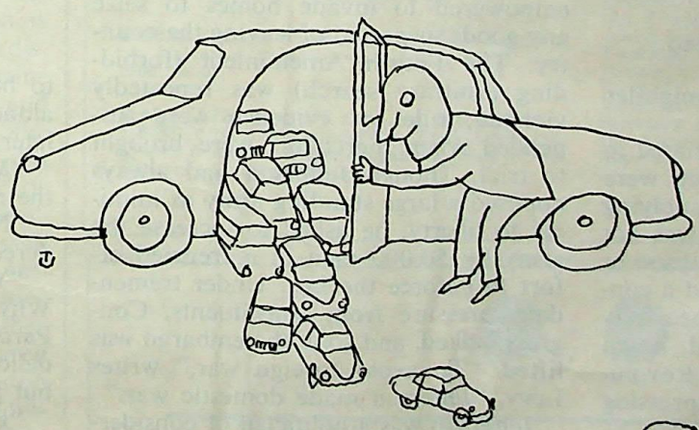
But about two-thirds of the co... be recovered by advertising in ... Secondary fees will also be co... from selling computer services ... has the Associated Press and the ... York Herald Tribune as custom... its Electronic Vote Analysis, an... has signed up the New York Time... the Washington Post for its Vote ... Analysis. CBS has trucked its s... ers on from Oregon to Californ... hopes to have the main answer ... efeller or Goldwater?) 18 minut... er the polls close. NBC will s... data to computers in New Jers... hopes to have an analysis back ... rebound within just 30 seconds.

TIME, JUNE ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

How many automobiles are owned by TIME International's 700,000 families?



750,325.

TIME readers buy more than you might expect. The reason is simple. They are primarily from the executive and management levels of business. Hence, they earn more, they do more and they spend more. These are important people who wield influence and buying power vastly out of proportion to their numbers—both in their business and private lives. To them, TIME Magazine's incisive reports and evaluations of world business and world affairs are a necessity each week. To you, TIME is equally necessary in *any* selective marketing plan in *any* world *market*. *Talk to the right people in the right place... in TIME.*

TIME

TIME Atlantic. TIME Canada. TIME Latin America. TIME Asia. TIME South Pacific. And their regionals.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

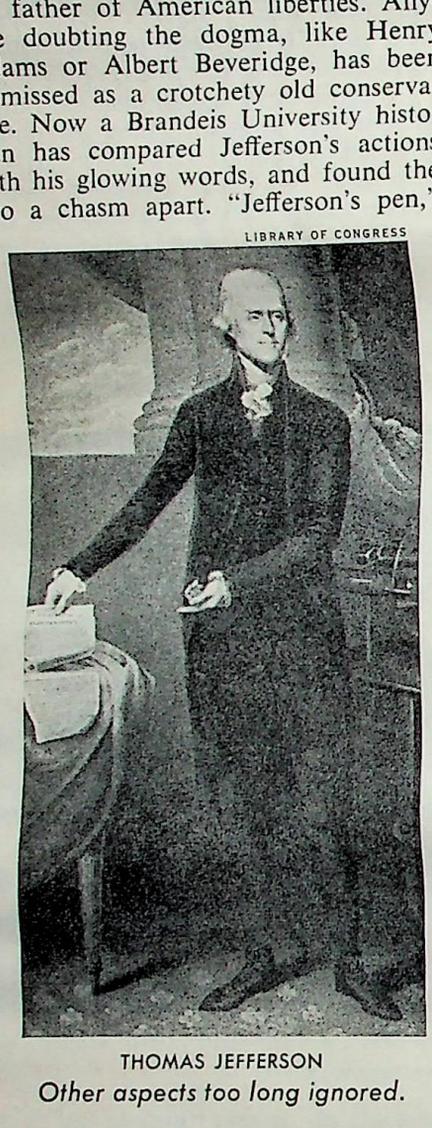
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Better Pen Than Practice

JEFFERSON & CIVIL LIBERTIES by Leonard W. Levy. 225 pages. Belknap. $4.50.

If there is any truth held to be self-evident, it is that Thomas Jefferson was the father of American liberties. Anyone doubting the dogma, like Henry Adams or Albert Beveridge, has been dismissed as a crotchety old conservative. Now a Brandeis University historian has compared Jefferson's actions with his glowing words, and found the two a chasm apart. "Jefferson's pen,"

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



THOMAS JEFFERSON
Other aspects too long ignored.

writes Leonard Levy, "was mightier than his practice."

Jefferson's principles as enunciated in the Declaration of Independence were exemplary but he had trouble applying them to specific situations. He was not a genuine thinker like James Madison or John Adams, who hammered out a consistent theory of liberty. He cheerfully assumed he knew the truth and, much like the fanatics of the French Revolution, always thought he was expressing the will of the people.

Throttling the Press. As a leading member of the lower house of the Virginia legislature during the Revolutionary War, Jefferson supported a loyalty oath requiring all males over 16 to swear allegiance to the state. Those refusing were forced to pay triple taxes and stripped of their civil rights. He also helped pass a bill to round up Tories and ship them to designated areas in the interior. He drafted a bill of attainder—which in effect condemns the victim without a trial—against a group of Tories who were plundering the countryside.

Levy cites evidence to argue that Jefferson was just as careless of civil liberties as a peacetime President. Angered by vicious journalistic attacks on him, he advocated "wholesome prosecutions to restore the integrity of the presses." With Jefferson's tacit approval, a federal judge whom he had appointed secured indictments against a group of publishers and clergymen for libeling the Government. Charges were dropped only after it became clear that one of the ministers had facts and figures to back up a gamy story that the President had once attempted to seduce a friend's wife.

When the erratic Aaron Burr started recruiting men in Louisiana for some mysterious purpose, most likely an invasion of Mexico, Jefferson panicked. He feared that Burr meant to seize New Orleans and detach the Western U.S. Though Burr had been cleared by a federal grand jury, Jefferson pronounced him guilty of treason and had him arrested. When Chief Justice John Marshall refused to hold Burr on a treason charge for lack of evidence, Jefferson demanded a constitutional amendment making federal judges removable by the President.

War Against Americans. During the Napoleonic Wars, when both Britain and France were stopping U.S. ships and seizing their cargo, Jefferson clamped an embargo on all foreign trade. His aim was to keep the U.S. from being dragged into war, but he succeeded only in paralyzing the U.S. economy.

When merchants tried to circumvent the embargo, Jefferson had Congress pass what Levy calls the "most repressive and unconstitutional legislation ever enacted in peacetime." The army was empowered to invade homes to seize any goods suspected of leaving the country. The Fourth Amendment (forbidding arbitrary search) was repeatedly violated; rules of evidence were suspended when merchants were brought to trial. Though Jefferson had always opposed a large standing army as inimical to liberty, he asked to increase the army by 50,000 men in a frenzied effort to enforce the law. Under tremendous pressure from constituents, Congress balked, and soon the embargo was lifted. "To avoid foreign war," writes Levy, "Jefferson made domestic war."

Jefferson was a politician of considerable vision and audacity. He created the first national political party in the U.S.; he made a strong President; he purchased the Louisiana Territory. As head of a new, struggling nation, he had to cope with real dangers, even if he exaggerated them. Levy's polemic deals with only one aspect of Jefferson, as Levy readily admits, but an aspect that has been too long ignored. Historians serve neither Jefferson nor the truth by making him the embodiment of all wisdom and benevolence.

The Last Survivor

A BACKWARD GLANCE by Edith Wh... ton. 385 pages. Scribner. $6.95.

The most famous story about E... probably the one concerning her ... ing with F. Scott Fitzgerald. That ... in France in 1925, when Edith Wh... was 63 and Fitzgerald 28. She had ... ten him a letter praising *The Great G... by* and invited him and Zelda to ... country home for tea. Zelda refus... go; she was damned, she said, if ... would travel 50 miles from Paris ... an old lady stare at her and make ... feel provincial. According to Bi... pher Arthur Mizener, Fitzgerald ... fied with alcohol and determined

BETTMANN ARC...

EDITH WHARTON
Some things a lady never tells.

to be put down as a provincial, ... alone. Their conversation, as he re... later, went something like this:

"Mrs. Wharton, do you know ... the matter with you?"

"No, Mr. Fitzgerald, I've often ... dered about that."

"You don't know anything abou... Why, when my wife and I first ca... Paris we lived for two weeks in a ... dello!" Edith Wharton was inte... but puzzled. After a pause, she s...

"But Mr. Fitzgerald, you have ... plained what they did in the bord... Fitzgerald fled the room.

Watershed of Manners. The s... not included in *A Backward Glan...* and not surprisingly. Scott Fitzg... and Edith Wharton were separate... more than several stiff drinks and ... span of a generation. They stood on ... posite sides of what she came to ... of as the Great Social Divide—W... War I—and no effort could reach ... that watershed of manners.

Actually, there had been two w...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

heds—the Civil War being the first. It was after the Civil War that industrial money—"brazen new money," as Edith Newbold Jones Wharton called it—began to change the face of New York. Wharton was the first American novelist to use the breakup of preindustrial American society as the stuff of fiction—Sinclair Lewis, in recognition of the fact, dedicated *Babbitt* to her—but she was in some ways the last to understand it. Her best pre-World War I novels (*The House of Mirth, The Custom of the Country*) were groping toward an understanding, and her failure to achieve such an understanding was finally the measure of her failure to become a truly first-rate novelist.

The difficulty becomes fascinatingly clear in her restrained, carefully cultivated autobiography, first published in 1934 and now reissued. Her backward glance is to "an old tradition of European culture which the country has now totally rejected" and which she herself partially rejected. But she could not reject it entirely, and so she suffered the disadvantage of being a perpetual outsider, resentful of an older social order but fearful of what replaced it.

Daughter of an old Manhattan family, Edith Jones grew up believing that the universe was composed of a row of brownstones in New York, a street in Newport and the continent of Europe. A child in that society was taught only two things: the modern languages and good manners. Now that I have lived to see both these branches of culture dispensed with, I perceive that there are worse systems of education."

The social fabric fascinated her even as a little girl. At eleven, she started her first novel, beginning: " 'Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Brown?' said Mrs. Tompkins. 'If only I had known you were going to call I should have tidied up the drawing-room.' " (On which her mother commented: "Drawing-rooms are always tidy.") Soon she was dispatching poems to *Scribner's* Magazine with her calling card attached, and when she began to be published she learned her first hard truth about old New York society: it had no use for brainy women. "My literary success," she wrote, "puzzled and embarrassed my old friends far more than it impressed them. None of my relations ever spoke to me of my books, either to praise or blame—they simply ignored them." Her marriage, at 23, to Boston banker Edward Wharton, did not improve matters: "I was a failure in Boston because they thought I was too fashionable to be intelligent, and a failure in New York because they were afraid I was too intelligent to be fashionable."

Best Remembered. She was not a success in Europe. Starting in the 1880s, she spent nearly all her time abroad, ostensibly for her husband's health (he was a neurasthenic). Her idol was Henry James, and of the famous people she met, he is the one she remembered best and the one with whom, as James put it,

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o The People's Bank #13, 625 Merchant St., Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$ 400; 3 yrs, NT$ 800; 5 yrs, NT$ 1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S. $11.25; 3 yrs, U.S. $22.50; 5 yrs, U.S. $33.75), TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, C. D. Jackson; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Arthur Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims, to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound. (*from TIME Publisher's Letter*)

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

she was "more and more never apart." Intentionally or not, she makes him out to be a buffoon. He was so convinced of his own poverty, she recalls, that when guests visited him at his home outside London, "the dreary pudding or pie of which a quarter or half had been consumed at dinner reappeared on the table the next day with its ravages unrepaired." He had a "passion for motoring," and he indulged it "to the last drop of petrol of any visitor's car." He was a hypochondriac and a fussbudget and noticeably thin-skinned where criticism of his work was concerned. But he was also the "greatest talker" she had ever met.

If the portrait of James seems incomplete, it is because Edith Wharton was a lady, and there are things a lady never tells. She makes no mention, for instance, of how unhappy her marriage was (her husband, said a friend, was "more an equerry than an equal") or how it ended after 28 years in divorce when her husband was finally declared insane and Henry James counseled her to "continue making the movements of life." And although she mentions a Washington lawyer named Walter Berry as a valued friend and literary adviser, she never hints that she was in love with him during and after her marriage or that she had requested that she be buried by him in the cemetery at Versailles (as she finally was when she died in 1937 at 75).

The end of *A Backward Glance* describes instead the last years in France, when she was already a legend, hostess to most of France's literary lights (although she never sought out Proust, whose work she admired, because she suspected him of being a "climber"). Her enormous output (42 novels) yielded her easily $75,000 a year. Yet the feeling of nonbelonging, she confesses, never really left her. Looking back, she saw herself as the last survivor of a civilization "as remote as Atlantis or the lowest layer of Schliemann's Troy."

Love Withheld

NEW NEGRO POETS: USA *edited by Langston Hughes.* 127 pages. *Indiana University Press.* $4.95.

"Every Negro poet has 'something to say,'" wrote Gwendolyn Brooks in 1950, hanging out a precarious shingle for all her Negro colleagues. "Simply because he is a Negro, he cannot escape having some important things to say." This same claim is invoked in the foreword to this collection of 37 new Negro poets, but what the book proves is happily quite the opposite: it is because they are poets, not Negroes, that they have something to say.

The poets are all young, but none of them seems to feel obliged to say something Negro, and their apparent lack of concern for the social revolution that will certainly be their generation's accomplishment may seem puzzling. But with the racial struggle now moved into the open, the poets are free to turn their thoughts to other matters, and they write with an invigorating rustle.

Some of the poems, of course, are protest pieces, and a few even come in the tired, familiar voice of the hipster:

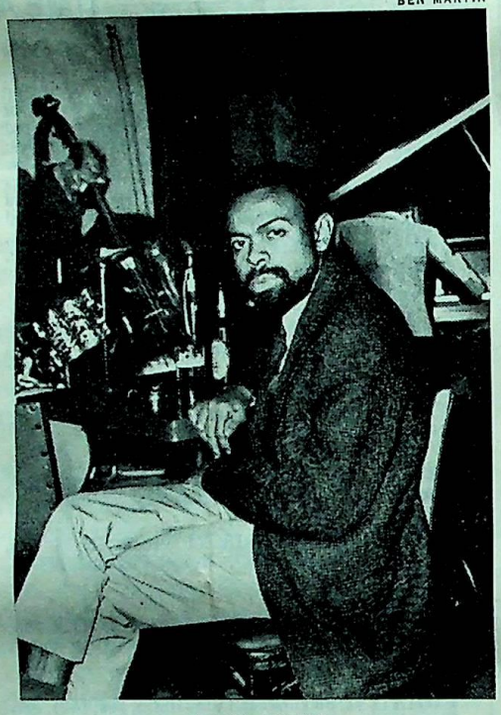
It is time for everybody to swing
(Life don't mean a thing if it don't swing)

But the most striking qualities of the poems that address the racial crisis are their personal depth and indirection: the pain their words imply could be anyone's. Some have the ring of ghetto humor:

I stand in my low east window looking down.
Am I in the wrong slum?

But by looking out another window, a

BEN MARTIN



LeROI JONES
A wish for a weird looking animal.

poet such as LeRoi Jones perceives a malaise beyond sociology:

What I know of the mind
seems to end here;
Just outside my face.
I wish some weird looking animal
would come along.

Expectedly, 37 new poets turn out to be about 30 too many, but among the best are some whose work deserves a longer hearing than the book provides—David Henderson, Audre Lorde, Conrad Kent Rivers, and the late Ray Durem. Jones, in particular, has a wit and bitter whimsy that raises the simplest words to the level of poetry:

Each morning
I go down
to Gansevoort St.
and stand on the docks.
I stare out
at the horizon
until it gets up
and comes to embrace
me. I
make believe
it is my father.
This is known
as genealogy.

The Marxist Myth of Mexico

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIO CRUZ *Carlos Fuentes.* 306 pages. *Farrar, Straus* $4.95.

It is as if an American novelist were obliged to take in Valley Forge, the ...ning of the West, the Civil War ... construction, populism, World War ... and II, and the Affluent Society ... body does this; the political ... (apart from the quickie or *ad hoc* ... like *Fail-Safe*) has been abandoned ... U.S. writers along with the family ...

By contrast, the panoramic ... novel still flourishes in Latin ... Especially in Mexico, writers strug... establish an orthodox fable of the ... olution. It did not happen once and ... all between the death of Porfirio ... in 1915 and the uneasy truce of ... and state in 1925; it is a con... affair, its unfinished business ex... 1964. The basic facts of national ... ry are still passionately argued.

Venal Men. Thus Carlos Fuentes ... able and eloquent novelist, though ... subtle one, passionately exposits ... dominant Marxist line: the failure ... Mexican Revolution to produce ... cialist utopia must be laid to ven... who betrayed it to capitalist thieves ... their attendant priests and police.

This large, crude, simple vision ... be vaguely familiar to those who ... member Paul Muni as Juárez, ... Beery as Pancho Villa, or Elia ... *Zapata*, which had Judases aplen... Marlon Brando on the same white ... that tourists can see in Rivera's ... in the National Palace. A novel ... more trouble than the makers of ... epics. In this case, Fuentes has ... package the whole corpus of ... history into the dying body of a ... agenarian symbol named Artemio ...

Multiple Betrayals. Fuentes ... this dying body of corruption to ... disgust and detestation in the ... The reveries of Cruz take in a ... gaudy life that spans the Revolu... remembers himself as a barefoot ... in Veracruz blasting the face ... frock-coated oppressor with a ... as a fugitive in Sonora; as a ... on horseback defeating the fed... tillery. He takes a hacienda for ... ple and the *haciendado's* daugh... himself. He becomes a general ... to enrich himself. The betrayals ... tiple, and by the time Fuentes's ... old renegade die, impotent for ... mines, hotels, real estate and ... lion Yankee dollars in European ... he has all but danced with rage ... dying body.

Fuentes is at his least effective ... the blunt weapons of Marxist ... fall heaviest. This occurs in inge... istic italic inserts in Artemio Cruz's ... ing reveries, and is a curious ... in reportage in the manner of the ... Dos Passos—a novelist still admired ... Mexico, where the cult of proletar... ism, dead elsewhere, lives on.

TIME, JUNE ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Time for Martini vermouth...

Any time in your life . . . any time of day . . . it's always time to enjoy Martini vermouth, chilled, with soda or on the rocks. Taste with every sip the expert blending of the very best wines and aromatic plants. And whatever you do, be sure to enjoy yourself with

MARTINI
vermouth

on the rocks!

In the U. S. it's **MARTINI** and **ROSSI**, in the rest of the world it's simply Martini, wherever you go it's the same superb vermouth.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MOVING AHEAD

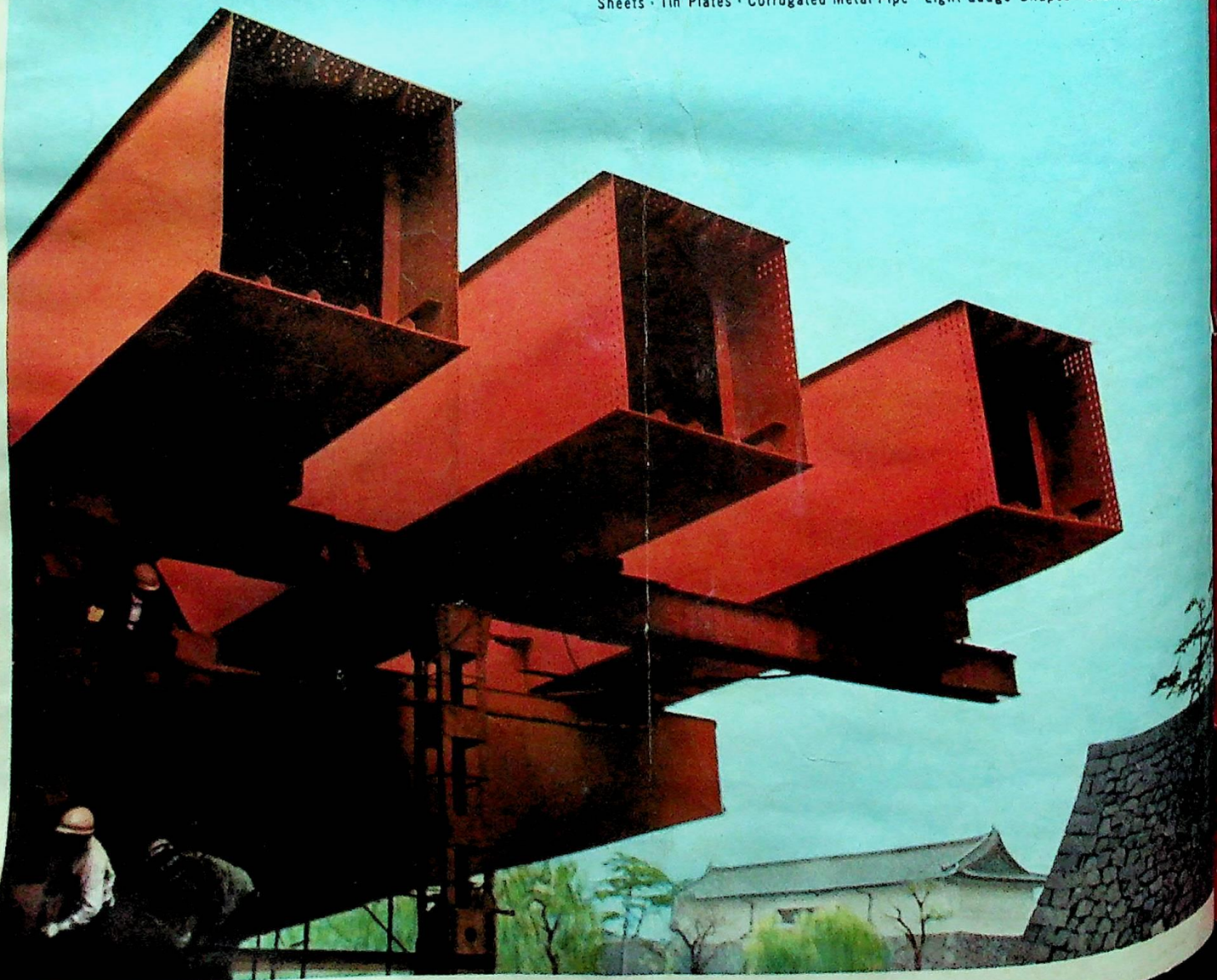
without destroying the past

Japan's hope: to move at top speed toward full modernization without destroying the great qualities of old Japan. One tool for this task is superior quality, economical steel, the kind of steel that the name of Fuji stands for. Fuji Steel is proud to provide, annually, about 20 per cent of Japan's total steel output, much of which is consumed domestically. In the international market place, too, Fuji has earned the patronage of forward-thinking organizations. For shipbuilding, construction and manufacturing ... Fuji is the moving force in Japanese steel.

FUJI IRON & STEEL CO., LTD.

Head Office: Marunouchi, Tokyo, Japan
Los Angeles Office: 612 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, Calif.
New York Office: 80 Pine St., New York 5, N.Y.
European Office: Berliner Allee 61, Düsseldorf, Germany

PRODUCTS: Bars · Wide Flange Beams · Shapes · Sheet Piling · Wire Rods · Rails · Skelp · Plates · Hot Rolled Sheets and Coils · Cold Rolled Sheets and Coils · Galvanized Sheets · Tin Plates · Corrugated Metal Pipe · Light Gauge Shapes · Chemical By-Products



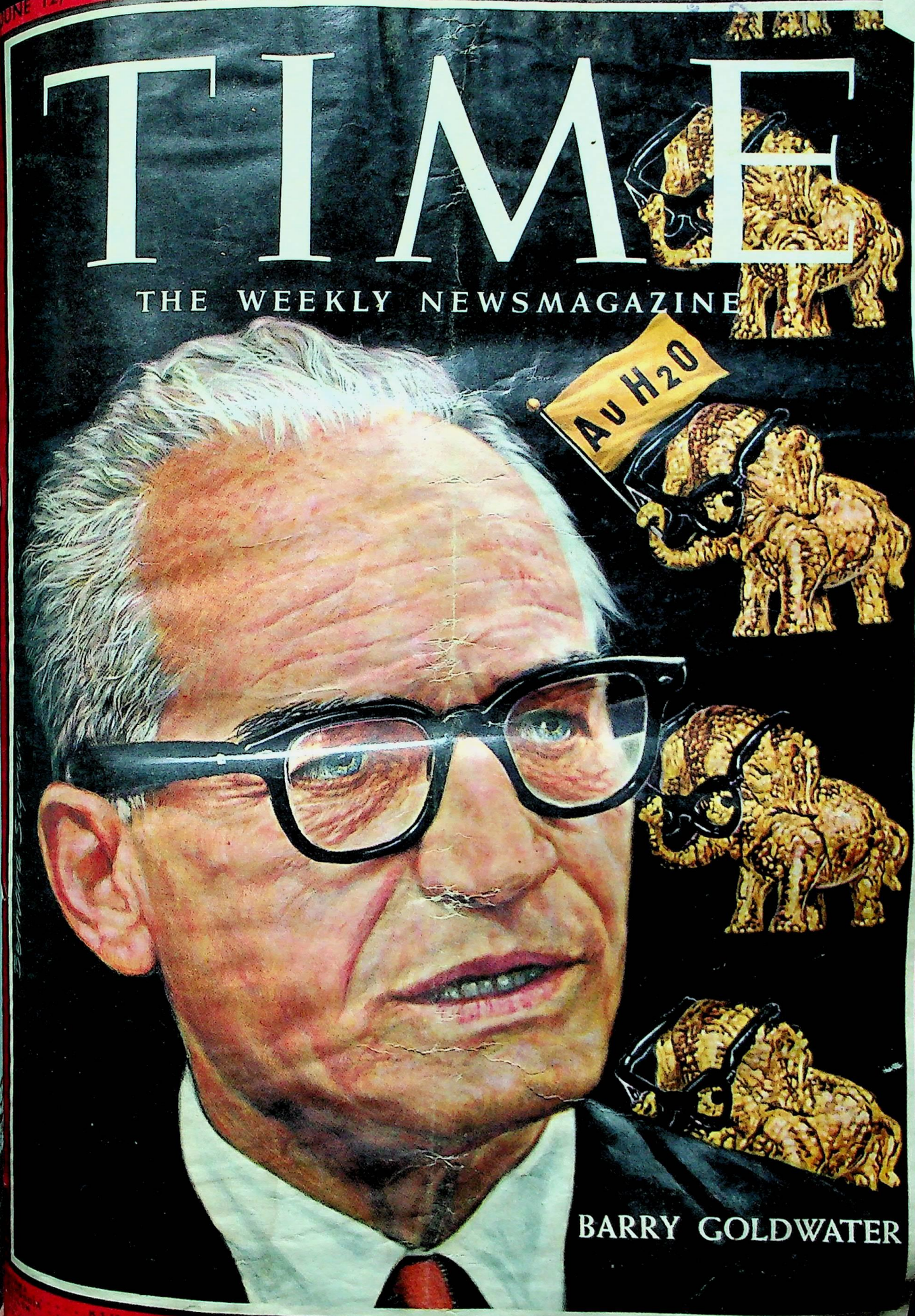
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

JUNE 12, 1964 ASIA EDI

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



BARRY GOLDWATER

GUAM 30¢ HONG KONG HK$2.00 INDIA Rs. 1.50 INDONESIA Rp. 8.20 JAPAN ¥ 100 KOREA 70 Won LAOS K 175 MALAYSIA M$1.00 NEPAL N.Rs. 2.40 OKINAWA 30¢ PAKISTAN Rs. 1.10 PHILIPPINES 2.00 SAMOA (U.S.) 30¢ TAHITI CFP 35 THAILAND B12.00 ARMED FORCES 30¢ GUAM-HAW VN$15 WAKE ISLAND 30¢ WESTERN SAMOA 2/5

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

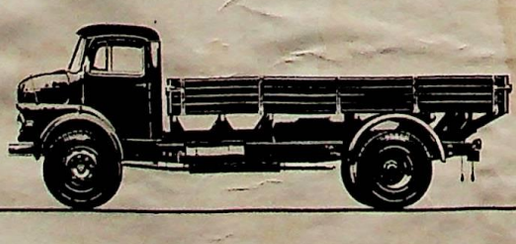
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

713 trips around the earth that improve the Mercedes-Benz engine

Mercedes-Benz trucks have logged hundreds of thousands of miles on every continent. This experience under day to day working conditions has proved invaluable. Even now it is being used to help improve the future performance and economy of Mercedes-Benz engines.

The most a Mercedes-Benz truck has been known to clock up is 1,320,475 miles. And the 41 best from all over the world have covered a total of 17,787,575 miles. That's 713 trips around the earth.

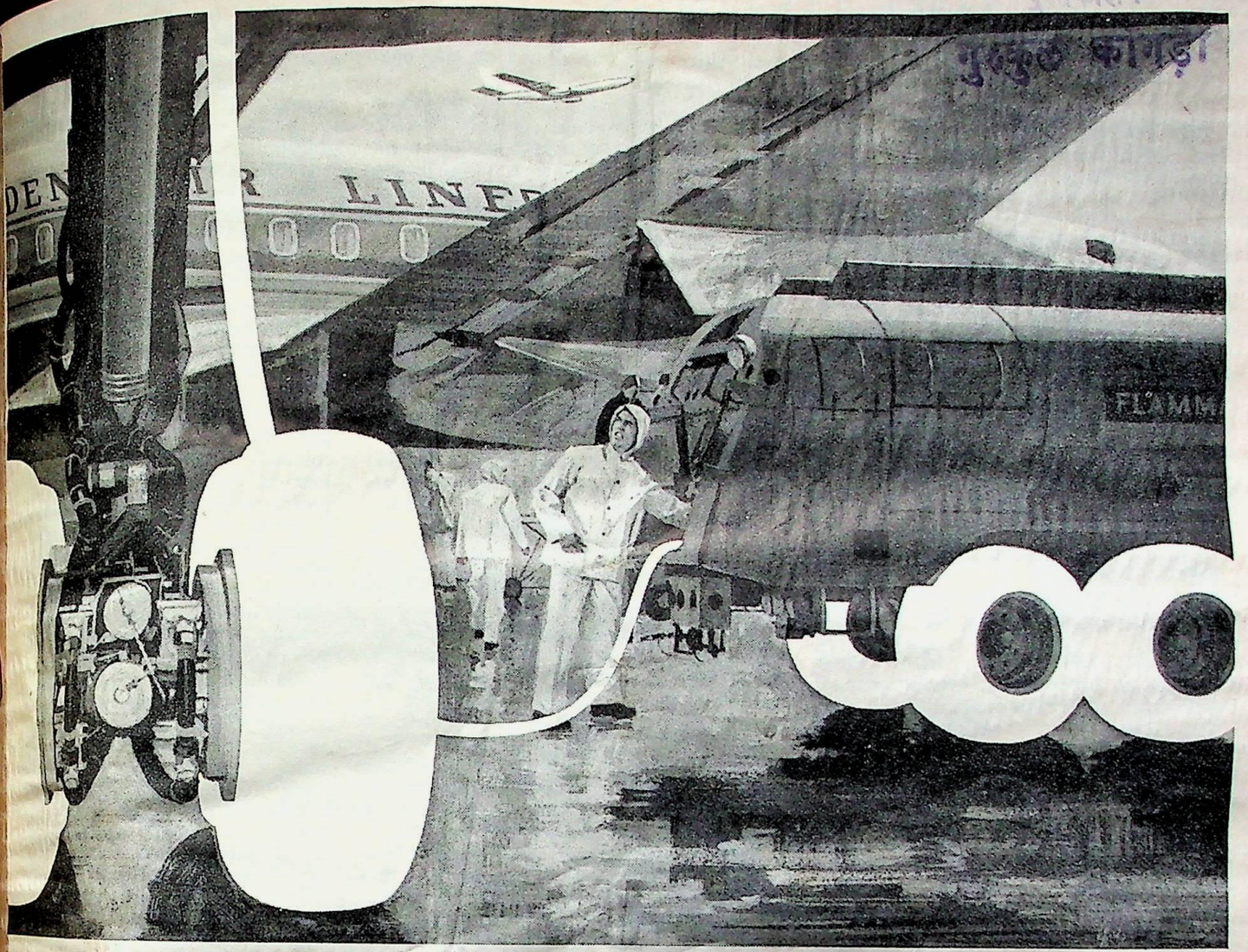
MERCEDES-BENZ



L 1413
120 HP SAE

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



What's missing from this picture?

(Three of **39,000 different B.F.Goodrich products** on the job around the world!)

Too bad the picture isn't bigger—we'd be able to show you more of the 39,000 other B.F. Goodrich products at work around the world. But here's a sampling of what you will find in service around almost any airport: B.F.Goodrich air, fuel and water hoses. BFG radar noses. Protective clothing. Baggage conveyor belts. Aircraft brakes. Wheels. De-icers. Plus tires for both planes and ground equipment. For long, rugged service, specify products made by B.F.Goodrich —where satisfaction, quality and dependable service are built-in.

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Don't these products belong in your picture?

"CUT PROTECTED" aviation tire has a rugged Armor Belt of shredded wire to protect against cuts and give longer life. And it can be retreaded again and again!

AIRCRAFT FUELING HOSE undergoes some of the most rigid quality control inspections of any BFG product. Meets all NFPA specifications. Available in several types and sizes.

B.F.GOODRICH TIRES are available for all types of trucks and ground equipment. Each specially engineered for long service under any conditions.

For complete information about any B.F.Goodrich product, write: International B.F.Goodrich, 500 South Main Street, Akron, Ohio, U.S.A.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 10

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* The current controversy over the citizen's constitutional right to "bear arms."

Thursday, June 11

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1960 (ABC, 9:30-11 p.m.). Emmy Award winner as "program of the year," a television adaptation of Theodore H. White's Pulitzer-prizewinning study of the late President Kennedy's campaign for the presidency. Repeat.

Saturday, June 13

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:14 p.m.). John Huston's *Asphalt Jungle*, a classic tale of an attempted jewel robbery, starring Sterling Hayden, Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe.

Sunday, June 14

DIRECTIONS '64 (ABC, 2-2:30 p.m.). The position of the nun in the modern world is examined by a panel of lay Catholics and nuns.

THE BUICK OPEN (ABC, 4:30-6 p.m.). The final 18 holes of the seventh annual Buick Open Golf Tournament.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The 1942 fall of Singapore, called by Winston Churchill "the worst disaster and largest capitulation in British history."

DU PONT SHOW OF THE WEEK (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A U.S. State Department troubleshooter (Arthur Kennedy) is assigned to a dictator-ruled Latin American country. Color.

Tuesday, June 16

HIGH ADVENTURE WITH LOWELL THOMAS (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Première of a summer series featuring rebroadcasts of Lowell-led adventures in remote areas of the world.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES but the theme is thorns in this fine new play by Frank D. Gilroy about the barbed bloodletting that drains away the lives of people who live within the intimacy of the family without being intimate. The three actors, Jack Albertson, Martin Sheen and Irene Dailey, are so nearly perfect that they must have been cast under a favorable sign of the zodiac.

HAMLET. Richard Burton is a virile, extraverted Hamlet with no hint of the melancholy self-questioning that stays his killing of the King. However, Burton's fresh phrasing of the play's famed familiar lines lends great luster to the evening.

FUNNY GIRL. A one-woman burst of starfire named Barbra Streisand illuminates the rise, the love life and the heartbreak of another great and funny girl, Fanny Brice.

HIGH SPIRITS. Anyone who can count to two will recognize the source of all the zany good humor that has been injected into this musical version of Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*. The blithesome twosome—Bea Lillie and Tammy Grimes.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Sandy Dennis looks as licit as a child with an ice-cream cone, but she is the Other Woman in a hilariously illicit schedule of sex on the one-day-a-week plan.

DYLAN is a brilliant illustration of how an actor of unparalleled skill can invade the mind and personify the temperament of another man, despite a considerable difference in appearance. For a little over two hours, Dylan Thomas lives again in Alec Guinness.

HELLO, DOLLY! is a big, bouncy, brassy, sassy Broadway musical in the best sense of all those mildly intimidating words. Ditto Carol Channing.

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS. How to be a charmingly roguish phony is demonstrated by a zany TV writer-producer (Barry Nelson) who spouts triple-tongued, two-timing dialogue.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. Playwright Neil Simon, Director Mike Nichols and Stars Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford pack a hamperful of laughs for this comic picnic about two newlyweds and their ups and downs in a six-flight walk-up.

Off Broadway

DUTCHMAN, by LeRoi Jones, raises the color question to a new and distinctly terrifying pitch of violence. A sexually aggressive white girl and a sedate but inwardly seething Negro tell each other off in words that finally kill.

THE BLOOD KNOT links two South African half brothers in a twisted, tender but tormenting embrace that involves both races and the human race.

THE TROJAN WOMEN. The keening eloquence of body, mind and speech that graces this superb revival of the Euripidean classic is the unstillable cry of tragedy.

RECORDS

Chorus & Song

VERDI: FOUR SACRED PIECES (Angel). Just before he wrote *Falstaff* at 79, Verdi composed the *Ave Maria* and *Laudi alla Vergine Maria*; he finished the *Te Deum* and *Stabat Mater* at 83. Together they make a magnificent and devout peroration to the lifework of a man who was a freethinker in his youth. The *Te Deum* includes a most urgent prayer, and Verdi asked that the music be buried with him. Carlo Maria Giulini leads the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus (240 voices) in a stereophonic recording that matches the soaring splendor of the music.

SCHUBERT: DIE WINTERREISE (Angel; 2 LPs). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, the greatest living lieder singer, sings some of Schubert's greatest lieder—a 24-part cycle about a rejected lover who sets out on a winter journey of despair, tantalized by everything he sees and dreams. These were Schubert's own favorites among his songs and were written just a year before his death at 31. Hermann Prey, a younger German baritone of growing renown, has also recorded *Die Winterreise* (Vox; 2 LPs). His voice is richer, but his interpretation is less subtle: while Fischer-Dieskau suffers a hundred varieties of hurts, Prey suffuses the whole in a single sorrow.

SONGS OF NED ROREM (Columbia) sung by Regina Sarfaty, Phyllis Curtin and others. Since the death of Poulenc, Indiana-born, 40-year-old Ned Rorem is probably the world's best composer of art songs. Here he puts to music the slithering of Theodore Roethke's *Snake*, the slow flow of Paul Goodman's *The Lordly Hudson*, and Elizabeth Bishop's po about Ezra Pound in St. Elizabeth's H pital for the mentally ill, which beco a chilling Baedeker of bedlam. Rorem jettisoned tonality, but his rhythms generally as even as pulse beats, and lets voices rise and flow within their ural limits.

BACH: CANTATA NO. 51 (Decca). "M a joyful noise unto God," sings Sco Judith Raskin as she proceeds to d outshining a trumpet obbligato in a s of brilliant salvos. It is a virtuos formance of some of Bach's most di and florid arias, and Thomas Dunn's tival Orchestra of New York is almos unobtrusive.

STRAVINSKY: SYMPHONY OF PSALMS lumbia). "God must not be praised i forte music," Stravinsky once dec and he holds to deliberate tempos conducts the CBC Symphony and Festival Singers of Toronto in his posing setting for Psalms 150 and In notes on the upside-down pyrami fugues and other components of thi orate musical structure he created in he explains: "One hopes to worship with a little art if one has any."

BACH: CANTATA NO. 211 (Nonesu Wearing his worldly wig, Bach wro miniature operetta called the *Coffee ata*. A father threatens every punish to save his daughter from vice, but persists: "If I don't get my coffee t times a day, I'm like a piece of dri meat." Coffee, she sings, is "better a thousand kisses." A gay sprig of ho music, the cantata is given an airy stylish performance by the soloists, c and chamber orchestra of Radio Ber

CINEMA

THAT MAN FROM RIO. Jean-Paul mondo ducks poisoned darts, outwits scientists, and narrowly escapes a zilian crocodile in Director Philipp Broca's wonderfully wacky distillation all the adventure movies ever made.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. In this cle stylish, often mordantly funny varia on *Room at the Top*, an aristoc wastrel (Denholm Elliott) teaches a ly British clerk (Alan Bates) how t tain Establishment status.

THE ORGANIZER. Marcello Mastroia superb as a scraggly 19th century re tionary in Director Mario (*Big De Madonna Street*) Monicelli's film beautifully photographed, warmly hu drama about a textile strike in Turin

THE NIGHT WATCH. In this taut Fr thriller, five criminals trying to rustle of a Paris prison learn that a rat scratch and claw his way to freedom everything but himself.

BECKET. Church-state conflict friends to foes in a glowing screen tacle based on Jean Anouilh's about England's 12th century Archb of Canterbury (Richard Burton) dies defying King Henry II (P O'Toole).

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. This dry of Ian Fleming's fiction follows Agent 007 (Sean Connery) to Is where wine, women and wrongs are ly and impeccably Bonded.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT. A p teen-age furies pursue Concert Pian ter Sellers around Manhattan with ous results.

THE SERVANT. All candlelight and ing crystal, this smooth essay on distinction in Britain casts Dirk Bo

* All times E.D.T.

TIME
June 12, 1964

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F. Mexico. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc. Publication Office, Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries listed elsewhere.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection. Harwe

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

How to cure a bad case of remoteness

You know what will happen if we don't vaccinate the entire mob in time . . ." Ronny was breathing heavily into the telephone, through the static of the 600 miles between us which made him sound more raspy than ever. When Ronny sounds concerned, I get very worried. He knows as much about sheep as anyone in Australia. In fact, that was the biggest reason I went into partnership with him five years ago. Ronny manages our sheep station in Queensland's Outback district. I run the business office in Sydney, flying to the coastal cities in our Cessna to sell the wool for export.

Now, just as the company was showing a profit, two lambs in our mob had contracted Contagious Ecthyma—sore mouth. Thousands of our sheep, all the one-year-olds and under, would have their growth stunted if the disease spread.

"Try the veterinarian in Hungerford," I told Ronny. "He should have the vaccine on hand."

"I have. He won't be back until late afternoon and even if he starts up here then he can't make it before midnight. You know these Outback roads."

"All right." I looked at my watch—eight-ten a.m. "You isolate the one-year-olds while I get a vet here in Sydney and fly up. We'll be there in four hours."

I telephoned a vet and told him to meet me at the airport with the vaccine.

The Super Skywagon was ready when I arrived at the airport and we loaded the doctor's equipment. I started the Cessna and we taxied out and took off. At level-off I set the power at high cruise and looked at the doctor. "We'd better make good time!"

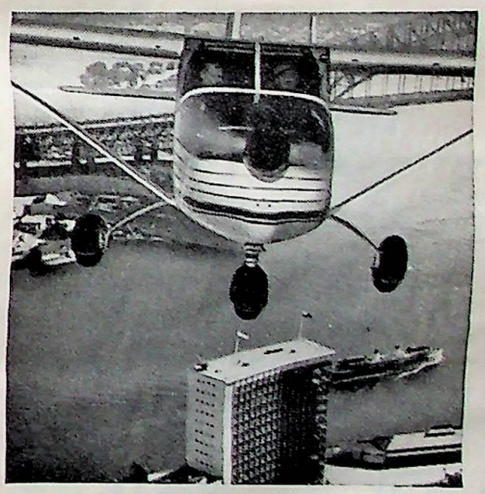
"Every minute counts," he said. Then his attention was drawn by the peaks of the Great Dividing Range as they flashed below.

We approached the Grey Mountain Range just after noon and I began a let-down. The station's landing field is short, so I used the Cessna's big Para-Lift flaps and greased her in from a steep descent.

Ronny was pacing up and down beside the pickup truck when we taxied in. We transferred the equipment to the truck, drove to the sheds and began to work.

By five o'clock the lambs were all vaccinated. The two that were already infected looked pretty bad, but none of the others had the swollen mouths that indicate the disease.

Finally Ronny relaxed. "Looks like we caught it in time. We're back in business!"



IF TIME IS IMPORTANT IN YOUR BUSINESS: See your Cessna dealer and find the easiest way for you to fly your own Cessna. He'll study your travel costs and needs, and recommend that you join an aero club; lease, rent, or charter a plane, buy a used Cessna, or buy a new Cessna. (He may suggest the new 6-place 177 m.p.h. Super Skywagon shown here.) But in any case, go out for a demonstration flight. Or if you prefer, for more information write Cessna Aircraft Co., Dept. TA 4-6, Wichita, Kansas, U.S.A.

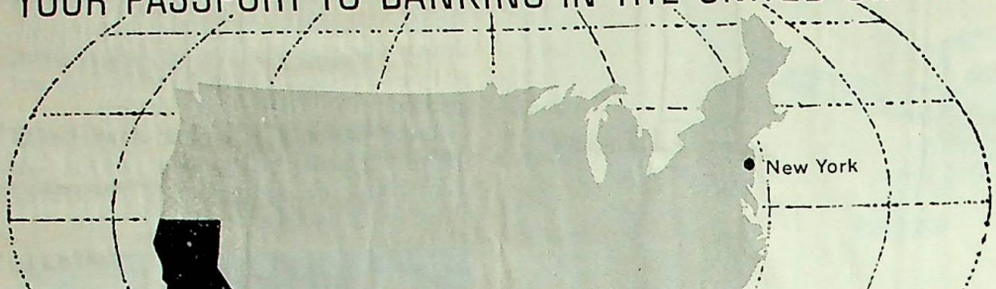
CESSNA

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

UCB

YOUR PASSPORT TO BANKING IN THE UNITED STATES



United California Bank offers you all the services of a fully staffed International Division in Los Angeles and San Francisco and over 160 offices throughout California. Our affiliation with Western Bancorporation International Bank in New York, experts skilled in many fields, and correspondents around the world provide immediate contact with every important world trade center. Whenever you need help in doing business anywhere in the United States, call on the specialists at United California Bank...the bank that does a little more for you.

UCB **UNITED CALIFORNIA BANK**

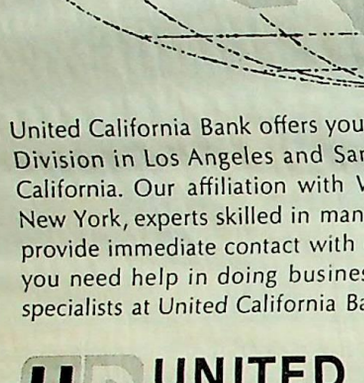
CAPITAL FUNDS OVER $233,400,000 · RESOURCES OVER $2,900,000,000

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION

Victor R. Rose, Vice President and Manager · Los Angeles Headquarters: 600 S. Spring Street · San Francisco Headquarters: 405 Montgomery Street

Affiliated with Western Bancorporation and its 22 full service commercial banks in the 11 Western States

VISIT THE U.S.A.



THE Brown Palace HOTEL

DENVER, COLORADO

The Brown Palace, located in Denver, the climate capital of America, has been noted for its hospitality for over 70 years. On main travel routes of planes and trains, it is the gateway to a vast scenic and vacation area. Come for a day or an extended stay.

To expedite your reply, write Dept. A

DISTINGUISHED HOTELS

KARL MEHLMANN, *General Manager*

Represented by

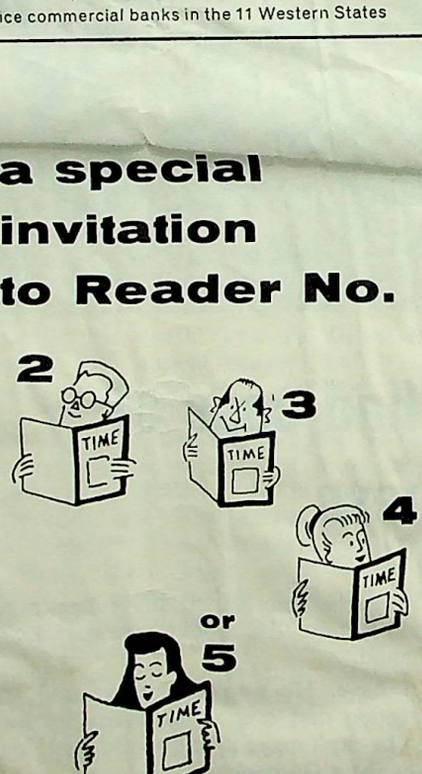
R. M. BROOKER, Ltd., London

ROBERT F. WARNER, New York City

GLENN W. FAWCETT, Los Angeles

Or, Contact your travel representative

a special invitation to Reader No.



of this issue of TIME

Surveys show that TIME gets around. An average of five people read each copy.

Why not become reader no. 1 with your personal copy of TIME delivered to you each week by subscription.

See your newsagent, bookseller or subscription dealer.

as the malicious valet who trades p... with his master.

THE SILENCE. Lightning bolts of ... Bergman's genius illuminate a dark, ... ing allegory in which two women ... child travel to a city abounding in ... loneliness and death.

BOOKS

Best Reading

JEFFERSON AND CIVIL LIBERTIES, by ... ard Levey. The thesis of this well- ... mented polemic is that Jefferson was ... the civil libertarian he has been made ... to be. He was not above suspending ... doms when it suited his purpose, to ... enforce his unpopular embargo, he, in ... fect, made war on Americans.

NEGRO POETS: U.S.A., edited by ... ston Hughes. These 37 young Negro ... seem to have read their Wallace S... and Lowell along with everyone else. ... result is highly personal verse, much ... good, more of it promising.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest H... way. The Nobel-prizewinning ... wrote this memoir of his lean years ... Paris of the '20s when he was in h... rich, famous but passé. *Feast* reveals ... ingway's deadly, deadpan sense of h... his lingering romanticism, but most ... the degree to which he fooled h...

CORDELL HULL, by Julius W. ... Though he was Secretary of St... nearly twelve years, Hull learned ... little about either statesmanship or ... chology. Pratt's is a straightforward ... raphy that shies away from judgment.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY, by John L... ré. The first two thrillers by the ... of *The Spy Who Came In from the ...* have been reissued in one volume. ... best one is about British intelligence ... some of the same characters as *The ...* and both are fine whodunits.

EPISODE—REPORT ON THE ACCIDEN... SIDE MY SKULL, by Eric Hodgins. Th... thor of *Mr. Blandings Builds His ... House* recounts his partial recovery ... a "cerebrovascular accident" (in lay ... terms, a stroke). His wit and skill ... words are totally unimpaired.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came In from the Co... Le Carré (1 last week)
2. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. The Group, McCarthy (3)
4. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (4)
5. The Spire, Golding (5)
6. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer (6)
7. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (7)
8. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever (8)
9. The Martyred, Kim (9)
10. The Venetian Affair, MacInnes

NONFICTION

1. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (2)
2. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (3)
3. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (4)
4. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, Bishop (1)
5. The Naked Society, Packard (5)
6. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris (6)
7. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (7)
8. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (8)
9. In His Own Write, Lennon (9)
10. When the Cheering Stopped, Smith (10)

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

Ballot Boxers

Sir: I have heard Goldwater's victory blamed on everything from middle-class selfishness to hostility toward Rockefeller's baby. Let's admit that a lot of voting citizens believe in a conservative philosophy for the good of the country.

CAROL KASPER

San Francisco

Sir: By carrying well over 1,000,000 votes in America's most populous state, Goldwater has surely demonstrated his tremendous vote-getting abilities even to the satisfaction of those who would love to nominate again the 1964 counterparts of Tom Dewey and Wendell Willkie. Honest Republicans could not support or work for any other nominee should Senator Goldwater be cheated of the nomination by a small element in the party.

MARTIN J. SWANSON

New York City

Sir: As a registered Republican, I may find myself without a candidate to promote in July, and I may find myself without a country in December. Considering Goldwater's ideas on the possible use of atomic bombs in North Viet Nam, his rejection by the British press, and the alarm of the Soviets at his views, to say nothing of the domestic chaos advocated, I'll be voting for a Democrat like my life depended on it—and it may.

ALAN E. BAYER

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir: Senator Goldwater's supporters claim that their candidate is the only one who can give the voters a real choice in November. I suggest that a choice between the President of the U.S. and an irresponsible extremist is no choice at all. The only way the voters can have a real choice is if a moderate Republican is nominated at San Francisco.

JACK B. HARMELL

San Francisco

Sir: Goldwater's victory in California is hardly surprising in a state made up of misfits, political madmen, and a spirit of political rightism that has been described by some as a fear hysteria unequaled since the darkest days of McCarthyism. If the American people are herded into electing Goldwater, they will get exactly what they deserve.

WILLIAM LUNCH

San Diego

Sir: It takes a good man to be so strongly opposed by Governor Rockefeller and the big-money interests, Khrushchev and the Communists, U Thant and the internationalists, Senator Javits and the "liberal" Senator Kuchel and the anti-right-wingers. Votes are being generated for Goldwater by those united in opposition to them.

J. KESNER KAHN

San Diego

Mr. Moses' Fair

Sir: We could not see everything at the World's Fair, and we aren't rich. Your report [June 5] gives us some valid alternatives—both in time and money.

GLENN E. JACKSON

Daytona Beach, Fla.

Sir: I'm madly in love with the fair—and you captured every bit of every reason in that confidential guide. It was, at the very least, as gay as one full day spent within that square mile of magic!

(MRS.) RUTH G. KLUGE

Ardsley, N.Y.

Sir: The fair is not a "World's Fair"; it is the "American Fair for the World." It is nothing but a beautiful example of how commercialized and ignorant Americans can be.

SUE SLOGER

Chicago

Sir: Mr. Boris Chaliapin's Fair cover reminds me very much of the movie version of that terrifying but benevolent character, "The Wizard of Oz."

LEONARD E. KORCZYKOWSKI

Buffalo

Death of Nehru

Sir: In spite of vehement criticism from Nehru's close associates, his recent attempts to find a solution to the 17-year-old Kashmir dispute deserve praise from one and all. As peace-loving human beings, we sincerely hope that Mr. Nehru's successor makes an honest endeavor to continue his efforts to bring permanent peace between Pakistan and India.

(MRS.) ZEBUNNESSA RAHMAN

Dacca, Pakistan

Sir: Mr. Nehru's death is undoubtedly a setback to peace. With his policy of nonalignment, Mr. Nehru showed to the world that the friend of the U.S. need not be the enemy of the U.S.S.R., and vice versa. The world may have to wait for a long time before another Nehru or the like of him appears on the world scene.

K. KUMARASWAMI

Kilpauk, Madras, India

Sir: It is sad that even now people in the U.S. consider Nehru's action in Goa as a diversion from his policy of peace and nonviolence. They do not understand that, after patient urging for 14 years, this "prince of peace" had to use force to cleanse the "Indian temple" that had been defiled by colonialists for centuries.

VIJAI LALL

Christian Theological Seminary
Indianapolis

Building a Library

Sir: Under the heading "business donors," you stated that IBM contributed $350,000 and that Continental Air Lines contributed $100,000 to the John F. Kennedy library fund [May 29].

Neither of these companies has yet contributed. We hope that they, along with many other corporations in America, will eventually want to support this project.

EUGENE BLACK
Chairman

John F. Kennedy Library, Inc.
New York City

▶ TIME's *source was the "Gifts or Pledges" list kept by the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation in Manhattan.*—ED.

Sir: This corporation has made no contribution to the Kennedy library.

T. J. WATSON JR.
Chairman of the Board

IBM Corp.
New York City

Sir: To classify the Kennedy Memorial Library project as philanthropy is questionable. Countries such as Puerto Rico, Venezuela and Liberia could use their contributions toward alleviating internal problems. To be sure, a library in Boston would be a meaningful endeavor, but perhaps an agriculture or housing project in the above countries would be more of a living memorial to our late President.

JOHN R. WAGGONER
ROBERT M. HONTZ JR.

Elizabethtown College
Elizabethtown, Pa.

Clarified Prayer

Sir: Many Catholics regret the coming use of the vernacular [May 29]. The Latin prayers sung by priest and choir to music written by masters are too precious to be separated from the ritual itself.

AUDREY WRIGHT

Omaha

Sir: Although many of us are fond of the stately language of our Book of Common Prayer, a large body of opinion exists within the Episcopal Church that would favor changes in that language so as to make it more understandable to the 20th century Christian. The type of language chosen by our Roman Catholic brothers has in many ways shown us the need to update our own forms of worship.

STEPHEN K. JACOBSON

Episcopal Theological School
Cambridge, Mass.

Hopper v. Everybody

Sir: Miss Hopper did not wait until 1963 to write her life story as implied by your writer [May 29], but did so back in 1952 when *From Under My Hat* was first published. Her second volume, *The Whole Truth and Nothing But*, was written in 1962 but held up for five months by the

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
Sullivan 31
Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

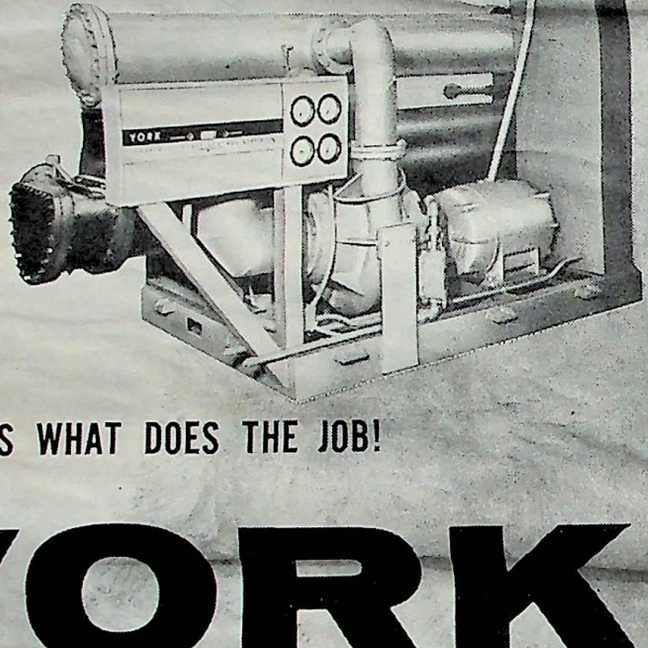
address

city state or province country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THIS IS WHAT YOU SEE!



THIS IS WHAT DOES THE JOB!

YORK

REFRIGERATION AND AIR CONDITIONING...
LEADERSHIP IN ANY LANGUAGE

Pictured is a YORKPAK Refrigeration System with all components (compressor, motor, condenser, heat exchange, accessories) assembled on a single base. It is compact, saves installation expenses.

Whether you require a complete refrigeration system in the form of a YORKPAK, or individual components for field assembly, YORK* has the refrigeration equipment for food storage or freezing installations, beverage plant and brewery, and petro-chemical industries.

For refrigeration or air conditioning projects, have your architect or consulting engineer check YORK . . . a single source of supply through associate companies, licensees, distributors around the world.

Bulletin FLB available on request.

YORK DIVISION, BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
36 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, 60603, U.S.A. Cables: BORINTCO

*Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

B-W
BORG-WARNER®

publishers. As to the claim that M
Graham has deposed Miss Hopper
"doyenne" of the Hollywood column
this seems to be refuted by the fact
the Hopper feature still has, I believe,
largest circulation of any in its
boasting some 23 million readers.
pears in most of America's largest paper

MOLLIE SLOV
Vice President & Manager
Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Syndicate
New York City

▶ *Sheilah Graham's syndicate
30 million readers for column.*—ED.

Homey Capital

Sir: As a diplomat's wife who has
living in Bonn for five years, let me
my sword in defense of Beethoven's
place [May 29]. It may not be the
wildly exciting or sophisticated of ca
but it is clean, comfortable, well-o
ized and, materially, very well
Its people are helpful and polite
when they are behind the wheel of
cars), and its surroundings are bea
Cologne and Düsseldorf, both within
driving distance, provide the cultura
night life for those who wish it. Dipl
should thank their lucky stars if the
sent to this reluctant capital.

(MRS.) D. SE
Bonn

Benevolent Monopoly

Sir: A.T. & T. [May 29] has seem
succeeded in proving that politeness
er and profit are not incompatible
big business today. Kappel, his com
and especially the operators who sa
een" definitely deserve the sincere
ciation of their satisfied customers.

FRED E. ORR
Philadelphia

Sir: In a consumption-oriented eco
of planned obsolescence, I think we
A.T. & T. special thanks for "the
conviction that every piece of
equipment ought to be good for 40 ye
The realization that there is at leas
oasis of such belief in an economy o
day guarantees of doubtful merit is
water to one dying of thirst.

JOHN A. HANN
Washington, Mich.

Sir: As a former employee of Ma
I read your article on the many wo
of A.T. & T. with pride. The wonde
works and human side of this great
pany would fill volumes.

A. V. DE M
Stroudsburg, Pa.

Sir: When I was about to move
new development in the suburbs
years ago, the local telephone offic
formed me that it would be at leas
month after moving in before I w
have phone service. I wrote a lette
Frederick Kappel, and received a pers
reply in three days. A phone was
the day I moved in. My hat is o
Mr. Kappel and A.T. & T.

MURRAY K
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

Sir: By use of a strong lobby and
nopolistic control over a vital
A.T. & T. has virtual control of the
itself. Government agencies may be
realizing the awesome power exer
this company and taking measure
prevent a further contempt of the
cratic free-enterprise system. Thank
for the FCC.

CHARLES F. GERING
Annville, Pa.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ..... ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT ..... JAMES A. LINEN
EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ..... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ..... ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
A. T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George Gilbert, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry G. Daniels, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Anatole Grunwald, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, Gilbert Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Martin Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert McLaughlin, John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, Jon Borgzinner, Clell Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Dudley Dean, Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, Barry Farrell, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Grasman, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ronald P. Kriss, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Mitchel R. Levitas, George Love, Richard Murphy, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, Jerrold L. Schecter, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Essie Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Berta Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Virginia Adams, Joy Roscoe Aila, Nancy Atkinson, Priscilla B. Badger, Reva Berger, Jean Bergerud, Karen B. Booth, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, Nicolette Caliendo, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian Cranstead, S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall, Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Shanks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Lea Guyer, Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Andria E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Krieger, Judith Liersch, Mary McArdle, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Merrin, Shirley Monck, Deborah Hanson Murphy, Nancy Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Pampel, Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Pell, Ruth Reed, Eleanor Robbins, Wendy Kupsick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Statler, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Lynn Thomas, Dorothy Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanaman, Susanne S. Washburn, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)

WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Smith, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Hunter Cox Jr., Simmons Fentress, Jean A. Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, Love W. Moore Jr., John Mulliken, William Rademaekers, Wallace Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin H. Zim. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Clark, Christopher Porterfield, Miriam Rumwell, Arlie W. Schardt. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Robert W. Glasgow, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Kaiser, Andrew D. Lloyd, Joseph Lewis, William A. McWhirter. NEW YORK: Marc Nick Thimmesch, Israel Shenker, Christopher T. Berry, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA: Jerry Johnston, Dudley E. Morris. BOSTON: Ruth Sherman, Ray Kennedy, Robert A. Ellis, John L. Wilson. HOUSTON: Mark Sullivan. DENVER: Barron Beaty. DETROIT: Leon Jaroff, Benjamin W. Cate, Edward J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: Roger Stone, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.

LONDON: Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Peter Forster, Champlin, Donald S. Connery. PARIS: Curtis Prendergast, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Main, Friedel Weinert, James Wilde. COMMON MARKET: Jason McManus. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, Peter Forbath. GENEVA: Robert E. Jackson. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. ROME: George de Carvalho. HONG KONG: Frank Coggin, Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. NAIROBI: Bruce E. Smith. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. JOHANNESBURG: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. TOKYO: Lee Griffith, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. OTTAWA: Donald Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Martin Sullivan, Toronto: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed Ogle. Bureau: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan, Clyde H. Williams. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO DE JANEIRO: John Blashill, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: World. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Bingham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ..... LAWRENCE E. LAYBOURNE
GENERAL MANAGER ..... JOHN J. FREY
..... JAMES A. THOMASON

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR ..... Edgar R. Baker
EDITION DIRECTOR ..... David W. Ballard
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN ..... Yasuo Kitaoka
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... William S. Honneus
ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR ..... Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 Time Inc. All rights reserved.

JUNE 12, 1964

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

YOUR views, like those of most strong men, may not be acceptable to all—nor, under our means of government, should they be . . . Your future will be watched with more than normal interest."

So read the citation that accompanied the honorary LL.D. awarded by Hamilton College to Senator Barry Goldwater in 1961. As the probable Republican nominee for President, Dr. Goldwater is TIME's cover subject this week, for the third time in almost three years.

As we reported his gradual entry into the mainstream of the news—whether or not into the "mainstream of Republican thought"—we also noted that honorary doctorate, and we did so under one of the oldest standing heads in TIME. Our EDUCATION section began its annual listings of academic honors in 1924, 16 months after TIME's first issue, and started using the title Kudos in 1925. The selection of a few dozen from among the hundreds of honorary degrees that bloom each spring has always been difficult, and TIME warned at the outset: "It is not necessarily implied that either the institutions or individuals listed are the 'best.'"

•

In selecting the kudos we report, we are apt to play the big, inevitable items against the surprising, the unpredictable, the offbeat. This, of course, also applies to our selection of other kinds of news. We like to think that we bring special qualities to the week's big "musts," but we also know that TIME does not live only by the inevitable stories. We are particularly concerned with the people and events that do not force themselves to the top of the news but must be sought out by the enterprising journalist—just as many an honorary doctor must be sought out by the enterprising giver of kudos.

This issue contains a number of stories in this category. In THE U.S. we report not only on the California primary but on a new airplane that, though still on the drawing boards, might some day provide the answer to the nagging jungle war in South Viet Nam. In THE WORLD we tell not only about the new Prime Minister of India but about the "king" of Sankt Pauli, the notorious center of Hamburg's gaudy night life, and his "Black Gang."

•

In other sections, too, you will find news that is not conveyed by the headlines or the bulletins. SHOW BUSINESS, for instance, covers Manhattan's most unusual entertainment (it happens on the sidewalk). MUSIC tells about one of the newest and most exciting masters of the dance, LAW about a philanthropist who would like, if he could, to bail out every prisoner in the land. BUSINESS talks about the comeback of the small grocer, and RELIGION about a hotel that owes more to Moses than to Conrad Hilton.

As for EDUCATION, it runs not only the season's No. 2 installment of Kudos but a story about a new system that teaches children to read by keying consonant and vowel sounds to certain colors. According to this system, by the way, TIME is "spelled" magenta, light yellow and scarlet orange.

INDEX

Cover Story 9

Art 42
Books 60
Cinema 48
Education 29
The Hemisphere 24
The Law 36
Letters 5
Medicine 45
Milestones 59
Modern Living ... 38
Music 28
People 27
Press 40
Religion 41
The U.S. 9
Science 44
Show Business .. 33
Sport 31
Time Listings 2
U.S. Business ... 51
The World 18
World Business .. 58

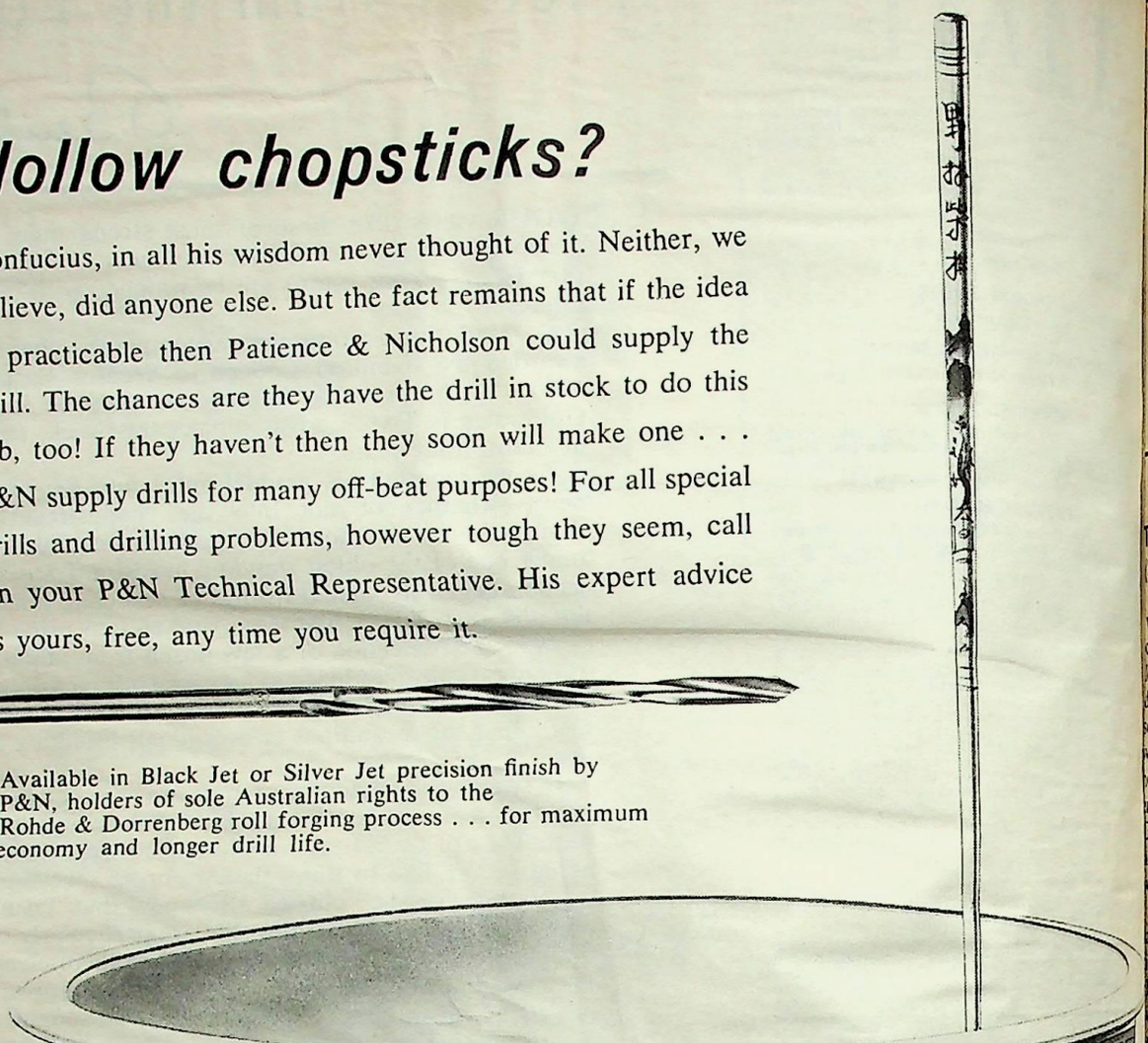
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Hollow chopsticks?

Confucius, in all his wisdom never thought of it. Neither, we believe, did anyone else. But the fact remains that if the idea is practicable then Patience & Nicholson could supply the drill. The chances are they have the drill in stock to do this job, too! If they haven't then they soon will make one . . . P&N supply drills for many off-beat purposes! For all special drills and drilling problems, however tough they seem, call on your P&N Technical Representative. His expert advice is yours, free, any time you require it.

Available in Black Jet or Silver Jet precision finish by P&N, holders of sole Australian rights to the Rohde & Dorrenberg roll forging process . . . for maximum economy and longer drill life.



For further details of R & D processed drills ask for P&N Tool Data Sheet No.

PATIENCE & NICHOLSON LIMITED

Sales Office: 477 Hoddle Street, Clifton Hill, Melbourne, Australia
Cables: "TAPSANDIES" Melbourne, Australia

Local Representatives:

Thailand	Jardine Waugh, 226 Nares Road, P.O. Box 40, BANGKOK
Hong Kong	Rieckermann (Hong Kong) Ltd., 1001 Man Yee Building, Des Voeux Road, Central, HONG KONG
Malaya	Cycle & Carriage (1926) Co., 41 Orchard Road, SINGAPORE
India	Ganeshnarayan Brijlal Private Ltd., P.O. Box 2109, CALCUTTA
Ceylon	Estates Supplies Division, Brown & Co., P.O. Box 200, COLOMBO
Philippines	Mr. A. Merx, Solex Tool Corporation, 355 Barracca Street, MANILA

ONLY MANUFACTURER OF A COMPLETE RANGE OF TWIST DRILLS, SCREW EXTRACTORS, TAPS AND DIES, STOCKS, TAP WRENCHES AND CHASERS IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
June 12, 1964 Vol. 83, No. 24

THE U.S.

REPUBLICANS

The Man on the Bandwagon

(See Cover)

In the Royal Suite of Los Angeles' venerable Ambassador Hotel, a man clad only in dark-rimmed glasses and a long white nightshirt with red polka dots sat *watching* television. On the screen, Richard Dix was battling his way against great odds through a 1941 horse opera called *The Round-Up*. After many a cliffhanging episode, the Good Guys vanquished the Bad Guys, and the Grand Old West once again was made fit for Decent Folks.

Barry Morris Goldwater, 55, was relaxing, almost oblivious of the fact that in that same afternoon last week, more than 2,000,000 California Republicans were making a decision that would weigh heavily on his personal future as well as that of his party and perhaps his country. "I don't worry about it," said Goldwater. "We take what comes. We've done the best we can."

The best was good enough. When the votes were finally counted in California's Republican presidential primary, Goldwater had defeated New York's Nelson Rockefeller by a dime-thin 59,000 votes—1,089,133 (51.3%) to 1,030,180 (48.7%). And with his California victory Goldwater came within handshaking distance of the G.O.P.'s 1964 presidential nomination (*see box p. 11*).

The Pollsters. In his effort to achieve that nomination, Goldwater has become the central figure in as classic an American folktale as any horse opera. To his admirers he is the very epitome of the Good Guy, fighting to make the U.S. safe for Decent Folks. To his critics he is the personification of the Bad Guy, shooting first and answering questions afterward. In traveling the California trail, he faced not only a direct shoot-out with Rocky, but passed through close-call ambushes from the pollsters and the press, which raised about him the aura of defeat.

Rarely have the pollsters shown to worse effect. Take the case of Lou Harris, who, after missing by a total of 20 points in his prediction that Henry Cabot Lodge would beat Rockefeller in Oregon's May 15 primary, announced that Rocky led Goldwater by 57% to 43% in California. Then Harris began having anguished second thoughts. Twenty-four hours before last week's primary, he said that Rocky might get 55% or more. But on the morning of the election, he was less bullish about Rocky, declared, "Goldwater has seized the momentum in the last 24 hours. Dramatic changes now are taking place in California."

AP

GOLDWATER AFTER CALIFORNIA VICTORY*
Over an ambushed trail to a shoot-it-out.

One factor that misled the pollsters throughout was the large number of voters who insisted that they were "undecided." Former Congressman Pat Hillings, long a Nixon lieutenant and now a Goldwater leader in California, later explained: "The big undecided vote was not undecided. The undecideds were mostly Goldwater-oriented, but they didn't want to admit it to the pollsters. The opposition succeeded in tying the tin can of extremism to Goldwater's tail, and so a vote for Goldwater was in danger of being considered a vote for extremism. And what respectable Republican businessman wants to be an extremist—much less admit it openly?

"We in the Goldwater camp felt this. We had trouble getting businessmen to allow their names to be used in ads. They wouldn't come out openly for Goldwater. Many of them wouldn't even contribute money because then their names would be on record. If anyone asked them how they felt, they were undecided. But they voted for Goldwater."

The Press. Part of this tendency to be counted in the polling booth rather than in the polls could be attributed to the attitude of the press. Most major California newspapers opposed Goldwater, including the staunchly Republican Los Angeles Times, which campaigned against him on Page One. Nearly all of the scores of reporters visiting California for the campaign thought that Rockefeller would win, wrote endlessly of the *élan* in his camp and of the pall of gloom hanging over the *Gold-*

* With Daughter Peggy and *Wife Margaret* at the Ambassador Hotel in *Los Angeles*.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

water forces. Some of this stemmed from the personal political predilections of many of the newsmen. But it was more than that—for, to the reporter who did nothing more than travel around with the candidates, the atmosphere was indeed deceptive.

To these newsmen, Rockefeller's organization seemed a marvel of efficiency. Nothing was left to chance. At every stop on Rocky's itinerary, accommodations for the press were waiting: typewriters, pencils, paper, telegraph facilities, telephones, press releases. Transportation was there when it was needed. So were the hotel rooms. And so was Rockefeller himself, nearly always available to any reporter who wanted to talk to him. Wherever Rocky went, his smooth public relations firm of Spencer-Roberts saw to it that the crowds were there to greet him; in San Jose, for example, Spencer-Roberts rounded up more than 8,000 people who waited six hours just to shake the Governor's hand. Rocky himself seemed to enjoy every smiling, finger-crunching minute of it. He breathed confidence—for the simple reason that he *really* thought he was going to win.

By contrast, Goldwater's contingent seemed a shambles. The campaign management, directed by onetime Senator William Knowland, was at best unsteady. The schedule underwent constant change. The candidate rarely indulged in more than the most perfunctory chitchat with reporters. Barry shrouded himself *in an impenetrable diffidence, acting for all the world like a reluctant dragon slayer.* In his public appearances he hardly ever exhibited that electric quality which, for example, helped him hold the 1960 Republican National Convention in thrall. He seemed to stay on the defensive, endlessly trying to answer his enemies' charges that he wanted to sell TVA for a dollar, that he would take the U.S. out of the United Nations, that he would abolish social security, that he had an itchy finger on the nuclear trigger.

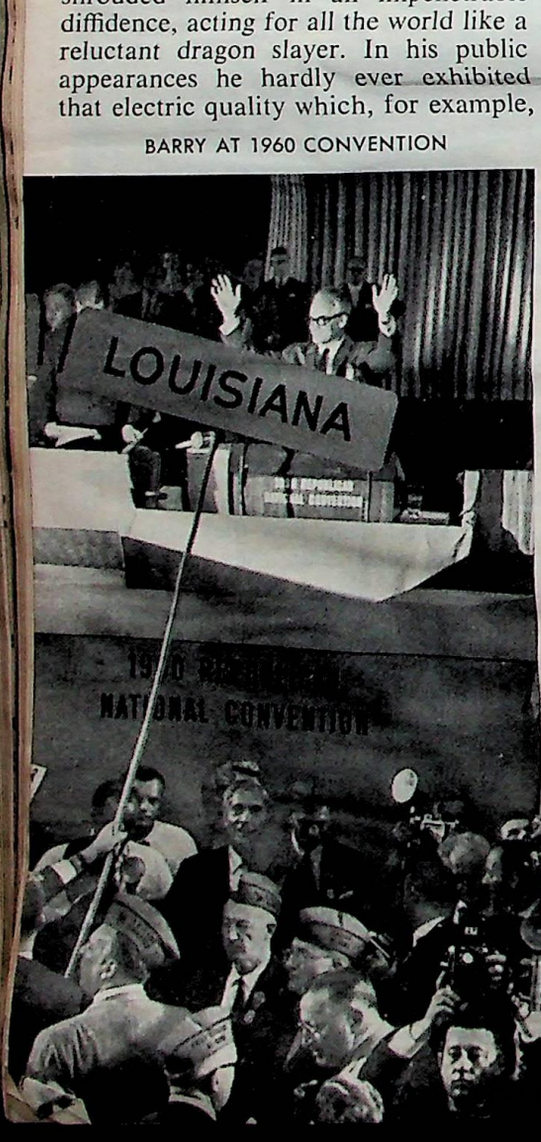
Blow followed blow. With their own man not entered in California, Lodge forces threw their support to Rocky; it made minimal difference that Richard Nixon, William Scranton and George Romney later wired their assurances that they were having no part of a Stop Goldwater movement. Dwight Eisenhower came out with his "profile" of the ideal G.O.P. nominee; the hurt was hardly lessened when Ike later denied that he had meant it to be used against Barry. A *Good Housekeeping* writer said he had been told by Goldwater's wife Peggy that Barry had suffered nervous breakdowns, due to business pressures, twice in the late 1930s. Columnist Drew Pearson picked up the item and with his characteristic kind of punch, raised the question of whether Goldwater was mentally stable enough to be President. Goldwater's longtime physician denied that Barry had ever suffered any such breakdown. Goldwater himself simply pointed to his record as a World War II pilot and his present rank as a major general in the Air Force Reserve. But the doubt had been planted.

All these troubles, and more, sent the Goldwater entourage into a deep slough of despondency. This was what the newsmen accompanying Goldwater saw, and this was what they reported in their predictions of defeat. Theirs was a limited vantage point. What they missed was the fact that while Rockefeller carried his organization around with him, Goldwater's, as masterminded by Los Angeles Attorney Bernard Brennan, was much larger, infinitely more zealous, and was hard at work in almost every precinct in the state.

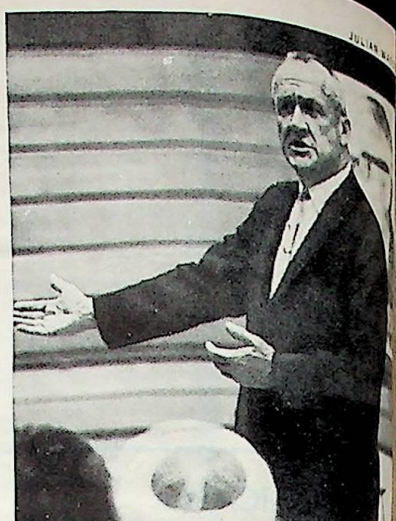
"Operation Q." That Goldwater organization was a phenomenon. It included a share of the cranks and zanies that Goldwater critics tend to think of as his only supporters. But these were in the minority. In fact, Barry's ranks were peopled by men and women, young and old, in all walks of life, who held in common only one thing: an enormous and uncomplicated faith in Goldwater, and the willingness to work for him as few candidates have been worked for before.

The Goldwater volunteers had been going virtually fulltime since March, when they launched "Operation Q," the effort to secure enough qualifying signatures to get Barry's name on the ballot. So determined were the workers that they greatly surpassed the necessary 14,000 signatures on their petitions, came up with more than 50,000 names before noon on the first day of their drive.

BARRY AT 1960 CONVENTION



STAN WAYMAN—LIFE



STATE CAMPAIGN CHIEF KNOWLAND
It was better in the precincts.

From that time on, they labored vidly in the precincts, rounding up recruits. Near campaign's end, one these was none other than Mrs. H nah Nixon, Richard's mother. W Goldwater leaders discovered that was hustling votes on their behalf. aide suggested that she be invited present Mrs. Barry Goldwater flowers on, say, election eve before TV cameras. But somehow, 3,000 away, Hannah's favorite son lea about the idea, and Mrs. Nixon soon aboard a plane, headed fo vacation in New York.

The Goldwater drive was concen ed in Southern California, particul in Los Angeles County, where nea 40% of the state's Republicans re Volunteers swarmed through the c ty two weeks before the election, more than 300,000 G.O.P. voters they felt about Barry. The resp was immensely encouraging, but ju make sure the voters were leveling Goldwater workers phoned a ma of them, identified themselves as R feller people, and asked if "the ernor can count on your suppor the primary." A good 90% hel to Goldwater.

In the final days, the volunteer ganization was expanded. Official of voters' names, supplied by the were programmed into computers sheets were made listing G.O.P. by street, the side of the street, and house address. "Community Chairm handed out cardboard information with detailed maps and names of Goldwater voters circled in red. volunteers made at least two co door-to-door checks on election make sure that the voters had to the polls.

The Payoff. As the returns p in that night, it was immediately parent that the massive Southern ifornia drive had paid off. Rocke

Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CALLING THE ROLL OF DELEGATES

"I do not have this thing sewed up," said Barry Goldwater after his California victory. Perhaps not—but with the Republican Convention in San Francisco just a month away, Goldwater needs only a few more stitches to tie together the 655 votes needed for the presidential nomination. The probable first-ballot roll call of delegates, as reported by TIME *correspondents in all 50 states:*

Alabama (20 votes): Goldwater is sure of all 20.

Alaska (12): Give Goldwater a goose egg here, though he could wind up with 2 or 3 of the undecided delegates. There are 6 for Rockefeller, 1 apiece for Lodge, Nixon and Scranton, 3 undecided.

Arizona (16): For the native son.

Arkansas (12): G.O.P. National Committeeman Winthrop Rockefeller may get them all on the first ballot as a favorite son, but if Goldwater really needs them, he can call on 8.

California (86): All Barry's.

Colorado (18): Goldwater has 14 going for him; the rest remain uncommitted.

Connecticut (16): Not yet chosen, though Barry may get at least 2. Rest split among Nixon, Rockefeller and Scranton.

Delaware (12): There may be a first-ballot holding action with all votes going to Senator John J. Williams as favorite son. If not, count 5 for Goldwater, 4 for Scranton, 2 for Nixon, 1 undecided.

Florida (34): Barry may get 21 votes, but put him down for 13 sure ones. As for the rest, 3 are leaning toward Nixon, 18 aren't quite sure which way to jump.

Georgia (24): All but 2 are instructed for Goldwater, and those 2 lean heavily toward him. Make it 24 for Barry.

Hawaii (8): Goldwater likely to get 4, while 4 are undecided or leaning toward more moderate candidates.

Idaho (14): This week's state convention vote should yield 14 for Goldwater.

Illinois (58): Primary Winner Goldwater has bedrock strength of 39, with another 6 leaning heavily toward him. Rockefeller gets 1; the rest are uncommitted.

Indiana (32): Barry's primary victory gives him all 32 on the first ballot.

Iowa (24): Goldwater should get at least 8 here, with another 2 leaning to him but not yet certain. Scranton can count on 5 votes, with 1 leaning to him. The other 8 are undecided.

Kansas (20): A solid dozen for Barry, with anti-Goldwater Governor John Anderson controlling the other 8.

Kentucky (24): Senator Thruston Morton was thinking of entering the convention as a favorite son, but decided against it, so Barry should pick up 13 here. The rest are uncommitted.

Louisiana (20): All Goldwater's.

Maine (14): Favorite Daughter Margaret Chase Smith gets all on the first ballot. After that, it will split every which way, with at least 2 for Goldwater.

Maryland (20): Barry has 3 solid votes, with 7 leaning toward Rocky. The others don't know or won't say.

Massachusetts (34): Lodge should get 29 on the first ballot, with 5 for Goldwater.

Michigan (48): If Governor George Romney goes in as a favorite son, he will pick up 42 to 46 first-ballot votes with 2 for Goldwater. If Romney frees the delegation on the first ballot, Barry should get at least 15.

Minnesota (26): With 10 delegates yet to be picked, Goldwater already has 6 pledged to him. Another 4 are behind U.S. Congressman Walter Judd, a favorite son; 6 are undecided.

Mississippi (13): All Goldwater.

Missouri (24): Barry has 16 likely votes, with 4 uncommitted, 4 yet to be chosen at this week's state convention.

Montana (14): Goldwater has 12, Nixon may get the other 2.

Nebraska (16): Goldwater picked up all 10 delegates at last week's state convention, to go along with the 5 he won in May's primary. The other one leans to Lodge.

Nevada (6): All for Barry.

New Hampshire (14): Primary Winner Lodge gets all on the first ballot.

New Jersey (40): After California, at least 9 jumped on the Goldwater bandwagon. The rest will head for San Francisco uncommitted, hopeful of playing kingmaker.

New Mexico (14): Rockefeller picked off 4 stragglers, but Goldwater has 10.

New York (92): Native Son Rockefeller did well in last week's balloting for delegates, is certain of 86. Goldwater has at least 2. The remaining 4 are uncommitted but could very well go for Goldwater. Make it only 2 for Barry anyway.

North Carolina (26): Barry has 25 sure votes, may get the 26th.

North Dakota (14): Goldwater has a fairly solid 9, perhaps 11. Scranton has 2, Nixon 1.

Ohio (58): All should go to Favorite Son Governor James Rhodes on first ballot. If Rhodes releases his delegation during the first ballot, Goldwater stands to get at least half of Ohio's votes.

Oklahoma (22): In Barry's pocket.

Oregon (18): Rocky gets all, at least on the first ballot.

Pennsylvania (64): Favorite Son Scranton gets 62 on the first ballot, with 2 for Goldwater. Anywhere from 6 to 12 others should go for Barry after the first ballot.

Rhode Island (14): Governor John Chafee announced for Scranton last week, and all 14 are likely to follow his lead on the first vote. Though Barry could pick up 2 after that, give him a first-ballot blank in the smallest state.

South Carolina (16): Sold on Barry.

South Dakota (14): An uncommitted slate of delegates beat a Goldwater slate in last week's primary, but at least 6 of them aim to vote for Barry anyway, with 2 for Nixon, 6 undecided but probably pro-Goldwater.

Tennessee (28): Barry has bedrock support from 22, with 3 more leaning toward him, and 3 uncommitted.

Texas (56): Pure Goldwater.

Utah (14): Barry seems sure of 9, with 3 leaning to Lodge, 1 to Nixon, 1 undecided.

Vermont (12): Way northeast of Goldwater country, Barry gets 6 delegates, with 2 for Rocky, 1 for Smith, 1 for Scranton, 2 uncommitted.

Virginia (30): Of 18 delegates already chosen, Barry is certain of 17, the other is leaning heavily toward him. Count him for 14, though he will likely end up with 29 or all 30.

Washington (24): At least 22 for Goldwater. If Barry looks like a winner by the time Washington gets to vote, all 24 may hop aboard his bandwagon.

West Virginia (14): Goldwater has 4 solid votes, may get as many as 10. Rocky has 2, with 2 uncommitted.

Wisconsin (30): A first-round courtesy vote for Favorite Son Congressman John Byrnes is in the cards, but a Goldwater stampede could persuade at least 15 delegates to go for Barry on the first ballot.

Wyoming (12): All Goldwater.

District of Columbia (9): Rockefeller should get 5, Goldwater 4.

Puerto Rico (5): All Rockefeller's.

Virgin Islands (3): The works for Rocky.

Thus, by the most conservative possible reckoning, giving Goldwater only those votes committed to him or leaning strongly toward him, he has a minimum of 648 first-ballot votes, with plenty of reserve strength in such states as Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin. His rivals trail so far behind as to be almost out of sight: Rockefeller with 139 votes, Scranton with 86, Lodge with 48, Nixon with perhaps a dozen.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

forces had hoped to hold Barry to a 100,000 vote margin in Southern California, then more than make up the deficit in the northern part of the state, especially the San Francisco Bay area. But Goldwater took Los Angeles County by 158,000 votes, adjacent Orange County by 49,000 and San Diego County by 16,000.

Rocky could not overcome that lead, and just 22 minutes after the polls in Southern California closed, CBS-TV programmed its vote-analysis computer and declared Goldwater the winner with 53% of the vote. As of that time, the polling places were still open in northern California, and CBS suffered a few bad moments when the later returns began to arrive and showed Rocky closing the gap and even moving ahead. All the while, NBC, locked in hot competition with CBS, quite nervously stuck by its position that the race was close, and refused to name a winner. In the end it was NBC's less venturesome attitude that gave the viewer a better understanding of how close the race was.

Goldwater's California win was impressive in light of the powerful opposition, but it was about as narrow as a win can be. To some observers it gave further proof that Barry is a poor vote getter. Indeed, his record in this year's previous primaries was unimpressive. He lost to Lodge's write-in candidacy in New Hampshire. He won Illinois, but his only on-the-ballot opponent, Maine's Margaret Chase Smith, got 26% of the vote. He won Indiana, but Harold Stassen, of all people, got 26%. He won Nebraska, but write-ins gave Nixon 31.4%. He all but withdrew from Oregon, leaving Rocky as the only active candidate in the field.

Yet the fact remains that while others were getting the primary votes, Goldwater was getting the delegates in state after state. Why? One answer is that Goldwater's followers, just as in California, were willing to work. Another is that in nonprimary states, Barry had no opposition in the form of serious contenders for the nomination. Rockefeller, the only other major avowed candidate, based his whole campaign on the primaries, made little effort to win delegates at state conventions. That left Goldwater confronted only by favorite sons and state leaders who wished to go to San Francisco uncommitted. It was not much of a contest, and while others were making headlines with their primary showings, Barry was simply moving closer to the nomination.

Faced by Fact. Thus California's 86 delegates very nearly put Goldwater over the top, and his bandwagon was on the move. His national campaign manager, Phoenix Lawyer Denison Kitchel, predicted after the California victory that the wagon would soon be overflowing. Said New York Public Relations Executive F. Clifton White, another top Goldwater aide: "I can hear those adding machines clicking out there in the uncommitted states already. From here on in, we just hit those state conventions and rack up the delegates." Noting that Ohio State G.O.P. Chairman Ray Bliss controls 56 delegates who are prepared to give their first ballot to Favorite Son Governor James Rhodes, another Goldwater staffer said: "If I were Bliss, I'd be adding all this up and thinking that I'd hate like hell to be the last one to come over to Goldwater."

CARROLL & COLLISON—PI

GOLDWATER WORKERS AT VICTORY CELEBRATION
In the ranks, an enormous faith.

All of which leaves the Republican Party, the nation and the world faced with a probable G.O.P. nominee for President of the U.S. who is one of the most controversial politicians in recent history. The reaction to Goldwater's California victory in the foreign press was nearly hysterical. Said the London Times: "The sight of a major party endorsing and promoting a man so blatantly out of touch with reality, so wild in his foreign policy, so backward in his domestic ideas and so inconsistent in his thinking, would be a serious blow to American prestige abroad." West Germany's Frankfurter Rundschau called Barry "not only conservative, what is more dangerous, a confu... and weak man who hides his weak... and uncertainty with fiery speech... Stockholm's Dagens Nyheter c... California "a victory for stupidity... ignorance." The Glasgow Herald ... that "Goldwater in the White H... would be disastrous. His policies ... not merely reactionary, they are ... of them) stupid to a degree th... incredible."

What has Republican Gold... done and said to arouse such fea... First of all, he is basically too con... tive for the taste of a great ma... of important editorialists and co... tators. Moreover, he has made ... rash statements and taken some ra... stands, only to modify them later ... ticularly when talking off the cuff ... often distressingly imprecise, lend... generalizations to misinterpretati... some cases, his statements have ... been taken out of context or sub... to downright distortion. Just where ... Barry Goldwater actually stand on ... issues? Items:

• NATIONAL SECURITY AND FOREIGN POLICY. Goldwater advocates a strong ... fense establishment, aligns himself ... a foreign policy that matches ... Eisenhower-Dulles view. "I think ... manship is a pretty good word." In ... running fight with Defense Secr... Robert McNamara, he does not ... tion the reliability of U.S. missiles ... they are in flight; what he does ... that it is not yet known whether ... doors and other such ground m... nisms could withstand attack fro... enemy's nuclear weapons.

• SOUTHEAST ASIA. "The first thing ... got to do is make the decision ... we're going to win in Viet Nam. ... supplies of the Communist inv... have got to be cut off. This m... threatening or actually interdicting ... supply routes from Red China ... and Cambodia." Asked recently ... how this might be done, he listed ... eral possibilities, including the ... small nuclear weapons to "defo... the Vietnamese jungle and ... Communist guerrillas of their cov... did not say that he advocated ... step, although that was the impr... that his listeners received, and the ... lines made it appear a definite ... water proposal.

• UNITED NATIONS. Asked in 196... would like to see the U.S. get out ... U.N., he replied: "Having seen ... the United Nations cannot do, I ... have to suggest it." But in Cal... he said, "I don't want to get out ... United Nations. I want to make ... better."

• FOREIGN AID. Goldwater favors ... principle of military aid and te... assistance, but he would halt ... aid.

• SOVIET UNION. "I have always ... withdrawing recognition from R... I never favored recognition fro...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

start." In January he said that no President could take such a step without the advice and consent of the Senate. Since then, he has agreed that such consultation is not required by the Constitution, but says he would consult anyway. He now holds that that withdrawal of recognition should be used as a "bargaining device" to gain advantages from Russia. "Russia needs us far more than we need Russia. I would look on recognition as a tool to be used in negotiating for such things as free elections in other countries, for negotiating to get the troops and weapons out of Cuba." He still argues that diplomatic relations with the Soviets are of no value to the U.S. because "we don't know any more about Russia now than we did when we established diplomatic relations 30 years ago."

• SOCIAL SECURITY. In New Hampshire, Goldwater was asked if he favored continuing or altering the social security system. Replied he: "I would like to suggest one change, that social security be voluntary." Almost everyone agrees that a voluntary social security system would be actuarially unsound, and Goldwater's remark was certainly a factor in his New Hampshire loss. But in California a fortnight ago, he said flatly that he does not advocate making the system voluntary, and insisted that "anyone who says I am against social security lies."

• CIVIL RIGHTS. The civil rights bill is "like a three dollar bill—it's a phony." Goldwater opposes the public accommodations and FEPC sections of the pending civil rights bill, says that they are unconstitutional because they infringe on the rights of private property. He believes that "there are too many old laws which aren't even working. And there is this above all, the oldest law of all: you cannot pass a law that will make me like you or you like me. This is something that can only happen in our hearts. This is a problem of the mind, not a problem of the lawyer and the Senator. If we believe that our rights come to us from God, when the day comes that we act as if we believe it, all differences of the white and white and the black and black will be wiped off the face of this nation."

• INCOME TAX. Though he once condemned the graduated income tax and suggested instead an across-the-board tax of, say, 10%, he has changed his stand somewhat. "I don't like the progressive features of the income tax," but "we cannot do away with progressive features entirely."

• AID TO EDUCATION. He opposes the principle of aid to elementary and secondary public schools, but favors federal aid to colleges.

• TVA. He no longer advocates selling the entire TVA to private business, but would sell the steam-generating plants and the fertilizer program that are associated with TVA.

• JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY. He refuses to denounce it because "members of the Birch Society have a constitutional right to take the positions they choose, even though I might disagree with them."

"They." In a post-California statement, Goldwater adapted a phrase that Rockefeller had been using about himself, claimed a victory for the "mainstream of Republican thinking." Certainly Barry's ideas flow somewhat to the right of that mainstream. Yet only after California were many leaders of moderate Republicanism, including the G.O.P.'s so-called "kingmakers," finally convinced that their party was likely to nominate for President a man whose views do not represent theirs.

Throughout much of the land, there is almost a mystique about Republican kingmakers, centered mostly in the Northeast and commonly referred to as "they." But so far in the present presidential contest, they have done no noticeable kingmaking. For one thing, they have had the strong feeling that neither John Kennedy nor Lyndon Johnson was likely to be defeated by any Republican. For another, they rather like Lyndon, especially his frugal fiscal positions. For still another, they have tended to underrate Goldwater's volunteer strength and to overrate the possibility that Barry would somehow beat himself.

Perhaps most of all, they have been unable to coalesce behind a single available alternative candidate. Rockefeller, once by far the Republican front runner, probably sacrificed his chances with his remarriage (one school of thought insists that the birth of his son, Nelson Aldrich Jr., just three days before the California primary worked to his disadvantage, reminding voters of his recent marital situation). There has been little enthusiasm for Richard Nixon since he turned out to be a poor loser in the 1962 California gubernatorial race. Despite Cabot Lodge's strong showings in primaries and polls, he is unpopular with many Republicans who feel that he is, in unlikely combination, too aloof and patrician and liberal; indeed, the main effect of Lodge's New Hampshire primary victory this year probably was to divert and delay any concerted effort that anti-Goldwater Republicans might have mounted.

CONRAD—LOS ANGELES TIMES

THE MAINSTREAM OF CALIFORNIA REPUBLICANISM

UPI

PENNSYLVANIA'S SCRANTON
The one who's left.

"It's Very Late." By process of elimination, that leaves Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton as the best remaining hope for anti-Goldwater Republicans. Until last week, Scranton was genuinely unwilling to make a move. For months he insisted that he did not want the nomination, would not seek it, and would only reluctantly accept a genuine draft. Despite Scranton's repeated statements, it was behind him that anti-Goldwater Republican leaders late last week tried to rally. On Saturday, Dwight Eisenhower asked Scranton to visit him in Gettysburg. Ike urged Scranton to begin taking a "positive" view about the Republican nomination, and Scranton indicated that he would do so. Almost immediately the word was passed by Ohio's Governor Rhodes, attending the National Conference of Governors in Cleveland, that Scranton was willing. Next day Scranton said he is available.

But even if all the Republican leaders who oppose Goldwater were to gather around Scranton, would they be able to stop Barry's bandwagon? There is deep doubt that they could. "It would take a superhuman effort," says Maine's Fred Scribner, general counsel to the Republican National Committee. Says General Lucius Clay, an authentic Republican kingmaker: "It's late, very late."

If such an attempt were to be made, it would, if successful, leave the Republican Party in a deeply divided state. Barry Goldwater himself would undoubtedly support Scranton or any other nominee; he has made party loyalty his gospel. But his dedicated followers have gone too far and worked too hard to accept an eleventh-hour defeat. Thus, as the situation stood last week, the G.O.P.'s probable course was to accept Goldwater, rally behind him, and work to influence him toward mainstream positions.

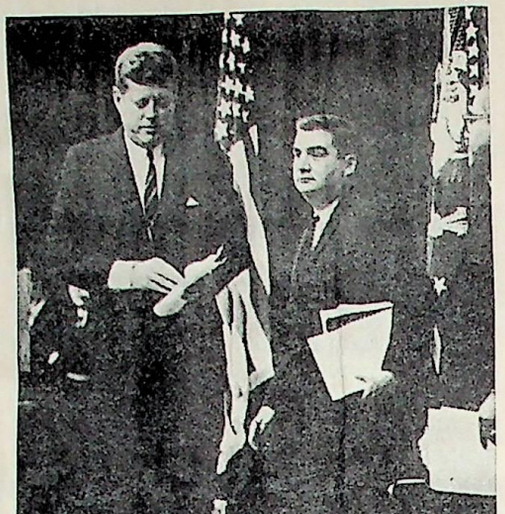
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CULVER PICTURES

MURPHY & SHIRLEY TEMPLE (1938)

UPI



SALINGER & J.F.K. (1963)

A conflict between the late show and a lucky shirt.

CALIFORNIA

Nomination by Association

Pierre Salinger's entry into California's Democratic Senate primary was late and funny. He filed only two hours before the deadline, then had comic-opera troubles convincing legal authorities that he was a Californian; after all, he had not lived in the state for nine years, for the past four had been a voter in Harry Byrd's Virginia, and on primary day could not even vote for himself. "Carpetbagger!" cried Pierre's chief opponent, State Controller Alan Cranston. Asked what issues he and Salinger disagreed on, Cranston replied acidly: "The only subject I see at the moment that Mr. Salinger and I could productively debate is his apparent desire to reapportion the U.S. Senate with three seats from Virginia and one from California." Pierre reapportioned the Democratic vote to his side, 1,193,934 to Cranston's 1,051,106.

Memories of Jack. In the crucial final stages of the campaign Salinger got important help from a pair of ladies. Lucretia Engle, wife of popular incumbent Democratic Senator Clair Engle, who was forced to withdraw from the primary after his second brain operation since August, came out for Salinger. And Jackie Kennedy said: "President Kennedy valued his advice and counsel on all major matters."

Salinger's past association as press secretary to Jack Kennedy clearly was his best issue. He constantly recalled the crises through which he had gone with the late President. In the final hours of the campaign, Pierre's people mailed 4,000,000 postcards, each bearing a blue-bordered photo of Kennedy, an italicized caption "In His Tradition," and a sample ballot with an "X" after Salinger. On election night, he made certain that he wore his lucky pink-and-white-striped election shirt—the same one he had worn for elections ever since Kennedy won the New Hampshire presidential primary in 1960.

Among the primary byproducts were: 1) new prestige for State Assembly Speaker Jesse ("Big Daddy") Unruh, who backed Salinger from the start; 2) a numbing blow to Governor Edmund ("Pat") Brown, who had lunged in to support Cranston; and 3) a badly torn Democratic Party. Dismayed by it all, Brown mumbled, "Even though I'm disappointed, I feel good about having such a fine man as Pierre for Senator." Cranston, too, promised he would support Salinger—but added that he would not drop a $2,000,000 libel suit against Pierre for making the campaign charge that Cranston had put the campaign-fund arm on inheritance-tax appraisers whom he had appointed.

Help from Shirley. In November Salinger will face a Republican who gathered a lot of votes from a somewhat more distant past image. He is filmdom's veteran Song and Dance Man George Murphy, now 61, who is still getting a lot of free TV exposure on late-late shows as, among other things, the charming, marvelously nimble adult dancing partner of a ten-year-old named Shirley Temple. Murphy is a thoroughly respectable candidate, has been a top California Republican figure for a decade, describes himself as a "dynamic conservative," and has refused to embrace publicly either the conservative or the liberal faction of California Republicanism. Said George Murphy of the November elections: "If I win that one, I'll invite Pierre to play the piano and I'll do a little dance."

Chances are, with 1964 looking like a Democratic year in California, that Pierre will end up dancing.

ALABAMA

Scalded

After the Kennedy Administrat
won its fight to "liberalize" the po
ful House of Representatives R
Committee in 1961, one of its ba
picked new members was Alaba
Democratic Representative Carl El
The appointment gave Elliott, a
styled "Southern liberal," power
prestige in the House. But in Alab
where liberals are not very popula
got him into a lot of hot water.
last week that water boiled ove

Because of failure to reapp
Alabama's districts, candidates fo
eight of the state's House seats ra
large. In last week's Democratic
mary, Elliott, 51, stood ninth and,
seven House terms, was turned ou
office. Just to underline their re
Alabama Democrats nominated
mingham's former police commissio
Eugene ("Bull") Connor, an inter
tional symbol of segregation, for
presidency of the utility-regulating
public service commission.

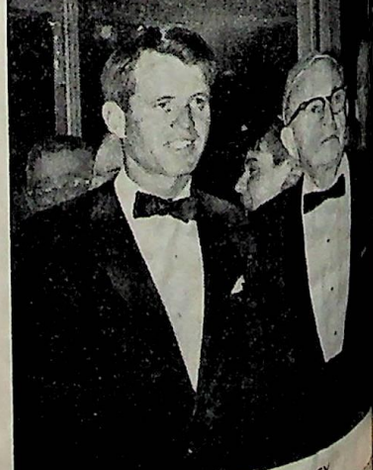
NEW YORK

And the Big Name Is Wagner

At 11:40 p.m., less than two ho
after the polls closed, Bronx Democ
Boss Charles Buckley, 73, walked sc
ing from a back door of the dec
office building that houses his headq
ters. Two reporters met him with q
tions. "Get the hell outa the w
snarled a Buckley henchman. T
words were downright kindly comp
with Buckley's own profanity. After
years as Congressman from New Yo
23rd District, during which he rose
the chairmanship of the pork-barre
House Public Works Committee, B
ley had just been beaten in his pa
primary by a political dude named
athan Brewster Bingham.

For eleven years, grumpy Charle
ramrodded the Bronx Democratic
chine he inherited from Frank
Roosevelt's old friend, Boss Ed F
Both in The Bronx and in the H

JOHN E. HOPKINS—NEW YORK JOURNAL-AM



BOBBY WITH BUCKLEY
A snarl a

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

uckley was in position to do a lot of vors for a lot of important Demo- ats. President Kennedy went out of is way to praise Buckley publicly. Pres- dent Johnson supported him with a armly worded letter in his fight against Bingham. Robert Kennedy spoke in New York on behalf of his re-election.

Who's a Stiff? Buckley contemptuous- y dismissed Reform Challenger Bing- ham, 50, as a "punk" and a "big stiff." At one point, he chortled, "Jonathan— now what kind of a name is that for The Bronx? And look at his middle ame—Brewster—isn't that pathetic?" Bingham indeed seemed out of place in The Bronx, which in considerable part is a low-income land of garment work- ers and small shopkeepers, of tenements and Bronx cheer. A slim, silver-haired, impeccably tailored product of Groton nd Yale, Bingham has been for the past three years a U.S. representative to the United Nations.

But Bingham also had something to talk about. He attacked Buckley's no- table record of House absenteeism (pres- nt for only 34% of House roll calls last ear), charged him with padding his House committee payroll to pay per- onal political aides. Each day Bingham rode through Bronx streets, shaking ands and making impromptu speeches, often accompanied by his grey poodle, amed Yankee Poodle, who wore a sign, Underdogs for Bingham." At cam- paign's end he came as close as he ever id to language that Charlie Buckley ight really understand when he told a roup of campaign workers: "If the adies will excuse me, we fought like ell." He won 26,000 to 22,000.

Measure of Influence. Two other ma- ine men were stopped in New York st week. In the 21st Congressional istrict, Chief Buckley Lieutenant and e-term Representative James C. Hea- y lost 20,000 to 22,000 to Reformer ries H. Scheuer. In Greenwich Vil- ge, onetime Tammany Hall Boss Car- ine De Sapio lost a second bid to re- in his district leadership to Attorney dward I. Koch in a 5,904 to 5,740 re. In one exception, however, 19th

TOMMY WEBER

WAGNER WITH BINGHAM
...uch to talk about.

District Congressman Leonard Farbstein, an oldtime Tammany politician, turned back reform Challenger William Haddad, 35, with 19,851 votes to Haddad's 16,700.

All four victories were shared by one man—New York's Democratic Mayor Robert Wagner. Wagner came out publicly for Farbstein, the only Tammany type the mayor chose to support. The mayor endorsed both Bingham and Scheuer, has long fought to keep Tammany Tiger De Sapio from power. His decision to back Bingham despite the Administration's endorsement of Buckley probably won Wagner no presidential good will. But the outcome certainly increased his stature in and influence over the New York Democratic Party.

ILLINOIS

With the Courage to Purge

What a mess! Required by constitutional amendment to redraw Illinois' political districts, the state legislature fussed and fought, finally had the only redistricting bill that it did pass vetoed by Democratic Governor Otto Kerner. Result: this year candidates for all 177 seats in the Illinois assembly must run in a statewide, at-large election. Moreover, a Republican-Democratic agreement since regularized by law prohibits either party from nominating more than 118 candidates—amounting precisely to a two-thirds assembly majority.

Confusing? Worse than that. Chaotic. But in that chaos, former Bell & Howell Board Chairman Charles Percy, 44, the G.O.P. nominee for Governor against Kerner, saw opportunity. He reached for it in a fashion that should disprove the notion that youthful, well-scrubbed, idealistic Chuck Percy is more an Eagle Scout than a tough politician.

The West Side Bloc. The situation was this: for years, the balance of power in the closely divided Illinois assembly has been held by a handful of nominal Republicans, most of them coming from Cook County and, for the sake of re-election, more than willing to play footsie with Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's Democratic machine. It was with the help of this group that in 1961 the assembly, although it had a narrow Republican majority, nonetheless elected a Democratic speaker. The so-called "West Side bloc" also gave the state Republican Party a bad image by standing steadfastly against such reforms as anti-gambling legislation.

Since the Illinois ballot will be on paper, not machines, and since it will be long and complicated, there is every chance that a vast majority of citizens will save themselves trouble by voting straight tickets. Thus Percy spotted a chance not only to enhance his own candidacy but to end up as Governor with a genuine Republican assembly by cleansing the G.O.P. slate of West Side bloc leaders. And that is what he set out to do. "We have a special problem

UPI

ILLINOIS' MURPHY WITH PERCY
A purge in the dance hall.

in Illinois that beclouds our reputation and helps keep Republicans at home," he said. "I mean the West Side bloc. Here are men holding important positions within our party who always stand against any law that will fight organized crime effectively or that will enable us to reform our election laws to help prevent vote fraud."

Better to Belong To. Marked for purge were six men, including Assembly Majority Leader "Bingo Bill" Murphy and Assembly Appropriations Committee Chairman Peter Granata. Put on Percy's slate were such men as Dwight Eisenhower's brother Earl, 66, the public relations director of a suburban Chicago newspaper chain, which insisted that he resign his job to make the race; onetime Chicago Daily News Reporter and Scandal Sleuth George Thiem, and former TV Weatherman Clint Youle.

At last week's state convention, held in the Springfield Elks Club, Percy resolutely pushed through his purge, staring coldly into space when Murphy came to whisper in his ear. The six purgees bellowed their protests from the convention podium. Cried Granata: "Where have you ever witnessed such dictatorship and bossism as you are witnessing today, except in Russia?" Purgee Robert Austin, noting that all those on Percy's blacklist were Catholics, claimed the whole thing was anti-Catholic. One "Babe" McAvoy pointed a finger at Percy and said: "If you are elected, you will have a Georgia chain gang legislature and you'll be the man holding the whip."

All the while, Chuck Percy sat smiling benignly. He had the votes and he knew it. Of the first 28 delegates to vote, 27 went for Percy's slate, whereupon two of the purgees withdrew and the rest were plainly finished. In his victory, Percy may have suffered some slight attrition around Cook County. But the Illinois G.O.P. was plainly a better party to belong to.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE PRESIDENCY

That's Quite a Platform

The Republicans may, and probably will have a furious fight over their platform. But there is no doubt about what the Democrats' will be: President Lyndon Johnson standing foursquare for all things for all men.

Unity. As commencement speaker at the University of Texas, he was, for one thing, the Great Moderator. Said he: "It is one of the great tasks of political leadership to make our people aware that they share a fundamental unity of interest, purpose and belief. On the basis of this unity, I intend to try and achieve a broad national consensus which can end obstruction and paralysis and liberate the energies of the nation for the work of the future."

Might. In New London, Conn., before the graduating class of the Coast Guard Academy, he was the tough-talking Commander in Chief. The U.S., he said, possesses a military power against which "the combined destructive power of every battle ever fought by man is like a firecracker thrown against the sun. We have now more than 1,000 fully armed ICBMs and Polaris missiles ready for retaliation. The Soviet Union has far fewer and none ready to be launched beneath the seas. We have more than 1,100 strategic bombers, many of which are equipped with air-to-surface and decoy missiles to help them reach almost any target. In the past three years we have raised the number of combat-ready divisions by 45%. They can be moved swiftly around the world by an airlift capacity which has increased 75%. We, and our NATO allies, now have 5,000,000 men under arms. In every area of national strength, America today is stronger than it has ever been before. It is stronger than the combined might of all the nations in the history of the world."

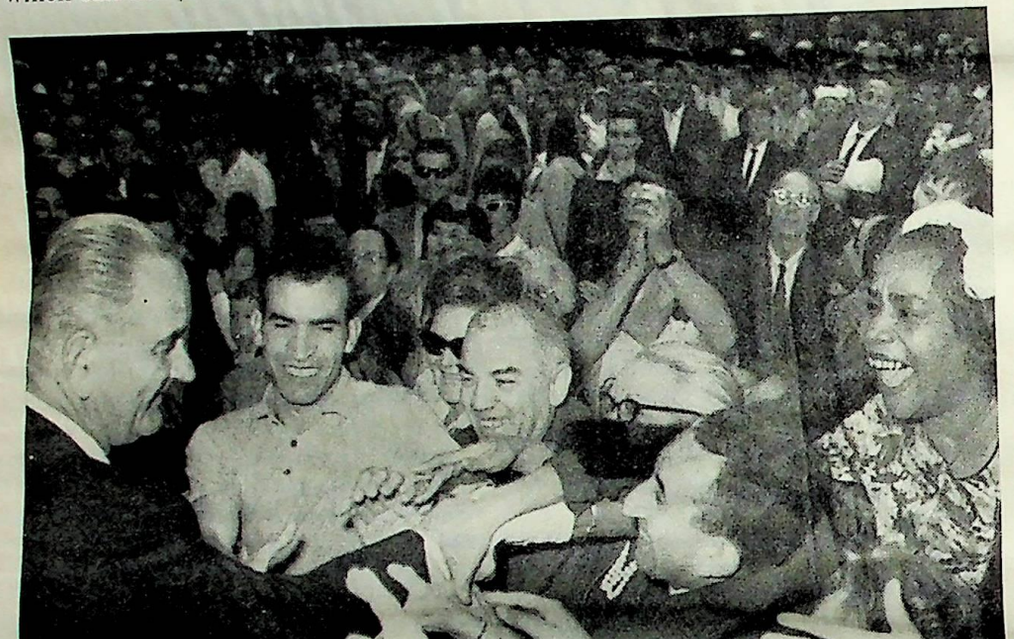
Peace. A few hours later, at a nuclear submarine keel-laying in nearby Groton, Conn., Johnson was the Great Peace Seeker, warning against the rash use of military might. In an obvious crack at his probable November opponent, Barry Goldwater, Johnson said: "Those who would answer every problem with nuclear weapons display not bravery but bravado, not wisdom but a wanton disregard for the survival of the world and the future of the race."

Friendship. Then too, there was the Friend of All Cultures. Two weeks ago Johnson entertained Ireland's President Eamon de Valera. Last week he became the first U.S. President to receive officially an Israeli chief of state, Prime Minister Levi Eshkol, 68, whom Johnson entertained with a state dinner and Bach music by Violinist Mischa Elman, 73, and by the Parisian Swingle Singers, who perform their Bach with a modern beat. Said Johnson in an accolade to Eshkol: "We are very much alike. We are both farmers." Two months ago he had received an Arab potentate, Jordan's King Hussein. Now came a non-Arab Moslem, Iran's Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi and his Empress Farah Diba, to whom Johnson gave cowboy suits for their three-year-old son and one-year-old daughter.

Prosperity. On the home front, he was the Architect of Prosperity. Boasted Johnson at a White House press conference: "Our record economic expansion, which entered its 40th month yesterday, is showing new vitality. The expansion will roll on through 1964 ... we believe well into 1965."

Poverty. Finally, Johnson flew to ... York to address the International ... dies' Garment Workers Union on ... 50th anniversary of its Health C... and became the Defender of the U... trodden and the Crusader Against ... erty. Said he: "We will help the ... privileged and the underpaid by ... ing minimum wage and unemploy... compensation. We have mounted ... tack upon the final fortresses of po... We will continue the hundred ... struggle to give every American ... ery race and color—equal opp... in American society."

AP



JOHNSON HANDSHAKING ALONG MANHATTAN'S SEVENTH AVENUE
Also Commander, Crusader, and Architect of Prosperity.

RACES

Terror on the Trains

Nicholas Philippides, 54, a be... cled little Greek immigrant who ... restaurant in Brooklyn, wearily b... an IND subway train at the S... Avenue stop near Coney Island a... ment park. It was 2 a.m., and Nic... there because he had been helpi... friend run a hot-dog stand at the pa...

The train pulled out, and over ... rumble of wheels Philippides heard ... fling and shouting as a score of ... boys ran from car to car, sm... lights, roughing up passengers. N... tight. One young marauder gashe... while kicking out a window, and ... tended to the wound as he lay ... aisle near Nick Philippides. T... Nick's mind flashed the advice ... ther gave him in Greece years a... someone wants to eat with you, s... and eat with them. But if someone ... to fight with you, move away."

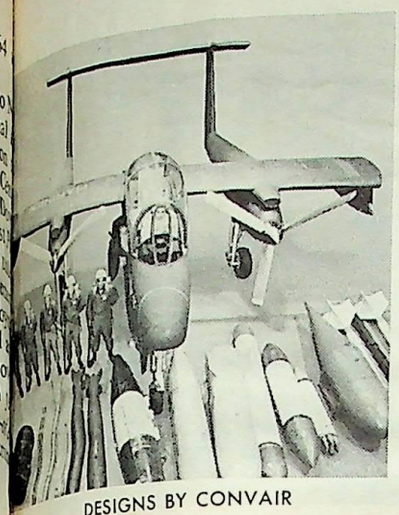
But Nick didn't dare move. He ... paralyzed with fear. Only when the ... slowed for his stop at Kings H... station did he get up. And then ... the car doors opened, the gang ... beating him, knocking off and s... ing his glasses. They finally left ... the station platform with his wall... taining $97, missing, his trousers ... ripped off, his shirt covered wit... his face a pulpy, puffy mass o... and bruises.

At the station, the gang ra... beat up another man, slugged ... old Howard Weiner unconscio... a bottle, then pummeled him ... fully. Suddenly a young Negro ... er shouted, "The police are c... The boy who shouted, an 18-... Mississippian newly arrived ... York and identified by police ... "Larry," was simply trying to he... er by scaring away the gang. L... ry said bitterly: "I'm scared of ... up here in New York. It's safer ... sissippi." In any event, his ruse ... and the gang fled. A dozen ... were arrested afterward and ... with crimes ranging from malic... chief to assault and robbery.

Nightmarish though it was ... perience of Nick Philippides ... ard Weiner took on its real sig...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

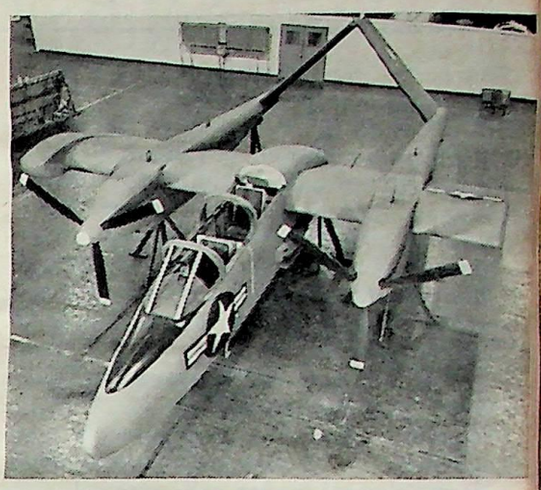
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



DESIGNS BY CONVAIR

BY LOCKHEED

A cross between tortoise and hare.



BY MARTIN

as part of a bigger pattern—a wave of terrorism on the trains. Within 96 hours of the Kings Highway station outbreak, these incidents also took place:

▸ *Five Negroes* crowded around Michael Sadev, 17, on a Manhattan express train, demanded his money, insisted he play his transistor radio for them. When Sadev refused, one punk stabbed him in the shoulder while dozens of other commuters watched—apparently afraid to intervene. All of the Negroes were arrested, but they were released in custody of their parents because they were juveniles and Sadev refused to press charges.

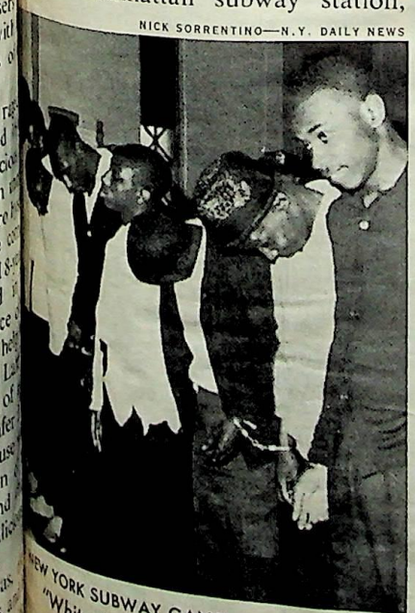
▸ Four young Negroes, one swinging a meat cleaver, ranged through the cars, terrorizing passengers on a Brooklyn train. Finally, one yanked open the door of Motorman George Dauenheimer's cab, held the cleaver at his neck and snarled, "Are you black or white?" Dauenheimer said, "I'm white." The Negro shouted, "I'm just going to cut your head off." But when Dauenheimer stopped the train, the hoodlums jumped off. When they tried to break into a change booth, they were arrested and jailed by subway police.

▸ A Negro walked up to Ismael Velez, 22, in a Manhattan subway station, plunged a knife into Velez' chest and left without a word. Velez lived, but could not identify his assailant.

As the subway savagery mounted, New Yorkers—millions of them totally dependent on subways for transportation—began to feel desperate. Adding to their fear was a chilling slogan—"White Man, Your Time Is Up"—scrawled on subway station walls. Civil rights leaders and police insisted it was not a campaign organized by racist Negroes. N.A.A.C.P. President Roy Wilkins declared that subway terrorists did not attack from "purely racial motivations," but he added: "Part of the context in which these Negro delinquents are bred is indeed bitterness and frustration, which all Negroes feel at the continued denial of equal opportunity everywhere and at the unpunished beatings and killings of Negroes, which continue to feature the civil rights theme in the Deep South." At midweek, New York's Mayor Robert Wagner said grimly, "I am determined that we're going to have law and order in our subways." He announced that 200 Transit Authority policemen would go on daily overtime duty in subways, another 500 regular New York cops would do the same on the streets above, and all of the city's 20,000 patrolmen—most of whom travel to and from work on subways—would commute armed and in uniform from now on.

Just hours after Wagner's beefed-up subway force went on duty, a Negro pulled a knife and slashed it across the face of Cab Driver Henry Feist, 64, as he rode a Brooklyn train. The man was arrested and held on assault charges. But Nick Philippides, his face still swollen and battered, now spoke for a whole city when he said: "Of course I'll have to take the subway. I have no car, and I have to work for a living. But I'll be afraid."

NICK SORRENTINO—N.Y. DAILY NEWS



NEW YORK SUBWAY GANG AFTER ARRESTS
"White Man, Your Time Is Up."

ARMED FORCES

A Hot COIN

As the world's mightiest military power thrashes about for ways to subdue the light-footed Communist guerrillas in South Viet Nam, more effective use of aircraft often seems the obvious answer. But the supersonic jet is too swift for efficient coordination with jungle-bound ground troops, the helicopter sometimes too slow and vulnerable. Now U.S. Navy officials believe they have found a potential solution in COIN (for counter-insurgency), a "flying squad car."

The COIN project was first suggested in December 1962 by Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara's office, which gave it to the Navy for administrative development. The Navy came up with some stiff specifications for such a plane. It must have a top speed of 316 m.p.h., be able to linger over a target for two hours, clear a 50-ft. barrier on takeoff within 800 ft. of its starting point, operate out of sod fields, off gravel roads and, when equipped with pontoons, from water. It would require two engines so that it could still fly if one were knocked out. Finally, it must be able to carry up to six paratroopers, two crew members, four machine guns and four conventional bombs.

Nine manufacturers have submitted ingenious proposals for doing the job. The Martin design utilizes hot engine gases flowing past a V-shaped tail to keep the tail high even at 28 m.p.h. General Dynamics proposed a detachable pod for carrying the soldiers. Lockheed features a more conventional fuselage, but its high wings are detachable so the craft can be transported in cargo planes. Most of the firms, however, could not meet the original cost goal of a $100,000 aircraft, figured the cost above $200,000. And once a manufacturer is selected, it will take up to five years to get the plane operational.

The whole project will soon be back on McNamara's desk for a decision on whether to proceed. Already he has questioned whether COIN's cost is justified by its advantages over the modified Navy Skyraider propeller planes now being assigned to Viet Nam. He also must consider whether there will be a need for COIN-type aircraft five years from now. On the other hand, there is a rising clamor in the Congress for new and decisive action against the Viet Cong. Thus, while COIN at the moment is a hot topic mainly in the aircraft industry and in the military services, it could easily blow up into a big national debate.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

INDIA

After Nehru

The man chosen last week to command one-seventh of the world's people has a turkey neck, a smudgy mustache, and an expression of ineffable meekness. It is a little misleading, insists Lal Bahadur Shastri, the new Prime Minister of India. "I am not as simple as I look."

Nothing is simple in India, including Shastri's unanimous election. He was the clear choice of the country's three kingmakers, 1) Congress Party President Kamaraj Nadar, who controls four south Indian states, 2) Atulya Ghosh, boss of eastern India, and 3) Bombay's S. K. Patil, who personally directs some 100 of the 537 Congress Party M.P.s. All three closed ranks behind Shastri as the man most capable of bringing "unity" to the nation. And all three opposed the only other candidate, conservative, autocratic Morarji Desai, the former Finance Minister, who was supported by rightists, leftists and untouchables. On tree-shaded Delhi lawns and in air-conditioned bungalows, the kingmakers argued that a man like Desai might start quarrels at home and be too intransigent abroad. For India's sake they begged that the new Prime Minister be elected unanimously. Once he was sure of a majority, Patil went to Desai's bungalow, sat beside him on the floor and asked him to withdraw from the race. Desai finally agreed, conceding, "It would hurt some to have an election contest. It is better that I am hurt than others."

Typically, Shastri had stayed aloof from all the politicking. Next morning, he rose early, had a modest breakfast with his family. He was the last to reach Parliament, where the other Congress Party members were already gathered beneath the high dome of the central hall. In a soft, reedy voice, tiny (5 ft., 112 lbs.) Shastri promised to carry on Nehru's work. Then he drove to the Jumna River to pray at the site where Nehru had been cremated.

Into the Ganges. Though Nehru's will had specifically requested no religious ceremonies after his death (Nehru was an avowed agnostic), his daughter Indira Gandhi had ordered the funeral performed with full Hindu religious customs and traditions. Nehru also had asked that a handful of his ashes be thrown into the holy Ganges River at Allahabad, his birthplace, not for religious reasons but because "the Ganges especially is the river of India, beloved of her people . . . running into the present and flowing on to the great ocean of the future." The remainder of his ashes, according to Nehru's w[ish] will be scattered from an airplane [so] that they might mingle with the [air] and soil of India and become an in[dis]tinguishable part of India."

SHASTRI ELECTED

When Nehru suffered his first [stroke] he called on Shastri to take over [as] deputy prime minister. The new [P.M.] insists he was not especially marked [for] succession, and during Nehru's [illness] told newsmen, "If the Prime Min[ister] has something in his mind, he has [not] informed me of it." What, then, focu[sed] attention on Shastri? His personal [hon]esty, for one thing, and his deftne[ss in] conciliation for another. A secret [of]

A MAN OF SILK & STEEL

FREELY translated, Lal Bahadur Shastri means "Graduate Brave Jewel." He was born in 1904, the second son of a minor tax collector in the village of Mughal Sarai, near the holy city of Benares. His father died when he was an infant. The child belonged to the Kayasth caste, who were disdained as quislings by other Hindus because they became clerks and officials under the Moslem rule of the conquering Mogul emperors. Their reputation for shrewdness is so great that an Indian saying runs, "If you meet a Kayasth and a serpent, kill the Kayasth first."

Lal Bahadur showed little of his caste's supposed brilliance, although he cared enough about an education to walk eight miles a day to school, sometimes taking a short cut by swimming the Ganges River, carefully strapping his books to his head before entering the water. He made his first total commitment at 16, when Mahatma Gandhi spoke to students in Benares. From Gandhi, says Shastri, "I learned of the moral aspect of life—to serve your country without love of power and authority, if possible." To fight for freedom, the lad quit high school three months before he was due to graduate, and, in all, was arrested eight times by the British, serving a total of nine years in jail. In 1932, when police refused to let Indian nationalists hoist their flag on the clock tower of Allahabad, he rode by in a cart, disguised in the veils of a Moslem woman, suddenly leaped off and sprinted up the tower stairs, raising the flag before the police could stop him.

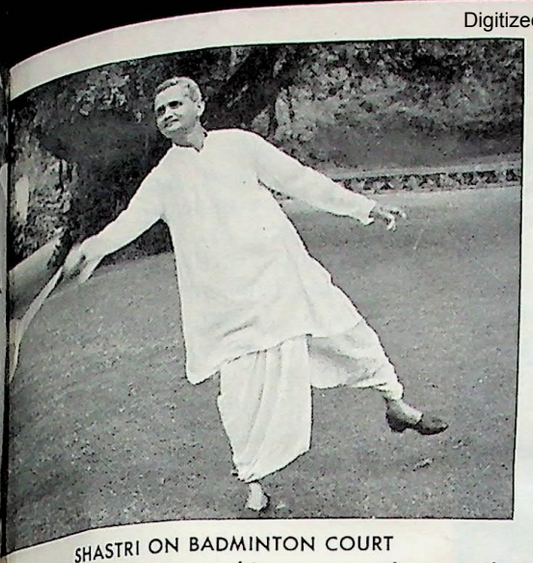
Repaid Loyalty. In his home state of Uttar Pradesh, India's most populous and the birthplace of Jawaharlal Nehru, Shastri became the protégé of the Hindu traditionalist leaders, Purushottamdas Tandon and Pandit Pant. With independence in 1947, he rose through the state government to become Home Minister of Uttar Pradesh. When Prime Minister Nehru broke with the conservatives in 1951, Shastri abandoned one preceptor, Tandon, to join the other, Pandit Pant, in supporting Nehru. From that moment Lal Bahadur Shastri never left Nehru's side, and the grateful Prime Minister repaid the loyalty with a succession of Cabinet jobs.

In a nation where politicians affect superior airs, Shastri is modest and retiring. Among a people given to rhetoric and ritual, he is concrete and practical. In a land reverencing charismatic leadership and far-reaching intelle[ct] looks like a messenger boy [and] parages his own brain. Above [all] reassuringly rational. Though [he] corruption, he does so with [intel]and compassion, well aware that paid public servants will invari[ably] tempted by bribes.

In foreign affairs, Shastri ma[y be] provincial, since he has only once beyond India's borders, and then to neighboring Nepal. In a nat[ion] divided by religion, language [and] gionalism, his great strength is [his] ty to bring people together. When atile language dispute broke out sam, Lal Bahadur quietly worked settlement. When the Sikhs campa[igned] for a separate state, Shastri was talk the Sikh leader out of a fast unto death. "I listen to [all] viewpoints. I have the capacity derstand them. I keep an open [mind]. As Home Minister, he noted: "A[lthough] I am a mediocre, yet I find that a cre like me is able to produce thing new and original, not in high sense, but whatever new [things] suggested in the Ministry, well generally come from me, and [the] ficers who are far, far abler [than] self go on with their routine

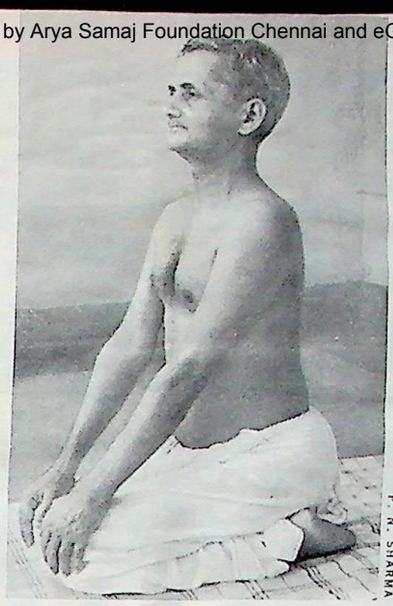
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



SHASTRI ON BADMINTON COURT

Out of mediocrity, something new and original.



P. N. SHARMA

SHASTRI AT YOGA

ernment poll revealed that Lal Bahadur, next to Nehru, was the best-liked, best-known figure in India.

Under the Maulshree. After his acceptance speech, Shastri returned to his bungalow and submitted to his first press conference, sitting at a desk beneath a spreading, white-blossomed *maulshree* tree. He was amiable but hardly informative. Would he follow the same principles as Nehru in forming a Cabinet? Shastri blinked, asked slyly, "What was his approach, the late Prime Minister?" Would he engage in peace talks with China about the disputed Himalayan border? "Let me be in office a few days before I answer that."

In office Shastri would immediately have to start thinking about the hard business of running a government. As he huddled with advisers on the makeup of his new Cabinet, it seemed likely that the Foreign Ministry might go to Indira Gandhi, while the defeated Desai was almost certain to be offered a portfolio, even if not the top one he demands. Another likely minister: S. K. Patil.

Perhaps the most accurate prediction was made by Shastri's 85-year-old uncle, Ram Pershad. Gazing at his newly eminent nephew, Ram Pershad said, "Yes, he is now Prime Minister, and now he has just created a thousand enemies."

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Something Happened to the Crisis

In the sparkling sunshine of a Hawaii morning, a stream of limousines purred up to a yellow concrete building overlooking Pearl Harbor. Central Intelligence Agency Director John McCone alighted from one and hurried inside. Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman General Maxwell Taylor emerged from another. Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, both in slacks and open shirts, arrived together, were greeted under the portico by Pacific Commander Harry Felt. Last to arrive, 20 minutes late, was U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam Henry Cabot Lodge, natty in an olive suit.

What brought all the brass to Hawaii's Camp Smith, named for retired Marine General Holland M. ("Howling Mad") Smith, was a two-day conference on the deteriorating U.S. position in Southeast Asia. The meetings got under way in a top-secret briefing room that rivaled the war room in *Dr. Strangelove*. There were flashing lights, whirring projectors and 9-ft.-high maps bristling with red pins. On one wall was an 18-ft. by 30-ft. colored map of Southeast Asia. On another, facing a semicircular table at which the key conferees sat, were multicolored lights positioning every vessel in the U.S. Pacific fleet and maps pinpointing Viet Cong supply areas, Soviet and Red Chinese ships and munitions dumps, and other strategic targets.

No Plans. It was the ideal setting for a crisis-atmosphere conference. But the conference was barely under way before it took on a non-crisis air. In Laos, the Red Pathet Lao had momentarily halted their drive, in some areas were even pulling back—though at week's end, after the Hawaii conference broke up, they were beginning to shoot again. In South Viet Nam, the number of attacks launched by the Viet Cong guerrillas had suddenly dipped sharply.

Desperately anxious to avoid having to make painful election-year decisions involving war or peace, the Johnson Administration seized on the respite offered by the Reds and began softening its tough talk about intensifying the war in South Viet Nam or extending it to North Viet Nam. After Wisconsin's Republican Congressman Melvin Laird told a radio audience that "the Johnson Administration's position is to move north, and we are prepared to move north," the President told a news conference: "I know of no plans that have been made to that effect." Laird stuck to his guns, but in Hawaii, Rusk, McNamara & Co. sought to downplay talk of any bold new measures.

Routine. As a result, what had been shaping up as a grim meeting designed to chart a potentially risky new course in Southeast Asia suddenly turned into a routine conference on the war in South Viet Nam—the 14th such meeting in Hawaii since December 1961. At a working lunch, the VIPs brought swimming trunks to the Navy Officers' Club on shimmering Keehi Lagoon, left their "classified" folders on the tables while they enjoyed a quick dip. Lieut. General William Westmoreland, the newly designated U.S. military chief in Saigon, gave a virtuoso display on one waterski. During off-hours, Rusk and McNamara relaxed at Felt's flower-decked Makalapa Guest House, while Lodge could be seen sipping coffee in splendid isolation at Waikiki Beach's Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

The routine meeting also yielded some routine decisions. "Essentially," said one official, "we were talking about how to do what we're doing better." About the only suggestion of any consequence to come out of it was that the U.S. send a team of perhaps 20 or 30 officials to South Viet Nam to make sure, in the words of one official, that economic aid "gets where it's supposed to go, and not to a bank in Geneva."

Yet the U.S. could not go on indefinitely letting Hanoi call the shots in South Viet Nam. For all the soothing qualities of the lull, Lyndon Johnson might soon be faced with the need to win Congress over to a plan for putting new pressure on North Viet Nam —something short of bombing Hanoi or outright invasion, but something far more convincing than the conference offensive conducted so far.

linking and, perhaps, their routine way working."

Grumbling Friend. Shastri is close to country's mind and soil. He is one the few Congress politicians not to ve amassed a large fortune or propby or donations from wealthy busiesmen. He has no auto, would prefer stay on in his tiny bungalow, and still es part of his salary to the Servants the People Society, a group devoted public service with whom he worked a young man.

Shastri usually rises at 5 a.m. By his lawn is crowded with audiencekers. When he emerges, he selects and then another to join him in a lk around the garden, thus combinnterviews with his constitutional. stays in his office until ten or eleven night. Since a 1959 heart attack, stri has appeared to be in excellent th and as tireless and alert as ever. hether India's new leader or anyone can cope with the nation's manifold ems at home and its external danespecially from Red China, cannot foreseen. Shastri, at least, can be deded on to expend his life willingly, cessary. As a top Indian leader last week, "After Nehru, we had ant. So we turned to a man more Gandhi, with the softness of silk et the hardness of steel."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COPS & RIOTERS IN PUSAN
With rice skyrocketing, a refusal to Park.

SOUTH KOREA

After the Shadow

Marking the third anniversary of his military takeover in South Korea, General Chung Hee Park confessed last month that he was sorry about how things had worked out thus far. He admitted that the coup's objectives—prosperity, solving the food shortage, arresting inflation, halting corruption—had not yet been achieved, added mournfully, "I sorely regret this." Last week, after two months of growing unrest, Park was joined in his regret by thousands of rioting students.

Park's list of failures was accurate enough. Corruption and speculation are rampant, the price of rice has skyrocketed 150% in the past 15 months, and mounting unemployment now stands at 2,500,000—more than 10% of the population. Sporadic student demonstrations began in March, ostensibly protesting Park's conditions for "normalizing" relations with Japan,* then turned on the government in general.

In a scene reminiscent of the last days of Syngman Rhee, some 12,000 placard-carrying students, cheered on by thousands of adults, marched in drizzling rain down Seoul's Capitol Avenue one day last week, crying "Drive Park out!" and "People are hungry! Let us eat profiteering millionaires!" Outnumbered police opened up with tear gas; the rioters replied with rock barrages, broke through police lines and drove off nine army trucks being used as barricades. The screaming, cursing clashes lasted all day and into the night, left scores of injured littering the wet pavement. Clamping on martial law in the capital, President Park ordered in thousands of army troops. The following day new riots erupted in twelve other cities; in Pusan, students fought the police for hours; in Kwangju, 165 miles south of the capital, 6,000 students sacked the provincial headquarters.

Hoping to disperse the rioters, Park ordered all colleges and universities closed until July 4, which is one day before the regular summer holiday begins. Then, as an appeasing gesture, Park reluctantly fired his top collaborator: Kim Chong Pil, Park's nephew by marriage and head of Park's Democratic-Republican Party. Kim is hated by the students because of the ruthless way he once ran Park's Central Intelligence Agency and because he has been instrumental in the controversial negotiations with Japan. Kim is fond of saying, "I am nothing but a shadow of the President." Would the man who casts the shadow be the mob's next victim?

* South Korea has long demanded heavy indemnification for its 35 years of occupation by Japan from 1910 to 1945; now the government is considering a Japanese offer of a $600 million reparation package, previously dismissed in Seoul as inadequate, and a compromise on fishing rights.

FRANCE

Détente Cordiale?

Charles de Gaulle, who in private conversation once described President Kennedy as an "adversary," has been getting along no better with the Johnson Administration. From NATO to the U.N., Latin America to Red China, there is hardly an issue or an area in world politics on which France has not taken a stand at variance with U.S. policy. The activities of some French officials in Southeast Asia often lead exasperated U.S. diplomats stationed there to wonder if France is not actually trying to thwart U.S. efforts to keep the area from falling to the Communists.

Cordial Cooperation. Paris is apparently awakening to the dangers of its widening policy differences with Washington. De Gaulle is said to have dec... that it is time to switch to a more ... monious tone in his relations wit... U.S.—not only because dishar... weakens the West, but also beca... hopes thereby to lessen U.S. res... to his vision of a French-dom... confederation of European states. ... President Johnson recently pro... that U.S. Under Secretary of ... George Ball go to Paris to review ... Administration's latest plans for ... tary and diplomatic resistance to ... munist encroachment in Southeas... De Gaulle was a model of cord... operation. He did not quibble ... fact that Ball was of less than C... rank, nor did he demand to kn... advance precisely what Ball wan... talk about. Then word came from ... that longtime Ambassador to the ... Hervé Alphand would be replace... the coming months. Alphand and ... elegant wife Nicole had been close ... the Kennedys, but showed little ... in L.B.J. before his accession to ... ("I suppose we will have to learn ... bar-bee-cue," sniffed Nicole when ... son became President).

Ancient Grudge. The new tone ... Washington would be welcome, bu... one dared expect any basic change ... France's policies. De Gaulle would ... ly budge from his belief that even ... neutralization of Southeast Asia, ... guarantees from Red China, was ... only solution compatible with the pe... ful life and progress of the ... France's view is understandably col... by memories of its own defeat in ... China. The U.S. does not exclude ... possibility that South Viet Nam ma... neutralized, but Washington insists ... the country must first be made s... ciently strong to protect itself ... a Communist takeover. Meanwhile ... France and the U.S. reach no su... *entente*, there are hopes at least ... *détente cordiale* between the two ...

Of course, De Gaulle's relations ... Washington and London have ... strained ever since his escape to En... from occupied France in 1940. Mo... all, he is still irked at the Allies' re... to allow Free French troops to jo... Normandy invasion. In memory of ... snub, France's President and his ... ing ministers were conspicuously ab... from ceremonies honoring the 20th ... niversary of the D-day landings.

WEST GERMANY

Reform Along the Raper

At one end of the broad, cobbled ... boulevard stands a cluster of trim ... ern apartments; at the other, ... glass-and-steel office building. In ... tween lies "the Raper"—Europe's ... est and gaudiest fleshpot. The Reep... bahn of Hamburg's Sankt Pauli ... strings more sin along its garishly ... ed main drag and crooked side ... than ten Tijuanas or 16 Sohos. ... Of Sankt Pauli's 13,000 inhabi... fully 3,000 are prostitutes. In the ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ards of Herbertstrasse alone, 20 bor-dellos stand perfumed cheek by painted bowl, while round-the-clock shifts of whores sit waxen and wooden-faced be-hind show windows. Elaborately coifed transvestites in spike heels wobble lump-ily along the side streets, brushing shoul-ders with stewbums in cowboy boots and pale-faced hoods with patent-leather hair. At the Hippodrom, on a lurid ave-nue appropriately named Grosse Frei-heit, bored horses trot in a circle as equally bored equestriennes strip while balancing on their backs. Along the Raper, a tourist can shoot a fake duck, get a tattoo, watch an "intimate" movie in Technicolor, or cheer a brace of Amazons clad only in black panties as they wrestle in a tub of mud.

The Black Gang. What a tourist can do most easily, though, is get clipped. Unwary visitors commonly find them-selves staring at bills for as much as $80 after a brief bout of drinking. One sucker discovered to his horror that he had been buying champagne for the whole house, including band and B-girls, and finally coughed up $600. Blackmail, extortion and strong-arm tactics com-plete the repertory, and in recent years many a waiter has become an owner himself, or else tucked away a small fortune before leaving the Raper for more respectable surroundings.

Most blatant of the district's toughs was balding, broad-shouldered Paulie Müller, 38, head of the "Black Gang" and "King of Sankt Pauli." Flanked by his muscle man, a hulking waiter known as "Hans the Swine," and tailed by such hangers-on as "Boxer Fred," "Emil the Bull" and "Gambler Heini," Müller cut a wide swath along the Raper, intimidat-ing bar owners and roughing up any-one who challenged him. But last Octo-ber Paulie Müller met his nemesis in the form of a camel's-hair coat.

It was brand-new and the proud prop-erty of a nightclub waiter named Heinz ("Harry the Ox") Hopp. When Müller expropriated the coat for himself, Hopp got hopping mad, pulled a gun on Paulie and was rewarded for his temerity with a beating that put him in the hospital for a month. It was enough to turn Harry the Ox into Harry the Fink: he provided the police with sufficient evidence against Müller and the Black Gang to bring them to trial. Last week a motley audience of shills, pimps, whores, strip-pers and bullyboys gathered in Ham-burg's dingy criminal court to hear sen-tence pronounced on the Black Gang. Found guilty on 16 counts ranging from assault and battery to extortion, Paulie Müller was sentenced to five years in prison, while Hans the Swine drew a four-year term and others of the dozen defendants received fines and shorter jail terms. A young blonde in a green sweater sobbed quietly, while a nattily dressed sharper muttered: "It's a damned dirty trick, putting Paulie away."

The Golden Egg. The demise of the Black Gang marked a major triumph for Hamburg's Security Chief Kurt Falck, 42, who for the past year has been crusading to clean up Sankt Pauli and the Reeperbahn. Realizing that the district's reputation was driving away tourists, Falck began by withdrawing cabaret licenses from the more flagrant violators and refusing to license prospec-tive troublemakers. To date, he has pulled 22 licenses and refused 34 appli-cations, while under his prodding, bar and cabaret operators have grudgingly turned back $1,150 to customers who complained of overcharging.

Old merchant sailors who remember Sankt Pauli when it was the roughest, toughest port on the North Sea run fear that Falck's crusade will eradicate what-ever sinful spontaneity remains along the Reeperbahn. But Hamburg is not about to kill the leering goose that lays a $25 million golden egg each year. "We don't want to chemically clean Sankt Pauli to the point where it's a con-vent school for 15-year-old girls," says one official. "We want to keep it a place where men can seek pleasure without fear or danger." With the Black Gang gone, it might be just that.

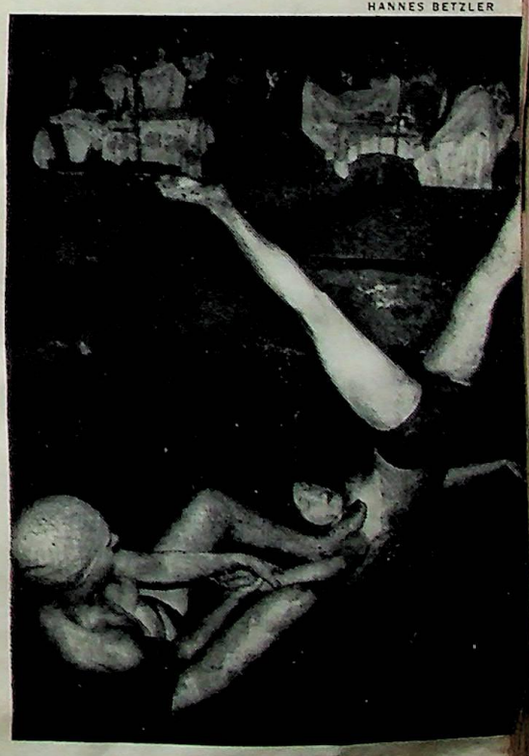
CYPRUS

Anger Again

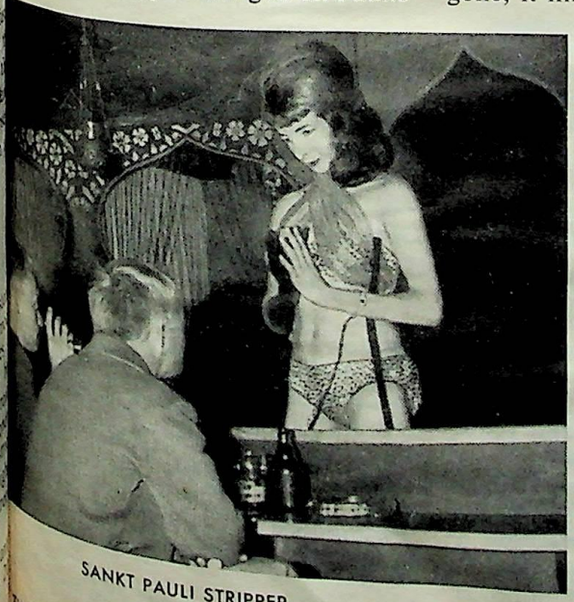
Turkey has long since learned that the best way to advertise the plight of the Turkish minority on Cyprus is to move a large number of soldiers into the port of Iskenderun, send out some ships on "patrol," and arrange for someone to make an inflammatory speech in An-kara. Invariably, the result is panicky fear of a Cyprus invasion that brings mobilization by the Greeks on Cyprus and a sudden feverish burst of diplomat-ic energy in every major capital in the West. Just such a fright last week caused Cypriot President Archbishop Makarios to call out his 30,000-man Home Guard, sent NATO Supreme Allied Commander in Europe General Lyman Lemnitzer scurrying off to Ankara, and even brought President Lyndon Johnson into the fray.

"Final" Decision. This time, the Turks were calling attention to the help-lessness of Turkish Cypriots in the wake of Makarios' recent decision to call up all youths between the ages of 19 and 21 for military service, and more omi-nously, his open threat to begin import-ing heavy weapons, probably from the Soviet Union or the U.A.R. Early last week, Turkish Cypriot Fazil Kuchuk, who is technically Vice President of Cyprus but no longer even dares to go to his office in Nicosia's Greek sector, pro-posed that he and Makarios hold a con-ference on "the Green Line," the heavi-ly guarded border separating Greeks from Turks. Makarios flatly refused, and throughout the island Turkish tem-pers flared. On the mainland, Iskende-run was suddenly alive with troops, and Turkey's Premier Ismet Inönü went on the radio with electric words: "Our de-cision is final. We have to provide an

HANNES BETZLER



REEPERBAHN WRESTLERS



SANKT PAULI STRIPPER

PAULIE MÜLLER

Harry the Ox became Harry the Fink.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

unshakable security for the future of the Cypriot Turks."

Within hours, Lemnitzer was huddling anxiously with Turkey's top soldiers, urging moderation. Nervous at the possibility of a war that would set NATO allies Greece and Turkey to fighting, Johnson hurriedly sent a personal message to Inönü urging that the Turkish leader exercise moderation and come to the U.S. to discuss the whole Cyprus mess. Inönü declined because of "the pressure of current affairs," but a Turkish spokesman made it known that the invasion threat was over "for the time being."

Something in the Fiat. On Cyprus, the invasion scare only briefly distracted the Greek Cypriots from another source of tension last week: a bitter squabble with the British that led Makarios' men to demand that London withdraw its 2,000 troops from the 7,000-man U.N. peace-keeping force on the island. Anger was triggered by the arrest a fortnight ago of R.A.F. Senior Aircraftman Keith Marley, his wife and one-year-old baby near the town of Morphou, in northern Cyprus. The following day, Greek Cypriot Interior Minister Polykarpos Georghadjis announced that Marley had been carrying in his Fiat two mortars and two frogmen suits. Claiming this to be evidence of British collusion with the hated Turks, Georghadjis declared that "the British can no longer form a constructive element in the international peace-keeping force in Cyprus."

Proclaiming every Briton to be a potential gunrunner to the enemy, the Greeks last week began searching every British car they found on the roads. Soon the word got around: in the north-coast port of Kyrenia, a mob stoned the British-owned Harbour Club. In Nicosia, 3,000 Greek schoolchildren marched through town shouting "British go home!"

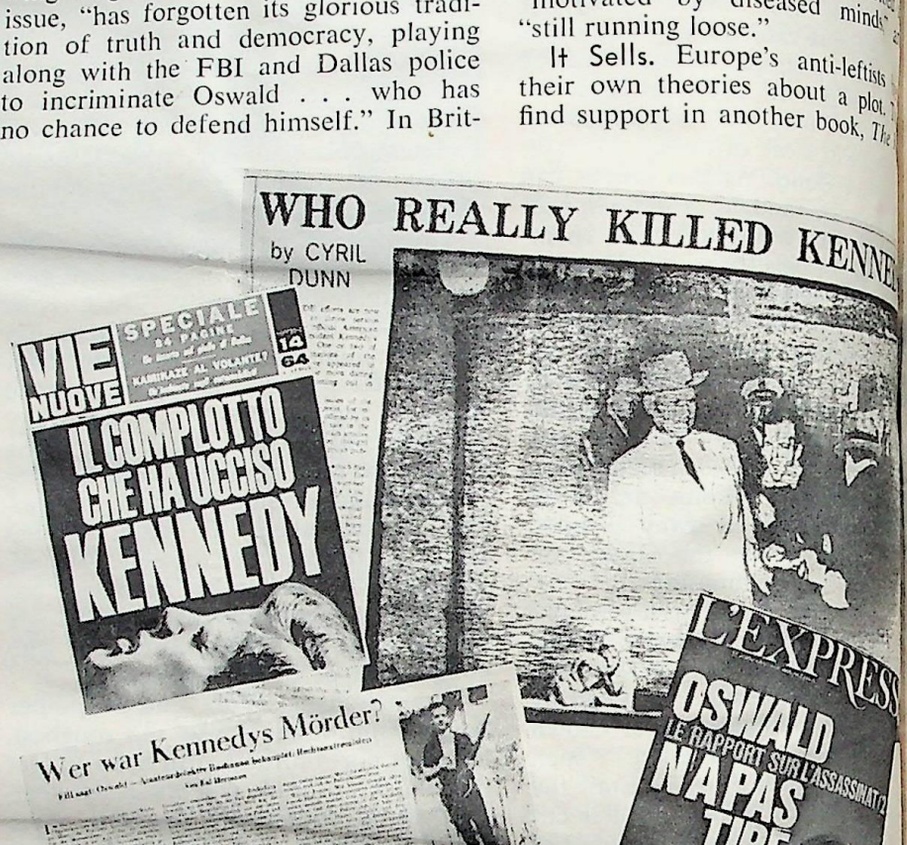
Britain was of a mind to do just that. In London, British Commonwealth Secretary Duncan Sandys was cheered when he rose in the House of Commons to insist that "while they are performing this thankless task, we feel that our troops and their families have a right to be treated with courtesy by those who so readily accepted our offer to come to their aid." On June 27, Britain's present commitment to the U.N. force will end. Whether it will be renewed, Sandys hinted, is open to question.

EUROPE

J.F.K.: The Murder & the Myths

The most myth-filled aftermath of John F. Kennedy's assassination is the stubborn refusal of many Europeans to accept the belief that the U.S. President could have been killed by a lunatic loner. Headline after headline and book after book roll off the presses with a bewildering array of theories suggesting a deep, dark plot.

Loudest skeptics are Europe's leftists, who will not be dissuaded from their original conviction that Marxist Lee Harvey Oswald was the unwitting tool or the scapegoat of some well-oiled, darker rightist conspiracy, and then was silenced by Jack Ruby. This impression was fed by the bad assumptions made by many reporters and commentators in the first minutes after the assassination in conservative Dallas, and it has never been fully erased. "The American press," declared Italy's left-wing magazine *Vie Nuove* in a recent issue, "has forgotten its glorious tradition of truth and democracy, playing along with the FBI and Dallas police to incriminate Oswald . . . who has no chance to defend himself." In Britain, that sometime philosopher, Bertrand Russell, has already set up a "Who Killed Kennedy?" committee to look into the situation.



EUROPEAN HEADLINES
Did the CIA do it?

Mr. X? The doubters abroad find ammunition in the arguments of two like-minded Americans. One is Baltimore-born Thomas G. Buchanan, 44, a onetime reporter fired by the Washington Star in 1948 after he admitted membership in the Communist Party. He now lives in Paris and is the author of a widely discussed tome, *Who Killed Kennedy?* Buchanan suggests 1) "that the author of this crime is a millionaire of Texas, called Mr. X"; 2) that Oswald was an accomplice; but 3) that the shooting was done not by Oswald but by two triggermen, one from the Texas School Book Depository building and one stationed on an overpass ahead. Buchanan's book is being published in eight European countries, already is a bestseller.

Rivaling Buchanan for attention is Oswald's posthumous defender, windmill-tilting Manhattan Attorney Mark Lane, who has been stumping the C[ontinent] with denials that Oswald was [the] assassin. Both Buchanan and Lane h[ave] received smash play in the Eastern E[uro]pean press, whose line has al[ways] been that Kennedy was the victim o[f a] three-way conspiracy among South[ern] racists, Pentagon generals, and the [mys]ty CIA. Two months ago, Lane, [ad]dressing the Communist-front Inter[na]tional Association of Democratic Ju[rists] in Budapest, declared that the [as]sor killers, whom he has describe[d as] "motivated by diseased minds" [and] "still running loose."

It Sells. Europe's anti-leftists [have] their own theories about a plot, [and] find support in another book, *The [Last] Roses of Dallas,** published in F[rance] by a correspondent for European p[ub]lications, Nerin Gun, who covered the [as]sassination. Newsman Gun hints str[ong]ly that it is possible that Oswald k[illed] Kennedy out of admiration for C[astro] —a theory that still lingers in the m[ind] of some U.S. Government officials [who] cannot fully shake off the suspicion [that] Oswald was acting for Castro.

The average European by no m[eans] swallows every far-out theory, but [his] own intrigue-steeped national histo[ry] make it easy for millions to doubt [that] Oswald did it alone. In Italy, [where] Julius Caesar got his and where [Machi]chiavelli elevated plotting to [the] bility, the only question is [when] conspirators will be unmasked. [Many] Frenchmen, who have long had a [re]

* Named for the bouquet Jackie K[ennedy] carried in the fatal Dallas parade.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

chant for ideological crime, the rumors went back to last year's arrest of Yale Professor Frederick Barghoorn in the Soviet Union on spy charges. According to this account, the CIA had solemnly denied to Kennedy that Barghoorn was a CIA agent, but when the professor returned he told the President that he had indeed been spying for the CIA. Angered, Kennedy threatened a wholesale shake-up of the intelligence agency. Later the CIA got wind of the plot against Kennedy—but did not warn him because the agency wanted to eliminate what it feared to be a threat to its own existence.

There are other factors behind Europe's prolonged suspicion. It is regularly fanned by the Continent's press, because the Kennedy story is a sure-fire newsstand seller. Europeans are also confused at the welter of oft-conflicting reports that have emanated from the investigation.

Last week word leaked from the Warren Commission that its report would spike each of the overseas theses and endorse with few changes the FBI's original version that Oswald killed alone. However, this is hardly likely to end the myth-making in Europe. Asked a suspicious Frenchman last week: "Will the commission have the right to publish its real conclusions?"

COMMUNISTS

Around to the Dulles Position

In a celebrated 1956 attack on the principle of nonalignment, John Foster Dulles defined neutralism as a policy that "pretends that a nation can best gain safety for itself by being indifferent to the fate of others." It is, Dulles added, "an immoral and shortsighted conception."

The U.S. has since taken a more patient view of neutralism, while an evolving Russia has become less tolerant of the uncommitted nations that receive aid from both camps. Last week in Moscow, the party's theoretical journal *Kommunist* huffily denounced neutralism in terms that, in their way, were the same as those John Foster Dulles used eight years ago. Said *Kommunist*: "The leaders of young countries who really desire progress for their peoples cannot occupy intermediate positions between contradictory world social systems. There are only two paths of development—one path leads to capitalism and the other to socialism. There is no third way."

Moscow's outburst was clearly aimed at Egypt's President Nasser, who has received massive U.S. aid as well as some $271 million in Soviet loans and grants for the Aswan Dam. "The policy of nonalignment," grumped *Kommunist*, "presupposed only nonparticipation in military blocs and alliances, and by no means an identical attitude to the friends and champions of peace, on the one hand, and to the enemies and aggressors on the other."

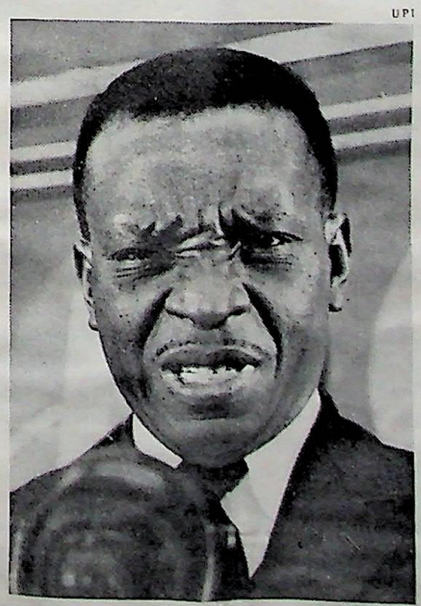
THE CONGO

With Magic Juice & Lucky Grass

It took a peak commitment of 19,400 United Nations troops to restore a sullen peace to the strife-torn Congo. By June 30, the last 3,000 members of the U.N. force will be withdrawn, and already chaos is coming back. Leopoldville has been rocked by a succession of antigovernment plastic-bomb explosions since May. In Kwilu Province, the Communist-inspired *Jeunesse* (youth), led by Pierre Mulele, still hold their own against Congolese troops. Though one of the Congo's provincial presidents recently sent Premier Cyrille Adoula a hippopotamus, the traditional sign of loyalty, it is clear that the Congo's 21 provinces remain precariously balanced on the brink of anarchy.

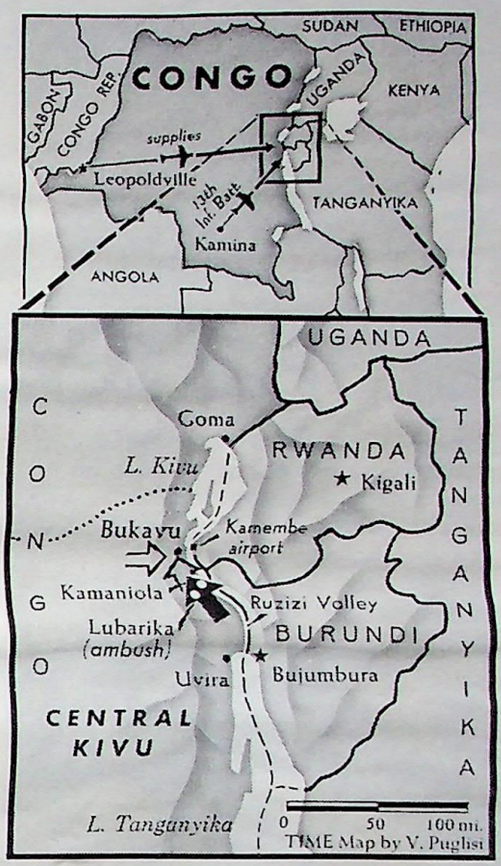
To counter the *plastiqueurs* of Leopoldville, Adoula imposed a 6 p.m. curfew, and now each day when the sun sets over the Congo River, Leo is transformed into a ghost town. Adoula also closed his border with the neighboring Brazzaville Congo, where the Peking-backed Congolese National Liberation Committee has its Western headquarters. Formed by politicians loyal to the late Patrice Lumumba and imprisoned Antoine Gizenga, the rebel group is determined to carve up Adoula's tottering nation. Last week, in bucolic, mountainous Kivu province, where the Congo borders Rwanda and Burundi, the rebels were well on their way to success.

Panic & Poo-Poo Guns. Egged on by a Liberation Committee agent, a loosely organized band of 5,000 pygmoid Bafulero tribesmen rose against the Congolese army. Armed with poisoned arrows and "poo-poo guns" (homemade muzzle loaders that fire bolts and nails) and anointed with *mai Mulele* (Swahili for "water of Mulele"), the 5-ft.-tall warriors believed they had been filled with a juice that made them invulnerable to bullets. In their first encounter with government troops, screaming, white-painted Bafulero died



UPI

PREMIER ADOULA
Could a hippo help?



in droves under a hail of bullets near the village of Kamaniola (*see map*).

When a government patrol was attacked by spearmen at the village of Lubarika, the troops fled, leaving their commanding officer skewered in the dust. As the panic-stricken patrol sped north, government soldiers along the way were infected with their fear, and news of the "massacre" spread. By early last week, there were no Congolese soldiers left in the Kivu capital of Bukavu, and the rebels threatened to take the entire province, once the coffee-producing pride of Belgian white settlers.

Chaos & Countermeasures. In Bukavu, U.S. Consul Richard Matheron burned his secret papers, armed his staff and two American newsmen on the scene, and began evacuating women and children. The government's local commander, who had been a sergeant in the Belgian *Force Publique*, regrouped 300 of his men in Bukavu, got advice over the phone from three Belgian colonels and his former commanding officer, now Belgian Ambassador to Burundi. Premier Adoula swallowed his pride and asked the U.N. for help. In flew a U.S. Air Force C-130 with armored cars and reinforcements. For the moment, the pygmoid threat to Bukavu seemed to have diminished. But the Congolese soldiers were taking no chances against *mai Mulele*: their witch doctors told them to wrap grass around their gun barrels in order to counter the magic water of the Bafulero.

Workmen were busy erecting a reviewing stand in Leopoldville's Ivory Market for the Congo's fourth Independence Day celebration on June 30. With the U.N. force pulling out finally and emphatically on that day, the cheers could ring hollow.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CUBA

Can't Anyone Here Play This Game?

Fidel Castro must have laughed till he split his fatigues. Incredibly, disastrously, Manolo Ray, the Cuban freedom fighter who had promised to be operating inside Cuba by May 20, was exposed as a bungling amateur. Worse, Fidel did not have to lift a finger. The British, with an assist from the U.S. Coast Guard, put the damper on what was surely the most ludicrous act yet in the endless, tragicomic opera of anti-Castro moves.

Five days before the May 20 deadline, the exile leader had quit his job

AP

RAY BOUND FOR TRIAL
Hiding in a hole.

in Puerto Rico and dropped out of sight. For two weeks, nothing was heard from him. Miami tingled with stories that Ray was in Cuba, carrying out a cleverly conceived plan to harass and eventually topple Castro. As it turned out last week, Ray did not start until May 24 and never set foot in Cuba.

Everybody Knows. Following standard procedure, Ray and his seven companions, including a woman radio operator, were launched from a CIA-sponsored "mother ship" that obligingly runs exiles to within striking distance of Cuba. As Ray and his men later told it to TIME Correspondent Ed Reingold, the weather was terrible the first few days, and Cuban patrol boats were everywhere. "Big, fast boats," recalled one of the infiltrators. "We saw ten in all." So the small band zoomed around tiny keys that lie between Florida and Cuba, testing their 24-ft. catamaran and tinkering with their boat's two 100-h.p. Volvo inboard-outboard engines. The Volvos were gobbling gas and running hot at high speed. Nevertheless, Ray finally decided that the time had come. The five FN Belgian rifles with flash suppressors, 1,000 rounds of ammunition, hand grenades and masses of plastic explosives were unloaded for a final check at the Anguilla Cays, where Ray planned to make a last radio transmission.

The good thing about the Anguilla Cays is that they are only 40 miles off the Cuban coast. The bad thing is that everybody knows it. Castro watches them; so do the British who own them, and the U.S. sends over numerous reconnaissance flights. So it was hardly surprising that Her Majesty's destroyer *Decoy* steamed up to look around. But it surprised Ray and his group. Frantically, they tried to hide their equipment. Then five of the party, including two freelance photographers, gunned away in the catamaran, hoping to decoy the *Decoy* away from the island while Ray stayed behind.

A Green Lump. It didn't work. The quite-competent-thank-you British captain saw the launch departing and sent a landing party to see what it might be leaving. "I found a shallow hole," related Ray, "and I threw myself down in it and covered myself with a green cloth. I crossed my arms and put my head down and hoped they wouldn't find me. They almost didn't." But on the second search of the island, one British sailor noticed the green-covered lump and hustled Ray to his feet.

Meanwhile, back at the launch, the Cubans were holding their own against the pursuing destroyer. But it was all over when two U.S. planes showed up and began dropping messages, the third and decidedly last of which ordered them to heave to or risk a barrage of 4.5-in. shells.

And so Ray and his party were carted back to Nassau to stand trial for illegal entry into the Bahamas. At first, when police discovered Manolo's identity, the group tried to arrange for another Cuban to take his place at the trial. Next, a CIA type showed up, gave a different name to each newsman present and prepared to pay whatever fine was levied against the culprits, explaining that he was a "friend." At the trial, the Cubans were all so busy jostling around Ray to conceal him from photographers that no one could have missed him, and one newsman happily snapped Ray framed under a protecting armpit. The terribly understanding Nassau judge meted out $14 fines to each of the eight, plus a warning never to trespass again.

Aside from the CIA's less-than-glorious role, the depressing thing about the whole sorry business was that Manolo Ray up to last week was considered a small but genuine threat to Castro. A former Castro ally, he had the bearded one so worried that Cuba went on a full-scale military alert; scores of suspected Ray supporters were arrested, and Castro announced the execution of eight "CIA men" in the last fortnight. Unless the whole thing was some exceedingly devious ploy, Ray's dunce-[cap] for failure seemed all the bigger, [as] have experience, and we are just [as] determined as we were," he said [after] the Nassau trial. "We think it will [be] easier next time. Fidel knows me, [and] he knows I'm coming." That may [be] so, but after last week's fiasco, [he] may not care.

BRITISH GUIANA

Working to Divide

Premier Cheddi Jagan's govern[ment] last week washed its hands of all re[-] sibility for maintaining law and or[der] the strife-torn South American co[lony]. In a teary speech to British Gui[ana's] Senate, Janet Rosenberg Jagan, [the] Cheddi's Chicago-born, Commu[nist]-sworn wife, announced her resigna[tion] as Minister of Home Affairs after a [year] in the job. Janet accused her own [party] of racism and sabotage, charged [that] the 90% Negro force is bitterly [anti-] Jagan, has done nothing to halt persec[u-] tion of the country's Jagan-supporting East Indians.

Actually, British Guiana's Marx[ist] husband and wife team have themselves busily stirred up racial trouble by [urg-] ing on East Indians to support "to the death" Cheddi's demand for immediate independence from Britain. And [they] contributed mightily to the curr[ent]

NATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

FORMER MINISTER JANET JAGAN
Washing her hands.

flare-up by calling East Indian [sugar] workers out on a strike during [the] nonstriking Negro field hands [were] beaten and murdered. Negroes [have] fled from heavily East Indian [areas] and streams of East Indians from [Negro]-dominated areas have poured [into] refugee camps near the George[town] capital. The prospect is for further [po-] larization and violence.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Latest version of the world's most versatile airlifter

This is the C-130E version of the famous Lockheed Hercules. It is just as rugged, reliable, functional, and versatile as the other Hercules models — but it flies farther with more cargo. And it can land on short, rough fields or ice and snow equally well.

The C-130E, like all Hercules aircraft, will accept unitized, containerized cargo units and outsize items straight in through its huge rear doors. Or vehicles may be driven directly into the cargo hold on a built-in ramp.

Other interesting C-130E statistics: gross weight, 155,000 lb.; takeoff ground roll, 4,000 feet at maximum gross weight; cruising speed, 350 m.p.h.

The Hercules is a proved aircraft, in worldwide use. Now in its seventh continuous year of operation, it has made aircraft history in every corner of the free world. Today, there are nearly 700 C-130s flying for 7 nations in 21 different versions.

Lockheed Hercules

Lockheed-Georgia Company, Marietta, Georgia, U.S.A. — A Division of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BRAZIL

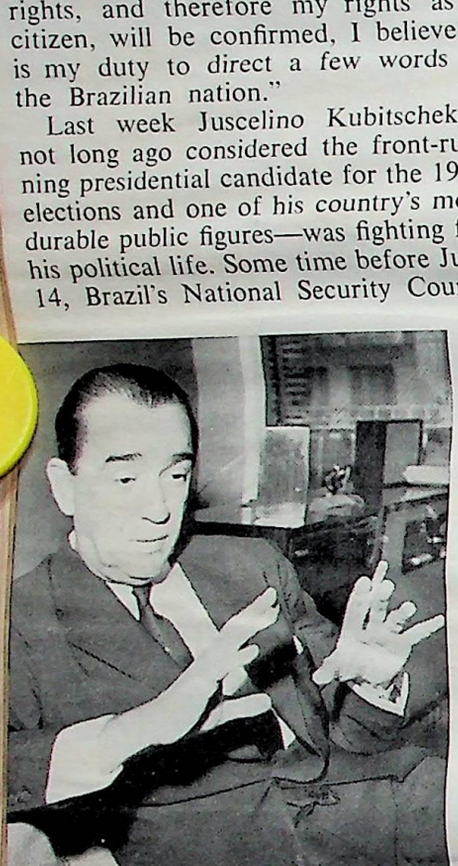
Seeds of Injustice?

The tired, drawn figure rose wearily in his seat in Brazil's Senate chamber and switched on a microphone. Gone was the familiar exuberance, the wall-to-wall smile. "I am overcome by the most terrible sadness I have ever known in my whole public life," said Brazil's onetime President. "In the expectancy that the cancellation of my political rights, and therefore my rights as a citizen, will be confirmed, I believe it is my duty to direct a few words to the Brazilian nation."

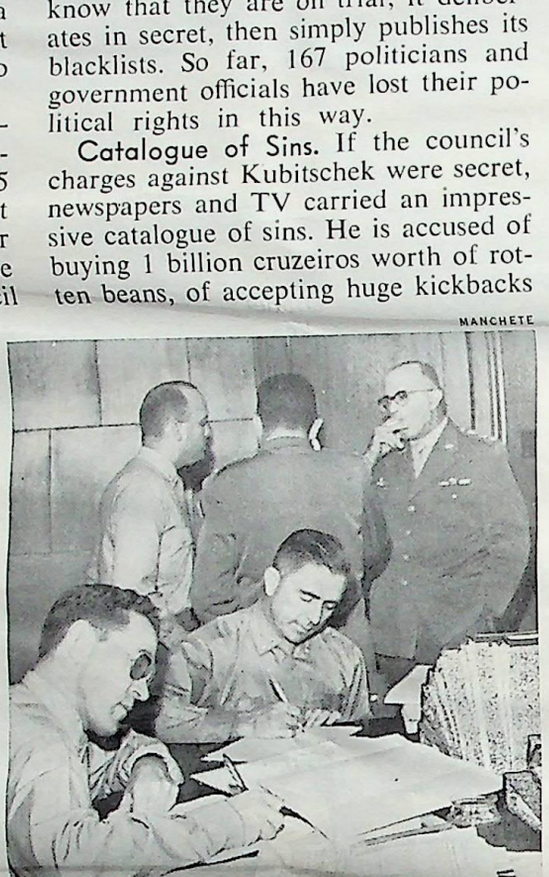
Last week Juscelino Kubitschek—not long ago considered the front-running presidential candidate for the 1965 elections and one of his country's most durable public figures—was fighting for his political life. Some time before June 14, Brazil's National Security Council hard-bitten old War Minister—decided to settle matters with the ex-President as well. Their weapon was the National Security Council, composed of Cabinet ministers and key military leaders. While the fight against both Communism and graft remains urgent after Goulart's disastrous, Red-leaning misrule, some of the council's methods are alarming. The council denies suspects the right of defense, the right to know the specific charge, even the right to know that they are on trial; it deliberates in secret, then simply publishes its blacklists. So far, 167 politicians and government officials have lost their political rights in this way.

Catalogue of Sins. If the council's charges against Kubitschek were secret, newspapers and TV carried an impressive catalogue of sins. He is accused of buying 1 billion cruzeiros worth of rotten beans, of accepting huge kickbacks

MANCHETE



FORMER PRESIDENT KUBITSCHEK



INVESTIGATING OFFICERS

"I will not be intimidated."

will blacklist another group of Brazilians accused of Communism or corruption, depriving them of all political rights for the next ten years. On the list will be Congressmen, Senators, diplomats, businessmen, at least three state Governors, and some Cabinet members who served under deposed President João Goulart. At the top of the list, unless Brazil's new leaders back down, will be Kubitschek.

One More List. As Brazil's President from 1956 to 1961, Kubitschek raised farm and livestock output 37.9%, steel production 100%, aluminum production tenfold, oil production fifteenfold; he built the auto industry from scratch toward its present level of 174,000 units a year, added thousands of miles of roads and the new $600 million inland capital of Brasília. But he also touched off an inflationary spiral and made many enemies with his damn-the-cost drive. After he left office, rumors of corruption constantly swirled around his administration; so far, however, there has been no proof.

When Goulart was tossed out last April, Kubitschek's enemies—among them Artur da Costa e Silva, Brazil's on construction jobs, awarding contracts without public bid, stealing federal funds and committing election fraud. Then there is the Communist angle. He is supposed to have signed a secret 1955 agreement with Communist Party Boss Luis Carlos Prestes to get his election support, encouraged Communist infiltration in his government, then paid Prestes $50,000 for his support in the 1965 elections.

Kubitschek's supporters prepared a White Paper to "prove" his innocence, sent a petition to President Humberto Castello Branco. The Brazilian Council of Bishops also did some petitioning. "Let those who are accused have the sacred right of defense," the bishops pleaded. Answered the chairman of the Central Investigating Committee: "Defense is impossible."

As word got out that he was up for blacklisting, Kubitschek issued a rare press statement. "I will not retreat," he said. "I will not be intimidated." He persisted all the way into the Senate chamber last week. "The revolutionaries have turned against the most sacred concepts of the law," he cried. "This tyrannic act, banishing me from public life, is staining and marring the revolution undertaken to save us from Communism. The seeds of injustice, of arbitrary action, of ill will, will take root . . . The blow they want to strike against me will strike instead at our democratic life."

BOLIVIA

A New Mandate

The grey clouds of South American winter hung low over La Paz as a blue, bulletproof Cadillac pulled up to the newly constructed grade school. Bolivia's President Víctor Paz Estenssoro stepped out, strode into the crowded schoolyard and took his place in line. "We are here to vote," he said simply. After a 25-minute wait, Paz dropped his pink ballot into the box, dipped a finger into a cup of red ink to prove he had voted, then drove off to attend to other affairs of state.

So it went last week throughout Bolivia. In calm, peaceful balloting, the Andean nation's voters turned out to elect Paz to his second straight term and his third since the 1952 revolution that toppled the country's feudal ruling aristocracy. All threats of anti-Paz demonstrations, violent strikes, even hints of an assassination attempt proved empty. Early returns gave Paz 677,000 votes, a clear majority of the country's estimated 900,000 eligible voters and more than enough to secure his mandate for another term.

Two weeks before, Paz's enemies, led by Juan Lechín, leftist boss of the country's tin miners, had withdrawn from the elections, urging all voters to abstain or cast blank ballots in protest. Two days before the vote, Lechín and Hernán Siles Zuazo, onetime President (1956-60) and a former Paz supporter, went on a hunger strike hoping to mobilize public opinion against the President. But on voting day, abstentions and blank votes ran only 20% or so, and the hunger strikers soon started eating again.

The best Lechín could do was call his tin miners off the job. By the morning after the election, most of the country's tin production had shut down. Paz coolly shrugged it off. "The strike," he said, "will last only three or four days because the miners don't want to lose their production bonus." Sure enough, three days later, the miners were back.

Lechín and Siles then announced the formation of a "National Revolutionary Front" to unite most forces, both left and right, in opposition to Paz. If it lasts, the Front will be the first sizable, organized political opposition in Bolivia since the 1952 revolution. But Paz remained unexcited. "I don't believe we are going to have a counter-political problem," he said. Referring to his former political allies, he added: "Some people are necessary for the early part of a revolution, others for a later stage. When the revolution enters the construction period, these people aren't necessary."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PEOPLE

When her dad said he would vote for L.B.J., the G.O.P. had the distinct sensation of being kicked by a mustang. Now a filly is bolting the stable too. Charlotte Ford, 23, Henry's eldest daughter, has joined a group called Young Citizens for Johnson.

• • •

Big fat cigars used to be Wall Street's symbol, but today they're the stuff that comrades are made of. Soviet U.N. Delegate Nikolai Fedorenko, 52, lit up his Empresa Consolidada at a World's Fair luncheon last week, puffed a cloud of smoke at his U.S. counterpart, Adlai Stevenson, 64, and chuckled, "It's a Havana, of course, the best. Revolutionary!" Lately, however, Fedorenko has been indulging in a pretty counterrevolutionary bourgeois-capitalist deviation. In the Security Council, he has been seen chomping American chewing gum; and who knows, if word of that gets back to the Kremlin, Nikolai might wind up doubling his pleasure, doubling his fun, somewhere in outer Kazakhstan.

• • •

He has been dead only a year, but petitions from throughout Italy pour in beseeching the Vatican's Sacred Congregation of Rites to start proceedings for the beatification of Pope John XXIII. As the first step toward canonization, beatification requires lengthy investigations (lasting 40 to 60 years) and proof of two miracles; but the villagers of tiny Sotto il Monte, where John was born, are confident that one day he will be "Blessed John." Already, the parish priest says, he has heard of a girl recovering her eyesight and an aged man regaining his health through prayers to the late Pope for his intercession with God.

• • •

If you listen closely in Boston's Symphony Hall these days, you can sometimes hear a shy "yeah, yeah, yeah" from the fiddle section, as that master Fiedler, Arthur, 69, leads the proper Boston Pops in a bouncy, 90-man rendition of *I Wanna Hold Your Hand,*

DICK FAYNE—PHOTOGRAPHY INCORPORATED

FIEDLER IN BEATLE WIG
Into his top mop.

AP

CHARLOTTE FORD & OTHER YOUNG CITIZENS*
Out of the stable.

the orchestra's sleeper hit of the season. How does the top pop get in the mood for the mop-top hop? It's very simple. He puts on his thinking wig.

• • •

Way down in Greenwich Village, where the elite meet to beat, once stood an off-Broadway citadel called The Living Theater. Its keepers were Julian Beck, 38, and his wife Judith Malina, 37, and because they were "artists" they also kept their federal taxes. There wasn't enough money there to save The Living Theater (it died), but naturally the IRS haled them into court, and naturally they had a theatrical ball conducting their own defense, and naturally a bunch of squares found them guilty of avoiding taxes. "Victims of injustice!" squealed the Becks at the verdict. "Innocent! Innocent!" The long-suffering judge found them guilty of contempt as well, sentenced Julian to 60 and Judith to 30 days in jail. It would take more than that to upstage Judy. She soon had the galleries sobbing as she proclaimed how lucky she was to be loved by a man like Julian, who once "stood by while six men beat me with clubs and did not move—not because he is a coward, but because he loves nonviolence more than me."

• • •

Somebody must have known where the fire was, but it wasn't the driver of the big red fire engine on the road outside Athens, because he slammed on his brakes to ask which way. The Thunderbird trailing behind was tooling along at the usual fast pace of its owner, Greece's dashing bachelor King Constantine, 24, with his sister, Princess Irene, 22, and it did not stop on a drachma. Instead, it crashed into the rear of the fire engine. The reigning monarch and Irene came out of the accident with a few bumps, but the front of the car was a wreck, and Premier George Papandreou still has the shakes, because while Constantine may not be the world's greatest driver, he is the only male member of the Greek royal family.

• • •

Two years after his father was hanged in Israel for his role in the extermination of 6,000,000 Jews, Horst Adolf Eichmann, 23, a mechanic, hung a swastika flag in front of his Buenos Aires home and goose-stepped off to a nearby bar for a press conference. Announcing he had joined Argentina's Neo-Nazi National Socialist Party, he declared that the reason for his adopted country's troubles was "the Zionists, who through their trusts and monopolies are carrying out their program for world exploitation. My father fought those who are suffering from the international Zionist conspiracy." Added Horst: "On this anniversary, I want to remember that he did not die in vain."

• • •

A guy can't eat lunch with his friends any more—not if the place is a Broadway chophouse, the friends are eminent Manhattan bookies, and the guy happens to be onetime Rackets King Frank Costello, 73. Poor Uncle Frank. (That's what the doorman at his Central Park co-op calls him.) The feds cut in at the gefilte fish, hauled the bookies down to the courthouse for failure to buy their $50 gambling stamps, brought Costello along on a vagrancy charge, being, as the law says, "without visible means of support." Fortunately, his attorney explained that he was "retired," and even the New York Civil Liberties Union came to his defense. "An outrage!" barked its counsel, Emanuel Redfield. "An action of a police state, not a democracy!"

* Lynda Bird Johnson, 20; Indiana's Democratic Senator Birch Bayh, 36; Luci Baines Johnson, 16.

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

UNCLE FRANK
Down at the station.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

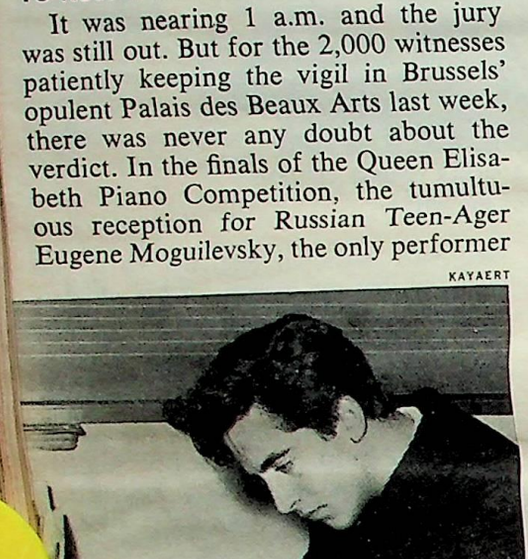
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CONTESTS

To Russia with Ease

It was nearing 1 a.m. and the jury was still out. But for the 2,000 witnesses patiently keeping the vigil in Brussels' opulent Palais des Beaux Arts last week, there was never any doubt about the verdict. In the finals of the Queen Elisabeth Piano Competition, the tumultuous reception for Russian Teen-Ager Eugene Moguilevsky, the only performer among the record 70 contestants to receive a standing ovation, was evidence enough.

KAYAERT



MOGUILEVSKY IN TRAINING
A matter of discipline.

The judges agreed with the audience and awarded the $3,000 first prize to the tearful Moscow Conservatory student, while Belgium's Queen Elisabeth herself, an 87-year-old wisp of a woman regally draped in white, excitedly waved her approval from the royal box. Just 18, Moguilevsky, whose parents teach piano at the conservatory at Odessa, displayed a dazzling technique deftly tempered with a controlled maturity of approach. He is the youngest pianist to ever win the coveted Queen's crown. "Moguilevsky has everything," raved *La Dernière Heure* critic Pierre Modaert, "a blessed musical nature . . . great artistic presence." Echoed the Flemish daily De Standaard: "A blessed musical nature."

Quality, Not Quantity. The youngster's triumph, the sixth time in eleven tries that a Russian has earned top honors in the prestigious international competition, was a particularly bitter pill for the older U.S. contingent to digest. With 20 entrants, by far the largest delegation among the 28 countries represented, the Americans had clearly come to conquer. But in the two withering weeks of elimination rounds, quantity gave way to quality, leaving but four American hopefuls to compete in the contest finals along with three of the five rigorously trained Russian entries.

Exiled in an isolated mansion with no liberty privileges, the dozen finalists dug in for one last hellish week of practice, practice, practice. All but the Russians chafed under the regimen. While Anton Kuerti, 28, most promising U.S. contender, kept the other tenants awake into the small hours slaving at the keyboard a minimum of twelve hours a day, the well-prepared Russian trio held their practice sessions to four hours at the most, then blithely played soccer and lounged on the sloping lawns. It was downright disconcerting. "To us Americans, that week was like jail," groaned Michael Ponti, 26. "To them it was a paradise."

Pingpong. Some, like France's Evelyne Flauw, who fled the stage sobbing and gulping tranquilizers, cracked under the pressure. The skittish Americans turned in credibly flashy but often expressionless performances, were faulted for losing control of their pyrotechnical bursts. Results: the disciplined Russians placed first, second and seventh; the Americans fourth, fifth, sixth and eleventh.

Coolest of the lot was Winner Moguilevsky. An hour and a half before he was to walk on stage, he unconcernedly primed himself by heartily polishing off a steak and playing pingpong.

DANCE

Style in Stuttgart

Dancers from virtually every major opera house in Europe tripped into Stuttgart. They came not to dance but to huddle in the wings and watch the latest creations of Württemberg State Opera Ballet Director John Cranko, who has built a reputation among dancers and audiences alike as the most creative young choreographer in all of Europe. At the conclusion of last week's annual Ballet Festival, the burgeoning army of Crankophiles was more enthusiastic than ever.

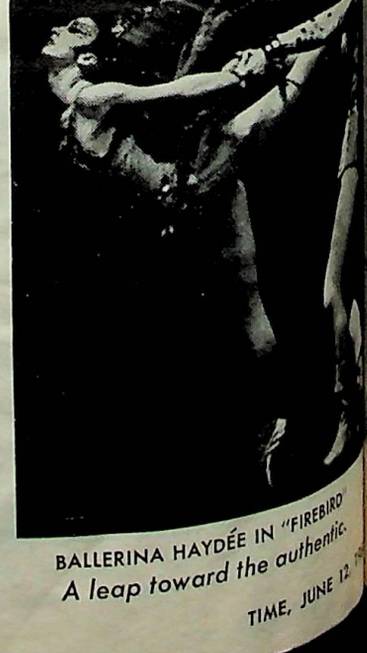
For openers, the company staged its *pièce de résistance,* a robust rendering of Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet,* followed by a lavish, streamlined *Swan Lake* featuring nothing less than the reigning tandem of Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev, who had volunteered their services and spent one week of intensive rehearsals mastering the myriad refinements of Cranko's interpretation. But the creation that stirred the most frenetic response from the crowd was the première of a handsomely preened and plumed production of Stravinsky's *Fire Bird,* grounded in the Fokine tradition but soaring to new heights on the wings of Prima Ballerina Marcia Haydée's flattering, levitating flight through a la forest primeval.

CRANKO

All & More. For Cranko, 37, a spare gentle man of steely determination, the festival was one more step toward realizing his vision of expanding the horizons of his company "to encompass and incorporate all known dance forms and then add some more." A native of South Africa, Cranko first became hooked on ballet while working as a puppeteer in Cape Town, soon pulled other strings to land a job in 1947 with London's Sadler's Wells Theater Ballet as a dancer and sometime choreographer. Five years later, critics were calling him "the young hope of British choreography." Lured as a choreographer with the Royal Ballet, he carved a reputation for uncommon versatility and invention. But always he nurtured a burning itch to discover and develop a new "pattern of movement and expression which is already deeply ingrained into the mainstream of our artistic experience and potential." He longed for his own ballet company, and when he got an invitation from Stuttgart five years ago, Cranko leaped at the opportunity.

Since Noverre. The fruits of his Stuttgart efforts first appeared on the international scene at last year's Edinburgh Festival, where his achievement was hailed as "staggering" and "beyond praise." Yet for all the lavish encomiums, Cranko is the first to admit that he and his relatively small company still need five or more years of maturing before they are ready to lay claim to the authentic "Stuttgart style" label some critics have already begun to discern in glowing, enthusiastic terms. But one thing is already certain: not since the city's celebrated Ballet Reformer Jean Georges Noverre set out two centuries ago "to smash the masks, to burn the wigs, to present a spirit which rises high in the realm of the creative art" has old Stuttgart seen so much style.

ALEX



BALLERINA HAYDÉE IN "FIREBIRD"
A leap toward the authentic.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

STUDENTS

"A Nourishing of Excellence"

It was former Schoolteacher Lyndon Johnson's own idea: the accolade of "presidential scholar," to be bestowed on outstanding students as they finished high school and headed for college. Announcing the program in April, the President said, "These awards are to recognize the most precious resource of the United States—the brain power of its young people—to encourage the pursuit of intellectual attainment among all our young people." This week the first year's scholars, 121 strong, gather in the White House for a presidential handshake and a medal designed by sculptor Jacques Lipchitz.

Winners were chosen by a committee headed by Dr. Milton Eisenhower. The 500 finalists were screened by the National Merit Scholarship Corporation primarily from top performers on its own tests and on the "college boards" given by Educational Testing Service. Virtually all the scholars scored in the mid 700s on the college boards and no less than 15 had perfect 800s. Half a dozen had perfect National Merit exam scores, supposedly impossible.

The first presidential winners include 64 boys and 57 girls, who will attend 73 different colleges and universities. Surprisingly, only one winner will study medicine, but 31 plan to major in math, 13 in physics, seven in chemistry. In whatever field, the 121 honored teenagers prove that the country's "greatest resource" is a rich and varied lode. Some standout scholars:

▶ Jill Ramsey of Briarcliff Manor, N.Y., scored two perfect 800s and a 795 on her college boards, may major in anthropology or Spanish at Stanford. Last year as a summer project, she helped to build a clavichord.

▶ Elaine Leachman of Los Alamos, N. Mex., speaks French, Spanish, Swedish, Russian—and Danish acquired while her physicist father was posted at the Nils Bohr Institute in Denmark. In Copenhagen she won second place in a French contest, represented Denmark on a trip to Paris. She helps with a class for retarded children, will train as a language teacher at Stanford.

▶ Jeffrey Liebman of Evanston, Ill. got a four-minute standing ovation when the President's telegram was read to a student assembly. He heard not a clap of it, having been deaf since birth. He attends Evanston's college-sized Township High, reads lips so fluently that some classmates are unaware of his deafness. Hugely versatile, Jeffrey was a state winner in the Science Talent Search for his experiment on fast evaporation, won a Carnegie Tech creative-writing prize for an essay on Salinger and Kafka, a national prize for a one-act play, and a letter for wrestling. He will major in chemistry at Oberlin.

▶ Paul Kenneth Hansma of Scottsdale, Ariz., "just seemed to drift into science," has built everything from a cloud chamber to a solar furnace to an electron accelerator. For a hobby he builds fountains, is now on his ninth. He studies with stereo earphones whispering light classical music to him. He will attend New College in Sarasota, Fla., move on to postgraduate research in physics.

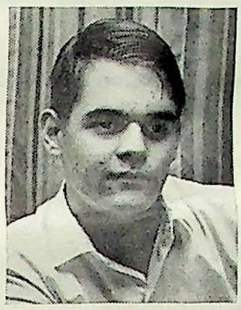
▶ Jacquelyn Faye Evans of Little Rock, Ark., made her achievements (straight A's) amid notably tense circumstances as one of the few Negro students to enter and stay at Little Rock's Hall High School after it was integrated by federal troops. "The identity crisis was there at first," she says, "but I got along fine." She reads 1,800 words a minute, will go to Radcliffe on a scholarship.

▶ Dale Gieringer of Cincinnati is towering physically (6 ft. 3 in., 190 lbs.) and intellectually (he tops his class of 289). "A youngster with a brain like this is awesome," says one teacher at Walnut Hills High. In free time, Dale programs computers at the University of Cincinnati's Kettering Laboratory ("It's just a job, really"). Dale took up astronomy at six, and his prime interest is "where physics, math and astronomy meet—cosmology, deep space distribution of matter." He hopes after Harvard to join NASA or become a research astronomer at an observatory in Australia or South Africa.

EVANS

LEACHMAN

LIEBMAN


GIERINGER

RAMSEY

HANSMA

The most precious resource.

TEACHING

Reading by Rainbow

Teaching English by pure "look-say"—the theory that children need only recognize shapes of whole words rather than individual letters or syllables—is discredited in the U.S.; 30 years of trying it produced two generations of bad spellers and etymological ninnies. But going back to pure phonics does not answer the original objection that learning English's brain-busting disparities of spelling is dull and slow. In Washington, before a class of 29 illiterate adults and teen-agers, a teacher named Caleb Gattegno demonstrated a speedy means of teaching reading by an ingenious system of color-coding sounds.

Londoner Gattegno, 54, who made a lot of money by introducing the Cuisenaire rods that help moppets to master math (TIME, Jan. 31), uses a rainbow-hued set of word charts. They give each of English's 20 vowel sounds a color of its own. Thus the u in *up* is printed in yellow, and so are the identical-sounding *o* in *done*, *oe* in *does*, *oo* in *blood*. The *o* in *no* is tan, and so are seven other spellings that sound the same, like the *eau* in *beau* and the *ough* in *though*. There are 27 colors for consonant sounds. The sound of *n* in *no* is lavender, as is the *kn* in *know* and the *gn* in *gnat*.

Visual Dictation. Learners first master short pronunciations of the five vowels (the *a* as in *at*, *e* as in *pet*), then some consonant sounds (*p*, *t*, *s*) to provide the components for a lot of words. Using what he calls "visual dictation," tapping the charts with a pointer, Dr. Gattegno lets students discover with delight that strings of sounds make words, then whole sentences, including such swinging examples as "Pat met on a mat a man as fat as Tim." The decipherability of language thus established, the drill moves on to tougher orthography: *weigh*, *height*, *eye*, *diaphragm*, for example.

"Color serves as an extra dimension to help the learner associate the image of the letters with the sound until he has mastered it," explains Gattegno. "It makes nonphonetic English a phonetic language without changing the traditional spellings." Once sounds are

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

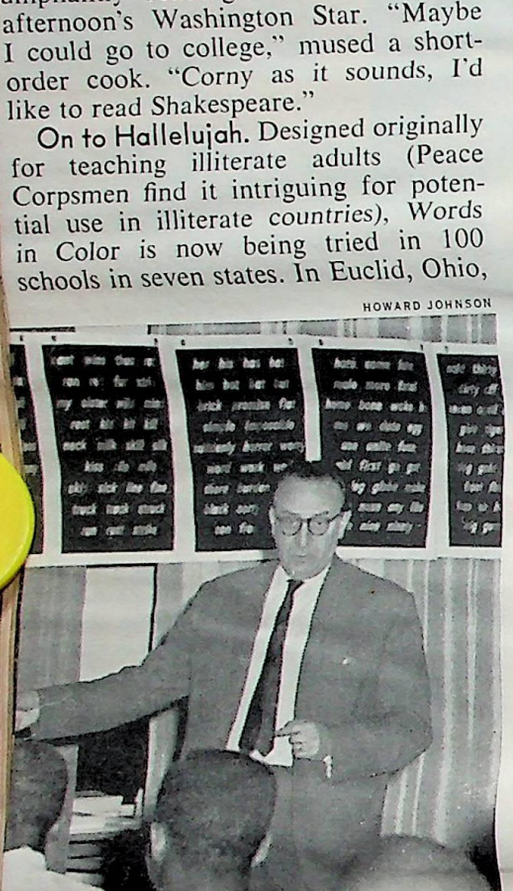
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

learned, the rainbow fades. Class books are in black on white, and students write in ordinary black. "Within six weeks they seem to rely mostly on form, referring back to the color charts when they have problems in working out words," reports a teacher.

On the second day of the Washington demonstration, Dr. Gattegno's pupils, certified as "functional illiterates" by the welfare department, were triumphantly reading stories from that afternoon's Washington Star. "Maybe I could go to college," mused a short-order cook. "Corny as it sounds, I'd like to read Shakespeare."

On to Hallelujah. Designed originally for teaching illiterate adults (Peace Corpsmen find it intriguing for potential use in illiterate countries), Words in Color is now being tried in 100 schools in seven states. In Euclid, Ohio,

HOWARD JOHNSON



INVENTOR GATTEGNO & WORD CHARTS
How by hues.

where a pilot project was launched last year, five-year-olds read simple stories, first-graders whip through fourth-grade readers. "What do brown, light orange, magenta make?" the teacher will ask. "Pot!" cry the kids. Dr. William Jordan, assistant head of the elementary schools, says: "We have never seen such progress. Our color readers are far ahead of any comparable groups." Students conquer the course, through such words as *schist* and *hallelujah,* in six weeks to six months.

Learning so relentlessly nonphonetic a language as English will never become effortless, and Words in Color may be overrated by some of its spectacular early successes. Yet for its happy discovery that symbolic color sticks in an illiterate's brain quicker than a shape, and its basic expansion of the alphabet (from 26 letters to 47 colors) to match the language's sounds, it gives promise of turning into an educational hit (light blue, pink, magenta).

KUDOS

Round 2

ALLIANCE COLLEGE

John A. Gronouski, the U.S. Postmaster General—H.L.D.

BROWN UNIVERSITY

Dirk Uipko Stikker, soon-to-retire Secretary-General of NATO—LL.D.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Kingman Brewster Jr., recently inaugurated president of Yale University—LL.D. *The gift of leadership fits you easily and equips you admirably as presiding officer of one of our country's distinguished centers of higher learning.*

CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY

Thomas S. Power, General, U.S. Air Force, Commander in Chief of SAC—LL.D. *The leader of those patriotic Americans who are proud that peace is their profession.*

Whitney Young Jr., executive director of the National Urban League—LL.D. *He has made his career a quiet battle so that all men, regardless of color or belief, may enjoy the rights guaranteed them under the Constitution of the United States.*

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

Robert Sargent Shriver Jr., director of the Peace Corps and director-designate of President Johnson's "war on poverty" program—LL.D. *Humanitarian—We salute you simply — with a single word.*

EMMANUEL COLLEGE

Edward Moore Kennedy,* U.S. Senator from Massachusetts—L.H.D. *Earnest and diligent disciple of the teachings of true wisdom; eager and tireless in his many journeyings to open the pathways of friendship among nations.*

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE

Chester R. Huntley, TV commentator—Litt.D.

David Brinkley, TV commentator—Litt.D.

GEORGIAN COURT COLLEGE

Margaret Chase Smith, U.S. Senator from Maine—LL.D.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

Clark Kerr, president of the University of California—LL.D.

MOUNT MARY COLLEGE

Harper Lee, novelist (*To Kill a Mockingbird*)—L.H.D.

Edward Teller, nuclear physicist—L.H.D.

MUNDELEIN COLLEGE

Clare Boothe Luce, playwright, former Congresswoman, former Ambassador to Italy—LL.D. *For her distinctive contribution as a woman in the field of international affairs.*

THE NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH

Edward R. Murrow, former director, U.S. Information Agency (*in absentia*)—LL.D.

* Who established something of a record by getting three honorary degrees in one day (at Emmanuel, Curry and Stonehill colleges), and two more (at Assumption College and Lowell Technological Institute) before the week was up.

Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the U.S.—LL.D. *Displays rare independence, courage and foresight as he steers the critical course of this nation's highest court.*

OHIO NORTHERN UNIVERSITY

Bishop Fred Pierce Corson, president of World Methodist Council, observer at the Second Vatican Council—Ecumenics D.

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE

Lucius Holsey Pitts, president of Negro Miles College, Birmingham (Thu Nov. 8)—LL.D. *As one who struggled long and hard to gain an education, and who is now struggling equally hard to bring the benefits of education to those who need it most, you have indeed earned Chaucer's encomium: "And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."*

RIPON COLLEGE

Sir Tyrone Guthrie, artistic director of the Minnesota Theater Co. at the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis—D.F.A.

ROLLINS COLLEGE

James R. Killian, Jr., corporation chairman, Massachusetts Institute of Technology—D.H.

Raymond Cecil Gibson, professor of education, Indiana University, onetime organizer of colleges in Latin America and Asia—LL.D.

SAINT LOUIS UNIVERSITY

Eugène Cardinal Tisserant, dean of the College of Cardinals, member of the French Academy—Litt.D.

UNIVERSITY OF AKRON

Eric Frederick Goldman, Rollins professor of history, Princeton University special consultant to President Johnson—Litt.D. *As the President's "Idea Man," talents will be utilized for the improvement of the society he knows so well.*

General Earle G. Wheeler, U.S. Army Chief of Staff—LL.D. *First soldier of the U.S.*

UNIVERSITY OF JUDAISM

The Very Rev. Charles S. Casassa, S.J., president of Loyola University—D.D.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

Andrew Wyeth, artist—D.F.A. *He records those timeless human meanings whose existence he doubts no more than he doubts the real existence of external nature.*

UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO

Richard Buckminster Fuller, engineer, designer, inventor, teacher, and creator of the geodesic dome—D.F.A.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

Sidney Blackmer, actor—D.H.

UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING

Bob Hope, comedian—LL.D.

WASHBURN UNIVERSITY OF TOPEKA

Carl T. Rowan, director, U.S. Information Agency—L.H.D.

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE

George H. Love, chairman of the board, Chrysler Corp. and Consolidation Coal Co.—LL.D.

WESTERN COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Hannah Arendt, author (*Eichmann in Jerusalem*)—Litt.D.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

HORSE RACING

Q & A

"Horses for courses," the old saying goes. It was never truer than last week, when a big bay who fancies Aqueduct Race Track the way most horses fancy sugar cubes, won the Belmont Stakes—thus dashing Northern Dancer's hopes of becoming the first Triple Crown winner since Citation in 1948.

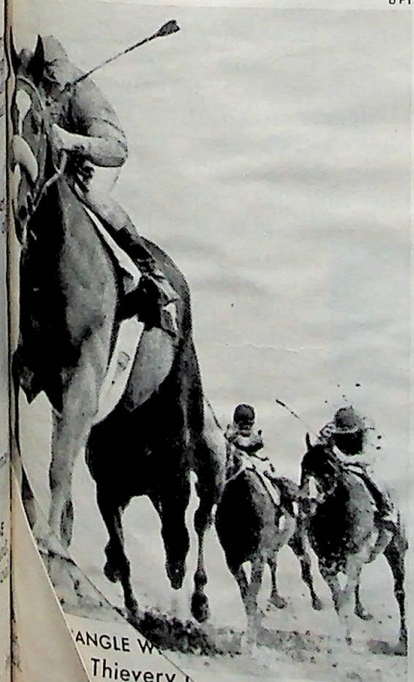
Trainer Elliott Burch worried for a week before he decided to enter Quadrangle in the race. Paul Mellon's handsome colt has the look of a classic horse: at 16.1 hands and 1,100 lbs., he is one of the biggest three-year-olds in the U.S. And he has breeding to match: his sire, Cohoes, won stakes at two, three and four, and his dam, Tap Day, was a daughter of Calumet Farm's great Bull Lea. But in the Kentucky Derby, Quadrangle finished fifth behind Northern Dancer; in the Preakness, the best he could do was fourth. Still, Burch decided to gamble, and the deciding factor might well have been Quadrangle's record at the Big A; four firsts, one second in five starts.

Worst of the Three. But try and tell that to the fans. On race day, 61,215 of them—biggest crowd in the Belmont's 96 years—were in the stands, and Northern Dancer, at 4 to 5, was clearly the people's choice. Why not? The Canadian-bred colt had won the Derby and Preakness with ease. The only thing against him was history. At 1½ mi., the Belmont is the longest of the Triple Crown races, and in the 15 years since Citation, odds-on favorites have lost seven times. Two, like the Dancer, were trying for a triple: Tim Tam in 1958 (a broken-legged second), and Carry Back in 1961 (a dismal seventh).

At post time, the odds against Quadrangle were 13 to 2. Jockey Manuel Ycaza thought that was pretty funny. "This is a free-running colt," he said. "He can beat any horse in the country." As if to prove it, he urged Quadrangle into the lead at the start, then eased up. Other horses pounded past: California's Hill Rise (2 to 1) and long-shot Orientalist (42 to 1) dueled for the lead; Quadrangle slipped back to fourth, and Northern Dancer was running fifth. Suddenly, Orientalist began to bear out from the rail. "I saw that big hole," said Ycaza, "and I said to myself, 'You can steal this race.' " In a wink, Quadrangle zipped past the leaders and opened up a one-length lead.

Carnations for Two. On the outside, aboard Northern Dancer, Jockey Bill Hartack made his move, closed to within a neck. "I leaned over and talked in the horse's ear," said Ycaza. "I kept saying, 'Let's get the Belmont. Let's get the Belmont.' Then I hit him twice." Quadrangle pulled away like an Atlas leaving the pad. At the wire, he was two lengths ahead of Roman Brother, six ahead of Northern Dancer. Jockey Ycaza plucked two white carnations from the wreath around Quadrangle's neck. "One for my wife," he explained, "and one for little Manuelito." For himself, Ycaza plucked something even sweeter: a 10% slice of the $110,850 winner's purse.

UPI



ANGLE W... Thievery ... BELMONT STAKES
12, 1964 ...ack.

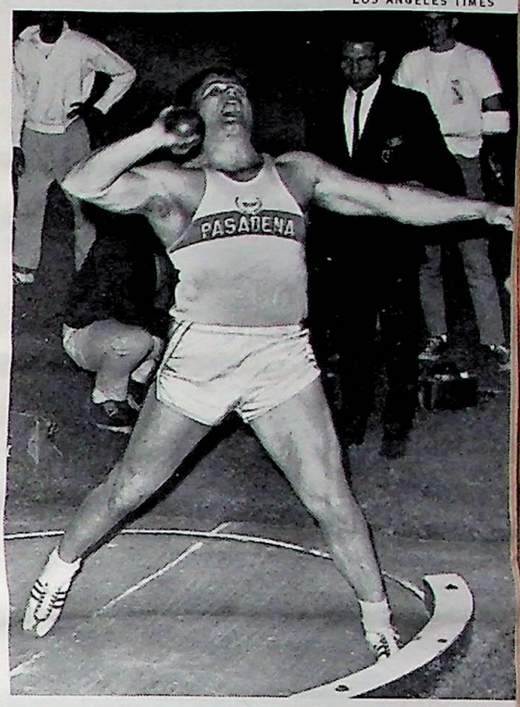
TRACK & FIELD

The Prince of Put

Into the shotput circle at California's Occidental College strode Dallas Crutcher Long III, known to his friends as the Prince of Whales. Hefting a 16-lb. iron ball in one hammy hand, he crouched low, tucked the ball behind his right ear, and began to inch back his left foot like a second-story man feeling his way down a ladder in the dark. Suddenly, he dipped and flung himself bodily across the ring. A grunt, a gasp—the shot soared through the air and thudded into the turf 66 ft. 3½ in. away. For the second time in twenty days—and the third time this spring—Dallas Long had smashed the world record in the shotput.

Strongest Ever. At 23, Long is no longer the fuzzy-cheeked, 255-lb. prodigy who stunned track experts by tying Parry O'Brien's world mark in 1959 when he was only a freshman in college. Married and a father now, he has put on 10 lbs., and his graduate studies in dentistry keep him busy 60 hours a week. He competed only twice all last season, and his haphazard practice sessions this year are limited to two nights a week. "It's always in the dark," says Long. "I used to climb the playground fence at the grammar school down the block, but the night watchman didn't like that much. So now I use a piece of sidewalk in the park."

LOS ANGELES TIMES



SHOTPUTTER LONG
Practice in the dark.

Out of shape or not, Long is still the strongest shotputter who ever lived. In four years at the University of Southern California, he topped 60 ft. an astonishing 69 times, won three straight N.C.A.A. championships, and capped his senior season with a record toss of 65 ft. 10½ in. Nobody has approached that mark since—except Long himself. Last April he got off a put of 65 ft. 11½ in. And one day last month, he showed up at the West Coast Relays in Fresno, limping on a bandaged left foot. "I was working out with pulley weights," he explained. "They weren't heavy enough for me, so I had a guy standing on them. The darned steel cable snapped when the weights were all the way up. They came crashing down on my foot—and drove it into the floor like it was a nail." Whereupon Long warmed up by hurling the shot 65 ft. 3 in. on his first try, then uncorked a toss of 66 ft. 7¼ in.—a full 8¾ in. over his own listed world record. But it went for naught: Fresno officials had unaccountably neglected to put a steel ring around the shotput circle as international rules require.

Prospect of Gold. The bait that lured Long back into competition this season, of course, is the prospect of a gold medal at the 1964 Olympics. He will not lack for competition in Tokyo. Randy Matson, a 19-year-old Texas A. & M. freshman, already has a 64 ft. 10½ in. throw to his credit this spring. But by the time the Olympics roll around, Long may be hurling that 16-lb. ball all the way into orbit. "I've always felt that somebody would hit 70 ft. some day," he says. "And the way I'm going, I ought to do it this year."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BASEBALL

The Man Nobody Wanted

The rightfielder of the Minnesota Twins is a hoax. He calls himself Tony, but his name is Pedro. He has claimed to be 27, but he is really 22. He swings a bat as though he were waving goodbye to his grandmother. And he is probably the only ballplayer in the major leagues who got turned down twice by the minors. But none of that is likely to keep Tony—or Pedro—Oliva from becoming Rookie of the Year and, just possibly, the only player in history to win the American League batting championship in his first big-league season.

The son of a back-country Cuban plantation worker, Oliva was barely 19 when the Twins' man in Havana spotted him in 1960 and offered him a minor-league tryout. He jumped at the chance. Trouble was, he needed a passport, and Cuba being Cuba, that involved all sorts of red tape. So Pedro simply borrowed his brother Tony's—and has been using his brother's name ever since.

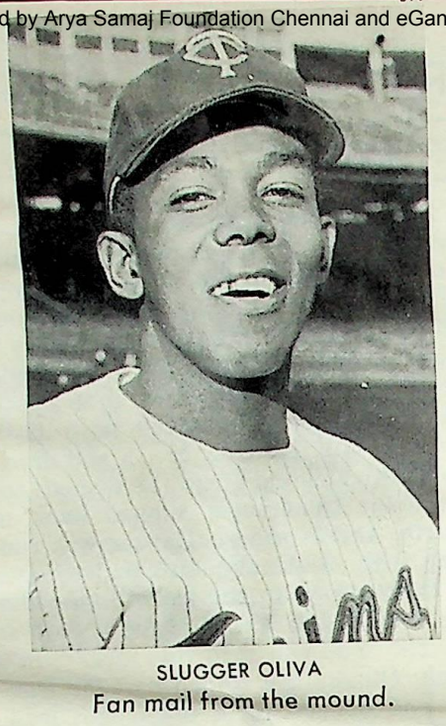
Down to the Ds. The tryout was a washout. After three days, the Twins offered him—free—to the National League's Houston Colts. The Colts turned him down too. At that, Oliva went to visit a buddy who was playing for the Charlotte, N.C., Hornets—a Twins farm club. The Hornets didn't want him either. Out of charity, the general manager got Tony a berth on the Wytheville, Va., Twins, a Class D team in the Appalachian Rookie League. And all of a sudden Tony started hitting baseballs with his unconnected swing.

That first year at Wytheville, he clouted ten homers, drove in 81 runs, and hit .410 for the season—highest batting average in all of organized baseball. Tony had to learn how to field from the first grade up, but he batted .350 at Charlotte in 1962, .304 at Dallas-Fort Worth in 1963, .365 in the Puerto Rican League last winter, won a starting berth with the Twins this spring. In his first 100 trips to the plate, he collected 43 hits, and his average has not dropped below .380 since. Last week Oliva was leading the American League in batting (.389), runs (41), hits (77), doubles (12) and triples (5), and ranked sixth in home runs (with 11).

There is always a chance that opposing pitchers will find some way of getting Tony out. Nothing yet has worked—not even the ultimate weapon. Pitchers call it the "brushback"; batters call it a beanball. It is the highest compliment a pitcher can pay a hitter, and Oliva has been getting a lot of fan mail from the mound. He has eaten dirt at least a dozen times this spring. Things have reached such a stage, in fact, that Twins Manager Sam Mele has ordered retaliatory measures. "Anybody knocks Tony down, he gets knocked down himself," he tells Twins pitchers.

Out Like a Marble. "If nothing happens to upset that natural ability," says Mele, "Tony can be one of the game's great hitters." Only one bad thing seems remotely likely to happen to Oliva: choking on a chuckle. A gold tooth gleams in his constant smile, and his laugh explodes like a marble popping out of a bottle of ginger ale. Tony's English is still practically nonexistent, and he is just beginning to learn his teammates' names. "Big Powder," he calls fellow Cuban Vic Power.

As for opposing players—well, that is just too much to ask. One day, recalls Power, the Twins were debating the merits of Cleveland Pitcher Mudcat Grant. "Tony say, 'Who is this Mudcat? Who is Mudcat?' I tell him, 'Why, you just got two hits off him.' Tony just smile. He don't know Mudcat. He don't know Bob Feller. He don't know Ty Cobb. He don't know nothing. He just smile and show that gold tooth."



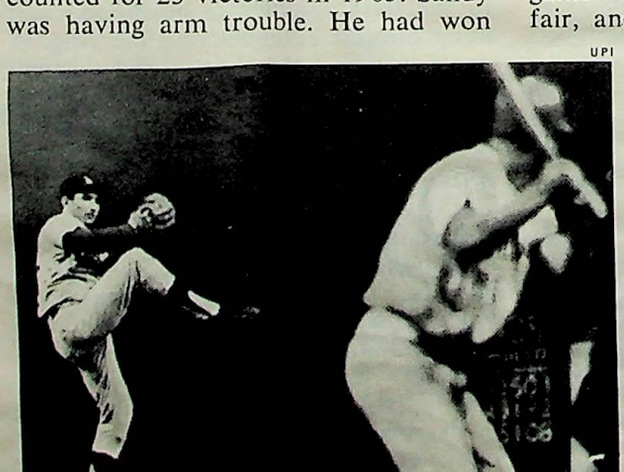
SLUGGER OLIVA
Fan mail from the mound.

A Third for Sandy

The Dodgers were in the doldrums. All spring long, Los Angeles' world champions had been mired deep in the second division. Their fielding was sloppy, their hitting spotty. The biggest disappointment of all was Pitcher Sandy Koufax, 28, whose golden left arm accounted for 25 victories in 1963. Sandy was having arm trouble. He had won only five games, while losing four, and Manager Walter Alston even demoted him briefly to the bullpen.

Last week, against the league-leading Philadelphia Phillies, Sandy roared back to demonstrate that the scorer's K still stands for Koufax. In nine innings, he faced only 27 men—the absolute minimum. Twelve Phillies struck out, and the only one who reached base at all was Richie Allen, who walked in the fourth inning, was thrown out trying to steal second. With the Dodgers leading 3-0 and two out in the bottom of the ninth, Sandy faced Phillies Stopper Bobby Wine. The first pitch was a ball, and Wine fouled the second into the leg of Plate Umpire Ed Vargo. Wincing with pain, Vargo called him out—and the tension mounted. "Ball!" he finally called. Wine whiffed on a second strike. Then, Sandy wound up, kicked his right leg high into the air, and burned a fastball straight across the heart of the plate. Koufax walked off the mound, the fourth player in history to pitch three no-hit games.

UPI



DODGER KOUFAX (THROWING LAST PITCH)
A fastball across the heart.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▶ Rice University Star Fred Hansen a new world record in the pole vault with a leap of 17 ft. 1 in. (the old record: 17 ft. ¾ in., by Miami's Jim Pennel), at a track meet in Houston.

▶ Oregon's Dyrol Burleson: a one-step victory over Loyola of Chicago's Tom O'Hara in the mile run at the Compton, Calif., Relays. Burleson was clocked in 3 min. 57.4 sec., and the next seven finishers all cracked 4 min. Wichita's Jim Ryun, 17, came in eighth at 3 min. 59 sec.—fastest time ever recorded by a high school miler.

Who Lost

▶ The New York Mets: the longest single game (7 hrs. 23 min.) and longest doubleheader (9 hrs. 52 min.) in history, both to the San Francisco Giants, before 57,037 supersatiated fans—biggest crowd of the 1964 season—in New York's Shea Stadium. The first game was a regulation nine-inning affair, and the Giants won 5-3. But the nightcap went 23 innings before Catcher Del Crandall, the only able-bodied man on the Giant roster (except pitcher Jack Fisher, who had not yet played, drove in the winning run with a pinch double to give San Francisco an 8-6 victory.

▶ Frank ("Pop") Ivy: the $23,000-a-year job as coach of the American Football League's Houston Oilers of onetime Passing Whiz Sammy Baugh—whom Ivy had coached as an assistant with the losers," exweeks before Owner Bud Adams doesn't like losers won 17 games, plain in Ivy's two seasons. wh

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TELEVISION

D-Day, Ike Hour

Television serves best when it serves history, and last Friday night it made history as well. On the eve of the 20th anniversary of the invasion of Normandy, *CBS Reports* presented a program about D-day. It started by showing Omaha Beach as it looks today —bathers, volleyballs, open sky, and little boys playing in the rotted shells of LSTs. Then Dwight D. Eisenhower walked up from the water's edge and began to talk about it.

He talked for 90 minutes, with Walter Cronkite getting a word in occasionally. He talked from a Jeep while he drove it; he talked from the deck of a British frigate; he talked from the window of a German observation bunker; he described the greatest show in military history from plan to execution. Often almost professionally vague as President, Eisenhower as Commanding General was a man of self-assurance and enthusiasm, reeled off statistics with computer ease, and often, as he gestured toward empty stretches of beach or water, film clips would appear, showing the precise scene 20 years earlier, jammed with the action of war.

IKE IN NORMANDY, 1964

Best Bargain. The most fascinating effect of these scenes was a matter of technology, as the program reached back across the nearer distance of Ike's actual presidency to show a man slightly but substantially different, reliving his somewhat presidential generalcy in command of the corporate war. Against the background of the vast invasion, the organization reaching to the horizon, his special colloquial touch stood out retrospectively as the small force that brought the great ones to human size and made the whole huge enterprise go so well.

Sitting in his still-preserved invasion room at Southwick House near Portsmouth, he said that the D-day he had picked was June 5, but "it wasn't in the cards. You couldn't go. The weather was terrible. This house was shaking." Eisenhower recalled the "little grin" on the meteorologist's face when he came in announcing a break for June 6. "It was the best of a bad bargain," Ike told Cronkite. "He predicted this good weather would last between 24 and 36 hours, but I said, 'O.K., we'll go,' and this room was emptied in two seconds."

Waiting Time. With Operation Overlord in motion, there was nothing much for Ike to do but wait nervously for H-hour. Had he indeed written a message to be broadcast in case of failure? Cronkite wondered. "Well, Walter, I must tell you something. I did," said Ike. The message had read: "The landing has been a failure and it's no one's fault but mine." Grinning at Cronkite, Ike shrugged. "If it did fail," he said, "I was going into oblivion anyway, so I might as well take full responsibility."

He went around to see several units of the 101st Airborne Division, and the paratroopers told him not to worry: they would button things up on arrival in France. As they took off, "I watched them out of sight," Ike told Cronkite, who asked if it were true that tears had been observed in his eyes. "It could have been possible," said Ike. "Goodness knows those fellows meant a lot to me."

On Sea & Land. But the greatness of the program was not so much in its superb vignettes as in the experience of watching Eisenhower move through them, whether he was standing on the cliffs of Pointe du Hoc remembering the Rangers ("regular monkeys") who scaled them, contemplating Omaha Beach in a light rain with water glistening on his hat and droplets forming on his nose, or looking out over the water and recalling that the landing craft had trouble "over here, where the currents were so bad."

In the village of Ste.-Mère-Eglise, he sat on a bench with the wife of the wartime mayor. She pointed to the steeple of the church and told him about a paratrooper from Wilmington, N.C., whose chute had caught on it, and how he had hung there for hours, pretending to be dead. Eventually the Germans cut him down and took him prisoner.

In the end, President Eisenhower sat in an American military cemetery at St.-Laurent-sur-Mer and, with thousands of white crosses forming a background for his words, talked about his own son, who had graduated from West Point on June 6, 1944, who had not died in the war, and who had given him grandchildren to brighten his life. There was no sentimentality in what he said, merely strong feeling for the dead who had gone to France, as he put it, to gain nothing for themselves.

IKE WITH 101ST AIRBORNE, 1944
"Those fellows meant a lot to me."

Never before in history has such an immediate and permanent record been made of a general returning to the field of a great battle and describing it in his own words, while film archives supplied scenes of the actual warfare. It was something to see.

It is too bad that CBS is so young. If it had existed 149 years ago, it might have invited Wellington to do a show on Waterloo.

STARS

Miracle on 46th Street

Men about town, or new to it, know the Empire State Building is only a second feature. So are Shea Stadium, Madison Square Garden, the Statue of Liberty, the Guggenheim Museum, Radio City Music Hall and Central Park. For in New York City these days, the fastest, flashiest show around is at the corner of Broadway and 46th Street.

It plays to an S.R.O. audience. Admission is free, the performance scheduled for 11:30 p.m. But sports fans

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SIEMENS

If you ask us:

"What's your special field?"

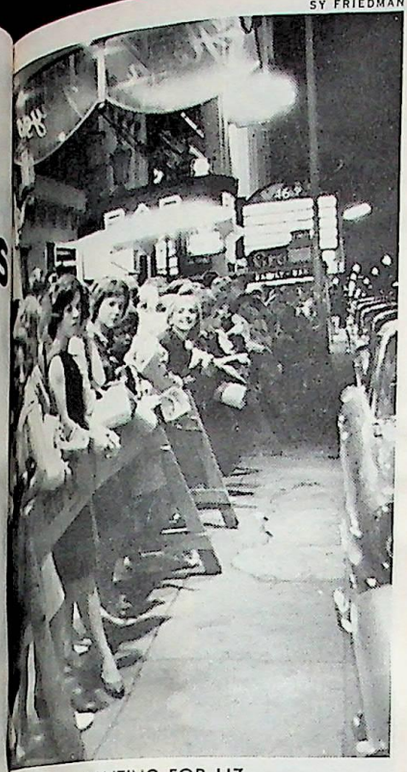
Our special field is the whole spectrum of electrical engineering. For whoever builds a modern power station must also be familiar with instrumentation. Whoever builds electronic computers must have an intimate knowledge of solid-state technology. There are no section barriers in engineering, least of all in electrical engineering. For the Siemens Group it has always been a matter of course to make use of the latest results of research and practical experience acquired on one sector in development work on other sectors as well. The practical implication for customers is that, whether the project on hand is the planning of an electronic computer center, the designing of a special-purpose drive, the construction of a power station, the automation of a steel mill, or the establishment of a communications network: it can always be said to be our special field.

***The Siemens* Group — your experienced partner in all electrical engineering projects**

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SY FRIEDMAN



WAITING FOR LIZ

Countdown. Blast-off. Squeal.

must jockey for position, and the crowds gather early every night of the week but Sunday. By 11, they are a good thousand strong, amiable at first, ruly and obedient. Some nibble candy bars left over from the movies, others nip from flasks. Excitement mounts. So do six policemen, onto snorting steeds. Six-teen *more* police get the barriers set up along 46th Street and part way across the Broadway exit. The throng fidgets: gloves drop, eyeglasses break, drunks mutter, old men complain and ask to be taken home, sophisticates yawn but stay rooted, teen-agers warm up for the squeal. Someone starts the rumors ("She's gone to Beirut, or Beverly Hills, or some place; she's not here; she's never coming; she never has been here, neither has he"). Always there are peo-ple, deposited by misfortune on the wrong block, who stumble bewildered-ly down theater row, wondering aloud whether Mme. Nhu is back in town or what? But they are adventuresome souls and queue up anyway. The crowd is pushing 3,000, and each other.

Countdown. The door under the dark marquee at the Lunt-Fontanne Theater creaks open. Someone looks out, checks the field, withdraws. And then, blast off. Out of the stage door steps Elizabeth Taylor. She is wearing yellow, or laven-der or green, or rose, or some other color, never anything she has ever worn before or will again. The audience surges forward. She crosses the sidewalk in seven steps or three seconds. Hamlet follows her, not all that melancholy.* Someone flashes a sudden dazzling, billion-

dollar smile and slips into the limousine purring in wait at the curb. It pulls out slowly, flanked by mounted police-men on either side, and creeps leisurely down the center of the street. From the back seat she smiles again, lifts a hand and delivers a wave the way Elizabeth II never properly learned.

By 11:40, the cortege reaches Broad-way and vanishes into the dark. Shrieks long since shrieked hover in the air like radioactivity, echo along the empty trail. The moment is gone, the brief encoun-ter between man and myth is nothing but memory. Manhattan's greatest spec-tacle is over. But only for the night. With *Hamlet* held over until August and nine weeks still to go, his lady is sure to keep the show off the road and onto the street.

BROADWAY

Farce de Frappe

When the girls of the Folies-Bergère filled out questionnaires for the benefit of the American press, many listed their measurements as 90-60-90. Mere report-ers have seldom been entrusted with information of such magnitude. But with a second long look, they realized that the girls were only thinking in centimeters.

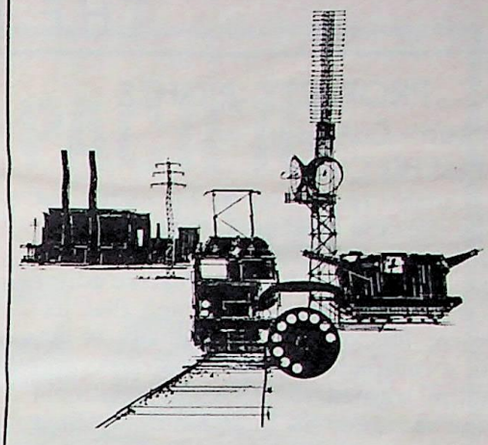
That about says it for the Folies-Bergère: in one sense, it promised to be the biggest bust in memory, and in an-other it is. The French revue of flesh and spectacle opened last week in Manhat-tan. Even beforehand, Peeping Toms began to swarm and cluster around the Broadway Theater because they had heard that some of the girls were re-hearsing without so much as a sequin to outflash their natural splendors. But, alas, even a relatively small sequin could do just that.

Near the outset, the girls begin to yip like Chippewas and throw their skirts in the air while the orchestra saws out some Offenbach, and they kick up their legs in what can be precisely described as the can't-can't. Georges Ulmer, the man who wrote the ballad *Pigalle* and who acts as M.C., tells a joke: "The Fo-lies-Bergère is an old institution, near-ly 100 years old. Of course, lately we have changed some of the girls." He does not say which ones, and without radioactive carbon it is absolutely im-possible to tell.

The overall evening is actually part fraudville and part vaudeville, and the vaudeville is quite good. A skillful little dog stands on one paw on its master's outstretched thumb. A girl spins and whirls in the middle of a rope whose ends are held in the teeth of two men. The sexiest item of the evening is a strip-teasing marionette, who bumps, grinds, twists, and removes her bra to reveal the best shape on the hot side of the foot-lights. Patachou, the evening's headliner, is a once-great stylist who still has a touch of Piaf—but not enough.

France has stung America with a *farce de frappe.*

It need not be. When he was out with an inflamed tonsil for two performances last week, roughly 40% of the ticket holders dem-onstrated that they had come to hear Richard Burton or nobody, demanded their money



For further information apply to our Distribution Companies and Agencies in Asia

Siemens Afghanistan Ltd.
Djade Maiwand 67—68
Kabul

Siemens Resident Engineer
91, Sparks Street
Rangoon

Jebsen & Co.
12, Pedder Street
Hong Kong

Siemens Engineering & Manufacturing Co. of India Ltd.
81/83, Veer Nariman Road
Bombay-1

Siemens Indonesia Office
Kebon Sirih 4
Djakarta

Siemens Iraq Co. W.L.L.
Sa'adoon Street
Baghdad

Siemens Iran Sherkate Sahami
Kh. Takhte Djamshid No. 32
Teheran

Siemens Liaison Office
Marunouchi 2-chome 8
Naka 10th Bldg., Annex
Tokyo

F.A. Kettaneh & Co. Ltd.
King Hussein Street
Amman

Eisenberg & Co., Inc.
Bando Building
Seoul

Abdulmajeed Al-Gharabally & Co.
Gharabally Street
Kuwait

Ets. F.A. Kettaneh S.A.
Rue du Port
Beyrouth

Joachim Scheye
Al-Hussein Street
Beyrouth

Siemens Pakistan Engineering Co. Ltd.
Victoria Road
Karachi

Machinery and Engineering Supplies Inc.
Ayala Blvd. Corner Camagong
Makati, Rizal
Manila

E.A. Juffali & Bros.
King Abdul Aziz Street
Djeddah

Syrian Import Export & Distribution Co., S.A.S.
Port Saïd Street
Damas

B. Grimm & Co.
63, Nakorn Sawan Road
Bangkok

Groupement d'Achats Mines Industries
94, Boul. Hai-Ba-Trung
Saigon

SIEMENS & HALSKE AG
SIEMENS-SCHUCKERTWERKE AG
Berlin · München · Erlangen

29

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PROPERTY RIGHTS

A Man's Caboose Is Not His Castle

A man's home may be his castle, but if he riles the neighbors, they may have a lot more say about the place than he does. William M. Phillips, feature editor of the Miami Herald, learned that expensive lesson when he decided to install a railroad caboose in his backyard. Phillips wanted some cheap, additional living space for his three children. What he got was a blizzard of bills that have now hit $10,000 and an endless zoning suit that has become the longest in the history of Florida's Dade County. Even worse, he has now been ordered to get rid of the caboose.

Board v. Board. According to Phillips, his most serious error was that he got only verbal permission for his housing scheme from a zoning official, who now denies everything. When the neighbors yowled that the caboose violated the zoning code ban on any "eyesore or nuisance" in Miami, the local zoning board bucked the complaint to the county zoning department, which offered the suggestion that the caboose be painted green, hidden by shrubs and used only as a playhouse. That pleased neither side, so the case ascended to the zoning board of appeals, which ordered Phillips to remove the caboose. Taking to the courts, Phillips lost one appeal after another up to the Florida Supreme Court, which refused to hear him on the ground that his lawyer used the wrong legal approach.

By now, the zoning board of appeals had been stripped of its decision-making authority. Phillips started all over again, and twice he got a recommendation for a variance covering the caboose. But the Metro Commission, which governs the county and has the final word, said no each time. Phillips' neighbors finally asked the state attorney to charge him with criminal violation of the zoning code—punishable by a $500 fine and 60 days in jail for each day's violation.

Injunction v. Injunction. Phillips was so mad that he put a $5,200 mortgage on his house to pay for the fight, and went to court again to enjoin the county from haling him into criminal court. Circuit Judge Joe Eaton ruled that the caboose must go and that the county should pay Phillips $975 for his trouble. Neither side liked that decision either, and both appealed. But the district court of appeals upheld the lower court.

Last week, the Metro Commission voted to pay Phillips the $975 set by Judge Eaton and accept the injunction that ordered him to remove the caboose. Phillips reluctantly agreed to go along. Looking back on the long fight, he says he would have preferred to be prosecuted in criminal court as a zoning law violator. He feels that then he might have pleaded his case before a jury that would have been more sympathetic than his neighbors.

COURTS

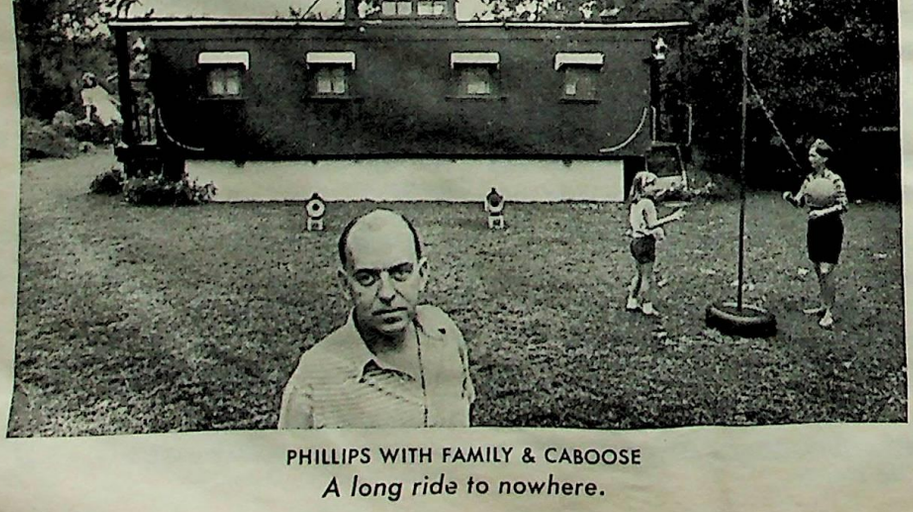
Something Mother Would Like

It is one of the proudest tenets of American law that any accused person is innocent until proved guilty. Yet each year thousands of Americans who have been charged with a crime but not yet brought to trial spend weeks and sometimes months in prison. They stay behind bars simply because they cannot afford the price of bail. In an effort to correct the inequities of a practice that, in effect, discriminates against the poor, 450 judges, district attorneys, lawyers, and police from all 50 states gathered in Washington for the first National Conference on Bail and Criminal Justice.

The conferees were all too familiar with the problems. Most judges set bail according to the crime. They give little consideration to a defendant's background, character or financial status. And the man who holds the key to freedom is not even a member of the c
he is a professional bondsman, in
ness to make money, understan
leary of poor defendants who ca
ther put up collateral nor pay the
fee: $100 for each $1,000 of bail
what to do about it? By far the
impressive answers came not fr
lawman but from a retired chemic
gineer named Louis Schweitzer,
bold new experiment may soon re
tionize the U.S. bail system.

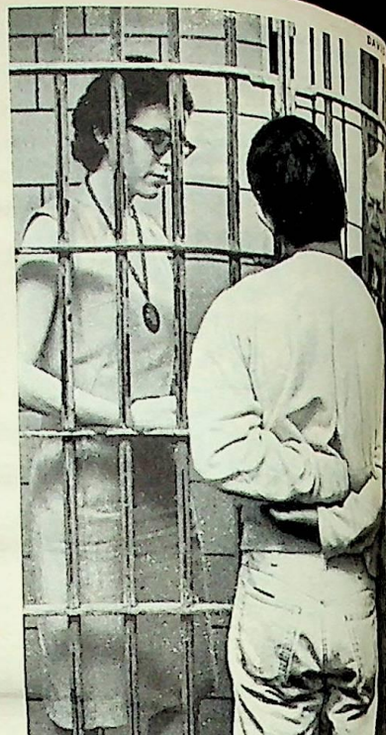
Interview Through Bars. It all sta
3½ years ago when Schweitzer, now
met New York City Prison Co
sioner Anna Kross, who took hi
visit a Brooklyn detention prison.
was shocked by the large number of
trial prisoners and donated $70,0
set up the Vera Foundation, w
named for his mother (becaus
thought she would have liked w
was doing"). In cooperation with
New York University Law Sc
Schweitzer's foundation set up the
hattan Bail Project, which has bee
erating for 31 months on a trial ba
Manhattan Criminal Court. Each
ing, after the newly arrested pris
are herded into the detention p
await pretrial hearings, a team of
staffers, who by night are N.Y.U.
students, conduct interviews th
the bars. If a prisoner scores well
four-page, detailed questionnaire
family status, previous convictions
—Vera staffers quickly verify his
by telephoning friends and emp
If it checks out, they rush a
recommendation to the judge,
that the prisoner be freed on his
promise to return for trial.

In the project's early months,
staffers cautiously recommended



FLIP SCHULKE—BLACK STAR

PHILLIPS WITH FAMILY & CABOOSE
A long ride to nowhere.



SCHWEITZER WITH PRISONER & VERA ST
A new key to justice.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ase of only 30% of the prisoners in-
erviewed; now they intercede for 60%.
t first the judges followed the founda-
on's advice in only half of the cases,
ut now they turn loose 70%. This
emarkable trend is based on equally
emarkable results. Of the 2,300 pris-
ners—ranging from muggers to em-
ezzlers—that Vera has recommended
or release, less than 1% have failed to
how up for trial *v.* a 3% no-show rate
n Manhattan for defendants on bail.

Beautiful & Unbutchered. Even
Vera's most enthusiastic supporters do
not claim that the new system will work
in all cases, and Vera itself avoids homi-
cide, sex and narcotics offenses as too
risky to handle. But the success of the
project strongly suggests that many in-
digent defendants can be turned loose
by sidestepping the old concept of mon-
ey bail and substituting character checks
and supervision (Vera sends special let-
ters and makes telephone calls to re-
mind the *defendants* to show up for
trial). The Vera system would not only
greatly reduce the cost of jailing pre-
trial prisoners—$10 million annually in
New York City—but would also give
defendants a better chance to prepare
their defense, allow them to continue to
work and support their families while
awaiting trial, and avoid placing on the
unconvicted the onus of serving time.

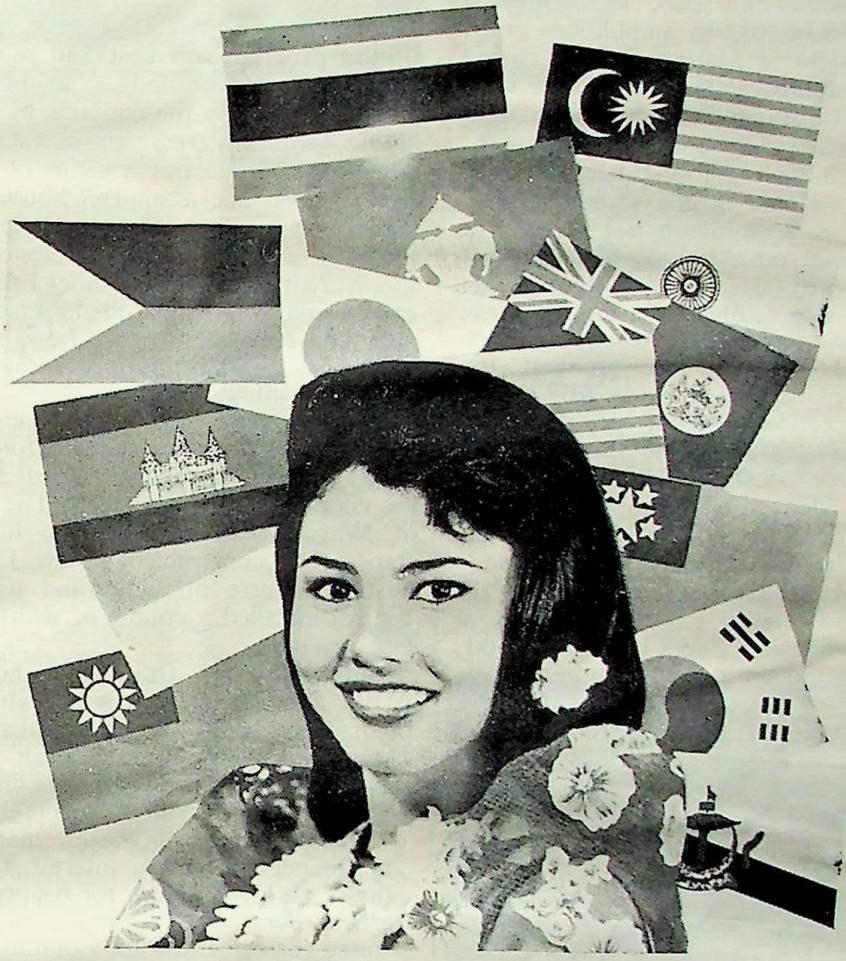
New York City in January decided to
adopt Vera procedures for all its crimi-
nal courts. Experiments with the system
have also been started in eight other
major cities, including Chicago, Los An-
geles and San Francisco, and Attorney
General Robert Kennedy is encouraging
federal courts to release more prison-
ers without bail. Reflects Schweitzer:
"There is an old saying, 'nothing is so
terrible as watching a beautiful theory
being butchered by brutal facts.' But
this is one time when the facts came out
as beautifully as the theory."

THE SUPREME COURT

An Oath

"Is it subversive to attend interna-
tional conventions and exchange views
with scholars from Communist coun-
tries?" It could be. "Could one support
participation by this country in world
organizations would not be farfetched,
argued Justice Byron White, if the Su-
preme Court let stand two state of
Washington loyalty oaths which re-
quired a state employee to swear that
he was not a "subversive person" and
would "promote undivided allegiance to
the Government." A majority of the
justices agreed with White, and the Su-
preme Court last week declared the
state Washington oaths unconstitution-
al, voiding that the court had upheld a
similar Maryland statute, dissenting
Justice Tom Clark found his colleagues'
change of heart "unfortunate." Justice
Clark's worries, he complained, "ex-
pect more sunbeams from cucumbers
than did Gulliver's mad scientists."

CATHAY PACIFIC
knows the Orient best!



MANILA

one of the 17 major cities served by
CATHAY PACIFIC

The fabled cities of the Orient are but a few happy hours apart when you travel on board Cathay Pacific's mighty Convair jet and Electra prop-jet aircraft. Experienced pilots, gourmet food and wines, and charming Oriental hostesses combine to offer you the finest in Orient travel.

Serving: HONG KONG . BANGKOK . BRUNEI
CALCUTTA . DJAKARTA . JESSELTON . KUALA
LUMPUR . MANILA . OSAKAKYOTO . PHNOM
PENH . RANGOON . SAIGON . SEOUL
SINGAPORE . TAIPEI . TOKYO . VIENTIANE

CATHAY PACIFIC

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

RECREATION

Way Out to Play

Children poured into the playground and found two jet planes, a tank and three trolleys, an 1870 locomotive, a Coast Guard tug, an amphibious craft, a fire engine, a Marine obstacle course and a soapbox racing track. There were some old-fashioned things too—basketball courts, swings and seesaws.

This child's vision of Eden is the new John F. Kennedy Playground, which opened in Washington last week. The idea came from Attorney General Robert Kennedy after a drive through one of the city's most depressed areas, which had almost no recreational facilities. He studied the problem, developed plans, and chose O. Roy Chalk, the energetic president of the D.C. Transit System, to raise the $200,000 needed for construction. But the most inspired idea cost nothing: to ask the armed forces to donate some obsolete tanks, planes, and ships. They happily complied. Chalk has now set up the National Committee on Playgrounds for Young America, hopes to raise $2,500,000 to duplicate the playground in other cities.

The Monster & Friends. The Kennedy Playground is only the latest variant in a slow latter-day transformation of the old slide and swing. The slides are now apt to be shaped like oversized caterpillars, and space stations, polyblocks and geodesic domes are standard equipment in better playgrounds across the U.S. "Creative play" is one of the country's newest fancies.

Oakland, Calif., has a $65,000 Fairyland with supersize Mother Goose characters and a clocktower slide; a 30-ft. sculpture called "The Monster" whose innards are littered with caves and slides; a series of structures made of wooden piles and culvert pipe, imaginatively painted and arranged; a Western frontier town (with a tombstone inscribed "As You Stand Now So Once Was I").

Philadelphia's twelve-year-old playground program has cost $30 million, is generally acknowledged to be the most successful in the country. No two of the city's 347 recreational facilities are identical: one has a series of concrete castles, one a squirrel house, another a spray pool. Newest equipment includes a 25-ft.-high rocket to the moon (with a helpful slide back to earth) and a gigantic turtle made of pipe and concrete. A big draw at the Penn Valley playground in Kansas City, Mo., is a magnificent woodpile composed of a series of tree trunks embedded in concrete under sand to form an intricate jungle gym. Even small towns are adopting the new gadgets. The town of Warner Robins, Georgia, for instance, has constructed a new 13-unit obstacle course of slides and balance beams, installed a couple of whirl merry-go-rounds.

Splinters in the Dust. Chief holdout is old New York. In a memorable exchange in 1948, Architectural Critic Lewis Mumford accused Park Commissioner Robert Moses of creating playground spaces "that are merely leftovers, bleak asphalt wastes, marks of an absence of human interest and an almost positive distaste for beauty." To parents' demands that sawdust be substituted for cement, Park Commissioner Newbold Morris replied with a pungent comment on the problems of the great big city. "Sawdust gets full of splinters, broken glass, empty cigarette packages and debris. We're experimenting with a rubber compound, but it's been ripped with knives. We have $450,000 a year in willful damage to park property."

In an effort to smuggle some imaginative ideas into the city, Architect Louis Kahn and Sculptor Isamu Noguchi have produced a design for a $1,000,000 playground to be carved out of Riverside Park. Proposed as a memorial to the late Philanthropist Mrs. R. Levy, the layout includes a sunken covered amphitheater, a pyramid and some handsome free-form sculpture designed to tempt the climbing young. But by the time the park engineers, the evaluators, the experts and the mayor are through with the project, many a moppet may well have turned gone grey at the temples.

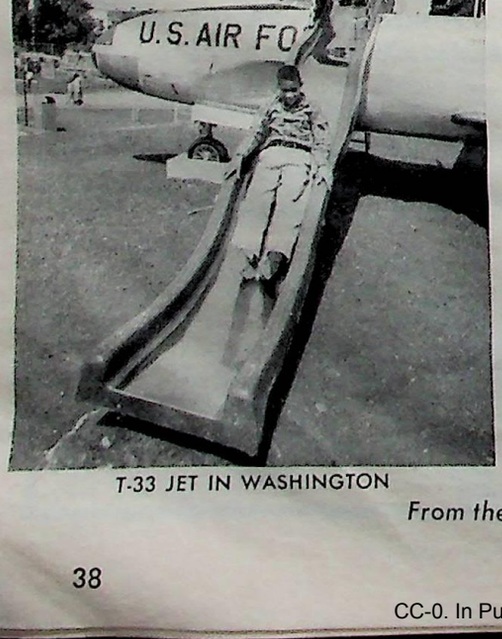
DESIGN

When Big Meets Small

Cars spun along the strip, crashed, smashed, shattered, splintered, stopped in a downpour of metal and glass. It looked like Indianapolis all over again, but the site was East Haven, Conn., the event no sport but an experiment in automobile survival staged by the state police department to prove the contention that small cars are more vulnerable than standard models.

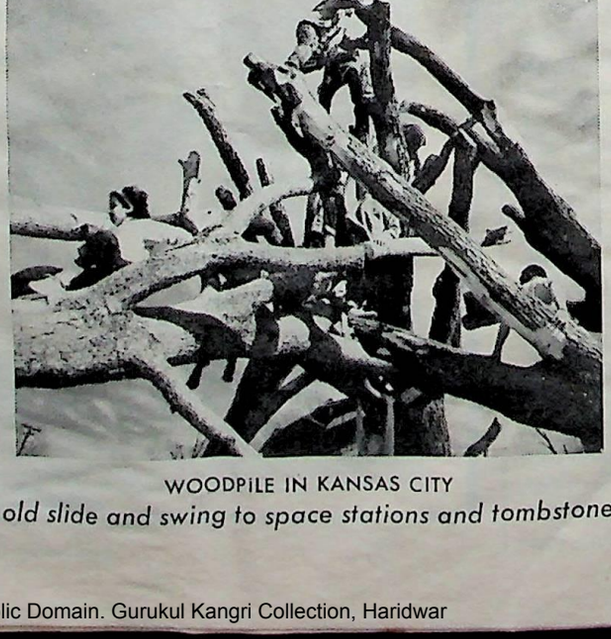
The test consisted of driving a small car head on into a stationary small car and vice versa. Photographs taken at the moment of collision were enough to alarm any small-car owner—and did when they were reproduced in newspapers across the country. Dauntless Volkswagens and Saabs were devastated, while the bigger Buicks, Fords and Pontiacs came out of the wrecks relatively unscathed. Connecticut State Police Commissioner Leo J. Mulcahy, who planned the project, pronounced the tests conclusive and declared: "We want to create buyer resistance to small

WALTER BENNETT

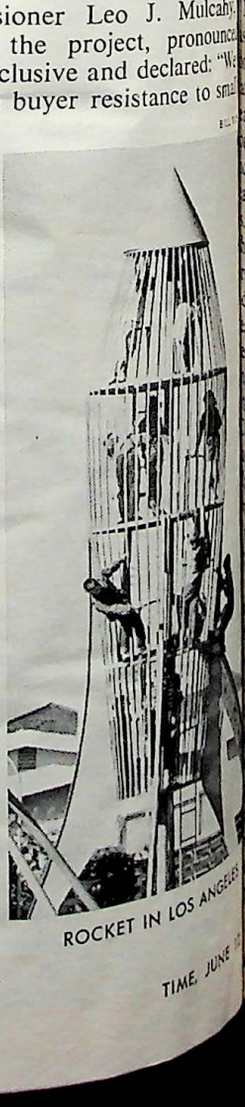


T-33 JET IN WASHINGTON

A. Y. OWEN



WOODPILE IN KANSAS CITY



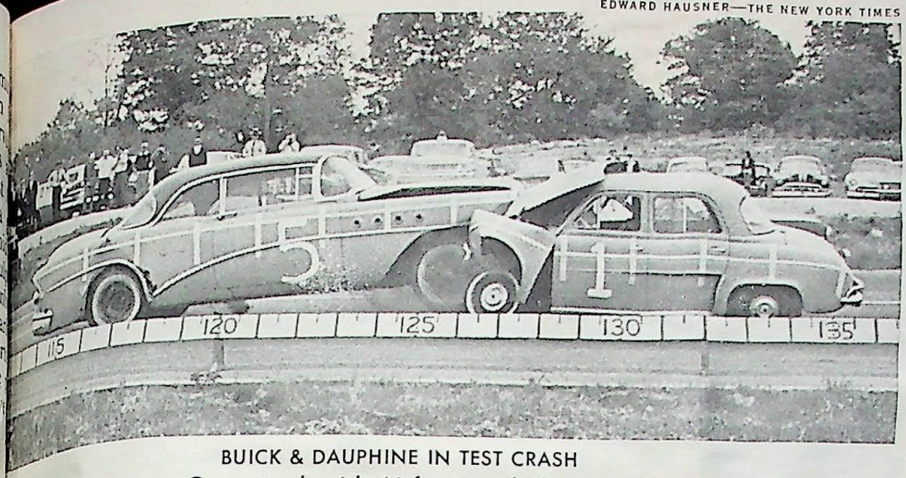
ROCKET IN LOS ANGELES

From the old slide and swing to space stations and tombstones.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EDWARD HAUSNER—THE NEW YORK TIMES



BUICK & DAUPHINE IN TEST CRASH
Get a tank with Airfoam upholstery.

...nd to arouse . . . public awareness of ...e dangers of riding in small cars."

..." Foul!" There were instant shouts of ..."foul!" Safety engineers complained that ...e demonstration was longer on pub...ity value than on detached scientific ...asurements. Renault President Vin...ent Grob called the experiment "bi...ed, proving only that if a big, heavy ...ject can be directed to hit a small ...ject, the small object can be hurt."

...S. compact-car makers, who have ...ng resented being lumped with for...n-made economy cars in statistical ...veys, discreetly pointed out that the ...ly U.S.-made compacts involved in ...e Connecticut tests (two Falcons and ...Rambler) had emerged in compar...tively good condition—but naturally, ...se nondramatic collisions did not ...ke for dramatic photographs.

...More impressive than Mulcahy's ...hy tests are some sober statistics ...mpiled in recent months by various ...te authorities. A survey made last ...ar by Illinois' Bureau of Traffic re...rted that the death rate of compact ...d small-car drivers was double the ...ath rate of other passenger-car driv... A similar report by Maine, pub...hed in April, showed a fatality rate for ...ons in compacts (defined as cars ...der 3,000 lbs.) that is 5½ times as ...eat as that of full-size cars. Studies of ...e California Highway Patrol found that ...ll-car occupants suffer a far higher ...e of injury or death in accidents. ...-pact and foreign cars," says Mich... Highway Commissioner John C. ...ke, "may be socially desirable in ...e parts of the country, but they are ...nance. Less weight and less accel...n make a car less safe."

...ble & Lethal. In rebuttal, the ...-car men have an impressive case: ...cars do not get into as many ac... The Maine and California sur... corroborate the contention; both ...that the big cars have a sub...ly higher accident rate. Because ...small-compacts have relatively mod... engines, their drivers do not feel ...eady sense of power that tempts ...gers and frustrated males to reck...speed, which is admittedly the prin...ngle cause of accidents.

...small car can swerve faster, stop shorter. And perhaps because of this nimbleness and humility, small-car drivers mow down far fewer pedestrians and bicycle riders than their big brothers. Insurance companies bear out the argument. Most offer a 10% discount to drivers of small-compact cars, based on "lower bodily injury and property damage because of the smaller size and weight and related safety factors."

In the end, the argument seemed a standoff. The Detroit Free Press observed: "We're not sure the [Connecticut] findings get anywhere. For if we assume the necessity of collisions, then every driver should logically try to get a car heavier than his neighbor's—leading in the end to a battle tank with Airfoam upholstery and dual headlights." Alternatively, small-car makers might demand a restriction on big cars, on the ground that they may be safer for their occupants but far more lethal to others.

Conclusion: the driver of a small car is less apt to have an accident. In an accident, the driver of a big car is better off, but he may do in more victims.

THE FAMILY

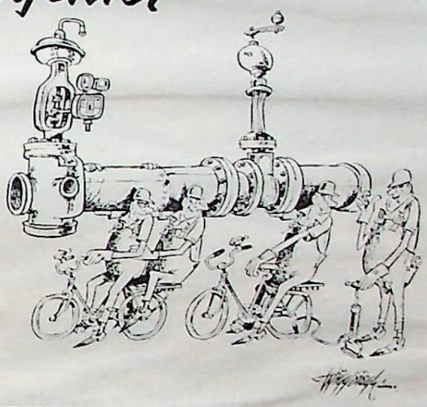
Not So Explosive

While the rest of the world frets over the population explosion, the most recent statistics issued by the U.S. Public Health Service show that the U.S. birth rate is in a decline. The general fertility rate—the number of births per 1,000 women between the ages of 15 and 44—was down to 104.0 *v.* 107.2 for the previous March. Furthermore, this drop continues a two-year trend. Only 337,000 live births were recorded in the month of March—6,000 fewer than last year and the smallest total number for the month since 1955.

The Health Service was frankly baffled, pointing out that "the age composition of the female population, with increasing numbers of women entering the childbearing ages, is favorable to a higher level of fertility." Unofficial guessers attributed the decline to World War II (girls born in the 1946 baby boom are only now approaching the commonest marrying age) and the introduction of oral contraceptives.

ZIMMER

Your folks and our folks should get together



to discuss

PLANNING
CONSTRUCTION
START-UP

of your plants and units for

SYNTHETIC FIBERS
PLASTICS
ORGANIC CHEMICALS
for fibers and plastics

Based on our own and licensed processes.

Contact us for special information.

HANS J. ZIMMER AG
Planung und Bau von Industrieanlagen
1 Borsigallee, Frankfurt/Main
West Germany

ZIMMER

You are also welcome at our stand ACHEMA Frankfurt/Main 6/19 - 6/27/64 hall 2 Stand D + E 22 - 26.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PUBLISHING

Apartness in Cincinnati

Although Cincinnati's two papers, the morning Enquirer and the evening Post & Times-Star, both belong to the Scripps-Howard chain, they stand about as far apart as they can get. Each has its own plant, its own staff and even its own editorial course. In 1958, for example, the Enquirer endorsed Republican C. William O'Neill for Ohio Governor, while the Post plumped for Democrat Mike Di Salle. Separation was part of a calculated Scripps-Howard effort to allay suspicions of monopoly, and to demonstrate that competition can flourish even in a one-ownership newspaper town. Last week Scripps-Howard's Ohio stronghold was under Government siege. In a suit filed in Federal District Court in Cincinnati, the U.S. Department of Justice's antitrust division demanded that the Enquirer be severed from Scripps-Howard's 18-paper chain.

Monopoly by Circumstance. To Scripps-Howard's executives, Cincinnati had seemed almost the last place where the Justice Department might have been expected to strike. The chain had established its Cincinnati monopoly quite by chance. In 1956, it owned only one of the city's three competing dailies, the Post. Then the Enquirer, which had been bought from the estate of the paper's publisher by Enquirer employees, went back on the auction block. Scripps-Howard's bid topped that of Cincinnati's other evening paper, the independently owned Times-Star. In 1958, the Times-Star, which was losing money at the rate of $1,000,000 a year, sold out to the Post and vanished into its masthead.

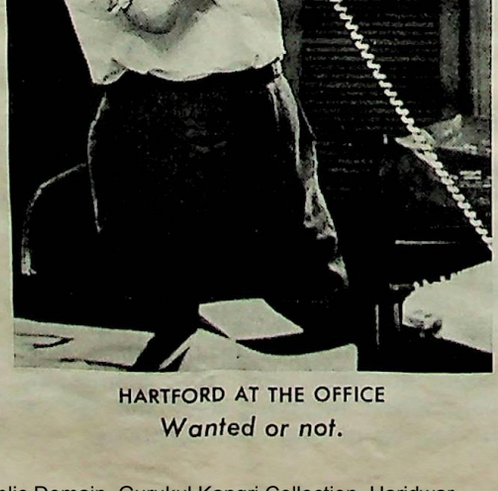
Scripps-Howard was thoroughly aware of the implications of its newest monopoly and set out to discourage the possibility of any Government suit. The Enquirer's five-man voting trust, set up by employees in 1952 to manage the paper, was perpetuated; the chain contented itself with a minority representation of two. The chain editorials that went out from New York to all Scripps-Howard papers were not even sent to the Enquirer; the chain insigne, a lighthouse, did not shine from its pages. Only last week the Enquirer extended by ten years the lease on its plant at 617 Vine Street—which was not due to expire until 1967.

The Enemy. In challenging Scripps-Howard's monopoly in Cincinnati, the Justice Department passed over many likelier locales for an antitrust suit. Newspaper monopolies have become the rule rather than the exception in the U.S. Competition exists in only 52 of the 1,434 towns that publish daily newspapers. And where competition has vanished by merger, it has rarely been permitted to survive in spirit, as it does in Cincinnati. In Memphis, for example, another Scripps-Howard monopoly town, the two papers share the same plant and the same ad salesmen.

Then why Cincinnati? Why did the Government wait eight years to file its trustbusting suit? Officially, the Justice Department was not saying, but its strategy seemed clear. "Cincinnati is a practical suit because the papers are easily separable," said a Justice spokesman. "You can get better practical relief." What this meant was that in most newspaper mergers, the two joined papers produce so hopeless a tangle—in both production and finance—that even a victorious antitrust suit cannot sort it out.

The Justice Department also hinted that its interest in Scripps-Howard's Cincinnati monopoly had been revived by a recent "citizen's complaint"—presumably from someone who had convinced Washington that the chain's dominance in Cincinnati operated in restraint of trade. As far as the city's two papers are concerned, it will be a difficult charge to prove. "The situation here is as competitive as I can make it," said Post Editor Dick Thornburg. "If I could keep the Enquirer from getting the weather, I'd do it." Nor was his sentiment peculiar to the brass. Said a Post reporter: "We work hard to clobber the Enquirer, and we do. As far as I'm concerned, it's the enemy." The "practical relief" logic of the Justice Department, however, suggested that Scripps-Howard might have been less vulnerable in Cincinnati if its two papers had not been so separate.

HENRY GROSSMAN



HARTFORD AT THE OFFICE
Wanted or not.

MAGAZINES

Show Goes On

Under normal circumstances 238,000 subscribers to *Show* Ma would be getting their copies July issue next week. But circum have seldom been normal on *Sh* there is not going to be any Ju Last week *Show's* millionaire p tor, A. & P. Heir Huntington H paid $3,000 for an ad in the Ne Times to explain why.

"We have been tightening o with a reduced staff," confesse "The undersigned, by the wa rolled up his sleeves and is at Editor-in-Chief. And though w skipping the July issue due to o organization, our combined July-A issue will be worth waiting for."

Huntington Hartford's disingen public pitch constitutes his last-ge fort to rescue a losing propo *Show* has cost him $6,000,000 three years of life, and although circulation and ad revenues are up year, the magazine is falling m hole by $100,000 per issue. Hart has tried to sell, but can't find a b On the boss's orders, *Show's* Pre Frank Gibney cut the staff from 30 hands and aimed at turning the ner into black ink by 1965. But Hartford impatiently rolled up his sleeves, and Gibney resigned. people can't run this organization," Hartford.

In his self-appointed role as sleeve journalist, Hartford has de to open *Show's* pages to TV co —a medium that Gibney resolute nored as beneath *Show's* notice to compensate for the lost July with a dividend issue to be tacked the end of subscriptions. From m promised Hartford in the Times *Show* would go out, more or less larly, to those subscribers "who always get their copies, and those keep getting them whether they them or not."

. . .

Underscoring the vicissitudes of lishing show-business magazines, *ter Arts*, a venerable monthly years, last week was missing and sumed dead. It had not distribute issue since January. The New Times finally noticed its absence a theater-page obituary, but seemed less willing to say farewe *Theater Arts* (last circulation: 5 neither the printer, who refused to tribute the February issue until magazine paid an overdue bill for 000; nor Editor-Publisher Byron ley, who kept his office open until 28, when the phone was disconnec nor Movie Distributor Sidney man, who has been vainly trying last fall to buy out Bentley's in But unlike Publisher Hartford, was prepared to set a definite date another issue.

TIME, JUNE 12,

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EMMANUEL (LEFT) & PHEBUS KNOLL READING TORAH WITH RABBI

JUDAISM

ynagogue with Bedrooms

Every Friday at sundown, the tele-hone operators at Tel Aviv's sleekly odern Hotel Deborah close down the itchboard. Guests at writing desks in e lobby put away pens and snuff out garettes. Desk clerks lock up the cash gister. For the Orthodox Jew, all ser-le work is forbidden on the Sabbath and the rule is strictly observed at e Deborah, the world's largest strict-kosher hotel.

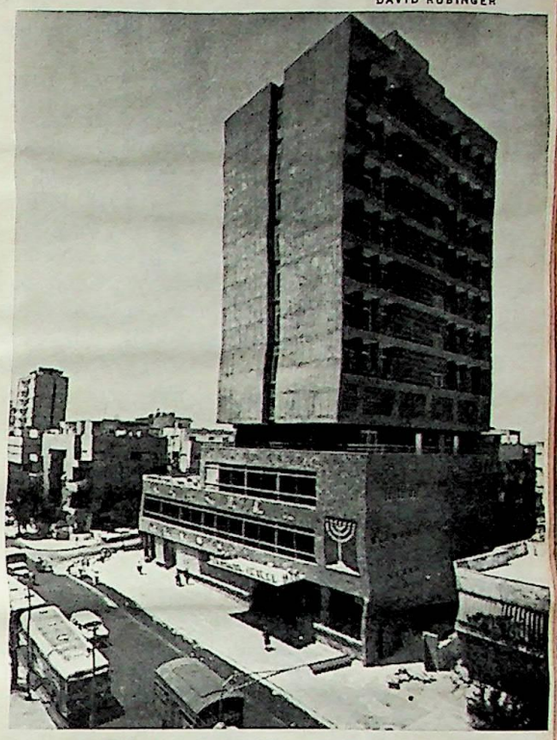
In Israel, even the big luxury hotels a kosher kitchens, but otherwise the alacha (Jewish law) is loosely ob-rved. The Deborah, on the other hand, run so religiously that one rival inn-eeper calls it "a synagogue with bed-oms." Besides separate kitchens and ining rooms for meat and dairy dishes, ere is a purifying bath, or *mikveh*, in hich men immerse themselves before idays and Sabbaths, and women after enstruation and childbirth. A staff rab-conducts services at the hotel's own nagogue three times a day, and the ief work of hairdressers at the Debo-'s beauty salon is setting the wigs of thodox women who usually crop their r and keep it covered after they mar-is a sign of modesty.

Even for Gentiles. Owned by four rtian-born brothers named Knoll, e Deborah is named after their de-t Orthodox mother, who was so ocked by the Sabbath violations at Aviv's other hotels that she insisted uilding a first-rate place where Jews stay in good conscience. Most re for Orthodox Jews are little bet-than boarding houses, but the Debo-could look impressive even in Mi-Beach. Its 16 stories make it the est hotel in Israel, and the high qual-of its food and service has even at-ed Gentile guests, who are offered mlikes (skullcaps) to wear in the dining rooms. Finding money to build the Deborah was no problem; the millionaire Knoll brothers own a number of corporations in Venezuela, including a construction firm, a dental supply business, an export-import company and an office-furniture factory.

What took ingenuity was figuring out how to operate a modern hotel at a profit and still provide for the 613 commandments Orthodox Jews must observe at all times. An Orthodox Jew cannot so much as press a button on the Sabbath, so the elevators are preset to go up and down automatically all day long, stopping at every floor. Since Jews can operate stoves if they are turned on before the Sabbath, all food in the kitchens is cooked before Friday sundown and then left to simmer through the night. Tearing toilet tissue is also forbidden by halacha, so Friday afternoons maids put white baskets containing separate sheets of paper in all the bathrooms. Guests may not check in or out or pay their bills on the Sabbath. Lights in the lobby are turned on and off automatically by electric clocks, but any other light left on accidentally must burn through the night, since flicking switches is forbidden. Not until Saturday sundown is the hotel's rigid observance of the law relaxed.

People Needed It. Emmanuel Knoll, 46, who is co-manager of the Deborah with his brother Phebus, estimates that his operating costs are 20% higher than those of Tel Aviv's other hotels, but he does have some compensations. The Deborah is so well regarded by Israel's Orthodox community that the rooms have been solidly booked since it opened last March; in fact, Knoll plans to build another kosher hotel in Jerusalem, toys with the thought of one in New York. But he says that he is "not out to make a business of this hotel. I put it up because I felt that religious people needed it."

DAVID RUBINGER



TEL AVIV'S HOTEL DEBORAH

No money accepted on Saturday.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Cremation: Permissible

The early Christians abhorred cremation as a pagan practice, and ever since, the Roman Catholic Church has held that the body is not for burning. When cremation was legalized in northern Europe during the 19th century, the Catholic Church suspected an atheistic plot to discredit belief in resurrection. In 1886 the Roman Inquisition declared that Catholics who cooperated in cremation were guilty of sin, and the prohibitions were repeated in the 1917 revision of canon law.

As part of Pope Paul's creeping modernization of the church, the Holy Office has now sent an instruction to all Catholic bishops easing up on the old restrictions. The letter reaffirms the church's traditional preference for burial, but notes that there is no unchangeable dogma forbidding cremation, which thus can be authorized where national custom, economics or hygiene make it necessary.

According to one Vatican official, the Holy Office letter was issued "because there has been a change in attitudes toward burial and cremation around the world." Most non-Roman Christians long ago accepted cremation as no less reverent than interment, and Catholic theologians agree that God could just as easily resurrect a body from scattered ashes as from dry bones in a grave. The new ruling will probably be of most help to bishops in the predominantly Buddhist countries of Asia, where burial is regarded as a revolting and disrespectful custom. Japanese Catholics have already drawn up a cremation rite, and it is expected that church leaders in India, Ceylon and Burma will eventually follow suit.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

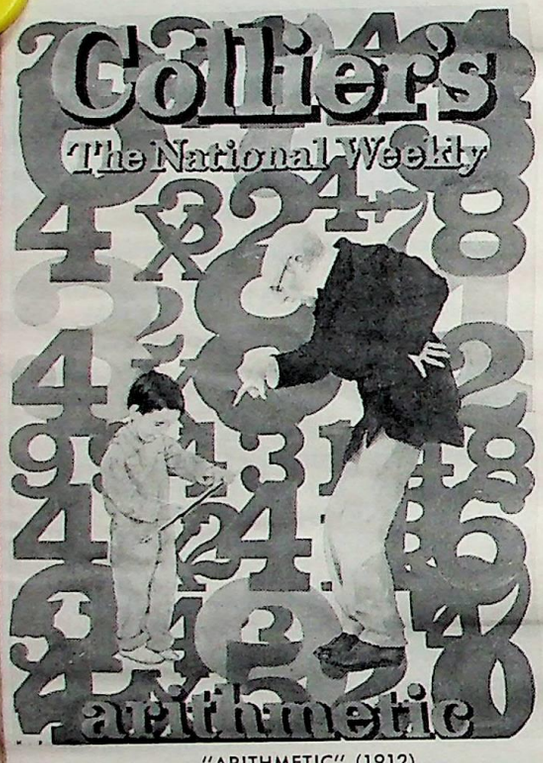
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ILLUSTRATORS

Grand-Pop

The pop art of 50 years ago had an attribute not shared by the pop art of today: it was popular. The most popular of the artists of that time, Maxfield Parrish, now 93, painted book illustrations and calendars that were reproduced by the millions. College boys hung his works in their rooms amidst a clutter of crew oars, fencing foils and mooseheads. From a first cover for *Harper's Weekly* in 1895, he painted on to become the country's best-paid artist.

Parrish's gnomes and damsels, straight out of *King Arthur* and tem-



"ARITHMETIC" (1912)

pered by romantic Pre-Raphaelite gentility, adorned the covers of *Collier's, Century* and *Scribner's*. His best-known commission (around $50,000) was a 28-ft.-long mural of Old King Cole for the merry old souls in the bar of John Jacob Astor's Hotel Knickerbocker, which can still be seen in Manhattan's Hotel St. Regis. Medieval nobility was a deathless theme for Parrish; even the caption for his 1921 Jell-O ad ran: "The King and Queen might eat hereof and Noblemen besides." Parrish was indeed, the pop artist of his era.

What ever could bring Parrish back? None other than the pop promoter of this era: Lawrence Alloway, nimble curator of Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum. Alloway has escorted a show of Parrish's work from far-out Bennington College to Manhattan's conservative Gallery of Modern Art, where last week 52 Parrishes went on view.

Alloway gave his highest praise to Parrish: "Behind a screen of high technique, Parrish is master of the cliché, of the image of the moment." But perhaps even more could be said in his favor. The artist's famous "Parrish blue," a highly glazed ultramarine over sleek gesso, still glows with an outer-space beauty. His overly graceful figures, like fashion models, strut and stretch, as clearly defined against grainy color backdrops as if they were modern hard-edge images given fingers and toes. Only the brooding golden backlighting that makes theaters out of Parrish's scenarios bespeaks a pre-neon sensibility.

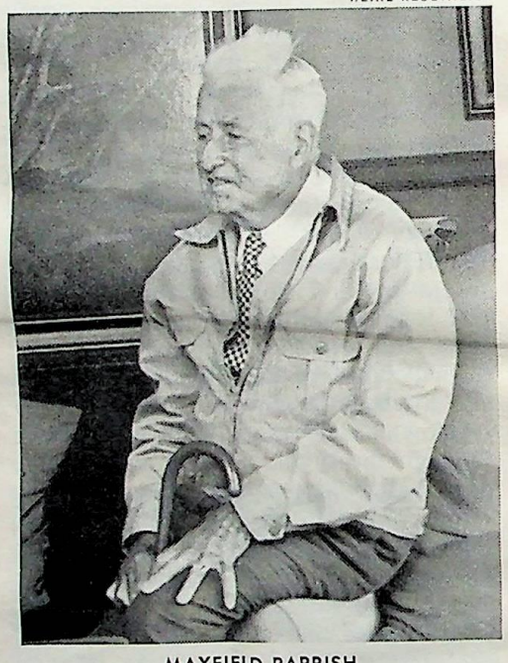
At his Cornish, N.H., home, where he has lived for more than 50 years, Parrish is plainly baffled; he thinks of himself as derrière-garde. "How can these avant-garde people get any fun out of my work?" he asks. "I'm hopelessly commonplace." He couldn't have picked a more fashionable word.

ANTIQUITIES

The Sun-Colored Metal

To the sun-worshiping Indians of the Americas before Columbus, gold was not so much precious as sacred. The Incas of Peru used it freely in wall coverings, in breastplates, in artificial

HEINZ KLUETMEIER



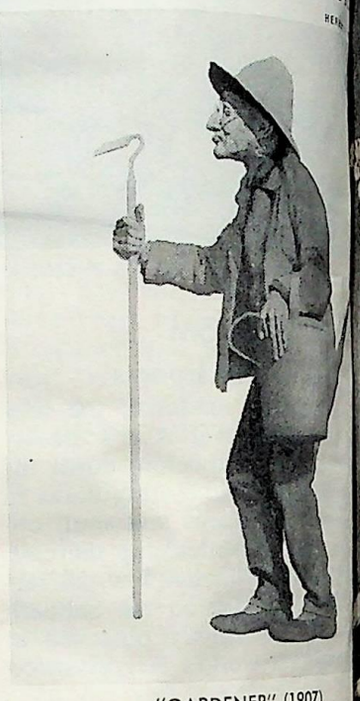
MAXFIELD PARRISH
Out of the commonplace into the blue.

flowers, in provision for tombs—never thinking of it as rare, always stressing the religious emotion they felt from gold's sunlike luster.

To the avaricious Spaniards, gold was simply rare and therefore of monetary value; when a nation had enough, it became rich. The Indians were astonished at this attitude, and surmised that the white men had some physical disease that could only be cured by gold. The Inca Emperor Atahualpa had to ransom himself from the swinish Spanish Adventurer Pizarro with a roomful of the stuff—13,000 lbs., all told. (For his pains, Atahualpa was strangled.) Indifferently, the Spaniards melted art into bullion; their pillage increased Europe's gold supply by 20%, part of which went to finance the ill-fated Ar

To the modern world, pre-Colum gold again has great value apart its content as metal: its artistic For much gold remains in tomb other archaeological sites, and new find becomes an artistic Klo Laws in Mexico, Peru, Colo Costa Rica and Panama that a to curb the export of the "n patrimony" are by and large c vented; if the gold is no longe ported in galleons, it nonethele out. Last week a superb new c tion of pre-Columbian art, "The of Ancient Gold," opened at the

HEINZ



"GARDENER" (1907)

and Transportation Pavilion at the York World's Fair (*see opposite*

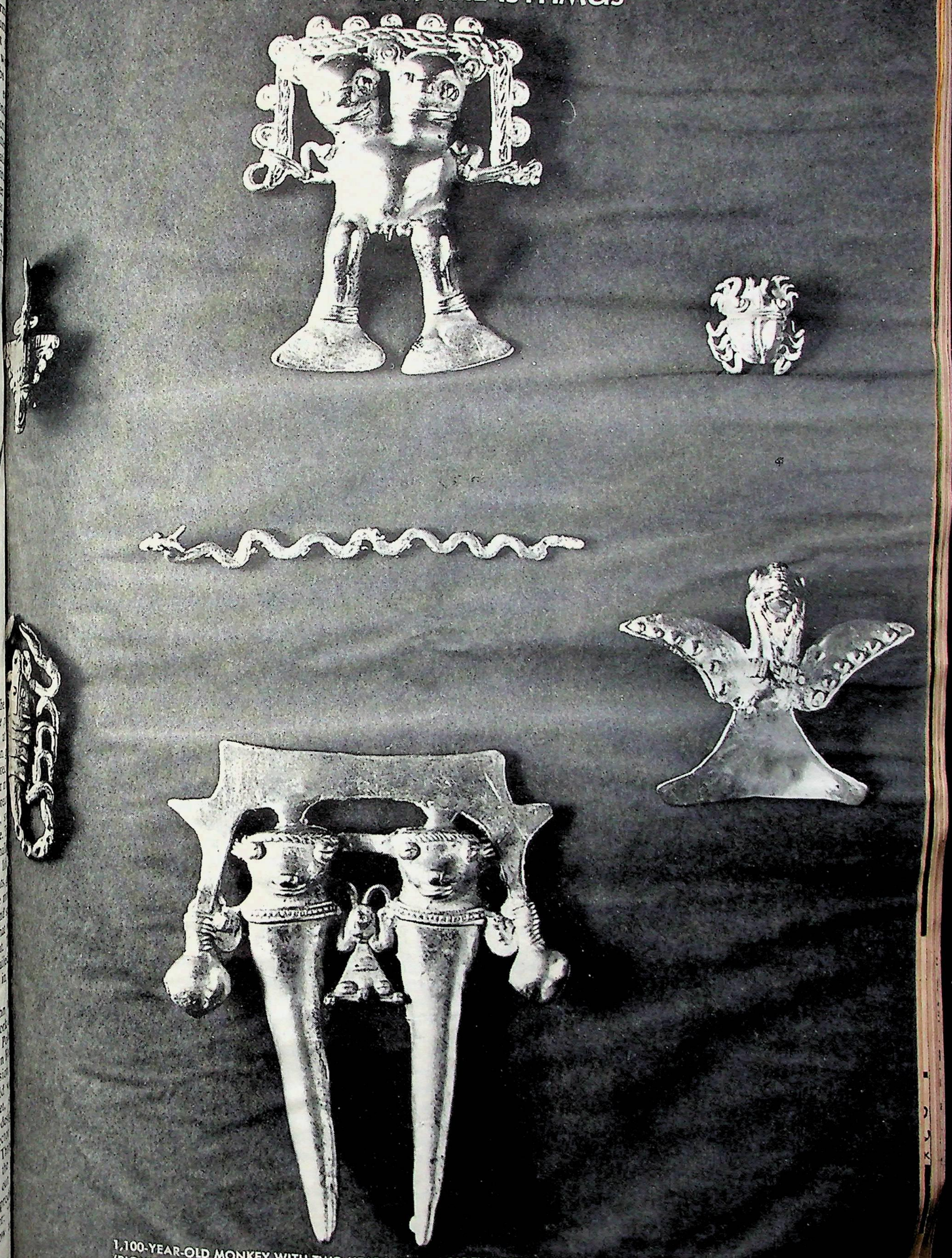
One of the top art exhibits fair, it shows how pre-Columbian smiths of America beat, hammere cast little miracles of design. For they used the swamp and sea cre that they knew best—the frog, shark, turtle, crab and crocodile. ancient masters also made the m metal wriggle with curvilinear in.-thick ear plugs, nose pendants en mustachios that covered the They drank from gold goblets and gled themselves with baubles tha hinged to bounce in the light abstracted condors into broadta angles and sought symmetry in headed animals.

The show is the work of John a scholarly, self-effacing New Yor er and collector, and Peter F former director of the American ation of Arts. For 75¢ admissio viewer sees 500 pieces of gold $3,000,000 on the art market ningly shown in window-cases d by Gene Moore, display direc Fifth Avenue's Tiffany & Co. it all shines the innocence of Columbian artist, who comes o dicated in his greatness, as pr by an early Spanish chronicler the Sun taught his people how kings and lords over all."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

JEWELS FROM THE ISTHMUS



1,100-YEAR-OLD MONKEY WITH TWO HEADS (TOP), GOLDEN BEETLE AND SOARING CONDOR (RIGHT) AS WELL AS TOOTH-SHAPED PENDANT AND RING-TAILED SCORPION WERE FOUND IN PANAMA. SERPENT AND CROCODILE (UPPER LEFT) ARE FROM 11TH CENTURY COLOMBIA

PHOTOGRAPH BY NELSON MORRIS

CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SCIENCE

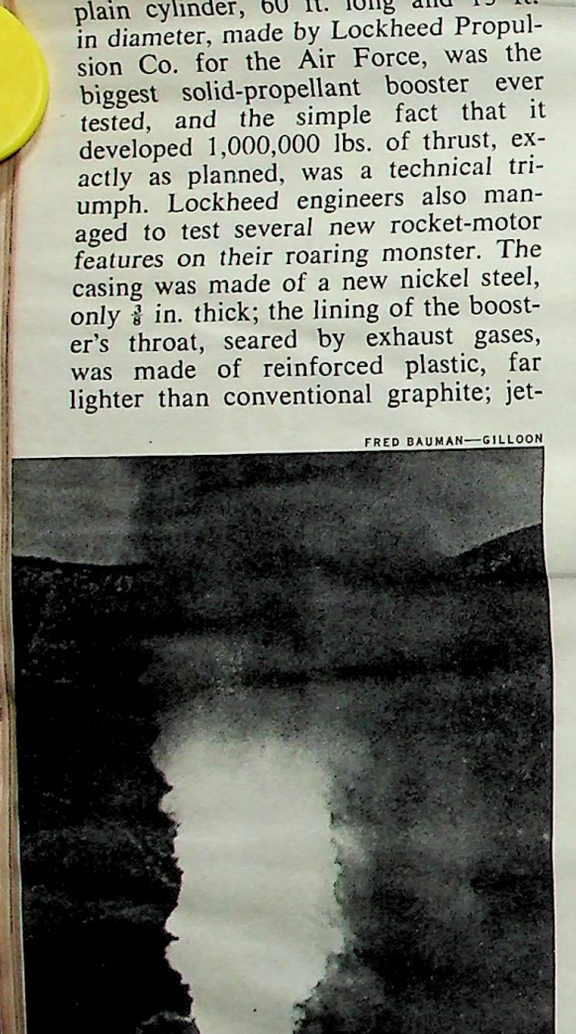
SPACE

Casual Triumph

There was a strangely routine air about the rocket test. No exasperating, last-minute delays, no long, apprehensive countdowns—someone simply pressed a button and a dagger of pale yellow flame spewed skyward. White smoke climbed above the dry hills, and an enormous roar echoed along the California-Mexico border. After exactly 109 seconds, as scheduled, silence came back to the test stand.

It was the very casualness of the static test, the ease with which the engineers stuck to their strict schedule, that made the test so impressive. The plain cylinder, 60 ft. long and 13 ft. in diameter, made by Lockheed Propulsion Co. for the Air Force, was the biggest solid-propellant booster ever tested, and the simple fact that it developed 1,000,000 lbs. of thrust, exactly as planned, was a technical triumph. Lockheed engineers also managed to test several new rocket-motor features on their roaring monster. The casing was made of a new nickel steel, only ⅜ in. thick; the lining of the booster's throat, seared by exhaust gases, was made of reinforced plastic, far lighter than conventional graphite; jet-tabs pushed into the racing exhaust to simulate steering. Each of the novelties worked perfectly on the first try.

FRED BAUMAN—GILLOON



LOCKHEED'S STATIC TEST
Big boost for solids.

It was all in sharp contrast to the long, costly, gingerly testing of big liquid-fuel engines, which are festooned with intricate plumbing and normally require years of development before they work properly. "Solids won't be second in the booster field much longer," said Lockheed Propulsion's President Robert F. Hurt. "One of these days the big boosters will all be solids." General Joseph S. Bleymaier, deputy commander of the Air Force's Space Systems Division, for which the engine was built, seconded the motion: "I believe this will usher in a new era of solid-propellant rocket motors."

So firm is their faith in the advantages of solids, four large rocket companies are putting millions of their own dollars into development—a rare gamble in the Government-nurtured aerospace industry. In addition to Lockheed, Thiokol Chemical Corp., maker of the Minuteman booster, has put $12 million into a Georgia plant to build solid-propellant engines up to 21 ft. 8 in. in diameter with 3,000,000 lbs. of thrust. Aerojet-General Corp., maker of the Navy's Polaris booster, is doing the same near Miami. The United Technology Center of United Aircraft is building smaller solids at Sunnyvale, Calif. The rocketmakers are all betting high that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration will eventually be forced to call on them for help.

RESEARCH

How Much Is Enough?

Is the U.S. Government spending enough money on scientific research? And is the money it does spend being spent wisely? Each year, the scientific community argues over the answers with increasing fervor, because each year the massive tools of modern research move farther out of the financial reach of universities or industry. Only the Government can foot the bill.

Few scientists complain that the men in Washington are not spending enough. But those who have turned up to testify at the hearings held by the House Select Committee on Government Research largely agree that too little Government money is being spent on basic research, too much on projects aimed at space or military hardware. "Of course, the applied-research programs in nuclear physics, space and defense are important to the national purpose," says President Lee DuBridge of Caltech. "But precisely because these programs are large, the Government's support of basic research should be larger than now. It is now inadequate to keep the topnotch people in the universities provided with funds for research and equipment."

The Federal Government, Dr. DuBridge argues, is spending about billion a year on research and dev ment, but only $400 to $500 milli the allotment goes to basic researc the universities. The rest of the r says Dr. DuBridge, goes mostly such impressive engineering proje moon rockets. But all that wor pends on discoveries made in the some of them generations ago. The of progress, warns Dr. DuBridge slow perceptibly unless theoretica entists, with no hardware in mind, fresh knowledge from nature.

Lively Excitement. At Cam Mass., where Harvard and M.I.T chor the spreading scientific co along Route 128, researchers that they have been showered wi eral riches beyond their most h dreams of 20 years ago. But the quick to point out that some fields as oceanography, are neglected. astronomy, which is in a stage of excitement, must beg for funds.

President Kennedy's science a Jerome Wiesner, who is now de science at M.I.T., is convinced th prosperity rests on research a research must have unfaltering fe support. "In the new era," says W ner, "we must support all the goo search available. If we don't, our nomic growth is going to falter." vard Professor George Kistiakow who was Eisenhower's science a repeats the theme: "All our wealth affluence is based on the scientific search of the last century." Public port for science, he says, is nec uncover new knowledge on wh base the affluence of the future.

Last to Go. "There are peo Congress," says a leading scientist, feel that basic research is useless. thing that scientists do to amuse selves. So there is a tendency in gress to cut basic research funds. a person is budgeting, the first th is likely to cut out is his savings a Basic research is like that savin count; it should really be the last Congress, says Stanford P Wolfgang Kurt Hermann Panofsky have to learn the difference be applied research (in which a man what he is looking for) and ba search (in which he does not). spending money on an applied de he says, "you have to question the for it. But when spending mon fundamental research that may our whole way of looking at nature question of the need is premature.

Dr. Panofsky, who learned to large figures as head of Stanford million linear accelerator, believes lavish funds expended on high-e physics, which pries into the inn ture of matter, and on cosmology, tries to understand the universe pay higher eventual returns th applied research. "We cannot a be ignorant," he says, "of the fundamental type of structure on everything else depends."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ECONOMICS

The Patient's Purse

The U.S. will spend an estimated $33 billion for medical care in 1964. Government agencies, from federal to local, will put up somewhat more than $8 billion; the balance of almost $25 billion will come more directly out of the pockets of ailing individuals and their families. Who gets the money? And is the patient's purse being well treated?

The answers are usually lost in a statistical jungle. Now Seymour E. Harris, a Harvard professor emeritus of political economy, has tracked them down in a fact-packed book of 508 pages, *The Economics of American Medicine* (Macmillan; $8.50). In general, he concludes that the price of health is reasonable, except for a few items on the bill.

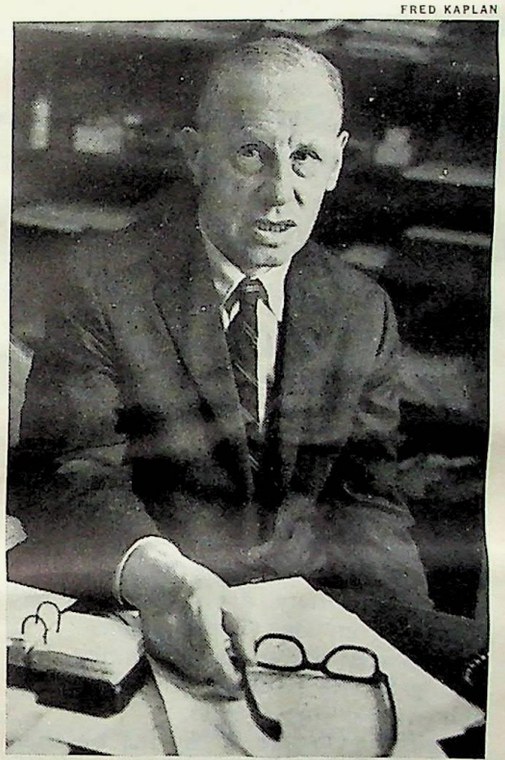
Best-Paid Profession. The price is rising fast: that $33 billion annual charge is up from a mere $14 billion in 1950. Doctors, whose fees used to amount to about 31¢ of every medical-care dollar, now take in only 26¢. The dentists' share is down from about 12¢ to 10¢; drugs are holding steady around 20¢, and 16¢ still pays for a miscellaneous category that includes eyeglasses and other appliances, nursing-home care, and insurance premiums. Where do the rest of the pennies go? Almost entirely to the hospitals. Around 1950, hospitals were taking only 22¢ of the sick man's dollar. Now they take the biggest slice of all: more than 27¢.

Though doctors collectively get proportionately less of the patient's dollar, Harris reports that they have become the highest paid professionals in the U.S. Before the 1929 crash, those in private practice averaged $5,300 a year; they took a cut to $4,000 during the Depression. They had won back most of this loss by the time of Pearl Harbor, and have climbed steadily ever since then to a current national average of $25,000 or more (far more than such other professionals as dentists and lawyers).

Doctors' fees have doubled since 1950, but this is less than the average price increase for consumer goods and services in general. The boost in doctors' incomes is mainly a result of the fact that they are seeing many more patients. They still work long hours (60 a week is common), and they crowd more patients' visits into each hour. Nor are they practicing more efficiently. Doctors, says Harris, are generally better educated than they used to be, have the batteries of new laboratory tests and technicians' services to help them arrive on the right diagnosis and treatment, while spending less time palpating the patient. Doctors now commonly charge for items that used to be free, such as a bit of supplementary advice given by telephone. And they have cut down time-consuming house calls from about 40% of their practice, before World War II, to a mere 7% in 1964. Says Harris: They have "put the burden of travel on the patient."

The Big Increase. Hospital charges for each day of a patient's stay are suffering from what Harris calls galloping inflation. Experts differ on how severe the increase is statistically. But Harris argues that since 1948, however they are computed, hospital daily costs have gone up 2½ times as much as income after direct taxes, which is the best measure of the patient's ability to pay. By far the biggest factor in hospitals' rising costs has been salaries and wages —and, most surprisingly, it is the professional and nursing staffs that have

FRED KAPLAN



HARVARD'S HARRIS
A case of galloping inflation.

taken most of the increase, and not the notoriously underpaid housekeeping and kitchen employees.

A hospital's daily charge is not a good index to what a hospital stay actually costs the patient. On the debit side are many additional services for which the patient is billed separately —some hospitals are running six times as many lab tests on patients as they did in 1950. On the credit side is the fact that the average stay in a hospital has been cut from 15 days to ten. This is partly because improved surgery and medical care are sending patients home sooner, even after serious illnesses, and partly because patients now go into a hospital for less serious conditions— either because they can afford to or because their doctors think they can. Insurance helps to pay the bills. By now, 73% of all Americans have some insurance against part of the costs of illness in a hospital, and insurance pays 56% of private hospital bills. But Harris says this is not enough. However horrendous hospital costs are now, Harris expects a further 50% increase in daily rates by 1970, raising them to $45 or $50. By then, auxiliary services may well add another $50, which will bring hospital bills to $100 a day for a short stay, with the surgeon's fee still to pay.

Too Much for Drugs. Price rises in drugs and prescriptions are a source of endless and usually fruitless argument because of the medical revolution since the sulfas appeared in 1937. The average price of a prescription before Pearl Harbor was 93¢; by 1956 it was up to $2.62, and it is now $3.10. Prescription items used to be less than 10% of all drug sales; now they are more than 30%, and they add up to a big business of more than $1.5 billion a year. With bulk buying of drugs by hospitals and government agencies, and massive sales of non-prescription items, the U.S. drug bill for 1964 is approaching $5 billion.

Harris readily grants that the "lives saved, suffering averted, and acceleration of recoveries" are worth more than the billions spent on drugs. But as an economist he cannot resist the conclusion: "The cost of drugs is too high. It could be substantially less."

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Typhoid Angus

The bacteria that cause typhoid fever live almost exclusively in sewage, and typhoid remains a major problem in Asia, Africa and parts of South America. In countries where water supplies are kept free from sewage contamination and where food handlers follow the basic rules of cleanliness, typhoid is a rare disease. When it erupts in a place that prides itself on good sanitation, as it did in the Swiss ski resort of Zermatt 18 months ago, it causes a violent flap. Last week there was a new typhoid flap in clean Aberdeen, Scotland (pop. 186,000). There were 324 confirmed cases (two deaths) and 55 suspected, with still more expected.

Aberdeen's medical officer, Dr. Ian MacQueen, was certain that he had found the explanation: "There is no shadow of doubt that this outbreak started from a tin of corned beef." The meat was in a 6-lb. can and had come from South America. In an Aberdeen delicatessen it was sliced on a machine that was also used to slice other meats. The infected machine spread the infection to these meats and to the customers who ate them. As the statistics of sickness piled up, the British government ordered a top-level inquiry to find out just where in South America the meat had come from and, hopefully, to learn how typhoid bacilli got into it.

Typhoid is no longer the dreaded, deadly plague of old, now that antibiotics can usually cure it. But while the inquiry went on, Aberdeen remained a beleaguered city.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

If you are thinking of buying a watch this year, you should read this news from Switzerland

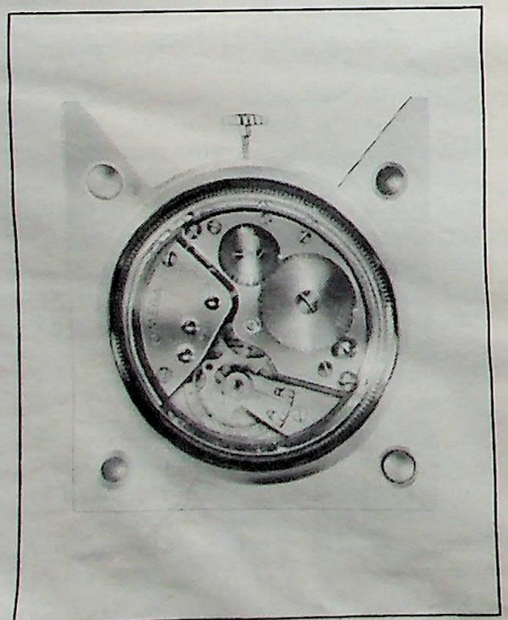
Omega becomes first manufacturer to capture all six Swiss wrist-watch accuracy records

Two further facts underline Omega's leadership in precision and beauty.

Omega now makes well over 50% of all Swiss Chronometers — "super" watches whose exceptional accuracy is officially certified.

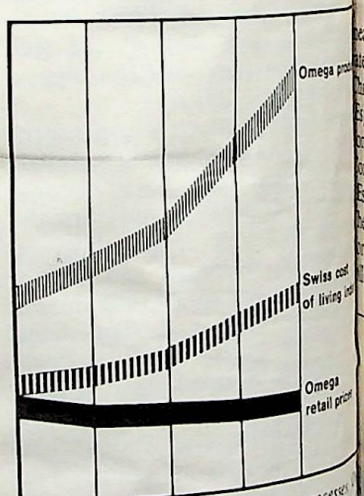
For the first time, four Diamonds International awards — the diamond industry's supreme styling prize — go to a single manufacturer: Omega.

The Swiss watch industry is headed in a new direction. The time is past when watches of extreme accuracy were made in small workshops, in small series.
Significantly, the manufacturer who now holds every single one of the six Swiss wrist-watch accuracy records is also the country's largest: Omega.
The annual accuracy contests of the Geneva and Neuchâtel observatories are to the Swiss watch industry what the Olympic Games are to the world of sports. The drama and the suspense are there, but they are subdued, discernible only to the watch specialist.
Competition movements are of the 30 millimeter variety, a type you can buy any day from your Omega Jeweler.
On-the-wrist conditions are simulated by testing in five positions, in refrigerator and oven, during 44 days.
Results are "refereed" by the observatories' quartz clocks.
Each observatory recognizes three records: for the most accurate single wrist-watch, for the most accurate group of wrist-watches and for the best performance by a watch adjusting specialist. The possibility of all six records going to one manufacturer had always been regarded as remote. Only a single watchmaker ever approached the perfect score, with three records: Omega, in 1955, 1959, 1960 and 1961.
It is therefore no coincidence that the ultimate success – six records out of six – should also have been scored by Omega.



Record setter. Omega's historic victories at the Geneva and Neuchâtel observatories were won with unglamorous competition movements like the one shown here.

Records mean extra seconds of accuracy. In some instances, Omega adjusters pored over their competition movements for more than a year. They experimented with new watch oils and new adjusting methods; they tested advanced engineering techniques. For they regard the observatory accuracy contests as the definitive testbench of watch research.



Despite costly manufacturing processes, Omega was able to hold retail prices to remarkable extent. The reason: constantly rising production.

Inevitably, the lessons learned in the latest accuracy contests will have a direct effect on the day-to-day production of Omega factories. The result will be watches of even greater accuracy.

Every second Swiss Chronometer an Omega Constellation. Last year already, Omega made more wrist chronometers than the rest of the Swiss watch industry put together. The lead is widening daily.
In 1961, new and more exacting procedures were adopted by the Swiss Institutes for Official Chronometer Tests, making the Chronometer rating

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

New Look of Precision. One of the four Omega designs that were recently honored in New York with Diamonds International awards – the diamond industry's top styling prize. This was the first time that four awards went to the same manufacturer.

meaningful than ever. For especially accurate watches, the Institutes reserve their Chronometer Certificate "with mention" (Especially Good Results). Omega Chronometers, which are sold under the Constellation name, invariably earn the "Especially Good Results" rating.
The test routine leading up to the Chronometer Certificate is similar to the one followed by the observatories – position testing at room temperature, in refrigerator and oven – but the duration is 15 days instead of 44.
Omega Constellation Chronometers thus frequently perform with a daily rate of two seconds or less, following "on the wrist" adjusting by a qualified watchmaker.

The key to accuracy: a sizeable production. To achieve such precision, even the most highly skilled craftsman requires a whole range of ultrasensitive instruments. Yet the myth of the "handmade watch" persists.
In industry, accuracy and durability are today achieved by furnishing the craftsman with the most sophisticated tools and instruments that money can buy. A manufacturer's production must be very considerable indeed if the investment in mechanical and electronic equipment is to become economically feasible. Only then can he afford the price of precision.

Omega creations presage New Look of accuracy. Watch styling, too, has its price. Working out of the Omega Styling Center in Geneva is a highly talented team of designers. Together, they probably represent the Swiss watch industry's dominant creative force. Time and again they have created prize-winning designs. Their latest triumph came in the international styling competition organized by the diamond industry. When the winners were announced in New York, Omega emerged as the first watch manufacturer ever to receive four Diamonds International awards in one year.

Making the most accurate AND the most beautiful. Significantly, the most accurate and the most beautiful watches are made by one and the same manufacturer: Switzerland's largest.

For many people, the choice of their next watch might well have been determined by the recent events in Geneva, Neuchâtel and New York.

Swiss Chronometer. Alone, the Omega operation today accounts for well over 50% Switzerland's production of "super" watches officially certified Chronometers.

Ω OMEGA

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Stars & B'ars

The art of animation has fallen on evil days. Once upon a time Walt Disney had a duck that laid a golden egg, but for many years now it has cost more to draw a paper performer than it does to hire a live one. In order to balance their books, most modern animators compromise their methods. They simplify figures, eliminate movements, primarize colors, standardize settings. Even so, they occasionally do exciting work. Of two feature-length cartoons in current release, one is about as good as such things get. The other, unhappily, looks like a TV reject.

Hey There, It's Yogi Bear is even cuter, kiddies, than the title attempts to suggest. The principal character, whose name and nature are distinctly insulting to the present manager of the New York Yankees, is a chubby and badly drawn bruin who looked reasonably ursine on TV but on the giant screen resembles an enormous and rather soggy cinnamon cookie. He lives in Jellystone National Park but talks like a bear from the Bronx Zoo. "Duh," he announces, "I'm smahtuh dan de avidge bayuh." To prove it he assembles a battalion of "trained picnic ants" and sends them to steal chocolate cakes from tourists. Then he runs off to rescue a

DAVID GAHR

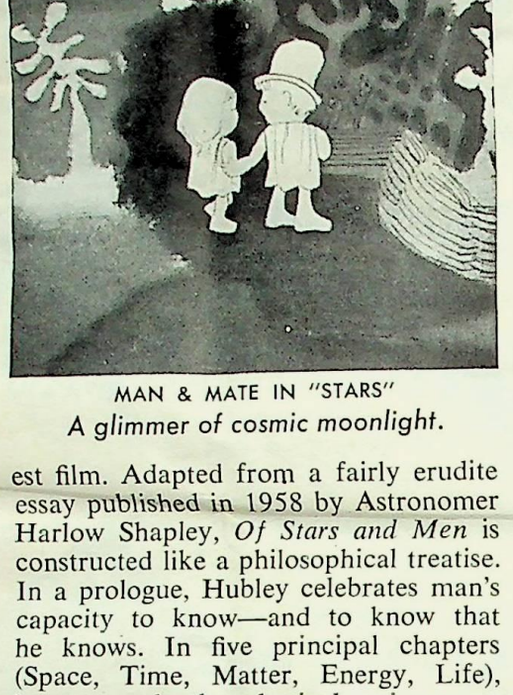
YOGI BEAR IN THE CHILLER
A soggy cookie in the trap.

nifty little beige bear named Cindy from the clutches of the Chizzling Brothers, who—oh, heck, who cares? Certainly not the people (Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera) who are unscrupulously luring the public into this bear trap.

Of Stars and Men, however, was made by a man who cares very much about what he has to say and how he means to say it. John Hubley learned his trade in Disney's shop, later developed a moneymaking style of his own (*Gerald McBoing Boing, Mr. Magoo*). But at 50 he aspires to be a serious graphic artist, a Matisse of animation.

Hubley's hubris is evident both in the theme ("To find man's place in the universe") and in the treatment of his latest film. Adapted from a fairly erudite essay published in 1958 by Astronomer Harlow Shapley, *Of Stars and Men* is constructed like a philosophical treatise. In a prologue, Hubley celebrates man's capacity to know—and to know that he knows. In five principal chapters (Space, Time, Matter, Energy, Life), he expounds the physical universe as man has come to know it. And in an epilogue, he imagines where man stands in the *novum organum:* a puzzled inflection of star stuff, a mote of mind that glitters for a moment on the grand galactic stream.

DAVID GAHR



MAN & MATE IN "STARS"
A glimmer of cosmic moonlight.

At times, Hubley handsomely transforms these ideas into images. His colors are pale and wash across the screen like slow surf in the moonlight; yet here and there in the watery depths, a point of richer color burns for an instant like a brilliant fish. Early in the film he engineers a spectacular ballet of electrons; later he pictures a cluster of great galaxies that lie asleep in space like a nest of glimmering, immeasurable crabs.

Nevertheless, a lot of things go wrong in Hubley's universe. Too often his art smells of the airbrush. Too often his narration reads like a high school science lecture. All the same it is well to remember that, for the present, the alternative to Hubley's unperfected universe is the witless world of Yogi Bear.

Real Life Revisited

Ring of Treason is a semi-documentary spy drama so set on realism that it takes one of Britain's most pedestrian episodes of peacetime espionage as a model, apparently to avoid drama, thrills or sex. The movie re-creates events leading to the 1961 conviction of Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, born Konon Trofimovich Molody, who was recently swapped back to the Russians in exchange for Greville Wynne. Still in a British prison for their association with Lonsdale are pub-crawling Chief Petty Officer Henry Houghton; his plump, middle-aged sweetheart Elizabeth Gee, who filched diagrams, manuals and Admiralty fleet orders; and a pair of personable American traitors, Peter and Helen Kroger, whose cozy home in a London suburb contai radio that got its programming di from Moscow.

Briskly acted and filmed, Tr telescopes the story to concentra the shambling, corruptible Hou He looses his charm on the navy's Gee, a lonely spinster who sits n a safe full of top secrets, dre about love, Monte Carlo and a two-seater sportscar. Their ro though, consists mainly of weeke London, and the extent of their debauchery is going to a music applaud the Crazy Gang. The makers warn at the end that may be a spy in this very the the very row where you're Such drab middle-class doings film shows may well prod enemy into a more exciting line of work.

A Thing of Booty

The Long Ships, a riotous viki saga, has impossible acting, a prep ous script, some eminently seew ship reconstructions, and more able bloody foolishness than m epic costing three times as much.

Oscar Homolka sets the tone a crusty old Thane of Skandia, a b rupt shipbuilder with a voice l rockslide. Searching for the lege Golden Bell, a thing of booty "a as three men, and cast by the m of Byzantium," Homolka's sons ard Widmark and Russ Tamblyn the Norse King's funeral ship as w his shapely daughter (Yugoslavia ba Loncar), and head south. A stands in their way is a mutinous a maelstrom and Sidney Poitie Moorish prince. He, too, dreams golden "Mother of Voices," but only the wail of his neglected Rosanna Schiaffino. Poitier capture vikings in a highly photogenic beside their shipwrecked hull.

From then on, the weapons c range from flotsam and jetsam t slapstick. Director Jack Cardiff is most ingenious in a triumphal that turns out to be an ambush avenues of Moorish troops st rigid attention, each with a quick

POITIER & LONCAR IN "SHIPS"
After the maelstrom, the Moo
TIME, JUNE 12

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...ade at his back. In the subsequent ...elee, even the lovely Schiaffino is im... ...aled on a lance the size of a mizzen-...mast. Though such wounds are invari... ...bly mortal, they never seem the least ...bit serious. And that is probably what ...keeps *Ships* from going under.

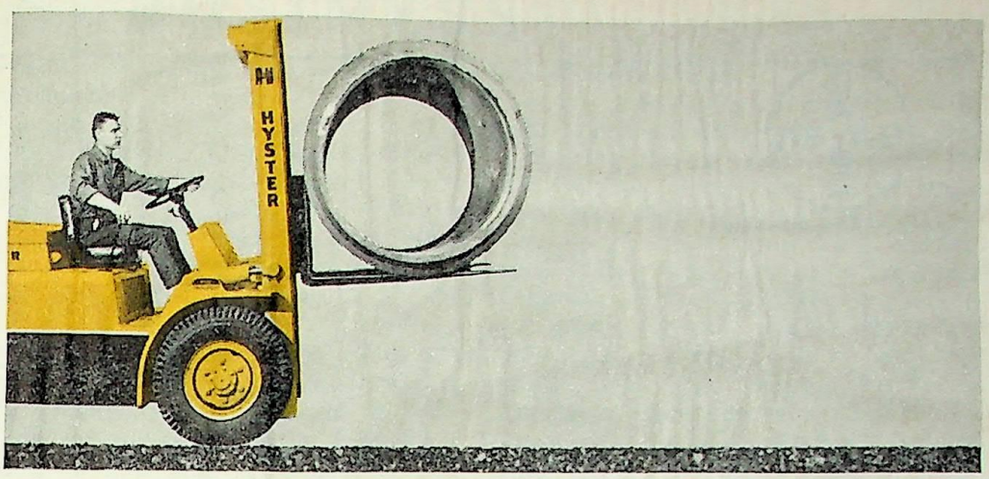
Behind Barbed Wire

Kapo examines in excruciating detail ...the plight of women prisoners in a Po... ...ish concentration camp during World ...War II. Like all recitals of Nazi hor... ...rors, this Italian-made film, dubbed in ...English, is often stark and terrifying, ...and Director Gillo Pontecorvo gives ...his best scenes a look of grainy news... ...reel authenticity: half-frozen women ...laying railroad ties gaze hopelessly at ...wisps of smoke coming from a heated ...glass shed; the prisoners primp for a ...ghastly fitness inspection in which signs ...of illness, or too many grey hairs, can ...spell the *difference* between life and ...death; or they stand in a snowy field ...singing and shivering around a great ...barren tree while the commandant ...wishes all a merry Christmas.

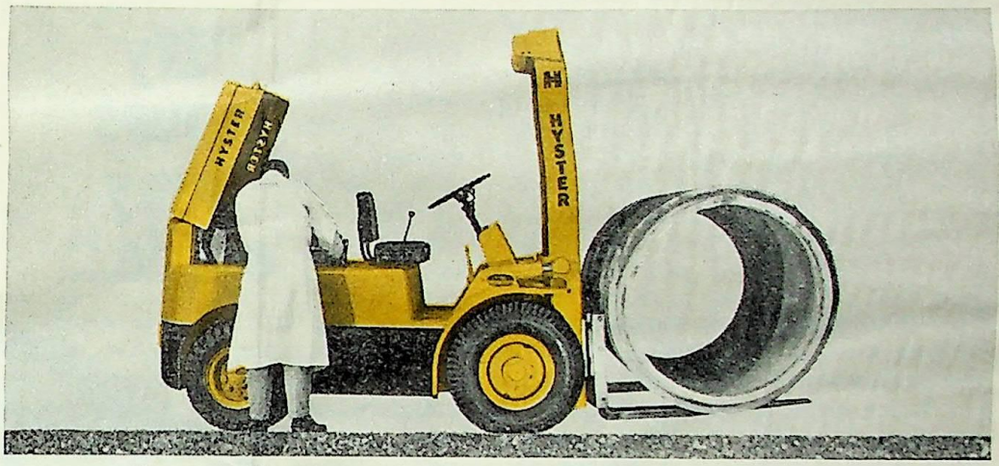
But the film's effectiveness fades be... ...cause of an unconvincing plot, more ...agonized than acted by Susan Strasberg, ...who appears in a cold-blooded ana... ...logue of the Anne Frank role in which ...she first won fame on Broadway. Cast ...as a French adolescent, she conceals ...her Jewish origin, volunteers as a play... ...mate for the SS in order to get food, ...steals the socks off a dead comrade ...who once saved her life, and finally ...becomes a dread *Kapo*—"head" or ...trusty—who assumes guard duties, ...wielding a rubber truncheon against ...fellow inmates. This unsympathetic ...behavior nearly amounts to a forceful ...statement about the corruption of hu... ...man values under stress, except that ...the beast in Actress Strasberg is patent... ...ly far too tame. Cast as a bossy, driving ...earn-cat, she somehow remains pensive ...and soulful-eyed, falls predictably in ...love with a handsome P.W., and dies ...heroically just as Soviet guns begin to ...boom beyond the surrounding hills.

Up in Smoke

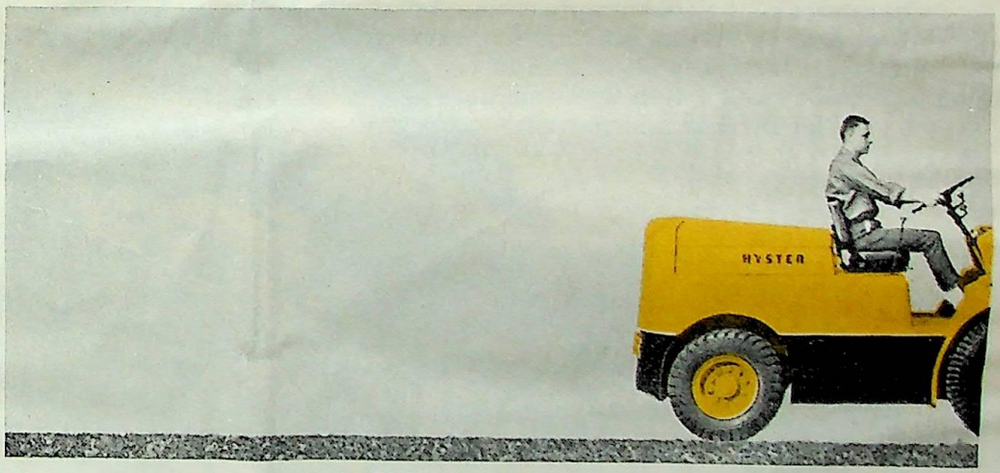
The Brass Bottle. "This is not Bagh... ...dad! It's Pasadena!" croaks Tony Ran... ...dall as a camel caravan approaches his ...front lawn. From the antique urn that ...he bought for a gift, he has uncorked a ...red green djinni, waiting to get out and ...wield magic. Randall's djinni happens ...to be Burl Ives, who complicates a rou... ...tine romantic farce by conjuring up ...camels, seneschals, dromedaries, ele... ...phants, a shapely blue djinniyeh (Ka... ...ma Devi) and a tonic belly dancer ...(Lu Porter). Soon, of course, Ran... ...dall has to explain all the whimsical ...phenomena to his fiancée, Barbara ...Eden. This chore convinces him that ...nothing that comes out of the *Bottle* is ...worth what goes into it. He's quite ...right too. Audiences may choose to stay ...home where they can rub their televi... ...sion sets and hope for a miracle.



when your lift trucks...



need maintenance (as all trucks do),



...you'll save time...
if you're using Hyster trucks—
engineered to uncover service points and get at moving parts in seconds!

See for yourself—Call your Hyster dealer for a demonstration, or write for literature.

HYSTER

HYSTER COMPANY

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION, P. O. Box 328 • Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A. Overseas manufacturing sales and service
INDUSTRIAL TRUCK DIVISION—Lift trucks, mobile cranes, straddle carriers • TRACTOR EQUIPMENT DIVISION—Construction and logging equipment; Heavy-duty trailers.

MANUFACTURED IN: Portland, Oregon (Home Office) • Danville, Illinois • Peoria, Illinois • Kewanee, Illinois • Canada • Australia • Brazil • England France • The Netherlands • Scotland • The Philippines

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BAYER

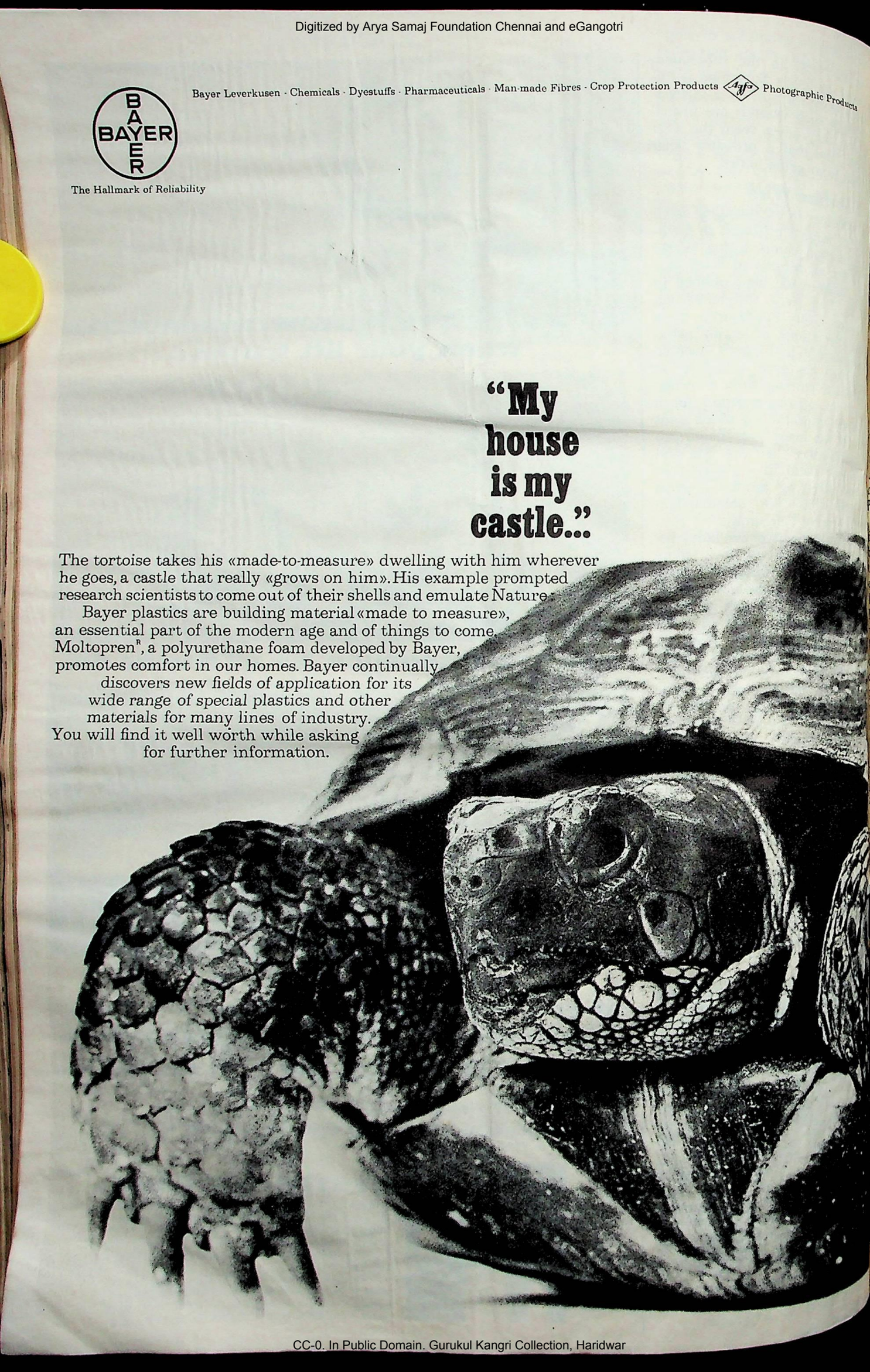
The Hallmark of Reliability

Bayer Leverkusen · Chemicals · Dyestuffs · Pharmaceuticals · Man-made Fibres · Crop Protection Products · Agfa · Photographic Products

"My house is my castle..."

The tortoise takes his «made-to-measure» dwelling with him wherever he goes, a castle that really «grows on him». His example prompted research scientists to come out of their shells and emulate Nature.

Bayer plastics are building material «made to measure», an essential part of the modern age and of things to come. Moltopren®, a polyurethane foam developed by Bayer, promotes comfort in our homes. Bayer continually discovers new fields of application for its wide range of special plastics and other materials for many lines of industry. You will find it well worth while asking for further information.



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MERCHANDISING

e Supermarket's Big Change

The supermarket is more than a store. s the elegant agora of the new sub- ia, the font of everything from Kix Cheer, and the source of no small mount of corn—including the gag bout the housewife whose shopping art does $40 an hour. The American ousewife thinks nothing of spending an average $1,200 a year in the super- narket. Altogether, U.S. food stores do a $60 billion-a-year business, as much as the steel and auto industries wrapped together.

Supermarket business is still expand- ing, but it is not as super as before. Last year fewer new supermarkets opened than at any time since 1947. Sales of the ten largest chains rose only 3.3% above the 1962 mark. And the biggest of all retailers, the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., registered a decline.

Comeback on the Corner. The na- tionwide chains are built to the hilt and boxed in by several kinds of competi- tion. They are often outwitted by small- er, local supermarket chains—such as Florida's Publix, Texas' J. Weingarten Inc., California's Lucky Stores—whose managers are more sensitive to neigh- borhood tastes and do not have to clear decisions with far-off headquarters. The chains are also being nicked by a new phenomenon, the discount food store, where housewives pick their packaged goods from open packing cases instead of neat shelves, and pay prices generally 15% below those in the chains. Most of all, the national supermarkets are giving ground to the little man they had once almost obliterated, the corner grocer.

Though many of the struggling "mom and pop" groceries have gone under, the surviving independent grocers have become bigger and smarter. They have banded into groups, such as the mid-Atlantic region's Foodland Stores and Texas' Minimax. These buy in carload lots, rent computers to watch inventories, and hire experts to keep their books, plan their ads, remodel their stores. The "voluntary chains" increased their share of U.S. food sales from 29% in 1947 to 49% last year.

Not by Bread Alone. Much of the independent grocers' gain has come at the expense of the 4,500-link A. & P. chain, whose sales slipped 2.3% last year, to $5.2 billion. "Image" means much in the supermarket business, and A. & P.'s image sometimes looks old. It appeals to shoppers who fondly remember A. & P. for the bargains it offered during the Depression days. But it has less attraction for the affluent 25-to-40 age group, which buys half of the nation's groceries. To tempt this younger crowd, A. & P. belatedly started distributing Plaid Stamps in more than half of its stores. But that forced the company into a 2% price rise, which only irritated the longstanding, economy-minded customers.

Lately A. & P. has started up the comeback aisle. At the cost of lower earnings, it rescinded some of the price rises. Last year it brought in a 52-year-old president, Melvin Alldredge, who, unlike Chairman John D. Ehrgott, 68, has worked as an A. & P. store clerk and manager. And it has begun to stock more non-food items, from towels to toys, which carry markups as high as 42% *v.* only 16% for the edibles.

Also Decentralizing. Other national chains are diversifying beyond their bread-and-butter business. Second-place Safeway (1963 sales: $2.6 billion) has opened a group of Super S stores that sell sporting goods and small appliances instead of groceries. Third-ranked Kroger now operates 131 drugstores. Two weeks ago, Grand Union announced a 6% sales gain (to $667 million in 1963) but credited one-sixth of its revenues to its non-food discount stores.

Many chains are decentralizing to give more authority to their store managers, are paying them as much as $22,400 in annual salary-plus-bonus. Managers cultivate local trade with a host of gimmicks: some have opened soda fountains in their stores, and the Colonial chain offers chairs and tables for weary shoppers to rest beside the soft-drink dispensers. Stores are also staying open longer. Kroger two weeks ago started doing business on Sundays in Ohio, and Grand Union in Norfolk stays open 24 hours daily to accommodate the round-the-clock shipyard shifts.

Ironically, supermarkets are emulating the corner grocers. Chains such as Chicago's Jewel Tea Co. are experimenting with "pantries" that are one-fifth the size of usual supermarkets and are conveniently located in high-rise apartments. Bigger stores are also considering clearing their shelves of slow-moving items. They stock no fewer than 56 brands of pickles and 97 kinds of detergents, but about half hardly sell at all. The supermarketeers are now talking about making a higher profit with a smaller selection.

INVESTMENT

Charter Members in Space

Four minutes after the new stock went on sale last week at $20 a share, its price jumped to $27. Brokers throughout the U.S. were swamped with calls for it, and buyers even lined up in Paris. The chief underwriter—Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith—set up a bank of 32 Teletypes in Manhattan to take orders. In Washington, one sobbing woman asked whether she could sue a broker who claimed that he had no shares; in Houston, demand was ten times greater than the supply. Why the commotion? The federally sponsored

JIM COLLISON—PI

DISCOUNTER IN LOS ANGELES

SNACK BAR IN PITTSBURGH SUPERMARKET

In a $60 billion business, all brands of competition.

BEN MARTIN—BOHACK

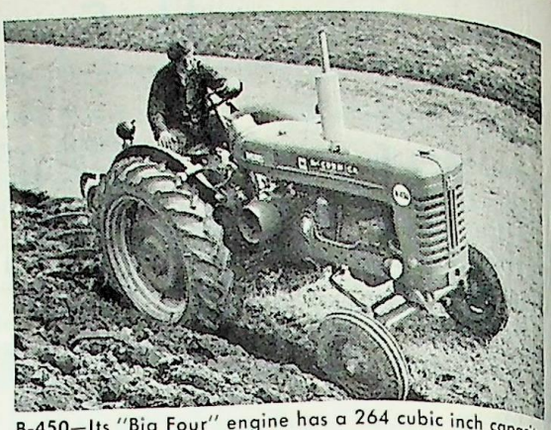
LOCAL CHAIN IN NEW YORK

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

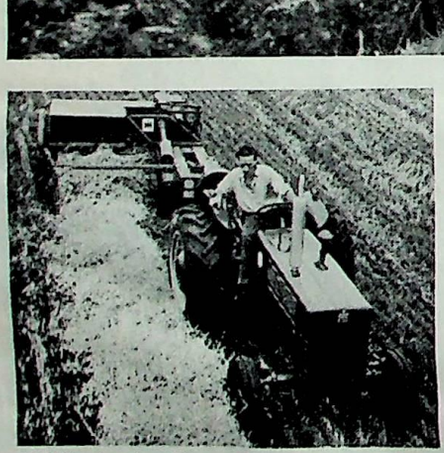
The Tractors with the BIG Engines!

British-built McCormick® International® Diesel Tractors With Maximum Usable Horsepower!



B-450—Its "Big Four" engine has a 264 cubic inch capacity, puts out 55 horsepower — more than enough to pull a 5-furrow plow. You get up to 9300 pounds of sustained pull! The B-450 is also available in a Farmall row-crop model.

B-414—With the largest cubic capacity engine in its class (154 cu. in.), this trim 40 hp. 4-cylinder B-414 diesel is also the most versatile in its category—with 10-speed gearbox, *Vary Touch* hydraulics and 5 choices of p.t.o. speed!



B-275—Another big capacity engine (144 cu. in.) gives the 35 hp. B-275 lugging power to spare. Note B-46 Pick-up Baler. A constant-running p.t.o. is independent of the tractor's 10 speed transmission.

These are the famous diesel tractors from England with the *BIG* capa... 4-cylinder engines that give you the power and smoothness of a six – ... at less cost. And it's all power you can use! Each model has perfect wei... distribution – ⅔ rear, ⅓ front – for maximum traction – and that ne... traction on *both* wheels when you engage the pedal-operated differe... lock. These British tractors also offer you exclusive International ... vester p.t.o. speed choice, self-energizing disk brakes and 3-point link... Hydraulic systems are completely independent. High-clearance mo... are available in the B-414 and B-275. Pick the tractor power and size ... suits you best and ask your International Harvester distributor fo... trial run today.

International Harvester

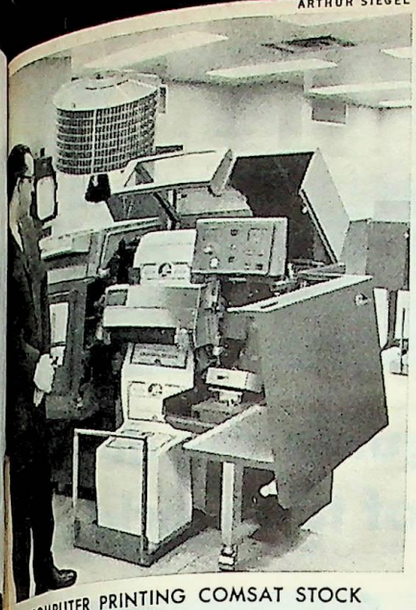
International Harvester Export Company
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois, U.S.A.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ARTHUR SIEGEL



COMPUTER PRINTING COMSAT STOCK
Interest from Paris and Moscow.

Communications Satellite Corp. had come on the market, and investors were eager to buy a place in space.

Few seemed to care that Comsat's officers had put red warning flags all over the issue. Chairman Leo D. Welch and President Joseph Charyk cautioned that Comsat was a chancy venture that would not loft a satellite for another year or a profit for at least three. But buyers were motivated by a sense of patriotism, a desire to become charter members in an exciting enterprise, and the solid conviction that any company backed by the Government and by American Telephone & Telegraph Co. was ultimately bound to succeed. Said one Manhattan investor: "I'm buying this stock for my grandchildren."

On top of the 5,000,000 shares that it sold a fortnight ago to A.T. & T. and other communications companies, Comsat last week disposed of another 5,000,000 shares to more than 500,000 individual investors—the biggest initial distribution in history. A few customers managed to get 50 shares, but most had to be content with ten or fewer. An IBM computer system printed and registered the entire issue, saving 25,000 man-hours of work. Sales were over the counter, with regular trading on the New York, Midwest and Pacific Coast stock exchanges expected to begin in July. The market held fairly firm—Comsat closed the week at $21.62—and the company was drawing attention in some surprising places. Next week Chairman Welch will fly to Geneva to negotiate with Russian officials, who are interested in tying up with Comsat in some way.

RAILROADS

Out of the Tunnel

People who play with trains have often been hurt, especially people who invest in railroad stocks. The Dow-Jones index of 20 railroad stocks needed a full 35 years to climb back to its 1929 high. But since it passed that mark last February, the rail average has been moving upward, reached an alltime peak of 208.95 three weeks ago. Last week, as the stock market generally fell in a long-anticipated correction, the rail average did better than the industrials, closed at 202.50.

All the signals show that the railroads are pulling out of their tunnel. They have been sped along by recently relaxed Government policies on rates and mergers, a refreshing enlightenment on the part of some labor unions, and the railroaders' own hustle.

Making Money. From a postwar low of $7.7 billion in 1961, revenues of the nation's 102 Class I railroads rose to $9.6 billion last year, are likely to top $10 billion in 1964. Helped by liberal depreciation schedules and favorable tax rulings, rail profits last year achieved a six-year high of $651 million, should climb at least another $50 million this year, if only because the Supreme Court's ruling against featherbedding will lower labor costs. Traffic is also rising. So far this year, the roads have carried 5% more freight than in the same period of 1963, and shortages of rail cars are cropping up in some places. Freight-car makers are busier than at any time in the last six years, and their backlogs of unfilled orders for new cars are rising.

New equipment and new ideas are partly responsible for the railroads' rise. Chrysler Corp., for example, recently started shipping its models on the new three-level freight cars instead of Great Lakes steamers. "Unitized" freight trains that carry only coal and move directly from mines to power plants save Chicago's Commonwealth Edison $5,000,000 a year. At the same time, the regulatory climate in Washington has changed. Switching from its policy of helping one form of transportation at the expense of another, the Interstate Commerce Commission has lately permitted railroads to reduce some rates to compete better against trucks and barges.

Two Live Cheaper. Probably the most meaningful change is the mellowing of attitudes toward mergers, which railroaders hope may eventually save them up to $1 billion a year. In the past two years the Government has approved two major mergers—the Chesapeake & Ohio and Baltimore & Ohio link-up, as well as the tie between Atlantic Coast Line and Seaboard Air Line Railroad. The ICC is considering 20 other proposed mergers, of which six are big. The Justice Department has raised serious objection to only one, the link-up between the nation's two largest railroads, the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. But the railroads are exempt from antitrust laws, and the ICC has the last word on mergers.

The greatest barrier to a Pennsy-Central merger has been labor's objection. Much of the barrier was removed last month, when the chiefs of 17 rail unions signed a job-protection deal with Pennsy Chairman Stuart Saunders and New York Central President Alfred Perlman. Terms: if the merger is consummated, the labor force cannot be reduced by more than 5% each year. An ICC hearing examiner will make a recommendation on the merger by year's end, and railroaders are hopeful that the ICC's eleven commissioners will give the two roads a go-ahead by 1966.

PERLMAN & SAUNDERS
Good signs in Washington.

ANTITRUST

Damaging Suit

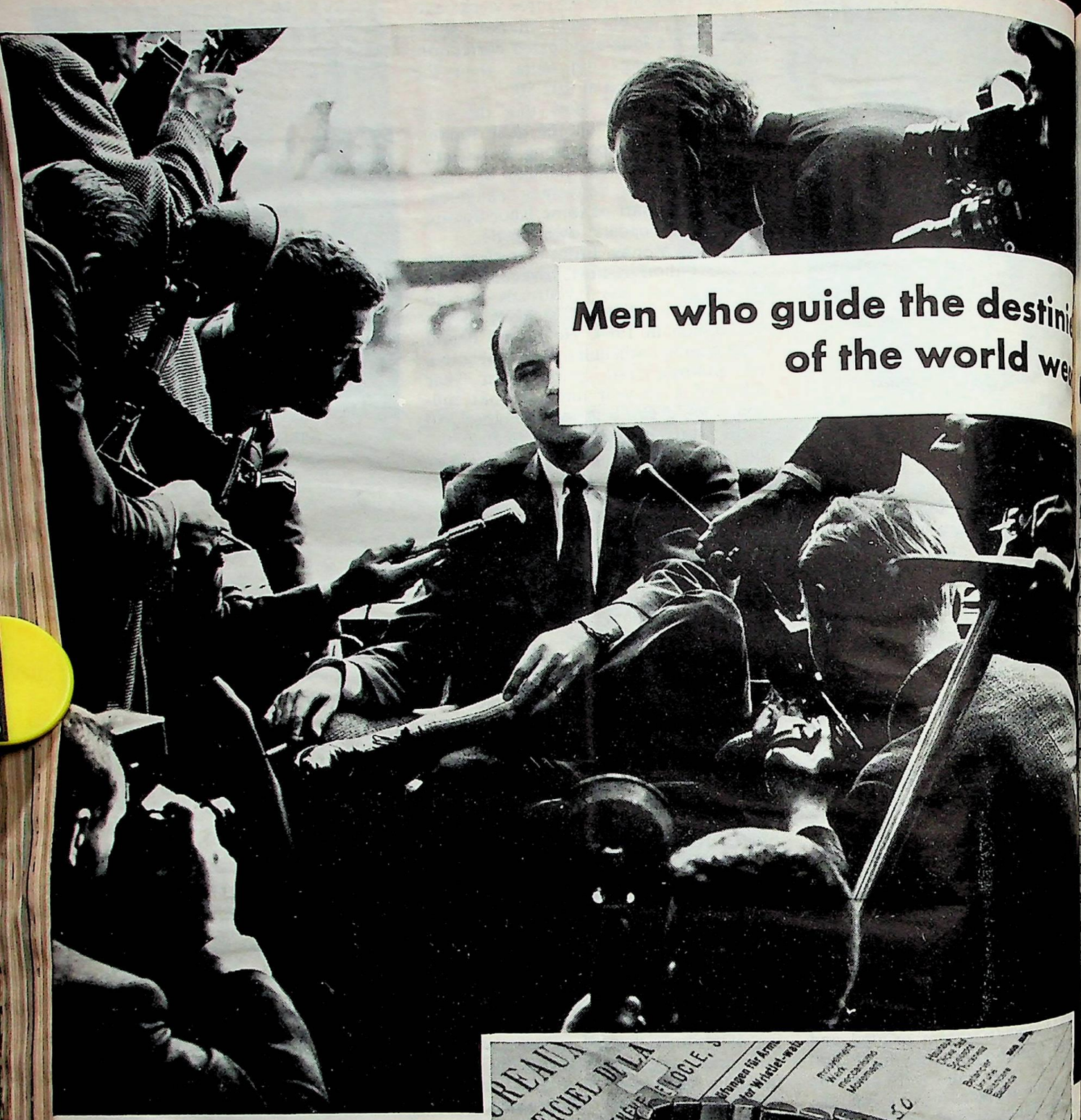
In the three years since they were convicted of price-fixing, 29 electrical-equipment manufacturers have quietly agreed to pay some $200 million to settle damage claims in more than 1,000 customer suits. Though the price seems high, it was cheap enough for keeping the cases out of the headlines and out of the courts, where settlements might well have proved costlier. Last week the first damage case did reach a court, and the outcome shocked the electric companies.

A federal jury in the U.S. District Court at Philadelphia hit Westinghouse, General Electric, Allis-Chalmers and three other manufacturers with quite a bill. To Philadelphia Electric and two other complaining utilities, it awarded damages of $9.6 million; then Judge Joseph S. Lord III trebled the award to $28.9 million, as the Clayton Act requires. Most important, the jury found that the utilities were entitled to damages for having been overcharged as far back as 1946, even though the original electrical-conspiracy cases covered only the 1956-60 period. The ruling stemmed from a clause in the law that suspends the statute of limitations (four years in antitrust cases) if plaintiffs can prove both that price-fixing had been practiced long before the indictment and had been "fraudulently concealed."

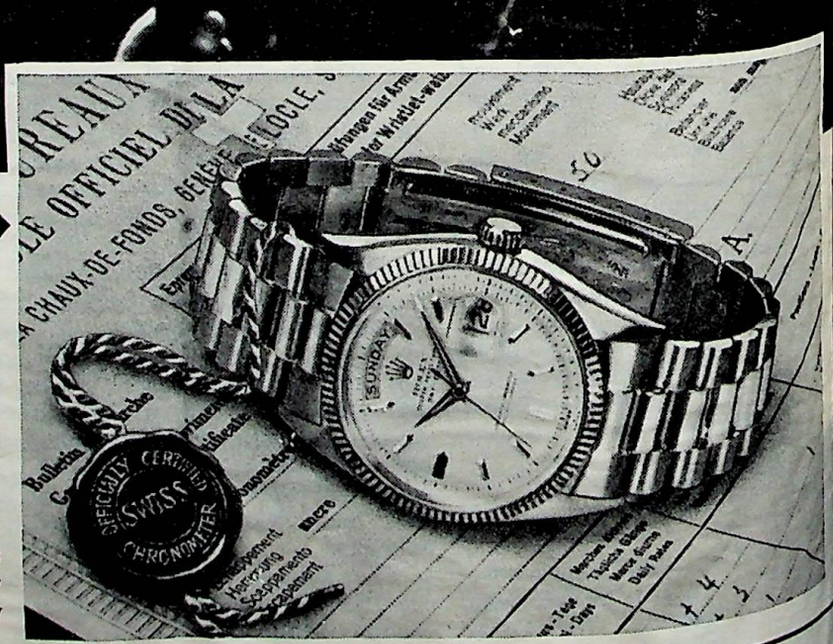
Lawyers for the electrical-equipment companies offered an eyebrow-raising defense. They did not deny the price-fixing conspiracy but denied that it had been "fraudulently concealed." They contended, in effect, that customers knew about the fix but that high officers of the electrical-equipment companies

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Men who guide the destini of the world we



THE ROLEX "DAY-DATE"

Most remarkable achievement in watch-making, the Rolex Oyster Perpetual "Day-Date." Available only in 18-ct. gold or platinum, with matching "President" bracelet.

Like all Rolex Chronometers, every "Day-Date" is now awarded the highest distinction of the Swiss Institutes for Official Chronometer Tests, the mention 'Especially good results.'

Its superlative accuracy is protected by the famous Rolex Oyster case, made in Geneva by Swiss craftsmen and guaranteed 100% waterproof, and its movement is selfwound by the Perpetual rotor. The date and the day of the week, written in full, change instantaneously every midnight.

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (*Founder: H. Wilsdorf*), GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

BANGKOK: S.A.B. BANGKOK **HONG KONG:** UNION HOUSE, CHATER RD **SINGAPORE:** CROSBY HOUSE **TOKYO:** ROLEX WATCH DIVISION, SHIN-TOKIWA
SYDNEY: WILLIS & SONS LTD., 71 YORK STREET

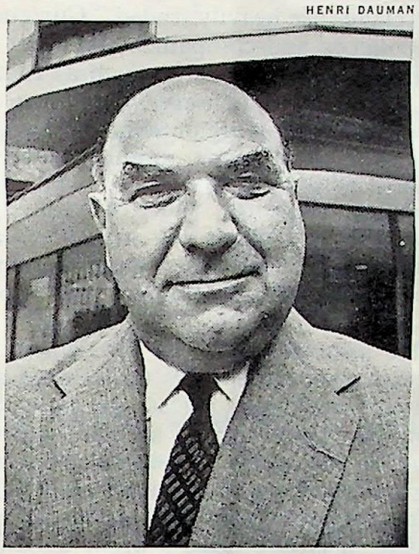
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

did not. The jury found this hard to accept.

Though the decision will not affect the damage cases that have already been settled, it may well prompt other customers to take their claims to court. Between 800 and 1,000 cases are still outstanding. Most are small, but at least two substantial claims will be brought by the Midwest's American Electric Power and Michigan's Consumers Power. The Philadelphia decision will be appealed by General Electric and Westinghouse, and probably by the other defendants. But the appeals alone could tie them up in costly litigation for years.

HENRI DAUMAN



WILLIAM ZECKENDORF
Taking a bath in hotels.

REAL ESTATE

He Webs But Seldom Naps

As head of Webb & Knapp, Inc., whose interests have spanned from Los Angeles' Century City to Manhattan hotels, rotund William Zeckendorf is known as a spectacular real estateman. His losses have also been spectacular. In 1962, Webb & Knapp dropped $19.6 million. Last week, filing an annual statement that had been delayed so that accountants could untangle Zeckendorf's web of multiple mortgages, the company reported a disastrous 1963 loss of $32.3 million.

While Zeckendorf reeled and dealed to cover his debt, the revenues he had expected to rescue him failed to materialize. Freedomland, a pale Bronx imitation of Disneyland, lost $5.4 million. Place Ville Marie, a skyscraper show place in Montreal, lost another $4.5 million, and Webb & Knapp (Canada) no longer controls it. New York's Roosevelt Field, a large shopping center and industrial park, lost $1.2 million. Zeckendorf also took a $4.5 million bath in his Manhattan hotels.

"Big Bill" has been working inordinately long hours auctioning off his properties. But he admits that "results fell substantially short of expectations." Among other things, he has sold off a valuable block-square plot in New York's financial district, part of his Southwest Washington redevelopment

Rolex watches

You know their names as you know your own. You know their faces from a thousand newspaper and magazine articles. You have seen them and heard their voices on newsreels and on your television screen. Their actions and decisions influence the pattern of our lives.

We cannot mention their names, or show pictures of them. It would not be fitting to do so, for they include royalty, the heads of states, great service commanders. But we invite you to look carefully at the next pictures that you see of them, at their wrists as well as their faces and clothes. You will notice that in almost every case they wear a wrist-watch. That watch will most likely have been made by Rolex of Geneva.

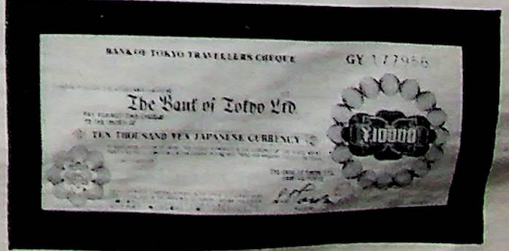
We are proud of the service given by Rolex watches to so many eminent men throughout the world. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the performance of these watches is, in the highest degree, accurate and dependable.

ROLEX
A landmark in the history of Time measurement

"I'm no match for a Bank of Tokyo Travelers Cheque."

Few things are. One shouldn't go anywhere in Japan without Bank of Tokyo Travelers Cheques. They're available at the offices of the Bank of Tokyo, or at its correspondent banks engaged as selling agents in Japan and abroad.

BANK OF TOKYO
HEAD OFFICE: TOKYO, JAPAN



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

project, and a San Francisco site where Webb & Knapp intended to construct apartments. Last week he dealt off his right to buy Manhattan's Drake Hotel, and a British buyer was reportedly dickering for Zeckendorf's Chatham. Considering that his revenues from the Astor, Manhattan and Taft are being passed out to creditors, the only New York hotel that Zeckendorf appears to have free and clear is the Gotham.

Coming due this year are debts of $55 million—indeed, $31.9 million are already overdue. To cover them, according to last week's report, was a bare $1,000,000 in cash and $6,000,000 in accounts receivable. Up to now Zeckendorf's creditors carried him along in hopes of recovering their loans. How long will they continue to do so? On the American Exchange, Webb & Knapp was down to 37½¢ a share, a third of what it sold for last year.

HENRY GROSSMAN

DEAK & FAVORITE COMMODITY
Cashing in on crisis.

MONEY

The World of Deaknick

He lives in a Scarsdale mansion instead of a London flat, and never ever packs a shoulder-holstered Walther PPK automatic. But there is more than a soupçon of the fictional counterspy in trim, urbane Nicholas Deak, who is the James Bond of the world of money.

Born in Hungary 58 years ago, Deak holds a doctorate in economics, can talk money in five languages, used to work for the League of Nations. A naturalized American, he spent World War II as an OSS agent parachuting into Burmese jungles to search for Japanese prisoners. On a postwar assignment, he sneaked Hungarian boxcars past the Russian occupiers to help rebuild West Germany's railways. Deak still keeps in OSS trim with a vegetarian diet, daily sprints around his own suburban running track, and ski trips with his Viennese wife. From a paneled office (cable address: Deaknick) overlooking lower Manhattan harbor, he supervises more than 100 agents working for Deak & Co., one of the world's biggest dealers in foreign currencies.

Gamble on Change. Last week lines of tourists bought up pounds, francs and yen from Deak's Perera Co., busiest currency exchange in the U.S. and only one of Deak's skein of 20 currency "stores." The tourist trade is a small part of Deak's business; his plumpest profits come from the active shufflings of currencies in crisis. "Whenever countries are not stable," says Deak, "their currencies are heavily traded." Currency speculators and companies operating in inflation-ridden countries such as Brazil or Italy try to conserve the value of their cash by buying or selling "forward contracts" for funds, similar to commodity futures; a speculator who sold Brazilian cruzeiros short a year ago could have doubled his money. Deak trades in the contracts, gambling that fiscal and political changes will work his way.

He also collects rents for owners of foreign properties, buys up blocked accounts at bargain prices, or, on occasion, the inheritance of an heir who has trouble getting his money out of a foreign country. In such cases, Deak is in effect betting that he can get the money unfrozen later or turn a profit by using the funds inside the country. He has the right connections for it. Occasionally, governments buy and sell their own currencies through Deak, creating an artificial demand that boosts the exchange rate and balms national pride.

Constantly operating on the fringe of politics, Deak often gets subtle warnings of impending events. In 1962 millions of dollars worth of Indian rupees that Deak held were suddenly scooped up in Hong Kong, Beirut and Kuwait. They were purchased by agents of the Red Chinese, who used the rupees for folding money when they invaded India soon after.

Holding the Bags. Privately owned Deak & Co. issues no earnings reports. But Nick Deak happily admits that he has more than made good his boast to a wartime OSS comrade that he would open a small foreign-currency exchange, steadily expand and become a millionaire. His route to riches was, and is, tricky. Dealing in all currencies except four that are proscribed by the U.S. Government (Cuban pesos, Red Chinese yuan, North Korean won and North Vietnamese dongh), Deak always risks being caught with funny money. But he rarely loses.

Deak once sat atop a bundle of old Israeli pounds that had been called in by Israel and were thought to be worthless. He managed to dispose of them in —of all places—Arab Lebanon. What happened to the money after it reached Beirut? In Deak's business, one does not ask such questions.

PERSONALITIES

THIS business is like opium—it's in your blood, everything else dull," muses Paramount Pictures executive George Weltner. The habit proved profitable for him: last week, 62, he was promoted from exec v.p. to president. In something youth movement, he replaces Balaban, who at 76 becomes chairman; Paramount's founder, Adolph kor, 91, was named chairman emer Aging Paramount lost $2,800,000 1962 when several films were office flops. Last year it was back in black, and first-quarter '64 ea ($1,041,000) were almost twice as in the same period last year. W expects further improvement, thank such current successes as *Becket*, *Seven Days in May*. A small, frec man who resembles neither a mo mogul nor a matinee idol, Weltner chemist by training who began in darkroom during the early '20s. H did he reach the summit of Paramou star-ringed mountain? Says We with a grin: "Longevity, that's all."

BEN MARTIN

GEORGE WELTNER

HAMER BUDGE

HE is known to friends as "unbu able Judge Budge." As a Re lican Congressman from Idaho for years until he was defeated in 1960 consistently voted against Governm spending and public welfare measu stood with Southern Democrats on c rights. Now a state judge in Idaho admits to being far from expert finance. These may seem like unus qualifications for the newest member the five-man Securities and Exchan Commission, but last week Ha Harold Budge got the job. Pres Johnson appointed him, said sp sources, partly as a political favor House Minority Leader Charles Halle the judge's longtime golfing crony (judge calls Halleck "Pop," while leck calls him "Son.") He replaces M. Whitney II as the second Repu can member on the commission. I Republicans consider Budge "a hand," and he will have plenty of portunity to prove it: the SEC is dr ing up a program to implement 1963 study of stock markets, and rulemaking lies ahead in such cont areas as brokerage commissions.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"let's see what ASEA can do"

in HIGH-VOLTAGE POWER TECHNIQUE High-voltage power transmission brings power where it is required. It allows remote energy sources to be utilised economically and power to be exchanged between networks, providing peak-load and stand-by power without the erection of new power-producing plant.

Both high-voltage alternating current (HVAC) and high-voltage direct current (HVDC) can be used for transmitting power; each has its specific field of application where it is preferable. In both cases, ASEA is a world leader.

The world's first 400,000 volt HVAC system is over 80 per cent ASEA-equipped and ASEA are supplying a substantial part of the equipment for the first 735,000 volt, HVAC system *now* being built in Canada.

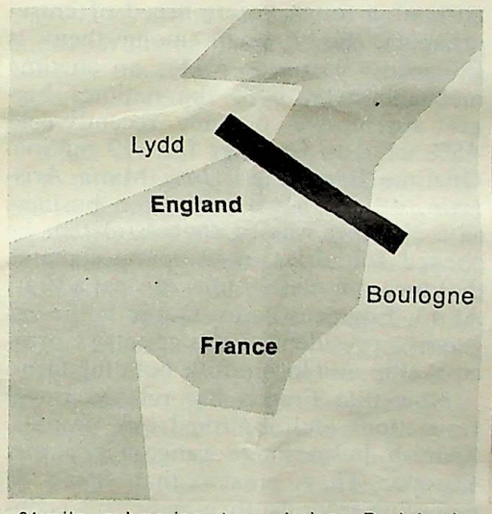
HVDC transmission technology is a product of ASEA research and development. The company is still, 10 years after the commissioning of the first installation, the sole supplier of all the vital transmission equipment.

The maps below indicate the progress of HVDC and its fields of application. These examples also give evidence of the truth that it is worthwhile to "see what ASEA can do".

a creative force in the electrical field **ASEA**

Head Office Västerås, Sweden. Represented in 65 countries.

60-mile submarine transmission. Power supply to the island of Gotland.

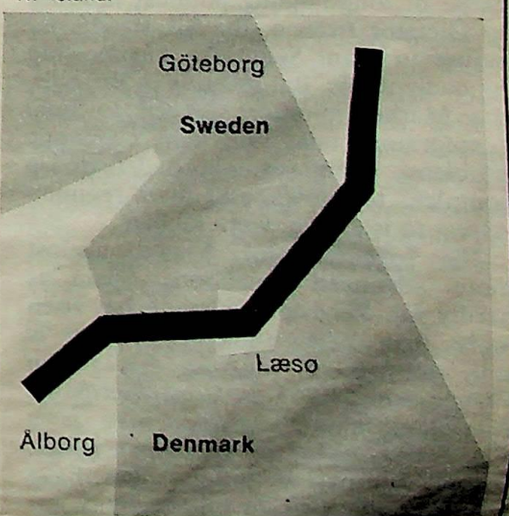


34-mile submarine transmission. Peak-loads at different hours in the two countries.

385-mile overland and submarine transmission. Water power plant on S. Island supplying the N. Island.

[illegible] overland and submarine transmission. [illegible] power plant on Sardinia supplying the Italian mainland.

Link between networks of different frequencies, 50 and 60 c/s.



114-mile overland and submarine link between the power networks on the European Continent and in Scandinavia.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

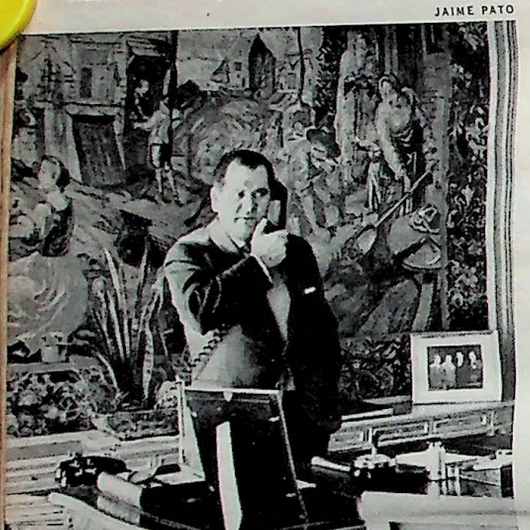
SPAIN

Closer to Europe

That arid square, that fragment nipped off from hot Africa, soldered so crudely to inventive Europe.

Thus Poet W. H. Auden once darkly described Spain, but today the "arid square" of more than 30 million people is growing ever closer to the rest of Europe. Franco long ago took economic power away from the old Falangists who helped him win the civil war. Now *El Caudillo*, who fancies himself an economist and contributes occasional articles to Madrid newspapers under the pen name "Hispanicus," is steadily giving more authority to a corps of knowledgeable and enthusiastic technicians. The young economists have

JAIME PATO



AUTOMAKER BARREIROS
Up from olives and citrus.

been raising both living standards and future hopes.

Last week that fact was acknowledged by the Common Market. Because of longstanding political hostility to Dictator Franco, the Six steadfastly refuse to grant Spain the membership he badly wants. But meeting in Brussels, the Market ministers agreed to hold "exploratory talks" on joint economic problems. Spaniards, who had feared a complete turndown and their regime's retreat to isolation, were jubilant.

The Takeoff Point. Viewed against more advanced neighbors, Spain is hardly fat. Per-capita income has risen more than 22% since 1961—but is still only $342, against $1,250 in France and $1,255 in West Germany. A skilled laborer's weekly pay is a slim $18 to $24. Last year's pay raises, provoked in part by bitter strikes, have not been matched by productivity increases, and there is the consequent danger of recurring inflation.

But Spain, like other European nations before it, has at least reached the takeoff point. The 8,344-mile national railway system is being overhauled at a cost of $1 billion. Unemployment has dropped from 8% in 1959 to 1.5%. About 400,000 men are working in neighboring nations, and the $193 million they sent home last year, along with tourist income, more than offset a chronic trade deficit.

Franco has relaxed regulations on foreign capital, now allows outside companies to control Spanish firms and remit their profits and dividends. Such firms as Leyland Motors, John Deere and Parke Davis have come in. Foreigners can now own Spanish stocks, have bought $200 million worth of them.

New Entrepreneurs. Spain's economists, led by liberal Commerce Minister Alberto Ullastres, 50, intend to keep statistics climbing with a four-year development plan. Under it, production and expansion have been carefully timetabled: $15 billion in public and private investment will be added to Spain's economy, and the gross national product, now $13 billion, is expected to rise 26%.

The emergence of Spain's technocrats has been matched by the appearance of a tough young breed of entrepreneurs. Best-known among them is Eduardo Barreiros, 44, a onetime mechanic who built the nation's biggest automotive company, recently sold 45% of it to Chrysler for $19 million. Onetime Bank Clerk José María Aristrain, 48, started a scrap-iron business as a sideline, was so successful that he opened foundries, now operates plants that turn out 60,000 tons of steel a year. At 43, Engineer Pedro Durán is the aggressive president of the country's principal ship and locomotive building firm.

Now that Franco has relaxed travel restrictions and abolished exit permits, Spanish businessmen range far across Europe. They preach that Spain is emerging from its olive-and-citrus economy and is on its way to becoming more than an appendage crudely soldered onto the inventive Continent.

WESTERN EUROPE

Almost Like Detroit

In Italy, Fiat Chairman Vittorio Valletta calls it *"un certo snobismo"*—a touch of snobbism. Other European auto executives describe it in terms of sophistication or selectivity. Whatever words they use, all agree that their business is being reshaped by a significant switch: in size and tempo, Europe's auto market is following the American way. Not only are Europeans buying more cars, but they are moving up to larger, costlier, more powerful models. Says John Andrews, Detroit-trained president of West Germany's Ford Taunus: "A few years ago, Europeans were primarily interested in basic transportation. Now they want styling, ... iness, convenience and power."

FOUR-DOOR GERMAN GLAS 1500
*Away from knee cruncher*s.

Running Faster. Detroit is capital... ing on the trend. Last week, adding... its investment in France and S... Chrysler Corp. bought a $34 m... take in the British market by acq... 30% of the stock of Rootes M... Ltd., manufacturer of Humber, ... man, Sunbeam and Singer cars. L... month Ford announced that it w... spend $400 million over the next t... years to expand and modernize its ... ropean plants, and General Motor... planning to invest $600 million in ... rope over the next two years.

The U.S. automakers' investments ... expanding more sharply in Europe ... at home, largely because the auto ... ket is running faster in Europe. ... year U.S. auto sales are expected ... rise 7%, to 8,000,000, but the C... mon Market predicts that produc... within its six nations may well incr... 15%, to 5,750,000. Since 1958, ... production has doubled in Britain ... Germany, tripled in Italy. Europe ... has to run hard to catch up with ... U.S., where there is one car for ev... 2.4 people. But the car-owning f... has risen from one for every 18 We... Europeans half a dozen years ago ... one for every eleven now.

Proliferation. Though Europe's ... odd automakers are not quite ready ... embrace Detroit's concept of plan... obsolescence, the shapes and sizes ... European cars are proliferati... France's Panhard turns out nine m... els, Citroën eight; in West Germ... Ford offers 27 models, G.M.-o...

PANHARD RELMAX IN PARIS SHOWROOM
Toward multiple choice.

CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...el 24 (including station wagons), ...imler-Benz 16. No firm is quite so ...rsatile as the Glas company, a little-...own family business tucked in the ...avarian village of Dingolfing. Last ...ear it rolled out only 35,000 cars, but ...ffered 32 models, from the tiny Gog-...mobil to a sports car that is said to ...look like a genuine Ferrari."

The swing is away from knee-crunch-...e tiny cars and toward five-seaters ...at resemble U.S. compacts. The pop-...larity of such cars has hurt the small Volkswagen, cutting its share of the German market last year from 34% to 28%. Volkswagen's larger "1500" mod-...el is selling well enough to make up for some of the slippage, and France's Renault is reportedly readying a bigger sister for its Dauphine and Caravelle. Fiat recently introduced a 12-ft. "850" model whose chassis is almost a foot longer than the company's basic "600" job.

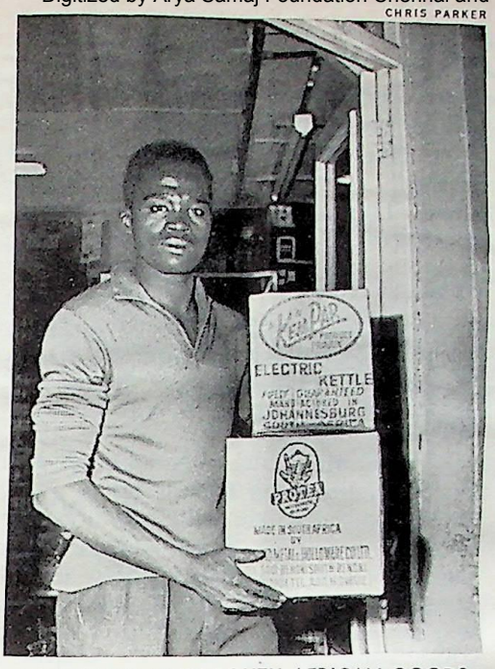
Popular European cars will not grow as big as American ones—taxes, in-...surance rates and gasoline prices (80¢ per gal. in Italy) are too steep for that. Some other American styling idiosyn-...crasies will also be avoided. Many Eu-...ropeans think that splashy chrome trim would only rust, and that tail fins would only make parking harder. But one latter-day American innovation has be-...gun to take hold in Europe: the two-...car family. Germany's NSU Motoren-...werke plugs its tiny Prinz-4 as just the thing the hausfrau needs to drive to the supermarket while her husband has ...his Mercedes at the office.

SOUTH AFRICA

Beating the Ban

International economic boycotts rare-...ly work, but few have fared worse than the boycott of South Africa by Russia and 17 African, Asian and West Indian countries. This week the United Na-...tions's Special Committee on *Apartheid* will begin a two-week meeting with the aim of persuading more nations to bar trade with South Africa. The world, ...says Committee Chairman Diallo Telli of Guinea, faces a choice between "vio-...lence on the one hand, economic sanc-...tions on the other"—a threat that black South Africans will ultimately revolt un-...less economic pressures force the gov-...ernment to change its ways.

The sanctions so far have neither de-...railed the boom of Africa's richest na-...tion nor diminished its role as a prime ...customer to the world. Since the boy-...cott began four years ago, British and ...U.S. investment alone in South Africa has risen 50% to $3.7 billion, South ...Africa's gross national product has in-...creased 20% to $8.6 billion, and the London Daily Mail's stock market index has nearly quadrupled. With exports of ...products as varied as wheat and mining ...machinery running at a record $1.5 bil-...lion rate, South Africa boasts an inter-...national payments surplus of $200 mil-...lion, could write off its few debts with ...the four months' gold production.



CHRIS PARKER

RHODESIAN WITH SOUTH AFRICAN GOODS
The price tags are irresistible.

Detours. A few South African companies, of course, have felt a boycott pinch. When Denmark stopped shipping small arms to South Africa in 1960, it also reduced its own imports by more than 50%. Clothing shipments from South Africa to Black Africa fell from $12 million in 1959 to $5,000,000 last year. The profits of South African Airways have dwindled because its planes, banned from the Black African airspace, must fly the time-and-money-consuming "*apartheid* route" over the Atlantic to Europe.

Black Africa, however, has done little to make the boycott stick. South African steel, autos and sugar find their way into most of the nations supporting the ban. Reason: South Africa's advanced technology, low labor costs and modest shipping charges result in price tags many Black Africans find irresistible. "My country," sighs Northern Rhodesian Prime Minister Kenneth Kaunda, "cannot afford to boycott South Africa."

A Question of Need. If a boycott is to work, it must be supported by the U.S. and Britain. Their purchases of such items as gold, copper and diamonds account for one-third of South Africa's trading income. They oppose the boycott, saying publicly that it would hurt black workers more than the white businessmen, but confiding privately that they need South Africa as both a supplier and buyer. The U.S. and Britain have banned arms shipments to South Africa, but in April British Labor Leader Harold Wilson, an Oxford-trained economist, questioned the wisdom of a full-scale boycott. "Sanctions which hit at the people without influencing its government would be futile and tragic," said he. "The imposition of a trade boycott is an act little short of war."

Wilson may also have had in mind a boycott's effect on British industry, which sells $500 million worth of goods yearly to South Africa. If such sales were blocked, thousands of British workers could lose their jobs.

MILESTONES

Married. Princess Desirée, 26, granddaughter of Sweden's Gustaf VI Adolf; and Baron Niclas Silfverschiold, 29, wealthy Swedish gentleman farmer; in a Lutheran ceremony attended by Scandinavia's Who's Who; in Stockholm.

Married. Theodore Chaikin Sorensen, 36, confidant, counselor and speechwriter for John F. Kennedy from 1953 to 1963; and Sarah Ann Elbery, 31, petite Boston schoolteacher; he for the second time; in Manhattan. They met in 1958 when both worked on Kennedy's senatorial campaign in Boston, and their friendship flowered when she took a job in Washington in 1961 and accompanied Ted on summer trips to Cape Cod.

Divorced. Xavier Cugat, 64, roly-poly king of Latin swing; by Abbe Lane, 32, wiggly-jiggly singer who joined "Coogie's" conga line in 1950; after twelve years of marriage, no children; on grounds of incompatibility; in Juárez, Mexico.

Died. Matthew Michael Fox, 53, Hollywood's own version of the wheeler-dealer, who in the early 1940s turned nearly bankrupt Universal Pictures into a $7,000,000-a-year profitmaker by luring away stars from other studios, made a further killing by selling old movies to TV, later gained control of Skiatron, which pioneered pay TV, and finally went international in 1948 by persuading the newborn Republic of Indonesia to make him its U.S. trade broker, a deal involving $150 million a year before it collapsed in 1950; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Leo Szilard, 66, famed physicist, who with Enrico Fermi in 1942 triggered the world's first nuclear chain reaction and thus made possible the atomic bomb; of a heart attack; in La Jolla, Calif. A Hungarian-Jewish refugee from Hitler's persecutions, Szilard foresaw as early as 1939 the possibility of uranium bombs, persuaded Einstein to lend his famous name to a letter to President Roosevelt in which he pointed out the danger that Germany might beat the U.S. to such a weapon; once his advice was heeded and the bomb developed, Szilard looked with regret upon the monster he had helped unleash, worked incessantly for disarmament and peaceful uses for nuclear energy.

Died. Catherine Evans Whitener, 83, who at the age of 15 snipped off each bit of yarn as it came through the cloth of a bedspread she was making, thus inventing the tufted bedspread, something that has since become one of Georgia's largest industries as mass production built up tufted textiles into a $500 million-a-year business; of cancer; in Dalton, Ga.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

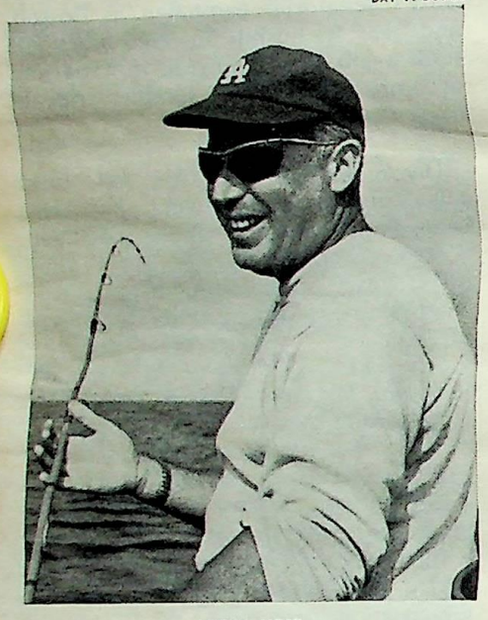
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Fresh Off the Assembly Line

ARMAGEDDON *by Leon Uris.* 632 pages. Doubleday. $6.95.

Hmm. Bank balance down. Time to do another Big Novel. But what about? The marines in World War II? Did that one already. Maybe the Kaiser's war? Ancient history. The Israeli thing, and beautiful deep-chested broads with big bandoleers standing ankle-deep in the dirt of the kibbutzim? Ah, there's

DAY V. JONES



LEON URIS
Is English necessary?

a bestselling idea. Too bad, did that one too. What's left? Got it! Berlin and the airlift. It has flyers and wild blue yonders, and conflict with the Russkies, and a small band of far-seeing Army officers, and fräuleins, and bad Germans and maybe a few good ones this time, and . . .

Leon Uris' new novel is the predictable end product of an interior monologue just like that. And it must be conceded that Uris, who once publicly pronounced himself "the most outstanding U.S. writer of today," has succeeded astonishingly in his aim: into this big bad book he has packed away every conceivable stock figure, from the nice Russian officer (Igor) trapped by the system, to the beautiful whore (Hilde) who reforms and then softens the hard heart of the dashing American pilot (Scott, what else?).

Uris put in about three years of research and writing to produce this book. It reads as if it were not written at all but dictated, Napoleon style, at top speed to at least two secretaries at once, and the resulting manuscript corrected with a glass in one hand, a cigar in the other, and no place to hold the blue pencil. Even the title is a piece of mindless sensationalism: Berlin was not a battle, let alone the last one.

Uris piles up countless petty errors of fact, even of grammar ("It's a good thing English has nothing to do with writing" is another Uris pronouncement). The airlift and the gutty Berliners deserve a better chronicler.

Santa Claus of Loneliness

RAINER MARIA RILKE, THE YEARS IN SWITZERLAND *by J. R. von Salis, translated by N. K. Cruickshank.* 321 pages. *University of California.* $7.50.

"The Santa Claus of loneliness" was W. H. Auden's tag for his fellow poet, Rainer Maria Rilke. Rilke did not look like Santa Claus—more like the man who shot him. Beneath a nobly domed forehead, pale eyes glared out from a meanly featured face. This repellent countenance would on rare occasions be relieved by an unpleasant smile. Yet for all his unprepossessing appearance, he had the pride of Lucifer himself. He insisted on his aristocratic descent. Christianity may call all men sinners. Not Rilke. "Perhaps I am not a sinner," he would say.

Rilke was a solitary who spent, according to his French master, Paul Valéry, "eternal winters long in excessive intimacy with silence." Such a man does not leave the makings of a lively biography. But out of his elected silence Rilke drew such lyrics that men have searched the bare facts of his life for the sources of his mastery.

Inner Space. The facts are bare indeed. Born in Prague 88 years ago, he died of leukemia in Switzerland in 1926; the events in between are almost accounted for by the names of the countries he visited or lived in (Germany, France, Russia, Spain, Italy) and the handful of friends he made—the most important of them women. These ladies included the Princess of Thurn and Taxis and the fabulous Lou Andreas-Salomé, who was his elder by 14 years and who deeply impressed—besides the poet—Friedrich Nietzsche and Sigmund Freud. His love for Lou Andreas was a lifelong though mostly distant affair, interrupted briefly, as Biographer von Salis dryly observes, by his marriage to Clara Westhof. In an age that is congesting toward total togetherness, when even a Wordsworth can only wander lonely as a crowd, the solitary figure of Rilke commands something somewhere between awe and irritation. He sought *Weltinnenraum*—literally, "inner-world-space," the landscape of the mind that can be seen only by introspection.

Were it not for Von Salis, personal knowledge of this most private of men would be largely left to the colored memoirs of the ladies of his life. Von Salis, formerly professor of history at the Swiss Institute of Technology, was a young man when he knew Rilke during the last seven years of the poet's self-exile in Switzerland, and his partial biography has been a prim source of countless articles and o writings on Rilke since it was first lished in 1936. It has now appe for the first time in English, t lated by Norah Kelsall Cruickshank English poet.

Von Salis' book begins with the in the summer of 1919, after "five penetrable, sterile years, interrupted genuine life." War was intolerable a man who found civic peace too m He had been drafted into the Ger army, but the minute the war e he fled to Switzerland, "as anima when the closed season is over."

In Switzerland he attained a g civic asylum. Patronesses supplie lets and châteaux. He completed *Duino Elegies*, begun at Princess T and Taxis' castle on the Adriatic Trieste; she celebrated the event a ceremonious visit, during which poet recited the whole work to her.

Nameless Shame. Von Salis he such events to record: A visit abandoned chapel to put flowers altar or "a feast of reconciliation" a chat) with a tardy postman are t cal adventures. By common standa Rilke did not "live" at all. The e of his life took place within his po

In Rilke, says Critic Hans Egon thusen, "we see the conquest o originally Christian soul by an Christian consciousness." In one poem Rilke presents Christ's ima prayer in the Garden of Gethsema

I am alone with all men's grief
Which I essayed to heal through
And Thou art not.
O nameless shame . . .
Then they recounted that an ange
came.
Why an angel?
It was night that came
And played indifferently with
leaves.

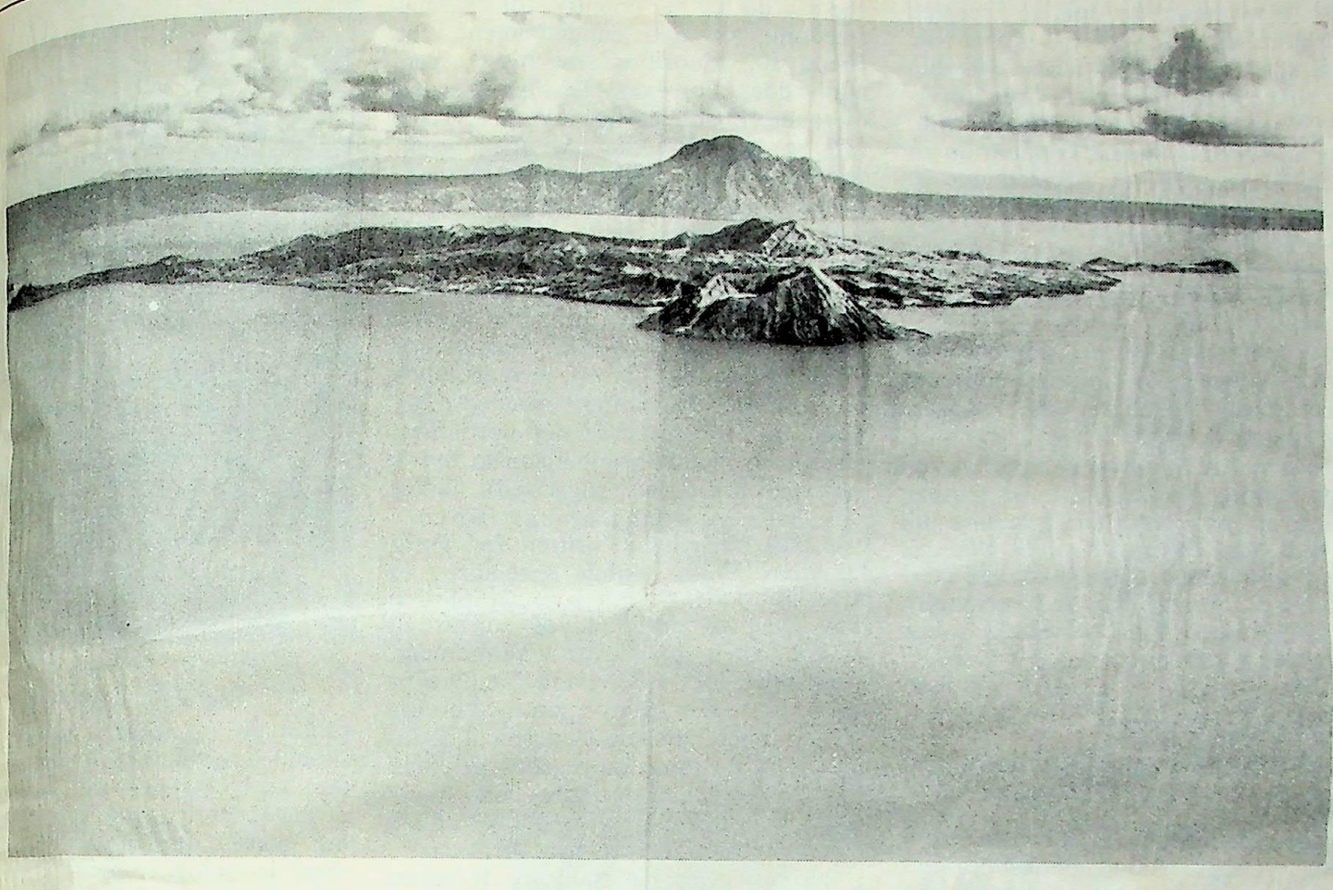
But Rilke's hard-edged cynicism not to be equated with the curr

BETTMANN ARC

RAINER MARIA RILKE
Is loneliness empty?

CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection. Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Romblon Island, Philippines.
Problem: Communications isolation.
Solution: A nationwide telecommunications network.

For the first time in the history of the Philippines all the major islands—from northern Luzon to southern Mindanao—will be linked in a major telecommunications network. And for the first time the Philippines will have national communications that meet international standards.

ITT Philippines, Inc., will supervise and coordinate installation of the network. Its backbone will be a troposcatter system supplemented by mainline microwave links and secondary VHF feeder links. All three will provide telephone and high-speed telegraph service. Crossbar telephone switching exchanges will be installed in 27 cities and toll exchanges in four regional centers. Local personnel will be trained to operate and maintain their new equipment.

Vast skills and resources enable ITT to provide equipment that best satisfies the particular requirements of this tropical network. The fact that this equipment will come from ITT System companies in the U.S.A., Australia, Belgium, and Germany testifies to ITT's worldwide capabilities. And helps explain why ITT is the world's largest international supplier of electronic and telecommunication equipment.

For information or service, contact your ITT distributor or write: ITT Far East and Pacific, Inc., 24 Des Voeux Road, Central, Hong Kong. World Headquarters: 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

ITT SYSTEM REPRESENTATIVES AND ASSOCIATES:

AUSTRALIA Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Sydney / BURMA Fairweather Richards & Co., Rangoon / CAMBODIA Ets. Denis Freres, Phnom Penh / CEYLON Brown & Co., Ltd., Colombo / HONG KONG AND MACAO Shewan Tomes (Traders) Ltd., Hong Kong / INDIA Standard Telephones & Cables, Ltd., New Delhi / INDONESIA ITT System Representative, Djakarta / KOREA Hae Nin Commerce Company, Inc., Seoul / MALAYSIA Paterson, Simons & Co., Kuala Lumpur; Paterson, Simons & Co., Ltd. Singapore / NEW ZEALAND Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Wellington / PAKISTAN Internom Trades and Constructions, Ltd., Lahore / PHILIPPINES ITT Philippines Inc., Manila / THAILAND International Engineering Co., Ltd., Bangkok / VIETNAM S.A. pour le Riz et l'Industrie, Saigon.

worldwide electronics and telecommunications **ITT**

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

fashionable syndrome of despair. He believed in no hereafter, but he accepted death as a just price for the gift of life. He is the voice of all whose worship goes to no Creator but to Creation itself. When he came to write his will, Rilke included a lyrical conundrum in which life and death became one in the symbol of the rose, whose loveliness contains nothing.

Rose, of pure contradiction, delight in being no one's sleep under so many lids.

The complexity of his thought and art are more clear in the German, where *Lider* (eyelids) also suggest *Lieder* (songs).

The paradox followed Rilke in a final irony. Picking such a rose in his garden, he pricked his finger. The puncture did not heal, and from this small clue his doctor discovered that Rilke had leukemia in a rare, painful and eventually disfiguring form. "Life is a glory," were among his last words.

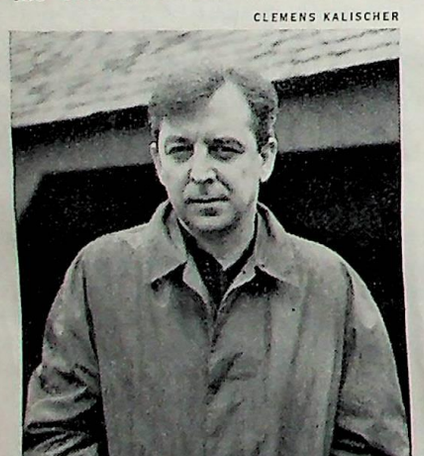
Southern Exposure

CANDY *by Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg. 224 pages. Putnam. $5.*

Since pornography is now available at every neighborhood bookshop and drugstore, the idea of satirizing the pornographic novel was bound to occur to someone. If done with Swiftian skill, it could be defended on moral as well as literary grounds, even though it could easily descend to the level of a vice crusader's wet-lipped discourse on the evils of vice.

Candy is as far from Swift as a French postcard is from Hogarth. Its heroine, Candy Christian, is that supposedly fictitious character—the girl who was ruined by a book. A glad-glanded college girl, she believes everything she reads or is told, and thus her pretty head is filled with every cliché in the current liberal establishment of ideas. Unhappily there is just one thing she can do for her country, for colonial freedom, for Zen enlightenment, for Freud, for minorities, and this she certainly does. For example, she takes the most improbable of her lovers, a cretin with a "radish-white" humped back, because he is so loathsome that he constitutes a superminority of one.

CLEMENS KALISCHER



TERRY SOUTHERN
Nobody called foul.

It is true that Candy, Mephesto the mad professor, Irving Krankheit the mad psychiatrist (author of *Masturbation Now!*), a mad Buddhist monk, and several other off-white slaverers at whom she throws herself, have as much fun as a barrel of impure-minded monkeys. But the result is not uproarious enough to require comparison to Byron (as one critic has suggested), unless you have something against Byron.

Candy, originally written for Paris' Olympia Press, which specializes in sheer lubricity, is not pornography. It may even be described as antisexual; all too often, at the crucial moment, everything goes askew, and Candy slips back into her filmy panties, crying "Good grief!" Its most conspicuous intent is to be more outrageous in detail than what it is satirizing, and these days, that is hard to do. In the effort, *Candy* ends up dirty as hell.

No reviewer has said so. It seems that there is hardly a literary critic on earth today who would risk seeming a prude in print.

The Ascetic Pagan

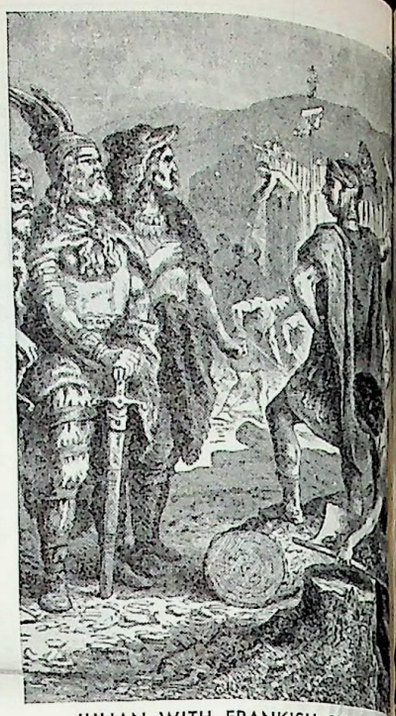
JULIAN *by Gore Vidal. 503 pages. Little, Brown. $6.95.*

No odder figure ever guided the destinies of the Holy Roman Empire than the Emperor Julian Augustus (circa 331-363), known as Julian the Apostate. Here was a recluse and a scholar who became a great military leader, an ascetic who preached the life of the senses, a fatalist who believed he would remake the world. More important, here was a man who did his best to write an end to Christianity before it had fairly begun. As the subject of biography he is endlessly fascinating. As the subject of fiction he has one major defect: he was an utterly irrational man.

Novelist Gore Vidal has obviously read his Robert Graves. His ninth novel (and his first in a decade) is an attempt to apply to Julian's life the same smooth blend of erudition and dramatic flair, of scholarship leavened with wit that set the urbane tone for *I, Claudius* and *Claudius, the God*. Vidal is a resourceful writer, and he has mastered the manner to perfection. Only his subject eludes him.

Secret Journal. The novel, which draws heavily on Julian's own letters (more than 80 have been preserved), is cast in the form of a secret journal presumably written by Julian and discovered in his tent the night of his death by a garrulous old counselor, one Priscus, who serves as a sort of chorus.

As Vidal sees him, Julian was the



JULIAN WITH FRANKISH CHIEFTAIN
Also, a few great orgies.

prototype of what a political leader should be—tolerant, intellectually curious, and equipped with a large sense of the absurdity of all humanity, including himself. It is probably no accident that, in some respects, he resembled John F. Kennedy, who Vidal thought had "the perfect temperament" for command.

Last Survivors. Julian's career was as spectacular as it was brief. Nephew of Constantine the Great, he was born in Constantinople and trained, by imperial edict, for a career in the church. But in the course of a visit to Nicomedia he came under the influence of apostate theoreticians secretly working toward a return to the old faith—or rather, to an idealized amalgam of paganism and philosophy that they took for the faith of the ancient world. Julian wanted to be a teacher, and might well have been if his half-brother Gallus (whom Vidal paints as almost a parody of the Roman voluptuary) had not been executed for misgovernment, leaving the Emperor Constantius and Julian as the last male survivors of the imperial line. When Gaul threatened by the Alamanni, Constantius reluctantly bestowed on Julian the title of Caesar and gave him the government of Gaul and the hand of his sister Helena.

In a series of remarkable victories (the most notable being at Strasbourg in 357), Julian secured the frontier and more at the Rhine. When Constantius died in 361, he became emperor. He died in battle against the Persians in 363, at the age of 32, having been on the throne for only 18 months.

Theories & Orgies. He was, by accounts, an inconsistent, witty, posing romantic who somehow contrived his own zest for life with a woolly Platonic pantheism, and who saw Christianity as a death-dealing force that was draining the life of the empire. In his brief reign, he made his best

CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection. Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Rambler Classic 770 4-door sedan

RAMBLER: ALWAYS SEEN IN THE COMPANY OF PERCEPTIVE PEOPLE

Perceptive people have discovered an automobile that is setting a new standard of excellence among fine cars, the Rambler. In this car, you will discover a unique combination of spacious, rich luxury and engineering features that truly rank with the finest of any automobile. Rambler's one-piece body construction is the strongest, most durable, and rattle-free in the industry. Rambler's Double-Safety Brakes employ tandem master cylinders (one for front, one for rear) for added protection and safety. Sensibly dimensioned, easy to handle and park, Rambler is a magnificent way to enjoy motoring excellence for years and years. See it. Drive it . . . at your Rambler dealer.

Rambler

Dedicated to Excellence

AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION • DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Electronics / Telecommunications
NEC
Nippon Electric Company Limited
P.O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o The People's Bank #13, 625 Merchant St., Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$400; 3 yrs, NT$800; 5 yrs, NT$1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/-(Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S.$11.25; 3 yrs, U.S.$22.50; 5 yrs, U.S.$33.75), TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, C. D. Jackson; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Arthur R. Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

of paganism (which owed much to Mithras-worship) the state religion and used his office to drive Christians from positions of state. He died, according to one theory (which Vidal accepts), from a wound inflicted not by the Persians but by an enraged Christian in the Roman ranks. His religious reforms died with him.

Vidal spent two years in Rome researching *Julian*, and fleshes out the story of this complex man with pages of theological philosophizing, descriptions of the campaigns and a few top-drawer orgies, including one in which 50 lascivious eunuchs rip the clothes off a herd of terrified teen-agers (male and female) "in the same way children tear wrappings from a gift, passionately eager to see what is inside."

Vidal himself is an energetic husker of wrappings. The weakness of his novels is that he seems uncertain, as is the reader, about what manner of animal he has discovered inside.

Also Current

THE CART AND THE HORSE *by Louis Kronenberger.* 212 pages. *Knopf.* $4.95.

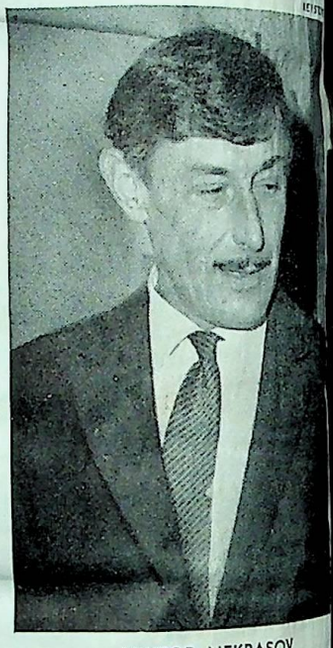
Essayist Kronenberger is the coolest of U.S. society's critics; where others whack away with club and cutlass, Kronenberger sits back and throws darts, quietly but accurately. Among targets: "taste makers and pace setters" who, he believes, have failed to lead U.S. culture to greatness; the system that has seduced so many good writers and artists into working for corporations and their ad agencies, thus creating "a sort of debased intellectual class who, by way of their knowledge and skill, have become rather the writing hands of business, than outright businessmen"; and the great stress placed on the chap marks of education "with the B.A. a tollgate to a business career, the Ph.D. to an academic one." Essentially good humored and tolerant, Kronenberger charges other men with folly rather than outright evil, and recognizes that the very extremism that often makes the U.S. unbearable has helped to make it great. His conclusion: "We are a corrupted people but not a depraved one. We don't make pacts with Satan; what we try to do is to make pacts with God."

THE TAILOR AND ANSTY *by Eric Cross.* 223 pages. *Devin-Adair.* $3.95.

The tailor of the title, an old man living in the mountains bordering Cork and Kerry, was a local oracle who could sit by the hour streeling out Irish tales and songs. Anastasia, his "bitter half," was his chorus. When Eric Cross, an Irish short-story writer, first published *The Tailor and Ansty* in 1942, they were already something of a legend. Cross tells the stories and the occasional songs as he heard them. They are about talking cats; about the adventures of the "cabogues," itinerant laborers who used to help the farmers dig spuds in the autumn; about weddings and wakes and corpses that sat up in their shro... Yet the special charm of this bo... that it manages to describe Irish ... ant life without condescension or ... peculiar quaintness which often ... duces a distinct aroma of poteen ... formaldehyde. The book's other c... to fame is that (for reasons not ... Fellow Irishman Frank O'Connor ... provides the introduction, can fu... plain) it was banned by the goverr... in 1943 as "in general tendency ... decent." The ban has since been ...

BOTH SIDES OF THE OCEAN *by ... Nekrasov.* 191 pages. *Holt, Rine... Winston.* $4.50.

Considering all the nasty thing... eign visitors have said about the ... there was no reason to expect an... different from a devout Russian C... munist who spent two weeks in ...

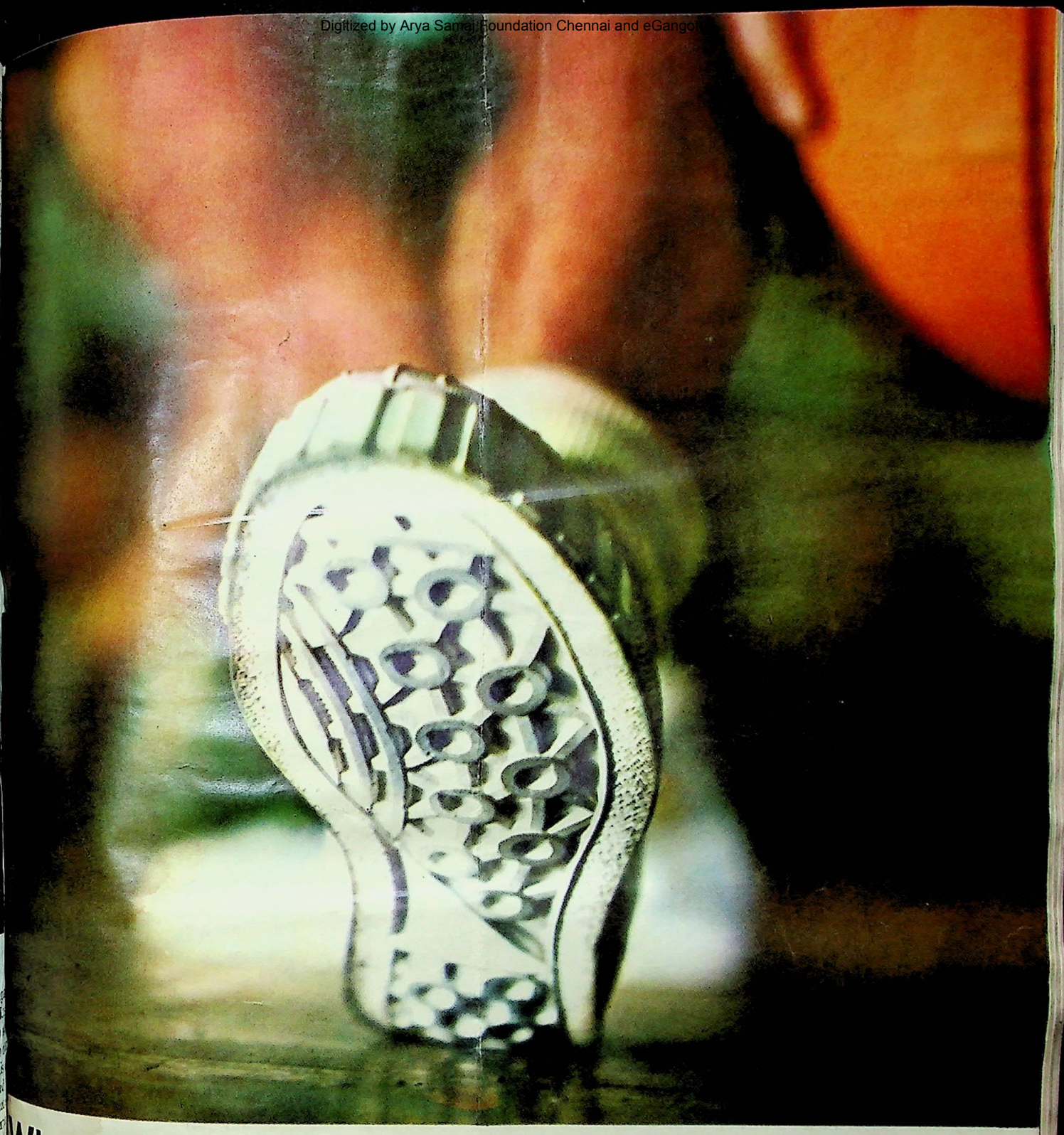


VIKTOR NEKRASOV
What would Marx say?

U.S. in 1960. But in these mag... articles, written on his return to R... Novelist Viktor Nekrasov said so ... nice things about the U.S. and so ... uncomplimentary things about his ... country that he was denounced ... "bourgeois objectivism" and threat... with expulsion from the Comm... Party. The least controllable ... 16-man Russian delegation picke... visit the U.S., Nekrasov panicke... tour leader by always going ... little walks of his own. He ma... at Manhattan skyscrapers and ... art, happily guzzled Coca-Cola, b... aspirin on the advice of TV com... cials. In passing, Nekrasov takes a ... at Russian restaurants ("rank ... and the waitress like a she-w... Russian films ("The old worker ... has exactly the right answer to ... thing you ask him") and Russia... cretiveness ("Excessive caution ... bring people together, it drives ... apart"). What would Marx and ... say to this Communist traveler, ... never dogmatizes and never cla... know all the answers?

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Where is Cariflex going?

Answer: here, there and everywhere. For Cariflex is a trio of complementary rubbers whose wide and flexible spectrum of characteristics enables them to tackle just about every job a rubber can do, more efficiently and more economically than anything on the market. There are Cariflex formulations for every kind of tyre, helping to combine hard wear with extra safety: for footwear, where Cariflex means high quality at low cost: for engine mountings and other industrial uses where long life under extreme conditions is all-important. Where is Cariflex going? Wherever there's a need for a comprehensive range of dependable, tried, economical rubbers.

The range of Shell Chemicals is wide and diversified. In industry and agriculture, in almost every country of the world, they are contributing to greater efficiency and lower costs. Shell are eager to give all the help they can. If chemicals can solve your problems contact the Shell company in your country.

Cariflex
TRADE MARK

Shell Chemicals

SHELL

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

HERE COME THE HINOS

AHEAD OF TIME AS USUAL

This typical cargo convoy will soon arrive at its destination safe, sound and ahead of time. The reason can be expressed in one word. HINO. Tough trucks by HINO powered by incomparable HINO diesel engines.

These power plants go all day, in any kind of weather, on all types of terrain without complaint. And they do it year after year with absolutely surprising economy. HINO engines are built like HINO trucks . . . just as tough as they can be made.

Now you know a few of the reasons why HINO is the largest seller in the Far East. If you would like to know a few more facts, talk to your HINO dealer. He'll show you how HINO gets you there first.

Hino Diesel will be displayed at the N.Y. World Fair as part of the Japanese Government's effort to exhibit the best of Japan.

Hino HINO MOTORS, LTD.
Nihonbashi, Tokyo, Japan

ASIAN DISTRIBUTORS (Contessa, Briska, Buses & Trucks) / **HONG KONG:** Far East Motors, Ltd., 2, Percival St., Hong Kong **OKINAWA:** Okinawa Hino Motor Co., Ltd., 2-262 Maejima-cho, Naha **TAIWAN:** Ho Tai Trading Co., Ltd. (Sole Distributor), No. 1819, Chung Cheng Rd., Tai pei **CAMBODIA:** Cambodian Commercial Co., Ltd., 49, Vithei Kamakor Krom, Phnom-Penh **PHILIPPINES:** Products, Inc., Products Bldg., Pasong Tamo, Makati, Rizal **THAILAND:** Victory Automobiles Co., Ltd., No. 77, Rong Muang Soi 5th, Bangkok **MALAYA:** Federal Auto Co., Ltd., 410, Orchard Road, Singapore **PAKISTAN: (WEST)** I. Tyler & Co., Ltd., McLeod Rd., P.O. Box 4774, Karachi **(EAST)** Salateen Syndicate Ltd., 131, Motijheel C/A, Dacca-2 **CEYLON:** United Tractor & Equipment, Ltd., 457 Union Place, Colombo-2 **INDONESIA:** N.V. Indonesian Service Co., Tromol Pos 121, Djakarta JAPAN INLAND EXPORT FOR MILITARY PERSONNEL UNDER SPECIAL DOLLAR DISCOUNT SALES PROGRAM: New Car Sales Ltd., Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, Tel. 351-4559

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

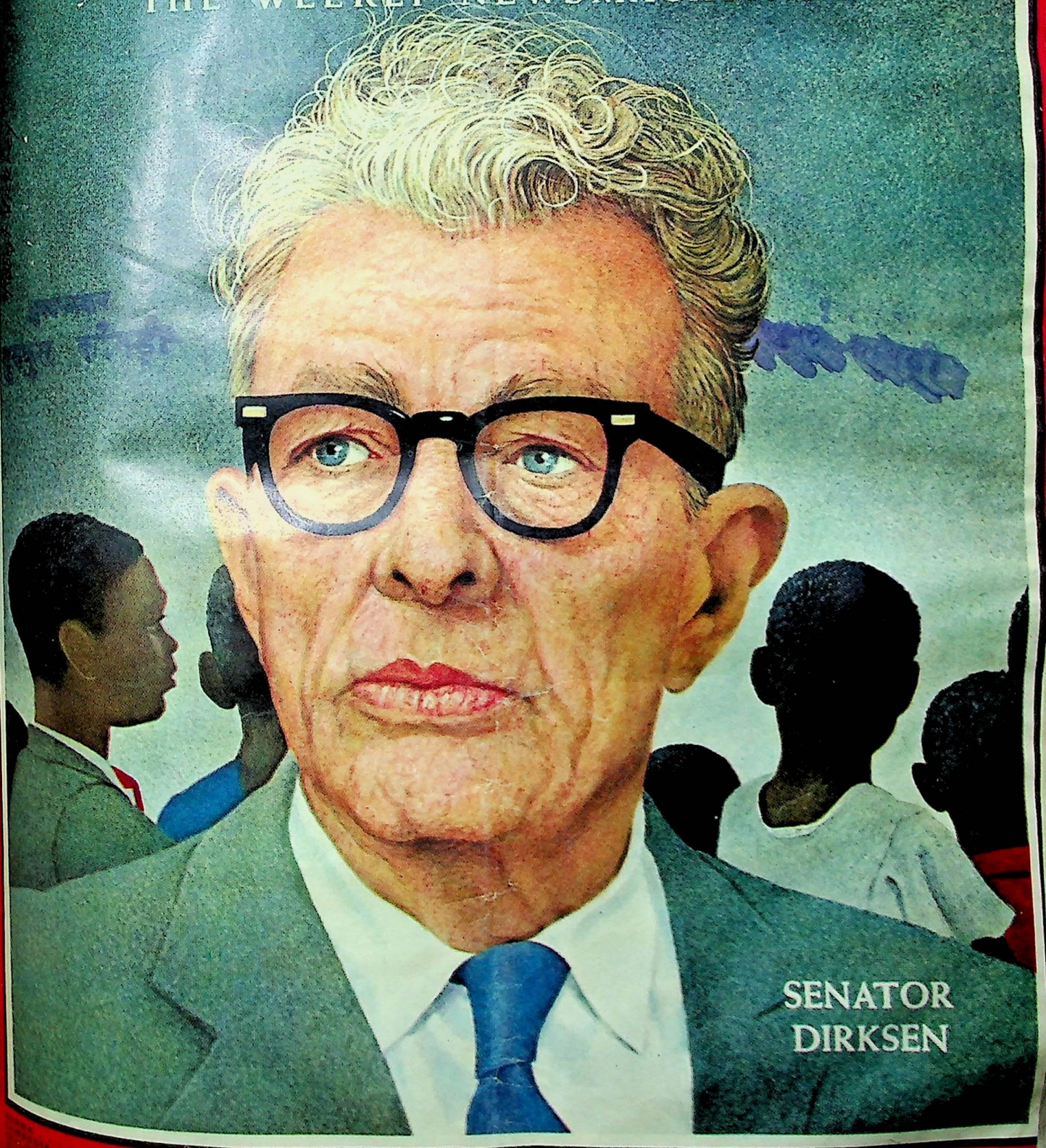
ASIA EDITION

...E 19, 1964

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL
Product of Principle and Compromise



SENATOR DIRKSEN

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

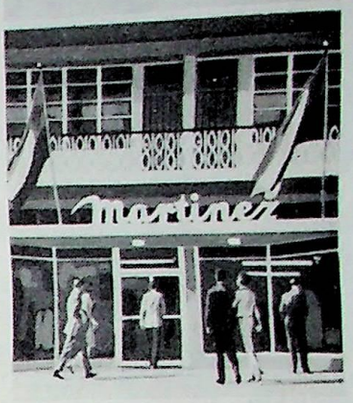
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Eiffel Tower, seen from the Palais de Chaillot—15 minutes from a Bank of America bra

an-on-the-spot . . . in Paris. At your service: a 100-man staff o
e Place Vendôme. In Japan, an international banking team of 35
om the Sacramento Valley to the Valley of the Nile—in California, acros
e nation, around the world—**BANK OF AMERICA** can put a ma
the spot wherever your business calls for first-hand attention. If yo
ed this person to person service, see Bank of America—first in banking

OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST & SAVINGS ASSOCIATION*—San Francisco, Los Angeles / BANK OF AMERICA (INTERNATIONAL)—New York: Amsterdam • Ba
• Bombay • Buenos Aires • Caracas • Chicago • Copenhagen • Dakar • Duesseldorf • Frankfurt/Main • Guam • Guatemala City • Hong Kong • Karachi • Kobe • Kuala L
• London • Madrid • Manila • Mexico City • Milan • New Delhi • New York City • Okinawa • Osaka • Paris • Rio de Janeiro • Singapore • Tokyo • Washington,
ma • Zurich; BANCA D'AMERICA E D'ITALIA: over 80 offices throughout Italy; CORRESPONDENTS WORLD-WIDE (*Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corpo
RY BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES—KNOWN AND ACCEPTED THROUGHOUT THE WOR

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



What does the Martinez specialty shop in Ponce, Puerto Rico, have in common with the Mandarin Hotel in Hong Kong?

Carrier air conditioning! Carrier air conditions more important installations, offices, shops and homes around the world than all other brands combined. Only Carrier Distributors can offer the experience, equipment and engineering skill to air condition anything, anywhere. World-wide sales and service, from Oslo to Melbourne, from Buenos Aires to Bombay. For specific information on your needs, contact your Carrier Distributor, or write Carrier International Ltd., 385 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

Carrier ***First Name in Air Conditioning***

पुस्तकालय
गुरुकुल काँगड़ी

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 17

SIKKIM AND ITS YANKEE QUEEN (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).* The former Hope Cooke (Sarah Lawrence, '63), now wife of Maharajah Palden Thondup Namgyal of Sikkim, the tiny Himalayan kingdom, will narrate this on-location documentary about her new country and her new life. Color.

Thursday, June 18

ELECTION YEAR IN AVERAGETOWN (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Salem, N.J., like it or not, has been chosen to play the title role in David Brinkley's report on small-town political attitudes.

Saturday, June 20

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Jockey Eddie Arcaro reports the Gold Cup Race at Ascot.

Sunday, June 21

DISCOVERY (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). "The Good Old Days—Part I," a visit to Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Mich., which has been restored to its 19th century state.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Ethiopia: The Lion and the Cross," part one of an award-winning two-part report. Repeat.

Monday, June 22

VACATION PLAYHOUSE (CBS, 8-8:30 p.m.). A summer replacement series made up of situation-comedy pilot programs never before seen on TV, except by reluctant sponsors. Match your wits with the experts: *Which ones would have rated top Nielsens? This week: Herschel Bernardi in "Hurray for Hollywood."*

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Perhaps the best of old film clips are slapstick silents. This sample, "The Funny Men, Part I," features Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin and W. C. Fields. Repeat.

Tuesday, June 23

POLARIS SUBMARINE: JOURNAL OF AN UNDERSEA VOYAGE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The nuclear-powered sub *George Washington* on an actual operational mission. Repeat.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES, but the theme is thorns in this perceptive new play by Frank D. Gilroy about the barbed bloodletting that drains people who live within the closeness of the family without being close. The playwright could not have dreamed of a better cast than Irene Dailey, Jack Albertson and Martin Sheen.

HAMLET is played by Richard Burton as Hamlet wanted to be—the self-assured ruler of his fortunes, and never the tormented prey of a tragic destiny. It is a portrayal alight with intelligence, but rarely aflame with feeling.

FUNNY GIRL, based on the life of Fanny Brice, is an entertaining excuse—if any is needed—to see an exciting new Broadway star who is far more than an entertainer, Barbra Streisand.

HIGH SPIRITS. Bea Lillie and Tammy Grimes are probably creatures of their own imaginations, since not even Author Noel Coward could quite conceive such zany stage sprites.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Sandy Dennis plays a kept doll with an unkempt sense of humor that leads to precious little love-making but does produce an unreasonable amount of fun-making.

DYLAN is another acting triumph for Alec Guinness, as he bodies forth the poetic fire, the playful wit, the alcoholic antics and the fierce urge to self-destruction that constituted the life and legend of Dylan Thomas.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK turns a six-flight walkup into a cascade of laughs about young love in Manhattan.

Off Broadway

THE KNACK is a fantastically droll British bedroom farce played out in an all-but-bare room. If one can imagine three perplexed and, at times, almost pathetic Marx Brothers chasing a plump country girl, with the cry of "Rape!" punctuating the air like "Tallyho!", one gets a glimmer of Playwright Ann Jellicoe's comic instincts.

DUTCHMAN. A sex-teaser white girl lures and then tongue-lashes a sedate Negro in a subway car until he turns on her with a venomous tirade of racial hate. Playwright LeRoi Jones aims to terrify, and between stations he succeeds.

THE TROJAN WOMEN. This tragic masterpiece by Euripides is 2,400 years old, but in its current superb production, it is the most profoundly alive drama to be found in New York.

RECORDS

Pop LPs

The longest-lived popular recordings today are of Broadway musicals. *My Fair Lady*, *The Sound of Music* and *Camelot* have sold over a million copies each and are still buyers' favorites. Two original-cast albums of current shows may join these golden few, having displaced the Beatles this month as top sellers:

HELLO, DOLLY! (RCA Victor). Almost everyone who can carry a tune has recorded Jerry Herman's title song, but it sounds mellowest and best here where it came from. Eileen Brennan makes *Ribbons Down My Back* send shivers. However, it is the meddling matchmaker, Carol Channing, all brass and honey, who firmly takes over the proceedings when she announces, *I Put My Hand In*, and stays zanily in charge till she gurgles *So Long, Dearie.*

FUNNY GIRL (Capitol is actually a fourth album triumph for Barbra Streisand. She sings nearly all the Jule Styne-Bob Merrill songs, from the ragtime *Cornet Man* and up-tempo *Don't Rain on My Parade* to the ballads that are a fever chart of her love affair, from its first tender moments (*People*) to the dawn of doubt (*Who Are You Now?*). Danny Meehan is a lively musical addition as a vaudeville hoofer, but Sydney Chaplin sounds as if he needs to be wound up.

Other tops in the singing-pop field:

BEWITCHED (Kapp). There is no escaping Jack Jones these days on TV and bestselling record charts. Son of Musical Comedy Star Allan Jones, Jack is longer on looks than on personality, but his singing has a splash of Sinatra in it and an appeal to two generations, if not three. Here is something old, Dad's song, Rosa[ry]; something new, *It Only Takes a M[oment]*.

LADY IN THE DARK (RCA Vic[tor]) reissue of Kurt Weill's songs fr[om] classic musical psychodrama of 19[41]; orchestral arrangements sound dat[ed] even in her prime (eleven years bef[ore] death) Gertrude Lawrence had th[e] uncertain wobble in her voice, b[ut] *Saga of Jenny* is nevertheless g[reat] and *My Ship* still haunting.

CATERINA VALENTE (London) si[ngs] of the spate of new recordings g[iven] the World's Fair City, *I Happen[ed] New York*. Caterina, who was [born] Paris and can sing in eleven la[n]; has just the right cosmopolitan s[ass] in her voice to make the com[ic] mean something, and she refreshes like *Take the "A" Train* and *Lull[aby] Broadway*.

ONCE AGAIN (RCA Victor). Ethel [Merman] combines qualities found together often than one would expect: [a] musicality and an appealing voice. [She] seems to have narrow interests [in] *Love, Wild Is Love, Love for Sale*; she has a way of setting a soft [mood] floating for miles and then conduct[ing] sultry, teasing tête-à-tête.

RITA PAVONE (RCA Victor). The wantonly sent rock 'n' roll rockin' [all] the globe, and now it's coming back [in] every quarter. Following the British tributions comes Italy's teen star, Pavone, who looks like Jackie Co[gan] and who sings about various minor tional mix-ups with a strong voice, English, and a peculiar Latin fury suitable for political denunciations. makes her opposite number in the U.S. year-old Lesley Gore (*Boys, Boys, B[oys]*, Mercury) sound like a singing nun.

CINEMA

THAT MAN FROM RIO. Jean-Paul mondo ducks poisoned darts, outwits scientists, and narrowly escapes a zilian crocodile in Director Philippe Broca's wonderfully wacky parody o[f] the adventure movies ever made.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. phia Loren separates the men from boys in three racy Italian fables direc[ted] with gusto by Vittorio De Sica. All th[ree] men are Marcello Mastroianni.

THE ORGANIZER. Marcello Mastroian[ni] superb as a scraggly 19th century rev[o]tionary in this timeless, beautifully p[ho]graphed, warmly human drama ab[out] workers who finally get up the nerve strike against sweat-shop living in a Tu[rin] textile mill.

THE NIGHT WATCH. Five prisoners [try] to dig their way out of a cell unearth[ing] bitter truths about the nature of freed[om] in this agonizing thriller from France.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. This dry sp[oof] of Ian Fleming's fiction follows Sec[ret] Agent 007 (Sean Connery) to Istanb[ul] where wine, women and wrongs are s[ung] ly and impeccably Bonded.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT. A pair teen-age furies, Tippy Walker and Me[red]ith Spaeth, pursue Pianist Peter Sel[lers] around Manhattan with hilarious res[ults].

THE SERVANT. Director Joseph Lo[sey] smooth, spooky essay on class distinc[tion] in Britain casts Dirk Bogarde as the [ma]cious valet who slyly cons his master [out] of his proper place.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. In this che[ery] stylish, often mordantly funny varia[tion] on *Room at the Top*, an aristocratic [wo]

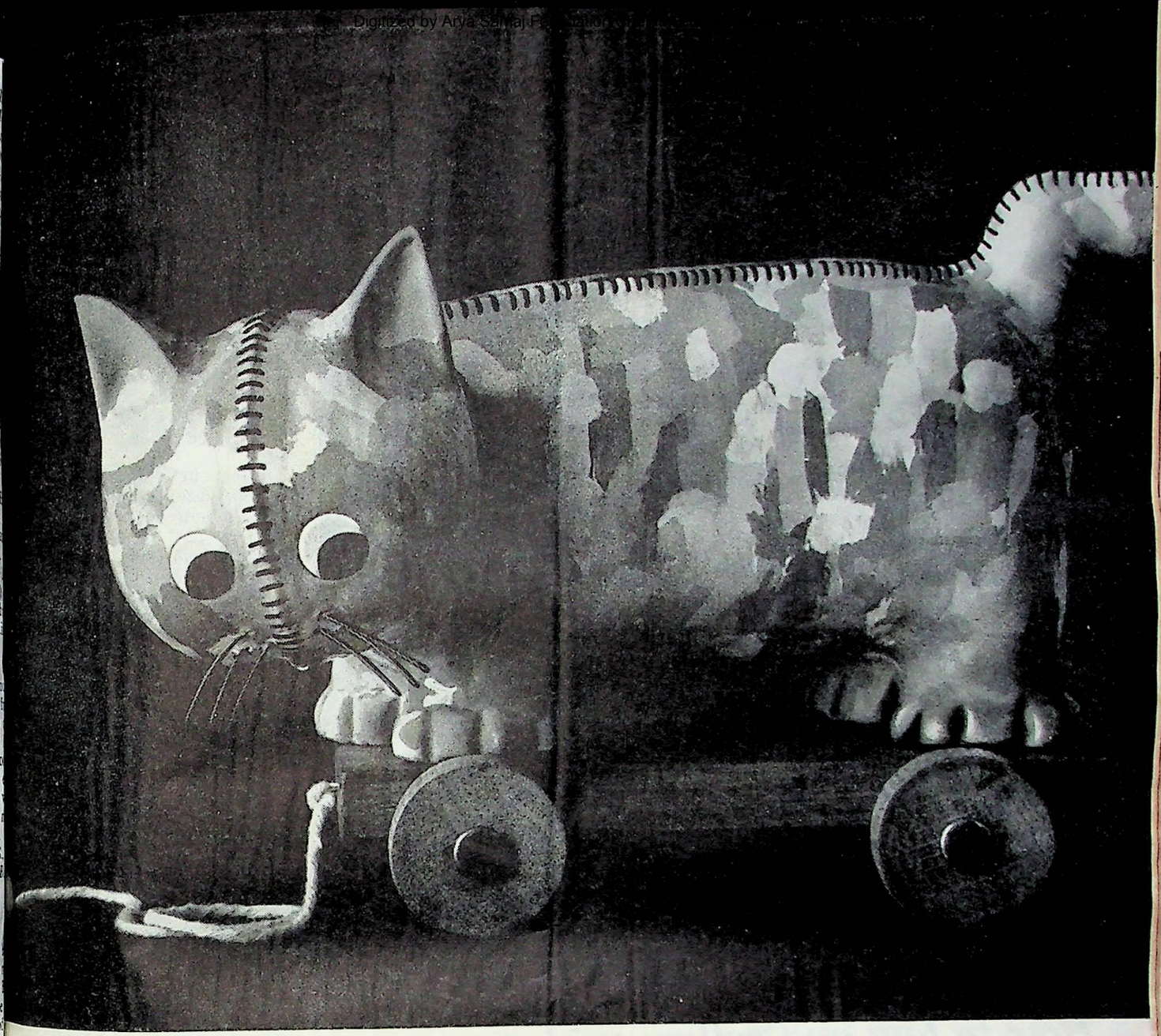
* *All times E.D.T.*

TIME
June 19, 1964

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F. Mexico. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries listed elsewhere. Additional pages of regional editions numbered or allowed for as follows: East Asia E1-E8, E81-E84, South East Asia SE1-SE4

Volume LXX[X]
Numb[er]

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



90 ways to skin it

You can do nearly anything in plastics today.

Even skin a cat.

And with the over 90 Monsanto plasticizers available to you, you can make that cat fire-proof, make it abrasion resistant, even make it conduct electricity.

Other Monsanto plasticizers can give you resistance to the damaging effects light has on some plastics, give you heat stability, minimum taste, resistance to extraction by oils and greases. Monsanto plasticizers give you so many different choices as to the final properties your plastic products will have that your only problem is deciding which one to use.

And even here, Monsanto can help you. We've set up the Plasticizer Council to take the results of applied research and put them at your disposal in the form of technical servic to answer your specific needs.

And our technically trained local re resentatives can help you.

Ask them how many different wa there are to skin a cat with Monsan plasticizers.

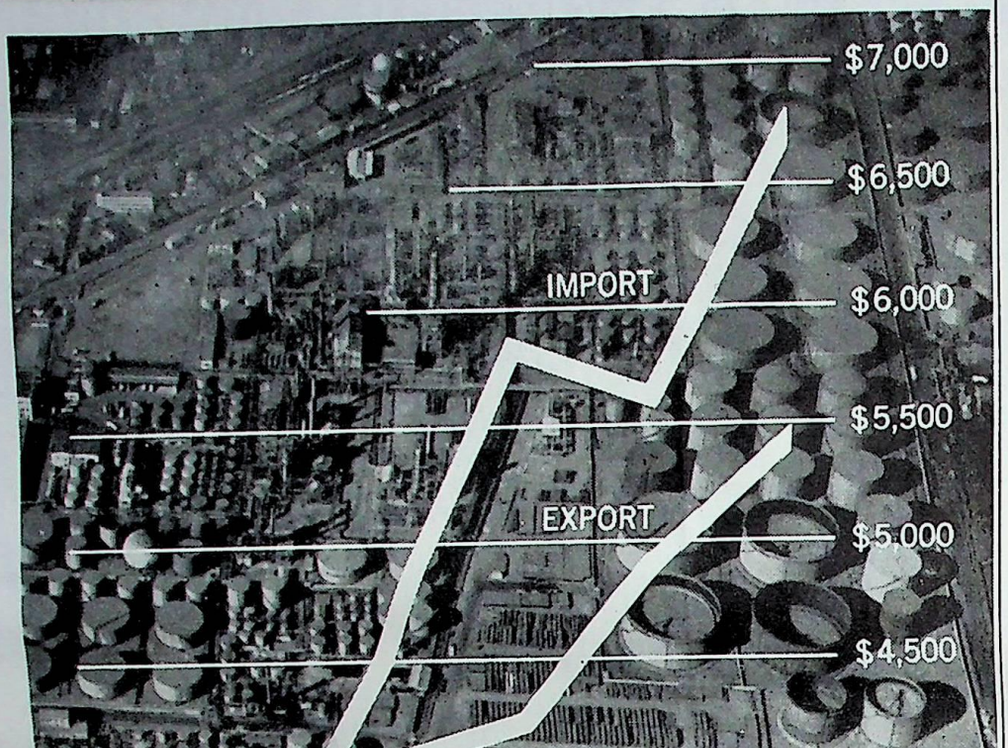
If you've read this far, the length their answer shouldn't surprise yo

Monsanto, St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.

Monsanto

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Japan's imports-exports (in millions of U.S. $)

How to buy and sell in the billion dollar Japanese market

One way is to open your own office in Tokyo staffed with 3,000 experts on Japan's industries, commerce and foreign trade. In effect this is what you get when you deal with Japan's largest general trading company, Mitsubishi Shoji of Tokyo. From its head office with 100 branches and associates throughout the world, Mitsubishi Shoji helped over 5,000 overseas firms do $1,500,000,000 worth of import-export business in Japan last year. Mitsubishi Shoji handles everything from consumer goods to heavy industrial equipment. Long association with other Mitsubishi enterprises (30 of Japan's largest corporations) gives you a priceless advantage when either buying or selling in the Japanese market. Put Mitsubishi Shoji's proven ability to work for your firm. For complete information write to:

General Importers & Exporters
MITSUBISHI SHOJI KAISHA, LTD.
Head Office: Marunouchi, Tokyo, Japan

OVERSEAS TRADE NETWORK: *New Delhi, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Karachi, Lahore, Dacca, Rangoon, Bangkok, Saigon, Manila, Phnon Penh, Vientiane, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Djakarta, Hongkong, Taipei, Naha* and 40 other major cities around the world.

rel (Denholm Elliott) teaches a British clerk (Alan Bates) how to Establishment status.

THE SILENCE. Lightning bolts of I Bergman's genius illuminate a dark ing allegory in which two women child travel to a city abounding in loneliness and death.

BOOKS

Best Reading

RAINER MARIA RILKE, THE YEA SWITZERLAND, by J.R. von Salis. Fr eventless life spent alone, Rilke dre and contemplative poems that have him a source of modern thought as modern poetry. Von Salis retraces he can find of Rilke's life and desc the few people (all women) who enced it.

JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. In A.D. Roman Emperor Julian the Apostate an 18-month back step to the He gods, using all his power to destroy tianity. In this ingenious historical Gore Vidal brings his wit and urb to his subject, and if he does not capture the spirit of this elegant her novel is still entertaining and convin

NEW NEGRO POETS: U.S.A., edite Langston Hughes. These 37 young poets seem to have read their W Stevens and Robert Lowell, along everyone else. The result is highly sonal verse, much of it good, more promising.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest He way. The Nobel-prizewinning a wrote this memoir of his lean yea the Paris of the '20s when he was 50s, rich, famous but passé. *Feast* re Hemingway's deadly, deadpan sen humor, his lingering romanticism most of all the degree to which he h himself about the rich and glam who, he thought, virtually kidnaped into their world.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY, by John Carré. Two earlier thrillers by the a of *The Spy Who Came In from the* are reissued in one volume. The t one is also set in the Cold and has of the same characters.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came In from the Le Carré (1 last week)
2. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. The Spire, Golding (5)
4. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (4)
5. The Group, McCarthy (3)
6. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg
7. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer
8. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever (8)
9. The Deputy, Hochhuth
10. The Martyred, Kim (9)

NONFICTION

1. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (2)
2. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (1)
3. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy
4. A Day in the Life of President Kenne Bishop (4)
5. The Naked Society, Packard (5)
6. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris (6)
7. In His Own Write, Lennon (9)
8. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (7)
9. When the Cheering Stopped, Smith
10. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (8)

CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

...California

...Senator Goldwater's surprise victory ...California [June 12] shows that there ...still some patriotic Americans left in ...U.S.

LEE BRUEMMER

...ette, Ill.

...You were wrong in saying that Gold...'s volunteers are motivated by noth... more than "an enormous and uncom... ...ked faith in Goldwater." Yes, they like ...Barry. But, what is far more important, ...they like freedom—and they want their ...freedom without ifs, ands or buts. Free... ...n activists believe that a rollback of ...government power and controls is not ...possible but necessary. Today's "dime... ...margin is tomorrow's landslide.

WARREN H. CARROLL

...las

...There is now strong hope that we ...inaugurate in January the first true ...American to hold the post of President in ...ent history. Goldwater embodies more ...the common sense and principles that ...America than any other potential ...didate, and these virtues are sorely ...ded to restore some semblance of free... ...n and order out of the mess created by ...raving socialists and the Texas Clown.

GAROLD SKRDLANT

...rton, Kans.

...With all due respect to and admira... ...n for his otherwise sterling qualities, it ...my opinion that Dwight D. Eisenhower ...more of a liability than an asset to the ...epublican Party, especially in letting the ...realistic Eastern Republican Party dead... ...od influence him against Goldwater—...e only man who could hopefully halt ...e march down the demoralizing road ...Socialism.

A. E. MOLINA

...Miami

...Since Goldwater defeated all the so... ...alled "mainstream" Republicans in Cali... ...rnia, they should wake up and realize ...hat they are not in the mainstream but ...re on the left bank of that stream. We ...mainstream Republicans can see the futili... ...y of the U.N. and the vitality of our free ...nterprise system being sapped through ...Washington. We are tired of being made ...the "goat" all over the world.

A. BLAINE BRIMLEY

Fort Huachuca, Ariz.

Sir: I have been a straight-line Republican all my voting life: 25 years. In the event the Republicans are foolish enough to nominate Goldwater at San Francisco, this is a clarion call for the formation of a "Republicans for Johnson" organization. Our objective and motto for Goldwater could well be: "Back to the store in '64!"

BERNARD E. BAUGHN

Dayton

Sir: Here is one Republican whose vote will go to Johnson if Goldwater is nominated.

MRS. HAROLD FRIEDSTEIN

Huntsville, Ala.

Sir: This stupefying political phenomenon, Goldwater, poses a second threat to our national sanity: the first from those Communists who would bury us; the second from those Republicans who would Barry us!

CHARLEYE WRIGHT

Waco, Texas

Sir: We are frightened, disgusted and disillusioned with our Republican Party. Our leaders, with the exception of Rockefeller, seem to have become spineless onlookers. Our so-called pros are selling us out; they are giving our country a one-party system.

RUTH P. BROWN
ROSENA BROWN

Youngstown, Ohio

Sir: If the convention is foolish enough to nominate Senator Goldwater, I suppose the best that those of us who used to be Republicans can do (besides placing "All the way with L.B.J." stickers on our bumpers) is to sigh a deep nostalgic sigh for what used to be a Grand Old Party.

(MRS.) JOAN KRONINGER

Westchester, Pa.

Sir: I'm among those who were earlier opposed to Governor Rockefeller as a nominee for the presidency because of the change he made in his personal life. But after his bout in California, what I wouldn't give for the opportunity to vote for him! I'm not alone in regretting that we were grudging toward Rocky for too long a time!

MARGRIET GILKISON

Chicago

Sir: As a Canadian and a resident of the free world, I implore the American voter to reject Goldwater as a candidate for the American presidency. If a man of his ideals were to win the nomination, American prestige abroad could only be diminished. The free world looks to the U.S. for active and sane direction. Reactionary and reckless men have no place in the presidency, nor do they have a place in its candidacy.

GORDON E. THOMPSON

Montreal

Sir: I felt that this letter just had to be written to show the general attitude of the students at the University of Sydney, and the attitude of many thousands of people in this country, about Goldwater. To us, Goldwater looms as a definite threat to world peace; heaven help us if he is ever elected to the presidency. He is a bigoted man, standing on a platform that would have gone well a century ago.

RICHARD TADD

Rose Bay, New South Wales, Australia

Sir: The reaction of the European press has swung me over to the Goldwater side. It is about time that Americans start worrying about America. We should not adopt selfish isolationism but should stop trying to please everyone. If Europe is against Goldwater, he must have something.

GEORGE SILVERWOOD

Evergreen Park, Ill.

Hazleton's Self-Help

Sir: Hooray for Hazleton, Pa., the city that refused to die! [June 5]. Its people have picked themselves up by their bootstraps and proved that federal aid is unnecessary. It is the true American way.

MRS. GLENN F. GUERIN

Fullerton, Calif.

Sir: The Area Redevelopment Administration has invested more than $2,500,000 in helping to solve the unemployment problem in Hazleton. Over $150,000 of this amount was a grant, the balance loans. Said Dr. Dessen, "ARA hits Hazleton like a breath of spring." All praise to the hardworking, intelligent community leaders who have helped Hazleton back to economic stability. But let's not forget that their work could not have been accomplished without considerable aid from the state of Pennsylvania and the Federal Government. Which is as it should be.

WILLIAM L. BATT JR.
Administrator
Area Redevelopment Administration
U.S. Department of Commerce
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Although I am one of the young people who made the "exodus," I feel that the citizens of Hazleton should be congratulated for their efforts. Your article is a fine tribute to the people of my home town. I am proud of them.

BARBARA A. WHITAKER

Abington, Pa.

Unhappy Alternatives

Sir: Your balanced comparison of the alternatives that are open to us in Southeast Asia [June 5] confirms what I have believed for a long time: the only alternative to our own defeat is to accept neutralization, even if the area becomes Communist.

I. WILLIAMS

Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir: When General Khanh's South Vietnamese troops and their G.I. advisers "clear" a village, that village is swiftly transformed into a "strategic hamlet"—ringed by barbed wire, sandbags, searchlights and gun nests. Its peasants are then encouraged to till their fields in support of Khanh's regime. When the Communist

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to ensure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
Sullivan 31
Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

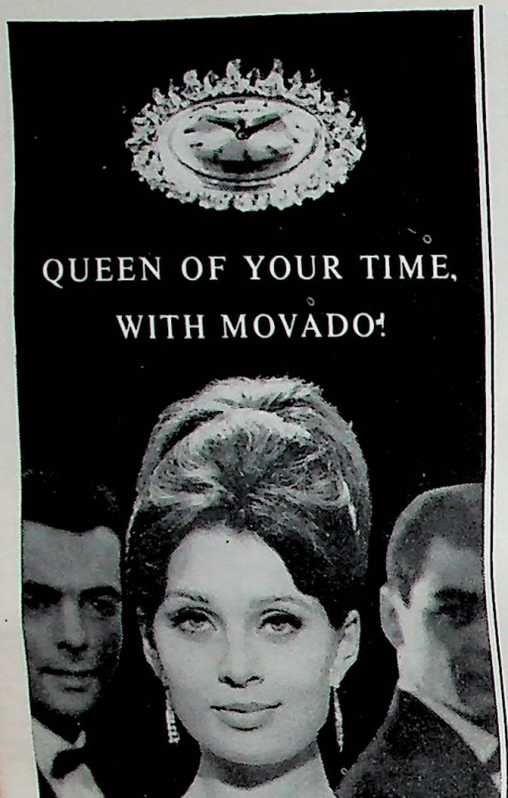
name

address

city state or province country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



You will reign over the fleeting hours...

Movado, known the world over as the quality of time, make the watches your dealer prefers, for he is familiar with their remarkable performance.

...over fleeting fashions...

The criteria of Beauty last forever. If you appreciate harmonious lines, and subtle, sober elegance, choose a Movado: your pleasure in looking at it and that of your friends too will remain undiminished, year after year!

"Diamond Crown" with 16 diamonds Ref. G 413 18 K white gold watch and band

Ref. 2432 Emerald cut sapphire crystal. 18 K gold. 18 K white gold

See the Movado exhibit at the New York World's Fair!

MOVADO

Sold and serviced all over the world.

Viet Cong occupy a village, they give out food, medicine, supplies, and free tips on improved farming methods. Then come the leaflets foretelling the glorious rewards of working under the Communist state. The peasant is reminded of the dynamic figure of Ho Chi Minh to the north, a man as popular as Khanh is inept. We are losing because we do not send water pumps with our helicopters, language experts with our soldiers, medical supplies with our grenades, and some hope of a better life to accompany our guns. We lose because we do not have the support of the population.

ROBERT F. DORR

San Francisco

Sir: Adlai Stevenson said that we cannot stand by while Southeast Asia is overrun by aggressors. I agree with him completely, and I have only one simple question: Why do we? The only way we will ever stop armed aggressors from taking over countries in Asia is to fight them with our most advanced and modern weapons.

REX WHETZEL

Wolcottville, Ind.

Sir: How much longer can we afford to let Mao Tse-tung play Chinese checkers in Southeast Asia? While he's taking all the marbles, this country's policy seems to indicate that we're losing ours.

ART GLICKMAN

Pittsburgh

Raging Fans

Sir: The crowd at the Lima soccer game [June 5], I included, howled against the referee and not at the police. We are tired of being robbed of international games because of a tradition that Peruvians are "nice" fans and not fanatics as in Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil. Would not Yankee fans have done the same in an International World Series?

ANGEL CASTRO ANDRADE

Lima, Peru

Sensitive Young Spy

Sir: As a "sensitive young German," I felt a sense of guilt when I read about a fellow countryman, the spy Hittenmeiser [June 5], breaking the laws of other countries and smuggling out capsules of microfilms. It is not the duty of we "sensitive young Germans" to amend for Auschwitz and Buchenwald by helping Israel to spy on other countries. The problems that Egypt and Israel have between themselves are none of our business.

HANZ BRÜNING

Frankfurt-Main/Höchst, West Germany

Trusty Guide

Sir: It was refreshing to hear an optimistic note on the New York fair [June 5] after being bombarded with stories of unfinished buildings, expensive meals, and high admission rates. Sure, it was crowded, exhausting and commercial; but it was exciting, educational, and an experience of a lifetime too. After three 14-hour days, I can't wait to return and see the parts I missed that are shown by your fabulous color pictures.

BOB STONE

Miami

Sir: After three visits to the 1962 Seattle World's Fair, I suggest that those on time and money budgets should not go or dream of going to the New York World's Fair without carefully studying your "confidential guide". It was a well-worth-reading critical look at the fair.

DIANE ASP

Tacoma, Wash.

Sir: For sheer breath-taking glo photography and beauty of message film at the Billy Graham Pavilion—in the Fifth Dimension" is tremend impressive. Your report of the fair s have mentioned this among the outs ing films being shown.

(MRS.) MARGARET RICHAR

Massapequa Park, N.Y.

Sir: In labeling the Transportatio Travel pavilion at the fair a trap, unjustly criticizes such fine exhibi United Air Lines's Jetarama Theatre. 4,000 visitors have viewed our minute film daily and have been complimentary. Admittance is free. no jugulars have been clawed.

JAMES A. KENNE

United Air Lines
New York City

Sir: We shouldn't care that snubbed our Du Pont show at the W Fair, but oh, how that smarts!

MICHAEL BRO

New York City

▶ *It will smart less if you look a color picture of Du Pont's show on Wonderful World of Science."*—ED.

Sir: You cannot imagine how pleas is for an Indonesia-born Dutchma read such rare names as *Kambing M Bugis* and *Ajam Panggang*—two of many delicious foods of Indonesia.

R. TH. CORDESI

The Hague, The Netherlands

Sir: New York is 2,451 miles from Angeles, and that's about 2,451 miles far. But thank you for bringing the a little nearer.

WENDY WALKE

Pasadena, Calif.

Teenage Death

Sir: Being a surfer, skateboarder, rock-and-roll enthusiast, I think your cle concerning these things [June 5] extremely unfair and one-sided. Deat a reality in our everyday life. It is un tunate that so many people believe teen-agers should be protected f knowledge of its existence. Music is expression of life and should not leave any of the realities that are conta within its wide realm.

RUSTY MILLER

Encinitas, Calif.

Sir: The death-wish motif is not so thing infantile and slightly ridicul What other than the death of yo lovers constitutes the theme of such l ary works as *Romeo and Juliet*, D *La Dame aux Camélias*, Maxwell An son's *Winterset*, and practically all the most popular operas, notably *Tri und Isolde?*

LIONEL LACKE

Charleston, S.C.

Sir: What right have you to criti the music that today's teen-agers listen and enjoy? Some of the things that put on records I know are extreme idiotic and senseless, but the hot rod a surfing songs represent a way of life many teen-agers. Most of the death-ty songs teach us a lesson that all teen-age should learn. Just because some of the are death ballads by no means indicate a wish to die by teen-agers. They o teach us not to be foolish while gettin thrills.

KATY MOOSE

Sacramento, Calif.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection. Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

HEDLEY DONOVAN
ANDREW HEISKELL
JAMES A. LINEN
HENRY R. LUCE
ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Dudley Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Grossman, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, Leon Jaroff, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ray Ronald P. Kriss, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, George Love, Richard Murphy, Philip Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, Jerrold David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.
Joy Roscoe Ails, Nancy Atkinson, Reva Berger, Jean Bergerud, Karen Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Nicolette Caliendo, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Patricia Gordon, Lea Guyer, Deborah Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Joy Howden, Marguerite Johnson, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Judith Liersch, Mary McArdle, Martha Evelyn Merrin, Shirley Monck, Deborah Nancy Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia A. Pampel, Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Eleanor Robbins, Wendy Kupsick Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Statler, Frances Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Lynn Thomas, Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanaman, Susanne S. Washburn, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Cook Jr., Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, A. Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mullliken, William Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Christopher Porterfield, Miriam Kumwell, Arlie Schardt. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Robert W. Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Israel Shenker, T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA-HOUSTON: Harry Johnston, Dudley E. Morris Ruth Mehrtens, Robert A. Ellis, John L. Wil- DENVER: Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: Stone, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.
Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Champlin, Donald S. Connery. PARIS: Curtis Forgast, Barry Farrell, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Friedel Ungeheuer, James Wilde. COMMON MAR- Jason McManus. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, Forbath. ROME: Robert E. Jackson. MADRID: Piero BEIRUT: George de Carvalho. HONG KONG: McCulloch, Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. William E. Smith. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. Lee Griggs, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shir- OTTAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Gale. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Roger M. Williams. CARACAS: Mo García. RIO JANEIRO: John Blashill, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS.....LAWRENCE E. LAYBOURNE
GENERAL MANAGER.....JOHN J. FREY
.....JAMES A. THOMASON

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR.....Edgar R. Baker
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR.....
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN.....David W. Ballard
FOREIGN ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....Yasuo Kitaoka
ASIA ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....William S. Honneus
.....Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

A letter from the PUBLISHER

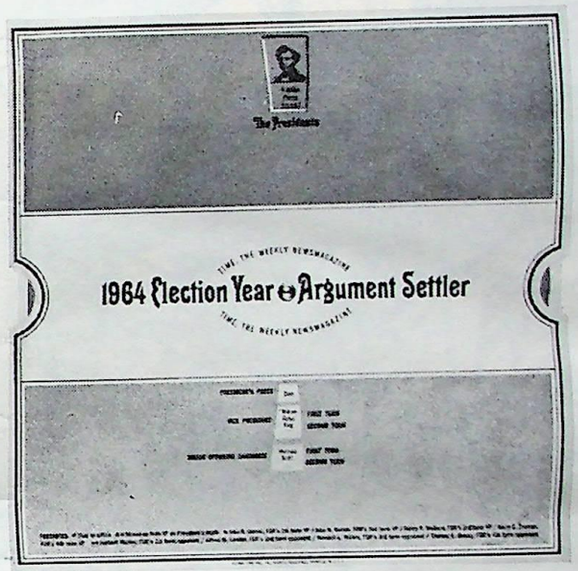
Bernhard M. Auer

IF you've forgotten who it was that Alton B. Parker ran against and in what year . . . or the name of Lincoln's first-term Vice President . . . you probably can use TIME's 1964 Election Year Argument Settler. This handy wheel spins off 1,520 useful facts about United States Presidents and campaigns past and present.

One side dials information on the current political situation in the 50 states, such as which presidential candidate carried each state in '60, which party won the Senate seats in '62, which Governors are up for re-election this year, how many House and Senate seats are at stake, which party presently holds them, and the number of electoral votes each state commands.

Turn the wheel over and there is a quick review of every President from Washington to Johnson—their terms in office, their political parties, their Vice Presidents, and their major opposing candidates.

While slightly larger than pocket size (seven and three-quarters inches wide), the Argument Settler is a useful gadget to carry around for consultation when you want to impress your friends or even take a little of their hard cash betting on such questions as: "Who ran for President with Adlai E. Stevenson as his vice-presidential running mate—and *won*?" "Which two-term Presidents kept the same Vice Presidents through both terms?" "Which Governor of what state belongs to a party other than the Democratic or Republican?" "Which four Presidents ran as Democratic Republicans?" "Who were Garret A. Hobart, Levi P. Morton, Schuyler Colfax, Horatio Seymour?"



To get, at cost, your 1964 Argument Settler, just send 25¢, or $1.00 for five wheels (cash or check) to:

TIME Election Wheel
Room 2329-D
TIME & LIFE Building
Rockefeller Center
New York, New York 10020

Please print your name and address clearly so that we can get your wheel to you quickly. You can be the first in your precinct to have all the election facts at your finger tips.

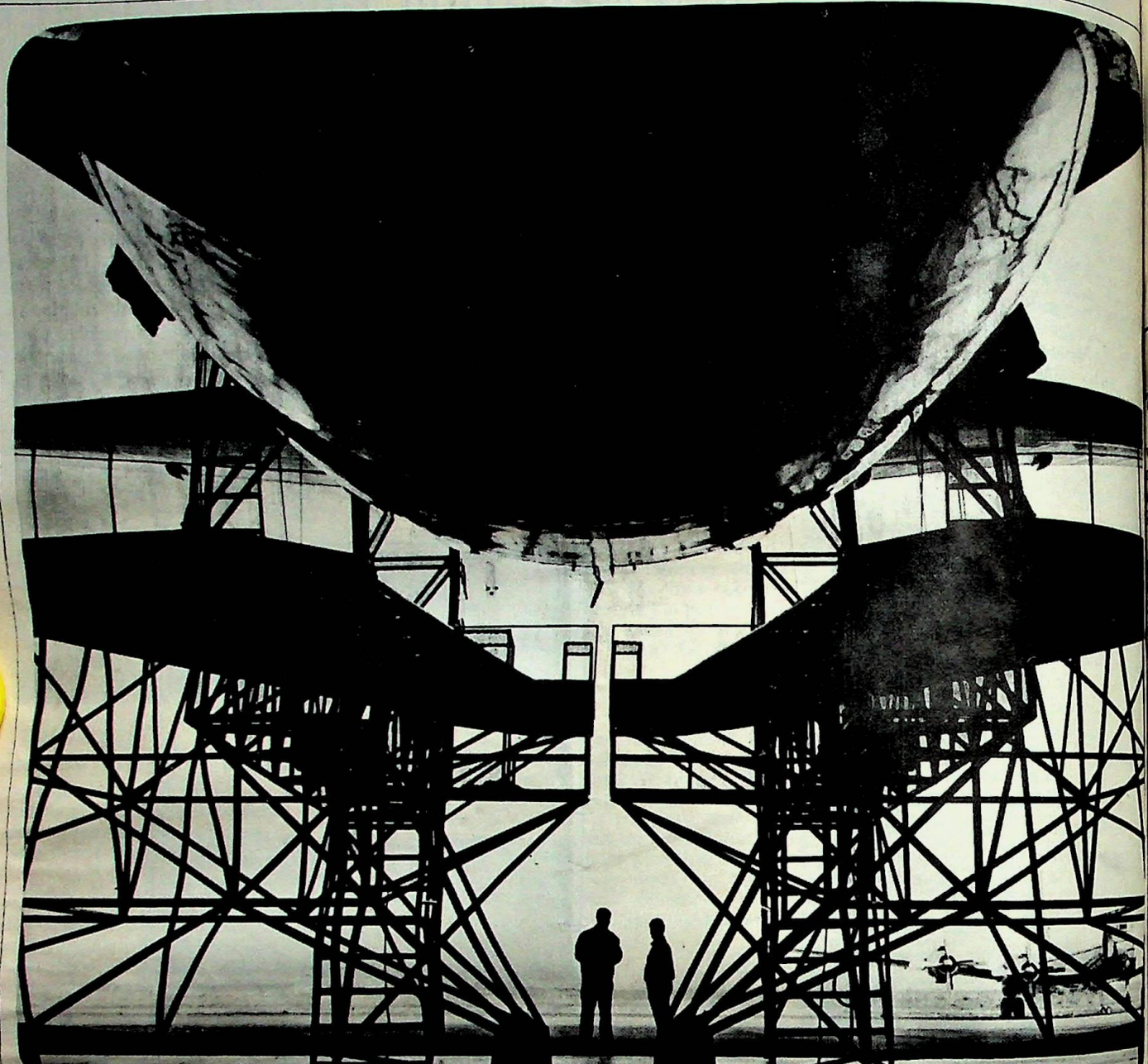
INDEX

Cover Story....11

Art.....44
Books.....62
Cinema.....61
Education.....38
The Hemisphere 24
The Law.....30
Letters.....5
Medicine.....48
Milestones.....53
Modern Living...50
People.....26
Press.....28
Religion.....52
Science.....60
Show Business..36
Sport.....33
Time Listings.....2
The U.S.....9
U.S. Business...55
The World.....18
World Business..58

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



THOUSANDS OF EXPERTS AT YOUR SERVICE

AN AIR FLEET UNDER X-RAY. No breakdown or other defect in any type of material can escape from X-Ray and from the special testing beds that ALITALIA employs in the overhauling and maintenance of its fleet. Apart from the most accurate and routine inspections carried out before and after each flight and at every intermediate landing, all ALITALIA planes are subjected to a check for a minimum number of hours equal to those of their service duration. Thus ALITALIA planes are new planes at any time.

ALITALIA AIRLINES

ALITALIA IS IN ALL OF ITALY AND GOES EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
June 19, 1964 Vol. 83, No. 25

THE U.S.

REPUBLICANS

"Ask a Candidate"

"Lincoln," the new candidate cried, would cry out in pain if we sold out our principles, but he would laugh at with scorn if we threw away an election."

With that declaration of belief and political politics—meant to appeal to moderates both within and without the Republican Party—Pennsylvania's Governor William Warren Scranton, 46, threw himself headlong into the G.O.P. contest for this year's presidential nomination. In so doing, he injected a rush of excitement into what was becoming a dreary procession toward the certain selection of Conservative Barry Goldwater.

A Foot in Each Century. In announcing his candidacy at the Maryland state Republican convention in Baltimore, Scranton drew a dramatic line between his political philosophy and that of Goldwater. "Can we pretend even to ourselves," he asked, "that it is possible for us to stand with one foot in the 20th century and the other in the 19th? Can we afford to pretend that all is well, when all is not? Can we in good conscience turn our backs on the century-old progressive history of our party? You and I know we cannot."

Scranton readily admitted that it was awfully late to stop Goldwater, and he accepted part of the blame: "I share responsibility with others of our leaders who until now have failed to act. Surely all of us now must confront what is a reality. The Republican Party is in danger—and some say our country may be too."

That admission of tardiness was well taken. For Bill Scranton's belated but all-out entry into the G.O.P. running came only after months of "let Rocky do it" stands by Republican leaders who wished to stop Goldwater but did not want to get hurt in the process. Scranton's entry also came after, and in the light of, one of the more ludicrous episodes in the history of the Republican Party, an exercise in inept ness, vacillation and rear-view heroism that nearly reduced the G.O.P. to a laughingstock before the entire nation.

A Lot of Asking. The scene was the 56th annual National Governors' Conference in Cleveland. That conference, only partly by coincidence, fell on the weekend following the June 2 California presidential primary. Before the California results were in, most moderate Republican leaders felt that Nelson Rockefeller, with all the momentum of his May 15 Oregon victory, would knock off Barry in the primary. But they also felt certain that Rocky himself could not get the nomination. Therefore, the Governors' Conference could serve as a first-rate place for Republican leaders to meet and agree on a moderate-minded alternative for the presidential nomination.

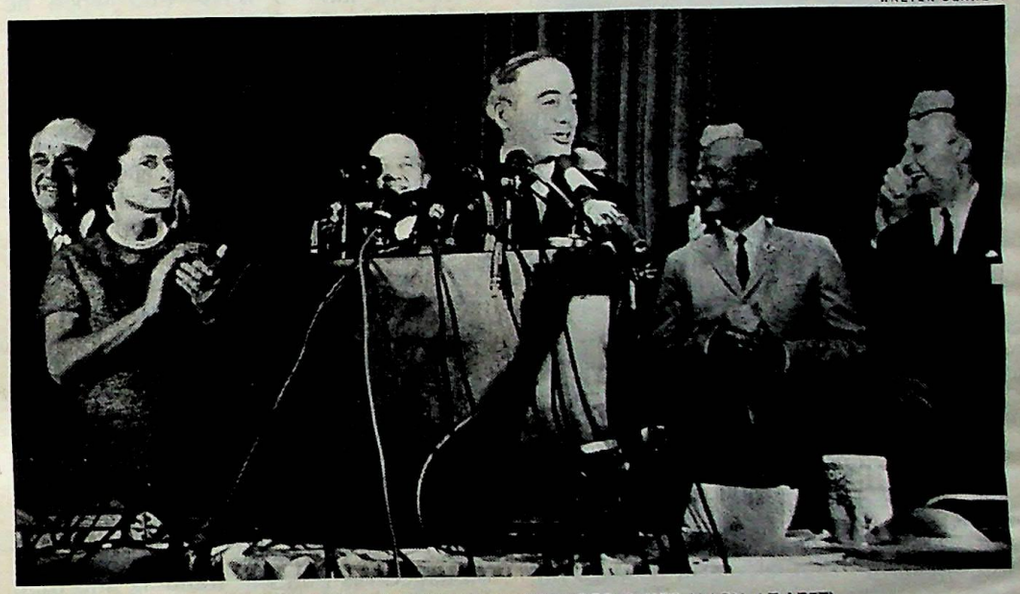
But things did not quite turn out like that. Goldwater of course beat Rocky in California, if only by a skin-of-the-tooth margin of 59,000 votes out of more than 2,000,000 cast. To Scranton, that made it seem even more urgent for the Republicans in Cleveland to rally behind a moderate who might beat Goldwater.

Scranton had a pretty good idea of who that moderate ought to be—and on June 4, two days after California, he set a few things in motion. He called Pennsylvania's Republican Senator Hugh Scott, who is up for reelection this year and is scared to death about the prospect of running on a ticket headed by Goldwater. Scranton asked Scott to ask Milton Eisenhower to ask Dwight Eisenhower to ask Scranton down to Gettysburg for a visit. That's a lot of asking, but for a while, all seemed to go well.

Falling Apart. Ike and Scranton did get together, and the general urged the Governor to make himself "more available" for the presidential nomination. Scranton of course agreed, made plans to fly to Cleveland and announce his active candidacy on a Sunday *Face the Nation* television appearance. He would, he felt sure, have Ike's public endorsement.

But right about then, everything started falling apart. Arriving in Cleveland, Scranton was told that Ike had been trying to reach him by long-distance telephone. He called Gettysburg, sat in stunned silence while Ike told him he did not want to become involved in an anti-Goldwater "cabal" and furthermore did not think Scranton should either. Said Eisenhower to Scranton: "I was wondering if I was getting old or kind of senile in thinking I hadn't agreed to support you or any other individual."

WALTER BENNETT



SCRANTON ANNOUNCING IN BALTIMORE (WIFE MARY AT LEFT)
"The Republican Party is in danger."

The Decisive Plea. What had happened to make Eisenhower change his mind? Well, for one thing, Ike and Mamie, planning to go to Cleveland for an Eisenhower speech to the Governors, were to stay at the suburban estate of George Humphrey, Eisenhower's first Treasury Secretary who is now one of Goldwater's most influential backers. Humphrey, understandably [illegible] press accounts of the [illegible] Scranton meeting, called Ike and said: "I do hope you'll not be a party to

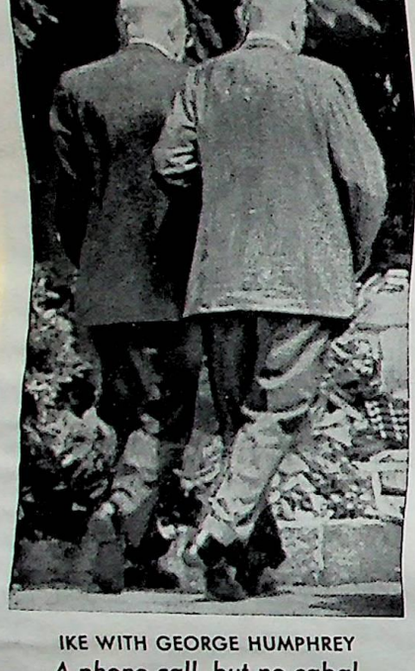
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

making the divisions in our party any deeper."

Humphrey's plea was decisive with Ike, hence the call to Scranton in Cleveland. After that call, a shaken Bill Scranton attended a breakfast meeting of all 16 Republican Governors. Most of them, apprehensive about the chances of their state candidates on a ticket headed by Goldwater, were grumbling about the prospect of Barry's nomination. Especially unhappy was Michigan's George Romney, who got into a tiff with Arizona's Governor Paul Fannin, one of the few all-out Goldwater supporters present. At one point, Oregon's Mark Hatfield, a Rockefeller supporter, broke into the bickering, snapped at Romney: "Where have you been for the

AP



IKE WITH GEORGE HUMPHREY
A phone call, but no cabal.

last six months?" Continued Hatfield, now including Bill Scranton in his gaze: "Rockefeller has been working his head off day and night for the past six months, while both of you have remained gloriously silent. Any stop-Goldwater movement now by you eleventh-hour warriors is an exercise in futility."

The Unopened Paper. All the while, Scranton stayed silent, telling nobody of his telephone talk with Ike. From the breakfast, he went to Cleveland's KYW-TV studios for his *Face the Nation* date. During his appearance, he kept his announcement of active candidacy, written on a twice-folded sheet of white paper, unopened on the table in front of him. For half an hour—and later in a press conference—he hemmed, hawed and hedged, adding little to the position he had taken for weeks. "If the majority of the delegates at the convention want me," he repeated over and over, "I would serve."

Reaction to Scranton's performance was immediate, and explosive. Reporters promptly dubbed him "the Harrisburg Hamlet." Watching *Face the Nation*, George Romney asked bitterly: "Where are his principles?" Asked what he thought of Scranton as a party leader, Rockefeller replied with scalding sarcasm: "Did you see him on television?"

Next day, Barry Goldwater, a guest of the host committee, arrived at the conference. Anti-Goldwaterites among the Republican Governors had invited him to sit down with them and explain his "principles." Barry scornfully refused, sent each of the Governors an old pamphlet stating his views. To the pros and to the public, Goldwater seemed like the leader who had faced and won his last challenge and could now coast to victory.

Early Tuesday Dick Nixon arrived in Cleveland. He checked into the Sheraton-Cleveland at 12:30 a.m., held a series of closed-door conferences until 3 a.m. The longest was with Michigan's Romney, whom he urged to become a stop-Goldwater candidate. Romney, for a few hours, considered it. Emboldened, Nixon mentioned Ohio's Republican State Chairman Ray Bliss as a man who might well throw decisive support to Romney. Trouble was, Nixon had neglected to talk to Bliss—and when he did, he got a flat refusal to endorse Romney or anyone else but Ohio's favorite son, Governor James Rhodes.

Until his Cleveland performance, Nixon had been high on Barry Goldwater's friendship list. But now he was obviously trying to promote Romney's candidacy in an effort to cause a convention stalemate that would wind up with a compromise nominee. Guess who. Said Goldwater, in about as scathing a comment as one Republican can make about another: "Nixon is sounding more like Harold Stassen every day."

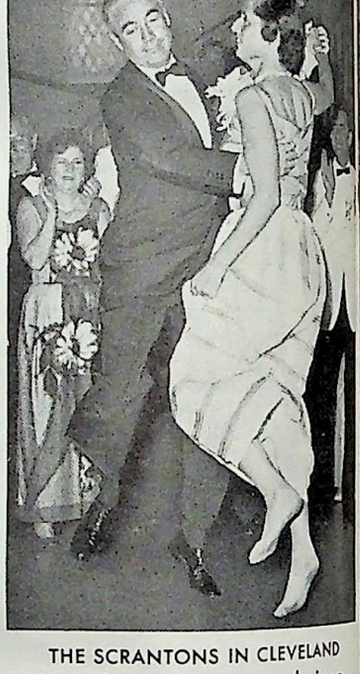
The Last Five Words. On the way back to Harrisburg, Bill Scranton sat seething in the rear seat of a Pennsylvania National Guard Super Constellation. As much as anyone, Scranton realized that the fiasco in Cleveland had damaged his political standing and that, regardless of how he felt about the party and its 1964 nominee, he had to take some action that would redeem his own political image. Just before the plane landed, he instructed his aides to arrange a meeting for the next night at the governor's mansion at Indiantown Gap, some 20 miles from Harrisburg.

At that meeting were his wife Mary, daughter Susan, 17, son Joe, 14, Senator Hugh Scott, Administrative Assistant Bill Keisling, Speechwriter Malcolm Moos, and nine other state party officials and Scranton staffers. At 5 p.m. Scranton walked into the room, seated himself by the great stone fireplace, listened for some three hours while his family and friends urged him to go all out for the nomination. Finally, Scranton stood up. "Now," he said abruptly, "we have a lot to do. I am going to run." Moos, who used to write speeches for President Eisenhower, reached over, picked a piece of paper from the coffee table, wrote Scranton's last five words, dated the paper and said: "I'm going to keep this for my scrapbook."

Telephone calls immediately went out to top Republicans across the [illegible]—to Romney, Rockefeller, Ray B[liss], Dwight Eisenhower and many o[thers]. As Scranton later recalled his conv[ersa]tion with Ike: "I told him I was goi[ng to] run. He simply said that was that, a[nd] was fine, and I said thank you and I [hung] off the phone." Dick Nixon was re[ached] in London, where he had flown on [pri]vate business. Scranton tried to [call] phone Goldwater, failed, and sent a telegram instead.

"Those Noble Words." Hasty arrangements were made for Scranton to appear next day at the Maryland convention to deliver his announcement. His speech also was hastily written, but it was no less effective for that reason.

"I come here," cried Scranton,



THE SCRANTONS IN CLEVELAND
Late, but a nonstop technique.

announce that I am a candidate for the presidency of the United States."

He bore down heavily on the civil rights issue, fully aware that Goldwater's image is badly flawed on that subject. The Republican Party, said Scranton, must be "responsible for human liberty, its preservation on the North American continent and its inspiration around the entire world; responsible for giving every American a fair chance at a share of the good life; responsible for underlining the injunctions of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence; to put solid flesh on those noble words that all men are created equal." In that statement, Scranton reflected the mainstream of national Republican thinking on civil rights as evidenced, also last week, by Senator Everett Dirksen's leadership in achieving cloture against a segregationist Democratic filibuster (*see cover story*).

Perhaps even more telling was Scranton's argument that Goldwater, as his party's presidential nominee, would help bring to defeat scores of Republican state and local candidates. "Lincoln," he said, "knew, as all of you know and I know, that in a presidential year the

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EVELAND
echnique.
didate for t
States."
on the ci
that Goldw
d on that su
y, said Scra
e for huma
on the Nor
its inspiring
esponsible
fair chance
esponsible
s of the Co
tion of Ind
esh on the
n are create
ent, Scranto
of nationa
ivil rights a
, by Senator
ip in achiev
ationist Dem
r story).
ng was Scra
water, as the
e, would help
f Republican
s. "Lincoln,
ou know ab
ntial year th

JUNE 19, 196

didate at the top of the ticket can viously help those below, or he can om them to undeserved defeat. "Therefore, any political party which riously undertakes to lead the Govern- ent of this nation—not only in Wash- gton but also in the state capitols, in e courthouses, in the city halls—such great party will not lightly throw ay the top places on its ticket."

Welcome. After hearing Scranton's nouncement of candidacy, Dwight isenhower said, rather remarkably: At last someone has done what I have urged." Romney and Rockefeller both praised Scranton's move, but neither promised to deliver his delegates. In London, Nixon said he thought Scran- on was doing the right thing, but he remained neutral. But when he got back to New York, Nixon flashed his stiletto, said of Scranton: "If a man receives a phone call and changes his mind, he isn't a very strong man. He's got to make his own decisions and not appear to be a puppet maneuvered by some- one else."

Leaders of Henry Cabot Lodge's cam- paign immediately threw their support to Scranton. Barry Goldwater said, "I welcome Bill Scranton into the race." Then he reminded everyone that Scran- on had written him a letter in Decem- er, saying, "I hope you decide to run." Cracked Goldwater: "Governor Scran- on's persuasiveness is one of the major reasons I announced my own candidacy for the presidency."

Barry had every cause for confidence. Every tried and tested political factor weighs heavily against Scranton's being able to pick up enough delegates to win in San Francisco. Indeed, his move re- quired a degree of bravado: rarely be- fore has a major U.S. presidential can- didate stood up a bare four weeks before a nominating convention and insisted that in that short time he could prove to the U.S. that he should be in the White House.

Yet Bill Scranton will be no neophyte pushover. He has youth, style and a nonstop campaign technique. He is a mil- lionaire, an American aristocrat de- scended from a proud and public-spir- ited family. His political credentials are solid. He served in the State Depart- ment first as a press aide, later as office manager and liaison man with the White House and Cabinet under the Eisen- hower Administration. He was elected to Congress from Pennsylvania's 10th District in 1960—a year in which John F. Kennedy carried the state. In 1962 he was elected Governor over former Philadelphia Mayor Richardson Dil- worth by nearly half a million votes. As Governor, he has reformed the state's corruption-filled patronage system, beat- en big labor's bosses in a legislative fight over unemployment-compensation reforms, attracted new industry.

Even more relevant, he resurrected the Pennsylvania Republican Party after it had been fractured by factionalism. If there is a split in the national party —which there could well be if Scranton wins the nomination from Barry—his polished abilities at unifying will be in- dispensable. So far, Scranton has re- tained a personally friendly attitude to- ward Goldwater, even while smashing hard at Goldwater's stand on some is- sues. In his telegram to Barry, he said, "I think you know that, though I cannot agree with many of the positions you have taken, I respect you as a man." And Scranton's views are such as might appeal to the broadest segment of the Republican spectrum. His own favorite thumbnail self-description: "I am a lib- eral on civil rights, a conservative on fiscal policies and an internationalist on foreign affairs."

A Battler's Prize. Now his big job is to prove to the nation that he is the worthiest man. It will be a rugged, up- hill run, for he has little organization, no seasoned national campaign staff, not even the facilities to handle the hordes of reporters who will be chasing after him. Yet he is determined. "I'm going to go every place that will have me," he said, "and tell them why I think we should have progressive Republicanism and why I want to be the candidate."

No matter what the outcome, Scran- ton's entrance into the race has positive value, for it has made it plain that the G.O.P presidential nomination is worth fighting for, that it is a battler's prize, not a cheap, pallid present. If Scranton's campaign builds any momentum at all —and does not wound too deeply—he would, at the very least, become Gold- water's strongest possibility for Vice President.

At week's end Scranton was at the Connecticut Republican convention, again attacking Goldwaterism. "Because of havoc that has been spread across the national landscape," he declared, "the Republican Party wonders how it will make clear to the American people that it does not oppose social security, the United Nations, human rights and a sane nuclear policy." In such appear- ances lay his only possible strategy— that of making himself as visible as pos- sible in as many places as possible, and in so doing displaying the energy, the mind and the articulate tongue that will convince American voters that he would make a good President.

It would be an exercise in futility for Scranton to start counting dele- gates; he can, for the time being, leave that to Barry, who now claims some 737. But the vast majority of these del- egates are obligated neither by law nor conscience to cast their votes for Gold- water in the ultimate showdown. If Scranton, in the time remaining to him, can corral a consensus in his favor throughout the whole wide ranks of the Republican Party, he can almost surely swing a great many delegates away from Goldwater. If he does, and if he wins the nomination, he will have proved himself a strong and attractive enough candidate to give even Lyndon Johnson a real run for the money.

THE CONGRESS

The Covenant

(See Cover)

On the sun-baked plaza behind the U.S. Capitol, TV vans hummed like hungry insects. Marching in disorderly array up the steps to the Senate cham- ber came group upon group of summer tourists, sunglasses on and cameras slung high. Inside, the Senate gallery was packed.

Only an hour remained before the critical vote. Now Majority Leader

BOB GOMEL

CAPITOL CORRIDOR BEFORE CLOTURE VOTE
Affecting every man, woman and child.

Mike Mansfield of Montana rose, and in soft tones spoke in favor of cloture; if approved by two-thirds of the Sena- tors present and voting, it would bring to an end the longest filibuster in Senate history. "The Senate," Mansfield said, "now stands at the crossroads of history, and the time for decision is at hand." He read aloud a letter he recently re- ceived from a Montana mother of four. "When I kiss my children good night," she wrote, "I offer a small prayer of thanks to God for making them so per- fect, so healthy, so lovely, and I find myself tempted to thank him for letting them be born white. Then I am not so proud, neither of myself nor of our so- ciety, which forces such a temptation upon us."

"The Question Is . . ." Mansfield's time ran out, and he relinquished the floor to Georgia's Richard Brevard Rus- sell, leader of the Democratic bloc that

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

had been filibustering against the most far-reaching civil rights bill in U.S. history. Russell was about to go down in defeat, and he knew it. But his final-hour plea was urgent. Said he: "If this bill is enacted into law, next year we will be confronted with new demands for enactment of further legislation in this field, such as laws requiring open housing and the bussing of children. The country is becoming enmeshed in a philosophy that can only lead to the destruction of our dual system of sovereign states in an indestructible Union."

Russell gave way to Minnesota Democrat Hubert Humphrey, the Johnson Administration's floor manager for the bill. In his lapel Humphrey wore a red rose like a battle standard. "The Constitution of the United States is on trial," he said. "The question is whether we will have two types of citizenship in this nation, or first-class citizenship for all."

Only 15 minutes remained before voting time. Illinois Republican Everett McKinley Dirksen, 68, the Senate's minority leader, arose slowly from his front-row desk. He was the man most were waiting to hear, not merely because he is the Senate's most practiced and professional orator but largely because he is the shrewd, patient negotiator whose efforts, perhaps more than anyone else's, had made a favorable cloture vote likely. With great deliberation Dirksen took off his tortoise-shell spectacles, revealing his sad, bloodhound eyes underlined by deep, dark pouches. In his massive left hand, its little finger flourishing a green jade ring, he held a twelve-page speech he had typed the night before on Senate stationery.

"The Time Has Come." "Mr. President," said Dirksen in that voice that turns hoarseness into authority, "it is a year ago this month that the late President Kennedy sent his civil rights bill and message to the Congress." In the gallery an elderly Negro minister craned forward and cupped an ear. Dirksen continued: "Sharp opinions have developed. Incredible allegations have been made. Extreme views have been asserted. There has been unrestrained criticism about motives." As for himself, Dirksen noted, "I have had but one purpose, and that was the enactment of a good, workable, equitable, practical bill having due regard for the progress made in the civil rights field at the state and local level. I am no Johnny-come-lately in this field. Thirty years ago, in the House of Representatives, I voted for anti-poll-tax and antilynching measures. Since then, I have sponsored or co-sponsored scores of bills dealing with civil rights.

"The time has come," said Dirksen, "for equality of opportunity in sharing in government, in education, and in employment. It will not be stayed or denied. It is here." The chamber was dead-quiet. "America grows. America changes. And on the civil rights issue we must rise with the occasion. That calls for cloture and for the enactment of a civil rights bill."

Dirksen jabbed an index finger at his colleagues on both sides of the aisle. His voice rose to a slightly higher pitch, taking on an extra tone of persua[sive]ness. The Senate, he said, had a [pe]nant with the people. For many [ye]each political party has given [m]consideration to a civil rights plank its platform. Were these pledges [m]much campaign stuff, or did we [m]it? Were these promises on civil [ri]but idle words for vote-getting [pu]poses, or were they a covenant [m]to be kept? If all this was mere [pr]tense, let us confess the sin of hy[po]risy now and vow not to delude [the] people again."

The Vote. It was precisely 11 [a.m.] the time set to vote. While Dir[ksen] was still talking, the presiding of[ficer] Montana Democrat Lee Metcalf, bro[ught] down his gavel. "Is it the sense of [the] Senate that the debate shall be bro[ught] to a close?" Metcalf asked and ord[ered] the yeas and nays.

"Mr. Aiken," intoned the tally c[lerk].

"Aye," voted Vermont's Republi[can] Senator George Aiken.

"Mr. Allott."

"Aye," said Colorado Republi[can] Gordon Allott.

A moment of pathos came when [the] clerk arrived at the name of Californ[ia] Democrat Clair Engle, who has und[er]gone two brain operations and has n[ot] appeared in the Senate since April. F[or] this occasion, Engle, smiling gallan[tly] had been wheeled into the chamb[er]. When the clerk called his name, En[gle] tried to speak, but could not. Fina[lly] he lifted his left arm, pointed at [his] head, and nodded his aye.

Another closely watched vote w[as] that of Arizona's Barry Goldwater, t[he] leading candidate for the Republic[an] presidential nomination. Goldwater h[as] long been critical of the civil rights b[ill], arguing that brotherly love cannot [be] legislated into the hearts of men. [Of] course, the bill attempts to do no such thing; it merely seeks to ensure to all Americans the equality under the law that is their birthright. In recent days Goldwater had indicated that he might wind up voting for the bill if it were amended according to his tastes. But that did not mean he would support cloture. He now answered the roll call with a brusque no.

On and on went the vote. When it reached Delaware Republican John Williams, it stood at 66 for cloture, 26 against. Williams' soft aye made the two-thirds majority required for cloture, and victory. "That's it," cried a Senator. Newsmen sprinted to telephones that had been held open. Mike Mansfield sagged in relief. Dick Russell, grim as death, scribbled fitfully on a yellow pad. Out of the cloakroom hobbled Arizona's Carl Hayden, 86, president pro tempore of the Senate and the man who stands next only to House Speaker John McCormack in the line of succession to the U.S. presidency. Although a longtime foe of cloture, Hayden this time had told Mansfield he might vote for it if he was really needed. He wasn't. "It's all right, Carl,

THE VOTE ON CLOTURE

DEMOCRATS FOR (44)

Anderson (N. Mex.)
Bartlett (Alaska)
Bayh (Ind.)
Brewster (Md.)
Burdick (N. Dak.)
Cannon (Nev.)
Church (Idaho)
Clark (Pa.)
Dodd (Conn.)
Douglas (Ill.)
Edmondson (Okla.)
Engle (Calif.)
Gruening (Alaska)
Hart (Mich.)
Hartke (Ind.)
Humphrey (Minn.)
Inouye (Hawaii)
Jackson (Wash.)
Kennedy (Mass.)
Lausche (Ohio)
E. V. Long (Mo.)
Magnuson (Wash.)
Mansfield (Mont.)
McCarthy (Minn.)
McGee (Wyo.)
McGovern (S. Dak.)
McIntyre (N.H.)
McNamara (Mich.)
Metcalf (Mont.)
Monroney (Okla.)
Morse (Ore.)
Moss (Utah)
Muskie (Me.)
Nelson (Wis.)
Neuberger (Ore.)
Pastore (R.I.)
Pell (R.I.)
Proxmire (Wis.)
Randolph (W. Va.)
Ribicoff (Conn.)
Symington (Mo.)
H. A. Williams (N.J.)
Yarborough (Texas)
S. M. Young (Ohio)

DEMOCRATS AGAINST (23)

Bible (Nev.)
H. F. Byrd (Va.)
R. C. Byrd (W. Va.)
Eastland (Miss.)
Ellender (La.)
Ervin (N.C.)
Fulbright (Ark.)
Gore (Tenn.)
Hayden (Ariz.)
Hill (Ala.)
Holland (Fla.)
Johnston (S.C.)
B. E. Jordan (N.C.)
R. B. Long (La.)
McClellan (Ark.)
Robertson (Va.)
Russell (Ga.)
Smathers (Fla.)
Sparkman (Ala.)
Stennis (Miss.)
Talmadge (Ga.)
Thurmond (S.C.)
Walters (Tenn.)

REPUBLICANS FOR (27)

Aiken (Vt.)
Allott (Colo.)
Beall (Md.)
Boggs (Del.)
Carlson (Kans.)
Case (N.J.)
Cooper (Ky.)
Cotton (N.H.)
Curtis (Neb.)
Dirksen (Ill.)
Dominick (Colo.)
Fong (Hawaii)
Hickenlooper (Iowa)
Hruska (Neb.)
Javits (N.Y.)
L. B. Jordan (Idaho)
Keating (N.Y.)
Kuchel (Calif.)
Miller (Iowa)
Morton (Ky.)
Mundt (S. Dak.)
Pearson (Kans.)
Prouty (Vt.)
Saltonstall (Mass.)
Scott (Pa.)
Smith (Me.)
J. J. Williams (Del.)

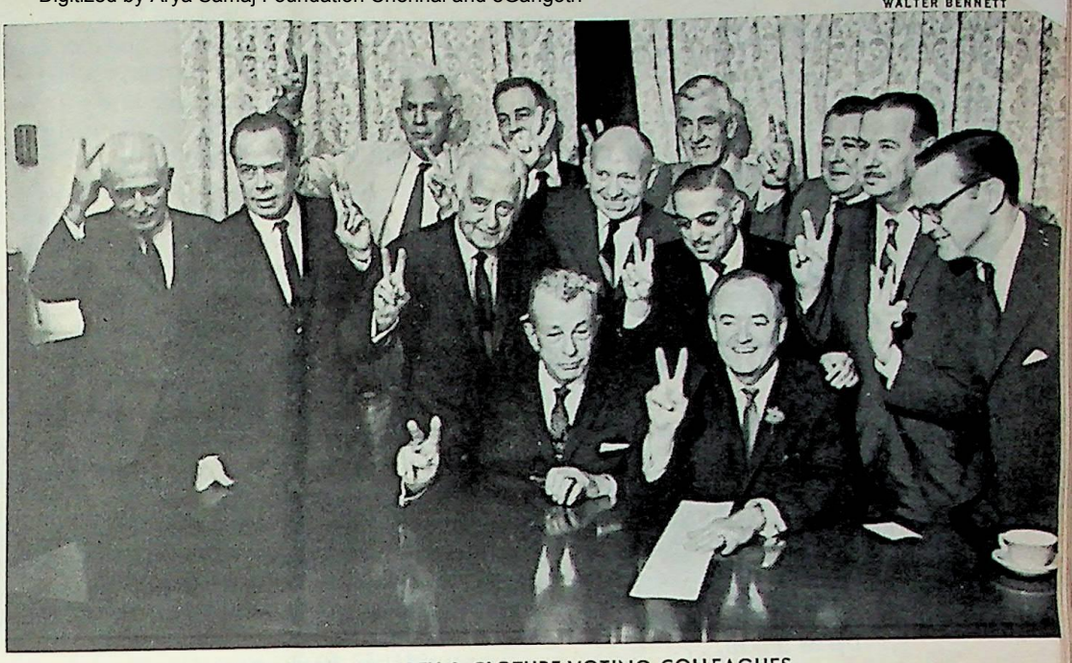
REPUBLICANS AGAINST (6)

Bennett (Utah)
Goldwater (Ariz.)
Mechem (N. Mex.)
Simpson (Wyo.)
Tower (Texas)
M. R. Young (N. Dak.)

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WALTER BENNETT



DIRKSEN, HUMPHREY & CLOTURE-VOTING COLLEAGUES
Throughout its legislative life, it was fraught with difficulties.

ed Mansfield. "We're in." Hayden
ed no.
At last the clerk read the tally. It
od at 71 for cloture, 29 against. With
r more votes than were required,
U.S. Senate for the first time in its
tory had invoked cloture against a
l rights filibuster. On the issue, all
Senators had taken their stand. And
so doing, they cleared the way for
ain passage of the bill.
The measure's previous life had been
aught with difficulties. No sooner had
taken over as President than John
Kennedy, who had campaigned on a
rong and effective civil rights pitch, let
be known that he would deal with
il rights through administrative, not
islative action. One obvious Kennedy
ar: that a civil rights bill sent to Con-
ess would prove politically harmful by
ematizing, once again, the fact that
apitol Hill Democrats were far more
eply divided than Republicans on the
ue.

Flesh on the Skeleton. For two years
ngressional Republicans chided Ken-
dy for his failure to present a civil
his legislative program. Finally, in
uary 1963, a group of House Re-
blicans introduced their own broad-
ged measure. One month later, Pres-
nt Kennedy sent his first major civil
hts message to the Hill. It was terribly
n, asking for federal court-appointed
ting referees to determine applicants'
alifications while their voting suits
re pending, an extension of the Civil
ghts Commission and little else.
The ink was scarcely dry on Ken-
dy's bill when the city of Birming-
m exploded in a tangle of firehoses,
arling police dogs and writhing Ne-
oes. The violence was ugly, and so
re the political implications. Soon
terward Kennedy announced that he
as sending to Congress a much tough-
r version of his bill.
That bill, the skeleton on which the
gislation presently before the Senate
as fleshed, was submitted June 19,
963. It called for: 1) a ban on dis-
rimination in hotels, motels, restau-
nts and stores, and authorized the
stice Department to bring suit to
force compliance; 2) power for the At-
rney General to file desegregation
its against public schools and col-
ges; 3) withholding of funds from
derally assisted programs where dis-
rimination was practiced; 4) establish-
ent of a Community Relations Service
help cities and towns over the rough
ases of desegregation; 5) strengthen-
g the President's Committee on Equal
ployment Opportunity by giving it
statutory basis.

The House Record. But even that
package was not nearly strong enough
r civil rights advocates in the House
f Representatives. Brooklyn's Demo-
atic Representative Emanuel Celler
ad his ten-man Judiciary subcommit-
ee produced a bill that fairly bristled
ith teeth. Where Kennedy had asked for voting rights protection for federal elections only, the subcommittee bill included all state and local elections as well. In public accommodations, the Celler group measure added a ban on discrimination in any business that "operates under state or local authorization, permission or license."

Both President Kennedy and Brother Bobby believed that this bill was too drastic to have a chance of legislative approval. In testimony before the full Judiciary Committee, also chaired by Celler, the Attorney General protested: "What I want is a bill, not an issue." Celler was willing to compromise a little, but not much—and in his drive, he got some vital help from House Republican leaders. In conferences with Celler and President Kennedy, G.O.P. Floor Leader Charles Halleck and Ohio's William McCulloch, the ranking minority member of the Judiciary Committee, pledged their support for a slightly watered-down version of the Celler package. They asked only one thing in return: that the President publicly acknowledge the G.O.P. contribution. Kennedy agreed.

That was last fall, just before the assassination. Lyndon Johnson took up where Kennedy had left off, gave Republicans full credit for their stand, and urged the House to pass the bill as a memorial to Kennedy. Halleck remained steadfast in his support, and in February the House approved the measure by a vote of 290 to 130. For the bill were 152 Democrats and 138 Republicans; against it were 96 Democrats and only 34 Republicans.

Critical Eye. Now it was up to the Senate—and even among Senators favoring civil rights there were some grave reservations. Everett Dirksen, for one, had been following the course of the House civil rights measure with a close and critical eye. Says he: "I kept annotating it and making a list of prospective amendments." In early February, just before the House passed the bill, Dirksen entered Washington's Sibley Memorial Hospital for treatment of a bleeding ulcer, took along his own dog-eared copy of the measure and began to rewrite it. He kept at it during a week's recuperation at Broad Run Farm, his redwood-and-field-stone ranch house in suburban Sterling, Va.

Discussing the period after the civil rights bill first reached the Senate, Dirksen recalls that "We sort of let the thing simmer and jell, waiting to see what would happen. We knew that we could expect a freshet of long speeches. We knew that for about 30 days nothing would happen."

Help from Hubert. In the interim, Dirksen met almost daily with his top legal aides—three experts on constitutional rights and administrative procedure—and the four men picked the House bill apart. After weeks, they had accumulated a sheaf of some 70 amendments, many technical, some substantive. This was the embryonic Dirksen "substitute package."

It was ready for unveiling in late April, and Dirksen explained it at meetings of the eleven-man Senate Republican Policy Committee. "I was trying," he says, "to condition them a little as to what I had in mind for this bill." There was some grousing, mostly from New Hampshire's Norris Cotton, Iowa's Bourke Hickenlooper and Kentucky's Thruston Morton, who were upset over the bill's equal-employment-opportunity section. To a certain extent, Dirksen agreed with them; his own Illinois has strong laws in this area, and Ev found that the bill might usurp states' jurisdiction. His amendment took away the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission's right to file suits.

By now Republican Dirksen and Democrat Hubert Humphrey were in almost constant touch. Early in the civil rights debate Humphrey knew that he had a hard core of 41 Democrats who

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

HENRY GROSSMAN

EV & WIFE LOUELLA
Up at 5 a.m. . . .

could be relied on to vote for cloture. Dirksen could count on only twelve to 14 Republicans. The total fell far short of the two-thirds vote that would be needed to shut off a filibuster. Slowly, carefully, patiently, Dirksen went to work on even more amendments, all calculated to bring more Republicans into the cloture fold.

By mid-May, recalls Dirksen, his amendment package was "in pretty tangible shape." At Dirksen's suggestion, Humphrey arranged for a bipartisan meeting between Senate and Administration leaders. The place: Dirksen's leadership office with the tinkling chandelier that once belonged to Thomas Jefferson. The participants: Dirksen, Mansfield, Humphrey, California's Republican Senator Tom Kuchel, Attorney General Kennedy, Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, and a sprinkling of liberals, moderates and conservatives from both parties.

In five conferences, agreement was finally reached on the package, essentially a rewritten version of the House bill. On May 26 it was introduced to the Senate by Dirksen as an amendment. Said he: "I doubt very much whether in my whole legislative lifetime any measure has received so much meticulous attention."

The Thrust. The bill contains sections dealing with discrimination in voting, public accommodations, publicly owned facilities, education, employment, and federally assisted programs. It also extends the Civil Rights Commission, sets up a Community Relations Service and provides a variety of enforcement powers ranging from court injunctions to jail terms of six months and $1,000 fines (TIME, May 29).

In many ways, despite other Senators' heavy involvements, it is Dirksen's bill, bearing his handiwork more than anyone else's. Dirksen's 70-odd amendments are less notable for their number than for their thrust. In essence, he has changed the bill so as to allow the states more leeway in controlling their own civil rights conflicts, and to bar possibly overzealous federal officials—such as an Attorney General—from charging in and initiating civil rights suits without first establishing a "pattern" of discrimination. On both sides of the Senate aisle, almost everyone agrees that Dirksen's proposed amendments vastly improved the House-passed bill.

Just what lay behind Dirksen's endless efforts to shape a workable civil rights bill? Although he voted for lesser civil rights measures in 1957 and again in 1960, there is nothing in his background to suggest that he is any sort of civil rights crusader.

The Essence. To Ev Dirksen, the answer to that question is simple enough. "I come of immigrant German stock," he says. "My mother stood on Ellis Island as a child of 17, with a tag around her neck directing that she be sent to Pekin, Illinois. Our family had opportunities in Illinois, and the essence of what we're trying to do in the civil rights bill is to see that others have opportunities in this country."

Last year Chicago Negroes, protesting that Dirksen had not committed himself on the civil rights bill, threw up a picket line around a hotel where Ev was scheduled to speak. Throughout his long political career—16 years in the House, 14 in the Senate—he has received little support from Negroes. He feels a certain bitterness about all this, but not enough to affect his advocacy of the civil rights bill. Explaining his support of that measure, Dirksen says: "I have looked at all the people who came into this office to see me—lawyers, contractors, businessmen, ministers, rabbis, priests. It was a constant walk-in. And I thought: something must be done. Civil rights can't and won't be put off. Do we duck it or come to grips with it? Suppose we don't do something? What will be around the corner in the way of national tranquillity?"

Even so, Dirksen was far from ready to accept what he thought was a bad bill—and the shouts of professional civil rights men bothered him hardly at all. "If the day ever comes," he said, "when, under pressure or as a result of picketing or other devices, I shall be pushed from the rock where I must stand to render an independent judgment, my justification in public life will have come to an end."

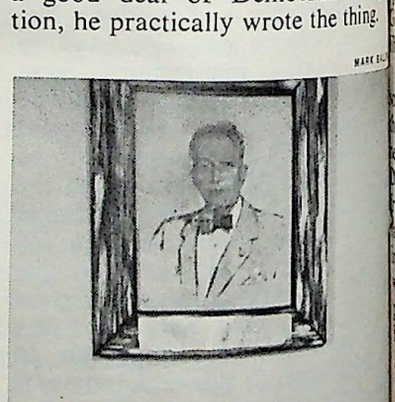
Thus Dirksen labored, and chipped, and carved, and chiseled toward what he considered to be a fair, realistic measure. For 87 days Democratic segregationists filibustered. But finally the hour for the cloture vote approached. On the morning of the big day, Dirksen arose at 5 a.m., half an hour earlier than usual, at Broad Run Farm. He joined his wife Louella in the kitchen for a breakfast of cereal and toast; then the pair went outside to Dirksen's beloved rose garden, where he clipped some long-stemmed beauties to take to his office. Shortly after 8 o'clock, D sen's chauffeur-driven Cadillac, a quisite of his position as minority l er, came for him. Dirksen kissed L la goodbye and, carrying his bu briefcase and the fresh-cut pink r stepped into the car for the 32 ride to Capitol Hill. As he arrived Senate chamber, Last-Ditch Filib Robert Byrd, a West Virginia D crat, was just sitting down after hour all-night speech.

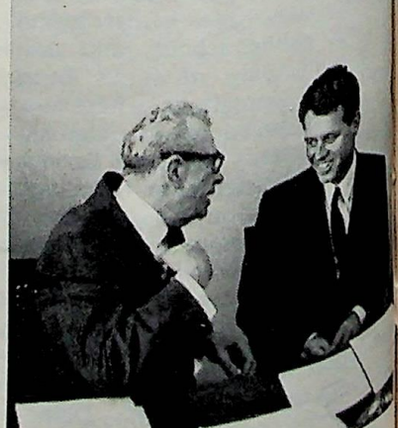
Still, the Demonstrations. Even historic cloture vote was achieved gro demonstrations kept cropping across the U.S. In St. Augustine, there were riots, and the Rev. M Luther King Jr. was thrown int for trying to integrate a white re rant. In Tuscaloosa, Ala., a pitched tle broke out between cops and 50 gro demonstrators. In Canton, M bombs were hurled at a Negro h and church.

All this went to prove a vital p Many whites, resentful of the Negro olution, think of the civil rights bi an incursion into their own right isn't. At the same time, many Ne believe that the bill will end all troubles, that upon its signing they enter a bright new era that is free f prejudice. They are wrong too. C rights conflicts will continue this s mer and next summer and for sum stretching far into the future.

What the civil rights bill will d provide a broader legal basis for equality of opportunity. That is a is meant to do, and certainly that plenty. Ev Dirksen knows it well. W a good deal of Democratic coop tion, he practically wrote the thing.

MARK K





EV & BOBBY KENNEDY
. . . with a long way to go.

CC-0. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection. Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ROSE GARDEN DINNER FOR ERHARD

Under swaying lanterns, a champagne toast.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Mortarcade

It was cap-and-gown week for thousands of college students (*see* EDUCATION), and right there under the hoods and tassels were Lyndon Baines Johnson (Southwest Texas State Teachers College, '30) and his Lady Bird (University of Texas, '33).

The President, whose mortarcade had already toured commencements at Michigan, Texas, the Coast Guard Academy and the Lyndon B. Johnson High School, stood under rain-dripping elms on the campus of Swarthmore College near Philadelphia to assail the "phantom fears" that a strong Federal government is a threat to individual liberty.

Government Liberates. Said Johnson: "We are told that this is the age of the oversize organization, of big business, big unions and big government. Does the Government undermine our freedom by bringing electricity to the farm, by controlling floods, or by ending bank failures? Is freedom betrayed when in 1964 we redeem in full the pledge made a century ago by the Emancipation Proclamation? The truth is—far from crushing the individual—government at its best liberates him from the enslaving forces of his environment."

Two days later Johnson drew some 175,000 people to the streets of Worcester, Mass., en route to another commencement address at Holy Cross College. There, he expressed again his lofty hopes for "the Great Society." Even if the cold war should end, Johnson warned, the world would find itself "on a new battleground as filled with danger and fraught with difficulty as any ever faced by man." The fight then, he said, would be "to build a great world society—a place where every man can find a life free from hunger and disease—a life offering the chance to seek spiritual fulfillment unhampered by the degradation of bodily misery."

Johnson also had the unusual experience of making a speech that his audience did not hear. At a centennial banquet at Gallaudet College in Washington, the only U.S. college for the deaf, Johnson spoke slowly, had his words translated into sign language by the college's dean of women, Elizabeth Benson.

No Dreams of G.M. Lady Bird, meanwhile, wrapped herself in the black and white robe given her two weeks before with an honorary degree at Texas, turned up at Harvard Memorial Church to give the baccalaureate address to 252 graduates of Radcliffe. She urged the girls to remain feminine. An educated woman, she said, "does not want to be a long-striding feminist in low heels, engaged in a conscious war with men." Nor should she hold "glamorous images of herself as ambassadress or dreams of glory as she takes over the presidency of General Motors." Instead, advised Mrs. Johnson, a woman should be "preeminently a woman, a wife, a mother, a thinking citizen. If you can achieve the precious balance between woman's domestic and civic life, you can do more for zest and sanity in our society than by any other achievement."

Even the White House bulged with graduating seniors. The Johnsons entertained 121 high school graduates designated as "Presidential Scholars," let them wander through the public rooms and over the lawns for nearly five hours. Lynda Bird presided over a hamburger picnic while the Kingston Trio supplied an upbeat and Lyndon and Lady Bird stretched out on the cool grass to watch.

In nonacademic activities, the Johnsons last week:

▶ Entertained Denmark's lively Prime Minister Jens Otto Krag and his actress wife Helle with a state dinner and dance. Luci Johnson, 16, enjoyed her first state party so much that she stopped the dance in a shoulder-shaking demonstration of the frug with Ricky Keaton, 17, son of a Houston electrical contractor. While guests applauded, a beaming Lyndon clapped out the beat. Luci and Keaton later drove off for a spin in Keaton's red sports car.

▶ Paid West German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard the compliment of receiving him at the first state dinner ever held in the White House Rose Garden.

Some 140 guests sat at small round tables as lanterns mounted on bamboo poles swayed in the soft breeze. In the background, across the south lawn, night lights played over the Washington Monument and the Jefferson Memorial. Ballerina Maria Tallchief and her partner, Jacques d'Amboise, performed on a temporary stage. Guests included Actresses Janet Leigh and Mitzi Gaynor. Said Johnson in a champagne toast: "There can be no real and lasting peace in Europe until Germany is united, united by self-determination in peace and in freedom."

Up from Poverty

Even by Texas standards, Lyndon and Lady Bird have long been considered wealthy. Last week the Washington Evening Star made a detailed attempt at estimating the Johnson family's financial worth, arrived at a tidy figure of more than $9,000,000.

Listed were the following assets in Texas, most of them held by the Texas Broadcasting Corp.,* in which Lady Bird, Luci Baines and Lynda Bird hold 84% of the stock:

▶ Austin radio station KTBC and television station KTBC-TV, which holds an area monopoly in one of the nation's largest cities with only one television station. Estimated value of the Johnson interest: $5,000,000.

▶ A 29% share of Waco's KWTX and KWTX-TV, operating in another lucra-

* Before Johnson became President, it was the L.B.J.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

tive market, plus KWTX's sizable holding in a radio station in Victoria and television stations in Bryan and Sherman: $870,000.

▶ Proceeds from the 1961 sales of stations KRGV and KRGV-TV in the Rio Grande Valley city of Weslaco: $1,400,000.

▶ The 400-acre L.B.J. Ranch near Johnson City: $150,000. A 6,300-ft. landing strip, capable of handling commercial aircraft: $100,000.

▶ Other ranchlands in central Texas, including the 1,800-acre Granite Knob Ranch, the nearby 800-acre Lewis Ranch, half of the 4,500-acre Haywood Ranch near Llano, and 1,700 acres along the Pedernales River near the home ranch: $600,000.

▶ Some 25 acres of choice residential land in an Austin suburb, originally held in Lyndon's name, later shifted to the company: $600,000.

▶ A twin-engined Beechcraft family airplane: $200,000.

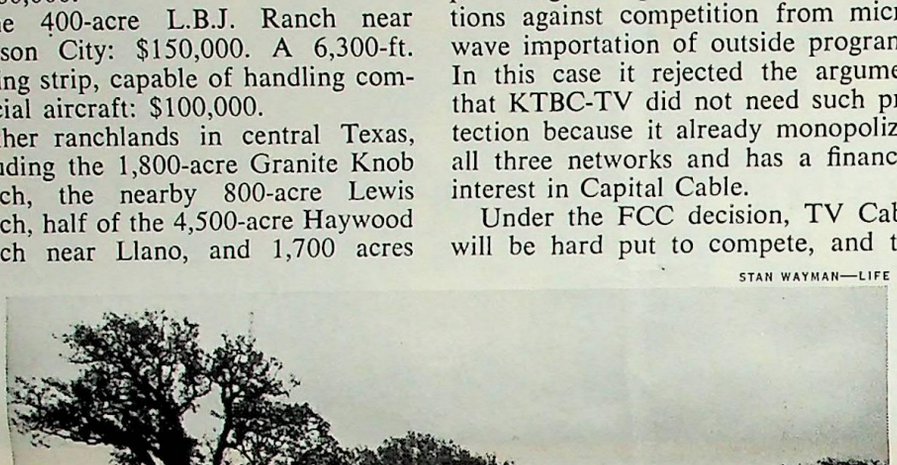
In addition, the Star cites unestimated holdings in cattle and corporate stocks. It reports the "widespread impression in Austin" that the family controls the Brazos-Tenth Street Corp., which owns some $300,000 worth of stock in four Austin banks. The Johnson City Foundation, which has been recognized as a charitable institution for tax purposes by the Internal Revenue Service, holds another $137,000 worth of stock in four Austin banks.

The Johnsons turned over administration of their financial interests to two trustees when Lyndon became President, can resume control when they leave the White House. Their prospects are bright. Texas Broadcasting holds an option to buy, for less than $1,000,000, a 50% interest in Capital Cable Co., a community-antenna television system that brings programs from San Antonio stations to Austin, carries them into homes by wire. Capital Cable is faced with competition from TV Cable Co., which does the same thing, but more cheaply, by using microwaves to relay the signals from San Antonio.

The microwave technique, however, puts TV Cable under the jurisdiction of the Federal Communications Commission—and the FCC recently ruled that TV Cable must delay any network program for up to 15 days whenever requested to do so by the Johnsons' KTBC-TV. The FCC has a general rule providing such protection for local stations against competition from microwave importation of outside programs. In this case it rejected the argument that KTBC-TV did not need such protection because it already monopolized all three networks and has a financial interest in Capital Cable.

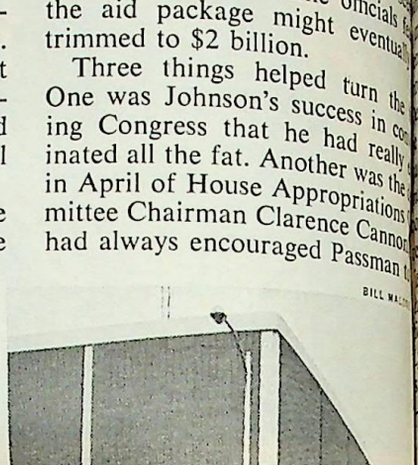
Under the FCC decision, TV Cable will be hard put to compete, and the Johnson TV monopoly in Austin will be maintained. What is more, Capital Cable, under these conditions, will likely be worth $5 million to $10 million within a few years.

STAN WAYMAN—LIFE



HEREFORD CATTLE ON L.B.J. RANCH

Even by Texas measure, a tidy sum.



KTBC BUILDING IN AUSTIN

FOREIGN AID

A Bikini Is Better Than Nothing

Considering the way Congress mauled John F. Kennedy's last foreign aid bill—appropriating only $3 billion out of an Administration request for $4.5 billion—Lyndon Johnson decided to try a different approach. He sent up a "preshrunk" program of $3.4 billion, the lowest asking price in foreign aid's history. His aides compared it to a bikini—skimpy, but just enough to cover the vital areas.

Last week Johnson's strategy paid off. By a vote of 230 to 175, the House approved a bill authorizing the expenditure of virtually every penny he asked for, plus an additional request of $125 million in emergency aid to South Viet Nam. Not since 1947, when Harry Truman launched the foreign aid program by seeking funds to help Greece and Turkey fight Communism, had a President's full request been authorized by the House.

Barebones Request. Johnson was jubilant, congratulated the House for a "wise and prudent action." Said he: "This is no time to be cutting a carefully drawn measure." Even so, it looked at first as if Congress might cut ribbons. Veteran Ax Wielder Otto man, the Louisiana Democrat heads the House Appropriations committee on Foreign Operations that the President "would be very to get $2.5 billion." Congress so rebellious that some officials the aid package might eventua trimmed to $2 billion.

Three things helped turn the One was Johnson's success in co ing Congress that he had really inated all the fat. Another was the in April of House Appropriations mittee Chairman Clarence Cannon had always encouraged Passman

Cannon's successor was Texas Dem crat George Mahon, who has v against aid only once in his 30-year gressional career. The third was the formance of Defense Secretary Ro McNamara in preliminary hearings fore Passman's subcommittee.

McNamara faced Passman in M but the full text of his testimony was made public until last week. He wa a determined mood. Last year he quested $1.4 billion in military aid, only $1 billion. This year he started with a barebones $1 billion request was bent on getting every penny. W ever Passman slipped a question fact into his long, loaded questions, Namara cut in, requested permissio "clarify" the record. In a typical change involving the adequacy of tary assistance to Greece and Tur McNamara snapped, "There is absolut no question but what the Greek Turkish forces are deficient in equ ment, and no amount of verbal tortion will change that fact." Protest Passman, "I am not using any ver bal distortion." McNamara shot back "You look at the record."

The Real Test. On the floor of the House last week, the authorizing bill sailed through with unprecedented ease. "I would not call this a debate," said New Jersey Republican Peter Frelinghuysen, as one Representative after another rose to sing the bill's praises. "It's just a discussion."

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

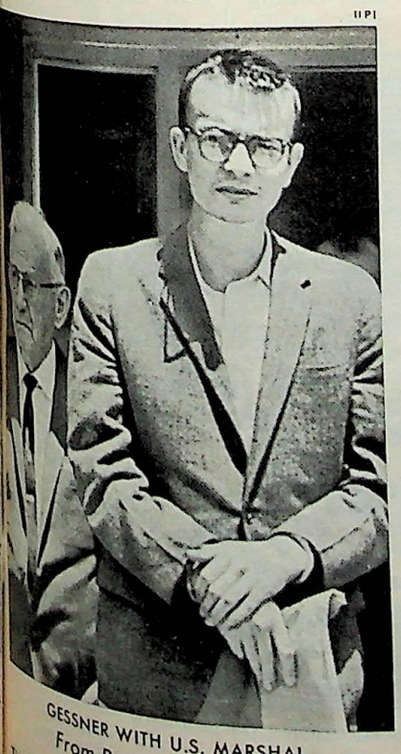
...nonetheless, the battle is not quite ...
..."The real test for the foreign aid ...gram will be the amount to be ap...priated for it," said Ohio Republican ...nce Brown. Passman, whose sub...mittee has a large voice in deter...ng that amount, is expected to seek ...imum cut of $250 million. In the ..., Oregon Democrat Wayne Morse ...stens to seek a 25% cut, and Alaska ...ocrat Ernest Gruening is known to ...noyed with the whole program be...e it offers foreign nations lower ...est rates on U.S. loans than his ...stituents are getting for earthquake ...overy funds. Ultimately, the Admin...ation figures that its request will be ...ced by a maximum of $200 mil... That makes a smaller bikini than ...don was hoping for, but at least it ...not one of those newfangled models ...e kind without any top.

ESPIONAGE

"I Gave Them All"

Despite his near-genius IQ of 142, ...gling, bespectacled George John ...ssner, 28, had never managed to ...e much of a mark anywhere. Last ...k he finally succeeded, but the mark ...ed out to be black. In a Kansas ..., Kans., federal district court, Gess... was found guilty of selling informa... on U.S. nuclear weapons to the ...ssians, thus became the first person ...victed under the espionage provi...ns of the 1954 Atomic Energy Act.

Princely Payoff. Gessner had worked ... nearly seven years as a nuclear ...apons technician, had ample oppor...ity to gather information of interest ... Moscow. At 17, he enlisted in the ... Force, was assigned to guided mis... work at Patrick Air Force Base, ... Discharged four years later, he ...ored as a civilian on Titan and Atlas ...ssile projects, in 1960 joined the Army and worked on nuclear weapons at Jackson, S.C., and Sandia, N. Mex. Ten months after joining the Army, Gessner deserted and crossed over to Mexico.



UPI

GESSNER WITH U.S. MARSHAL
From Russia, the kissoff.

One of his first stops was the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City. There and in later meetings in two parks with a couple of Soviet colonels, he handed over detailed descriptions of the Mark VII nuclear weapon, the 280-mm. atomic cannon and an 8-in. nuclear gun. For his trouble, he was given $200 and told to use the money to travel to Cuba.

Gessner never made it to Cuba. He needed a passport to get out of Mexico, but by the time he was able to get one, the Russians had decided he would not be of much further use. His final kissoff was a princely 100 pesos—$8. Gessner drifted south, was arrested in Panama City by cops because he had no registration papers. U.S. authorities quickly took custody of him as a deserter.

Sent up to Fort Hood, Texas, Gessner at first refused to tell interrogators just what he had been up to in Mexico City. Finally, according to former Army Counterintelligence Agent William V. Benson Jr., he broke down after a visit to the post chaplain, gave Benson a tape-recorded confession. "I gave them all," said Gessner of his dealings with the Russians. "I knew these weapons were going to be used on little children." At one point, Benson asked Gessner about a particular weapon. "This is not important. Julius and Ethel gave it to them in 1948," said Gessner. "Julius and Ethel?" asked Benson. Replied Gessner: "Julius and Ethel, yes, my predecessors." Federal Judge Arthur J. Stanley later ordered the references to the Rosenbergs, who were electrocuted in 1953 for giving nuclear secrets to the Russians, stricken from the record.

Loathsome Disease. Though Gessner was indicted for espionage in March 1962, his trial was delayed until last month by four hearings on his mental competence. During the 14-day trial, Gessner's attorneys summoned psychiatrists and former barracks-mates to testify that he was a heavy drinker and an unstable character. But psychiatrists called by the Government said he was capable of controlling his conduct. Declared Justice Department Attorney Paul C. Vincent, "I agree he was sick. He was suffering from the most loathsome disease—disloyalty. He betrayed his country."

The Government argued that the information Gessner sold could help the Russians to develop a new weapons system and to gauge U.S. nuclear capabilities. "After you have heard the evidence and had time to realize the enormity of the offense and its possible consequences," said U.S. Attorney Newell George, "I believe you will decide the death penalty would, indeed, be merciful." After four hours and 14 minutes of deliberation, the jury found Gessner guilty, but declined to send him the way of his "predecessors." His sentence: life imprisonment.

MARINA OSWALD
For the big shot, anyone notable.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Man Who Wanted To Kill Nixon

When the full report of the Warren Commission is published, perhaps by month's end, it may well reflect the theory that Lee Harvey Oswald had an obsessive yen to kill—not just John F. Kennedy, but any notable person. According to that theory, Kennedy was no more than a famous target to Oswald.

The theory helps explain why Oswald apparently took a potshot at General Edwin Walker in Dallas in April 1963. Walker, a right-winger, espoused views that were frequently diametrically opposed to Kennedy's. So why, if political causation was the answer, should Oswald shoot at both Kennedy and Walker? The presumed solution: both were highly publicized, controversial men who happened to be within range of Oswald's rifle.

There was still another potential target. In Washington last week the Warren Commission took further testimony from Oswald's widow, Marina. The commission had gathered much information since Marina last testified, and found that she had made some omissions. During a four-hour questioning period, Marina told the commission that on a night in mid-April 1963, her husband walked into a room with a pistol and announced that he was going to kill Richard Nixon. The former Vice President was to speak in Dallas within the next few days. Marina said she dissuaded her husband. As it turned out, Nixon's appearance was canceled, and he never got to Dallas.

In an interview with the Dallas Morning News, Marina insisted last week that Oswald did not hate President Kennedy or Governor John Connally, whom he wounded, but that "he wanted to be a big shot." And, she added with a tone of regret, she would never have married Oswald if they had met in the U.S. instead of the U.S.S.R.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LAOS

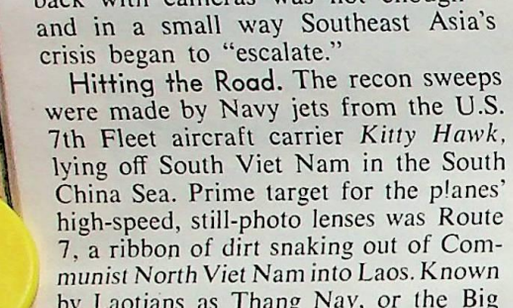
Escalation in the Air

The U.S. last week became involved in a minor but significant air war with the Communists in Laos.

When the Red Pathet Lao overran Laos' embattled Plain of Jars last month, the U.S. replied by sending unarmed jets swooping low over Pathet Lao territory. The purpose was partly to photograph troop movements, partly to demonstrate U.S. resolve to stand firm in the Red-threatened little kingdom. But last week, after Communist gunners shot down two American planes in two days, the U.S. decided that shooting back with cameras was not enough—and in a small way Southeast Asia's crisis began to "escalate."

Hitting the Road. The recon sweeps were made by Navy jets from the U.S. 7th Fleet aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk*, lying off South Viet Nam in the South China Sea. Prime target for the planes' high-speed, still-photo lenses was Route 7, a ribbon of dirt snaking out of Communist North Viet Nam into Laos. Known by Laotians as Thang Nay, or the Big Road, Route 7 has long been used by North Viet Nam's Reds to truck men and guns to the Pathet Lao (up to 400 vehicles a day), in open violation of Laos' neutrality accords. To get close-

U.S. NAVY



U.S. RF-8A RECONNAISSANCE PLANES

ups of the latest influx, the supersonic reconnaissance craft flat-hatted in at virtually treetop level, at slowpoke speeds of perhaps 450 m.p.h., and often from the same predictable angles.

The Communists fired on the jets from the start, and with practice soon found the range. One day at noon, while maneuvering his RF-8A over the vicinity of Ban Ban, a collection of 300 thatch-roofed huts on Route 7, Navy Lieut. Charles F. Klusmann, 30, of San Diego felt ground fire thumping through his craft, ejected himself seconds before the plane tumbled to earth. An American search helicopter out of Vientiane spotted the downed pilot at the edge of a clearing, but it was driven off by Communist fire that wounded the chopper's copilot. The Pathet Lao radio later announced that Klusmann had been taken prisoner.

Punitive Punch. For the first time, Washington then ordered armed jet fighters to escort the recons, but disaster nearly repeated itself. Again over Ban Ban, a Navy F-8A Crusader escort, flown by Commander Doyle W. Lynn, 37, of La Mesa, Calif., was shot down by the Reds. Lynn likewise bailed out, but after a harrowing night in the tiger-inhabited jungle, he was rescued by a U.S. helicopter.

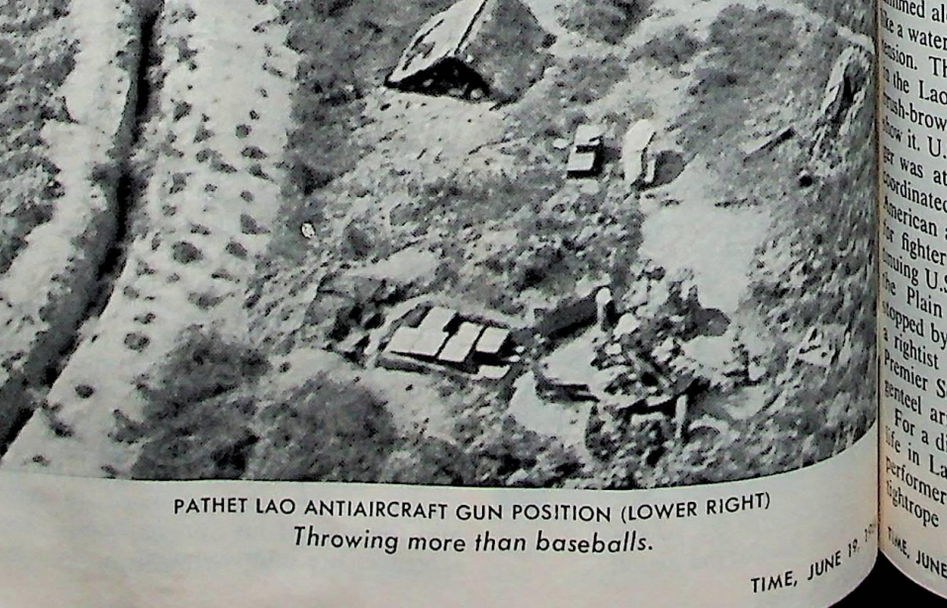
Back in the Pentagon, flustered brass described the Red gunners as lucky, hastened to explain that jets are terribly vulnerable anyway. "Hell," said one Navy man, "a kid standing at the end of the runway with a baseball bat can knock down a jet if he gets the ball into those turbine blades." But the Reds weren't using baseballs. Western military experts guessed that the U.S. planes had been hit by Soviet-designed ZPU-2s—twin, 14.5 mm., heavy ma- guns mounted on an armored ca- operated from a fast-turning swivel U.S. officials suspected that the were operated by North Vietna crews, but the Laotian Reds may have been trained to operate them

In Washington, the Administ- decided on a little more escala- From a base in the Philippines, F-100 U.S. Air Force jet fighter-b- ers took off, headed over the nor- sector of South Viet Nam, then u- up the Laotian corridor. Their mi- to deliver a punitive punch to the- assing antiaircraft guns.

Power Demonstration. The a- ers' arrival around breakfast shortly after sunrise, must have c- as a distinct surprise to the Comm- gunners. Instead of taking evasive tion, as the reconnaissance craft always done, these jets bore d- dropped rockets and bombs, whisked away. Behind, they left a munist antiaircraft emplacement molished in smoking ruins.

The demonstration of U.S. po- brought shocked outcries from Communists. Red Chinese Pre- Chou En-lai warned that "Laos close neighbor of China." Declared min Jih Pao, Peking's Communist P- organ: "The United States will n- with an even more powerful rebuff." Vientiane, Neutralist Premier P- Souvanna Phouma, who had requ- the reconnaissance flights origin- claimed that he had not asked armed jet escorts, called for a "- porary suspension" of all overfli- The U.S. went along for the mom- but announced that it had a "clear- derstanding" with Souvanna that

HUBERT LE CAMPION—REPORTERS A-



PATHET LAO ANTIAIRCRAFT GUN POSITION (LOWER RIGHT)
Throwing more than baseballs.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ghts would be resumed whenever nec-
ssary. After a session with the U.S.
mbassador (*see following story*), Sou-
nna agreed.

At week's end the flights were again
nder way after Souvanna Phouma re-
orted "important movements of Path-
Lao and Viet Minh troops." The
eutralist Premier told a press confer-
nce that the aerial reconnaissance had
oduced some "interesting photos"
owing the presence of North Viet-
mese troops in Laos. One photograph
as a Communist truck convoy en-
ering Laos only a short distance from
the North Viet Nam border.

Call for Aid. The government, mean-
hile, scored a blow of its own. Ac-
ording to Pathet Lao broadcasts, six
U.S.-supplied, converted trainer planes
f the Laotian air force bombed and
trafed the Pathet Lao headquarters
illage of Khang Khay, destroying the
ffices of Pathet Lao Chief Prince Sou-
phanouvong and Red China's "econom-
c and cultural mission," killing one
hinese and injuring five. It was the
rst time that the Chinese Reds had
dmitted having a delegation with the
athet Lao.

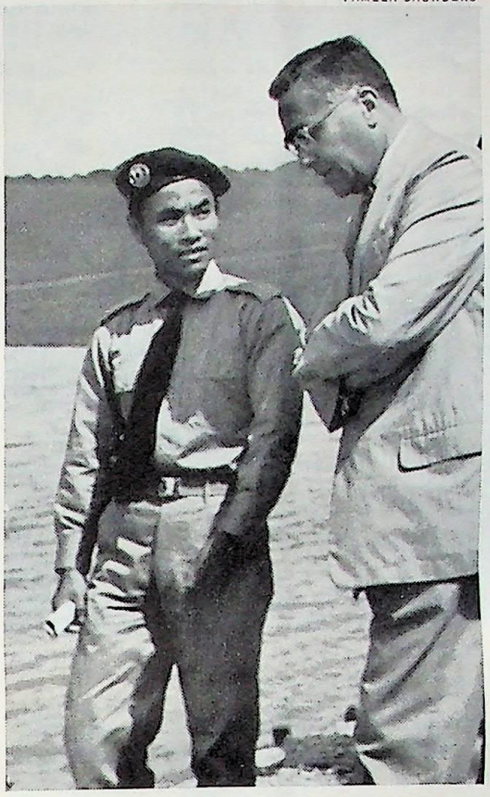
In the Laotian ground war, the Com-
unists renewed their pressure on Neu-
alist positions west of the Plain of
rs. Under the command of game lit-
e General Kong Le, the Neutralists
ought back as best they could. From
s ramshackle, mountainside head-
uarters southwest of the Plain, Kong
e directs an army reduced to some
,000 troops, but has been reinforced
y thousands of anti-Communist Meo
ribesmen who have fled Pathet Lao
reas. Last week, during a visit to Vien-
ane, Kong appealed to the nations of
he non-Communist world to help Laos
emain neutral, urged the U.S. "to help
s more and send more jet bombers
nd fighters to destroy all enemy po-
itions." Not that Souvanna's coalition
overnment is requesting such aid. "We
ave asked the Premier many times for
oreign troops," said Kong Le "but
here was no answer."

The Circus of Dr. Unger

The shiny black Checker limousine
rimmed along Vientiane's pitted streets
ike a water beetle supported by surface
ension. There was plenty of tension
n the Laotian capital, but the burly,
rush-browed man in the car did not
how it. U.S. Ambassador Leonard Un-
er was at his unflappable best as he
oordinated the search for two downed
merican aviators and pressed the case
or fighter escort to accompany con-
nuing U.S. reconnaissance flights over
he Plain of Jars. The ambassador
topped by a cocktail party to talk with
a rightist leader, then dropped in on
Premier Souvanna Phouma for a little
ernteel arm twisting.

For a diplomat who thrives on crisis,
ife in Laos is a circus in which the
performer must star in every act from
ightrope walking to elephant riding.

PAMELA SAUNDERS



KONG LE WITH AMBASSADOR UNGER
Riding more than elephants.

The tightrope is symbolic and means dealing with the tenuous Laotian coalition government. The elephants are real and are usually ridden at every Laotian *boun* (festival). Len Unger finds the *boun* a boon for he is an excellent elephant rider.

Victory & Puck. Through two years of duty in Laos, Unger, 46, has demonstrated what one State Department admirer calls "that uncanny ability to keep several balls in the air at the same time." Born in California, Unger was educated at Harvard (B.A. in geography, 1939), experienced his first diplomatic crisis during the Trieste negotiations of the 1950s, and graduated to Southeast Asia in 1958. In the international cat's cradle of Bangkok he learned not only to speak Thai (which is related linguistically to Lao) but also how to keep cool in a hot climate.

Since 1962 Unger has handled three major and countless minor crises in Laos, ranging from the assassination of Foreign Minister Quinim Pholsena through bullet-spanging dustups between rightists and Pathet Lao forces. At the same time, he has managed to play endless rubbers of bridge with Prince Souvanna, and tries to get in half a dozen sets of hard-slamming tennis a month. When trouble appears, Unger as likely as not will send his children out riding along the banks of the Mekong River on their Laotian ponies, Victory and Puck, to show family calmness. He accepts the topsy-turvy Asian world with wry good humor. "Any time you're really in trouble here," he says, "the telephones don't work."

Cards on the Table. By that standard, the bells cannot have been ringing in Laos last week. "It's been a very rough spell," Unger said during one of his rare breaks. "It's not good enough to sit here and try to put out fires from day to day. I wish we had more time for constructive thinking for the long run." As he explained the current crisis: "The Pathet Lao attacks in the Plain of Jars represent a flagrant land grab. We don't intend to see the whole country gobbled up."

Beneath his affability, Unger is a hard operator. When Premier Souvanna Phouma last week balked at allowing U.S. fighters to accompany reconnaissance flights, Unger called on his old bridge partner. Just what cards he used were not revealed, but one rumor had it that Unger warned Souvanna to either accept the armed escorts or get set for more drastic U.S. intervention. By week's end, Souvanna seemed once again to be seeing eye to eye with Unger.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Pause in the War

The big question in South Viet Nam was: "Whatever happened to the war?" Communist terror against civilians continued. But in military operations, it was the sixth consecutive week of only scattered and brief engagements, which the Viet Cong broke off with surprising readiness. One explanation: the guerrilla commanders, concerned by threats of stepped-up U.S. intervention, had ordered a temporary slowdown. Besides, it was the rice-planting season in the Mekong Delta, and many a part-time guerrilla was needed at home.

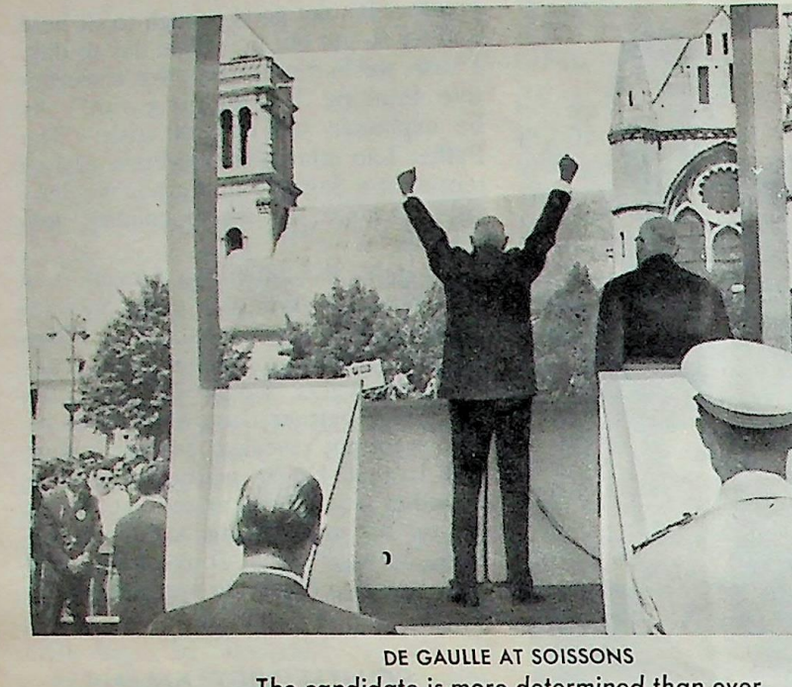
In Saigon, Premier General Nguyen Khanh addressed 70 leaders of South Viet Nam's multitudinous, microscopic political parties (31 at last count), pleaded with them to close ranks behind his government. Of continuing concern were relations between the country's wary Buddhists and Catholics. Last week 25,000 Catholics staged a unity march in Saigon, which was orderly except for a militant minority that carried banners urging U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge to GO HOME. Many Catholics believe that Lodge was instrumental in the U.S. decision to curtail aid to Catholic President Ngo Dinh Diem prior to Diem's overthrow and murder. However, others in the crowd tore down the anti-Lodge signs.

Later, 2,000 Buddhists marched to a Saigon pagoda to mark the anniversary of the immolation of Thich Quang Duc, the aged monk who was the first to burn himself alive in last summer's wave of anti-Diem Buddhist sacrifices. Hours before the service, a towering statue of Buddha on the banks of the Saigon River suddenly blazed up in flames. Within minutes, an awed crowd had gathered, murmuring that surely a miracle had occurred to commemorate Thich Quang Duc's sacrifice. As it turned out, however, the statue was made of highly inflammable plastic and had been accidentally ignited by a worker's acetylene torch.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PARIS-MATCH



DE GAULLE AT SOISSONS
The candidate is more determined than ever.

FRANCE

So That Tomorrow Will Be like Today

Charles de Gaulle has toured his country 21 times since 1959, and as a result Frenchmen everywhere have grown accustomed to the towering figure mingling with crowds. But last week, as he set off on his latest trip, a junket through Picardy, there was an unusual air of curiosity: at 73, and recently out of the hospital after a prostate operation, how would De Gaulle stand up to four days of speeches and handshaking?

Perhaps as one concession to his convalescence, he did not travel in his usual speedy Citroën limousine; instead, he decided on a two-car diesel train, which could move him in greater comfort to the rural reaches of France's north. At his first scheduled stop, Soissons, a mighty cheer went up as he stepped before the throng at the Hôtel de Ville. He knew as well as they that the Picardy farmers had been protesting angrily against low agricultural prices, so he permitted himself a moment of what for him was considerable levity. Apologizing for having canceled an earlier trip to the region because of his illness, De Gaulle smiled: "You know that some said I did not come at that time because I was afraid of you! As has become evident since then, it was not at all for that reason."

What was also quickly evident as De Gaulle proceeded through the towns and villages was that his skill and spirit were hardly diminished by either age or illness. He plunged happily into thickets of outstretched hands, ignoring the blazing June sun to deliver elegant little speeches, without notes and without hesitation. Caught in a rainstorm at Beauvais, De Gaulle stood through the Mayor's long speech without hat or raincoat as streams of water ran down his grey suit. Did this mean that De Gaulle would be able to go ahead with his ambitious ten-nation swing through Latin America next fall? His doctors and other aides were watching, ready to recommend a drastic cut in the itinerary—or even cancellation—at the slightest sign of flagging strength.

For the audiences of Picardy, a greater question was whether his illness would force De Gaulle out of the 1965 presidential race. To that question, he gave a relatively direct answer: "I am more determined than ever to serve my country to the extent that I can, so that things will remain tomorrow as they are today." As his trip through Picardy ended, it seemed clear that this was just what an overwhelming majority of Frenchmen wanted too.

Un Bonjour de L'Etrangleur

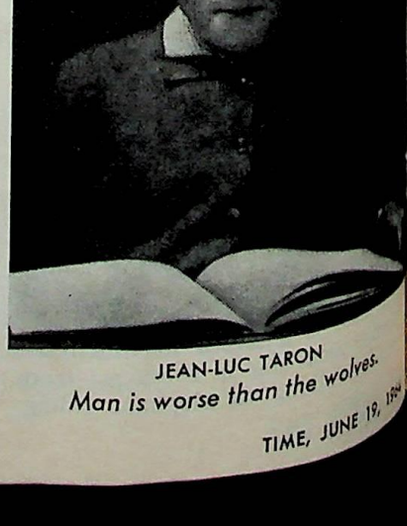
A man and a boy stood deep within the Bois de Verrières just south of Paris. Above the boy's head, a giant oak reared away into the predawn darkness. "Tell me," he asked the man, "are there wolves here?" The man placed a reassuring hand on the nape of the boy's neck. "No, my little Luc, there are no wolves." Slowly the man's hand tightened . . .

The body of Jean-Luc Taron, aged 11, was found face down beneath the oak tree at 5:30 on the morning of May 27. The back of the neck was severely bruised, and the boy's nostrils were filled with loam, indicating that the murderer had used the soft forest floor for two purposes: to smother the cries of his victim, and to bring about death by suffocation.

To Chief Inspector Jean Samson of Paris' First Mobile Brigade, it appeared to be one of those senseless, psychotic murders committed by a madman who quickly gives himself away or else fades into the anonymity of the city and is never caught. But within a day of Jean-Luc Taron's murder, the case took a bizarre turn, and before the week was out Paris had been half-hypnotized with horror. For Jean-Luc's killer was a brazen publicity seeker, who taunted the cops and the newspapers with a ba... of telephone calls, special-delivery ... ters and threats of another child m... unless he was immediately paid $... 000 in advance ransom.

Developing Image. To convince ... Inspector Samson that he was in... *l'étrangleur* (the strangler), the ... nal filled his various messages wit... tails that only the murderer could ... known. Jean-Luc had told him... killer reported, how he had run ... from home after lifting 15 francs ... his mother's purse. He was tired of ... his homework (his last assignme... conjugate the verb *rire*, to laugh) ... when he left his parents' house on ... middle-class Rue de Naples, he ... wearing a tan corduroy jacket an... rying a Bugs Bunny comic book ... had a spot of mercurochrome o... leg ("I can no longer remember wh... the killer apologized in a phone c... Agence France-Presse). The boy's ... et, added the strangler, could be fo... along highway N-306 "just before ... tillon going toward Paris." (It was.) ... most convincing touch was the dial... concerning Jean-Luc's fear of wo... Said Jean-Luc's businessman fa... "Each time my boy entered a w... he asked that question."

Doling out "exclusives" to the P... newspapers, the killer evidently ... pleasure in watching his image deve... He modestly acknowledged the descr... tion that handwriting experts had ... up from his messages: "I do come fr... a well-educated background (my fa... was a high civil servant), and I do ... lack intelligence." To Paris-Presse ... sent a sketch of the murder scene ... showed the killer ("me") and the ... ("him") in the exact positions Insp... tor Samson had calculated. An accom... panying note said: "Expect another d... matic development." It came when ... grey-haired man in his 40s, dressed as ... worker, handed Jean-Luc's Bugs Bunn... comic book to a ticket puncher in ...



JEAN-LUC TARON
Man is worse than the wolves.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...e de Clignancourt Métro station, ...jumped on a train and disappeared. **Ransom or Death.** With every passing ...the strangler gave Inspector Sam... ...a few more clues. Soon hundreds ...cops were checking the route taken ...the killer after he picked up Jean... ...near his home, hoping to find eye... ...esses. Other investigators searched ...15th arrondissement, where the kill... ...said he lived, and stopped drivers of ...seven DS 19s, which the killer said ...drove. Meanwhile, Jean-Luc's father ...canned photographs taken at the boy's ...funeral, which the killer said he had ...attended ("but I wasn't crazy enough ...to show myself"). By week's end—fully ...10 days, 26 messages and 13 phone calls ...after the murder—the killer was still at ...large. The press blamed police for being ...unable to follow up the many clues, im... ...patiently demanded an arrest.

And the messages continued to pour ...in. "It is because I need money that I ...killed without pity, and I will kill again. ...Now I am waiting for the opportunity ...to snatch my next little child and to re... ...ceive the ransom money. Afterward, ...you will no longer hear about me. Re... ...member: ransom or death. *Un bonjour* ...*l'étrangleur* [Good day from the ...strangler]."

SOUTH AFRICA

Avoiding Martyrdom

To some South Africans it seemed ...that world opinion had finally taken ...effect on their nation's stubborn racist ...policies. Eight men accused of member... ...ship in the revolutionary *Umkonto we ...Sizwe* (Spear of the Nation) group had ...been convicted of sabotage, a crime ...that carries the death penalty. But last ...week the eight—six black, one white ...and an Indian—were sentenced to life ...imprisonment. Another white defend... ...ant was acquitted but immediately re... ...arrested on other charges.

Black leaders elsewhere in Africa de... ...nounced the life sentences as inhuman, ...but the fact remains that the outcome ...could have been worse. The defendants, ...while pleading their "moral" innocence, ...admitted a great many of the charges; ...nine other South Africans, tried in a ...similar case last year, had been sen... ...tenced to death. But this time the gov... ...ernment evidently decided that death ...sentences would have created super... ...martyrs who, from the grave, could ...have rallied South Africa's often dis... ...pointed blacks and coloreds as well as ...many white liberals.

Bombs for Christmas. Foremost among the convicted Spearmen were Nelson Mandela, 45, the "Black Pim... ...pernel," who led South Africa's Special Branch cops a merry chase before his capture two years ago, and Walter Sisu... ...lu, 52, bearded official of the banned African National Congress. For more than nine months, a stream of 186 wit... ...nesses passed through Pretoria's red brick Palace of Justice, documenting in 2,550,000 words of testimony the government's charges that Umkonto had planned a systematic, 18-month campaign of sabotage aimed at undermining *apartheid*.

When cops descended eleven months ago on Umkonto's "headquarters," an isolated farm at Rivonia north of Johannesburg, they found 106 maps of selected sabotage targets—among them police and power stations, post offices, homes of African officials. One prosecution witness who claimed to be an Umkonto defector said he had blown up power-line pylons in Natal and government offices in Durban, sent bombs wrapped as Christmas presents to government officials (none apparently exploded). Wary of its world image, Umkonto was careful to order its saboteurs not to kill, in fact forbade them even to carry arms.

Operation Comeback. State Prosecutor Percy Yutar, working from a captured 19-page document titled "Operation Comeback," charged that the defendants had mapped detailed plans for a Communist-backed "war of liberation" modeled on guerrilla campaigns in China, Cuba and Algeria, to be followed by an air and sea invasion of African shock troops trained in closely guarded camps near Dar es Salaam, Addis Ababa, Cairo and Algiers. He also tried to prove that Umkonto was the "military arm" of the supposedly nonviolent African National Congress.

ERNEST SHIRLEY

"BLACK PIMPERNEL" MANDELA
The struggle is bigger than the law.

Though the defense readily admitted that Umkonto had accepted Communist as well as other outside aid and did not deny the charges of sabotage, Mandela and Sisulu adamantly insisted that Umkonto had no tie-in with the A.N.C. They argued that the Spear had been honed only when black South Africans concluded that peaceful means of achieving equality had failed. "The whites chose to turn South Africa into an armed camp," said Sisulu. "I do not see how I could have done otherwise than I did. It is inevitable that in any civil war fought in this country, victory will go to the oppressed."

Black, Not Red. Umkonto Leader Mandela, once a celebrated Johannesburg boxer, admitted planning sabotage but insisted that he acted as a black, not a Red. His inspiration, he argued, had come not from Moscow or Peking but from the Zulu and Xhosa chieftains who fought long and skillfully against the technologically superior Boers a century ago. "This," he said in a dramatic peroration from the dock, "is the struggle of the African people, inspired by their own suffering and experience. It is a struggle for the right to live. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society, in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunity. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and achieve. But, if needs be, my Lord, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die."

Now he will have to live for it in jail. After the sentencing, a crowd held in check by police dogs and armed cops gathered outside the Palace of Justice to watch the prisoners being led away. Two Black Marias purred through the square, then accelerated swiftly toward Pretoria Central Jail. From there, the black and "colored" prisoners would be ferried to Robben Island, a former leper colony off the Cape of Good Hope, while the white man would stay in a white prison. As the trucks pulled away, white, black and brown arms flashed briefly behind the bars in the clench-fisted salute of the African National Congress. From the crowd came a ragged cry: "*Amandla nga Weto* [Strength is ours]."

SWEDEN

The Idealist

During his 15-year career as a Soviet spy, Swedish Air Force Colonel Stig Wennerström sold the Russians some 160 of his nation's top defense secrets. The suavely handsome aviator, who held the secret rank of major general in the Red army, also spied on NATO, and during a five-year stint (1952-57) as an air attaché in Washington handed his bosses information on the Polaris submarine, the Strategic Air Command, and U.S. nuclear weapons, which he was abie to inspect on the assembly lines. Since his arrest a year ago, Wennerström, now 57, has admitted most of the charges against him, but claimed to be an "idealist" whose only motive was "to preserve the peace and power balance of the world."

Last week, in Department Eight of Stockholm Magistrate's court, Wennerström was convicted on three counts of "gross espionage." He was stripped of his rank—his Swedish colonelcy, that is—ordered to pay the state $98,000 of some $200,000 that he received for his

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

espionage work, and sentenced to life imprisonment. In Sweden this means that he will technically be eligible for parole in ten years. The full details of his career may never be known. The government allowed only 900 pages of the 3,700-page trial transcript to be published; nearly half of the court's 190-page judgment, also, was classified. If it contained any information that the Russians did not already have, it was through no fault of Stig Wennerström.

COMMUNISTS

The Reluctant Satraps

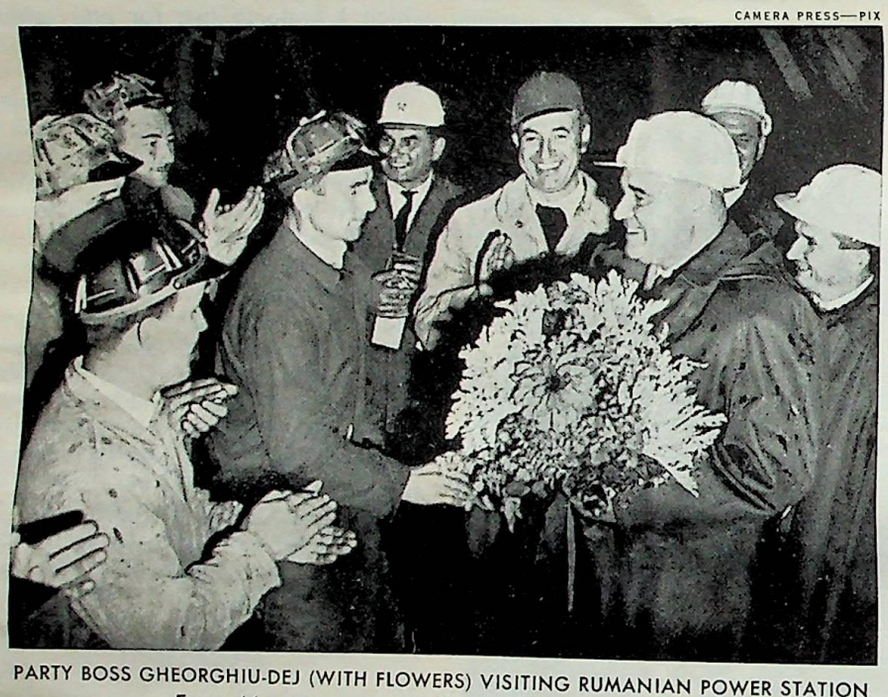
The word satellite is still the way to describe Eastern Europe's Communist states—but just barely. With ill-concealed pleasure, they are asserting their growing independence from Moscow. Back from Bucharest, Patrick Gordon Walker, the British Labor Party's foreign affairs expert, says: "In Eastern Europe at the moment, Khrushchev has about six De Gaulles on his hands."

Right now, Rumania is being the most "Gaullist" in its efforts to set a national course of its own. After signing a trade agreement with the U.S., Bucharest sent representatives to Geneva last week, inquiring about the possibility of membership not only in the West-sponsored GATT trade organization but in Washington's World Bank and International Monetary Fund as well. Reportedly the Hungarians and Bulgarians put out similar feelers. In Geneva, two Rumanian envoys made contact with Common Market bureaucrats, but dropped a scheduled "working lunch" when word leaked out prematurely.

Raw Provider. While Bucharest is changing Russian street names, dropping the Russian language as a compulsory subject in schools and closing the city's Russian bookstores, Rumanians and Soviet ideologues exchange insults. When Radio Moscow called Rumania "intentionally perverse" in its new economic relations with non-Communist countries, Radio Bucharest replied acidly: "Is it necessary for a country to stop developing its own resources in order to get a certificate of good behavior in the socialist camp?"

Behind the quarrel lies Russia's conception of Rumania's role in COMECON, which in 1960 prescribed a division of tasks among Eastern Europe's Communist nations that would have left East Germany and Czechoslovakia as the chief industrial producers of Eastern Europe's Communist world. Under this plan, Rumania, with its oil and farm produce, would have remained largely a provider of raw materials. Rumanian Communist Boss Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, wanting industries of his own, said no to Nikita. Looking outside the Soviet bloc, he proceeded to purchase iron ore from India and turned to an Anglo-French consortium for a $40 million steel-rolling mill plant at Galati, in the heart of Rumania's budding industrial region. Soon Rumania's trade with the West rose from 15% to 40%. Now there are signs that, in order not to leave the field entirely to the West, Moscow is finally ready to send the Rumanians some heavy machinery too.

CAMERA PRESS—PIX



PARTY BOSS GHEORGHIU-DEJ (WITH FLOWERS) VISITING RUMANIAN POWER STATION

From Moscow, no certificate of good behavior.

A Turn to Tito. What Khrushchev really wants from the Rumanians and the other "fraternal countries" is a mammoth conference in Moscow next fall to demonstrate Communist loyalty to the Soviet Union and denounce Peking. The satellites resist this because they fear, probably with reason, that if Khrushchev can clearly establish his mastery over Peking, he will then try to re-establish his mastery over Eastern Europe. In this dilemma, Moscow last week turned, ironically, to Yugoslavia's Tito, the man who by his defiance of Stalin in 1948 made himself the very symbol of "national Communism." Tito knew that only some 50 of the possible 90 major Communist parties in the world were willing to follow the Moscow line against China. Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Hungary might go along with the idea of a conference, but would hardly support a dramatic expulsion of China from the Communist ranks.

Coolly, Tito sat down with Khrushchev, and then agreed to a communiqué that spoke of "friendship," "unidiality," even of "monolithic unity" among Communists. He probably promised to seek support for Moscow among the Communist parties in nonaligned lands of Africa and Asia. There was no sign that Tito was ready to help curb the satraps' growing independence from Muscovy, whose rule in Eastern Europe remains of course predominant but is never likely to be quite the same again.

A Sop for Walter

Adhesive to Moscow through thick and thin is East Germany's Walter Ulbricht, who has waited all these years for a peace treaty that would persuade him to order the U.S., Britain and France out of West Berlin. The persuasion never came, because Khrushchev was confronted by the West's readiness to fight for its rights in Berlin. How to keep Walter reasonably happy? After a round of "fraternal meetings" with Ulbricht in Moscow last week, the answer came with announcement of a 20-year "friendship pact" between East Germany and the Soviet Union. The document pledged mutual assistance in case of aggression and spoke vaguely of West Berlin as "an independent political unit" but specifically upheld the Potsdam Treaty, which had established the Western presence in Berlin. To avoid any misunderstanding, Moscow has made it clear to Washington that the new treaty did not affect the West's position—and was therefore meaningless.

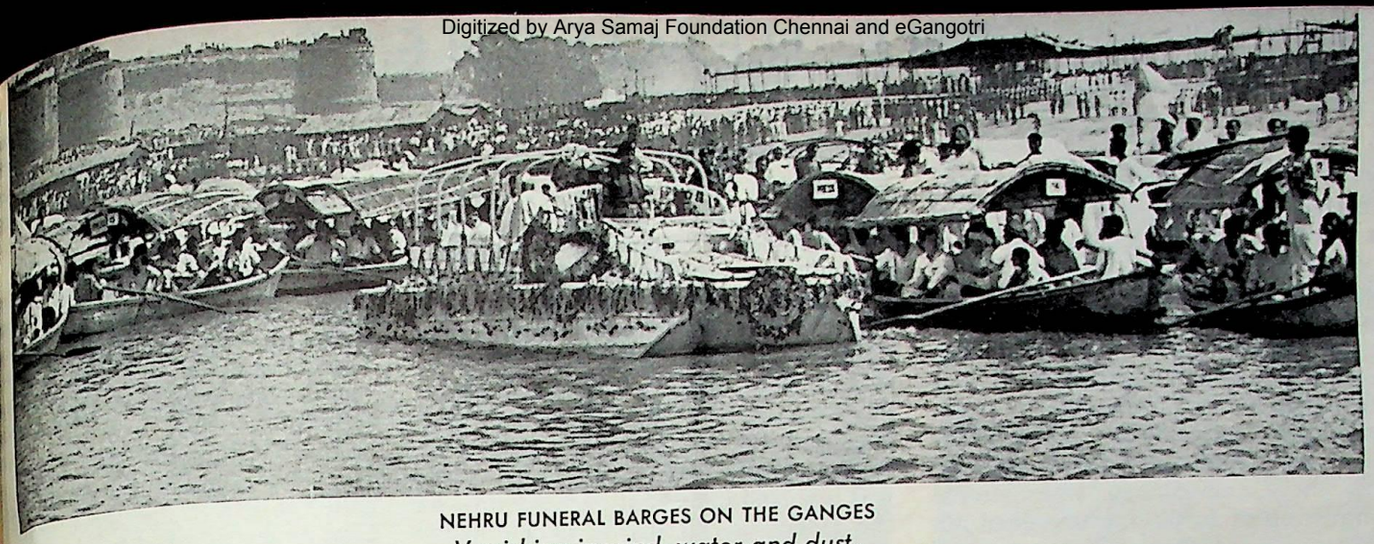
CYPRUS

Knocking Heads Together

Plucked from a conference table in Geneva, U.S. Under Secretary of State George Ball last week flew to Athens and Ankara as a special envoy of President Johnson. His job: to damp down the latest Cyprus crisis caused by the sudden massing of Turkish troops at the seaport of Iskenderun.

In Athens, Ball conferred with Greece's Premier George Papandreou, then jetted on to Ankara where Turkey's Premier Ismet Inönü was already in receipt of a blunt message from President Johnson asking him to cancel at once any decision to land Turkish troops on Cyprus. Ball warned both leaders that the U.S. is tired of having to prevent local wars at the last minute. The knocking of heads together had a surprisingly pacific result. At week's end, Inönü accepted an invitation to come to Washington next week for talks with Johnson, and Papandreou is expected to follow suit before the month is out.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



NEHRU FUNERAL BARGES ON THE GANGES
Vanishing in wind, water and dust.

INDIA

Close to the Soil

Although he had already succeeded to the leadership of India, Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri could not begin to govern until all that was mortal of Jawaharlal Nehru vanished in the wind, water and soil of India.

Leaving Delhi last week, a special train crawled slowly through a yellow pall of summer dust. In one coach, draped with red roses, jasmine and heaped with red roses, jasmine and white lotus blooms, stood a large silver-and-copper urn holding Nehru's ashes.* Approaching Allahabad, Nehru's home town, late that night, the urn was carried in procession through the predawn coolness to the riverbank and loaded aboard a white-painted amphibious truck." The boat moved out to a spot where the muddy brown current of the sacred Ganges is joined by the green water of the Jumna River. Airplanes circled overhead, and one dived down to shower rose petals. Small craft crowded close as Nehru's tall, handsome grandsons, Rajiv and Sanjay Gandhi, lifted the urn. Thousands waded into the river in a frenzy of mourning—one luckless woman ventured too far, was swept away and drowned.

As the boys emptied the wide-mouthed urn over the water, a single cannon boomed a farewell salute, the military band fell silent, and the vast crowd roared, "*Nehru amar hai!* [Nehru is immortal]." The remainder of the ashes were scattered all over India, from the beautiful green Vale of Kashmir, which Nehru loved, to the cotton fields around Ahmadnagar Fort, where he had been imprisoned by the British. It was now clear that Nehru had known for months that he lived close to death. On a scratch pad on his desk, Nehru had neatly written the elegiac lines of Robert Frost:

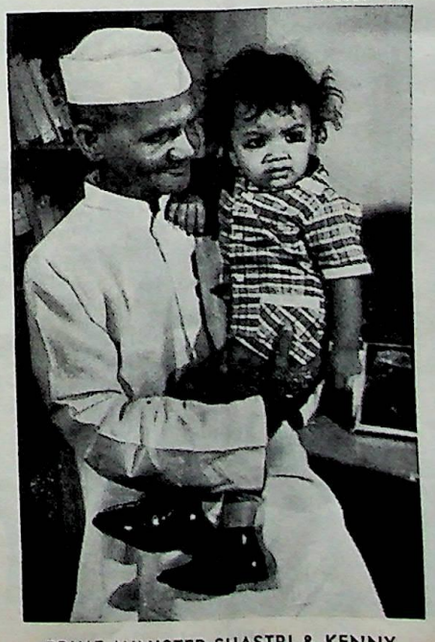
The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

* This urn was filled with charred pieces identified as bone, while seven smaller urns contained all other ashes, those of Nehru's body as well as the wooden funeral pyre.

Vigorous Turn. With Nehru gone, the gaze of India and the world turned to his successor. Flying back to New Delhi from Allahabad, Shastri was officially installed as Prime Minister and turned vigorously to the tasks before him. A conciliator by nature, he hoped to bring his principal rival, Morarji Desai, into his new Cabinet. Spare, ascetic ex-Finance Minister Desai demanded that he be given a post that would, in effect, make him deputy prime minister and No. 2 man in India. When Shastri countered with the offer of the No. 3 position in the Cabinet, just under that of veteran Home Minister Gulzari Lal Nanda, Desai bitterly refused because he felt "it is not consistent with my self-respect."

Almost all posts in the somewhat lackluster Cabinet were filled by holdovers from Nehru's day, including such familiar leaders as Defense Minister Y. B. Chavan and Railways Minister S. K. Patil. The most important newcomer is Nehru's gifted daughter, Indira Gandhi, who became Minister of Information, may later be promoted to Foreign Minister. That post, as well as the Ministry of Atomic Energy, Shastri kept for himself for the time being.

BALDEV—PIX



PRIME MINISTER SHASTRI & KENNY
Recalling Gandhi.

The first Cabinet meeting centered on Shastri's most pressing problem, India's soaring food prices, which have risen 8.5% in the past year. Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari warned that the government may have to enter the food-distributing business, and Shastri is known to be considering the imposition of price controls.

Deep Offense. In his first nationwide broadcast, the new Prime Minister promised to overhaul the nation's creaky, corrupt bureaucracy. While reaffirming Nehru's policy of nonalignment, Shastri pointedly quoted only one foreign leader, Lyndon Johnson, who had said that the world's best tribute to Nehru would be peace. Shastri held out a warm hand of friendship to neighboring Pakistan, regretting that the two countries have been so long at odds over Kashmir, and praised Pakistan's recent peace proposals as showing "wisdom and understanding." As for Red China, Shastri declared that Peking "has wronged us and deeply offended our government and people," but he also expressed a vague hope for negotiation.

As Prime Minister, Shastri will continue to live in his small bungalow at 1 Motilal Nehru Place (a street named for Nehru's father), although living quarters for his family and his many relatives will be expanded by taking over a bungalow next door. Nehru's white-walled residence will probably become a museum. Shastri was garlanded by visitors on his wide lawn and posed for pictures with his grandson Kenny, riding on his shoulders. The child had been called Kennedy from birth in honor of the late U.S. President, but after the Dallas assassination the family decided it would be more decorous to give him the nickname of Kenny.

Despite all of India's gigantic problems, Shastri seems to be off to a fair start. His opponents in the Congress Party, ranging from Morarji Desai on the right to Krishna Menon on the left, are likely to give him several months' grace before they start rocking the boat. And after 17 years of Nehru's aristocratic rule, the mass of the Indian people appear to regard Shastri as representing a return to the homey, close-to-the-soil leadership of Gandhi.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PANAMA

Verdict: The U.S. Was Not Guilty

In the wake of the Canal Zone riots last January, Panama accused the U.S. of violating the U.N.'s Universal Declaration of Human Rights. This violation, Panama charged, was committed by the U.S. Army when it fired "on the defenseless Panamanian population" and denied Panamanians "the right of freedom of peaceful assembly and association." The Panamanian government asked the Geneva-based International Commission of Jurists, an unofficial but highly respected group of international lawyers, to investigate the case.

Last week the I.C.J. made its report. Verdict: not guilty. The U.S. violated no one's "human rights." Indeed, the Panamanians themselves, whatever their legitimate grievances, were considerably to blame for the four days of violence in which 26 were killed, 400 injured.

Careful Preparation. A three-man committee—Professor A. D. Belinfante of Holland's Amsterdam University, Judge Gustaf Petrén of Sweden, and Navroz Vakil, a Bombay attorney—spent 14 days in Panama last March and conducted 100 hours of hearings.

The committee found that the flag-raising march on Balboa High School by some 200 Panamanian students "appears to have been very carefully prepared and not a spontaneous movement," that Panama's President Roberto F. Chiari may well have known about it in advance and that, in any event, the Panamanian government did absolutely nothing to stop the subsequent rioting. For four days, from Jan. 9 to 13, said the committee, Panama's peace-keeping National Guard was curiously disarmed and "purposely kept away" from the trouble spots. Said the committee: "There was no evidence before us that any attempts were made by the authorities of the Panamanian Republic to assuage, calm or otherwise control the crowds."

Long, Hot Wait. As for the U.S., American students at Balboa acted badly, and Canal Zone police were less than gentle with the crowds in the early stages. Nevertheless, U.S. G.I.s withstood heavy gunfire along the border of Panama City for one hour before firing back, first with shotguns, then with rifles. In Cristobal, at the other end of the canal, U.S. troops were under fire for nearly two days before retaliating—with shotguns only. "By then, three U.S. soldiers had been killed and twelve had been wounded."

Concluded the committee: "The tempo and violence of the disturbances were such that there is little doubt that they held out a real threat to life and security, which could only be met by strong measures. In these circumstances, Zone authorities and U.S. military forces were entitled to use force."

Another Payoff

The polls closed more than a month ago, but Panama's politicians are still paying off election debts. And for some the only way is bullets and blood.

Four weeks ago, Aquilino Boyd, Panama's fire-breathing Ambassador to the U.N. who doubles as a federal Deputy, shot and wounded a newspaper editor in revenge for an uncomplimentary story about his re-election attempt. Last week another prominent Panamanian was involved in a shooting vendetta—on the receiving end. Lying in a Panama City hospital with severe bullet wounds was Roberto ("Tito") Arias, 45, moneyed husband of British Ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn, nephew of just-defeated presidential candidate Arnulfo Arias, and proud possessor of a long and varied career in his own right.

Bag & Gun. After marrying Dame Margot in 1955, Tito twice served (1955-58, 1960-62) as Panama's Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. But it was what he did during his undiplomatic moments that made him interesting. Five years ago, angry at the then President, he launched a low-comedy invasion of Panama with seven men and a couple of boatfuls of arms. The invasion failed, of course; Dame Margot, who was along for the ride, was expelled from the country, while Tito scampered into the Brazilian embassy until the storm blew over. Since then, he has been linked with various gun-running efforts and last year, still another caper—alleged whisky smuggling—landed him in a Panama jail for three days until charges were dropped.

All that ancient history didn't bother the voters, who overwhelmingly elected Tito to the National Assembly last month. Running with him as an alternate Deputy was one Alfredo Jim[énez], 33, an old crony who campaigned ergetically for both Tito and Ar[nulfo]. In return, he fully expected to be c[alled] from the elected alternates to sit Tito whenever he is away. Since often, Jiménez was counting on e[arning] a near full-scale $12,000 annuall[y]. Tito chose someone else as his alt[ernate], and Jiménez was left holding the and a gun.

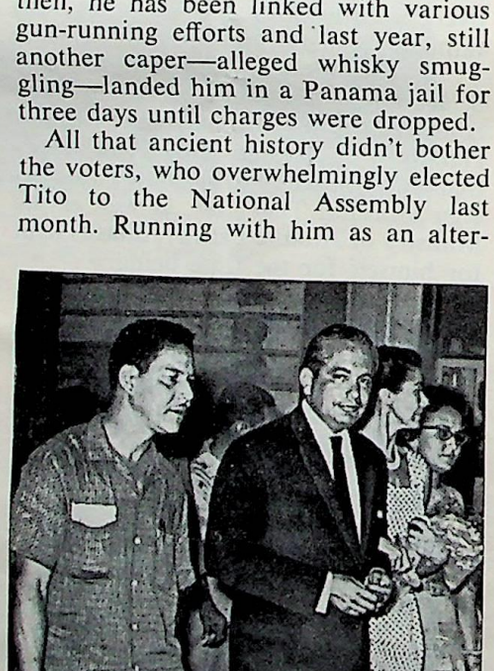
At a Traffic Light. One day last as Tito's chauffeur-driven lim[ousine] halted for a traffic light in P[anama] City, Jiménez leaped from a near[by] crying, "I won't let you doub[le] me!" Jiménez then pumped fo[ur] lets into Arias' neck, right shoulde[r] right side.

Rushed to a hospital, Arias [was] went two lengthy operations. [Dame] Margot went on with her show in [Eng]land, took the curtain calls and [then] flew to Panama. At week's end, do[ctors] were hopeful of saving Tito's life [but] one bullet may have damaged his s[pinal] cord, possibly paralyzing him from neck down. And Jiménez? The [far-]reaching frustrated police is that [he's] hiding out in the home of another [pol]itical pal, one who has legislative im[mu]nity, and is thus quite beyond their re[ach].

BRAZIL

Crossing Out the Ex

"The President of the Republic, [un]der the authority bestowed upon [him] by Article 10 of the Institutional [Act] resolves to cancel the legislative m[an]date and suspend for ten years the [po]litical rights of Senhor Juscelino [Kub]itschek de Oliveira." With that [terse] statement, the new government of Br[a]zil last week ostracized the count[ry's] former President on grounds of corr[up]tion and Communist-coddling. The g[ov]ernment accused Kubitschek of a w[ide] variety of offenses—land manipulati[on]



JIMÉNEZ & ARIAS IN BETTER TIMES

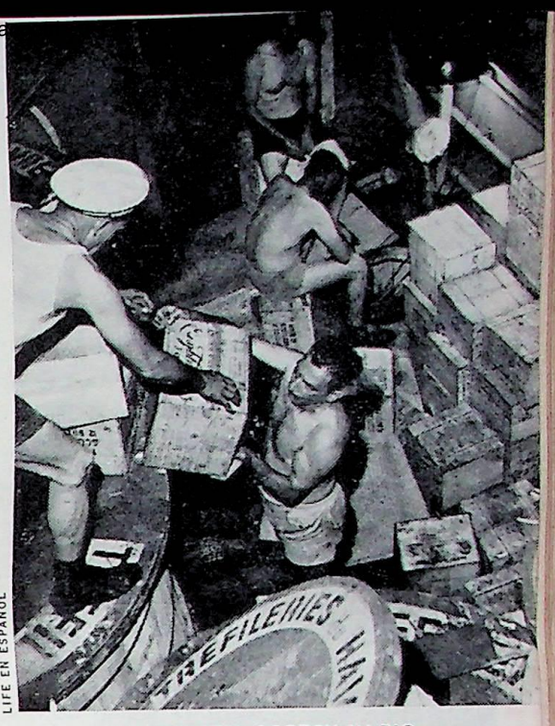
ARIAS AFTER THE SHOOTING

After the caper, a doublecross.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGa

LA PRENSA

SMUGGLERS' CAR-ASSEMBLY PLANT IN ARGENTINA
Where there's a will, there's a wile.


LIFE EN ESPANOL

CONFISCATED SCOTCH IN RIO

cepting kickbacks from contractors, king deals with the Reds for political port. So long as the suspension lds, Kubitschek may not run for sident or any other office, hold a gov- rnment job, or even vote.

Within an hour of the announcement, ndreds of people jammed the street side Kubitschek's beach-front apart- nt in Rio. "He'll return! He'll re- rn!" they chanted. In Kubitschek's partment, supporters hoisted the ex- sident to their shoulders and carried m to the window. Fans and foes alike lied to Kubitschek's side. "Abusive, nstrous and violent measure," said eraclito Sobral Pinto, president of the razilian Bar Association and longtime tic of Kubitschek. "The real loser," id Archbishop Dom Helder Câmara, as not Kubitschek but Brazil."

Kubitschek's PSD party immediately ithdrew its support from the govern- ent majority bloc in Congress, reduc- g the bloc to a minority with only e-third of the votes. The govern- ent's extreme action also drove the SD back into its old alliance with the abor Party of deposed President João oulart. Through it all, the revolu- ionary government of Humberto Cas- llo Branco stood its ground, stolidly ent ahead with still another "purge" st that may run to 500 names.

TRADE & COMMERCE

The Great Leveler

"This evil thing," said a harassed Ar- entine official, "is like a huge centi- ede, a giant having 100 heads and housands of feet, favored by the vast xtent of our frontiers, by haphazard egislation piled up over the years, by a ack of definite means of combatting it." Communism? Not this time. The official was bemoaning a corrupting force that antedates even Marx—the legion of Latin American smugglers who, to the policeman's dismay and consumer's de- ight, control some 20% of Latin Amer- ica's import trade.

In Buenos Aires last week, customs officials were auctioning off a $100 mil- lion hoard of contraband—1,500 cars, mountains of nylons, radios and TV sets —confiscated over the last few years. It was only the merest drop in a very deep bucket. By conservative estimate, Argentine smugglers will do a $300 million business this year, while their counterparts in Brazil will gross an even handsomer $400 million. Total sales for all Latin America are well over $1 billion annually.

Camels with the *Corvina*. Latin Americans may differ on politics, on soccer stars, on blondes *v.* brunettes. But smuggling is the great leveler and common denominator. Domestic industries cannot supply the varied needs of the developing countries, and protective governments aggravate the shortages by slapping prohibitive tariffs on imports. The official purpose seems noble: to help fight inflation, make domestic goods more competitive, and generally steer economies along tried and proven channels. In the Dominican Republic duties average 70% of value; in Colombia they run up to 150% on some items, while Argentina charges 200% on such treasured goods as steak sauce, toys and perfume.

So almost everybody smuggles, from big-time professionals to the lowly fisherman who returns with a case or two of cigarettes along with his *corvina*. Last month customs men in Buenos Aires decided to have a look at a returning Argentine courier's suspiciously bulky duffel bag, all duly marked and sealed as a "diplomatic pouch." It contained 124 blue mink pelts. And then there is the army of "ant smugglers," the ordinary travelers who sneak everything from gems to Japanese cameras across the porous borders in their bulging luggage.

In Brazil, where smugglers bring in an estimated 250,000 transistor radios each year, one Japanese model that retails legally for $46 costs $7.50 at your friendly smuggler's outlet. Guatemalans smuggle almost anything made in Mexico; Costa Rica's national lottery is pretty unexciting, so Costa Ricans slip in big wads of tickets from Panama, where the payoff is bigger. In Chile Camay soap rates high, since local brands are sudsless—and expensive. Scotch whisky is a durable favorite everywhere. (Enterprising Argentine distillers now produce under license a domestic brand labeled "Old Smuggler," but it cannot quite pass the hangover test, and customers still prefer the imported stuff.) U.S. autos bring a 300% markup on the legal market in Argentina, and there is a thriving undercover import business in crates marked "agricultural equipment." An even more sophisticated wrinkle is smuggling airplanes: near the seaside resort of Mar del Plata, Argentine police are currently investigating a shipment of planes—53 contraband Cessnas and Pipers—smuggled in piece by piece. At a rough estimate, the haul would have been worth $1,000,000 to the smugglers.

Diamonds in Chocolate Bars. By ground, sea and air—they come. The Chilean navy recently fought a noisy battle with the crew of a freighter loaded with a contraband cargo of cigarettes, whisky and, of course, soap. In Venezuela police found themselves confiscating the same launch three times—the smugglers simply kept buying it back at auction. In Argentina one crafty operator kept police baffled by using two planes with the same markings and registration—one for smuggling and one for legitimate freight. Other pros ship Scotch in gasoline tankers, diamonds in chunky chocolate bars, cigarettes under false truck floor boards.

To cope with the smugglers, Peru, Colombia and Ecuador are strengthening their border patrols. Practically every nation is tightening customs regulations. Argentina has gone so far as to bar all imports of furs, Scotch, cigarettes, toys, nylons and sporting equipment. But since no one took the trouble to check the stocks at the time of prohibition, storekeepers have inexhaustible inventories left over—naturally—from before.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

To the glass of fashion, it was indeed the mold of form. When **Amanda Jay** ("Ba") **Mortimer**, 20, pacesetting daughter of Best-Dressed Mrs. William S. Paley and Manhattan Socialite Stanley Mortimer, married Law Student Shirley Carter Burden Jr., 22, on Long Island, Women's Wear Daily styled it in advance as "the wedding of the year." Ba wore white organza by Mainbocher; Ma, coral plaid taffeta by Dior. But it was more than that, and the reception at the estate of CBS Chairman Paley proved a crossroads of several worlds: Mr. and Mrs. Winston Guest, Actress Lauren Bacall, Mr. Kenneth (the hairdresser), Columnist Joseph Alsop, Publisher John Hay Whitney, Hollywood's Mike Romanoff, and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., who flew in from London to be one of 19 ushers. Said Paley when the affair was over: "I wish we had a wedding every week. What are we going to do next week?"

• • •

Hello muddah, hello faddah,
Here I am in old Vancouver,
And some B.C. beats are swinging,
They are picketing the nightclub where I'm singing.
With them long beards, strumming gui-tars,
Sounding like a bunch of cheetahs,
They say funny folk songs all stink,
*Waving placards, "**Allan Sherman** is a Folk Fink."*
Now I ask you, Joanie Ba-ez,
Petie Seeger, Burlie I-ves,
Won't you come and buy my tickets?
Who is phony? Is it me or is it just the pickets?

• • •

"All I want is for everyone to let me be a normal girl again," said Piccadolly **Christine Keeler**, 22, last December as she marched off to London's Holloway Prison to serve nine months for perjury in the trial of one of her lovers, Aloysius ("Lucky") Gordon. But six months of playing Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl, making blouses in prison, have given the past mistress of art photography notions of graduating to Vistavision. Out of quod last week, three months early for "good behavior," Christine announced, "I'd like to go into films. I know I've no experience, but I've got to begin somewhere."

• • •

He was engaged to marry pretty Olympic Skier Barbi Henneberger when she was killed in the April 12 Alpine avalanche that also took the life of U.S. Downhill Ace Bud Werner. And the memory of that tragic day is not growing any dimmer for **Willy Bogner Jr.**, 22, son of the Bavarian stretch-pants manufacturer and a fledgling moviemaker. He has been indicted by a Swiss state prosecutor for homicidal negligence in Barbi's and Werner's deaths. Such cases usually receive light sentences, but, for the sake of assigning responsibility, the state expects to prove that in his eagerness to complete a documentary in which the two skiers were starring, young Bogner, as producer of the film, ignored government notices and broadcasts warning of dangerous conditions.

BEN MARTIN

THE PALEYS & BRIDE & GROOM
Organza by Mainbocher.

• • •

When Soviet Cosmonette **Valentina Tereshkova**, 27, first woman to orbit the earth, married fellow Cosmonaut **Andrian Nikolayeev**, 34, last November, a beaming Khrushchev told the couple, "If you have a baby, the gifts won't fail to come." Last week, the lobby of Moscow's Maternity Institute was filled with proud citizens bearing flowers and remembrances, as "Valya" presented her husband with the world's first cosmonipper, a 6 lb. 13 oz. Caesarean-delivered girl. Soviet doctors said she was a premature, and they will be wa to see whether she suffers any ill from her parents' exposure (in and early 1963) to weightlessne radiation. But for the moment, Yelena Andrianovna seems to sno contentedly as any un-star-crossed

• • •

Long ago, when she was still the of Gay Paree, St. Louis's own Paradise, **Josephine Baker**, 58, love with a 15th century châte bought it, and turned it into a for her eleven adopted children Japan, Korea, Finland, Colombia, zuela, the Ivory Coast, Alger France. But crowds today do not to hear Josie as often as they us the debts at "Brotherhood Village up until farmers would not even milk, and the château, it seemed, soon be put up for auction. Ah, *amis*, the heart of Paris is ever and gay. Brigitte Bardot went o to plead for funds, and now an in tional committee headed by Biogr André Maurois has raised $14 from around the world.

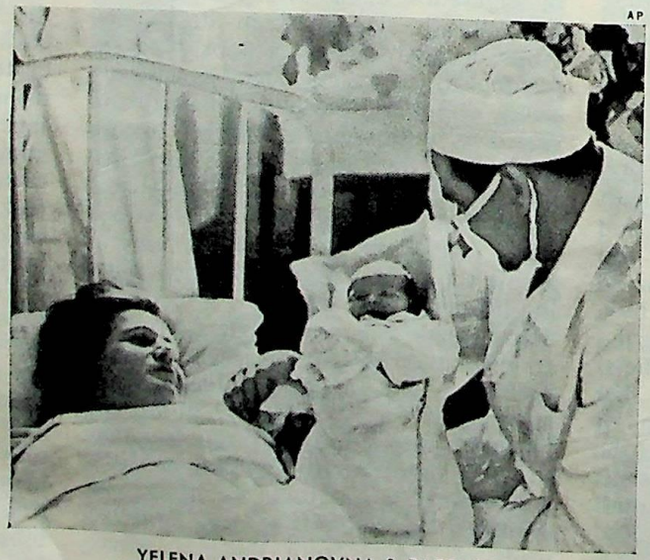
• • •

Ill lay: Singer **Kate Smith**, 55, i Good Samaritan Hospital in West Beach, Fla., with 25 stitches in her arm after she fell in the shower (br ing the glass door) at the home friend with whom she has been st since the death of longtime Ma Ted Collins; Los Angeles Dodger P er **Johnny Podres**, 31, out of the li for at least a month to recover f an operation to remove a bone frag in his pitching elbow; Sir Robert G **don Menzies**, 69, Australia's Prime M ister, at his home in Canberra wit recurrence of an abdominal disor that forced him to cancel a visi Israel; Patriarch **Athenagoras I**, 78, s itual leader of the Orthodox Chur at his Istanbul apartments for "a co plete rest" following his collapse w officiating at Ascension Eve ceremo

• • •

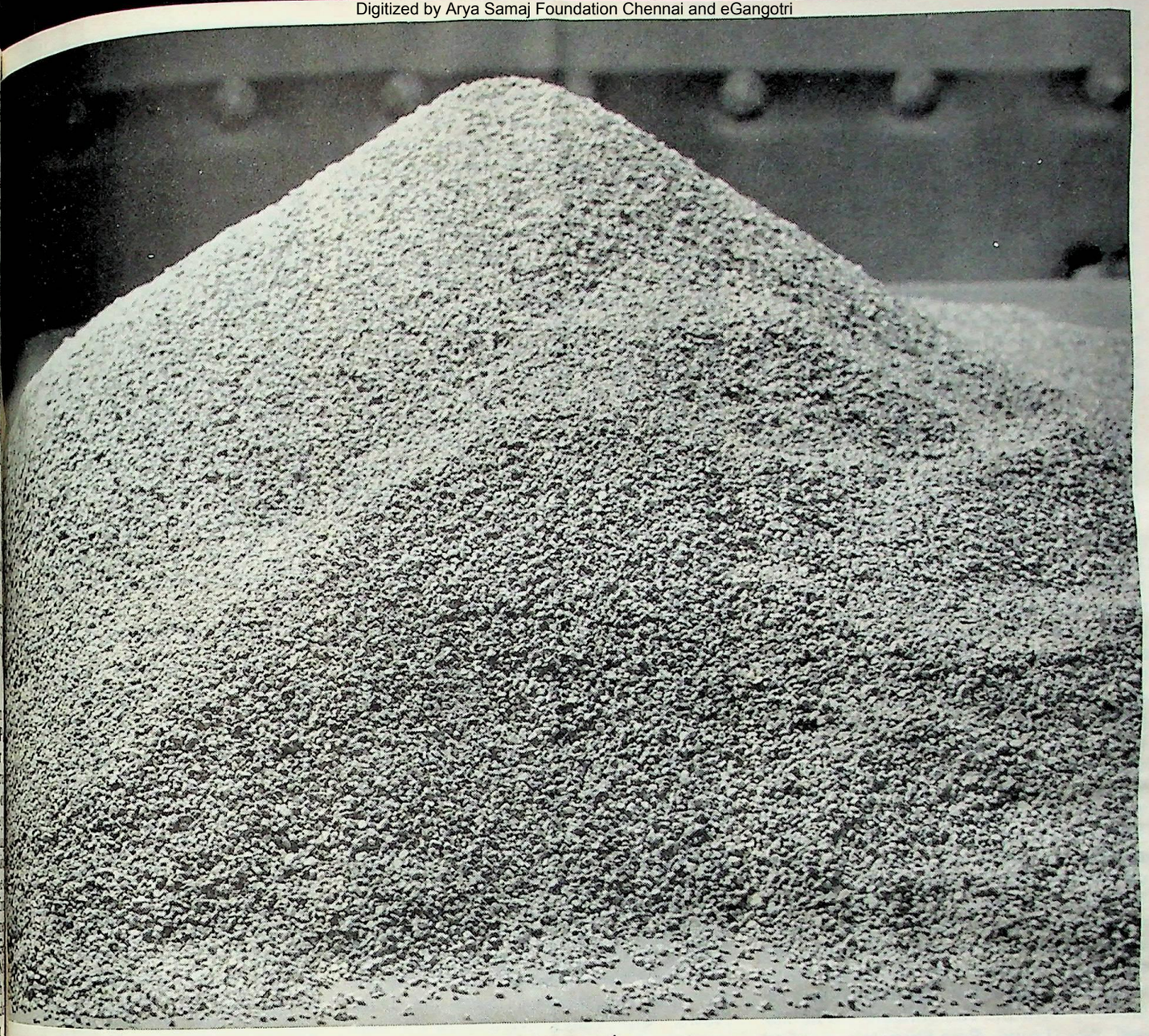
Must one really sit Vacation C Pioneer **Billy Butlin**, 64, far up the table than, say, for Prime Minister Harold Mac lan? Well rather, since Butlin now a knight, Sir Billy, w Mac is still (by choice) an 'un commoner. That's the way after the Queen's annual bir day list honored another 2,0 loyal subjects of Her Most Brit nic Majesty. Sir **Roger Makins**, former Ambassador to the U.S chairman of Britain's Atomic E ergy Authority, is a viscount; Ro Racing Champion **Jimmy Clark** 28, and Royal Ballet Choreogra pher **Robert Helpmann**, 55, both been made Commanders o the Order of the British Empire and one **William Aungier**, a Lon don bus driver with 43 years' serv ice, was awarded the British Em pire Medal.

AP



YELENA ANDRIANOVNA & PARENTS
Flowers from Ivan.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



What does KLM want with a pile of crushed cherry stones?

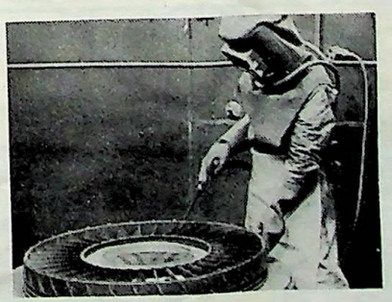
Believe it or not, crushed cherry stones are one of the few things that will fetch the carbon off jet rotors without scratching the surface underneath.

Sand is too coarse, pumice too fine - KLM found that crushed cherry stones are just right.

Now you might not think that a few scratches would make all that much difference.

They don't.

It's just that KLM likes to keep all its engines in perfect shape.



Not that 'sandblasting' with crushed cherry stones is a new technique. KLM was using it to clean the engines of NATO jets years before the first jetliners went into service across the Atlantic.

We just thought you would like to know. KLM is careful.

That's why many experienced travellers believe that the dependable Dutch have made KLM the most reliable of all airlines.

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NEWSPAPERS

Carping about a Candidate

Until Governor Scranton's belated entry into the Republican presidential race last week, most U.S. newspapers correctly assumed that Barry Goldwater had the nomination sewed up. And most, large and small, didn't like it. Seldom has a presidential candidate—especially a potential Republican leader—evoked such dissatisfaction, dismay and wrath from the cartoonists and editorial writers of the U.S. press.

"It is shocking to realize," said the Denver Post, "that Goldwater's philosophy is now about to become the official political philosophy of Republicans all over the nation." The Post envisioned the consequences: "The repudiation and ultimate destruction of the Republican Party in the United States."

Other newspaper prophets projected much the same future. GOLDWATER'S WIN COULD DISMEMBER HIS PARTY, read the caption above an editorial in the Louisville Courier-Journal. California, predicted the Detroit News, "has all but assured the party of disaster in November." This conclusion was also drawn by the New York Times: Goldwater's nomination, said the Times, "would be a disaster not only for the Republicans but for all who believe that a vigorous two-party system is necessary to the political health of America."

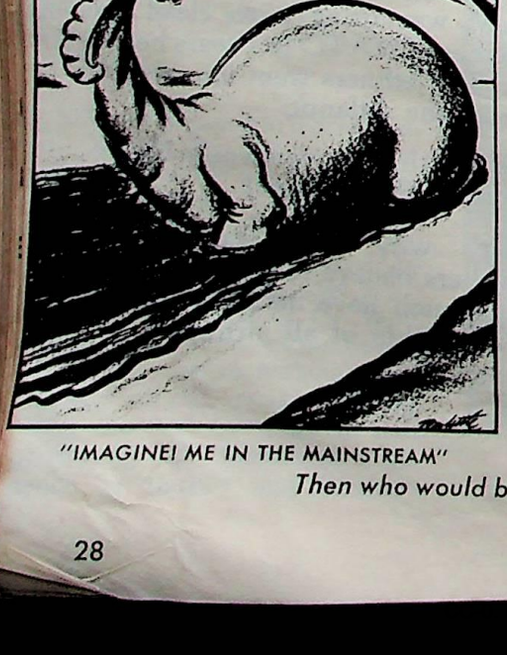
Difficult Office. The Miami News abandoned hope: "With Senator Goldwater in command of the Republicans, the choice is between moving the country ahead with the Democrats or regressing with the Republicans." The liberal St. Louis Post-Dispatch banked on the possibility that Goldwater might prove too gamy for national consumption. "He arouses a certain degree of delirium among extreme conservatives," said the Post-Dispatch, "but there are not enough of them to win an election."

"If Goldwater is nominated," said the Chicago Sun-Times, "we predict that he will not carry more than two states—not necessarily Maine and Vermont." The Washington Star published a declaration of its own pride at having opposed well before California "a candidate so manifestly unsuited to the high and difficult office he seeks." Said the Nashville Tennessean: "What little identification with the 20th century the Republican Party has been able to achieve was shattered by the galloping hooves of Senator Goldwater's horseback program." Noting his victory in California, the New York Herald Tribune said: "We didn't want him to win. We don't pretend to be happy that he did. But we salute him for it."

The Trib was joined by the Los Angeles Times. Having urged its readers to spurn Goldwater in the California primary, the Times then bowed to the primary's unpalatable result: "The Times congratulates Goldwater, both for his victory and for the determination to rebuild a unified party. There is no place, now, for anger or abuse."

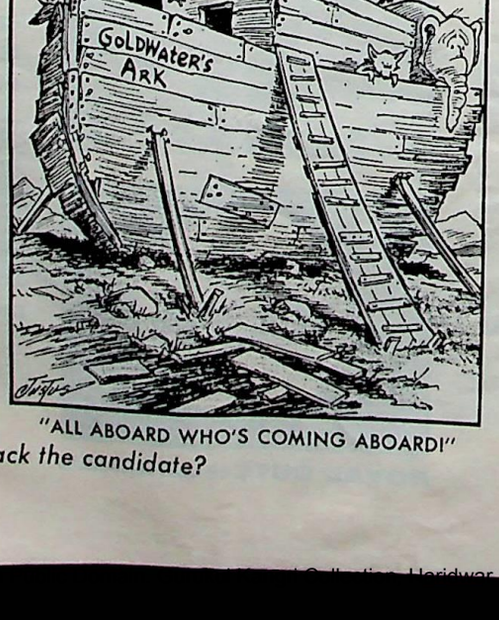
Healthy Development. Perhaps not. But anger and abuse were just about the only editorial commodities around. Papers that could look upon Goldwater with approval were in the minority. Leading it were the Wall Street Journal and the New York Daily News. "What, pray," asked the Journal, coming to Goldwater's defense, "is so antediluvian about saying that the pendulum . . . between individual freedom and State authority has swung too far to the latter? Plainly, it has." Said the Daily News: "Goldwater's victory in the convention next month would guarantee U.S. citizens a clearcut choice in November, as between conservative and liberal government. That is an option which American voters haven't had for a good many years and we think it's a highly healthy development."

TOM LITTLE—NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN



"IMAGINE! ME IN THE MAINSTREAM"

JUSTUS—MINNEAPOLIS STAR



"ALL ABOARD WHO'S COMING ABOARD!"

Then who would back the candidate?

EDITOR GREENE & PUBLISHER DAVIS

"We will not embrace the civil rights

Another Voice in Atlanta

If Atlanta's jointly owned dailies, morning Constitution and the eve Journal, were to go out of busi tomorrow, their disappearance w gladden the heart of many a Geor But none would rejoice more than Ja C. Davis, 69. After 16 years in the U House of Representatives, Davis defeated for re-election in 1962 i campaign that drew enthusiastic pa cipation from both the Journal a Constitution. Lacking the power to d der his tormentors into silence, ex-C gressman Davis last week did the n best thing. He founded an opposition da ly, the Atlanta Times.

These days it takes a generous s ply of gumption and money to laun a daily in the face of established opp sition. The last time anyone had n nerve to try was in Phoenix, Ariz., wh after two years, the upstart competit have yet to find their place. But Atl ta's new paper looked uncommonly h for a journalistic juvenile. The Time 128-page debut issue thumped on 17 000 doorsteps, a neatly balanced, e pleasing display of big pictures and a ple white space to break up the bu type. The paper's management claim a solid circulation, after the souve hunters dropped out, of 140,000. T starting bankroll was impressively larg $3,000,000 raised by a public stock i sue to which some 41,000 investors, Georgians, subscribed.

Such backing certainly suggests th the paper has plenty of well-wishers, an it is just this point that Publisher Dav means to prove.

Central Weakness. In the opinion o many Georgians, the Journal and the Constitution are a disgrace to all red-blooded white Southerners. Roy V. Har ris, a rallier of the state's racists, usually refers to the Constitution's publisher a "Rastus" Ralph McGill. While in office Congressman Davis frequently castigat

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

the papers from the House floor. the mud throwing of this collection little peewees," he said in 1961, mounts to about as much as a flock grassbirds* in a fence corner chatter- at an eagle."

As measured by some familiar Dixie ndards, Atlanta's two existing dailies ve earned such opprobrium. Both are beral in outlook, and have long held at it is morally wrong to discriminate on the basis of race. The Constitution was one of the first and is still one of the few Southern papers to accept the 1954 U.S. Supreme Court decision on public school integration. Both papers continue to champion the role of reason. Only last month Constitution Editor Eugene Patterson argued that "the central weakness of the old Southern segregationist position" is its effort "to justify wrong instead of trying to rectify it."

Expected Tolerance. It was this sort of talk that started James Davis on his campaign to vary Atlanta's newspaper conversation. He found some willing segregationist cohorts, among them Ross Pickett, who is now Georgia's Republican national committeeman, and Lester Maddox, proprietor of an Atlanta fried-chicken joint called the Pickrick. From the Journal, Davis and companion lured Associate Editor Luke Greene, who had served 24 years on that paper without ever quite approving its editorial approach. "I have always been a conservative," said Greene, who was appointed Times editor.

The Times has pointedly avoided distinct declarations of policy on the race issue. "We are not setting out to be any form of extremist newspaper or trying to do anything that would create turmoil," said Editor Greene. "But I don't think we will go along with a lot of the tactics of the integration newspapers. It can be assumed we will not embrace the civil rights bill." The Times promised "to be conservative—responsibly so. We will be independent, free of any party affiliation, and seek at all times to reach decisions that embody character, discretion and sound judgment."

No Reason for Mixing. At the Journal and Constitution, the birth of the Times was greeted, strangely enough, with total silence. Neither paper printed a line, as if they considered the newcomer beneath notice. "We've got our newspapers and they've got their newspaper," said Bill Ray, executive editor of both the Journal and the Constitution, "and I don't see any reason for mixing them up."

Perhaps Atlanta's old dailies could afford to be lofty, with their circulations at a new high: 203,000 for the Journal, 258,000 for the Constitution. They were figures, however, on which Atlanta's new publishers had very definite designs of their own.

*Pisobia melanotos, commonly known as the meadow snipe. Davis' colloquialism salutes the bird's tendency, when alarmed, to take refuge in tall grass.

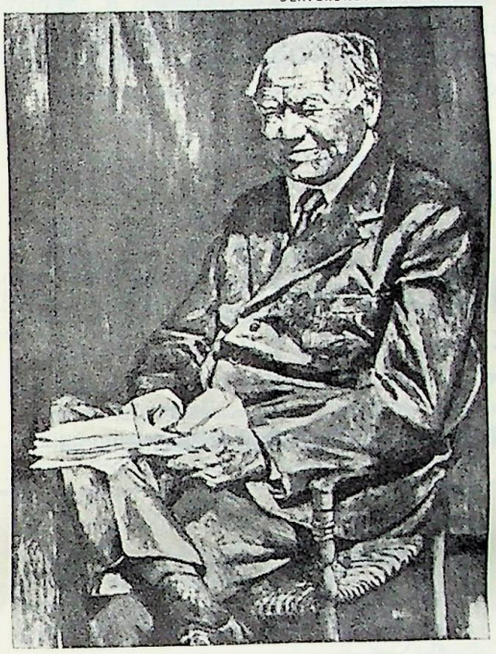
PUBLISHERS

Larger Than Death

He spoke with neither resignation nor despair. But there was pride in a long lifetime of accomplishment, and his voice rang with the dauntless curiosity of an old man facing the diminishing future. "This is my final word," said William Maxwell Aitken, the first Baron Beaverbrook, at his 85th birthday party (TIME, June 5). It was, indeed, his valedictory. Last week at Cherkley, his gloomy Victorian estate in Surrey, the Beaver's heart, which had endured so long despite bouts with asthma, sciatica and gout, finally failed.

From longtime admirers and antagonists tributes flowed in for the man who

BEAVERBROOK ART GALLERY



SUTHERLAND'S BEAVERBROOK
Faith was a battle flag.

put a unique and inexpungeable stamp on British history. "I am deeply grieved at the loss of my oldest and closest friend," said Winston Churchill. "The Daily Telegraph," said that paper, "found itself on the opposite side of almost every major argument in which he and his newspapers engaged. But there was never any disputing the deep impact which he had upon his times." Wrote the Times: "He was that increasingly rare phenomenon in a standardized age, a personality quite uncramped by convention or inhibition."

Dragooning a Voice. "Journalism is the most fascinating of all professions," Beaverbrook once wrote, "and if I had my time over again, I would give my whole life to it." But nearly half his life lay behind him when he bought the London Daily Express in 1916, not to turn journalist but to dragoon a public voice for his political ambitions. The self-made Canadian multimillionaire aspired to nothing less for himself than a tenancy at No. 10 Downing Street, nothing less for England than perpetuation of the British Empire. Both dreams went glimmering. He could take a strong hand in changing British governments, and did three times, but he never headed one himself. He could thunder the cause of Empire in the pages of the Express, but the cause was doomed.

There were compensating rewards. The Express, a pale failure when Beaverbrook bought it, grew under his kinetic stewardship into a popular giant of 4,300,000 circulation; its pages provided all Fleet Street with daily lessons in the craft of journalism. When World War II began, Britain's Finest Hour was also his; as Churchill's Minister of Aircraft Production, he put up the cloud of Spitfires that saved the day. These and other accomplishments invested him with the quality of living legend. "Positive, bee," wrote a columnist in a Canadian paper, "comparative, Beaver; superlative, Beaverbrook." Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P. and once an Express managing editor, called him a cross "between a magician and an avalanche."

No Cease-Fire. Neither praise nor censure concerned the Beaver much. "Fire and be damned! That's what I believe," he told a recent visitor. It was an article of his faith, one that he carried like a battle pennant every foot of the way that led from the Presbyterian minister's manse in Newcastle, New Brunswick, where he spent his youth. Conscious of his place in Britain's history, he wrote a dozen reminiscent books as an obligation to posterity, and had two more in progress when he died. "I belong to the past," he had said recently.

But he could not bring himself to cease firing. And, like the activist he was, he overruled three times his self-announced retirement—the first time in 1927—and stayed on as master of the Express to the end. "My son," said Beaverbrook recently, "will do better after I am gone."

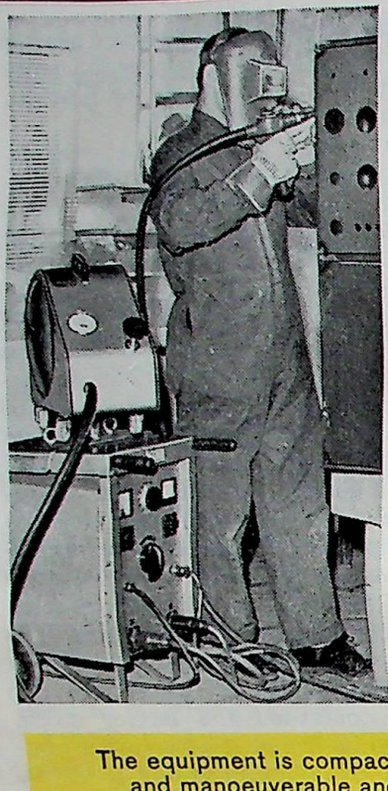
How to Capture a Press Lord. Son Max Jr., 54, will have his hands full, even though the four papers* he inherited are carefully insulated from Britain's crippling death duties by a private trust set up years ago. "It won't make any difference to the papers," said their new proprietor of his father's death. "They will continue with the same policies. I will be at the head of them." Then he added that he was renouncing the crest that would otherwise have passed to him on his father's death. "The title was earned and won by my father," he said. "Certainly in my lifetime there will be only one Lord Beaverbrook."

It was, in a way, the same sort of solution chosen by Artist Graham Sutherland when the Beaver commissioned a portrait ten years ago. How to capture the essence of the intransigent press lord? Sutherland finally settled for painting his subject just as the Beaver's friends and enemies had seen him: a little larger than life size.

* Besides the Daily Express, they include the Sunday Express, which is a separate paper, the London Evening Standard and the Glasgow Evening Citizen.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



A9 - A New Semi-Automatic Welder

Already an established favourite in the semi-automatic welding field in Europe the A9 offers low-cost welding on many thin plate jobs.
Employing the short-circuiting arc principle it welds with high speed and maximum economy thin plates of steel, stainless steel, copper, bronze or aluminium in any position. A unique and easily handled lightweight welding gun which is compressed air driven and a special rectifier, the LBA 200, maintain a constant wire feed speed and arc voltage. Gas used is CO_2, argon or mixtures. For further details write:

The equipment is compact and manoeuverable and ideal for production line work in automobile and similar industries.

ESAB

EXPORT DEPARTMENT • BOX 850, GOTEBORG 8, SWEDEN
Tel. 177310 • Telegr. ESABEXPORT • Telex 20625
Factories in 12 countries • Represented in 58 countries

THE FUND OF FUNDS, LIMITED

The Fund of Funds offers a portfolio of leading United States mutual investment funds and fund management companies, selected for comparative performance and future growth potential.

The Fund of Funds; IIT, *International Investment Trust;* and *Research Investing Corporation* (RIC) are offered under *The IOS* Investment Program.*

June 10	Asset Value Per Share	Total Assets *(in millions)*
The Fund of Funds	$13.31	$53.99
IIT	$ 4.44	$ 6.85
RIC	$11.92	$ 9.0

* INVESTORS OVERSEAS SERVICES/largest Mutual Fund and investment program distributor specializing in the international market/1,000 Associates serve clients in 116 countries on six continents/complete financial planning services.

Executive Offices, Investors Overseas Services
119 rue de Lausanne Geneva, Switzerland

☐ *Please send a Prospectus and information for*

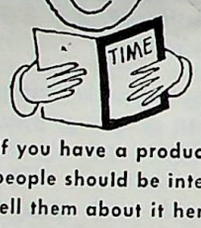
_____ *to:*
(insert name of fund)

NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY

COUNTRY M



You read advertising news in these columns

So do millions of others.

If you have a product that is news...which people should be interested in, why not tell them about it here? Ask for information from... **TIME** The Weekly Newsmagazine

World's largest zipper maker in total production

Y.K.K.

YOSHIDA KOGYO K.K.
YOSHIDA SHOJI CO., LTD.
Tokyo, Japan

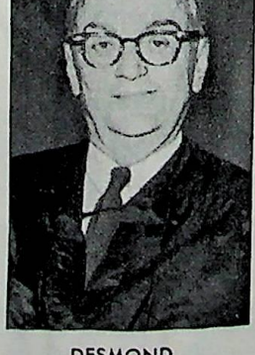
CRIMINAL JUSTICE

A Dearth of Defenders

To a television viewer sated [with] Perry Mason, Sam Benedict, Defe[nder] and assorted colleagues, the supp[ly] first-rate criminal lawyers may ap[pear] plentiful enough. But outside the [glow] of the TV camera, the breed is in [dan]ger of dying out. Such noble co[ncepts] as "right to counsel, fair trial, and [due] process" will become meanin[gless] warned New York State Chief J[udge] Charles S. Desmond last week, [unless] more lawyers are willing to repr[esent] criminal defendants. Addressing [a] ton University's graduating law c[lass] he called on law schools to stop p[ush]ing students "at the two admired [ends] of Wall Street law practice and c[lerk]ships to appellate judges." He [urged] that the schools instead expand [their] criminal courses and Legal Aid ac[tivi]ties to give "students at least a s[ense] of real criminal court work."

Judge Desmond's complaint is [em]phasized by some compelling testim[ony]. In the current *Atlantic*, Chief Ju[dge] J. Edward Lumbard of the U.S. C[ourt] of Appeals in New York writes that [in] his busy jurisdiction bail bondsm[en] steer paying defendants to "a law[yer] who will kick back to them a subst[an]tial part of the fee." Often this "[ig]and incompetent" court hanger[on] falsely claims that he can "fix so[me]one" for a higher fee. Since he "sel[dom] knows any law or reads any cases," [his] arguments in court are "so transparen[t]ly hollow that it is not easy for m[ost] juries to sympathize with his client."

Actually, things can be better [in] the 60% of criminal defendants—up [to] 75% in New York City—who can[not] afford a lawyer. In many cities, the [in]digent can rely on a growing publ[ic] defender system or on agencies [like] New York City's pioneering Legal Aid Society. Yet the city, paying less than half the society's costs, puts up only $250,000 a year *v.* $4,400,000 for the district attorney staffs that prosecute most of the society's clients. Indigents often fare even worse elsewhere, [as]



DESMOND

LUMBARD

Contradicting the TV image.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection. Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NEW-STYLE COURTROOM IN TACOMA
Folding away the Murphy bed.

lumbard. "The judge usually picks out some lawyer who happens to be in the courtroom," typically a novice just admitted to practice. "After a few minutes conference, the defendant is advised to plead guilty, and he feels he has no choice but to do so. Everyone who participates in these proceedings knows that this is a farce."

To remedy the situation, Judge Lumbard would require criminal-trial training for admission to the bar. And he would try to keep lawyers interested in criminal cases by allowing them occasionally to prosecute as well as to defend—a long-admired practice that has helped keep many outstanding British barristers active in criminal law.

THE COURTS

Room with a View

In many ways, the traditional U.S. courtroom seems only too well designed for blind justice. Jutting into the room like an oversize Murphy bed, the judge's bench often obstructs the view of jury members so much that they cannot see exhibits that lawyers show the judge. Equally bad, the jury has only a side view of the witness stand and cannot see the fullface expressions of witnesses under questioning. The judge is even worse off: only by craning his neck can he see anything but the back of a witness' head, and he must swivel a full 90° to catch jury-box dozers.

A drastically different design (*see* diagram) is now being tested in a Tacoma, Wash., federal district court. Breaking with a pattern that dates back to the Middle Ages, Judge George Boldt, 60, moved his bench into a corner, put the witness stand in his old spot, stationed the jury box so that jurors can look directly at the witness, and gave the attorneys a lectern at which to stand while speaking and questioning witnesses.

After a thorough tryout, Judge Boldt pronounced his new courtroom "greatly preferable" to the old design on a number of counts. Because the jury box and bench are far apart, he found that he could confer with attorneys off the record without having to dismiss the jury —a time-wasting maneuver in other courtrooms. He also noted a "calmness and ease" during trials because "everybody could see and hear without strain." He liked especially his more direct view of the witness stand ("I can practically take a head-on look") and his eye-line relation to the jury ("The judge can look from one juror to another, and each juror understands that he is being spoken to individually"). So many of Judge Boldt's colleagues are enthusiastic about his new courtroom that the General Services Administration, which bosses the construction of new Government buildings, is considering adopting the design for future federal district courts.

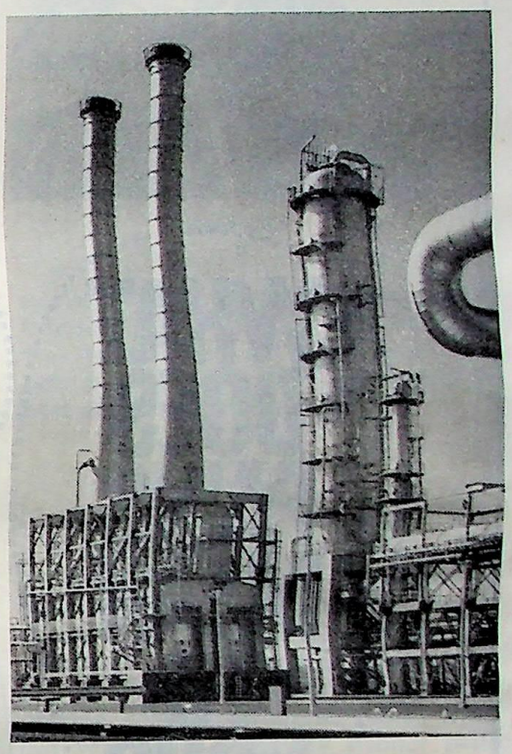
STATUTES

No Right Not to Work

What do stubborn children, fortune-tellers, jugglers, gypsies, practitioners of *hoomanamana* (Hawaiian black magic), sleight-of-hand artists, common fiddlers and persons who paint their faces have in common? Under the varying laws of the 50 states, they are all vagrants and punishable by fines of up to $1,000 and two years in jail. Almost without exception, such charges would be laughed out of court. But vagrancy laws are so vague that they apply to a great many other people too—and when they are used, or when the police even try to put them to work, they are no laughing matter.

Vagrancy laws got their harsh nature in harsh times. After the Black Death decimated 14th century England, such a statute was enacted to keep workers from roaming about to take higher paying jobs and to require all able-bodied men to work. The notion that everyone should work appealed to the moralistic settlers of Colonial America who so

Chiyoda offers completely integrated process plant service - ALL THE WAY



STAFFED WITH well over 1,200 experienced engineers, of all fields who are completely familiar with world-wide standards and specifications ,CHIYODA alone in Japan, offers a completely integrated service from design, fabrication, procurement to construction of complete process plants.

Plants and Equipment for: Petroleum, Petrochemicals, Synthetic Resins and Fibres, Synthetic Rubbers, Sulphuric Acid, Vegetable Oils, Urea, Ammonia, and other related Chemical Products.

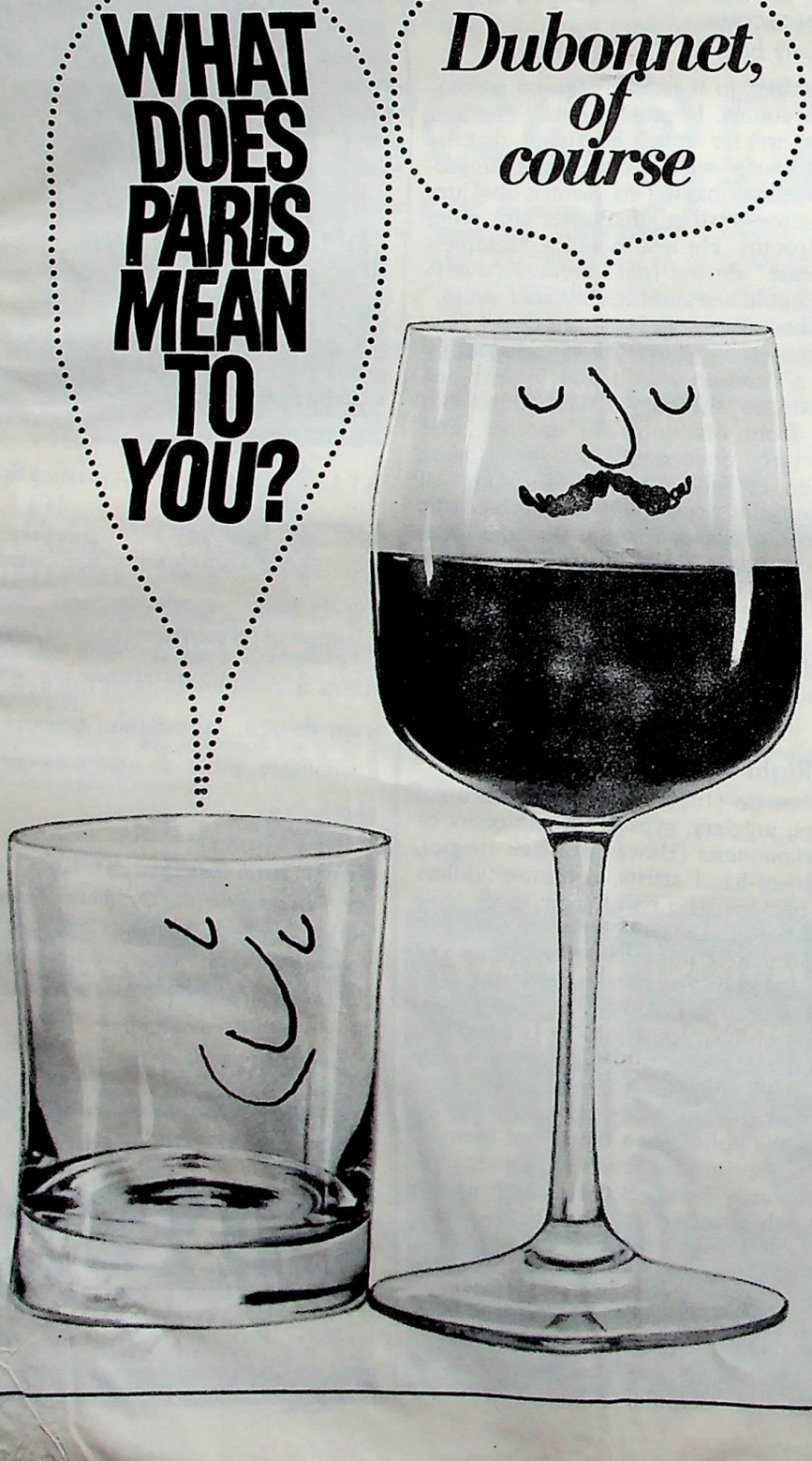
Please visit us at our booth in the 14th Achema Exhibition, Frankfurt, West Germany (June/19 ---------- June/27, 1964
Hall 2, No. E 20, 21

CHIYODA
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING & CONSTRUCTION CO., LTD.
No. 12, 3-Chome, Akasaka-Tamachi, Minato-ku, Tokyo
Japan Tel: (582)-4111 Cable: CHIYOTAKA TOKYO
Telex: CHIYOTAKA TOK 23-610

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DUBONNET IS A PRODUCE OF C.D.C. EXPORT DIVISION 30 AVENUE KLÉBER PARIS



E. Du. 148

preserved the duty-to-work concept
the ancient attitude still persists—
one who is drifting about and re
to work must be a criminal and sh
be locked up.

Elastic Uses. Such a presumptio
guilt conflicts with modern U.S. l
concepts. Yet when a person is bo
for vagrancy, it is, in effect, up to
to prove his innocence, and for
drunks and down-and-outers who
the great majority of vagrancy ar
this can be difficult. Since vagran
regarded in all states as either a
offense or misdemeanor, defendan
usually given no chance to con
lawyer and prepare a defense. The
summarily tried by police court
magistrates in procedures that often
only seconds.

In addition to bagging bums, p
use vagrancy laws as catchalls
which to hold crime suspects during
vestigations, to keep tabs on illicit
tivities, to chase undesirables ou
town, and to pester criminals on w
they have been unable to pin a rap
general, the attitude is that the laws
there to use when no other law
serve. New Orleans uses vagrancy l
to jail gamblers. St. Louis police
in prostitutes for vagrancy "just to
them know we have them under sur
lance." In Philadelphia a man who
sisted on making love to his wife th
and four times a night was jailed
vagrancy because, as a social wor
explained, "the magistrate couldn't th
of anything else, and he couldn't lea
him there with that poor girl." In Ma
hattan two weeks ago, Gambler Fra
Costello was arrested for vagrancy wh
dining in a theater-district restaura
Dinty Moore's. Costello's lawyer ch
lenged the charge, and a judge quick
dismissed it after the arresting offic
admitted that he had not heard anyo
offer 73-year-old Costello a job a
Costello refuse to take it.

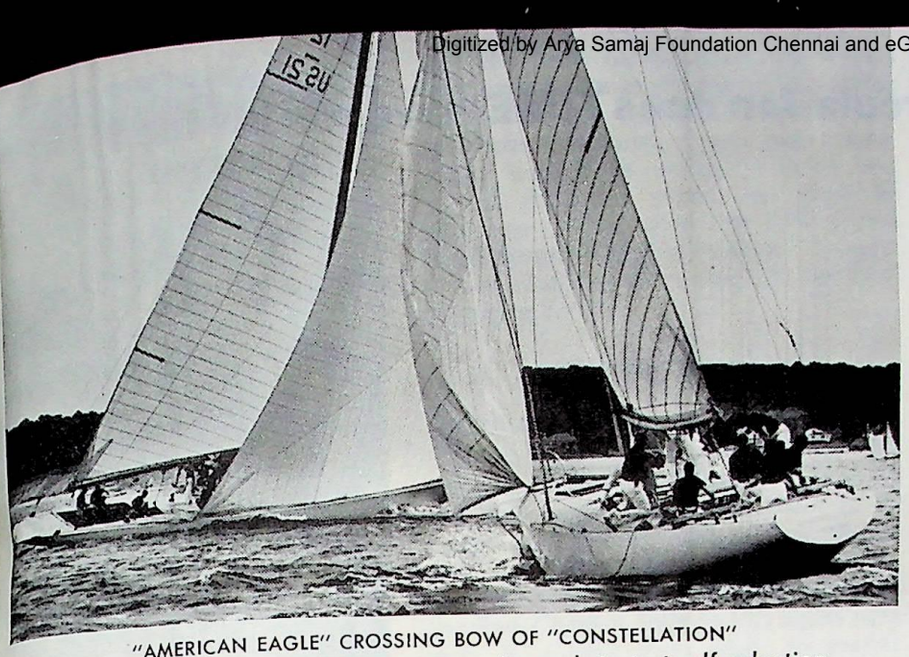
New Trend. The ease with whi
Costello beat the rap shows the weak
ness of vagrancy laws. Yet precisely
because the prosecution usually back
off so fast on such charges when th
accused is prepared to fight, vagran
laws are seldom tested in court, whe
they would almost certainly be ruled
unconstitutional.

Do the police need such vague an
questionable aid? Many jurists who op
pose the vagrancy laws on principle, h
have no desire to reduce police efficie
cy, point out that crime-conscious U.S.
communities are only too willing t
write strong new measures—such as
New York's stop-and-frisk law (TIME,
March 20)—to give police the powers
they say they need.

Spearheading the drive to replace the
old laws with sensible, precise new ones
is the prestigious American Law Institute. Its new model penal code would
permit police to arrest loiterers behaving in an alarming manner, but would
make sure that the offender was arrested
for what he did and not for what he was.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



"AMERICAN EAGLE" CROSSING BOW OF "CONSTELLATION"

A good start at self-selection.

SKIPPER COX

SPORT

YACHTING

Giving Them the Bird

As of now, the *Eagle* screams.

In the first week of America's Cup trials on Long Island Sound, the Aurora syndicate's brand-new *American Eagle* sailed off across the starting line seven times—and seven times came home victorious. It was all just practice as far as the New York Yacht Club was concerned. The boat that will defend the 113-year-old America's Cup against Britain's *Sovereign* or *Kurrewa V* will not be picked until after the final trials off Newport in August. But in the meantime, *American Eagle* was doing a pretty good job of "selecting" herself. In the New York Yacht Club's annual spring regatta, she whipped both *Columbia* and *Constellation*, the other highly touted new twelve. Then, in head-to-head races, she beat them both again and took two straight from Ted Hood's *Nefertiti*. Finally, to top off her week, she really rubbed it in against *Constellation*—by the embarrassing margin of 5 min. 31 sec.

Strong & Straight. Blue-water yachtsmen had expected *Eagle* to be good—but not that good that soon. *Eagle* was only 18 days old when she won her first race. Her architect, A. E. ("Bill") Luders, 55, had never designed a 12-meter racing yacht before. Her skipper, William Cox, 51, was supposed to be a small-boat sailor at heart, had not handled a twelve in 27 years. And her young crew was so nervous that when they tried to set a spinnaker, they dropped the pole bang onto *Eagle's* deck.

But all that seemed academic once *Eagle* started racing. Aiming for an all-weather boat, Designer Luders had purposely given *Eagle* a low center of gravity to make her point higher in high winds, a shortened keel to lessen drag in light air. In gusty, 15-knot breezes, she stood straight as a shark's fin; and she ghosted gently through pockets of virtual calm, finding momentum where none seemed possible. In all of the seven races, Skipper Cox outmaneuvered his rivals at the start, pouring backwind into their sails and slipping out in front. And when it came to tacking duels, he and his crew strutted some impressive stuff. In one contest, on the second day of the trials, *Constellation* tacked 17 times in 20 minutes. *Eagle* covered so efficiently that she gained an average of 2 sec. on each tack.

Don't Blame the Boat. The other boats were still far from disgraced. *Columbia*, gem of the 1958 America's Cup but badly outclassed in the 1962 trials, regained enough of her glitter under New Skipper Walter Podolak to beat *Nefertiti* and *Constellation*—the Californian's first victories in America's Cup competition. *Constellation* herself, with a record of two victories and five defeats, was still in the running. The only real disappointment was Ted Hood's *Nefertiti*. Glamour boat of the 1962 trials, the beamy Marblehead yacht got all the way to the finals before losing out to *Weatherly*, and many experts felt that *Nefertiti* was the better boat, credited *Weatherly's* victory mostly to the remarkable helmsmanship of Skipper Bus Mosbacher.

This spring, Designer Hood shaved *Nefertiti's* keel to get more speed in light air, and he was a mite discouraged by his boat's record of four losses, only one victory. "It's too early to start blaming the boat," he insisted. "Our tactics need sharpening. Twice in a row, we overstood the windward marks. Several times we used the wrong spinnakers. We're just making mistakes."

American Eagle's rivals hope it will be a different story in the next series of trials in July. A dour Connecticut Yankee who started racing "dog boats" off Martha's Vineyard when he was twelve, Bill Cox is an old hand at judging tides and winds in protected waters, knows Long Island Sound as well as his own bathtub. He will lose that advantage when the twelves move to wide-open Rhode Island Sound. There, 6-ft. swells are common, and the boats sometimes race in 40-knot winds. But if he was worried, Cox did not show it. "The boat is great," he said. "This crew is the best any 12-meter ever had."

GOLF

No Substitute for Swinging

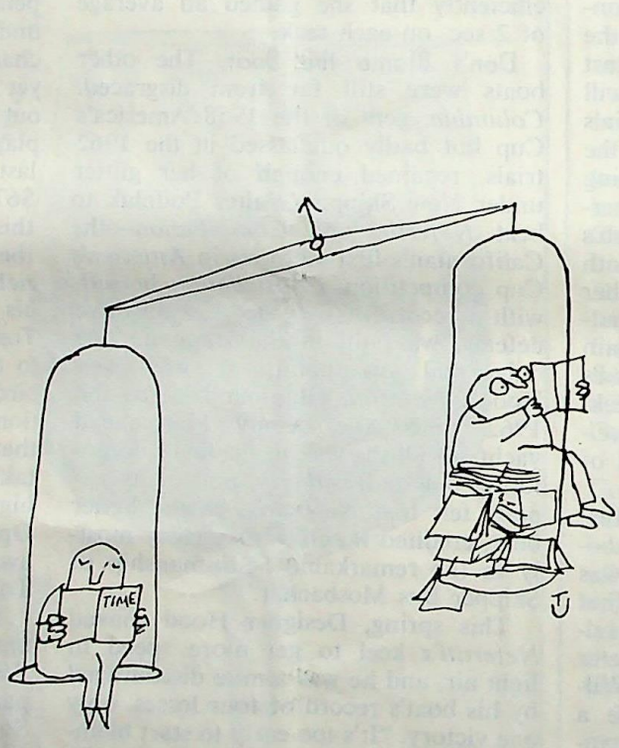
If there is anything Tony Lema likes better than champagne, it is money—understandable, considering the price of champagne. Unfortunately, he has not yet found a way of making money without working, which for Tony means playing golf. Not that he hasn't tried: last year's No. 4 money winner (with $67,112) took five weeks of vacation this spring, spent most of it lying around the house, contemplating ways to get rich quicker. All that happened was that his golf game went to pot. But last week Tony finally staggered home $20,000 to the good in New York's Thunderbird Classic and made a solemn resolution. From now on, when Lema hears that Arnie Palmer or Jack Nicklaus is taking a week off to rest up for some big tournament like this week's U.S. Open, he will grit his teeth and swing away. Exercise, not rest, is Champagne Tony's new prescription for success.

In Among the Pines. At that, he almost didn't make it in the Thunderbird. With 15 holes to go, Lema was 12 under par, seven strokes ahead of burly Mike Souchak. A sudden thundershower made the pros dive for their umbrellas—and almost literally Tony landed on his nose. He lost a stroke at the sixth hole, another at the eighth, two more on the 480-yd. ninth when he bombed his drive under the branches of a low-hanging pine tree (*see cut*) and barely managed to salvage a bogey. ("I just crawled in there on my hands and knees, said a quick prayer, and backhanded the ball," said Tony.) But the real disaster occurred at the 14th hole, a dinky (139 yds.) par three. Tony's No. 8 iron landed off the green; a chip and three putts later, he found himself trailing Souchak by a stroke. I

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

How much circulation does TIME have worldwide?



More than all the world's news magazines combined.

No other international news magazine equals the editorial excellence of TIME. This authoritative magazine employs one of the world's largest news gathering staffs to report the world's most significant news—its business, its politics, its science, its art, its people. It is read and preferred by selective audiences around the world, people who wield influence and buying power vastly out of proportion to their numbers. To them, TIME Magazine is a necessity each week. To you, TIME is equally necessary in *any* selective marketing plan in *any* world market. *Talk to the right people in the right place...in TIME.*

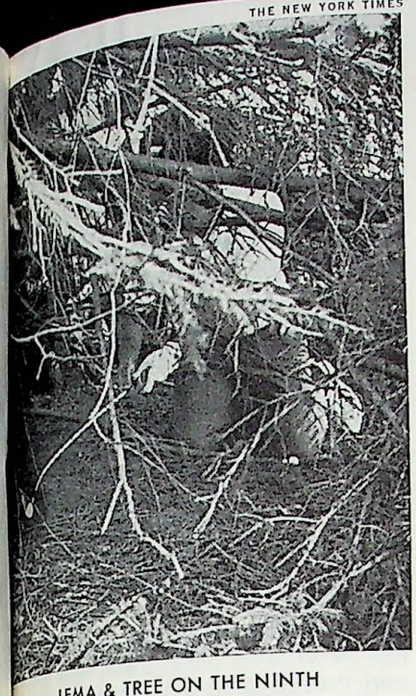
TIME

TIME Atlantic. TIME Canada. TIME Latin America. TIME Asia. TIME South Pacific. And their regionals.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE NEW YORK TIMES



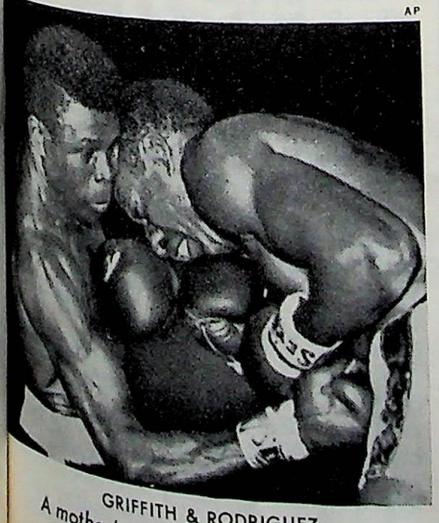
LEMA & TREE ON THE NINTH
A quick prayer and a backhand.

actually seemed relieved. "That took the pressure off," he said later. "I had been leading for so long that I was choking to death." He then birdied the par-four 17th to square the match.

It was still raining by the time the players reached the 18th green. Huddled under an umbrella, Lema watched Souchak line up a 25-ft. birdie putt—and push it 4 ft. past the hole. Tony's approach was 8 ft. from the pin. For nearly a minute he stood motionlessly over the ball, putter poised—and abruptly walked away. "I couldn't bring the club back," he said. "I stood there, looking at that thing, thinking, My God, this is a $20,000 putt—and I just couldn't hit it." Finally, Tony addressed the ball again. And this time he punched it squarely into the center of the cup for the winning birdie.

Bring on the Bubbly. The Thunderbird victory was Lema's first since January, and tripled his year's official winnings to $31,684—not quite the $49,006 he had last year at this time, but still worth a bubble or two. Within minutes, waiters were wheeling case after case of Moët et Chandon champagne into the press headquarters. At week's end, once again at the top of his game, Lema knocked in six straight birdies in Michigan's Buick Open, had a two-stroke lead at the end of 54 holes, and started dreaming about the blast he will throw if he wins the U.S. Open. "Champagne won't be enough," he said. "I win that and I'll spring for the hors d'oeuvres too."

AP



GRIFFITH & RODRIGUEZ
A mother's scream and another split.

PRIZEFIGHTING

Anything Goes

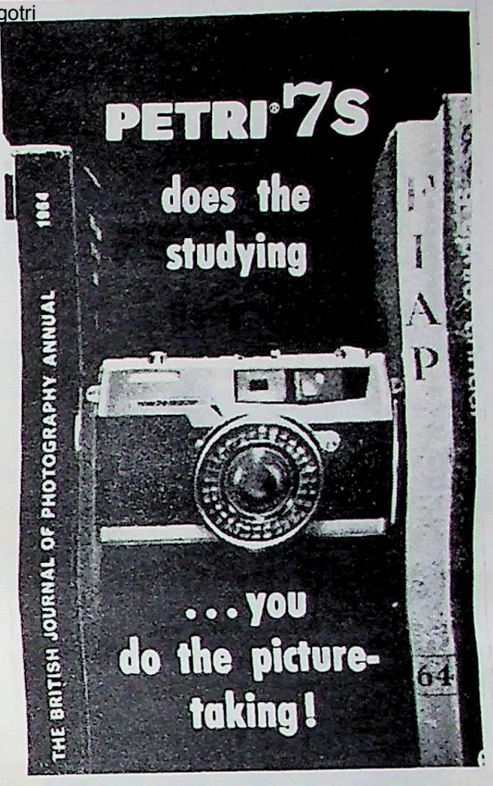
The heavyweights are everybody's heroes, with their tomato-red Cadillacs and gold-lamé sport coats, their 18-in. biceps and sledge-hammer fists. When they fight, the whole world watches. So what happens? One punch, and it's goodbye Charley, let's do this again next year. It doesn't even seem to matter where the punch lands: Cassius Clay taps Sonny Liston on the arm, and Sonny takes the pipe sitting on his stool.

Humbug. For old-fashioned prizefighting, nothing beats the welterweights. Take Emile Griffith and Luis Rodriguez, both 146 lbs., soaking wet. Griffith, a soft-spoken Virgin Islander, makes ladies' hats; Rodriguez, a Cuban refugee, sings Yiddish songs in nightclubs. But when they meet in the ring, as they did for the fourth time in Las Vegas last week, anything goes.

Rarely have two fighters been so evenly matched. Twice before, they had traded the welterweight title on controversial decisions, one of them split; and in 40 rounds neither had been able to knock the other down. But they insisted that things were going to be different this time. "I am the matador," boasted Challenger Rodriguez, 26, "and I will kill the black bull." That brought accusations of race-raking, to which Rodriguez retorted: "I should call him maybe the blue bull?" Champion Griffith, 25, shrugged it off: "I'll knock him out in five."

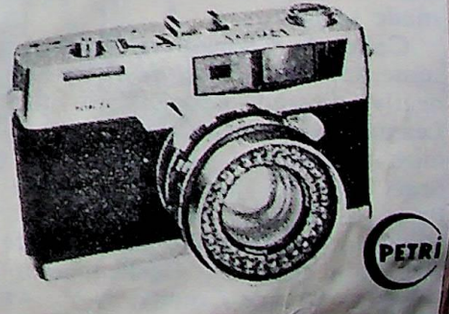
Both should have known better. For 15 frantic rounds, Griffith and Rodriguez pummeled, wrestled, gouged and butted each other—amid bloodcurdling screams from Griffith's mother, who was sitting at ringside. In the third round, Referee Harry Krause penalized Rodriguez for punching below the belt, and Rodriguez' manager, Angelo Dundee, chased Krause clear across the ring. "What are you doing, Harry?" he yelled. "Remember the other guy is fouling, too!" How could he forget? In the clinches, Griffith raked Rodriguez' face with the laces of his glove. Luis retaliated by throwing uppercuts with the top of his head. Three times the two fighters kept slugging after the bell.

Referee Krause scored it 69-67 for Griffith; Judge David Zenoff had it 71-70 Rodriguez; Judge John Romero 70-68 Griffith. By the narrowest of split decisions, Griffith had kept his crown. Said Luis: "If I can't win this title back, I'll just have to win the middleweight championship instead."



It's an unbeatable combination that assures better and more enjoyable photography. Long years of research and development have prepared the Petri 7S to serve you with the quality, dependability and durability you demand — and deserve. A precision exposure system fully coupled with the Petri invented circle-eye lens gives proper exposure every time. You just sight and shoot! Then a super-fast color-corrected lens does the rest. With one flick of the thumb on the newly-designed film advance lever you advance one frame of film and cock the shutter at the same time. You're ready to shoot again!

PETRI® 7S



PETRI CAMERA COMPANY, INC.
Tokyo, Japan

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BROADWAY

Gilroy Is Here

For too long, it was more than a little disturbing that Edward Albee was the only new, young, serious dramatic voice on Broadway. But now another one, considerably lower and more firmly pitched, is being heard. The play is

DAVID GAHR

PLAYWRIGHT GILROY
Pulling burlap to threads.

called *The Subject Was Roses*. And the playwright, Frank D. Gilroy, has developed his skills so thoroughly that his presence seems obviously durable.

He is a writer of remarkable finesse, for in outline his play is plotless and drab. The only son of a Bronx couple comes home from World War II, and with eyes of new maturity recognizes that although his parents love him, he has no home at all, since their marriage has long been an unsuitable alternative to death. But Gilroy's plain, familial triangle rings with insight and trenchancy. His people live. His ear is as good as Harold Pinter's and, like Pinter, he can put two or three people in a room, start them talking and sustain long successions of commonplaces that never subside in their fascination. Pulling all this burlap to threads, he reweaves it into a fabric that is still coarse but made to last.

Concrete Characters. Sharply handsome, touched with grey at the temples, neatly dressed, educated in the Ivy League and trained in television, Gilroy must trouble the sight of all the pale poets who feel that wine, whiskers and Paris are the only stimulants of art. He works in a little $30-a-month office on the main street of Goshen, near his home in Orange County, N.Y., where he lives with his wife and three sons. He looks out his office window over a Civil War statue and creates dramatic characters that are no less concrete but nonetheless alive. Some people tell him that his meticulous realism is about that far behind the progress of modern playwriting.

"I haven't set out to reverse any trends," he answers. "The stories I have told so far tell best in a realistic way. I have nothing against the avant-garde. I feel little tendencies in myself bubbling in that direction. I thought I had darned well better be able to present living persons on the stage before I tried to distill and abstract them."

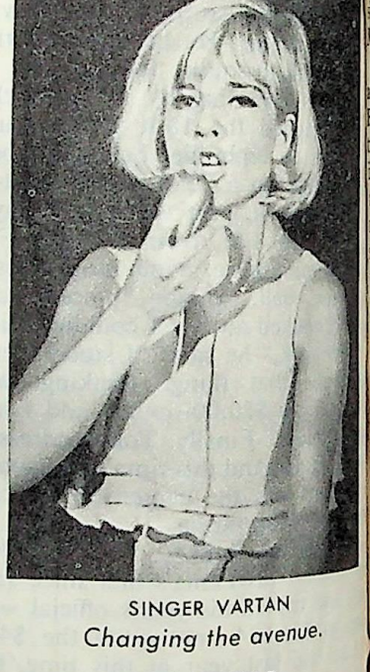
His new play, he says, "is frankly autobiographical." The father (played by Jack Albertson, a vaudeville comic who had never before done a serious dramatic role and whose stunningly right performance is worth a visit in itself) is a coffee importer. Gilroy's father, now dead, was a coffee importer and one of the best tasters in the business. As a youngster, Gilroy used to go down to Front Street and watch his father tasting coffee, noting how all the phonies present would form their own opinions from his father's grunts and grimaces.

Margin Time. The family lived in a Bronx apartment house, where "we were often the only Gentiles." Frank went to De Witt Clinton High School on the 12:30-to-5 p.m. shift, did no work, barely got through, and had no intention of going to college. He was drafted into the Army in 1943, where he noticed that "the people who had the best jobs were people who had been to college." This sparked in him a sudden passion for higher learning. After the war, he applied to 40 colleges, asking them to gamble on him despite his high school record. All but two rejected him. Davis and Elkins College of Elkins, W. Va., was willing to admit him—and so was Dartmouth. He went to Dartmouth and graduated *magna cum laude*.

For unbearded writers, television is the modern garret. They starve there, but only spiritually. Young playwrights dip their fingers into its honey pots; then, if they have substantial spines, they retreat for desperate months of "margin time," writing their "own work" until money is needed again. After Dartmouth and a year at the Yale School of Drama, Gilroy made what he describes as "an all-out total assault on TV." He conquered. He has been all over the channels from *Studio One* to the *Kraft Theater*. With some movie work as well, he eventually had enough excess cash to take time off in 1957 to write *Who'll Save the Plowboy?* for off-Broadway production, an award-winning somber tale of a life saved in combat only to rot in peace.

Building Terms. *The Subject Was Roses* has a somewhat uncertain future. It opened three weeks ago to clamorous raves. Gilroy was welcomed as "a major playwright." Walter Kerr said "quite the most interesting new A can play to be offered on Broadway season." Yet it is playing to audi that could fit into a few lif Broadway cries out for excellence often sinks it when it comes

Curiously, however, the play well build to a long and finan successful run. With just one m set and three actors, it can break merely by taking in $12,000 a we 27% of the theater's capacity. It grossing even that much yet, b audience—which began with a pi advance sale of $165—is promi growing. Broadway pros would folded it, but Gilroy and his producer, Edgar Lansbury, are mined to take the gamble that the will more than recover its present es. "All these Broadway experts like to write us off as an artistic su only," Gilroy says. "I want to be to talk to them on their terms."



SINGER VARTAN
Changing the avenue.

SINGERS

Cabbage Number One

Once upon the Champs-Elysées, ery girl had bee-stung lips and hi and hair that could tumble into a vilion of sex. With a kind of languor felinity, all those women looked the perfect tense of the verb a The storied avenue might as well h been called the Rue Bardot.

Now it is the Rue Yé-Yé. The v satile Parisiennes have changed. Th looks parade where one held do nance before, since the new fem icons of France are three competi teen-aged rock-'n'-roll singers whos fans scream the French translitera of "yeah, yeah" at them whenever th sing. One called Sheila wears bows her hair and is imitated by women w really see themselves as hoydens demolished. Another, Françoise, is lon and lissome, with a long mane, lon shanks, and good possibilities in

CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection. Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...th at Longchamps. But all the Hum-
...t Humberts, three-quarters of the
...cky Pierres, and half the women of
...nce reserve their special attention
...r 19-year-old Sylvie Vartan, a beau-
...l blonde in the rinsed and leggy
...ench tradition, with a mouth like a tu-
...and the look of a middle-aged child.
...e is their *Chouchou Numéro Un.*
...Gas & Johnny. Cabbage No. 1 is ac-
...ally Bulgarian. She arrived in France
...eight. Her brother was an arranger
...r RCA Victor in Paris when, four
...ears ago, he arranged for his little
...sister to cut a record called *Panne d'Es-*
...sence, an adaptation of the American
...rock-'n'-roll song *Out of Gas.*

Since then she has sold millions of records, singing rock-'n'-roll with suitably dreadful turgidity and ballads with a rather lovely, sultry small voice. She made numerous concert tours with Johnny Hallyday, the French Presley, then became engaged to him, and now lives in his eight-room Paris apartment. The French army recently drafted Johnnie and took him away. Now all she has at home is her cocker spaniel, Molière.

Saving Fox. People throw old fruit at her sometimes when she sings, for French rock-'n'-roll crowds come in two forms, the idolaters, who are mad insane, and the snarlers, who are mad angry. "They hate us, they really despise us," says Sylvie. "They hate the way we sing, but mainly they can't accept the fact that young people are big successes. They are nasty. They organize leagues. It's terrible."

Sylvie Vartan's escape flue is already open. She is making a movie for 20th Century-Fox, an adaptation of Marcel Achard's *Patate*, with Jean Marais and Danielle Darrieux. The chances are that she will make it as an actress. And with her considerable grace and nicely mannered charm, there should be no doubt that she will be lending style to the women of the Champs-Elysées for much time to come.

TV

Pooling, Cronking & Brinking

The "numbers game" system of covering elections, in which networks vied with each other to see who could hire the most poll watchers, reached an apogee of absurdity in the California primary. In small precincts, three "reporters" often found themselves struggling to see over the shoulder of one kind old lady counting votes. It was too silly and needlessly expensive. Last week the three networks and the wire services agreed to set up a joint Network Election Service that will divide the chores, pool the results, and present the same vote count to a viewer no matter what channel he is watching.

Numbers are only numbers, but analysis is war, and there will still be plenty of competition with the networks still cronking, brinking, and computing at one another in 16-in. cannon tones.

JAL

Enjoy unique JAL service on two routes to Europe

Here's flight to Europe at its most delightful—by Japan Air Lines direct from Tokyo over the Pole or via JAL's "Silk Road" through India and the Middle East.

Either way, you fly relaxed in the serene atmosphere of your Courier cabin as gracious JAL hostesses pamper you with service in the Japanese manner—service that makes JAL unique among the airlines of the world.

Two routes to Europe... transPacific to the U. S. A.... throughout the Orient from Japan to Djakarta. Only JAL, the Orient's largest airline, flies all these routes. Ask your travel agent to book you *"amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound."*

JAPAN AIR LINES

Official Airline—XVIII Olympiad TOKYO 1964

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COLLEGE

That's Good Advice

"I happen to believe in commencement ceremonies," confessed University of Kentucky President John Oswald, generously, as he gave the commencement speech at Indiana's DePauw University. If commencement speeches do have value, it must—to judge from their customary content—be that of good advice. Last week, graduates got good advice by the chapelful, by the auditoriumful, by the stadiumful.

Yes But No. At Brigham Young University in Utah, Globetrotter Lowell Thomas took for his theme the merits of skiing; at the University of Delaware, Ralph W. Tyler, Stanford Behavioral Scientist, warned students against "outdoor sports and other leisure pursuits which provide self-gratification but have little constructive value to society." Poverty Planner Sargent Shriver called on Boston College and Wesleyan University seniors to aid the economically poor; University of Chicago Chancellor George Beadle urged his own graduates to help reduce "cultural poverty"; Senate Democratic Whip Hubert Humphrey said, at the University of Massachusetts, that those who really need help are people who suffer racial discrimination.

Adlai Stevenson agreed with that and invited Maine's Colby College students to get jailed, if necessary, since "a jail sentence is no longer a dishonor but a proud achievement." At Marquette, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, on the other hand, warned "the concerned generation" not to let zeal carry them as far as jail. Secretary of State Dean Rusk, while approving all these domestic good works, told Smith girls that foreign policy is "as close and important as your friends and family, as everything you cherish."

Is That Clear? While Barry Goldwater inveighed against Big Government at Pennsylvania Military College in Chester, Lyndon Johnson argued at Swarthmore that Big Government would achieve the "Great Society." At the President's next stop on the academic circuit, Holy Cross College, he offered the hope that science might "bypass the politics of the cold war." Lady Bird thought it more important to stress peace of another kind, and told Radcliffe seniors to "avoid a conscious war with men" and to use their brains to become "not a superwoman, but a total woman, a natural woman."

Yet doing what comes naturally, warned Kentucky's Oswald, has resulted in the population boom that inflames "the ills of mankind." Was that a gentle recommendation of birth control? Maybe so, but Psychiatrist Frank Ayd, the father of twelve children, told graduates of Roman Catholic Xavier University in Cincinnati that the choice is between sacrificial abstinence and the "almost Hitlerian precept" of artificial contraception.

Arnold Nash, professor of religion at the University of North Carolina, said in a baccalaureate sermon at Vanderbilt University that graduates should "view the universe as an ordered place with a purpose," not see life as "just one damn thing after another." But Vanderbilt Chancellor Alexander Heard, making the commencement address there, saw a world in revolt, "a world running wild with no place for minds standing still." Chicago Advertising Executive Lee King, at Northwestern, said that "our deadly malady is a disappearing supply of the creative resource," while at Pomona Ambassador (to Mexico) Fulton Freeman saw students "coming into creative citizenship at a fascinating moment in history." Columnist James Reston, at Brandeis, deplored "poverty beyond understanding or excuse," and Internal Revenue Boss Mortimer Caplin, speaking at St. Michael's in Vermont, sternly disapproved "the excesses of expense-account living."

Avoid becoming second rate, cautioned Corning Glass Board Chair Amory Houghton Jr. at Michigan's bion College: "It is one of the all-encompassing, intoxicating fe you'll ever come up against." Take not to be pushy, either, added C B. Hoover, Duke University econo who spoke at Duke. If anyone rea that "you are grooming yourself leadership, you will be considered insufferable prig which you would And thus was Youth once again inf with the distilled wisdom of Age Experience.

Kudos

AMHERST COLLEGE

• W. Willard Wirtz, U.S. Secretary Labor—LL.D.

BATES COLLEGE

• Perry T. Rathbone, director, Boston M seum of Fine Arts—D.F.A.

• Minoru Yamasaki, architect—D.F.A.

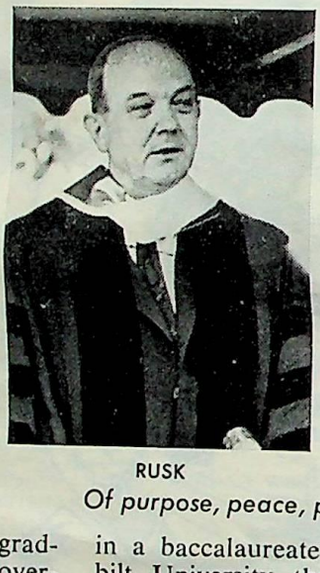
• William Zorach, sculptor, and Marg ite Zorach, his wife, painter and tapes maker—D.F.A.

BETHANY COLLEGE

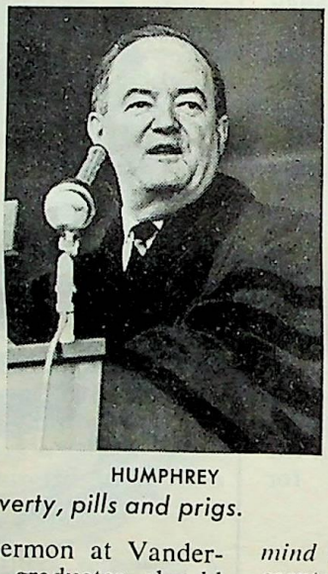
• Edith Green, Oregon Congresswom —Pub. Affairs D. *The right to change*

EARL CONRAD

THOMAS



RUSK



HUMPHREY

JIM COYNE

SHRIVER

Of purpose, peace, poverty, pills and prigs.

mind is a right that every man has granted to every woman. Her right change the minds of men is equally cient but less frequently acknowledged.

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY

• Richard James Cardinal Cushing, arch bishop of Boston—L.H.D. *Impatient Teresa of Avila, yet descended from Pi ip Neri, saint of holy laughter, he w have men dissolve dissension in the co acle of the human heart.*

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY

• Henry Pitney Van Dusen, president emeritus, Union Theological Seminary— D.D.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

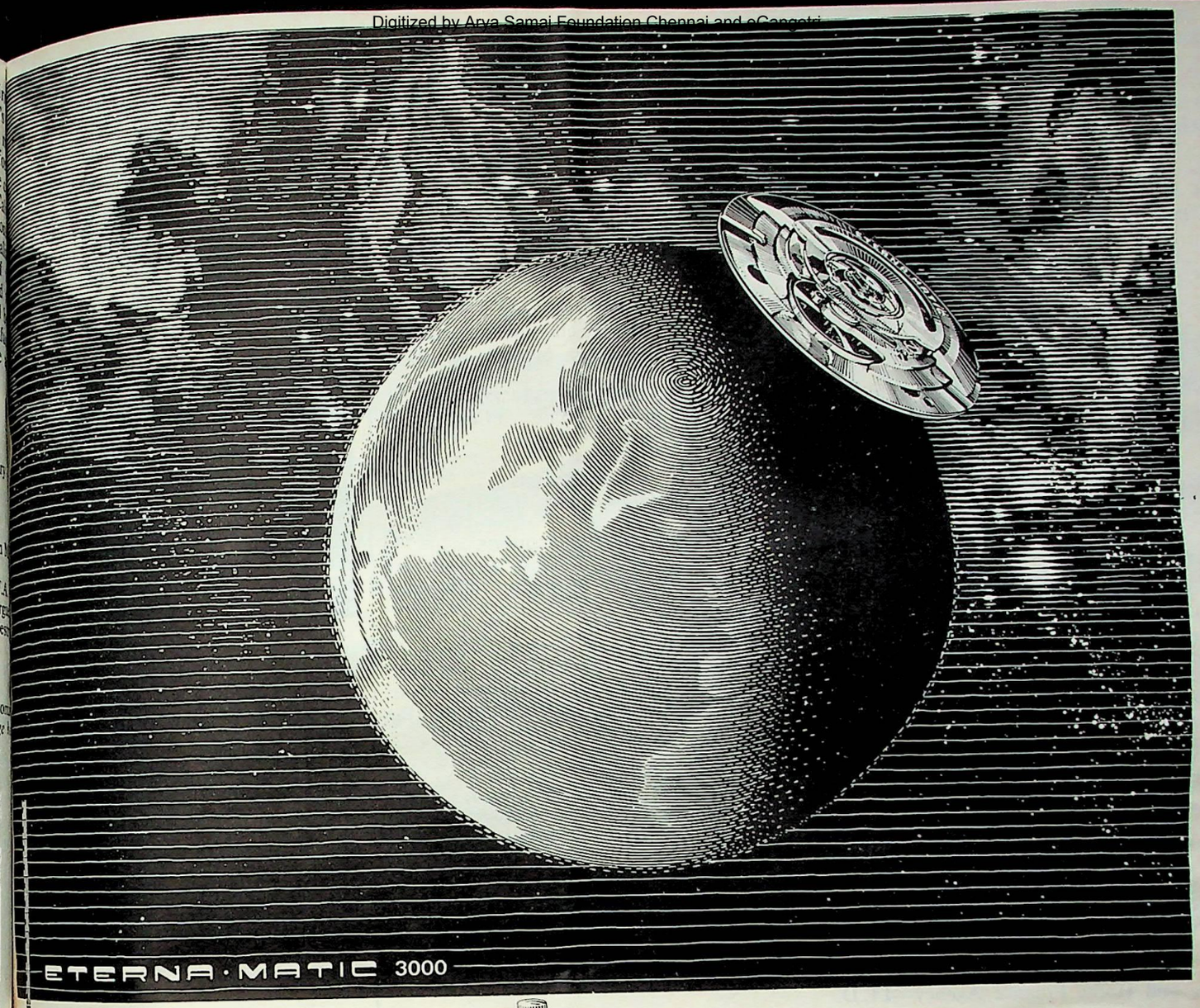
• Edwin H. Land, chairman of the board president, and director of research, Po laroid Corp.—Sc.D.

COLBY COLLEGE

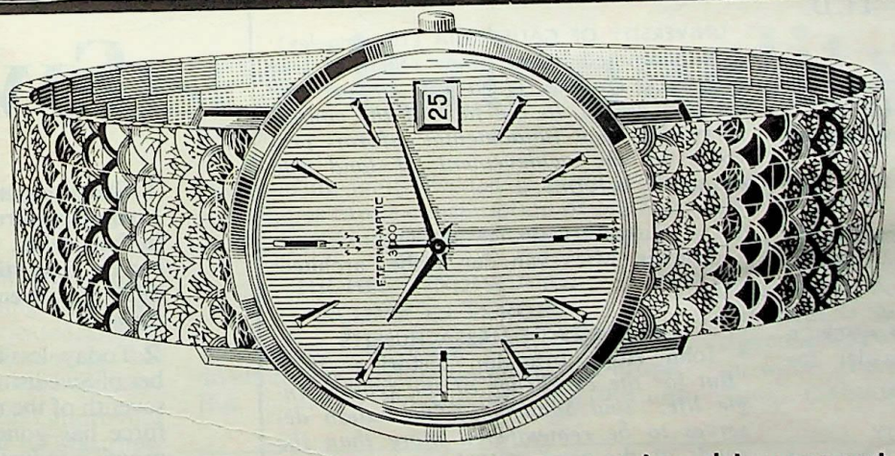
• Lloyd Goodrich, director of the Whit ney Museum of American Art—D.F.A.

• Rosalyn Tureck, concert pianist and harpsichordist—D.Mus. *Recognized*

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



...still thinner



Eterna·Matic 3000 "Dato" by far the thinnest automatic calendar watch with centre second. (Illustrated watch: Ref. 746 TB / 210–1466)

A capsule history of a significant watch achievement

1949: Eterna·Matic, with its revolutionary ballbearing-mounted selfwinding system, created a technical sensation.

1956: The "Centenaire" series brought still another great success: the first really thin automatic watch.

Today: The progress attained by pioneers of research and technology has made it possible, for the first time, to produce a startling new design: the Eterna·Matic 3000 "Dato": a model of precision and endurance, yet by far the thinnest automatic calendar watch with centre second.

ETERNA·MATIC 3000

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"the greatest scholar and interpreter of Bach in the world today."

D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

• Taylor Caldwell, bestselling novelist (*Grandmother and the Priests*)—Litt.D.

DICKINSON COLLEGE

• C. D. Jackson, senior vice president, Time Inc.—LL.D.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

• Marian Anderson, contralto—L.H.D.

GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

• Dwight D. Eisenhower—D.P.S.

HAMILTON COLLEGE

• Francis Keppel, U.S. Commissioner of Education—L.H.D.

• Peggy Wood, actress—L.H.D. *Currently at work in a filmed version of* The Sound of Music, *you are destined to become a superior mother superior.*

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

• Augustin Cardinal Bea, head of the Vatican Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity—LL.D.

• Alberto Lleras Camargo, twice President (1945-46, 1958-62) of Colombia, onetime O.A.S. secretary-general—LL.D. *The vision of Bolívar finds contemporary expression in the life of this able son of the New World.*

• John F. Collins, Mayor of Boston—LL.D. *His leadership has given the hub a new spin.*

• Ludwig Erhard, Chancellor of the German Federal Republic—LL.D.

• John Marshall Harlan, Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court—LL.D. *A judge's judge.*

• Roger Sessions, American composer—D.Mus.

• Robert C. Weaver, administrator, Housing and Home Finance Agency—LL.D.

HOLY CROSS

John Coleman Bennett,* president of Union Theological Seminary—LL.D.

Lyndon Baines Johnson, President of the U.S.—D.C.L.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

General David M. Shoup, recently retired commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps—LL.D.

JEWISH THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF AMERICA

Martin Luther King Jr., crusader for Negro rights—LL.D.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

Lester B. Pearson, Prime Minister of Canada—LL.D.

MILLS COLLEGE

Constantinos A. Doxiadis, Greek architect-planner and deviser of *ekistics* (the science of human settlements)—LL.D.

MILTON COLLEGE

Edward Kennedy ("Duke") Ellington, jazz musician—D.H. *He serves art and humanity at once.*

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Lord Harlech (William David Ormsby-Gore), British Ambassador to the U.S.—LL.D.

• James J. Rorimer, director, Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York—D.F.A.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

• George W. Ball, U.S. Under Secretary of State—LL.D.

NORWICH UNIVERSITY

• Eugene Collins Pulliam, newspaper publisher—LL.D.

OBERLIN COLLEGE

• Walter W. Heller, chairman, President's Council of Economic Advisers—LL.D.

ROOSEVELT UNIVERSITY

• Levi Eshkol, Prime Minister of Israel—LL.D.

SMITH COLLEGE

• Phyllis McGinley, poet—Litt.D.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

• W. H. Auden, Pulitzer prizewinning poet—Litt.D. *His strict and adult pen has helped to give our age its own appropriate voice.*

• Herman J. Muller, Nobel prizewinning geneticist—Sc.D. *A scientific humanist who merges in his own mind many minds.*

• U Thant, Secretary-General of the U.N.—LL.D.

TUFTS UNIVERSITY

• William McChesney Martin Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve Board—LL.D.

• Sylvia Porter, business columnist—L.H.D.

UNION COLLEGE (Schenectady)

• Leland John Haworth, director, National Science Foundation—D.C.L.

• David Lawrence Yunich, president, Macy's of New York—LL.D.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA (Los Angeles)

• Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, Shah of Iran—L.H.D. *He has given his support and his best efforts, in the face of the controversy that such fundamental reforms provoke, to the achievement of land and economic reforms.*

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

• Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, architect—D.F.A.

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

• John Hope Franklin, historian—D.H. *"But for the excellence of the typical single life," said Santayana, "no nation deserves to be remembered more than the sands of the sea." You have brought an individual gift of excellence to the life of reflection and scholarship.*

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

• Rafael Caldera, co-founder and leader of the Christian Democratic Party in Venezuela—LL.D.

• Thomas Clifton Mann, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs—LL.D.

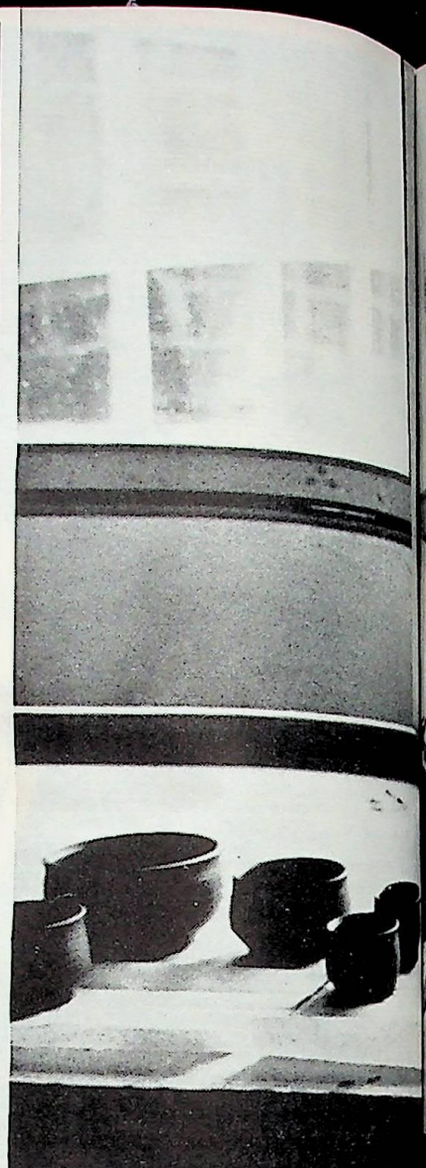
• The Most Rev. Miguel Darío Miranda, archbishop of Mexico City—LL.D. *A vigorous champion of social justice.*

• Raúl Cardinal Silva Henríquez, reforming archbishop of Santiago, Chile—LL.D.

WHEATON COLLEGE

• Nathan M. Pusey, president of Harvard—LL.D.

Who last week got honorary degrees from three other Roman Catholic colleges: Boston, Manhattan and St. Peter's.



Swede

1 Geography almost got the better of **Long after Europe's Industrial Revo** **in full swing, Sweden—cut off in** **North—was still an agricultural** **1870 five-sevenths of the population** **farms.)**

2 Today, less than a century later, ber of Swedish farmers has dwindle seventh of the nation. The rest of the force has gone to work in Sweden growing industry.

3 To accomplish this remarkable over, Sweden drew on her great na sources—pine and fir forests blanke half the country; a complex of ri lakes covering one-tenth of the la deposits of iron-ore (including the biggest underground mine at Kiru her people, now standing at 7½ milli

THE SWEDES CONCENTRATE ON QUALITY

4 The wise Swedes realized they co outdo the giant countries in quan they developed a very special respect fection, down to the tiniest detail.

5 To make a better product, Swede to the research laboratory. Not co producing the finest steel in the w

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

student learning the elements of design. The whole world clamours for Swedish design in pottery, cutlery, furniture and stainless steel ware.

...pecial obsession: quality

...ered fantastic new forms for it—fabric ... from hair-thin steel wire, watch-...s of incredible delicacy.

...protect the growth of their vital tim-...dustry, Swedes are finding new ways ...wood. Examples: prefabricated houses, ...on leather and special veneers, ex-...ble clothes and blankets for hospitals.

...dish research goes beyond improving ...d. The Swedes *invented* ball-bearings ...afety matches. They pioneered the ...pment of marine beacons and com-...ed-air equipment used to tunnel through ...ains. They found 30 of the 102 elements ...e atomic table.

WANTED: MORE POWER

...rumming along at her present brisk pace, ...den needs more and more power to ...g growing. Some of it comes from her ...rways. Local production of hydro-...city more than doubled between 1950 ...1961.

...t electricity cannot do every job, and it ...t always the best choice for the jobs it ...do. Suddenly Sweden discovered a pro-...research couldn't solve: a shortage of ... Today oil—all of it imported—supplies ...of the country's need for energy.

10 Amazing fact: Sweden is *third in the world* in per capita consumption of oil. She is outstripped only by America and Canada.

HIGHEST INDIVIDUAL INCOME IN EUROPE

11 Business is booming in Sweden. Her individual income is now the highest in Europe. But industrial development has not—as elsewhere—crowded out the old crafts and traditions.

12 Go to a Swedish home for dinner and chances are the house will be lit entirely by candles. Not because there is no electricity, but because Swedes prefer it that way. In this cold land where day ends at two o'clock on winter afternoons, the word for candle, "ljus", is also the word for light.

SHELL AND WORLD OIL

Sweden is having to rely more and more on oil (demand is up 11% annually) as a cheap, sure source of power. So is the rest of the world. Oil is one of the fastest growing sources of energy, and demand is expected to double within 15 years.

Meeting this demand has to be an international operation because no other commodity is moved in such tremendous volumes, across so many frontiers, broken into so many products, planned so far ahead. It needs a complex, world-wide organisation—the kind Shell has built up over the years.

FACTS AND FIGURES

For Shell, getting oil to the markets means operating over 11½ million tons of tanker shipping, and 32,000 miles of pipelines over the great land routes. Establishing marketing companies in over 100 countries. Doing business in nearly every major language. And encouraging 6,000 research men to find new and useful products—new fuels, plastics, resins, fertilisers and insecticides.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Shell is dependable because it is in the whole oil cycle. It looks for oil, finds it, raises it, transports it, breaks it down into products, and gets them to market as regularly as a metronome. In doing so, it averages about 1¼ US cents profit per gallon on its sales.

Shell is useful. It gets the right product *to* the right place at the right time. **It serves consuming countries by finding dependable energy, producing countries by finding dependable markets. Year after year.**

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

FIRESTONE DOES IT AGAIN

Beats all competition . . . wins Indianapolis 500-Mile race for 41st consecutive time

That's a winning record no other tire manufacturer can ever hope to match. But, the real winner is YOU!

Tire performance requirements at Indianapolis will always exceed those of the most demanding passenger car owner. In this world-famous race, cars run 200 laps on the 2½-mile brick and asphalt oval track at speeds up to 180 miles per hour. Only the strongest and safest tires in the world can survive this tire-torturing test. Out of this unparalleled racing experience Firestone has developed safer tires for your car.

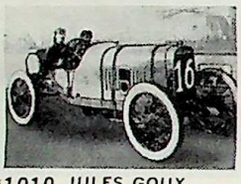
Firestone De Luxe Champion tires are built with Sup-R-Tuf, Firestone's new miracle rubber that gives you from 2,000 to 10,000 extra miles per tire. You g extra safety, too. Firestone's exclusive Super-Weld co struction locks the toughest tread possible to the supe strong cord body with an inseparable bond.

See your Firestone distributor or dealer for Firesto tires that are Safety Proved on the Speedway For Yo Protection on the Highway.

FREE We have an enlargement of the winners of th Indianapolis 500-Mile Race on Firestone tire which we will send you upon request. Write to Firesto International Company, Akron, Ohio, U.S.A.

Sup-R-Tuf—Firestone T

1911 RAY HARROUN
74.59 m.p.h.
120.015 k.p.h.



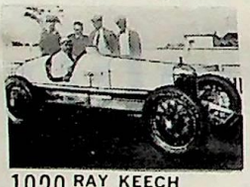
*1913 JULES GOUX
75.93 m.p.h.
122.171 k.p.h.

*1920 GASTON CHEVROLET
88.62 m.p.h.
142.589 k.p.h.

1921 TOMMY MILTON
89.62 m.p.h.
144.198 k.p.h.

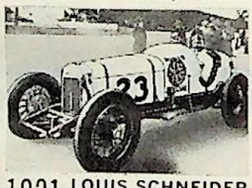
1922 JIMMY MURPHY
94.48 m.p.h.
152.018 k.p.h.

1928 LOUIS MEYER
99.48 m.p.h.
160.063 k.p.h.



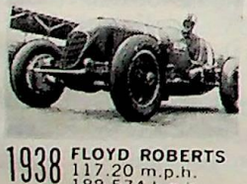
1929 RAY KEECH
97.58 m.p.h.
157.006 k.p.h.

1930 BILLY ARNOLD
100.44 m.p.h.
161.607 k.p.h.



1931 LOUIS SCHNEIDER
96.62 m.p.h.
155.461 k.p.h.

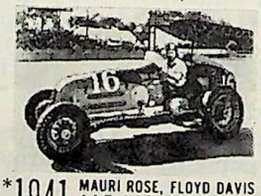
1932 FRED FRAME
104.14 m.p.h.
167.561 k.p.h.



1938 FLOYD ROBERTS
117.20 m.p.h.
188.574 k.p.h.

1939 WILBUR SHAW
115.035 m.p.h.
185.091 k.p.h.

1940 WILBUR SHAW
114.277 m.p.h.
183.871 k.p.h.



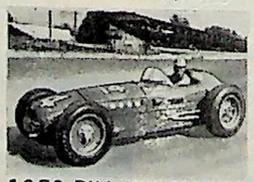
*1941 MAURI ROSE, FLOYD DAVIS
115.117 m.p.h.
185.223 k.p.h.

*1946 GEORGE ROBSON
114.8 m.p.h.
184.713 k.p.h.

1950 JOHNNY PARSONS
124.002 m.p.h.
199.519 k.p.h.

1951 LEE WALLARD
126.244 m.p.h.
203.126 k.p.h.

1952 TROY RUTTMAN
128.922 m.p.h.
207.435 k.p.h.



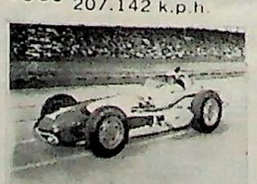
1953 BILL VUKOVICH
128.74 m.p.h.
207.142 k.p.h.

1954 BILL VUKOVICH
130.840 m.p.h.
210.521 k.p.h.

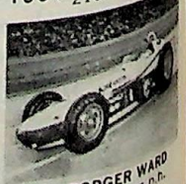
1958 JIMMY BRYAN
133.791 m.p.h.
215.269 k.p.h.

1959 RODGER WARD
135.857 m.p.h.
218.594 k.p.h.

1960 JIM RATHMANN
138.767 m.p.h.
223.276 k.p.h.



1961 A. J. FOYT
139.13 m.p.h.
223.86 k.p.h.

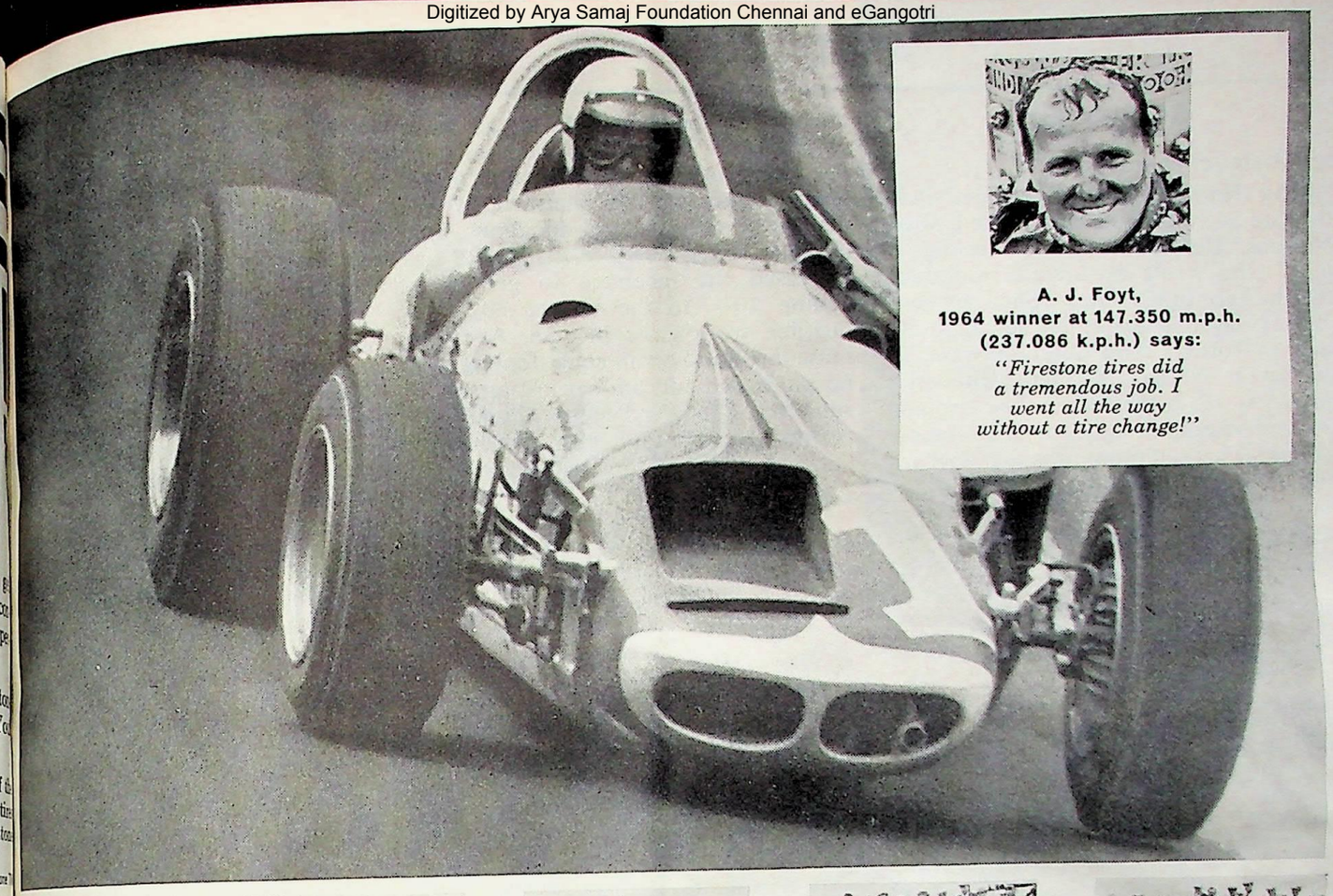


1962 RODGER WARD
140.292 m.p.h.
225.730 k.p.h.

***No races in 1917, 1918, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945**

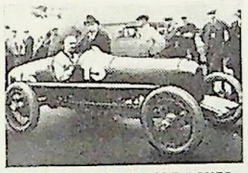
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



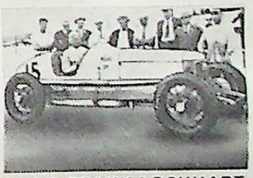
A. J. Foyt,
1964 winner at 147.350 m.p.h.
(237.086 k.p.h.) says:
"Firestone tires did a tremendous job. I went all the way without a tire change!"

1923 TOMMY MILTON
90.95 m.p.h.
146.338 k.p.h.



1924 L. CORUM, JOE BOYER
98.23 m.p.h.
158.052 k.p.h.

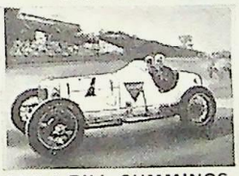
1925 PETE DE PAOLO
101.13 m.p.h.
162.718 k.p.h.



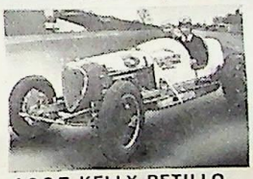
1926 FRANK LOCKHART
95.9 m.p.h.
154.303 k.p.h.

1927 GEORGE SOUDERS
97.54 m.p.h.
156.941 k.p.h.

1933 LOUIS MEYER
104.16 m.p.h.
167.593 k.p.h.



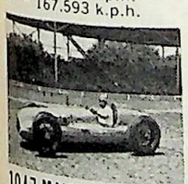
1934 BILL CUMMINGS
104.86 m.p.h.
168.719 k.p.h.



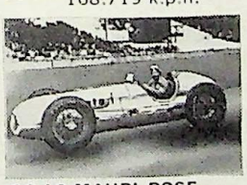
1935 KELLY PETILLO
106.24 m.p.h.
170.940 k.p.h.

1936 LOUIS MEYER
109.06 m.p.h.
175.477 k.p.h.

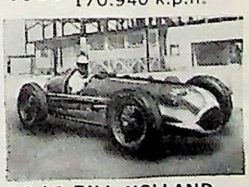
1937 WILBUR SHAW
113.58 m.p.h.
182.750 k.p.h.



1947 MAURI ROSE
116.33 m.p.h.
187.174 k.p.h.



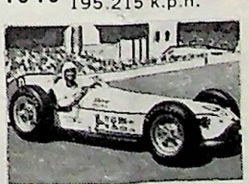
1948 MAURI ROSE
119.813 m.p.h.
192.779 k.p.h.



1949 BILL HOLLAND
121.327 m.p.h.
195.215 k.p.h.

1955 BOB SWEIKERT
128.209 m.p.h.
206.288 k.p.h.

1956 PAT FLAHERTY
128.49 m.p.h.
206.740 k.p.h.



1957 SAM HANKS
135.601 m.p.h.
218.182 k.p.h.

1963 PARNELLI JONES
143.137 m.p.h.
230.307 k.p.h.

Firestone

YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY AND SERVICE

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SCULPTURE

In Abstract Memoriam

Dag Hammarskjöld was more than the late Secretary-General of the United Nations. He was a man of feeling, a poet, who wrote of a small sculpture that he kept in his office: "Shall my soul meet so severe a curve, journeying on its way to form?" The question was answered at Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, on Sept. 18, 1961, when his airplane crashed during a tour of the chaotic Congo. The sculpture was by Barbara Hepworth, 61, Britain's top woman artist. Last week another Hepworth bronze appeared at the United Nations.

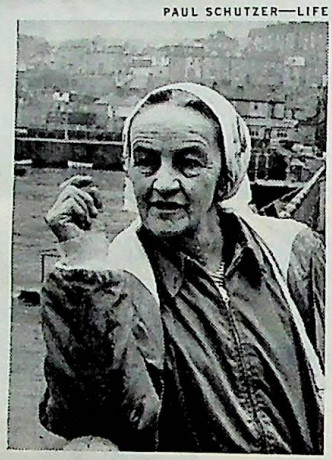
Abstract as an apple, its tensile curves suggest nothing but nature as they wind around its 21-ft. height—an ideal counter to the squared shimmer of the Secretariat Building's façade. Symbolically, the bold bronze seems a play on the Swedish diplomat's name—a hammered shield. Inside the pierced circle of the design, Sculptress Hepworth has inscribed: "To the glory of God and the memory of Dag Hammarskjöld."

DAVID GAHR

DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD MEMORIAL AT U.N.

A question remembered.

PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE



HEPWORTH

MUSEUMS

A Gift Is Now a Gift

Giving art to museums used to be pure eat-your-cake-and-have-it. A collector could sign away his Rembrandt, Van Gogh or Gignoux (yes, who?) to his favorite museum, deduct its value from his income tax, and leave it right over his fireplace until his death. As of midnight June 30, the Indian giving is over, thanks to the Internal Revenue Service.

The revenooers are shutting the life-interest loophole. In the future, no deduction may be taken until the art work is physically ceded to a museum or charitable institution. But most museum directors are not alarmed by the new law, even though donations may be delayed for years. For the IRS has increased the incentive to give now, adding 10% to the former 20% deductible from gross income. At 30%, museums stand on an equal footing with hospitals and educational institutions in soliciting gifts. And some museum directors pondered whether they might still not rent back donated paintings to givers at $1 a year.

The Art Dealers Association of America, which is the country's unofficial evaluator of art-worthiness, reported that donors squeezing under the deadline had increased demands for appraisals tenfold. Just under the wire the Philadelphia Museum got a Picasso, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts three 18th century American portraits. Manhattan's Metropolitan received a score of donations, compared with none for this time last year. No one was telling what the last-minute nongifts were: they are still over the fireplaces.

Unburied Cross

A work of art is often a synopsis of its time. Versailles tells of 17th century French rationalism in its orderly façades and the geometry of its gardens. Michelangelo's sculpture reveals in its robust anatomy the renaissance of man's faith in himself. Yet few objects compact so much of a world into a microcosm as the Romanesque cross recently acquired by Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Met first heard of the cross eight years ago; it had been stashed away in a Swiss bank vault by an Austrian collector. It was carved of seven pieces of walrus tusk, a distinctly North European material; and such traits of style as "damp fold" garments that cling smoothly to the anatomy—Met Associate Curator of Medieval Art Thomas P. F. Hoving deduced that the cross was from 12th century England.

Backwards Latin. Rippling across ivory everywhere are images that dramatize early theology. The tusks of the cross an undulating vitality, reflected in the budding motif of the Garden of Eden's Tree of Life, then supposed to be the material of the original cross of Calvary. Taking these themes, the cross dramatically telescopes history, showing Adam and Eve, the primal parents of man, at the base of the cross as they are at last raised from the dead by the Crucifixion. They seem to emerge from their eons-long sleep in a mood of joyous bewilderment as they clutch at the Tree of Life's roots, while Christ ascends above them, already on his way to heaven.

The next clue lay in the cross's figures and more than 60 inscriptions in Latin and Greek, mostly serving an ugly propaganda purpose. Rather than celebrate Christ's ascension, hexameters such as "synagogue falls after vain and stupid effort," rail against Christ's "assassins." The Jews, shown in the conical caps that they wore in medieval times, jostle and mock Christ. The placard over the missing figure of Christ reads "Jesus of Nazareth King of the Confessors" instead of "Jews." And it is written in backwards Latin rather than properly in Hebrew, to emphasize the rejection of Christ's origins.

Home Crusades. The anti-Jewish polemic was not uncommon to the militant and quite intolerant 12th century British church, which had already sent two crusades against infidels, and under Richard the Lionhearted was raising a third. Zealous Christians, certain that the Last Judgment was just around the corner, and eager to pay back the pagans, were just as ready to take revenge on the Jews of Britain as they were to recover Jerusalem from the Moslems.

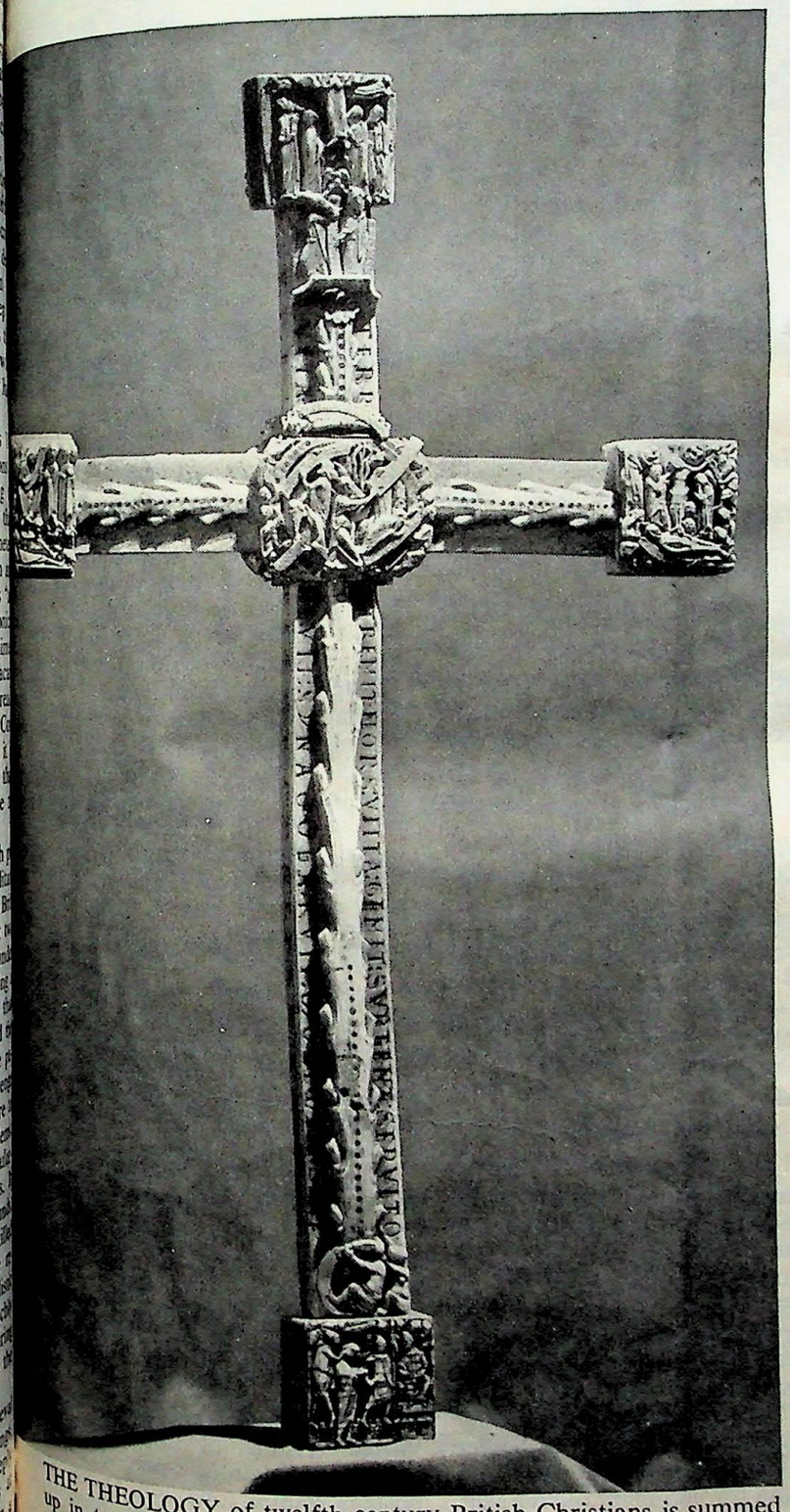
One monastery in England particularly led outbreaks against the Jews. It was the abbey of Bury St. Edmunds, the holy tomb of the royal martyr killed in 870 by pagan Danes when he refused to recant Christianity. Stylistic links between the cross and the richly illuminated Bury Bible, created during the 1130s, led Curator Hoving to the abbey.

An Hooly Monke. While medieval monasteries waxed rich in land holdings, Bury St. Edmunds had fallen deeply into debt to Jewish moneylenders by the end of the 12th century. Then a strong, stubborn monk, appropriately named Samson, became abbot shortly after a young boy was found murdered. The Jews were blamed. Eight years

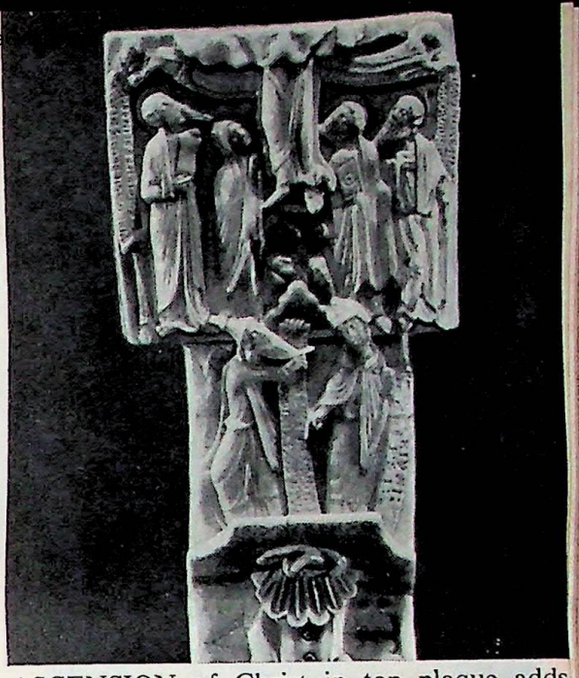
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and e

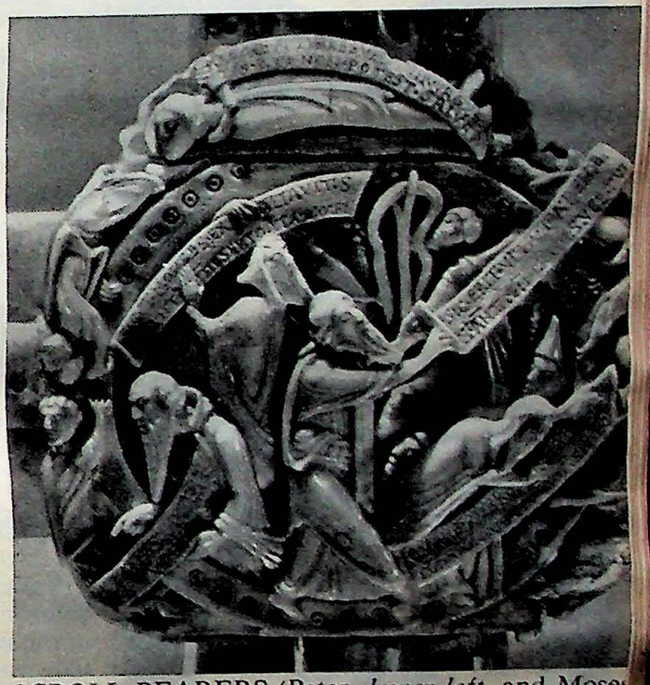
Romanesque Masterwork



THE THEOLOGY of twelfth century British Christians is summed up in two-feet-tall walrus-tusk cross made for Abbot Samson of Bury St. Edmunds, lately acquired by Metropolitan Museum of Art.



ASCENSION of Christ in top plaque adds drama by showing him already half in heaven.



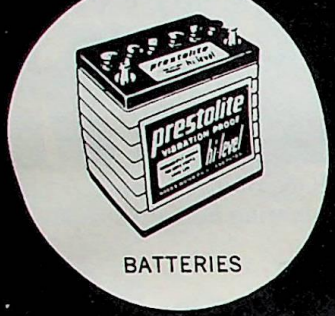
SCROLL BEARERS (Peter, *lower left,* and Moses *center*) proclaim the Hebrews' rejection of Chris

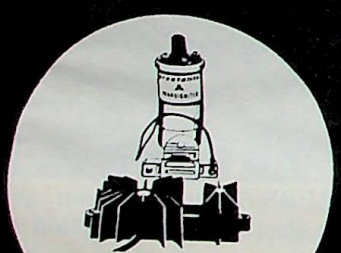
TRIAL of Jesus before Pilate was detach from cross, recently found and reassembl

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY ERIC SCHAAL

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

INSIST ON GENUINE PRESTOLITE PARTS
prestolite

BATTERIES
prestolite

THUNDERVOLT SPARK PLUGS
prestolite

TRANSISTORIZED IGNITION SYSTEMS
PRESTOLITE INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
London, Brussels, Johannesburg
Mexico City, Sydney and Toledo, U.S.A.
Export Sales: Geon, Great Neck, New York, U.S.A.

RABIN'S "AMERICAN LANDSCAPE" (1962)

Also visions of London and oversized stamps.

later 57 Jews were massacred in the town. Samson got the King to expel the Jews from Bury St. Edmunds, and shortly cleared the abbey's debt, wresting back the glory that the monastery once enjoyed.

The abbot was the embodiment of a militant monk. History records that he begged the King to go on a crusade. Hoving concludes that Samson might well have commissioned the cross. Perhaps he was the abbot whom Chaucer mocked in his *Prioress's Tale* for his false piety over a murder:

This abbot, which that was an hooly man,
As monkes been, or elles oghte be.

Concludes Hoving more mildly of Samson's cross: "It expresses what was in the wind throughout the entire Christian world during the late 12th century, for the cross is symbolic of the crusading spirit, both good and evil."

PAINTING

Soviet Art in London

Eric Estorick, Brooklyn-born manager of London's fashionable Grosvenor Gallery, has a quixotic goal: he wants to bring modern Russian art to the West. In four years he has journeyed 15 times to Russia, searching for paintings and cajoling authorities for permission to export the works. Last week he put his acquisitions on show, the first major commercial exhibit of Soviet art in the West since 1922, when the young Russian revolutionary regime sent to Berlin and Amsterdam works by Kandinsky, Pevzner and Gabo—who all later went into exile.

Estorick's modern artists seem mostly pre-Kandinsky in style. Hardly a trace of surrealism, cubism or abstractionism shows; the most obvious influence is French impressionism. Yet, except [for] Lenin Prizewinner Aleksandr Deinek[a] husky peasant girls, which Estorick pr[o]ably bought for diplomatic reasons, [the] show is not a dismal display of [the] Russian Tractor Style. Instead, the [ba]of the exhibition is heavy with still li[fe] and landscapes, competent, vague Western, strangely empty of inventi[on]. Perhaps half a dozen of the 82 arti[sts] are important.

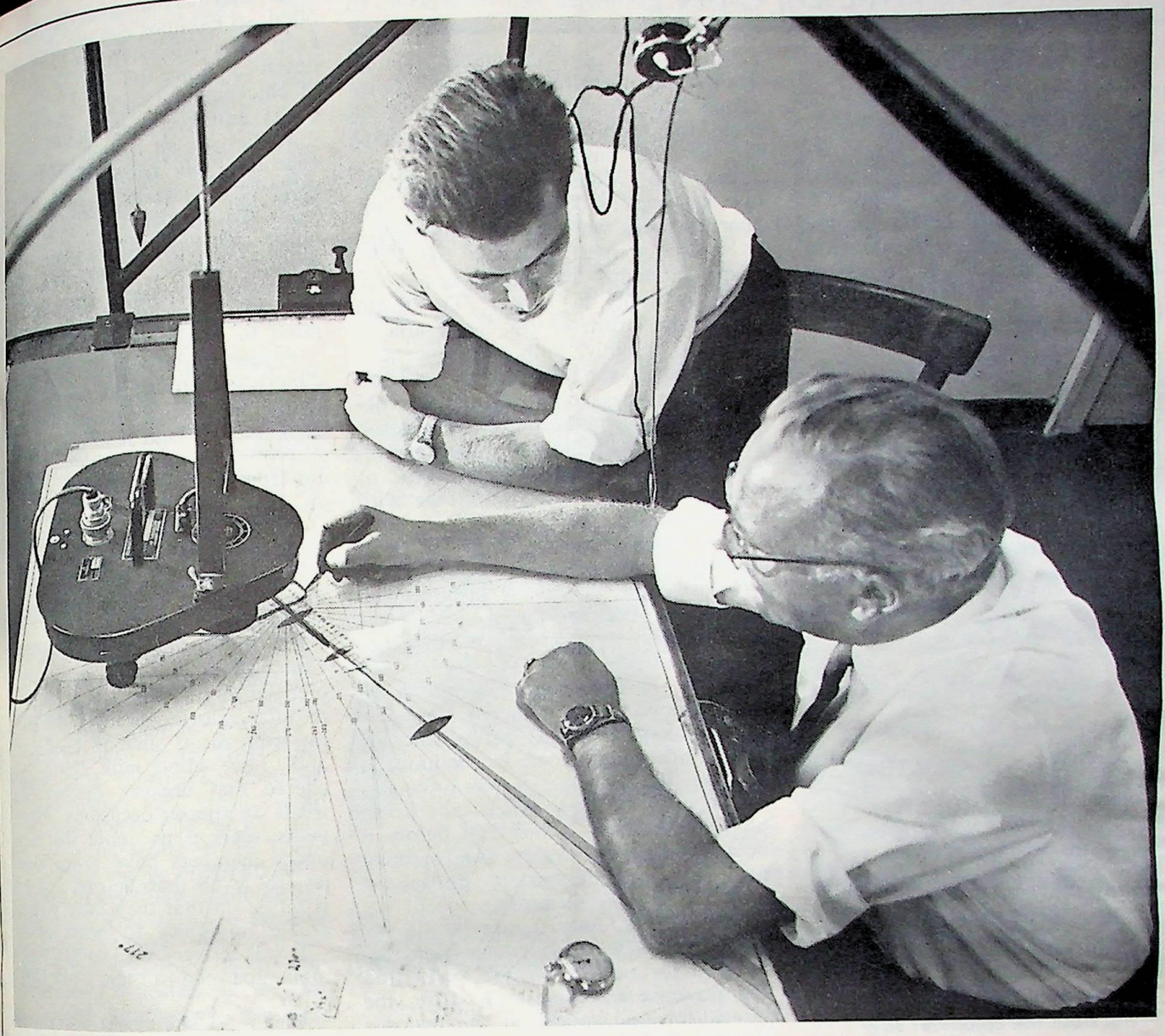
One is Anatoly Nikitch, 46, who [will] show at the Venice Biennale this seas[on]. His seven still lifes are perfectly b[al]anced compositions and painters' pai[n]ings; in one, provocatively, a postca[rd] by France's Bernard Buffet is visib[ly] stuck to a background wall. Pavel N[i]konov's somber *Still Life with Pes[tle] and Mortar*, with its Braque-like gre[ys] and browns, and Aleksei Tyapushkin's still life with flowers on table are als[o] painterly achievements. Sculptor Ernst Neizvestny, who was personally scolde[d] by Khrushchev for his modernism, draws dynamic nudes.

The only painter who might be mus[ic] at home in any Western city's moder[n] museum is Oskar Rabin, an outcas[t] painter who enjoys no official patronag[e] at home. Rabin's four fantasy cityscapes are semiabstractions: a *City and Moon* balances glowing oval shapes against the dark grid of hazy architectural forms; an *American Landscape* shows giddy skyscrapers in a land he has never visited. Visions of London and Paris both depict painfully precise, oversized postage stamps (one with Queen Elizabeth) that boldly refute the perspective.

Singularly absent are the spunky, [if] not necessarily accomplished, avant-gardists who are much whispered about in Russia. As Entrepreneur Estorick puts it, "We don't want to make martyrs of these guys."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

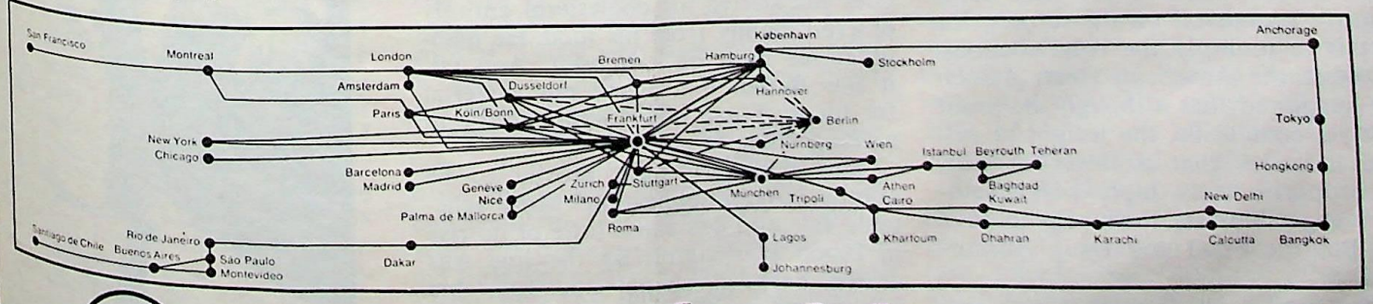
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



10 minutes before 'take off' at the Lufthansa flying school

The student pilot is getting his instructions for the next flight. Soon he will be circling the airfield. And then preparing to land.
In fact, he won't have left the ground at all.
His machine is a Linktrainer, and it is in the Lufthansa flying school at Bremen. All the instruments of a real plane are duplicated in the Linktrainer. Every Lufthansa student "flies" in it for at least 100 hours. He also does 250 hours in a flying schoolroom, in the air. And gets 1700 hours' teaching *in navigation, mechanics and a* dozen other subjects.
Only then is the Lufthansa student ready to spread his own wings. And only after a further 5—7 years' flying experience can he become a Flight Captain.

Next time you see a Lufthansa pilot, remember that he has gone through one of the toughest schools on earth. And in the sky.



Lufthansa
German Airlines

DLK 4112

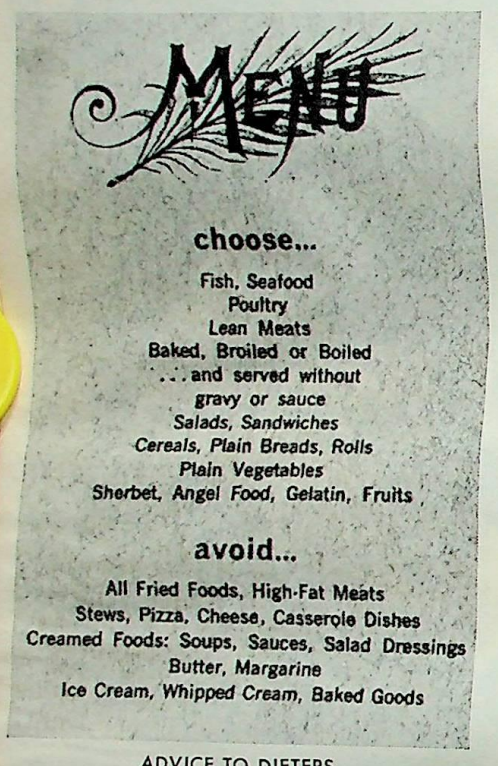
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CARDIOLOGY

Four Fats in the Blood: Which Cause Heart Attacks?

Every week for the past year, more than 1,100 couples in five U.S. cities have selected a seven-day supply of food from a carefully drawn list and then sent their orders to Washington. Processed by a computer, the orders go back to shipping offices in the five cities, and the food is delivered. Container labels give no clue to the precise ingredients in such items as salad dressings, cake mixes and milk concentrates.



ADVICE TO DIETERS
What does the computer say?

The computerized menus represent no attempt to automate a housewife's traditional chore. They are part of a serious and important study, financed by the U.S. Public Health Service, designed to discover whether American men still in their prime can be saved from fatal heart attacks by changes in their diet.

The computer's coldly calculated answers promise to help cut through the growing confusion about fats and the heart. Today, almost every time some authority sounds off on the subject, the effect is to multiply the contradictions. Last week the American Heart Association suggested that although the proof is not yet conclusive, the weight of evidence indicates that a lower-fat diet, with proportionately more polyunsaturated* vegetable fats, will help to save lives. But the Food and Drug Administration had just threatened action against manufacturers who label shortenings and cooking oils as polyunsaturated, thus implying that they are good for the heart and arteries.

Easy to Measure. Atherosclerosis that narrows or closes the heart's coronary arteries with slushy, fatty deposits is the greatest killer in the U.S., where it claims 500,000 lives a year, twice as many as cancer. The death rate from prime-of-life heart attacks goes up, roughly, with the concentration of fats in the blood. Most biochemists divide these circulating fatty substances into four groups: cholesterol, fatty acids, phospholipids, and triglycerides, some of them "free," some of them combined with proteins or with one another.

It is not yet certain which of them are the most important in causing atherosclerosis. But cholesterol has received the widest publicity, largely because it is the easiest to measure and thus becomes a handy guide to arterial and coronary health. Among peasants in India, starved of protein and of fat, a cholesterol level of 125 milligrams per 100 milliliters of blood is common. It is about the same for fish-and-rice-eating Japanese. Among Americans living high off the hog, it hits 250 before a doctor begins to worry. And among men with coronary-artery disease, it may go to 500 or more.

The squishy, fatty nature of the deposits in clogged arteries has been recognized for more than 200 years, and the presence of cholesterol (from the Greek for bile solids) in the deposits has been known for more than a century. Presumably the cholesterol is deposited from the blood. Just how or why, no one knows. But high levels of circulating cholesterol go with a high incidence of heart attacks in men 45 to 65; doctors have spent years trying to figure out why the cholesterol piles up.

Animal v. Vegetable. The simplest explanation would be that the cholesterol comes from food. Eggs are a common source: their yolks are packed with the stuff. So are some meats. But the obvious explanation is only part of the truth. The high-blood-cholesterol man does not derive his cholesterol entirely or even mainly from his food. He manufactures most of it himself. And fat, it was found, is a prime raw material for his liver and other organs to use in making cholesterol.

This discovery soon proved to be another oversimplification. Most vegetable fats and oils cause little or no rise in blood cholesterol. So the line was drawn between animal and vegetable fats. But even that line was uncertain; it had to weave around to leave hard or saturated fats on one side and polyunsaturated fats on the other. The blubber of whales and the oil of seals and other marine mammals is polyun- rated, so Eskimos can eat them and keep their cholesterol low. Also unsaturated are the oils of fish. Th of chickens and turkeys (unlike th ducks and geese) is mainly neutr

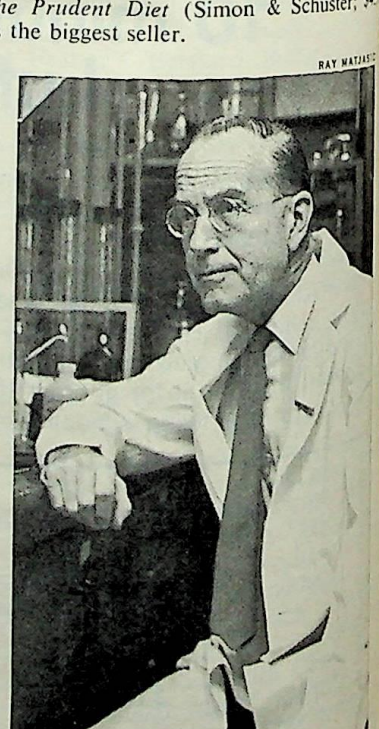
Richest of all in polyunsaturates vegetable oils from corn, cotton safflower, soybeans, and (if not cially hydrogenated) peanuts and olives. Virtually all contain fats different degrees of saturation. Wh important, say many heart-disease tors, is the proportion of polyun rated to saturated.

Prudent Diet. Until 50 years Americans consumed on the ave only about 25% of their calories form of fat. They also got a great of physical exercise, which tends to fat from piling up either on the ri in the blood. By 1950, though, York City's late Dr. Norman Jo estimated that fats made up at 40% of the average American's ories, and nearly all of them were saturated fats.

Dr. Jolliffe started the Anti-Coron Club, with 700 men aged 40 to pledged to cut their fats to 30% or of total calories, to trim off all vis fat from meats such as beef and la and to use whole milk, butter, pastr cheese and creamy desserts only treats on special occasions. After se years, there is no doubt that Anti-C onary members have lower blood-c lesterol levels than before, and evide is piling up that they have won con erable immunity to heart attacks.*

It was all very well to get 700 hig motivated men in New York City to

* Amid a plethora of diet books, a new e tion of Jolliffe's *Reduce and Stay Reduced the Prudent Diet* (Simon & Schuster, $4. is the biggest seller.


RAY MATARAZ

HEART SPECIALIST PAGE
Will man mind his appetite?

* *Chemists call a fat saturated if each carbon atom along the molecular chain has hydrogen atoms attached. It is monounsaturated if one carbon atom is free of the hydrogen bonds; it is polyunsaturated if two or more are free.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Dr. Jolliffe's "prudent diet," but
the mass of American men be in-
to do the same while still appar-
healthy? Now the National Diet-
Study, headed by Cleveland's Dr.
H. Page (TIME Cover, Oct. 31,
is seeking an answer. Backed by
U.S. Public Health Service, the
aims to find out 1) whether men
voluntarily restrict their diets now
the sake of a possible health gain
future, 2) whether the prescribed
will effectively lower blood cho-
, and 3) if so, which of several
is best for the purpose.

Blood Will Tell. In the test cities, the
Bureau mailed invitations to
8,000 men; in each city, about
replied and attended a selection
ing. Those chosen had to be in ap-
good health, with no history of
-artery disease. They had to be
ried, and have a stable job and a
with a food freezer. They gave
samples for cholesterol measure-
before they started on their diets,
have given them every two months

In each city, the D-H food center de-
its computer-selected lean meats,
meat specialties such as "grillettes,"
sage and chicken à la king, and
defatted milk substitutes, cheeses,
ads, creamless ice cream—and
garine. Volunteers buy many sta-
fish, fowl and fruits in the open
ket. Just how many different diets
being tried in the study is still secret.
The volunteers were asked to eat out
two meals a week, and then to
and choose carefully from the
u or whatever a hostess serves. Do
boys cheat? Not much, say the
w-it-all computers, which not only
ect menus but tabulate the results of
quent checkups. Bimonthly blood-
olesterol levels would tattle on any
ret gorgers. Most of the men have
t weight—five to eight pounds on
average.

Whatever the precise composition of
secret diets, they are based on far
re sophisticated nutrition science
an simply cutting down on fats and
osting the proportion of polyunsat-
ates. For one thing, it probably does
good to cut down fats and make
the calorie deficit with carbohy-
ates: the Rockefeller Institute's Dr.
Edward H. Ahrens Jr. has shown that
e effect of this maneuver is to boost
triglycerides in the blood. And more
d more heart researchers are coming
believe that the triglycerides are at
ast as important as cholesterol, and
rhaps a better clue to the risk of a
art attack. Oakland's Dr. Laurance
insell has found that some people
ve high triglycerides and normal cho-
sterol, while others have high choles-
rol and normal triglycerides.

Microscopic Giants. Dr. Margaret Al-
brink, now at West Virginia University,
began a triglyceride study in 1955 when
she was at Yale. She says it is the tri-
glyceride level, and not the sheer volume
of cholesterol, that determines whether
the cholesterol will circulate in harmless
little molecules or form "giant" (though
still microscopic) particles of the kind
that clogs up arteries. Adds Dr. Al-
brink: "The single most important thing
that influences the triglyceride concen-
tration is excessive weight gain after
25. Triglycerides increase with too
many calories, while cholesterol in-
creases with too much fat."

With so much emphasis on what to
eat and how much, some authorities
despair of getting the public to recog-
nize that heart disease has no single,
simple cause. Hereditary susceptibility
is a factor, and so is high blood pres-
sure. Says Dr. Paul Dudley White, lean,
beanpole dean of cardiologists: "We're
trying to establish the degree of re-
sponsibility for a number of different
factors. For instance, muscular metab-
olism, and the effects of vigorous exer-
cise." Dr. William B. Kannel, assistant
director of a ten-year-old study of more
than 5,000 men and women in Fra-
mingham, Mass., says: "Cigarette smok-
ing triggers a great amount of coronary
disease. If we could abolish smoking,
we could reduce the deaths from coro-
nary disease in Framingham by 40%.
The risk is related to how much you
smoke, but not to how long you have
smoked. Those who stop smoking have
as good a chance of escaping heart
disease as nonsmokers."

Everywhere, eager researchers are
trying to pin down the importance of
stress and how it affects the heart. The
University of Oklahoma's Dr. Stewart
Wolf led a team of cardiologists into
the little Pennsylvania town of Roseto,
where 95% of the 1,600 inhabitants
are descended from a single group of
immigrants from Italy. They eat heavi-
ly, including plenty of saturated fat,
and drink a lot of wine. Nearly all of
them are overweight. But to their sur-
prise the doctors found that in seven
years no Roseto men under 47 died of
heart attacks, and in later life their
rate was barely half that in neighbor-
ing towns. Perhaps, the investigators
say, the explanation is that these people
are "gay, boisterous and unpretentious,
simple, warm and very hospitable . . .
mutually trusting (there is no crime in
Roseto) and mutually supporting."
When Rosetans leave home to live in
the big cities, their heart-attack death
rate goes up to the U.S. norm.

Red Cells Merge. Basic to any under-
standing of the role of stress, says San
Francisco's Dr. Meyer Friedman, is
the individual's personality. Does he
seek out stresses? And does his body
react to them in a way that will eventu-
ally kill him by clogging his coronary
arteries? Dr. Friedman thinks so.

A driving go-getter, he says, cannot
clear his bloodstream fast enough of
the triglycerides which accumulate after
a high-fat meal. Unlike the more placid
man, the go-getter uses too much of
his body's heparin to break up the fat.
There is not enough heparin (nature's
anticoagulant) left to keep the red
blood cells apart: "If, after every meal,
a man has too many fat particles going
around and red cells sludging and ob-
structing small blood vessels, the heart
may be temporarily so embarrassed
that this man will have a heart attack
without a clot. This may explain why
30% to 40% of all autopsies after
heart attacks reveal no clot."

In the D-H study, now beginning its
second year, some volunteers will be
given more freedom to buy their own
lean meats. Next summer, the com-
puters will render their verdicts on this
and other variables in the volunteers'
diets. Then the PHS will decide wheth-
er to launch a ten-year study of 100,000
men to settle, once and for all, the
vexed questions of fats and the heart.

RUSSELL C. HAMILTON

THE DE FRANCO FAMILY AT DINNER IN ROSETO, PA.
How to succeed in living is to be a most happy fella.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MODERN LIVING

FASHION

On the Beaten Track

Having already surrendered their long black tights to suburban housewives, seen their burlap skirts turn up as dormitory curtains, their madras shirts as bedspreads, and their turtleneck sweaters on Sean O'Casey, far-out females from coast to coast stood dismally by while the squares got beat and left them, pad-ridden, behind. Common zens told them to cling fast lest sandals, too, go the way of guitars, but too late. Before anyone could say "Cool it, dad," high fashion had taken over.

Sandals, of course, are nothing new. Alexander the Great wouldn't have been caught dead without them, and Julius Caesar wasn't. But only in recent A.D. days have they become something more than what to wear in the shower, at the beach, at home alone, or on a tour through alien lands whence the news will not get back. Gradually, as America discovered its special fashion nook, a knack for the sporting look, sandals began to be everywhere, and everywhere pretty much proper.

However, there are sandals and there are sandals. In Manhattan, Greenwich Village's cowhide standard will still raise eyebrows north of 59th Street; only on very special feet will they get by a doorman with class or a headwaiter with vision. But the introduction of the spaghetti strap and the low, more graceful heel has turned a little item into big business, earned fashion's acclaim and the blessings of women everywhere who have spent all the summers of their lives struggling into nylon stockings and old-style, cover-up pumps—all for the sticky sake of decency.

The credit is mostly Chanel's. The closed-toe, sling-back shoe shown with her Paris collection several seasons ago swept the Continental set off their cramped feet; slow to cross the sea, the shoe was introduced to the U.S. only last fall by Designer Herbert Levine, was instantly copied in every color in real and ersatz fabrics from Monterey to Montauk Point. Strictly speaking not a sandal except to the industry, the Chanel model spurred what Stylist David Evins calls "the less-shoe look," was such a staggering success on the market that even barer versions seemed worth a try.

They were. Today, at the beginning of sports shoes' hot season, sandals are hottest of all, far more popular than ever before. In any of a hundred shapes, whether exquisite and chic or plain and substantial, wrought with precision by careful hand or knocked out en masse by machine, littered with "jewels" at a cost in the neighborhood of $150 or woven of raffia for $2.99, sandals are increasingly the newest, the nicest and the niftiest way to step out in style. The squares? Swinging. The beats? Beaten.

AN SANDAL-BOOT

HALF-SOLE

V-STRAP

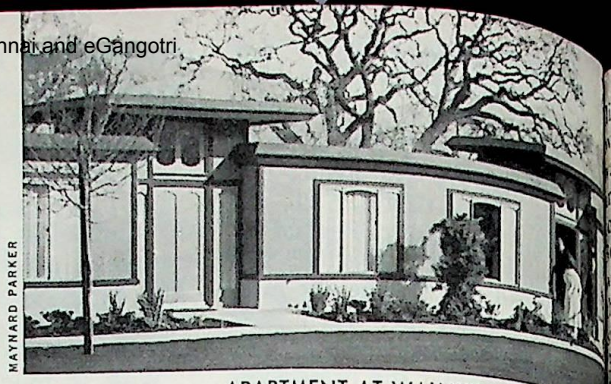
T-STRAP

BEN MARTIN

THONG

Common zens said keep it cool.

BUILDER CORTESE



MAYNARD PARKER

APARTMENT AT WALNUT CREEK, CALIF.

COMMUNITY CENTER

ARCHITECT CA

Sculptural roofs, gazebos and no water moaning.

DESIGN

Good Partnership

To merchant builders, who buy la by the tract and sow it with houses, a chitecture is usually something to d without. Architects, they feel, are t prone to run up costs with perfectio ists' details, and too preoccupied w niceties that are wasted on developm customers, who don't care much what house looks like so long as there ar plenty of appliances in the kitchen.

A notable breakthrough has bee made in this architect-builder standoff and made by one of the top builder in the U.S.—California's Ross Willia Cortese, who is discovering that archi tecture is not only selling his building but cutting his costs.

Privacy & Chats. Builder Corte (rhymes with daisy) specializes in re tirement housing. When he was crank ing up for his third retirement com munity—at Walnut Creek in the San Francisco Bay area—he decided to giv an architect a crack at it. The result ha made $250 million Walnut Creek, now abuilding, one of the most talked-about developments in the U.S.

The architect Cortese picked for his experiment was the West Coast's well-known Warren Callister. "We've been selling everything else in these retire ment projects," he told him. "Now we want to try selling architecture."

Callister delivered it. Walnut Creek's roofs lift the eye, its patios are big enough to let the sun in, instead of be ing the penumbral little fakes so beloved of corner-cutting contractors. And there is no scamping of the invisible details. Air-conditioning ducts are oversized to

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

minate duct noise, water pipes are versized to eliminate water moaning, alls and ceilings are fully insulated, nd almost every partition is a floor-ceiling storage wall. Doorways are 6 in. wide to permit easy passage of heelchairs, wall plugs are 2 ft. off he floor to minimize stooping, light witches are at fingertip height, about 3 in. off the floor for effortless flipping by an arthritic arm.

More subtle is the Callister-Cortese anning for easy sociability. Gardens are planted around the laundry rooms, for example, so that women with no clothes to wash may still have an excuse to sit in the lounge, enjoying the view and a chat. Walkways are planned with many corners for accidental meetings, and there is a gazebo, where free coffee and tea are served. "People want some privacy but not all the time," says Callister. "They want action and legitimate excuses to meet each other —so we have all these clubhouses and courtyards and meeting rooms."

More Excitement Ahead. Having taken a chance on architecture, Cortese was pleased to discover that he had more than he had bargained for. "Callister helped us get lower costs than we could have got without him," says the project manager.

Callister sees the future of architecture in developments. "I don't think people are going to buy the old-fashioned homesteads any more," he says. "They're going to buy the projects that provide the greatest excitement, activity and adventure. When architecture provides that, it lives."

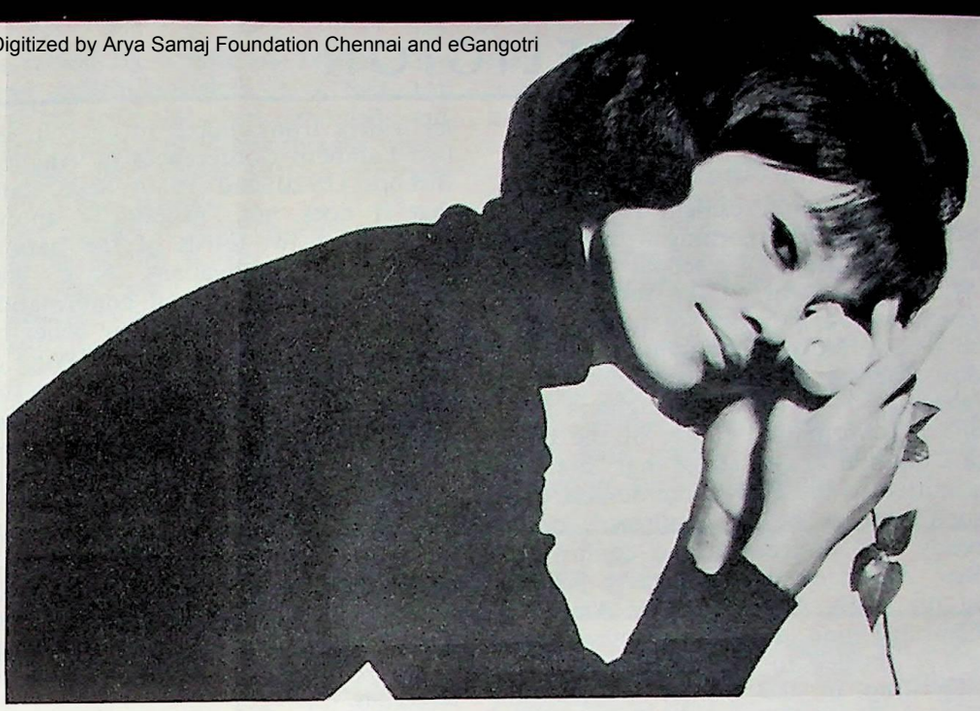
HAZARDS

He Who Steals My Purse Steals My Credit Cards

"I have a champagne taste but no funds to support it," the 17-year-old girl explained to New York police. With credit cards belonging to Actress Carol Lawrence, she rented a car, bought clothes, perfume and records, was about to fly off to Miami, before she was stopped.

Loser Lawrence was no isolated victim. Of the 70 million credit cards in circulation in the U.S., no fewer than 1,500,000 are lost each year, and of these 60,000 have been stolen. Illicit charges run up on a stolen card are estimated to average $500. And stealing credit cards is an increasingly popular crime; dollar losses from their misuse increased eightfold from 1958 ($266,850) to 1962 ($1,915,000).

Most major credit-card companies grimly absorb these losses themselves. But to protect holders against laws making cardholders liable for charges until their loss has been reported, a St. Louis company called Saf-Card Inc. has announced a plan by which, for $20 annually, Saf-Card will indemnify the holder for up to $10,000 in purchases run up on a card by champagne spenders with mickey finn morals.



stop taking snapshots

[*and start taking photographs*]

If you are really serious about photography you want more out of your photographs than mere snapshots. You want pictures that are exciting to look at *more* than once, pictures that reflect the true nature of the subject and its surroundings, colors that come alive.

No camera can take a good picture. Only the photographer can do that. A camera can, however, help you avoid mistakes, give your photographs the mark of experience. Here is how the new Minolta SR-7 does just that:

SR-7 is equipped with a powerful CdS light meter. And you'll notice it's built in (all the way in). The meter is highly sensitive, measures anything you can see, and is every bit as accurate as the hand-held meters the professionals use.

The world-famous F1.4 Rokkor lens is treated with Achromatic coating, a patented process which brings a new faithfulness to color photography.

The significance of the Minolta SR-7 is obvious when you see it, test it, compare it. Take a look. You'll see why this camera is used by serious photographers throughout the world.

Minolta
MINOLTA CAMERA CO., LTD.

"I Am Disgusted"

So spoke an architect with obvious dislike for tradition and conformity. TIME quoted him, and presented his views on the direction architecture should take in the Modern Living section, gathering place for new ideas on everything from housing to baby formulas. Ideas with merit invariably find their way into TIME. In doing so, they attract the attention of millions of TIME families around the globe—themselves ever receptive to progress and innovation.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WORSHIP

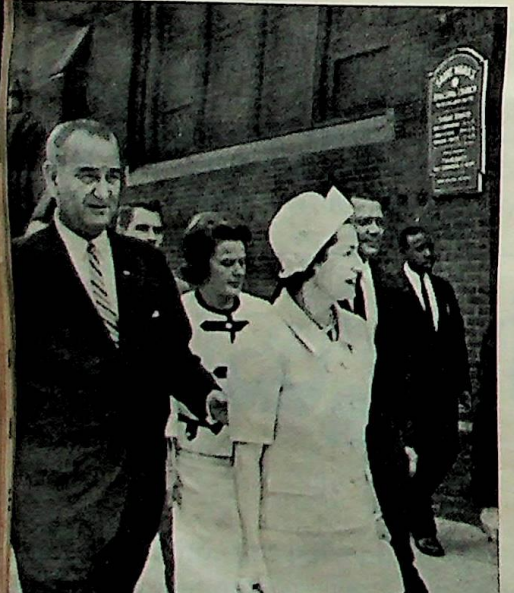
Johnson at the Altar Rail

On occasion, President Johnson has attended Sunday morning worship services at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Washington, where, like most of the congregation, he goes to the altar rail to receive Holy Communion. But Lyndon Johnson is not an Episcopalian (although his wife and daughters are), and a confirmation rubric of the book of Common Prayer states that "none be admitted to the Holy Communion until such time as he be confirmed, or be ready and desirous to be confirmed." Rev. Albert du Bois, executive director of the stiffly Anglo-Catholic American Church Union, questions whether Johnson is entitled to Communion.

Writing in the monthly *American Church News*, Canon du Bois admits that the President "is undoubtedly receiving Communion at Episcopal altars in good faith and in sincerity." Nonetheless, he argues that priests who have admitted non-Episcopalians to Communion make it difficult for the clergy, "who wish to maintain the church's law and discipline but who do not wish to make an issue of this at their altar rails." He suggests that the President ought to legalize things by presenting himself to a bishop for confirmation.

Theologically speaking, the Protestant Episcopal Church has always been a "closed Communion" faith, in contrast to the Disciples of Christ, to which Johnson belongs, and many other Protestant groups that welcome all baptized Christians to the altar. The Episcopal reasoning is that people should not receive the sacrament together if they do not agree on what it signifies. But observance of the confirmation rubric varies widely from church to church, and two Lambeth Conferences of Anglican Bishops (1920 and 1930) have stated that it does not "necessarily apply." Only about two-thirds of the nation's 3,587,000 Episcopalians have gone through the ceremony of confirmation, in which they testify to their belief before a bishop and receive the laying on of hands. Few priests would ever refuse Communion to a stranger,* although most churches will not allow unconfirmed members to assume lay offices.

In any case, Johnson is not likely to get turned away from many altar rails in Washington, traditionally an Episcopal diocese that favors open Communion. Bishop William Creighton says that "the President, of course, is welcome to receive Holy Communion in our churches."



PRESIDENT & WIFE OUTSIDE ST. MARK'S
Communion without confirmation?

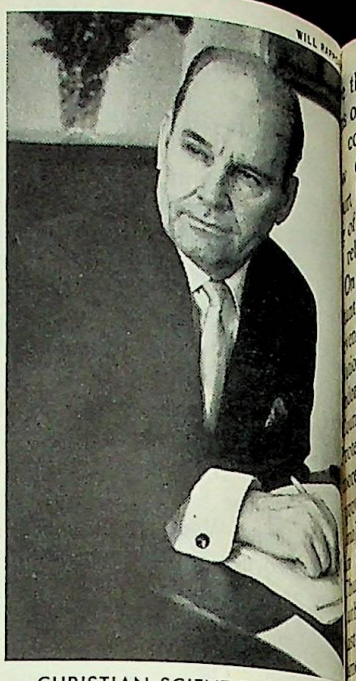
CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS

Her Growing Daughters

Next to a conclave of cardinals, probably the most secret religious assembly is the annual meeting of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist. Last week more than 7,000 of the faithful showed up in Boston to hear the yearly report on how their made-in-America faith is doing. Names and church standing were carefully checked before admission tickets were granted, and reporters of other faiths were barred from the four auditoriums where the proceedings were held.

The curbs help keep secret such statistics as membership figures, but they do not hide internal dissension: there is none. Christian Science is autocratically governed by a board of five directors with lifetime tenure who make all the major decisions for the church. Among them is the choice of Christian Science's president, who serves for a year as chief spokesman for the faith. The leader presented to this year's meeting was German-born Edward Frederman, a trustee of the church's Publishing Society, who gave up a vice-presidency of a Chicago bank 15 years ago to work as a fulltime practitioner of Mary Baker Eddy's healing doctrine.

Quickening. Mrs. Eddy passed on, as Christian Scientists put it, in 1910, but her spirit looms heavily over the church. Christian Science still affirms her central belief that evil—including physical illness—can be conquered through faith and understanding, although members are free to consult doctors if they want to, as Mrs. Eddy herself did. Along with the Bible, her major work, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, is regarded as divine revelation, but there is never any theological debate in the church about how it should be interpreted. Christian Scientists feel that there is no need to modernize her teachings, and, as Board Chairman Inman Douglas says, "within the church organization there is no controversy on this point, no difference of opinion, no liberal and conservative wings. No, nothing like that."



CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST DOUGLASS
Revelation without dispute.

Christian Science in the past has often seemed as sober and conservative as its best-known creation, the daily Monitor (circ. 190,000). Now there seems to be a measurable quickening in the church's missionary impulse, both at home and abroad. U.S. "branches" of the Mother Church total 2,449, up 106 in a decade, and foreign branches now number 819. Best outside guess on membership: 400,000. Forty new Christian Science clubs have been formed on U.S. college campuses.

Modernization. Lately, too, a number of relatively young members have taken over responsible positions in the church and tried to modernize its approach to evangelism. Among the signs of change: the $700,000 Christian Science Pavilion at the New York World's Fair, a paperback edition of *Science and Health*. Says Harvard-trained Robert Peel, of the church's Committee on Publication: "Like many small groups, we started with a great deal of persecution and were put on the defensive. But as the movement has grown, Christian Science has begun to reach out to society as a whole."

CHURCH & STATE

A Tide Reversed

Millions of U.S. Christians emotionally reject the Supreme Court's successive decisions against prayer in schools; in fact, as this month's hymn-laden commencement ceremonies show, prayer is still very much in schools, regardless of the court. But church leaders, at first often prone to echo their congregations in opposing the court

* Unconfirmed children, at the now-popular family service, can approach the altar with their parents, cross their arms and receive the priest's blessing instead of the consecrated bread and wine.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

thought through the legal implica-
of attempting to overrule the court
constitutional amendment. They
overwhelmingly agree that the
has affirmed the essential mean-
of the First Amendment: it protects
religions by establishing none.

On the Record. Almost every Prot-
nt denomination—ranging from the
enth-day Adventists to the Episcopal
tional Council—has gone on record
orsing the decisions. The National
ncil of Churches, representing 31
testant and Orthodox groups with
re than 40 million members, ap-
ved the rulings last June. The three
jor Lutheran bodies—the Luther-
Church-Missouri Synod, Lutheran
urch in America, and American
theran Church—side with the court.
st month additional endorsements
me from the American Baptists,
uthern Baptists, United Presbyterians
d Unitarian Universalists.

Virtually every Jewish organization in
U.S. applauded the initial court de-
ion on school prayer, while Roman
tholic opinion has shifted from open
position to guarded approval. A new
rvey of diocesan papers by the Cath-
weekly *Ave Maria* revealed that
have gone on record opposing any
ngressional action to overturn the
urt decisions, while only eight favor
wo years ago, a big majority of
e same papers attacked the Supreme
urt's ruling on the New York State
ard of Regents' prayer. Meanwhile,
e church leaders who oppose the court
cisions are fewer, although they still
clude Billy Graham, Fundamentalist
dio Preacher Carl McIntire, James
ancis Cardinal McIntyre of Los An-
es" and New York's Auxiliary Bishop
ulton J. Sheen.

Doubtful Layman. Says the United
esbyterian Stated Clerk, Dr. Eugene
rson Blake: "My experience is uni-
rmly that where there is careful study
the issues involved—in contrast to
initial and unconsidered emotion-
reaction—a substantial body of
oughtful church-member opinion sees
e dangers inherent in the practice of
votions in the public schools." Yet
far, laymen have not been convinced
the court's wisdom to the degree
at clergymen are. The Rev. Shrum
erton, president of the Kansas City
Council of Churches, explains that
me laymen have a vague feeling that
e are losing all religion in public life
d that something ought to be done,
t they don't know what." At the re-
ent Methodist General Conference, a
solution approving the prayer rulings

who last week was chided by one of his
ests for taking a conservative stand on an-
er political issue: civil rights. The Rev.
illiam Du Bay, 29, petitioned Pope Paul
to remove McIntyre on the ground of
ross malfeasance in office" for failure to
ercise moral leadership on the racial issue
d for refusing to let his clergy take part in
y civil rights campaigns. At week's end the
rdinal replied by removing Father Du Bay
om his administrative duties.

was tabled by a vote of 341 to 339. Many school districts have not yet complied with the court decisions, and there are plenty of public schools where the class day begins with a moment of silent meditation.

The degree of church-leader opposition to school prayer has not been lost on the House Judiciary Committee, which recently concluded hearings on constitutional amendments—principally one proposed by New York Republican Frank Becker—that would allow voluntary prayer and Bible reading in the public schools. When the hearings began, some Congressmen reported that their mail was running 20 to 1 in favor of Congressman Becker's amendment; it now appears to run almost as heavily against. At least 20 of the committee's 35 members, according to one informal poll, will vote down Becker's resolution. Says Committee Chairman Emanuel Celler: "The effect of the churches has been to reverse the tide. In the beginning there was a wave of patriotic piety and religious fervor in support of the Becker amendment. But the churches pointed out the thicket of embarrassments the committee would enter upon if it attempted any change in the Constitution."

MILESTONES

Born. To Heller Halliday Weir, 22, Mary Martin's daughter, who played with mother in *Peter Pan*, and Anthony Weir, 28, Madison Avenue ad man: their first child, a boy, and Mary's third grandchild; in Manhattan.

Married. Anthony Accardo, 29, adopted son of Anthony ("Big Tuna") Accardo, heir to Al Capone's Chicago crime syndicate; and Janet Marie Hawley, 23, Miss Utah of 1961; in a Roman Catholic ceremony in Chicago attended by their families, four minor-league hoods, and 30 representatives of the FBI, the Illinois Crime Commission, Chicago Crime Commission, Cook County Sheriff's Office and the Chicago police.

Married. Dr. James Slater Murphy, 41, associate professor of virology at the Rockefeller Institute and Happy Rockefeller's ex-husband; and Victoria Thompson, 25, Manhattan socialite turned schoolteacher; he for the second time; in Manhattan.

Married. Stewart Granger, 51, Hollywood's Great White Hunter (*King Solomon's Mines*); and Caroline Lecerf, 22, Belgian beauty queen; he for the third time; in a civil ceremony in Geneva. Said Stewart: "Only thing that makes me wince is that her mother's two years younger than me."

Died. Pamela Moore, 26, fledgling novelist, who hit the bestseller lists at 18 with *Chocolates for Breakfast*, describing a girl's first bittersweet taste of adult pleasures and problems, but had less success with a second novel, and found her inkwell dry part way through her third, about a washed-up writer who puts a rifle to her head; by her own hand (.22-cal. rifle); in Manhattan.

Died. Charles Clarkson Stelle, 53, career U.S. diplomat, an ever-so-patient negotiator at the Geneva disarmament conferences for the last four years, and a key man in both the 1962 nuclear test ban treaty and last year's "hot line" agreement; in Washington.

Died. Luang Pibul Songgram, 66, Thai strongman, who as Prime Minister from 1938 to 1941 and again from 1948 to 1957 changed the country's name from Siam to Thailand, turned it westward, or so he thought, with such Occidental laws as ordering men to kiss their wives before leaving for work each morning, ruled with a generally competent, militantly anti-Communist hand until a 1957 economic crisis led the Thai army to overthrow him; of a heart attack; in Tokyo.

Died. Mazie Phillips, 72, angel of mercy to Manhattan's Bowery bums, a guttural-voiced platinum blonde who worked as a cashier in a Skid Row moviehouse and for 50 years comforted every bench warmer, panhandler and swillbelly with a quarter here, a nip there, believing that more organized forms of charity were doomed because "you ain't goin' to get a bum in a mission if there's a gutter to sleep in"; after a long illness; in Manhattan.

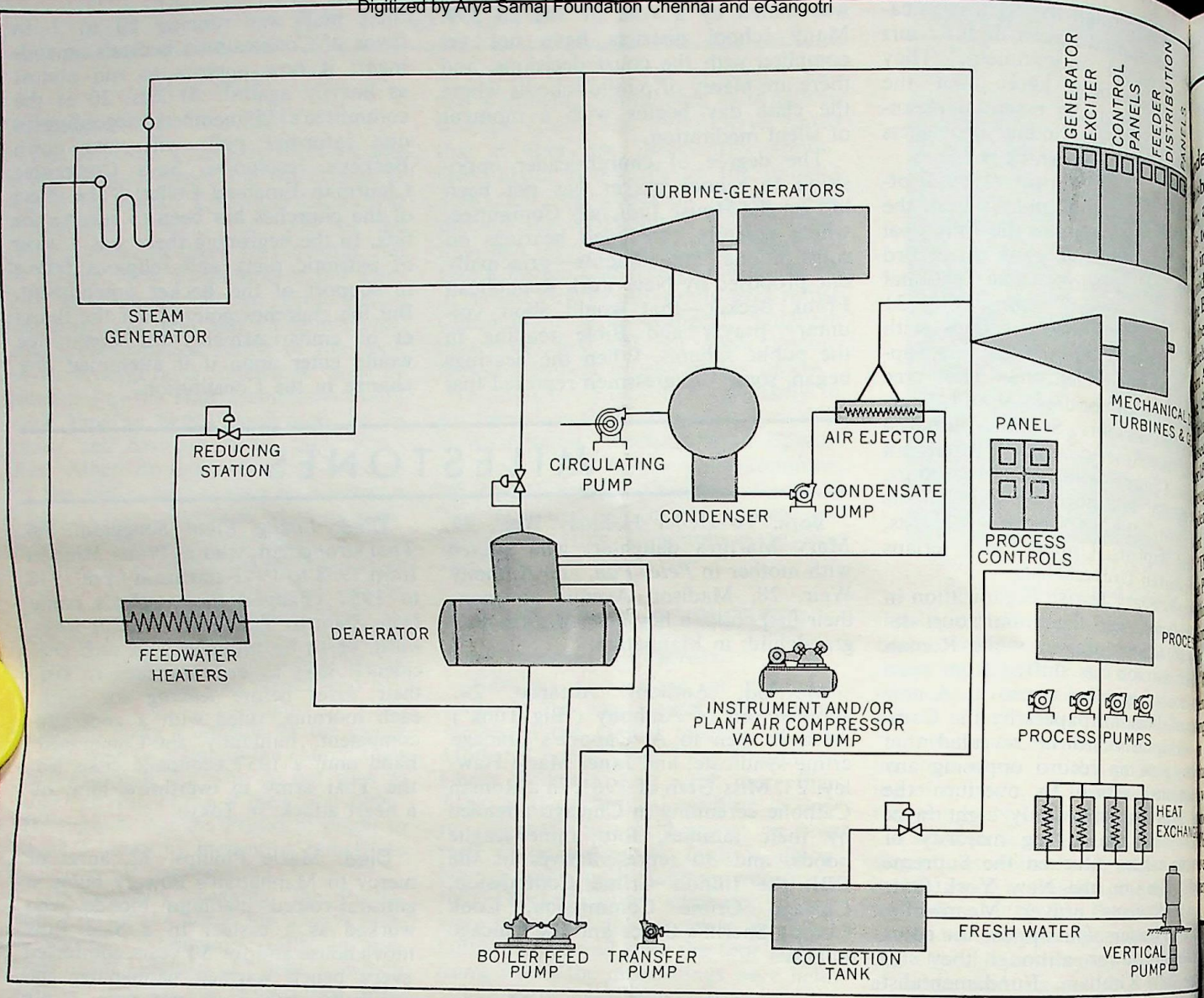
Died. Morris Cafritz, 77, Washington real estate man and builder, known for his 100-acre Parklands housing development and shopping center in southeast D.C., but best remembered as the rich husband of Gwen Cafritz, who in the '40s and '50s clashed cocktail crystals with Perle Mesta for the scepter of hostess with the mostess until Jackie Kennedy arrived; of a heart attack; in Washington.

Died. Lord Beaverbrook, 85, patriarch of London's Fleet Street; of a heart attack; in London (*see* PRESS).

Died. William Pettus Hobby, 86, onetime Governor of Texas (1917-1921), longtime chairman of the Houston Post and husband of Oveta Culp Hobby, Ike's first Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, who gave his state women's suffrage and its first oil conservation laws, then rode off to the newspaper wars, supervising the Post's rise as one of Texas' most informative and widely read newspapers (circ. 227,649); in Houston.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Worthington makes everything you see in gray...

No wonder it is so easy to build power plants when you work with us.

Are you modernizing or expanding an electrical and steam generating plant? Or building a new one? You will find that Worthington makes every major component (excluding the boiler). There are three important reasons why working with Worthington is the easiest, surest way to get reliable, low-cost power.

First, having a broad line of equipment gives Worthington extensive practical experience in solving heat balance problems for maximum efficiency and flexibility. As Worthington makes every type of steam turbine, you are assured of efficient electrical power generation with steam delivered for heating or for process at lowest cost. The same heat balance benefit is derived from selecting fluid handling cycle equipment from Worthington's line of pumps, ejectors, heat exchangers and deaerators.

Second, Worthington applies the same design philosophy to every piece of equipment in the power plant. The reliability, efficiency and other performance characteristics of each piece of equipment are closely balanced with the performance of over-all steam cycle. For example, condensers, ejectors deaerators are carefully designed for maximum air rem without excessive steam consumption. All condensate and b feed pumps are carefully designed to maximize efficiency, N requirements, and reliability to fit in with system requirem

Third, Worthington can provide highly experienced, s responsibility for specification and selection of equipm delivery, installation and start-up. Worthington engineers plants are located throughout the world.

For further information, please contact the regional o nearest you.

FAR EAST REGIONAL OFFICE: Niigata Worthington Co. L No. 45 Akasaka Shinsaka-machi, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Ja

SOUTHEAST ASIA REGIONAL OFFICE: Worthington, P.O. Box 612, Manila, Philippine Islands.

108-104FE

WORTHINGTON

WORLDWIDE MAKERS OF EQUIPMENT FOR LIQUID AND GAS HANDLING, AND FOR THE CONVERSION OF ENERGY INTO USEFUL WORK.

ORTHINGTON **ASSOCIATED COMPANIES:** ARGENTINA—Worthington Argentina S.A.I.C., Buenos Aires • AUSTRALIA—Worthington Australia Pty. Ltd., Sydney *ISTRIA—Worthington* Gesellschaft m.b.H., Vienna • BRAZIL—Worthington S.A. (Máquinas), Rio de Janeiro • CANADA—Worthington (Canada) Ltd., Brantford • *OLOMBIA—Worthington* Limitada, Bogota • ENGLAND—Worthington-Simpson, Ltd., London • FRANCE—Société Worthington, Paris • GERMANY—Deutsche Worthington *G.m.b.H., Hamburg* • *INDIA*—Blue Star Worthington Ltd., Bombay • ITALY—Worthington Società Italiana Pompe e Compressori, Milan; Worthington International *S.p.A., Naples* • *JAPAN*—Niigata Worthington Co., Ltd., Tokyo • MEXICO—Worthington de México, S.A., Mexico, D.F. • SPAIN—Worthington S.A., Madrid

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CORPORATIONS

...der in Pittsburgh

...burgh is a city with a head of ... a heart of steel and one subject ... tongue. The steel chieftains pon... in their exclusive Duquesne Club; ...ddle managers anxiously debate it ... Bar D'Or at the Penn-Sheraton Ho... mill hands chew it along with ...s and pistachios in beery saloons ...mbridge to Donora. The subject: ...ange that is coming over the ...d States Steel Corp. Behind the ...oors of its executive suites, the ...'s largest steelmaker is shaking ...ough the greatest reorganization in ...rn U.S. business. On July 1 the ...e that steelmen everywhere know ..."The Corporation" plans to announce ...Phase One is over, that its thorough ...g of executives and sorting of di...al boundaries have been success... completed.

...'s So Obvious." The thunder has ...rolling in almost every corner of a ...ny that pours more steel (27 mil... tons a year) than all of Great ...n. Since 1960, U.S. Steel has cut ...ork force from 225,000 to 183,400. ...e 3,000 executives—more than ...% of the company's management—...e been released or sent to early re...ment. Another 2,500 executives, who

WORTHINGTON

TYSON

BLOUGH

Leading the greatest reorganization.

have what one U.S. Steel official calls "good records and good attitudes," have been rooted up from such outposts as Birmingham, Cleveland and Provo, Utah, leaving behind a surfeit of $35,000 to $50,000 homes. Transferred to Pittsburgh, they now overflow the 41-story headquarters into four other downtown buildings. They have been brought together as part of the corporation's effort to slice through its layer cake of supervisors, consolidate its sprawling divisions and end the costly overlapping of its sales offices. The company has united many of its independent accounting and engineering offices in central headquarters, reduced the number of its regional sales offices from 53 to 28, and ordered all salesmen to sell its full range of 10,000 kinds of steel instead of only a limited number. Says President Leslie B. Worthington: "It was so obvious that we could improve our effort by bringing together these divisions."

The obvious need is to increase sales and earnings. The company that controlled 65% of the nation's steel sales 60 years ago has slipped almost steadily to a low of 24.2% of the present booming market; each percentage-point drop now means a loss of $150 million in annual sales. Though U.S. Steel last year reached a three-year peak in sales ($3.6 billion) and earnings ($203.5 million), its profit as a percentage of invested capital (4.9%) was the lowest among the majors, and as a percentage of sales (5.6%) was just average. In comparison, National Steel, which is one-quarter the size, led by both measures with returns of 8.4% and 7.5%. In 1962 U.S. Steel was forced to cut its quarterly dividend from 75¢ to 50¢, and its stock closed last week at 53⅛—less than half of what the price was five years ago.

Lawyers & Bankers. Such losses in income and image have stirred up criticisms of the company's management. In the 63 years since J. P. Morgan bought out Andrew Carnegie for $500 million and brought in Judge Elbert Gary to organize U.S. Steel, the company has been guided mostly by lawyers and bankers. Of the six chairmen in its history, only one—the late Ben Fairless—ever worked regularly in a steel mill and was not a lawyer. Says a vice president of a competing steel company: "The operating people simply do not have an equal voice. The corporation would do much better if they did."

High policy at U.S. Steel today is made by three men—two of whom came from consulting jobs outside. Chairman Roger Miles Blough, 60, probably the best-known U.S. businessman, was recruited 22 years ago from the company's law firm, White & Case, and today is in charge of its relations with Washington and with stockholders. Finance Committee Chairman Robert C. Tyson, 58, a cool accountant who came from Price, Waterhouse, looks after the money. Leslie Worthington, 61, an ebullient salesman who was lifted several ranks to the presidency in 1959, runs day-to-day operations. Steelmen and securities analysts consider Blough and Tyson to be adequate specialists, rate Worthington as the most imaginative and popular of the three. "In sum," says one Pittsburgh steel executive, "the top managers are conservative men who tend to practice what they already know."

Penalty of Size. Instead of leading the industry, the company's cautious managers were slow in adjusting to some of the great marketing and technological changes that have vastly altered the steel business over the past decade. Such companies as Inland were quicker to react to the fact that the great postwar and post-Korea steel shortage ended in 1957, and they stepped up their selling drives. While U.S. Steel continued to concentrate on the heavier and less profitable grades of steel, such specialists as Armco and Youngstown marketed more and more of the lighter and flat-rolled steels that have taken larger bites of the market.

European firms developed the two major postwar steelmaking innovations—the oxygen process and continuous casting—and companies such as McLouth, Kaiser and Jones & Laughlin built oxygen furnaces before U.S. Steel

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

did. Progressive McLouth was also first with continuous casting. In addition, U.S. Steel declined to meet lower prices set by aggressive domestic and foreign competitors, sometimes abandoned markets rather than compete.

U.S. Steelmen say that they are penalized by bigness. Theirs is the only truly national steel company, with plants stretching westward to Pittsburg, Calif., and it often cannot change prices or products as rapidly as smaller but more profitable regional companies. At the same time, the corporation is among those most hurt by cut-price imports from Japan and Europe, for it is a major producer of the products most heavily imported—bars, wires, pipes. Many U.S. Steelmen also complain that Government harassment prevents them from expanding their markets or raising prices as high as they would like. The Government has filed no fewer than six antitrust suits against U.S. Steel since Roger Blough's price fight with President Kennedy in 1962.

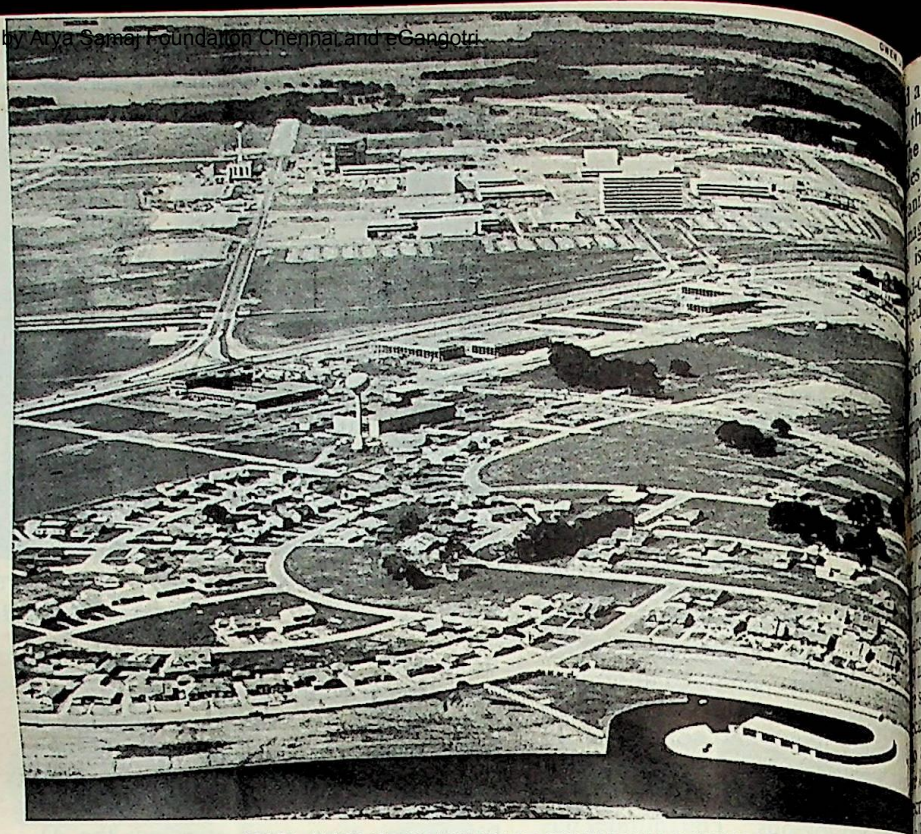
"The New Competition." U.S. Steel has begun to make up for its inadequacies. "Changes occur at such a rapid pace," Roger Blough told stockholders last month, "that we might call this business ferment the new competition." The corporation has tripled its research budget over the last five years, is introducing new or improved products at the rate of one a week. Among them: a cheaper wire rod to battle the imports, and a .002-in. "thin tin" to foil aluminum's inroads in the packaging business. U.S. Steel recently opened its first two oxygen furnaces at Duquesne, Pa., may build four others at Birmingham and Lorain, Ohio. To capture more of the rich Midwestern market from Inland, Republic, National and Bethlehem, U.S. Steel is building three oxygen furnaces and a continuous casting line at Gary and a strip mill at South Chicago capable of turning out enough tin cans to supply almost all the nation's needs.

First quarter sales, helped by price increases on 75% of its products last year, were 11% higher than the same period of 1963. But not even its managers expect the full effect of their corporate changes and capital spending to be felt until 1966 or 1967. Competitors believe that U.S. Steel is still in the midst of upheaval, and they hope to exploit it to their own advantage for several years. President Worthington agrees in part. Says he: "Nobody around here is saying that this reorganization is the last word."

THE ECONOMY

Where the Growth Is

Every week the surging U.S. economy packs a few more happy surprises and leaves some old records behind. Last week the Government reported important gains in retail sales, inventory buying and capital spending. While businessmen last February budgeted a 10% increase in capital spending for 1964, the Commerce Department reports that they now plan a 12% gain, to almost $44 billion. The benefits will be uneven; the U.S. economy is so varied that some regions of the country are clearly doing better than others. A comparison by regions:



NASA MANNED-SPACECRAFT CENTER NEAR HOUSTON
Some areas are moving fast.

The South, which paced the nation with a 6% rise in personal income last year, will continue to lure industry with sunshine, low-wage labor and generous tax concessions. Last week multimillion-dollar expansion programs were announced by Lockheed in Georgia, International Paper in Alabama, Reynolds Metals in Florida, Allied Chemical in South Carolina. Growth in chemicals and oil helped lift personal income in Louisiana well above the national average of 5% last year.

The Southwest gets more than its share of Government contract money, thanks in no small part to its important friends in Washington. NASA's new Manned-Spacecraft Center brings $3,000,000 in monthly salaries to Houston, and at least 85 aerospace companies have landed in the area since 1961. The regional boom is broadly based. Last year the Southwest's industrial output rose 5%, construction 11%—both to alltime records. Texas has become the nation's leading producer of basic chemicals, and its $5 billion petrochemical industry is a bigger business than oil refining.

The West senses some growing pains. Southern California last year started more new houses and apartments—200,000—than any entire state, but local contractors now complain of overbuilding. Cutbacks in defense-spending during April resulted in 5,000 layoffs in California, which depends upon the Pentagon for fully one-third of its manufacturing output. But personal income in neighboring Nevada last year ran 13% ahead of the 1962 rate—a more rapid gain than any other state, mostly because of its returns from legalized gambling.

The Midwest is growing more slowly than other regions because such [illegible] growth industries as aerospace and defense have drifted to areas that boast a gentler climate and more persuasive Congressmen. Compared with the same period last year, personal income during the first quarter rose scarcely 1% in Missouri, Illinois, Iowa. But auto-booming Michigan gained almost 8%, and the unemployment rate there is down to 3.6%.

The Northeast is also moving more rapidly than the South and West, partly because those regions have more room for expansion. Last year, personal income ran from 4% to 5% higher in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. These highly developed regions stand to fare better in the future. The Labor Department recently predicted that the fastest-growing businesses during the last half of the 1960s will be construction, electronics, publishing, trucking, retail and wholesale trade—precisely those sectors in which the Northeast is strongest.

JUNIOR EXECUTIVES

Most Likely to Succeed

Smiling recruiters from 18 companies will take over 32 rooms in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria this week to interview more than 600 college graduates. On hand will be personnel specialists from Boeing, Bristol-Myers, Chase Manhattan, Equitable Life, Lever Bros., J. C. Penney, Xerox and other giants. The young men who will get the corporate glad hand are some of the most sought after graduates of the class of '64. The

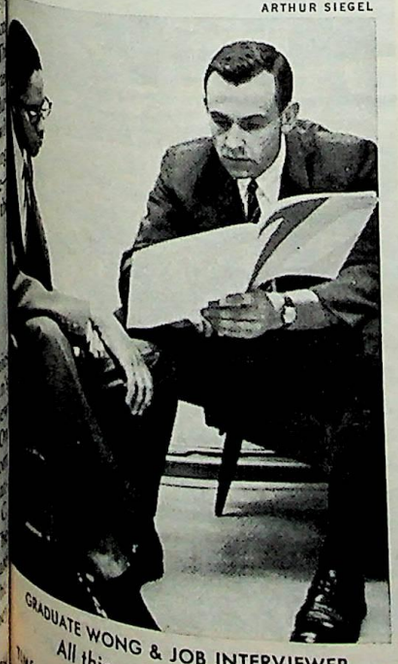
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

a variety of degrees, but they have thing in common: all are Negroes. the Right Time. Quite a few com- es have asked colleges and Negro anizations to help them find Negro agement trainees. In some cases is a calculated gesture, a sort of over-backward bow that has been ed by social and political pressures. New York University Associate ment Director André Beaumont: white and a Negro graduate were eting for the same job and were al in every respect save skin color, job would go to the Negro." Some ege contractors feel it is good busi- s to display Negroes conspicuously drafting tables and in labs. Con- -oriented companies are inclined woo Negro trainees to avoid the un- easantness of picket lines and sit-ins. nd large, however, U.S. companies seeking Negroes for promising jobs ause they feel it is the right thing to and the right time to do it. "We looking for brains," says Swift & Co. ruiter Edward Hall, "and they come ll sizes and colors."

Finding them is not always easy. attan Personnel Consultant Rich- Clarke, a Negro who organized the iting jamboree at the Waldorf, es- tes that there are only five Negro ates available for every 100 man- ent-level jobs open to them. There 5,000 Negroes among this year's 000 graduates, and many of them not choose corporate careers. For mple, 21-year-old Edward Wong, a s graduate from Chicago's Loyola versity, had interviews with eight panies but elected to go to law ol. Negro students have traditional- pted for such sheltered fields as hing, government and social work, re discrimination has been relative- mild. As for business, Negroes have —with justification—that their op- rtunities would be severely limited. Some doors are still shut. But such rmerly "tight" fields as banking, bro-

ARTHUR SIEGEL



GRADUATE WONG & JOB INTERVIEWER
All things being equal.

kerage, steel and the auto industry are opening wider. Negro recruits are increasingly welcome at airlines, retail stores and food, petroleum, aerospace and electrical-equipment companies.

The Right Man. The Negro is arriving at name-on-the-door status at a time when starting salaries for all kinds of graduates can only make old grads cluck in envy. The best-paid are top-graded engineers, whose B.S. degrees will earn them between $600 and $625 a month. Even graduates in the lowest-paying fields—government, journalism and general business—stand to begin at $400 to $500. William Eagleson, a 22-year-old Negro from M.I.T. (B.S. in metallurgy), was interviewed on campus by seven companies, accepted invitations for four plant tours, decided to enter Ford's management program at $625 a month plus many fringe benefits. "The other companies may have been interested in me because I was a Negro," he says. "But I got the job at Ford because I am a man they can use."

EMPLOYEES

The Power of Suggestion

By changing its sales contracts to include extra charges for valuable bismuth sprinkled through its copper by-products, Kennecott Copper this year will earn an extra $100,000. Accountant Robert J. Edwards, who proposed the addition, has profited too. The $25,000 that Kennecott awarded him made Edwards the top winner among 500,000 employees to whom major corporations paid $19 million for suggestions last year.

Suggestion boxes were once considered a joke, and some employees still treat them that way. Most managers now take them quite seriously, have lately started to solicit suggestions from engineers and supervisors as well as clerks and production workers. Companies accept some 30% of the suggestions, save an estimated $200 million a year from the ideas they take out of the box. Says Douglas Aircraft President Donald W. Douglas Jr.: "These ideas help us improve our competitive position through reduced costs." Ford is so eager for ideas that employees who win the maximum $6,000 award also receive a new car. So far this year, ten suggestion stars have lifted themselves into Galaxies.

No idea is too small. A Liberty Mutual office worker suggested that the company install a second mirror in the ladies' room. "It turned out to be a great timesaver," says an executive of the company, which paid her $15. Most ideas are more technical, and many are more lucrative. The record award—$72,186, spread over the past three years—went to two IBM technicians, Charles G. Glancey and Lawrence R. Livigni, who figured out a way to eliminate 14 printed circuits in a computer. Along with other suggestions for which General Electric has paid $14 million

HERZIG & HOUSE THAT IDEAS BOUGHT
Nothing too small.

in the past 40 years was the "Peek-a-Brew" coffeemaker, which shows how much coffee is inside.

Once an employee wins with a suggestion, he almost always tries again. At General Motors, where $7,000,000 was distributed to more than 200,000 employees for suggestions last year, a die tester named George Herzig is the grand champion. In 17 years, he has dropped 134 suggestions in the box, had 35 accepted. With the $41,905 he received, he has bought and furnished a house.

TOBACCO

Tar Czar

Sales of cigarettes, which fell sharply after the Surgeon General's report in January, have lit up again. Last week the Internal Revenue Service reported a steady gain—29 billion smokes shipped in February, 38 billion in March, 44 billion in April. The April total was almost 5% higher than that for the same month last year.

Tobaccomen still must puff easily on their advertising. Pressured by the Federal Trade Commission, nine cigarette companies formed the Cigarette Advertising Code, Inc. Last week they named a smoke warden to administer the code: Lawyer Robert B. Meyner, 55, former (1954-62) Governor of New Jersey.

Meyner—who will work part-time for an undisclosed salary—will have authority to filter out ads that are pitched to youngsters or suggest that smoking promotes success, social acceptance, health or virility. His first act was to put in a word for the sponsors: "I think it is rather remarkable that people with a great deal of self-interest have set up a code that goes so far. I feel it can be enforced." To help him handle cigarette makers who would rather fight than switch, he can levy fines up to $100,000. Meyner, once a heavy smoker, now limits himself to half a dozen after dinner. Which brand? "The code says I have to be impartial."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TRADE

When Poor Meets Rich

There is an old Middle Eastern story about the beggar who boasts in the bazaar that he is going to marry the sultan's daughter. "I've decided to do it, and I have my parents' consent," said he. "All I have to do now is get her agreement—and the sultan's."

That tale was wagged around the corridors of Geneva's Palais des Nations last week, as the first great confrontation of the world's rich and poor nations reached its final hours. For three months at the U.N. Conference on Trade and Development, 75 underdeveloped nations squared off against 29 industrialized nations, which had been shotgunned into the meeting in the first place. At issue was how to improve the poorer nations' dwindling share of world trade. The underdeveloped bloc came up with a list of extravagant demands that would boggle even a sultan: preferential tariff treatment for their manufactured goods, abolition of all barriers against their raw material exports, high fixed commodity prices. Predictably, the wealthy nations did not buy.

North v. South. By sheer weight of numbers, the underdeveloped nations got their way in the endless committee meetings. But the resolutions meant little without the backing of the industrial nations that carry on 80% of the world's trade. Working against the June 15 adjournment deadline, the conference's president, Egypt's Deputy Premier Abdel Moneim El-kaissouni, and secretary general, Argentine Economist Raúl Prebisch, used their skills as suave fixers to salvage some things. The industrial nations' delegates made several soft compromises. By supporting proposals to reconvene the trade meeting every three years and to set up a small secretariat at Geneva, they moved toward creating what someday could become a new trading organization for the world. They also agreed to "recommend" that the World Bank grant loans to countries that suffer from commodity-price declines, and that the industrial nations set a foreign aid goal of 1% of their "national income," that is, the sum of their personal income and corporate profits.*

More important was the fact that the underdeveloped nations moved toward creating a new alliance—along economic, not ideological lines. Though they bickered among themselves, they held fairly firm against the richer lands, both free and Communist. Said U.S. Delegate Richard N. Gardiner: "This is the first major international conference in which the East-West confrontation has been submerged by the North-South divisions."

Get that GATT. Failure of the U.N. conference to produce a quick cure for trade deficits only strengthened the 62-nation General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), the single permanent machinery for lowering barriers and expanding trade. GATT carries the hopes of industrial nations for freer trade, but is by no means ignoring less developed ones. In the continuing "Kennedy Round" of negotiations, GATT ministers aim for 50% across-the-board tariff cuts that would be extended to underdeveloped countries on a nonreciprocal basis.

Moscow damns GATT as a "rich men's club," but Communist countries are beginning to cozy up to it. Poland became an associate member last year. While in Geneva, Hungary and Bulgaria put out feelers. Delegates from Rumania are conferring seriously with GATT officials. Even the Russians have made guarded inquiries about setting up a permanent mission to the Common Market in Brussels—presumably a first step toward closer relations with all the West's trading organizations.

* At the current rate, that would add $1.3 billion to the U.S.'s proposed $3.4 billion foreign aid budget for next year.

INTER PRESSE

PREBISCH & EL-KAISSOUNI AT U.N. CONFERENCE
New alliances are economic, not ideological.

COMMODITIES

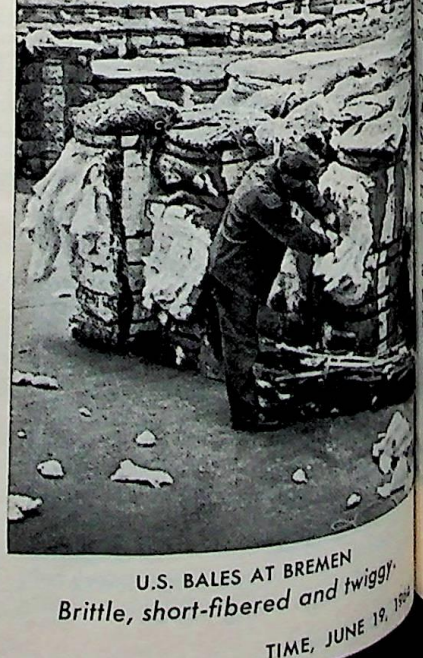
Rotten Cotton?

Exporters of U.S. cotton, who year will ship $600 million wor the nation's sixth largest export, ha tough row to hoe. More and more ropean buyers are complaining a the condition of U.S. cotton. "Am sends us the worst-made-up ba says Harry Tonge, chairman of Bri Raw Cotton Committee. Grumbles Genoa importer: "The condition U.S. cotton cries out for reve Some countries are beginning to revenge. Communist Bulgaria judg shipment to be so shoddy that it not ly delayed unloading the $2,750 cargo last month but impounded Danish freighter that carried it. week the Bulgars finally released ship—after its owners agreed to pu $350,000 pending an international vestigation to determine whether cotton was damaged in transit.

Loudest complaints come from b men, Europe's busiest cotton excha German importers cast baleful eyes on slashed bundles of brittle, sh fibered U.S. cotton that sometimes c tains a large amount of twigs, lea and rocks. Nearly half the U.S. co shipments to Bremen go into arbi tion, which often results in stiff pe penalties for the U.S. shippers.

Why does the U.S., which prides self on exporting quality goods, ha this problem? European buyers bla the poor condition of the cotton pa on U.S. mechanization. Cotton-picki machines gather more leaves and ste than hand-pickers do; fast-ginning m chines dry the cotton excessively, lea ing the fibers broken and brittle. T Agriculture Department contends th

GEORG GERSTER



U.S. BALES AT BREMEN
Brittle, short-fibered and twiggy

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

lity has actually improved in recent s, says the complaints stem mainly m the Europeans' desire to achieve er prices through arbitration.

The Europeans have a legitimate vance and a good part of the re- sibility for it rests with the U.S. eral bureaucracy. Piling subsidy atop dy, the Government buys up much the cotton that U.S. farmers grow, it handles most of the cotton that exported. The Government is sup- osed to properly inspect the bales, but quently its standards of classification d control are not sufficiently strict. porters buy the cotton from the Gov- rnment, sometimes sell low grades high-grade prices—and Washington es not stop them.

The record of another exporter adds the embarrassment of the U.S. Of 90,000 bales that Russia shipped to men last year, only 95 were subject bitration.

CANADA

ck to the Mines

Mining in Canada seems to follow a ttern of seven years of fat, seven ars of lean. The great uranium boom mped $10 billion into the Canadian onomy between 1950 and 1957, then led. Now, after seven fairly slender ars, a new mining rush is on. Some 0 companies are drilling for metals d oil from New Brunswick to British lumbia.

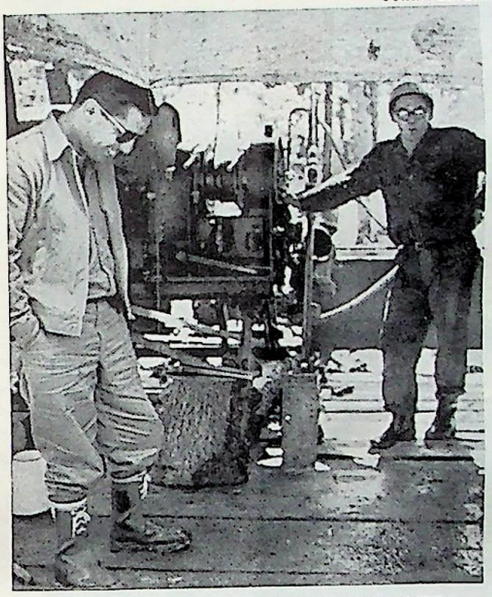
The big dig has been prompted by half a dozen recent oil, gas and metal rikes, notably the spectacular copper, nc and silver find by Texas Gulf Sul- ur near Timmins, Ont. More than 1,000 prospectors have staked 8,000 laims, some as far as 65 miles from the rike site. Texas Gulf Sulphur will spend $20 million to develop its Tim- ins properties, and such Canadian firms s Noranda Mines, Hudson's Bay and Consolidated Mining together have aised their exploration budgets in the rea by $10 million. International Nick- l put 30 surveyors to work, some in elicopters, and even staked more than 50 claims to the Timmins airport— nder which copper is thought to be uried.

The hunt is by no means confined to ntario. In western Canada and the rctic regions, Imperial Oil, Home Oil, hell Canada, California Standard and half a dozen other firms intend to spend ore than $300 million exploring for il and gas this year.

Frenzied Trades. Mining men have always known that Canada hides a treasure of minerals. But because of high development costs, great distances from markets and erratic transporta- tion, they have exploited that country less than the U.S. Some recent changes now make the effort and expense worth- while. World prices of copper, lead and zinc have jumped because of political unrest in Chile and Africa. This year also, prospectors struck oil in Alberta, gas in British Columbia and nickel in Manitoba. Geologists estimate the value of the Timmins find at $1 billion, and many of them believe it ultimately will return much more.

All this has led to the most frenzied trading in mining stocks in history. Over the past two months, more than 1 billion shares in Canadian mining companies have changed hands on the Toronto Stock Exchange, and more than 14 million shares of Texas Gulf have traded on the New York Stock Exchange. Brokers figure that half a dozen mining companies have raised between $4,000,000 and $6,000,000 by floating new shares. Some of the funds have already slipped back across the border, are being used by United Comstock Lode Lines to reopen the dormant Comstock

JOHN REEVES



PAT GIARDINE (LEFT) AT TIMMINS SITE
The rush is on.

gold mine in Nevada. Among the half dozen new millionaires at Timmins, 28-year-old Pat Giardine made a killing on both his claims and controlling interest in Bunker Hill Extension Mines—which he had bought for a song.

Staggering Markups. Promoters have also made millions by buying prospectors' claims and selling them at staggering markups to speculators. Much of the Timmins land is owned by descendants of Boer War veterans, who were granted the mining rights in perpetuity. One promoter tracked down an heir in Buffalo, paid him $400 for his rights, sold them the next day for $30,000. There has been more claim jumping in Timmins in the last two months than in the previous 50 years.

Whatever the outcome of the searches and speculation, Canada's economy is sure to profit. The country is the world's third biggest miner, behind the U.S. and Russia. From mines and wells already operating, Canada this year expects to increase output of copper, zinc, oil and gas by 10%, potash by 50%. It will earn more than $3 billion from minerals, and Federal Mines Minister William Benidickson predicts that output will reach $4 billion by 1970.

Electronics / Telecommunications

NEC

Nippon Electric Company Limited

P.O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o The People's Bank #13, 625 Merchant St., Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$400; 3 yrs, NT$800; 5 yrs, NT$1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S.$11.25; 3 yrs, U.S.$22.50; 5 yrs, U.S.$33.75), TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, C. D. Jackson; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Arthur R. Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

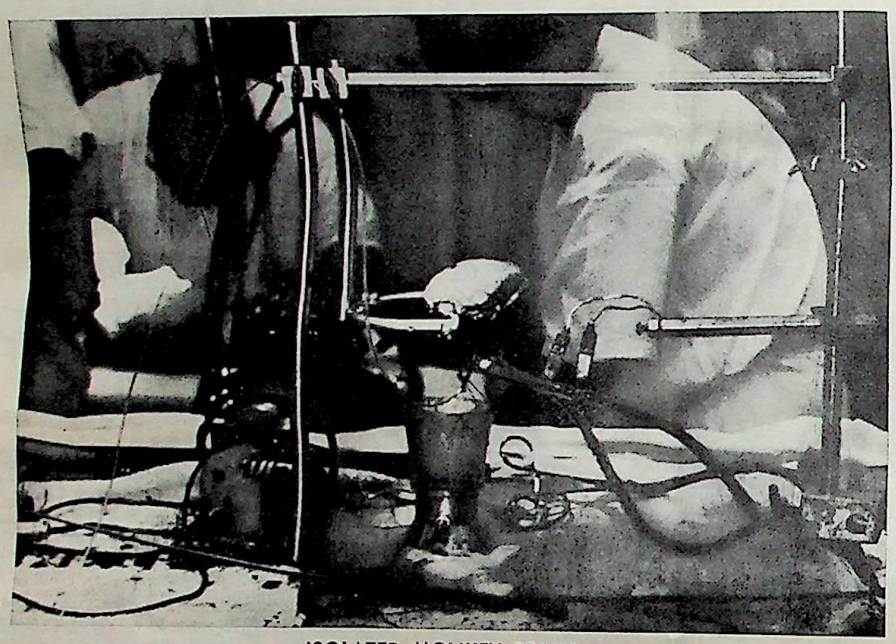
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NEUROPHYSIOLOGY

Live Brains in the Lab

The recipe has long been a staple of science fiction: learn how to keep monkey brains alive after the monkeys die, then try the technique with humans. But whatever the profits of the fictional feat, such achievements would be even more rewarding to the real scientist. Now, at Cleveland Metropolitan General Hospital, researchers have taken the first long step: they have learned to keep isolated monkey brains alive.

A team led by Dr. Robert J. White takes a brain, which is about as big as a man's fist, out of a rhesus monkey's skull, retains only small bits of bone to serve as supports, and suspends the brain in an apparatus of tubes and rods. Its blood vessels are hitched to a small heart-lung machine, and fresh blood is supplied from a monkey blood bank. Delicate needles stuck in its surface allow an electroencephalograph to measure the electrical activity by which all brains do their work.



ISOLATED MONKEY BRAIN
Asleep? Awake? Frightened?

Dr. White's monkey brains sometimes stay alive for as long as 18 hours. When they finally die, it is usually because of waste products accumulating in the blood. Soon Dr. White hopes to use an artificial kidney to clean up the blood and lengthen the brains' survival time.

Sounds & Sights. While alive, the brains' EEG charts show a continuous flow of electrical signals, and Dr. White can communicate with them. When he rings a bell near the stump of a brain's auditory nerve, he gets an electrical reaction. When a needle carrying weak electric current touches the stump of the optic nerve, the visual part of the brain responds.

This activity indicates that the brain is functioning on a high level, reacting to signals that seem to come from its lost ears and eyes. But Dr. White is not sure whether the brain is asleep or awake. Does the brain believe it is still alive and in the original monkey? Is it frightened by loud sounds and bright flashes of light? Does it send desperate escape orders to nonexistent limbs?

Rewards in Death. No attempts have been made so far to find out whether the isolated brain functions logically, sizing up a situation on the evidence of its sense nerves, consulting its memory and giving appropriate orders to its muscle nerves. Such experiments might be made by using food rewards to train a living monkey to perform a simple action, such as reaching an arm forward when it hears a set number of familiar sounds. When the monkey is fully trained, its brain would be isolated, and the sound signal given to its auditory nerve. If electrical signals appear in nerves that formerly led to arm muscles, this will mean that the brain's memories of past rewards are making it try to reach for food with an arm that no longer exists.

Still far in the future is another favorite idea of science fiction: using the isolated brains as cheap, efficient computers to do routine jobs. But if still living human brains ever become available, Dr. White's monkey techniques would probably keep them alive, and there might be jobs for them to do.

ECOLOGY

Chemical Controversy

The more chemical pesticides are put to practical use on farms and gardens, the more controversy rages about their possible hazards. The most recent acrimonious debate has focused on U.S. rivers where fish have died in conspicuous numbers.

Are pesticides to blame? The Public Health Service said they were when 5,000,000 fish died last fall in the Mississippi Delta. After a hurried investigation and an analysis of the re
of ten dead catfish, PHS blam
entire slaughter on endrin, an
cide used on cotton and sugar c
the farms around the lower reac
the river. No significant amo
endrin was found in the water
the fish died, reported Cincinna
Donald Mount. But in the blo
the dead catfish, he said, enough
was found to be fatal.

Agricultural and chemical i
pointed out that endrin is a
safe and useful insecticide, and
was hardly proper to indict the
cal on the evidence of so small
ling. Most of the dead Mississip
PHS critics argued, were menhad
almost inedible salt-water inha
No menhaden were analyzed, and
they normally live in the sea, the
little chance that they could be a
by insecticides anyway.

Fat Theory. The PHS withdr
claims about the menhaden, whi
about 175,000 fresh-water fish be
to have died of endrin. But how
the poison get into the fish wh
water in which they lived was ess
ly free of endrin? The PHS be
fish gradually concentrate the in
cide, which lodges in their fat.
the fish consume their fat in tim
food scarcity, enough endrin is rel
into their blood to kill them.

This interesting theory has no
been proved by experiments. Be
asked the critics, how did a l
amount of endrin get into the Miss
pi in the first place? For a while,
blamed the Velsicol Chemical C
which manufactures endrin at M
phis. But the company had a r
reply. "If our endrin got into the ri
asked a Velsicol official, "why we
thousands of fish killed around
plant, instead of 770 miles d
stream?" PHS answered that
doomed catfish probably got pois
near Memphis and swam to the r
mouth before they died—a theory
hardly accounts for the fact that
catfish analyzed are not migratory
cies and do not commute to salt w

Common Death. The Mississippi
kill is still a live subject in Washing
but Secretary of Agriculture Or
Freeman announced: "None of the
dence presented was scientifically
quate, in the judgment of the dep
ment, to justify withdrawal of en
aldrin or dieldrin from farm use."

Another fishkill in Missouri
month only added to the confus
Once more PHS was quick to bl
insecticides; once more the evide
did not confirm the charge. Only a
fish died, and none were poisoned.
focation is the likely cause of death.
composing sewage in the river had
up an inordinate amount of oxygen.

Future kills may yet be traced to
secticides, some of which are toxic
fish in amounts that are harmless
humans. If so, Government author
may be forced to choose between
interests of catfish and farmers.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Olivia Goes Ape

Lady in a Cage. A power failure. In an elegant old mansion a self-service elevator stops suddenly at an awkward level between floors. In it, mildly startled, stands a middle-aged woman with a book of poems in one hand and a Lowestoft jar in the other. "Don't worry," she reassures herself. "This can't last more than a few minutes." But it does. It lasts all day, a day of wrath that changes a cultured woman into a caged beast and adds Olivia de Havilland, now 47, to the list of cinemactresses (Bette Davis, Joan Crawford) who would apparently rather be freaks than be forgotten.

Unable to open the elevator door, the woman (Olivia) presses the panic button. In the service street behind the house an alarm begins to jangle. A drunken derelict hears it, wanders up to the kitchen door, peeks in, sees a bottle of wine vinegar, deliriously smashes a window pane, enters the house and goes staggering through it in search of liquid plunder.

He finds it, but then he finds so many other wonderful things to steal that the sight sobers him and he runs off to collect a more efficient colleague (Ann Southern). Poor slob, he also collects three predatory teen-agers, two boys and a girl, who tail him back to the mansion, snatch his boodle, conk him cold and, finding nothing better to do, kill him.

All this the trapped woman watches in helpless horror, but fear and anger do their work in her, and when the killers at last come to kill her they discover that the lady in the cage has turned into a tigress.

Lady, in short, is just a routine withdrawal from Hollywood's bottomless blood bank, but it does give Olivia a grand chance to go ape. She gibbers, growls, simpers, screeches; rolls her eyes, tears her hair, rattles the bars, climbs the walls, bawls a snatch of *Alouette,* jabs a villain's eyes out with some jagged metal strips; and at the climax, screaming like mad, crawls through the nearest gutter in a $400 negligee. Attagirl, Ollie.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND IN "CAGE"
A panic at the blood bank.

The Bard in Barcelona

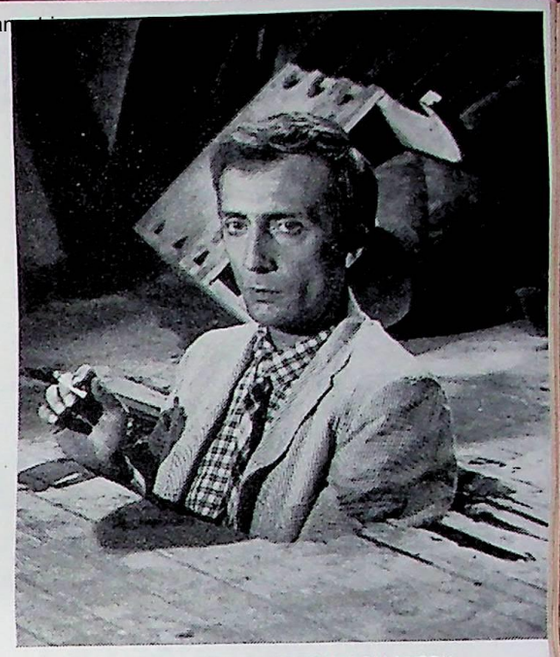
Los Tarantos, described in its publicity as "a Spanish *West Side Story*," spills its Romeo and Juliet legend onto the screen with a moving, ferocious beauty more in the spirit of the memorable *Black Orpheus.* As drama, it is only an idyl warmed over. As dance and folk poetry, it has a forceful, shimmering integrity of its own.

In modern Barcelona, the feud of two passionate gypsy clans, the Tarantos and the Zorongos, provides a turbulent prologue to the first meeting of young Rafael and Juana at a wedding feast. Dark eyes burn, hands slap out flamenco rhythm, bare feet pound the golden dust: thus Director Rovira-Beleta wordlessly launches a tale of love at first sight with an excitement that Shakespeare himself might envy. Later he tries too many tricky variations on the familiar story line, occasionally becoming somewhat incoherent, but his feel for Spanish gypsy folkways never falters. The tragedy mounts while men, women and children dance a fervid accompaniment in which the worst of enemies seem, at long last, brothers in blood.

Playing Rafael's mother with fiery whiplash energy, Dancer Carmen Amaya proudly declares: "When your father met me, he danced until his feet bled. They were bandaged for 15 days." Ever alert to such cues, *Los Tarantos* throbs whenever plot and subtitles give way to the stirring beat of darting hands and clicking heels. When an old man caracoles through a whirlwind of autumn leaves. Or when Rafael's doomed friend (Antonio Gades) dances among Barcelona's street sprinklers in the silver-blue wash of a winter's night, casting a rich theatrical spell that makes many another movie musical look as pale as 60-watt moonshine.

Based on a Premise

The Troublemaker is an avant-gardish comedy geared to the perceptions of bearded anarchists. But for half of its 80-minute length, practically anyone can enjoy it. Anyone, at least, who is reasonably irresponsible, mad about old movies, and perhaps a wee bit crazy in the first place. Written and directed by Theodore J. Flicker, onetime entrepreneur of a Greenwich Village coffee-and-show house known as The Premise, the movie tells of young Jack Armstrong (Tom Aldredge) who arrives in An Unidentified City—the one substantial clue to its whereabouts is a Statue of Liberty in the harbor—and tries to open a coffeehouse. He finds a promising firetrap on Bleecker Street, signs a lease that looks like a Dead Sea Scroll, and begins to clear out the debris, among which he uncovers *Citizen Kane's* sled, inscribed "Rosebud."



TOM ALDREDGE IN "TROUBLEMAKER"
A firetrap full of promise.

Ostensibly inspired by his own experiences with municipal corruption, Flicker soon wraps his hero in red tape and delivers him to a greedy pack of policemen, firemen, city inspectors and hotshot racketeers, all seeking payoffs. The cop is a half-witted movie monster, obviously put together by graft. The fireman is a Negro with an Irish brogue. Behind them all looms the Syndicate's Mr. Big, who may or may not be the local crime commissioner.

But such frequently sophomoric social satire is what's wrong with Flicker's cinematic prank. What's right with it is its irrepressible urge to let the plot go hang and take up more amusing matters, some of them crude, some of them nude, a few of them downright side-splitting.

Jack Armstrong's cohorts are an improper Bohemian (Joan Darling) and "an aggressive, successful young lawyer" (Buck Henry), an astringent facsimile of Jack Lemmon with everything pared away but the raging, libidinous core. Together these three spray buckshot at everything from psychological testing to Hollywood sex and suspense to Harold Lloyd cliffhangers and the sacrifice of 5th century Chinese maidens. Occasionally they take time out to paint one another white, or to elude a Sanitation Department truck propelled by murderous impulses. With all its freewheeling eclecticism and formless exuberance, *The Troublemaker* is finally just funny enough to leave an audience feeling it ought to have been a whole lot better.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

In the Village Hollow

TO AN EARLY GRAVE by Wallace Markfield. 255 pages. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

This hilarious first novel can be enjoyed by the general reader for its grotesque comedy, savored by the insider for its satire on the folkways of Greenwich Village intellectuals. "I raised you from a Middle-brow. I weaned you away from the art films, showed you the difference between the Western as mass myth and mass rite," one character tells another. It can also be read as a seriocomic exploration of the hollowness concealed beneath the vintage sophistication that has long been iden-

WALTER DARAN

WALLACE MARKFIELD
Greenwich Village in jargon.

tified as Greenwich Village at its most intellectually pretentious.

Author Markfield's quartet of intellectuals revolves around the Little Magazines, to which they rarely contribute but wish they did. There is Felix Ottensteen, burly book reviewer for a Yiddish daily, who refers to himself as *der Alte* and browbeats his sullen son because he is still a student at 27 ("The way Catherine the Great took lovers, he takes courses"). There is Barnet Weiner, a fading poet-critic who remembers peevishly the time when his picture appeared on the dust jacket of *New Critics, 1944*. There is Holly Levine, who teaches creative writing but keeps a copy of *Playboy* hidden under the *Kenyon Reviews*. Composing a review: "He hissed softly, 'Trilling . . . Leavis . . . Ransom . . . Tate . . . Kazin . . . Chase . . .' and saw them, the Fathers, as though from a vast amphitheater, smiling at him, and he smiled at them." Finally, there is Morroe Rioff, not quite "in" because he is an organizer and speechwriter for a Jewish fund-raising organization. (By no coincidence, Author Markfield is a publicity writer for the Anti-Defamation League.)

Whisky & Bier. As the novel begins, the intellectual quartet finds itself bereft. Leslie Braverman, a bona fide writer who published more than 100 articles that were read and discussed, has just died of a coronary at 40, and satellites are in a panic. For Leslie held perpetual open house, fed them ideas and patiently listened to theirs. He had integrity—"the way some people have b.o.," remembers one of the survivors emotionally. Leslie's wife also made herself available—and not just for talk.

On a kind of odyssey via Volkswagen, the four intellectuals drive to Leslie's funeral in Brooklyn, a voyage of self-discovery. Spouting psychoanalytical jargon, needling one another and everybody else, the Volkswagen men bumble through Brooklyn, pulling at a bottle of whisky, stopping at intermittent bars, where they are worsted by all the local Cyclops and Circes. Finally, they barge into the funeral parlor, snort, giggle and guffaw over the rabbi's sermon—obviously they knew Leslie so much better than the rabbi ever did. They file past the bier, peer in—whoops, the cadaver is not Leslie. Wrong funeral parlor.

Home Truths. At odyssey's end, the four intellects are, if not wiser, at least candid. They have grown closer than they have ever been, and they may never meet again. Too many home truths have been blurted—the loftily literary Ottensteen, for instance, reveals that he also writes boilerplate for the magazine section of the Yiddish daily under the pen name N. J. Felix. Holly wearily confesses that nothing happens any longer when he writes down the magic words *tradition, tragic, committed, alienation*. "The word moral looked mean and angry, ailing on the page. And two weeks ago, with the best will, I was unable to pull it through. Dead!" Finally, the three turn on Morroe, whose "moral hypocrisy," they decide, has led them astray, and exorcise him from them in an ancient Jewish ceremony.

But Morroe ultimately comes off best. Beset by his companions, in a drunken peroration Morroe appeals to his dead friend: "Leslie, he begged, intercede for me. I am no big intellect. I am no bargain. I watch too much television. I read, but I do not retain. I am not lost exactly, but I am still nowhere. I am the servant of no great cause. I follow the recommendations of the *Consumer's Research Bulletin*. But do me this favor, anyway. Keep them off. For they hem me in from all sides now. They put in my mouth the taste of darkness. They give me queer feelings, they get me all balled up."

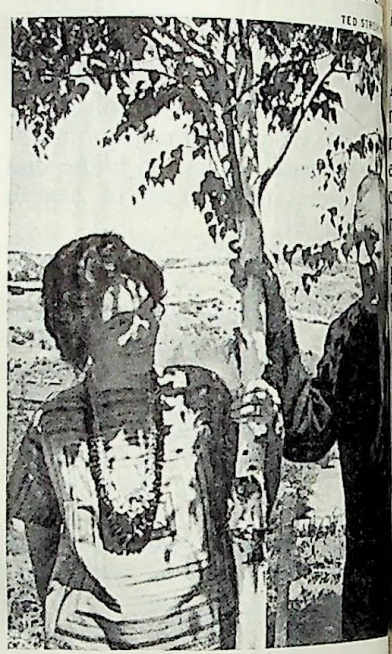
And in the end, it is only Morroe who can genuinely cry for Leslie, the man of integrity.

Filter-Tip Tobacco Road

AROUND ABOUT AMERICA by E. Caldwell with illustrations by M. Caldwell. 224 pages. Farrar, $4.50.

Erskine Caldwell and Second Margaret Bourke-White collab in 1940 on a book called *Say! I the U.S.A.?* ("This America is a of men living in the extremes of and bad, heat and cold, wealt poverty . . .") Now, working new wife and a new title, Caldwe turned in almost the same ("Dynamic. Depressing. Open-all- Closed-for-the-season. Everybody come. White only. Colored ent Bloated with wealth and despair poverty. Aggressive and reaction But the 1964-model Caldwell &

TED STR



CALDWELL & WIFE
The 1940s Revisited.

pany seems much milder, and the sult of the collaboration is a sort filter-tip Tobacco Road.

Caldwell and Wife Virginia trave 25,000 miles in airplanes and re cars. Mrs. Caldwell's drawings are high school yearbook caliber, and Ca well's interviewees are a strangely fa less lot, given to some of the m doubtful quotes outside the fine p of a *New Yorker* filler. A folksy lady called Aunt Martha, of Riverhe Long Island, moans over "this creep menace of real estate, these acres acres of housing colonies, shopping ters, garish neon lights blazing all n long, and every other kind of desec tion of beautiful Long Island." At nea every stop across the country, Caldw parks his rent-a-soapbox and rips off a little speech. In Birmingham the subj is integration, and the speech takes form of a catechism (*Q*. "Will desegre gation and integration produce a m latto social system in the United States?" *A*. "Probably."). In Nacogdoches, Texas, he sounds off on writers conferences with some not-so-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

things to say about the fringe literati who attend them.

Along the dreary road of social awareness are comfort stations offering comic relief to the weary. At WHER, an all-girl radio station in Memphis, there is an advertising saleswoman whose ashtray bears the well-worn lettering: "Long Time No He." In Welch, W. Va., there is a motel operator whose sideline is painting Fundamentalist road signs; his masterpiece reads:

WHERE WILL YOU BE IN ETERNITY?
WHERE WILL YOU BE TONIGHT?
WHY NOT AT THE SHADY GLEN MOTEL?

Caldwell should stick to his fictional white trash. They are more interesting.

The Emerson of Music

THAYER'S LIFE OF BEETHOVEN *edited by Elliot Forbes. 2 volumes, 1,136 pages. Princeton. $25.*

It was Richard Wagner who called Beethoven "a world walking among men." The world was, of course, his music, and there is no more striking example of a world so self-contained or so apparently independent of the man who created it. All of the conscious or subconscious control that Beethoven was capable of seems to have gone into the music—leaving none for the day-by-day business of living. The human Beethoven could not add, could not learn the rules of grammar, and could not master his emotions. For a time, his biographers were able to ignore these facts. But in 1866 the first volume of Alexander Wheelock Thayer's great *Life* appeared, and Beethoven biography has not been the same since.

An Ounce of Accuracy. Thayer was no debunker, but he was a scrupulous researcher after the truth. Until he wrote his *Life*, Beethoven biography had been a tissue of romantic fables and errors in "almost ludicrous contrast," as Thayer put it, to the facts of the composer's life. Thayer decided to set the record straight while he was still a graduate student at Harvard, and the effort occupied him for the rest of his life. On the theory that "an ounce of historical accuracy is worth a pound of rhetorical flourish," he went abroad in 1849 and roamed the Continent, rummaging through archives, talking with surviving Beethoven friends, old violinists and singing teachers, unearthing old letters and deciphering the scrawls and hieroglyphics in the composer's notebooks.

Always out of pocket and always complaining, like Beethoven, of his ill health (he had "overworked" his brain, he said, during a brief stint on the old New York Tribune and never recovered), Thayer labored for 40 years correcting dates, altering anecdotes and filling in the vast gaps in the Beethoven chronology. Because he could not find an English publisher, the *Life* came out, volume by volume, in German; by the time it appeared in English in 1920, it had long been regarded by scholars

Of course it's by Toshiba—

And it has all the mechanical and economical advantages of Toshiba refrigerators.

Take the freezer . . . it's rustproof, stainless steel. The cooling unit is guaranteed absolutely noiseless. There's plenty of space—a Toshiba refrigerator is *roomy*—that full-length crisper at the bottom keeps a plentiful supply of fruits and vegetables garden fresh.

All shelves are movable . . . and removable for easy cleaning. And this refrigerator defrosts at the touch of a button . . . no fuss, no bother.

Look over a line of superior refrigerators at your Toshiba dealers.

Escorted tours of Toshiba factories in the Tokyo area Monday through Friday PM mid-September through mid-November. Refreshments, Souvenirs. For reservations, call Toshiba International Division, 501-5411.

Tokyo Shibaura Electric, Co., Ltd.

For information: TOSHIBA Foreign Trade Division, Hibiya Mitsui Bldg., Yurakucho, Tokyo

Toshiba QUALITY SINCE 1875

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

as a classic and its author had been dead for 23 years. Though long out of print, it is still the basic source book for all Beethoven biographies, and it has now been edited with notes and fascinating explanatory appendixes by Harvard Professor Elliot Forbes.

It was Thayer who, by scrupulous study of the sketchbooks, revealed the slow and strangely tentative manner in which Beethoven composed, starting with ideas so trivial they look like a student's and rewriting virtually each bar a dozen times. Thayer's study of Beethoven's correspondence disproved not only the composer's supposed grand love affair with the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi but also alliances with many of the ladies with whom the sentimental 19th century liked to link his name. Factually, Thayer was rarely wrong (although he assumed the Beethoven family had come from Holland, whereas later research indicates it came from Belgium). Incredibly, a whole generation of biographers had accepted Dec. 16, 1772 as the date of Beethoven's birth until Thayer established it as occurring two years earlier, thus clearing up a series of chronological contradictions that had plagued students of the first half of the composer's life.

Ungovernable Temper. It was the character of Beethoven that most fascinated Thayer, however, and he left a portrait of the man that every biographer, with varying degrees of embarrassment, has had to reckon with since. Thayer's Beethoven is a man of atrocious manners, immense ego and ungovernable temper who at one time or another turned on virtually every one of his friends and alienated most of the musicians of Vienna. His idea of a joke was to dump a bowl of gravy on a waiter who had brought him the wrong dish.

His ingratitude was staggering, and Thayer rightly criticizes him for gulling his old friend Johann Mälzel out of the first-performance rights to *The Battle Symphony,* which Mälzel had commissioned. Perhaps least appealing of all, he was a self-righteous moralist who could denounce his brother Johann's wife as "an infamous strumpet" though he himself, says Thayer primly, "did not always escape the common penalties of transgressing the laws of strict purity." What Thayer meant, as he later explained in correspondence, was that Beethoven had contracted syphilis, probably in the course of certain "conquests" during his early years in Vienna, and that his deafness may have resulted from it.

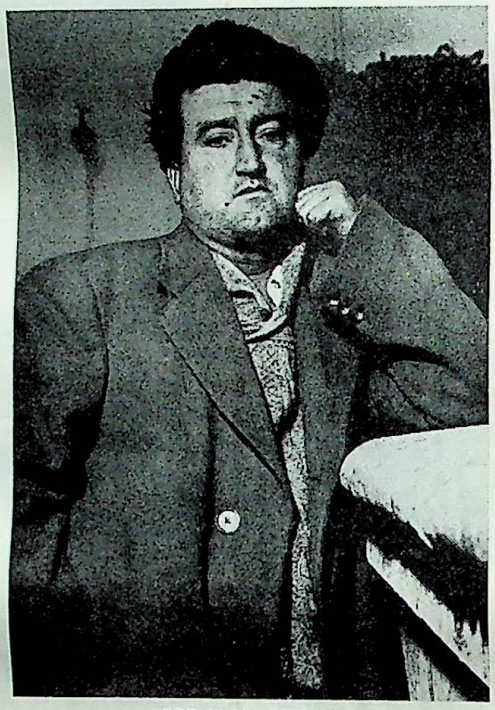
A generation after Thayer's death, at 80, in 1897, British Critic Ernest Newman set the fashion in psychological evaluation of Beethoven by concluding that he suffered from "morbid sex obsessions" because of his troubles with syphilis. Alexander Wheelock Thayer belonged to a gentler, less analytic age. All he could finally conclude about the man he had spent his life studying was that, take him all in all, his was "a very human nature, one which, if it showed extraordinary strengths, exhibited also extraordinary weaknesses."

At His Boozy Best

THE SCARPERER *by Brendan Behan.* 158 pages. *Doubleday.* $3.95.

To scarper is to make off, to run away, to escape, in Irish slang. And to scarper is what the young Brendan Behan must often have dreamed of doing in the six years he spent soberly behind bars, rather than convivially touring them. He put those dreams to good use in this merry and murderous mock-suspense story about a professional im-

JOHN D. BARRY



BRENDAN BEHAN
High comedy from low life.

presario of escapes at work in the underworld of Dublin and Paris.

By masterminding a successful jailbreak for a rich client every couple of years, the businessman-of-crime known as the Scarperer makes enough to live the life of a gent of leisure. This time the trick is trickier. The client is a toff London tough lodged in Dublin's Mountjoy penitentiary, and the price is 5,000 nicker. But when the limey is sprung by the Scarperer's guileful crew, he finds himself the victim of a Gaelic doublecross. The Scarperer has arranged to have him drowned and his body washed up on the coast of France. The implausible explanation: he closely resembles a richer client of the Scarperer —a French desperado who has commissioned this elaborate plan to get himself off the Sûreté's most-wanted list.

What makes the plot bubble is the Behan people and the Behan gab. There is Pig's Eye O'Donnell the bet runner, Tralee Trembles the wino and ex-poet, M'sieu Le Tramtrack, who spent 30 years abed in an effort to collect damages from a trolley company, and the vigorous old lady of the International Society for the Defence of the R... who stumbles on the Scarp... scheme while trying to prevent ... horses from being butchered for F... tables. Gangster or guard, barfly o... stander, every one is deftly pi... the specimen board with as little ... sentence or two of dialogue.

Behan wrote *The Scarperer* in ... at the height of his boozy powers ... lished under a pseudonym as a ser... the Irish Times, it was rediscov... only after Behan offhandedly men... it to his London editor nearly ten ... later. Light as a feather, compassi... unsentimental, this high comedy ... low life is the most artfully constr... thing the impulsive Behan ever wro...

Notes of a Gutter Rousseau

LES NUITS DE PARIS *by Nicolas-E... Restif de la Bretonne.* 375 pages. *Ra... House.* $5.95.

In the 18th century, Paris was ... largest city on the Continent. It was ... filthy, racked by poverty and rat... by crime. Through the dark jungle ... Paris' nights slipped a curious chro... observer, Nicolas-Edme Restif de ... Bretonne. Part journalist, part nove... part police spy, Restif was descri... by Havelock Ellis as "a gutter Ro... seau," and has become something ... literary cult figure in France today. ... *Les Nuits de Paris*, here translated ... English for the first time, Restif crea... a unique record of the lower depths ... all their gamy variety on the eve and ... the first years of the French Revoluti...

Burglars, lovers, beggars, whor... pickpockets and girl pinchers mov... through the crowds, a condemned m... derer broken on the wheel, thieves sta... ing food with a pole through an op... window, medical students digging ... cadavers in deserted graveyards, ... girls and boys sold into prostitution. ... Restif saw them all. And he set th... down as he saw them, in odd, chop... verbal snapshots, some grotesque, a f... funny, but all in appalling contrast to ... occasional fine lady or powdered ge... t'leman whose carriage splatters the... with mud or casually kills someone.

Restif's own sympathies were mos... theless with the aristocracy, and thou... he read rage in the eyes of the mass... ("Statesmen, beware! A fateful revo... tion is approaching! The spirit of d... fiance is spreading!"), he thought ... could be checked by the wisdom ... Louis XVI—and by cutting laborers' ... wages to remove the temptation to id... ness. But his vignettes of violent stree... scenes and underworld characters de... velop into a seething panorama of the ... revolutionary mob, culminating inev... tably in massacres in the streets and ... prisons, and finally in the Reign of Ter... ror. As for Restif himself, he was se... eral times in danger from the Terro... but made an abject declaration for the ... party of Robespierre and survived to ... become a minor police official under ... Napoleon.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

IMPORTED

San Miguel BEER

Pride of the Philippines

The tropical splendor of its scenic places made the Philippines famous. Equally renowned is San Miguel Beer, expertly brewed to perfection with a quality and flavor recognized the world over.

Scenic Bridal Veil Falls Baguio City

Ask for SAN MIGUEL BEER in the U.S.A. • JAPAN • HONGKONG • GUAM • MALAYA • THAILAND • SINGAPORE • OKINAWA • VIETNAM • PHILIPPINES

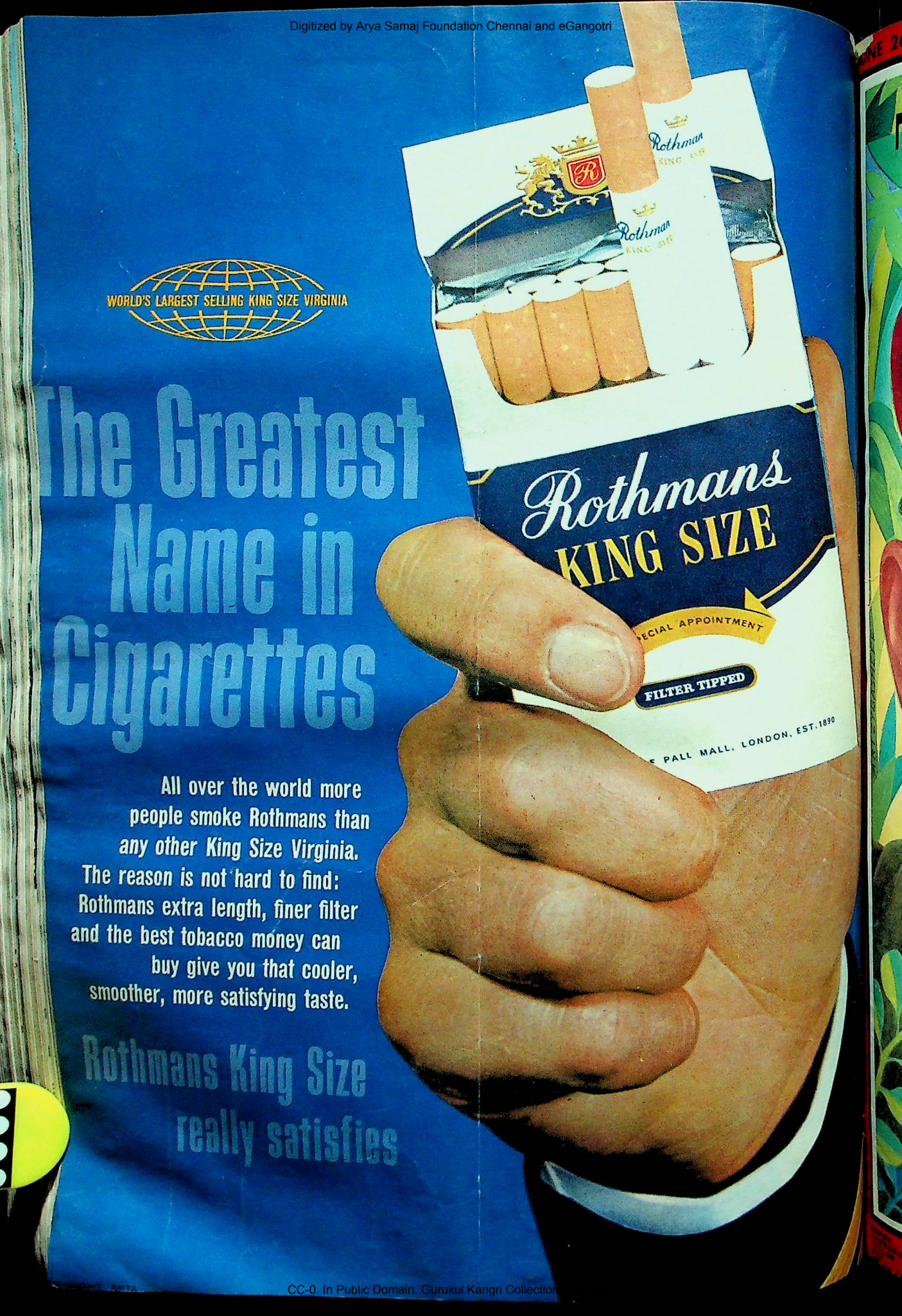
Also available at Officers' and Enlisted Men's Clubs in Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Cambodia, Laos, South Vietnam.

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY San Miguel Brewery MANILA, PHILIPPINES

When in New York, visit the SAN MIGUEL BEER LOUNGE, International Plaza, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1964-1965

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

JUNE 26, 1964

ASIA EDITION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE U.S. & LAOS
In the Jungle of Neutralism

GENERAL
KONG LE

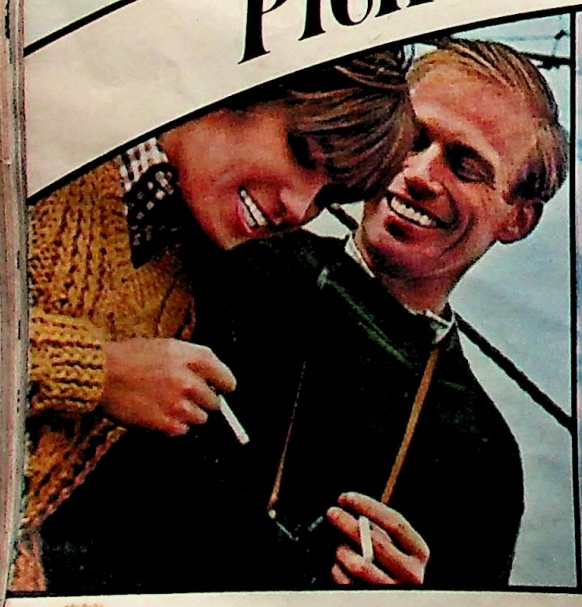
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Paxton

Smoke free, full, fresh

Pick Paxton for pleasure



FREE drawing team of filters, back to back.

•

FULL tobacco richness blended with lively menthol.

•

FRESH flavor because it's in the Humiflex Plastic Pack.

THE FILTER YOU HOPED FOR
THE FLAVOR YOU SMOKE FOR

America's finest cigarettes have a quality all their own . . . from Philip Morris International

OTHER PHILIP MORRIS INTERNATIONAL CIGARETTES: **PARLIAMENT,** RECESSED FILTER. **PHILIP MORRIS,** RICH TOBACCOS. **MARLBORO,** FILTER, FLAVOR, PACK

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Here's a radiograph machine you can afford! Because it's portable, you can spread the cost of inspection over one, two or more factories

As you know, more and more customers are insisting that their castings be radiographed by *Betatron* to ensure strict quality control.

You can meet these requirements — and recover premium prices, extra profits for your *Betatron*-inspected products — whether you are engaged in manufacturing, foundry research or technical lab work. Here's how.

This ALLIS-CHALMERS INDUSTRIAL BETATRON UNIT uses a powerful 25-million-volt X-ray beam to inspect for flaws in castings, weldments, pressure vessels, stainless steel, alloys, aluminum and other poured and fabricated metals and products.

Because it's portable, you can quickly charge off the cost of the *Betatron* against one, two or more factories. Simply schedule it where you need it. Inspect in your own factories. Or arrange to inspect on a cooperative basis with non-competing factories in your area.

You'll find that Allis-Chalmers industrial *Betatrons* produce radiographs with the greatest sensitivity and latitude, with the sharpest definition and the shortest exposure time.

One reason is the 0.2-mm. X-ray focal spot of the A-C *Betatron*. With this point source, conventional limitations of the specimen-to-film distance are eliminated. Thus, the *Betatron* can detect cracks of .005 inches width in moderately thick sections. With direct geometrical magnification — placing film at a distance from the specimen — cracks as small as .002 inches wide can be detected.

For details covering Allis-Chalmers industrial *Betatron* units in ratings from 25 to 40 mev — stationary and mobile installations—contact your nearby A-C distributor. Or write for bulletin 31S9449 directly to Allis-Chalmers International, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201, U.S.A.

ALLIS-CHALMERS

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 24

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.).* Guests: Mary Tyler Moore and Eddie Foy Jr. Repeat.

Friday, June 26

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Jason Robards Jr. in *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. Repeat.

Saturday, June 27

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Dublin Horse Show and the National A.A.U. Track and Field championships.

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). "The Uncivil War," a divorce action in New York State, with William Shatner and Diana van der Vlis. Repeat.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:27 p.m.). *Lust for Life*, M.G.M.'s 1956 biography of Vincent Van Gogh, with Kirk Douglas as Van Gogh and Anthony Quinn as Gauguin. Color.

ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL GAME (ABC, 9:30-conclusion). East meets West in this match between 60 top college players who graduated this year. Held in Buffalo.

Sunday, June 28

DISCOVERY (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Part 2 of a tour of historic Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Mich., restored to what it was like 100 years ago.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). An interview, via Telstar, with French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Disney creations at the World's Fair, featuring the delightful UNICEF exhibit. Repeat.

DU PONT SHOW OF THE WEEK (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). *Flight Deck*, a documentary on the hazardous job of the flight-deck crew aboard the aircraft carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt*.

Monday, June 29

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Part 2 of "The Funny Men," featuring old film clips of Fred Allen, W. C. Fields, Will Rogers, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Laurel and Hardy, the Marx Brothers, and so on. Repeat.

Tuesday, June 30

TEXACO STAR PARADE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). The second of Meredith Willson's musical variety specials, this one features Debbie Reynolds introducing highlights from her forthcoming film version of Willson's *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES, but the theme is thorns in this perceptive new play by Frank D. Gilroy about the barbed bloodletting that drains people who live within the closeness of the family without being close. The playwright could not have dreamed of a better cast than Irene Dailey, Jack Albertson and Martin Sheen.

HAMLET is played by Richard Burton as Hamlet wanted to be—the self-assured ruler of his fortunes, and never the tormented prey of a tragic destiny. It is a portrayal alight with intelligence, but rarely aflame with feeling.

FUNNY GIRL, based on the life of Fanny Brice, is an entertaining excuse—if any is needed—to see an exciting new Broadway star, Barbra Streisand.

HIGH SPIRITS. Bea Lillie and Tammy Grimes are probably creatures of their own imaginations, since not even Author Noel Coward could quite conceive such zany stage sprites.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Sandy Dennis plays a kept doll with an unkempt sense of humor that leads to precious little love-making but does produce an unreasonable amount of fun-making.

DYLAN is another acting triumph for Alec Guinness, as he bodies forth the poetic fire, the playful wit, the alcoholic antics that constituted the life and legend of Dylan Thomas.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK turns a six-flight walkup into a cascade of laughs about young love in Manhattan.

Off Broadway

THE KNACK is a fantastically droll British bedroom farce played out in an all-but-bare room. If one can imagine three perplexed and, at times, almost pathetic Marx Brothers chasing a plump country girl, with the cry of "Rape!" punctuating the air like "Tallyho!" one gets a glimmer of Playwright Ann Jellicoe's comic instincts.

DUTCHMAN. A sex-teaser white girl lures and then tongue-lashes a sedate Negro in a subway car until he turns on her with a venomous tirade of racial hate. Playwright LeRoi Jones aims to terrify, and between stations he succeeds.

THE TROJAN WOMEN. This tragic masterpiece by Euripides is 2,400 years old, but in its current superb production, it is the most profoundly alive drama to be found in New York.

RECORDS

Chamber Music

AN EVENING OF ELIZABETHAN MUSIC (RCA Victor). Nineteen short pieces, called "broken music" in Shakespeare's day because they were performed during a play or between the acts. This recently rediscovered 16th century pop music was and is played by a six-man consort: violin, flute, bass viol and lute with a rhythm section of pandora and cittern. Impeccably recorded by the Julian Bream Consort, with lute solos by Virtuoso Bream.

BEETHOVEN: STRING QUARTETS VOL. III (Deutsche Grammophon: 4 LPs). The distinguished London-based Amadeus Quartet concludes its Beethoven cycle with these six works. Perhaps the most-admired chamber music ever written, they include *Quartets 12* through *16* plus the thorny, abandoned original finale of *No. 13*, known as the *Great Fugue*. The Amadeus plays with virtuosity and feeling, but its recordings have to compete with those of the venerable Budapest String Quartet (Columbia). The Budapest has a mellower tone and a more flowing and integrated style. The dialogue of the Amadeus is outspoken; sometimes it is more gripping, but occasionally they lose the thread.

BRAHMS: SONATAS FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO, NOS. 1 AND 3 (Columbia). Isaac Stern pours out the lavish, songlike melody of the first ("Rain") sonata with unparalleled richness and sweetness of tone, and *Sonata No. 3* adds the flashes of brilliance.

WILLIAM SYDEMAN: MUSIC FOR GUITAR, VIOLA, AND PERCUSSION (Composers Recordings Inc.) is one of Sydeman's 30 chamber works, all scored for unorthodox instrumental combinations. Composed in 1962, it has a chittering, fragmentary but pleasant quality, and a muted viola as though the quintet (including two percussionists) from the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble were playing it underwater.

SHOSTAKOVICH: QUARTETS 4 AND 8 (Mercury). Shostakovich's late chamber works are better than his late symphonies. The eighth quartet, a secular requiem for victims of Fascism, was written in 1960 and is daringly monochromatic: three of the five movements are largo, and the often-repeated main theme changes only from a moan into a sigh. Even the fast sections seem to shift into a remembrance of gaiety long past. A subtle performance by the Borodin String Quartet, which the U.S.S.R. will send on a first visit to the U.S. in October.

CINEMA

THAT MAN FROM RIO. In a hilarious parody of Hollywood adventure movies, French Director Philippe de Broca throws clichés at the screen like soggy old tomatoes, with Hero Jean-Paul Belmondo panting through many a tight squeeze.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. A ne'er-do-well aristocrat (Denholm Elliott) tutors an ambitious junior clerk (Alan Bates) who yearns for Establishment status in Director Clive Donner's black comedy about hoary old England.

THE ORGANIZER. Marcello Mastroianni is perfect as a scraggly 19th century revolutionary in this timeless, beautifully photographed, warmly human drama about workers who strike against sweatshop working in a Turin textile mill.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. Sophia Loren separates the men from the boys in three racy Italian fables directed with gusto by Vittorio De Sica. All the men are Marcello Mastroianni.

BECKET. England's 12th century Archbishop of Canterbury (Richard Burton) dares the wrath of his onetime friend King Henry II (Peter O'Toole) in an eye- and ear-filling spectacle based on Jean Anouilh's drama.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. In a sly spoof of Ian Fleming's thriller formula, Secret Agent 007 (Sean Connery) is lured to Istanbul for hand-to-hand combat with hired assassins and a high-proof blonde.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT introduces Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth as a pair of teen-age metrognomes who live in New York in pursuit of Concert Pianist Peter Sellers, their favorite celebrity.

THE SILENCE. Two women and a child travel to a seemingly godforsaken city that is the geographical center of this stark, brooding allegory directed with breathtaking virtuosity by Ingmar Bergman.

BOOKS

Best Reading

TO AN EARLY GRAVE, by Wallace Markfield. A funny, unpretentious novel about a small clutch of men who make a living in Greenwich Village by being intellectual." Author Markfield has

* All times E.D.T.

TIME
June 26, 1964

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME Circulation Office, Apartado 5-377, Mexico 4, D.F. Mexico. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc. at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries listed elsewhere.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...ad his Joyce very closely, but his style ...lighter and his wit strictly 1964.

LES NUITS DE PARIS, by Nicolas-Edme ...estif de la Bretonne. Restif may be some-...hat of a comedown from the great court ...ssip, Saint-Simon, but he set down the ...e in Paris just before the Revolution ...idly and prophetically, and thus pro-...duced, without his aristocratic brain ever ...owing it, an indelible picture of an ...th-century slum.

THE SCARPERER, by Brendan Behan. To ...Scarper" in Irish is to escape, and Be-...an runs off with some Dublin weirdos ...dentifying their past and dreaming their ...uture. This short novel is vintage Behan ...(1961), when the mercurial writer wrote ...his best, ebullient prose.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY, by John Le Carré. ...The bestselling author's first two books ...have been reissued in one volume. Both ...are good, but admirers of *The Spy Who ...Came In from the Cold* will be especially ...drawn to *A Murder for Quality*, which ...has its own suspenseful plot but at the ...same time reads like a first draft for *Spy ...*characters, Cold and all.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Heming-...way. The Nobel-prizewinning author ...wrote this memoir of his lean years in the ...'20s of the '20s when he was in his 50s, ...still famous but passé. *Feast* reveals Hem-...ingway's deadly, deadpan sense of humor, ...his lingering romanticism, but most of all, ...the degree to which he fooled himself.

RAINER MARIA RILKE, THE YEARS IN ...SWITZERLAND, by J. R. von Salis. From an ...aimless life spent alone, Rilke drew lyric ...and contemplative poems that have made ...him a source of modern thought as well ...as modern poetry. Von Salis retraces what ...he can find of Rilke's life, and describes ...the few people (all women) who in-...spired it.

JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. In A.D. 361, ...Roman Emperor Julian the Apostate took ...a 1,800-month back step to the Hellenic ...past, using all his imperial power to de-...stroy Christianity. In this ingenious his-...torical novel, Gore Vidal brings wit and ...humanity to his subject, but does not quite ...capture the spirit or the rounded person-...ality of his elegant hero.

Best Sellers

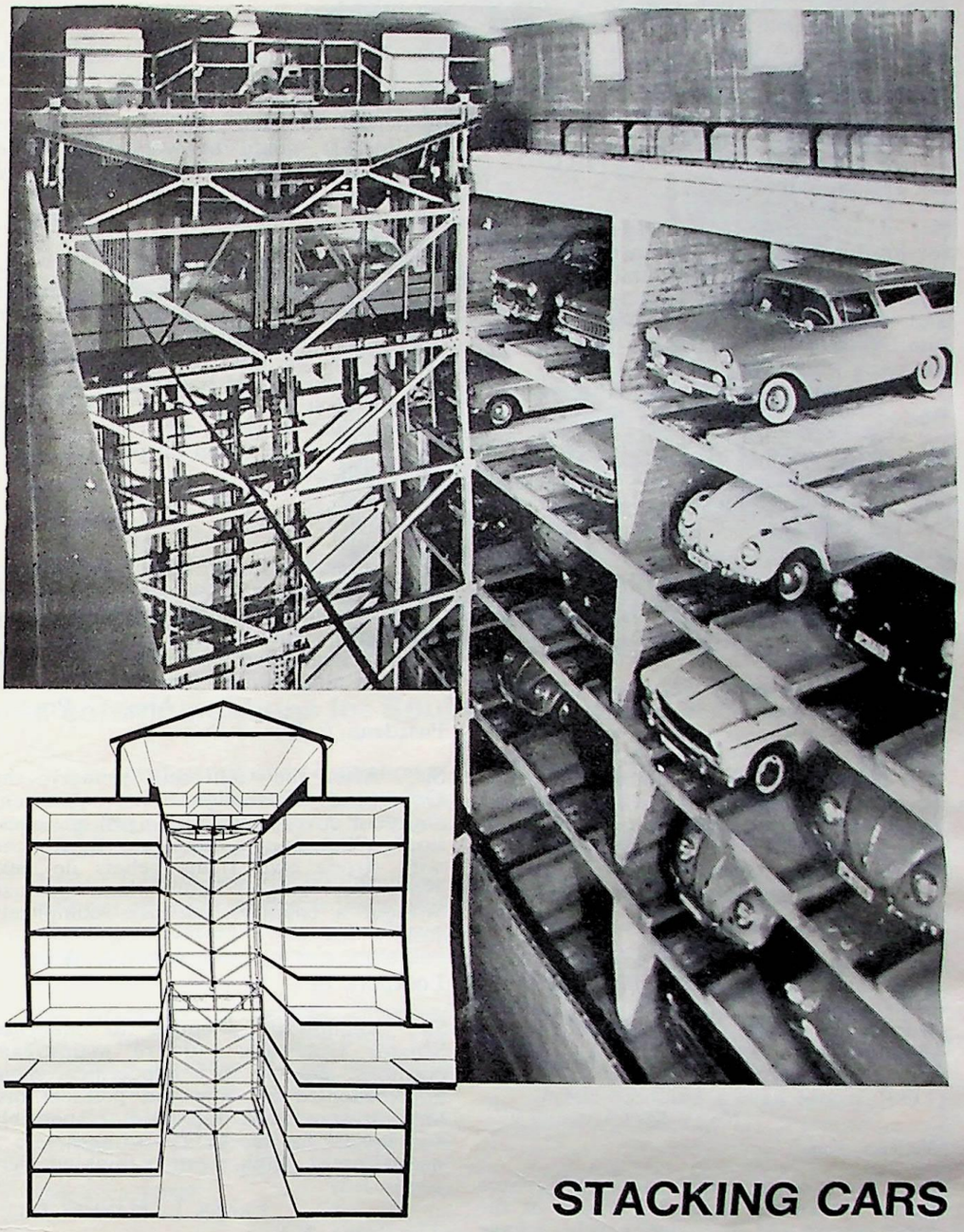
FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (4)
4. The Spire, Golding (3)
5. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (6)
6. The Group, McCarthy (5)
7. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever (8)
8. The Martyred, Kim (10)
9. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer (7)
10. Julian, Vidal

NONFICTION

1. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (1)
2. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (2)
3. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (3)
4. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, Bishop (4)
5. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris (6)
6. The Naked Society, Packard (5)
7. In His Own Write, Lennon (7)
8. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (8)
9. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (10)
10. The Du Ponts of Delaware, Carr

PROBLEMS we encounter



STACKING CARS

to overcome the world-wide parking problem sounds rather like cutting the Gordian knot. But this is just what we do, with certain refinements of course, in the automatic car parks which we build in cooperation with the Autosilo AG, Zurich. A car arriving on the ground floor for parking is picked up by a moving platform which takes it into the lift. The lift well is suspended from a travelling bridge so that the car can be deposited automatically at any point in any of the many floors above and below ground level. Retrieving is also fully automatic.

M·A·N

MASCHINENFABRIK AUGSBURG-NÜRNBERG AKTIENGESELLSCHAFT

Plants in Augsburg · Hamburg · Nuremberg · Munich · Gustavsburg

0041 e

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

Three Weeks Before San Francisco

Sir: I tend to agree with those who say that Scranton's drive for the Republican presidential nomination may be a bit too late in the game. However, I feel that Scranton would make an ideal standard-bearer at a time when the Republicans need someone to unify their party if they are to defeat Lyndon Baines Johnson in November.

PAUL F. LLOYD

Herwinton, Conn.

Sir: Governor Scranton's decision to run for President would be humorous if it did not come at this time. All that he can do now is embarrass himself and his party and, because of his public exposure, bar himself from any future consideration by the party leadership.

CHARLES M. LYONS III

Boston

Sir: The entrance of Governor Scranton into the Republican race for the nomination is as refreshing as an oasis in the Sahara. The great tradition of the Republican Party is one generally of progressive moderation, and it is in this tradition that Scranton stands.

J. T. MOORE

Winfield, Kans.

Sir: With Governor Scranton now racing for the Republican nomination, it is beginning to appear that the uncommitted delegate to the Republican Convention will have one of three choices: Governor Scranton, whom the majority of delegates don't want; Senator Goldwater, whom the majority of the voters don't want; and Richard Nixon, whom nobody wants.

CHARLES L. SHANK, D.D.S.

Harrisonburg, Va.

Sir: The hare and the tortoise should give more thought to running as a team. With Goldwater willing to send in the Marines after two minutes of careful deliberation and Scranton willing to consider every decision for a year or so, the G.O.P. would have a balanced ticket.

KATY MCCLANAHAN

Wichita, Kans.

Sir: Your superb cover story on Senator Barry Goldwater [June 12] is one of the most precise and up-to-date articles I have yet to read in any magazine. I am very glad to see, for once, the true interpretations of his standings on national and world affairs.

MARK J. HETTEL

Monroeville, Ohio

Sir: It is a relief to note that at least one small part of the vast journalistic empire sees Goldwater as a man—not a monster; with normal dedicated followers—not lunatics; as a staunch Republican who really believes what he preaches—not a showman out to impress the press; and finally, as an honest, but perhaps too frank gentleman who has been mercilessly treated by the mass media.

CAROL PEACE

Freeport, N.Y.

Sir: There are thousands of supporters of Senator Goldwater who are not extremists, who don't belong to the John Birch Society, who are "responsible" Republicans, who are for the betterment of our country, and who are not trigger-happy imbeciles—contrary to what the "superior" Republicans and Democrats emit from their opinionated and twisted heads and tongues.

TERRY GATES

San Francisco

Sir: I'm a Democrat, and I am voting —if I get a chance—for Barry. It looks like the internationalists and New Dealers are scared someone might stop the big spending. It would be wonderful if we could get a "pro-American" for a change as President.

MRS. M. L. GRANDEUR

Great Bend, Kans.

Sir: For 30 years the lily-livered liberals have had their way in the Republican Party. We conservatives have supported them. Now we have won a victory and now these poor-sport boobs have their lips hanging clear to the ground. Is there any reason, after 30 years, why the conservatives shouldn't be given an opportunity to see what they can do?

SHIRLEY J. WEIDIG

Costa Mesa, Calif.

Sir: I'm embarrassed! I am a Republican and a Californian, I *whisper,* hoping no one will hear! To think that a man like Goldwater could be elected in our California primary and headed for the nomination is almost more than I can take.

MRS. G. POST

Pasadena, Calif.

Sir: After the California primary, the Governors' convention, Ike's statement and your cover story, I have just one question: What does a moderate Republican with strong civil rights beliefs do next November? Now I know what "the man without a country" felt like—completely lost.

LUCY A. WARD

Lockport, Ill.

Sir: Republican attempts to influence Senator Goldwater "toward mainstream positions" amount to a hypocritical sham unprecedented in American political history. It would be far more responsible and honest for the G.O.P. to nominate a nonextremist, 20th century-thinking person in July.

FRANK L. HAYNES JR.

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir: As a Democrat, I hope Senator Goldwater emerges as the victor of the July convention; no better way could be found to ensure a Republican defeat in November, at both the national and local levels. As an American hoping that [illegible] will have a choice between two [illegible] tent candidates, however, I can only [illegible] Governor Scranton.

RONALD P. WO[illegible]

Peoria, Ill.

Sir: If Barry Goldwater gets the [illegible] lican nomination, I shall be forced [illegible] turn to my old Christian frame of [illegible] ence and choose the lesser of two [illegible] That choice will be Lyndon—the le[illegible]

MRS. JOE FRED SOMERV[illegible]

Norman, Okla.

Sir: Who really won the Californ[illegible] mary? L.B.J., of course.

FREEMAN F[illegible]

Melrose, Mass.

Rights, Fights & Fears

Sir: Senator Dirksen not only [illegible] ously represents his state of Illino[illegible] represents a proud figure of the na[illegible] legislative strength. That was a mos[illegible] cellent portrait and a fine article [illegible] depicting one of America's most fa[illegible] and beloved Senators.

(MRS.) FAITH HA[illegible]

New York City

Sir: Although I am a firm believ[illegible] civil rights, I venture to suggest that [illegible] New York's Negro minority is tau[illegible] live in fear, New York's white maj[illegible] will continue to live in terror.

DAVID W. SIF[illegible]
2nd Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.

Patrick A.F.B., Fla.

Sir: If the so-called civil rights b[illegible] passed, we shall be forced to live [illegible] police state identical to Communist c[illegible] tries, where people are forced to a[illegible] the friendship and love of people th[illegible] not want. Where will be the freedo[illegible] the individual, for which we are so[illegible] ing all over the world? I salute Gov[illegible] Wallace, Goldwater, and any other p[illegible] who is against the bill of privileges.

OLGA BARANCEWI[illegible]

Brooklyn

Sir: Re Goldwater's vote against [illegible] and the civil rights bill: is it not ti[illegible] dust off a few campaign slogans for [illegible] white knight? How about the Civil [illegible] Copperhead appeal: "The Constitution [illegible] it is, the Union as it was, and the Ne[illegible] where they are."

R. B. TYREE[illegible]

Anaheim, Calif.

Sir: Upon reading the "Cloture [illegible] Call," and being an absentee Colo[illegible] voter, I was amazed to find a Colo[illegible] Senator listed in the "uncommitted"

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
Sullivan 31
Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and mail this form to your letter.

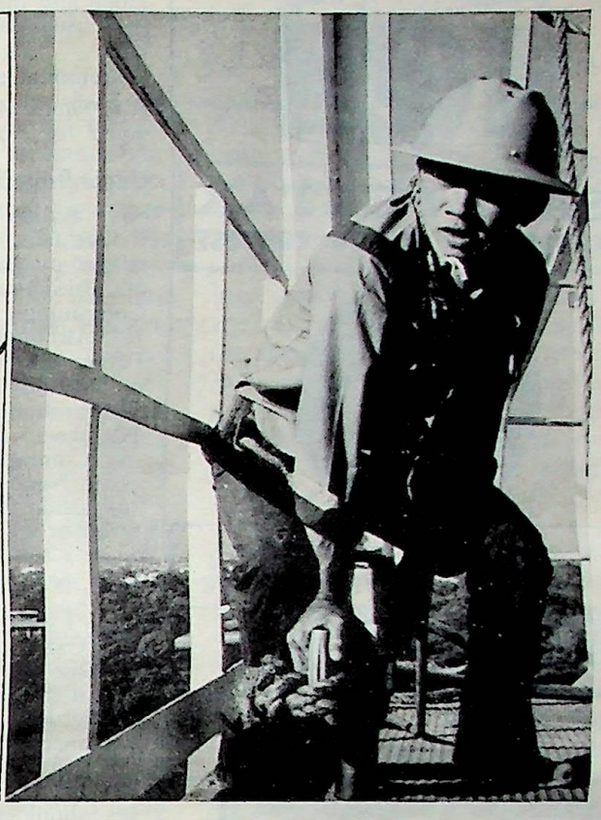
name

address

city state or province country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



New electronic communications for South Vietnam.

This year, an advanced new radiotelephone communications system provided by the U. S. State Department's AID Program will link nine key cities of South Vietnam. Seven will be joined by a large capacity microwave network. Others will be tied in to the system by very-high-frequency radio. An ITT company, Federal Electric Corp., drawing on ITT's tremendous worldwide resources, is prime contractor with responsibilities ranging from resurveying of proposed sites to construction and completion of the operational system. The program is being administered by the U. S. Navy's Bureau of Yards and Docks.

The ITT System—world's largest international supplier of electronics and telecommunications—has unmatched experience in projects of this scale and complexity.

For information or service, wherever you're located, contact your ITT distributor or write: ITT Far East and Pacific, Inc., 24 Des Voeux Road, Central, Hong Kong. World Headquarters: International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Ave., New York, New York 10022.

ITT SYSTEM REPRESENTATIVES AND ASSOCIATES:

AUSTRALIA Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Sydney / BURMA Fairweather Richards & Co., Rangoon / CAMBODIA Ets. Denis Freres, Phnom Penh / CEYLON Brown & Co., Ltd., Colombo / HONG KONG AND MACAO Shewan Tomes (Traders) Ltd., Hong Kong / INDIA Standard Telephones & Cables, Ltd., New Delhi / INDONESIA ITT System Representative, Djakarta / KOREA Hae Nin Commerce Company, Inc., Seoul / MALAYSIA Paterson, Simons & Co., Kuala Lumpur; Paterson, Simons & Co., Ltd., Singapore / NEW ZEALAND Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Wellington / OKINAWA Williams International Inc., Naha / PAKISTAN Interhom Trades and Constructions, Ltd., Lahore / PHILIPPINES ITT Philippines Inc., Manila / TAIWAN Taiwan Trading Corp., Taipei / THAILAND International Engineering Co., Ltd., Bangkok / VIETNAM S. A. pour le Riz et l'Industrie, Saigon.

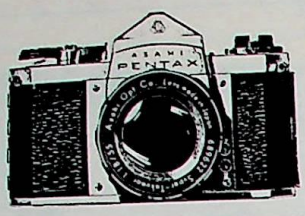
worldwide electronics and telecommunications

ITT

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

T-6404



ASAHI PENTAX
INTERNATIONAL PHOTO CONTEST

TOKYO

ИНТЕРНАЦИОНАЛЬНЫЙ
ФОТОГРАФИЧЕСКИЙ КОНКУРС

Concours International de Photo

アサヒペンタックス
国際写真コンテスト

Concurso Internacional de Fotografía

Internationaler Fotowettbewerb

Internationale Fotowedstrijd

Internationella Fototaevling

國際影攝比賽

ΔΙΕΘΝΗΣ ΦΩΤΟΓΡΑΦΙΚΟΣ ΔΙΑΓΩΝΙΣΜΟΣ

Kansainvälinen Valokuvauskilpailu

1,228 PRIZES WORTH MORE THAN $56,246.61

INCLUDING FREE TRIP TO JAPAN
FOR 5 GRAND PRIZE WINNERS
VIA PAN AMERICAN

Contest is now open. Start shooting with your Asahiflex, Asahi Pentax or Honeywell Pentax with Takumar lenses. Get your contest rules and entry blanks from your Asahi Pentax dealers.

Asahi Optical Company, Ltd.
C.P.O. 895, Tokyo
5, ave. Clemenceau, Brussels 7

umn. This triggered a blunt airmail letter from me to him. I imagine that I was not alone and that senatorial mail was heavier than usual following your June 5 issue.

L. R. NICHOLL

Claremont, Calif.

▶ *Republican Senator Peter H. Dominick voted for cloture.*—ED.

Unconfirmed President

Sir: As an Anglo-Catholic Episcopalian I have felt increasing distress over Canon Albert du Bois' opinion on the propriety of President Johnson's receiving Holy Communion at Episcopal altar rails [June 19]. Although in technical agreement with Father du Bois, I think Bishop Creighton of Washington has taken a difficult but commendable stand in this issue. Certainly I'd love to see the President received into my Communion. But that decision must come from the President and not through suggestion or coercion on the part of any priest or layman.

KEITH MARVIN

Troy, N.Y.

Sir: I can only say that I am appalled that Canon du Bois has chosen to make an issue out of this matter. Certainly the law of the Episcopal church supports Canon du Bois; yet, it seems to me that in this special case, at this crucial time, for this critically important man who carries so many of the burdens of the world on his shoulders, charity should have tempered the canon's judgment, urging him to keep a godly silence.

(THE REV.) E. PERREN HAYES
Rector

St. Stephen's Woodlawn
The Bronx, N.Y.

Christian Science Schism

Sir: As a member of the Mother Church (First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston), I admit there is a staunchly upheld bit of propaganda that there is no controversy within the church organization [June 19]; but that simply is not true. It hinders rather than helps the Christian Scientist movement when Mr. Douglass pretends otherwise. He knows, as do all informed Christian Scientists, that there is a wide and definite schism in the church between the absolutists and the relativists. Moreover, it is natural for us to interpret Mrs. Eddy's writings from whatever level of understanding we happen to have reached. As for modernizing her teachings, if Mr. Douglass can say he has never heard a member wistfully remark that Mrs. Eddy would have changed this or that teaching had she lived longer, or were she alive today, he is owning to imperfect hearing, which, of course, he could not possibly manifest.

MRS. ROBERT C. KEATING

Los Angeles

Silenced Brazilian

Sir: I wonder what will happen to Brazil now that it has lost its most qualified politician. Not only is Juscelino Kubitschek [June 12] overcome by terrible sadness, but I am sure that many other Brazilians are also. He did only what he thought was good for the country.

ANGELA VON HALLE

Santurce, P.R.

Doctors' Bills

Sir: I challenge Professor Harris' assertion that the average physician's income nationally has crept up to "a current national average of $25,000 or more" [June 12]. For my colleagues' sake I wish it were true, but I wonder if the professor mixed up gross income with net in... Physicians in private practice have t... office secretaries, nurses, rent etc., ofte... to as much as 40% of their gross inc...

JAMES L. WILSON, M.D.
Profes...

The University of Michigan
Medical Center
Ann Arbor, Mich.

▶ *Professor Harris wrote that cost... percentage of gross income have de... from 40% in 1929 to 37%, leaving... sicians in private practice with an av... net income of $25,000 a year.*—ED.

Sir: The entire cost of surgery is ... by the patient, while the doctor ... nothing for the use of hospital equip... supplies, any of his idiosyncratic ... erences in regard to instruments and ... staff that assists him. The doctor co... his whopping fee besides. In what ... work situation does the professional ... all his staff and equipment provide... no cost to himself? Individually, most ... tors are great, and some give much ... than they receive. En masse, howeve... would behoove them to revaluate ... philosophy of fees.

PATRICIA VAUGHAN, R...

San Francisco

Rickety Roman Empire

Sir: The shade of the Emperor J... may have been disturbed by your ... viewer's mention of him as a ruler of ... "Holy" Roman Empire [June 12]. ... absurd adjective is usually assigned t... medieval empire ruled over 400 years ... by Charlemagne and his successors ... was a rickety German enterprise. ... barian in its beginnings, Christian in ... ligion, and Latin in its culture—such ... it was. In short, it was a rare comb... tion of things most despised by the H... ist Julian.

ALBERT LY...

Belmont Hill School
Belmont, Mass.

Crash Controversy

Sir: Your recent article points o... fact that is well known to doctors ... attempt to treat victims of auto acci... involving small cars [June 12]; the o... pants sustain severe injuries in an ... dent. We are in thorough agreement ... the studies that show occupants of ... cars suffer a far higher rate of injur... death in accidents. This has been ou... perience in treating these unfortunate ... ple that we constantly see brought in... emergency room. Some of the worst ... cidents we have seen have been one... accidents in which one of these ... cars failed to make a turn and ... over, causing severe neck injuries.

A. J. GHERINI, M.D.
S. D. CALABRESE, M.D.

Gilroy, Calif.

Sir: Master Showman Mulcahy ... have belabored the obvious with co... cogency if, instead of pitting Buicks ag... Dauphines, he had mangled motor... with Mack trucks or baby buggies ... diesel locomotives.

W. A. BONNE...

Palo Alto, Calif.

Pun in the Mud

Sir: I can't understand paying to ... women wrestle in the mud [June 12] ... *chacun à son goo.*

MARVIN BERNSTE...

Hollywood

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

...HEDLEY DONOVAN
...ANDREW HEISKELL
...JAMES A. LINEN
...HENRY R. LUCE
...ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George ... Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry ... Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, ... Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
... Archincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, ... Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. ... Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. ... Jonathan Norton Leonard, Mar- ... Peter Bird Martin, Robert ... Ed Magnuson, Peter McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles ... John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
... Bachman, Jon Borgzinner, Clell Bryant, Richard ... John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene ... Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Dudley ... Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, ... W. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Grossman, ... Baker, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, Leon Jaroff, ... Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ray ... Koffend, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert ... Lech, Ed McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles ... Hamilton, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson. ... Farmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
... Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, ... Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois ... Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

... Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Nancy Atkinson, ... B. Badger, Reva Berger, Jean Bergerud, Karen ... Booth, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann ... Cohen, Nicolette Caliendo, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian ... Edsel S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica ... Hall, Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. ... Fraim, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah ... Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Lea Guyer, Deborah ... Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, ... E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Marguerite Johnson, ... Lee, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, ... Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan ... Judith Liersch, Martha McDowell, Evelyn ... Shirley Monck, Deborah Hanson Murphy, ... Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia ... Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Pikul, Ruth Reed, ... Kopeick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth ... Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, ... Thomas, Fortunata Sydnor Trapnell, Mary ... Susanne S. Washburn, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
... M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
...GTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. ... Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, ... Jr., Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, ... A. Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil ... Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, William ... Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin ... CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh ... Christopher Porterfield, Miriam Rumwell, Arlie ... LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Robert W. ... Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. ... Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. ... NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Israel Shenker, ... T. Cery, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ...-HOUSTON: Harry Johnston, Dudley E. Morris. ... Keith Mehrtens, Robert A. Ellis, John L. Wil- ... DENVER: Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, ... W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: ... Stone, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.

... Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, ... Champlin, Donald S. Connery. PARIS: Curtis ... Barry Farrell, Judson Gooding, Jeremy ... Friefel Ungeheuer, James Wilde. COMMON MAR- ... McManus. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, ... Robert E. Jackson. MADRID: Piero ... BEIRUT: George de Carvalho. HONG KONG: ... Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. ... William E. Smith. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. ... NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. ... Lee Griggs, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shir- ... John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: ... Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: ... CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. ... Roger M. Williams. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO ... John Blashill, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: ... Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald ... Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

...ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS.....LAWRENCE E. LAYBOURNE
...GENERAL MANAGER.....JOHN J. FREY
...ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....JAMES A. THOMASON

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
...CIRCULATION DIRECTOR.....Edgar R. Baker
...GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN.....David W. Ballard
...INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....Yasuo Kitaoka
...ASSISTANT ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....William S. Honneus
.....Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 TIME Inc. All rights reserved.

TIME, JUNE 26, 1964

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

AT the airport in Vientiane, Correspondent Frank McCulloch watched a young Laotian in dungarees servicing a small aircraft. The youth drained fuel from the plane into an open bucket, carried the pail into a shed where 500-lb. bombs, rockets and machine-gun ammunition were stored, picked up a tool box and sauntered back to the airplane. Only then did he throw away the cigarette he had been smoking all the while.

Watching such vignettes in the Southeast Asian powder keg last week, Hong Kong Bureau Chief McCulloch mused that "covering Laos is like being Alice in Wonderland—surrealistic, exasperating, frequently incomprehensible but often utterly delightful." A lunch with the cover subject, General Kong Le, in his headquarters village of Vang Vieng was a study in the country's need as well as its plenty. It was served on a table covered by a red checked tablecloth "with so many holes in it that it must have been riddled by a shotgun." But no one needed to go away hungry from the meal—bamboo sprouts, fish, large bowls of glutinous rice, tiny cubes of dried smoked water buffalo, eggs fried with garlic, cucumbers, oranges and pineapple. After flying low across the embattled countryside with Kong Le, McCulloch wrote: "Laos is one of the loveliest lands on earth, and it is a bitter travesty that such a land and the gentle people who inhabit it should be caught up in a war they are ill prepared to fight but cannot be allowed to lose."

With McCulloch's firsthand reporting, supported by backgrounding from the rest of the Hong Kong staff and the Washington bureau, the cover story written by Robert Jones and edited by Henry Grunwald throws the sharpest light yet on the plight and possibilities of Laos and the U.S. in the jungle of neutralism.

OF all the stories in this week's issue that called for reporting from a wide array of sources, none came from a wider net than the WORLD BUSINESS story "Doctors of Development." Work on this report of the activities and powers of economists around the world was begun some three weeks ago, involved 35 interviews by correspondents in 15 countries. One of the economists who was a source for the story was Holland's Jan Tinbergen, who had never before granted an interview to the press. When TIME's correspondent was leaving after their talk, the economist said: "If you really are going to have an article in TIME, please mention my wife. Her name is Tine de Wit. She has supported me enormously. She is a great woman. I would love to see that in print somewhere." There it is, Dr. Tinbergen.

ESTELLE HOLT

McCULLOCH & KONG LE

INDEX

Cover Story....16

Art.....34
Books.....58
Cinema.....41
Education.....37
The Hemisphere 25
The Law.....29
Letters.....4
Medicine.....36
Milestones.....40
Modern Living...56
Music.....39
People.....28
Press.....45
Religion.....32
Science.....42
Sport.....30
Time Listings.....2
The U.S.....9
U.S. Business...47
The World.....16
World Business..52

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PICTURE OF A MAN GOING TO MAKE A HOLE

Using the 53 lb Cobra motor drill as a breaker, a research scientist digs through nine feet of frozen moraine to its bed of glacial ice.

In itself, perhaps, not so very remarkable. But given a point on a glacier, 4,000 feet above sea level in Sweden's Arctic Circle, then the hole takes on quite different proportions. The fact remains that glaciologists at Stockholm University needed samples of age-old ice buried beneath the glacier's moraine ridge. Getting there was difficult enough. Getting there with a compressor and rock drill was out of the question. They would need to be in ruc-sac size. Surprisingly, this was the answer—a complete drilling unit that one man could back-pack over rivers or mountains. An Atlas Copco *Cobra* that could also dig and break.

In neighbouring Norway's roughest terrain these self-contained Cobras help lay foundations for pylons in the National Grid System. In fact, they are used in remote spots practically everywhere from Alaska to New Zealand.

This is an example of how compressed air experience has helped develop the world's lightest rock drill. Such experience is a part of Atlas Copco service to contractors, mines and industry the world over.

Atlas Copco

puts **compressed** to work for the w

GROUP HEADQUARTERS ATLAS COPCO AB · STOCKHOLM 1 · SWEDEN · SALES AND SERVICE IN OVER 100 COUNTRIES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
June 26, 1964 Vol. 83, No. 26

THE U.S.

THE CONGRESS

The Final Vote

On June 19, 1963, President John Kennedy sent to Congress a civil rights bill, urged its speedy passage "not merely for reasons of economic efficiency, world diplomacy or domestic tranquillity, but above all because it is right." Last week, a year later to the very day, the U.S. Senate by a vote of 73-27 passed that bill—considerably changed and strengthened.

The bill's opponents died hard. They brought up amendment after amendment, not in any expectation that the changes would be adopted, but rather as a time-consuming effort to delay the moment of truth. In one day, the Senate had 34 roll calls, an alltime record. Such was the pace that at one point a pro-civil rights Senator rushed onto the floor, heard his name called, shouted "aye," then turned to a colleague and asked just what it was he had voted for. In all, 115 amendments were voted on between cloture and the final vote, and only one of any great substance was approved. That was the package, written by Republican Leader Everett Dirksen and approved by Democratic Senate and Administration leaders.

All About Mammy. Under the terms of cloture, voted the week before, each Senator was limited to a total of one hour of speechmaking on all motions. It was the day before the final vote, when Georgia Democrat Richard Russell, leader of the filibustering forces, ran out of time, was ordered to sit down. He did so, with tears in his eyes: "We have fought the good fight until we were overwhelmed and gagged."

But even with Russell out of action, the bitter battle continued. Just a few hours before the vote, Louisiana Democrat Russell Long, in one of those some-of-my-best-friends-are-Negroes statements, recalled how he had been reared by a "Negro mammy." The phrase enraged Rhode Island Democrat John Pastore. "We don't just want to protect our mammy," he said. "We want to protect everybody's mammy. We want to fix it so that a Negro woman can go into a drugstore and get a glass of water when she is thirsty. That's what this is about."

At that point, Florida Democrat George Smathers got into the act, shouting at Pastore: "Not one word does the Senator from Rhode Island know what he is talking about! She could go into any drugstore and get a drink of water." Moreover, Smathers continued, there is discrimination in the North as well as the South, so Pastore had no right "to get so holy and mighty about this." Retorted Pastore: "Well, if you have no segregation and discrimination, then you don't need to worry about this bill."

In their final, last-gasp effort, the Southern segregationists made a motion that could have required the Senate clerk to read the record of the entire 68-day "legislative day" since formal debate on the bill began—some 6,000,000 words in all. The motion was defeated, 73 to 18, and at long last it was time for the historic vote.

Acid in the Pool. In the showdown, 46 Democrats voted for the bill, while 21 voted against it. Twenty-seven Republicans voted aye, while only six said no. In addition to Barry Goldwater (*see following story*), the dissident Republicans were New Hampshire's Norris Cotton, Iowa's Bourke Hickenlooper, New Mexico's Edwin Mechem, Wyoming's Milward Simpson and Texas' John Tower.

Although the civil rights bill must next go to the House, little difficulty or delay is anticipated in reconciling the Senate and House versions. That done, it is expected that President Johnson will ceremoniously sign the bill into law on or about the Fourth of July. The bill's voting guarantees must wait for an election before being fully tested. The ban on discrimination in employment and labor unions does not become effective for a year. But effective immediately, and likely to cause the fastest fireworks, is the wide-ranging public accommodations section.

Civil rights leaders were yearning to start testing that section. And even as the final Senate vote approached, there was an indication in St. Augustine, Fla., of what the summer might hold.

There, five Negroes and two white fellow demonstrators dived into the swimming pool at the segregated Monson Motor Lodge. The motel manager, furious, grabbed two jugs of muriatic acid, a cleansing agent, tried unsuccessfully to splash the stuff on the swimmers. Cops moved in, one of them stripped off his shoes and socks, leaped gracelessly into the water and pummeled the swimmers with his fists. When the fracas was over, 34 people, including the swimmers and other civil rights who kept dry, were hauled off to jail.

AP

POLICEMAN LEAPING INTO ST. AUGUSTINE POOL
An indication of what the summer may hold.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

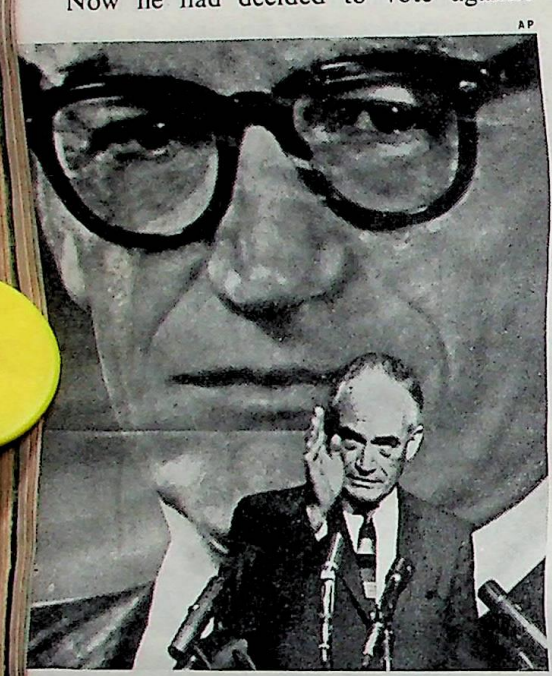
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

One Man's Stand

Rarely has one man's vote been watched so closely as Barry Goldwater's on the civil rights bill. He had thought about it long and hard. "I really wanted to be able to vote for the bill," he told a newsman. "This week I've asked every lawyer friend I know to show me some constitutional justification for it. The answer is always: 'All you can say is that you feel a majority of the people are for it, and so you're going to vote for it on that basis.' But that's not enough. I just can't go along with just that."

Goldwater had consistently sided with Democratic segregationists in their proposed amendments to the measure. Now he had decided to vote against

AP



GOLDWATER IN DALLAS
"Let me be judged in this . . ."

the bill itself. But first he had to explain his stand in a Senate speech.

Police State? Reading rapidly and tonelessly, Goldwater declared that he had always been "unalterably opposed to discrimination." But he insisted that the real remedy lay in the good will in the human heart. The legislation that reached the Senate after passage in the House, he said, was produced by "sledge-hammer political tactics." He had hoped that it would be modified by "what was once considered to be the greatest deliberative body on earth." But it was apparent "that emotion and political pressure, not persuasion, not common sense, not deliberation, had become the rule of the day and of the processes of this great body." The Senate, he charged, had ignored the Constitution and "the fundamental concepts of our governmental system. My basic objection to this measure is, therefore, constitutional."

Goldwater was bitter about the bill's public accommodations and fair employment provisions. These, he warned, would require the creation of a federal police force of mammoth proportions, would result in a "police state" and an "informer" psychology—"neighbors spying on neighbors, workers spying on workers, businessmen spying on businessmen, where those who would harass their fellow citizens for selfish and narrow purposes will have ample inducement to do so."

"The Real Concern." Even Goldwater's harshest critics agreed that he was taking his stand on the basis of conviction, letting the political chips fall where they might. But his vote did demonstrate dramatically just how far he is removed from the mainstream of U.S. and Republican Party thinking.

The civil rights bill was, after all, the product of national demand in the light of the Negro revolution of 1963 and '64. Republican platforms and declarations of principle have long been strong for civil rights. In the House of Representatives, Republican Leader Charles Halleck had gone down the line for the bill, and 138 out of 172 voting Republicans approved it. In the Senate, G.O.P. Leader Dirksen was the main architect of amending the bill into its final form, and Barry was one of a mere six Republican Senators who finally voted against it.

Goldwater was, of course, aware of all this, but he felt that in good conscience he had no choice. Concluded he in his justification speech: "If my vote is misconstrued, let it be, and let me suffer its consequences. Just let me be judged in this by the real concern I have voiced here and not by words that others may speak or by what others may say about what I think."

REPUBLICANS

Mission: A Winner's Image

Pennsylvania's Governor Bill Scranton, latest entry in the Republican presidential race, last week invaded the Goldwater-minded Midwest. In Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Colorado and Kentucky, Scranton and his wife Mary received warm welcomes, addressed national convention delegates, even managed to win over a few who had previously leaned toward Barry.

But delegate-scrounging was not Scranton's mission—not yet. Instead, what he had to do was build an image, not just as an energetic, articulate, moderate alternative to Goldwater but, far more important, as a Republican who might give Democrat Lyndon Johnson a terrific fight in November.

Thus Scranton was waging a war on two fronts, one against Goldwater, the other against the incumbent President. He missed no opportunity to contrast his views with Goldwater's, and Barry, with his vote against the civil rights bill, served up Scranton a golden issue on a silver platter. No sooner had Goldwater announced that he would naysay the civil rights measure than Scranton shot off a telegram. "I urge you," he wired, "to repudiate your opposition to the civil rights bill by voting yes on final passage. Your views on the subject to date are opposed to the ditional Republican philosophy of opportunity for all, and it is of importance to our party that you change your views. Other Repu Senators, especially Senator D have worked hard and long with statesmanship to bring about civil rights legislation."

In Des Moines, Scranton ro crowd of 3,000 to cheers as he clared: "Tonight the heartlan America waits for new answers night the heartland of America mands vigorous leadership, n faith, and a renewal of the marc ward. I intend to offer those a —I intend to provide that leade If you will march with me, the A can journey can begin again. W issues are complex, I will not t fool you into believing that the simple. Where we are in trouble we are in trouble tonight in many of this shrinking world—I will no you with lofty assurances that well. I will not lead you dow easy road. I will call for sacri will call for courage, I will call spirit—a spirit of adventure."

"Stand with Me." In Topeka, Sc ton kept hammering at Goldw philosophy. Cried he to his fellow publicans: "Suppose the Democrats accuse us—and be believed—of responsible defense policy that w turn over the decision to use nu weapons to field commanders? Sup they can accuse us of trying to de the social security system? Suppose can establish that we think foreign icy is a matter of shooting from hip—and who cares what we hit? pose they show that when the chip down, Republicans won't stand equal rights for all Americans?" result, said Scranton, would not be defeat for the G.O.P. in Nove but the ruin of conservatism.

At a St. Louis press confer Scranton's aggressiveness led him making a charge that he later regre Discussing Goldwater's refusal to him in a face-to-face television de Scranton said: "I think this in an apparent lack of courage to people." Later, in Denver, Scr apologized, said his remark had "ill-advised." "I know Goldwater personal courage," he explained. one denies that. But since the Hampshire primary, he has guarded and hemmed in by the ticians around him lest he express personal views."

In Louisville, Scranton went Goldwater for another of Barry's lip-shooting remarks. "I believe it unfortunate," said Scranton, "that present front-running candidate for presidential nomination has embarra our party by announcing that people are poor have only their stupidity their laziness to blame. This is a sla on the thousands of good Amer who through no fault of their own

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

been caught in the backlash of our urbanized, industrialized, fast-moving society. There is a need for the party of Lincoln to remember that 'there but for the grace of God go I.' But heaven help us if we go before the American people with the naive belief that every poverty-stricken family in America deserves nothing but contempt."

The Real Opponent. This was tough talk, but no tougher than Scranton's attack on the Johnson Administration, which he accused not of having "bad policies," but of having "no policies." The Democrats, he said, "have put together a short-order foreign policy, serving each day's hash from the leavings of yesterday's mistakes." If given the nomination, he pledged, he would "strip away the sham promises, the heavy-handed politics-as-usual, the worn bag of political legerdemain which the Johnson Administration has substituted for a sense of national purpose. For the past six months the propaganda mills of that Administration have ground out a vast array of slogans and crackpot schemes."

Winding up his week before a tumultuous crowd at the Massachusetts G.O.P. convention in Boston, Scranton again lashed out at the Democrats: "There is not a single thing in President Johnson's poverty bill that is going to help anybody who is poverty-stricken or who hasn't enough to eat." Moving into foreign policy, Scranton said that the present Administration "has failed to produce a single good idea or successful strategy during its first year in office."

In his campaign, Scranton was winning strong allies among the forces of moderate Republicanism. Henry Cabot Lodge's campaign backers were now working for Scranton. Nelson Rockefeller withdrew from the race, threw his support (and, perhaps more important, the facilities of his widespread organization) to Scranton. And while Dwight Eisenhower maintained a glum silence, his brother Milton sent Scranton a lengthy letter of endorsement, which said pointedly: "I know that you avoid snap judgments and clever remarks devoid of sincerity and common sense. I admire you for your moderate but firm philosophy, and I hope the American people will realize what an opportunity they now have for placing the leadership of our nation in steady hands."

The Sinister East. What was Candidate Goldwater doing while Scranton was hitting the Midwestern hustings against him? For one thing, he was busily picking up delegates. Montana, last of all the states to select its delegates, picked a solid, 14-member Goldwater group. Three days earlier in Texas, Goldwater had, as expected, added all 56 of the state's delegates. At the Texas convention, Goldwater extended his usual attacks on the sinister "Eastern Establishment" of powerful Republicans who would impose him to include certain elements of the press. Said he: "All of a sudden all the radical columnists—Childs, Lippmann, Alsop—and all the radical newspapers like the New York Times, the Washington Post, even Izvestia in Russia—they are suddenly expressing a great deal of concern about the Republican Party. Nothing would make these people happier than if the Republican Party were to drown. Do you know what they're afraid of? They're afraid they're going to have a Republican candidate they can't control."

This Eastern-clique business is a fetish with Goldwater and his followers; they constantly compare 1964 to 1952, when, they insist, the Republican kingmakers of the industrial Northeast cheated Robert A. Taft out of the Republican nomination. The comparison, of course, is absurd. Bill Scranton has not achieved the national stature of a Dwight Eisenhower, and Barry Goldwater is far, far from being a Bob Taft. Moreover, the storied kingmakers who launched Ike into politics—and thereby won undying enmity from the G.O.P.'s conservative wing—did not catapult Scranton, or anyone else, into the race, and as yet have attempted nothing of consequence in the 1964 campaign.

With three weeks to go before the convention, Scranton's fight is uphill. Goldwater managers now claim some 700 delegates, more than enough to win nomination.* But of these, only about half are really committed. Of the others, many lean toward Barry mostly because they figure he might just as well be the Republican sacrifice in a Democratic year. If they were convinced that another candidate might actually win the presidency and carry hundreds of other Republicans into office with him, their loyalty to Barry almost certainly would waver and wane. It is up to Bill Scranton to convince these delegates that he is just the fellow to whip Lyndon.

* At a comparable preconvention stage in 1952, Taft claimed some 600 delegates, with 604 needed to nominate.

UPI

SCRANTON & WIFE IN BOSTON (AT RIGHT, SENATOR LEVERETT SALTONSTALL)

"There is not a single thing . . ."

ILLINOIS

What Upset Ev

For once, Ev Dirksen was speechless. Leaving the first powwow of Illinois' Republican Convention delegates in suburban Chicago last week, he plowed head down through a crowd of newsmen, got into a car and drove off without saying a word.

What so visibly upset Ev was a crude power play, aimed at G.O.P. Gubernatorial Nominee Chuck Percy, by Goldwater forces at the meeting. During his successful primary campaign, Percy pledged himself to vote in San Francisco for the presidential candidate favored by a majority of the Illinois delegation. As of now, Goldwater holds that majority, and Percy has every intention of keeping his word. But he is suspect to the Goldwaterites because of his well-known belief that putting the Arizona Senator at the top of the ticket would seriously hurt the chances of all Illinois Republican state candidates, including Percy's own.

As the gubernatorial nominee, Percy could have expected to be chairman of the Illinois delegation to the national convention. But he knew he faced opposition from the Goldwater camp, and he didn't particularly want the chairmanship anyway; as chairman, he would be required to announce the convention vote of the heavily Goldwater delegation, thereby apparently identifying himself with Goldwater in the floodlights of national television.

Percy therefore proposed that Dirksen be chairman, that he himself take second place as co-chairman, and that the third top delegation post, that of secretary, go to an all-out Goldwater man. Dirksen agreed, and so did U.S. Representative Ed Derwinski, the Goldwater leader in Illinois. Said Derwinski later: "I agree to Dirksen's taking over as chairman because I think Chuck should be absolved from the line of fire

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ROBERT W. KELLEY—LIFE

PERCY & DIRKSEN IN CHICAGO
Angry and speechless.

at the convention. He needs to be out of it for his campaign."

But the rank-and-file Goldwater followers emphatically did not agree. And it quickly became clear that they had the votes to require that two of the three top national delegation officers be signed-in-blood Barry backers, thereby eliminating either Dirksen or, preferably, Percy. Dirksen was furious. "This is awful," he told Percy. "I'm going to make a fight of this."

For the sake of party harmony, Percy urged Ev against this course. "I can't afford to fight these Goldwater people," he said. Percy therefore withdrew as prospective co-chairman, a Goldwater-leaner was named vice chairman, Dirksen left town mad, and Illinois Republicans were treated to the sight of their gubernatorial nominee, chosen overwhelmingly in a statewide primary, being reduced to the status of just another common delegate at the national convention.

MASSACHUSETTS

Teddy's Ordeal

Delegates to the Massachusetts Democratic Convention in West Springfield were disappointed when Teddy Kennedy's telephoned voice from Washington came over the public-address system. Teddy had planned to be on hand to accept his Senate renomination by acclamation. But now, because of the vote on the civil rights bill, he would be delayed. So would Indiana's Senator Birch Bayh, who was scheduled to be the convention keynote speaker. "I want everyone to know that I am a candidate this next year, even though I'm hundreds of miles away," said Teddy. "We are now 15 minutes away from the vote for civil rights."

That was after 7 p.m. Only one hour later, on a sultry Washington evening, Teddy, 32, his aide Edward Moss, 41, Bayh, 36, and his wife Marvella, 31, climbed aboard a twin-engine Aero Commander at National Airport. The chartered plane, frequently used by Senator Kennedy, was piloted by Edwin T. Zimny, 48.

The Apple Orchard. When they took off from Washington, the skies were clear. But warnings of heavy weather to the north had already been posted. Their destination was Barnes Municipal Airport, Westfield, Mass., about seven miles west of Springfield. There, fog and drizzle had socked in the runways.

Approaching Barnes, the pilot was flying on instruments. At about 11 p.m., he told the tower that he was "over the 'Z' "—exactly on course. Looking out of the plane's windows, the passengers could see a few fog-blurred car lights, knew they were nearly on the ground.

Suddenly the plane soared into a steep, desperate climb, shook violently, plunged and crashed. There was a moment of deep, terrifying silence: everyone aboard was stunned or dying. Birch Bayh recovered before the others. "My first thought," he said later, "was that the plane had been hit by lightning." He looked cautiously about. "I saw black things outside my window," he recalled. In his shock, it took him a while to notice the black things were trees, that the Aero Commander had crashed—as it turned out, in an apple orchard on a hill three miles short of the airport.

Fearful that the wreckage would burst into flames, Bayh hurriedly boosted his wife through an escape hatch, which popped open on impact. Then he called for Teddy, who was crumpled on the floor. Bayh got no answer and climbed out the hatch himself. Again, he yelled to Teddy. This time Kennedy answered, managed to reach his hand through the hatch, and Bayh helped him wriggle through the window. Moss and Pilot Zimny—both horribly injured—were trapped in the cockpit, which had been sliced apart as if by a huge can opener.

On the Wet Grass. Teddy lay helplessly on the wet grass, beneath Mrs. Bayh's raincoat. The Bayhs staggered down the hill to a road, stopped a[car] driven by Robert Schauer, who had [been] attracted by the sound of the crash. [He] took them to his home, called the po[lice], returned immediately with a pillow [and] blankets for Teddy. Said Schau[er]: "When I got to the plane, Senator Ken[-] nedy was still there. He was cool as a cucumber. He said he had shoulder [and] back injuries."

Word of the accident swiftly [went] to the Democratic convention in [West] Springfield. Teddy's wife, Joan, went [to] Cooley Dickinson Hospital in Nor[th]ampton, arrived at 12:30 a.m., shor[tly] after Teddy reached there in an am[bu]lance. Doctors found the Senator's [pulse] erratic, his blood pressure "almost [unin]telligible." Soon after he arrived, they [gave] him three blood transfusions.

At 3:40 a.m., Brother Bobby and [his] sister, Jean Kennedy Smith, arrived [after] a 100-mile dash from Boston in a [state] police car. By then, Teddy was able [to] summon up a wan smile and murmur: "How are you, Bobby?"

The Parents. Teddy Kennedy [has] suffered two fractured ribs, three [broken] vertebrae, and assorted cuts and bruises. He would probably be out of action for quite a while, but there were no neurological injuries, no paralysis, no immediate need for surgery. Marvella Bayh was in good condition; Senator Bayh had a severe muscle strain. But Moss, one of Teddy's ablest, most faithful friends, died of brain injuries during surgery. Zimny had died before help came.

Rose and Old Joe Kennedy, at [their] summer house on Cape Cod, learned of the accident from Niece Ann Gar[dner] when they arose. What passed through their minds can hardly be imagined. Of their nine children, they had already lost Joe Jr. and Kathleen in air crashes, Jack by assassination.

VINCENT S. P[ALUMBO]

TEDDY KENNEDY AFTER CRASH
Cool as a cucumber.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE PRESIDENCY

"Love Me in November"

Lyndon Johnson is quite fond of asking White House guests if they happen to have any criticism of his Administration. Whether the guests are Republican or Democratic, the criticisms are few and far between. But whenever one comes, Lyndon is likely to lower his head and allow as how: "Maybe you're right. Maybe, for the good of the country, I shouldn't even run for President this year."

In perfect sincerity, Johnson thinks of himself as being President of all Americans—which he is. He would also like to see himself regarded as a bipartisan leader, and he insists that all of his speeches, his travels, his handshaking are "nonpolitical." This is something much akin to Arnold Palmer's claiming that he plays golf just for the exercise.

Pep Talk. Last week, under a scorching noon sun, Lyndon nonpolitically cultivated a group of businessmen in the White House Rose Garden. The guests were gathered for a presidential pep talk about the proposed new International Executive Service Corps, a kind of blue-chip, button-down Peace Corps. "The program we are launching today," said Lyndon, "is an inspiring example of wise and sensible, responsible and constructive cooperation between Government and private enterprise."

That day the President made a jet trip to New York City for an event so nonpolitical that it was practically a secret. It was a dinner for Jackie Kennedy and trustees of the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library. Perhaps never before have so many celebrities gathered with so little fanfare. The President's plane from the airport was not made public, and most of his companions all tried to hide their faces behind newspapers as they rushed into the St. Regis Hotel. Among them were Chief Justice Earl Warren, Justice Arthur Goldberg, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges, Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman, H.E.W. Education and Welfare Secretary Anthony Celebrezze. Also on hand were a galaxy of diversified doers: International Ladies Garment Workers Union President David Dubinsky, Department Store Magnate Bernard Gimbel, Mrs. Ernest Hemingway, N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins, Writer-Historian Theodore White, Actor Fredric March, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and Artist William Walton. The President sat next to Jackie at the dinner, visited with Attorney General Bobby Kennedy, but made no speeches and left town barely 24 hours after he arrived.

Ending the Trumpet. Next day the President was in Ohio, still nonpolitically. But his Secret Service escorts into Cleveland he sent into nervous tremors by standing the ride from the airport by standing again and again to plunge into the crowds to shake hands. At the Public Auditorium, Johnson delivered a peach of a noncampaign speech to a convention of the Communications Workers of America. "And when the roll is called, and when the trumpet sounds, and when the strong of heart and the stout of spirit stand up to be counted," thundered Johnson, "I have not the slightest doubt where this union will be or where American labor in the U.S. will be. You will be where you have always been: on the side of compassion. You will be on the side of progress. You will be on the side of human rights. You will be on the side of the future."

Lyndon brought the whole auditorium audience to its feet when he declared: "You are no longer alone. Most of the American people have joined with you. Most of your old adversaries are with you. And the President of the United States is with you!"

At week's end the President went to California—and now there was no pretense in the slightest about his political purpose. At a party fund-raising dinner in San Francisco, Lyndon cried: "Let us resolve here tonight that in California and in the nation the Democratic Party will be the party that worked for the people, the party that journeyed with the people across the New Frontiers toward a richer and better life for all human beings."

Would he run this year? Of course he would. Said he at a San Francisco building dedication: "A government which can get things done and knows where it is going is the kind of government you have had for the past four years—and that is the kind of government you are going to get for the next four years!" Later he shouted to cheering Democrats: "I hope you love me in November as you did in May."

CRIME

A Savage Stalks at Midnight

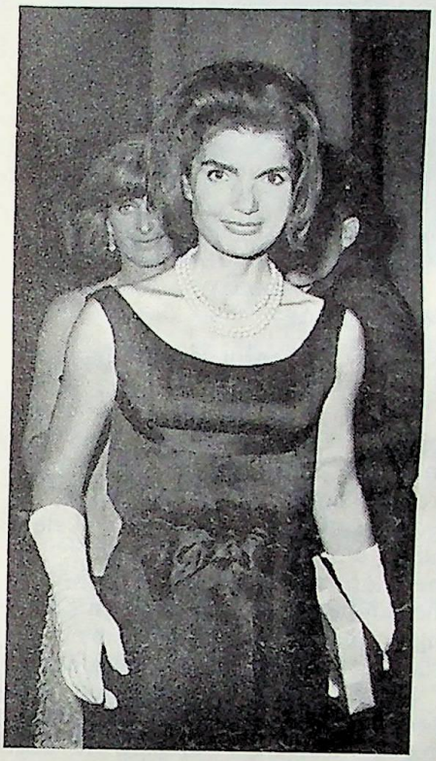
"We, the jury, recommend the death penalty," said the foreman—and the New York City courtroom echoed with audience applause. Judge J. Irwin Shapiro, an ordinarily soft-spoken veteran of more than 20 years of criminal law, pounded his desk for order, then exploded in his own outburst against the defendant. "I don't believe in capital punishment," he cried, "but I must say I feel this may be improper when I see this monster. I wouldn't hesitate to pull the switch myself!"

Before Shapiro stood a slim, impassive Negro named Winston Moseley, 29. In the course of confessions to police and his own horrifying testimony at the trial, Moseley had admitted murdering three women, setting fire to the genital organ of one victim, raping "four or five" others, robbing and attempting to rape even more. He had attacked lone women on New York streets, using a single-shot .22 rifle, a pistol, a steak knife, a hunting knife and a screwdriver. He was also a necrophiliac. Said a psychiatrist in court: "He told me he got no thrill with live women he raped."

"Until She Was Quiet." The father of three children, a $100-a-week business accounting machine operator and a sometime Baptist, Moseley owned a $16,000 home in Queens, had five pedigreed German shepherd dogs, drove a 1960 white Corvair, and gave every sign of respectability—in the daytime. But after dark, he became a savage.

The crime for which he was finally convicted occurred about 3 a.m. last March 13 when Moseley, armed with a bone-handled German hunting knife, was cruising in his Corvair through the

UPI



JACKIE

BOBBY & L.B.J.

One meeting really was nonpolitical.

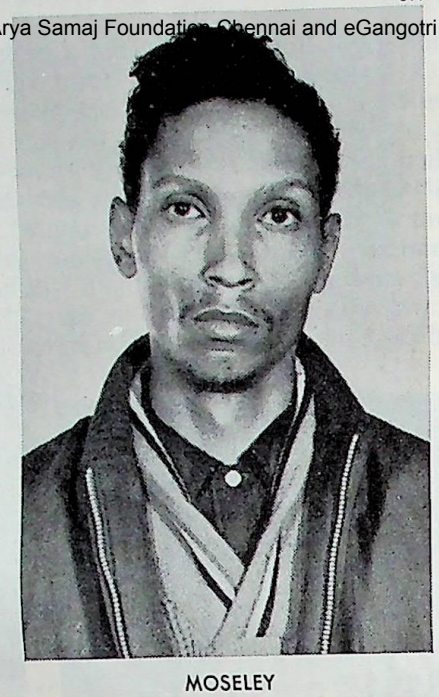
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

N.Y. DAILY NEWS

KITTY GENOVESE

UPI



MOSELEY

Would it be all right if he covered his face?

quiet streets of Queens. In calm, almost dispassionate testimony, he told the shocked courtroom: "I just set out to find any girl that was unattended and I was going to kill her." The girl he spotted was Kitty Genovese, a 28-year-old bar manager, driving her red Fiat home from work. Moseley followed until she parked in a lot just 35 yds. from her apartment home.

When Kitty left her car, she noticed Moseley lurking nearby, walked nervously toward a street light, then began to run. Recalled Moseley: "I could run much faster than she could. And I jumped on her back and stabbed her several times. She fell to the ground and I kneeled over her." Kitty shrieked: "Oh my God, I've been stabbed! Please help me! Please help me!"

Lights flashed on throughout the apartment building. One man threw open his bedroom window, bellowed down to the street, "Let that girl alone." Moseley hurried back to his car, while Kitty—stabbed four times—staggered away. Moseley stayed in his car only long enough to change from a stocking cap to a black fedora, then he returned to stalk the bleeding girl. Of the shout from the building, Moseley recalled: "I had a feeling that this man would close his window and go back to sleep, and sure enough he did." In all, at least 38 persons witnessed—without calling the police—one part or another of the fatal ordeal of Kitty Genovese.

Before their eyes, Moseley began hunting through the shadows for his victim. He peered through locked doors of a railroad station and a coffee shop. He returned to the apartment building and found Kitty, bleeding and terrified, on the floor. "She was twisting and turning," said Moseley, "and I don't know how many times or where I stabbed her until she was fairly quiet." Then Moseley ripped off her clothes and sexually molested her. "I heard the upstairs door open at least twice, maybe three times," Moseley recalled, "but when I looked up there was nobody."

"A Pretty Shameful Thing." Now relaxed and at ease, Moseley drove home, even played good Samaritan once by stopping to waken a motorist who had fallen asleep at a stoplight. He silently entered his house, washed his knife, replaced it neatly in his tool box and slept soundly. For a time thereafter, he seemed normal enough. Then on March 19, he skipped work, left home in broad daylight and drove to a nearby residential section. There he burglarized one house, drove to a second and parked his car at the curb. Incredibly, he made three trips carrying his loot to the car. Neighbors saw him, called the police, who arrested Moseley without a struggle.

Within hours, he confessed to all his crimes, insisted he felt no sorrow. When police wanted to take him past a battery of cameramen to his cell, Moseley said serenely: "I have a father out there. I also have a wife, and this is a pretty shameful thing. Would it be all right with you people if I covered up my face?"

At his trial, Moseley pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity. After the jury returned its verdict, Moseley's lawyers asked for extra time to file motions before formal sentencing. Judge Shapiro flatly refused: "I know what I'm going to do," he said. "The sooner we get him out of Queens County and into the death house—the better."

THE SUPREME COURT

A New Charter For State Legislatures

The agricultural counties of California are far more important in the life of our state than the relationship their population bears to the entire population of the state. It is for this reason that I never have been in favor of restricting their representation in our state senate to a strictly population basis. It is the same reason that the founding fathers of our country gave balanced representation to the states of the Union, equal representation in one and proportionate representation upon population in the other.

In 1948, when he made that decision, Earl Warren was the Republican Governor of California. It was a statement with which almost all elected officeholders could agree. But times change, and so do jobs and outlooks. And last week Warren, now in the role of Chief Justice of the U.S., wrote the opinion for a 6-to-3 Supreme Court majority that not only flew in the face of his earlier ideas but considerably changed the complexion of U.S. politics.

Shaky Grounds. Judging cases from Alabama, Colorado, Delaware, Maryland, New York and Virginia, the Court found that their existing systems of representation in their state legislatures were unconstitutional and laid down the general rule: "The seats in both houses of a bicameral state legislature must be apportioned on a population basis."

Until a Tennessee case of 1962, the Supreme Court had always held that state legislative apportionment was outside of the federal court system's business. Now all that is changed. Justice Warren justified his decision on the provisions of the 14th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution that requires that no state "shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Some lawyers thought this was on shaky ground.

The whole notion in many states has been that one house is based on population, thus representing local interests. The other, just as in the U.S. Congress, is elected on an area basis, and its members are responsible to more diverse, often conflicting groups. Warren saw no particular difference between the two houses and state senates. Wrote he:

"Legislators represent people, not trees or acres. Legislators are elected by voters, not farms or cities or economic interests. As long as ours is a representative form of government, and our legislatures are those instruments of government elected directly by and directly representative of the people, the right to elect legislators in a free and unimpaired fashion is a bedrock consideration in the political system.

"Logically, in a society ostensibly grounded on representative government, it would seem reasonable that a majority of the people of a state could elect a majority of that state's legislators to conclude differently and to sanction minority control of state legislative bodies would appear to deny majority rights in a way that far surpasses any possible denial of minority rights that might otherwise be thought to result. Since legislatures are responsible for enacting laws by which all citizens are to be governed, they should be bodies which are effectively responsible to the popular will. Our constitutional system amply provides for the protection of minorities by means other than giving them a majority control of state legislatures.

"To the extent that a citizen's

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

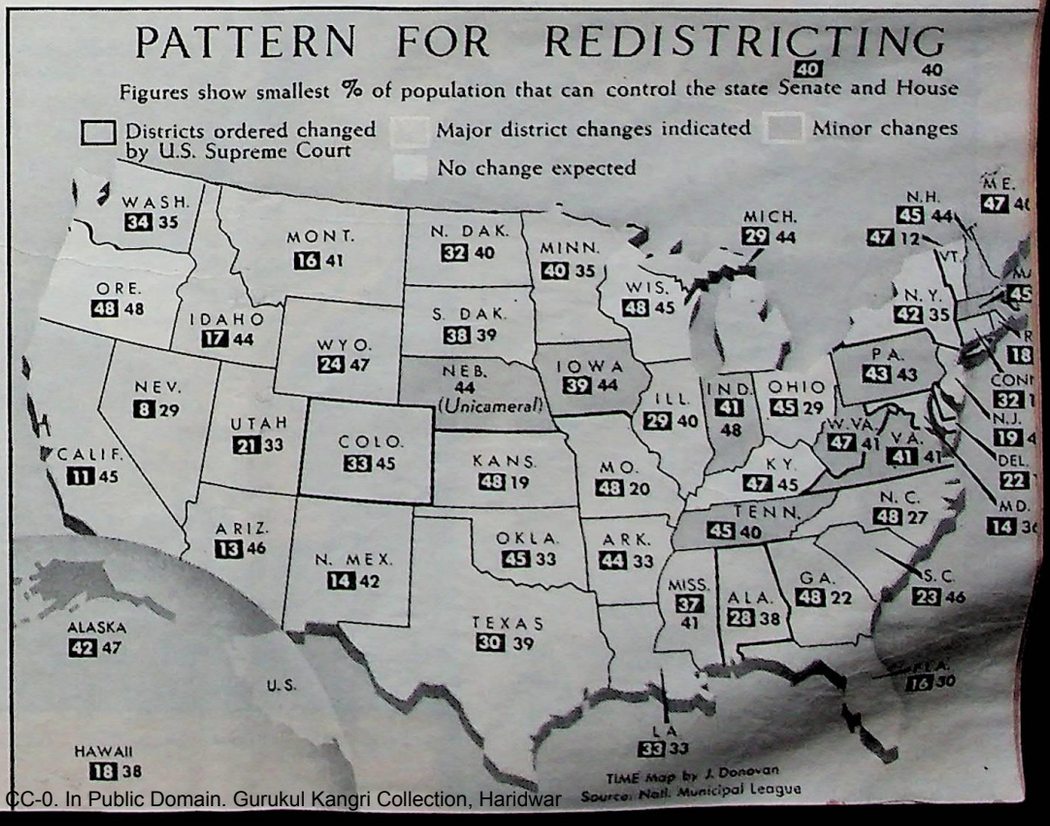
Such inequalities are more than mere statistical curiosities. In Hawaii, the left-wing International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union has been able to elect, and then to influence, legislators outside the heavily populated island of Oahu. The union therefore can ram almost any labor legislation through the legislature at the expense of Honolulu's underrepresented businessmen. Dominant farm legislators in Delaware have maintained a law that requires a farmers' market to be situated on a main street of Wilmington. Florida's Dade County (Miami) supplies 25% of the state's gasoline-tax revenue, gets back only 4% of this for highway construction; the county has 1,000,000 people, but not one state-supported park or beach. In many states, four-lane highways connect small, out-of-the-way towns, while metropolitan areas choke on inadequate roads.

Warren's opinion required only that both branches of state legislatures be represented by members from districts "substantially" equal in population. He added: "The equal-protection clause requires that a state make an honest and good-faith effort to construct districts, in both houses of its legislature, as nearly of equal population as is practicable. Mathematical exactness or precision is hardly a workable constitutional requirement."

More Problems Than Answers. While the Warren opinion spelled out the new legal principles, it also raised more problems, legal and nonlegal, than it solved. Precisely how equal must equal-population districts be? Can a single legislator roaming, for example, a huge, sparsely settled Texas range serve his constituents as well as can the city legislator with a pocket-sized district? Is it really helpful to run the risk of giving a big-city political machine, such as Chicago's, a stranglehold on a whole state? If both branches must be based on population, why not save money and time by following Nebraska's example of a unicameral legislature, a possibility that was being discussed last week in Delaware, Hawaii, Iowa, Vermont and Rhode Island? Should two such diverse areas as Northern and Southern California both be dominated by the single county of Los Angeles? Already some Northern Californians are renewing the old plea for statehood of their own. Their rallying cry: "Would you want your daughter to marry a surfer?" Finally, as Governor Earl Warren once insisted, are not the many minority interests more important to the welfare of a state than their population indicates?

What would all this mean to the two major U.S. political parties over the long haul? Almost surely, it would give the Republicans greater legislative representation in the South, where their greatest voter strength is in underrepresented cities. It should also give the G.O.P. greater representation from the U.S.'s generally Republican, fast-growing suburbia. It may hurt the Republicans in their old stronghold, the Midwest, where rural interests have long had disproportionate power in state legislatures. If nothing else, it should serve as a spur to the G.O.P. to work much harder in the big industrial cities.

On its surface, the decision seems to be in keeping with the present Court's tendency to interpret the U.S. Constitution so as to minimize states' rights. Yet by removing the glaring inequities in the representation in state legislatures, the decision should strengthen the statehouses by increasing their efficiency and attracting more capable members. And any upgrading of the state legislatures should, in the long run, make them less reliant on the Federal Government when they are faced with difficult state problems.



vote is debased, he is that much less citizen. The fact that an individual lives here or there is not a legitimate reason for overweighing or diluting the efficacy of his vote. The complexions of societies and civilizations change, often with amazing rapidity. A nation once primarily rural in character becomes predominantly urban. Representation schemes once fair and equitable become archaic and outdated. But the basic principle of representative government remains, and must remain, unchanged — the weight of a citizen's vote cannot be made to depend on where he lives."

Warren also saw no merit in the argument that because the U.S. Congress apportioned one chamber by area and one by population, the states may do the same. He contended that the Constitution specifically set up the congressional system as a compromise between large and small states—all of them equally sovereign. But, reasoned Warren, counties, cities or other subdivisions of a state have never had such sovereign powers.

"Not a Panacea." Concurring with Warren in the key Alabama case were Justices Hugo L. Black, William J. Brennan Jr., William O. Douglas, Arthur J. Goldberg and Byron R. White. Justices Tom C. Clark and Potter Stewart disagreed with the reasoning of the majority, but only Justice John Marshall Harlan flatly dissented from the decision itself. In his written opinion Harlan declared: "The Constitution is not a panacea for every blot upon the public welfare, nor should this Court, functioned as a judicial body, be thought of as a general haven for reform movements. The equal-protection clause was never intended to inhibit the States in choosing any democratic method they desired for the apportionment of their legislatures." At one point, Harlan went beyond his text to declare: "This decision involves the Court amending the Constitution. If the time comes when this Court is looked upon by well-meaning people—or, worse yet, by the Court itself—as the repository of all reforms, I think the seeds of trouble are being sown for this institution."

The Inequalities. Beyond question, Warren was right in one sense: not only state assemblies but also state senates are often wildly disproportionate in their voter representation (*see map*). There are examples galore. Because rural areas are overrepresented in the Nevada senate, a mere 8% of the state's population can elect a majority of the senators. In California, State Senator Thomas Rees of Los Angeles County represents 6,700,000 constituents; Senator William Symond Jr.'s three mountainous counties have only 15,300 constituents. New York is so closely divided between political parties that Democratic Governors have held office about half the time in this century; yet upstate areas are so overrepresented that Democrats have controlled the state legislature but once.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LAOS

The Awakening

(See Cover)

The silvery Cessna Wren scudded high above the Plain of Jars, and the tiny man in rumpled fatigues peered down through eyes red-rimmed with exhaustion. Below him the wind moved casually over apple-green downs, setting the jade-colored rice fields to shivering. A few pagodas, their tiled roofs torn by howitzer shells, yawned at the sun. On the barren hilltops, orange-colored lines of slit trenches spread like ringworm across the Plain of Jars, which had been fought over for three years by Communist Pathet Lao troops and neutralist forces. The tired little passenger in the Wren was neutralist General Kong Le, whom the Communists had just pushed off the Plain. But he vowed to get back on it—with American help.

Kong Le was on his way to inspect one of his outposts at the edge of the Plain. As his aircraft slewed to a halt near the village of Vang Vieng, he jumped down and stared around at the straggly cluster of palm-thatched huts and muddy walkways that would be his headquarters for the next fight, for it was here that he expected the Communists to resume the attack. Kong Le and his headquarters looked worn, scruffy, far from impressive. But he stood almost alone in Laos last week as the West's only effective battler against Communism. With only 3,000 ill-paid, ill-trained troops supplied only infrequently by airdrops, Kong Le's prospects seemed poor. His spirit did not. "Whether we win or lose," he said, "I'm afraid there is not much choice except to fight until we can fight no longer."

Behind Kong Le loomed an elaborate, half-hidden U.S. operation designed to maintain the fiction of Laotian neutrality and keep both Kong Le and Premier Souvanna Phouma's government from falling completely to the Communists. For the first time outside South Viet Nam, the U.S. had used direct if limited military intervention in its attempt to hold Southeast Asia from the Red Chinese and North Vietnamese. From Washington to Vientiane, the operation was punctuated by denials that obviously could not be kept up much longer. After all, it was an election year, and even as Lyndon Johnson preached "the pursuit of peace," other Government officials were taking pains to tell Washington journalists that Southeast Asia was as crucial to Western interests as Berlin. But the U.S. had made its move, and, for the moment at least, it seemed to have produced an effect.

Hawks & Doves. The neutralist government of Prince Souvanna Phouma, shaken severely by a right-wing coup last April, had been jolted further by a series of sharp Pathet Lao attacks that forced Kong Le off the Plain. If the delicately balanced Laotian coalition was to hold, outside help was needed. A month ago, unarmed U.S. jets began flying reconnaissance missions over Laotian territory in hopes of intimidating the Pathet Lao. When one of the slow-flying Navy recon planes was downed by Russian-made antiaircraft guns, the U.S. decided to send armed jet fighters to escort the reconnaissance craft. When one of the escorts was shot down, the U.S. obviously had to do something—or give up the whole game.

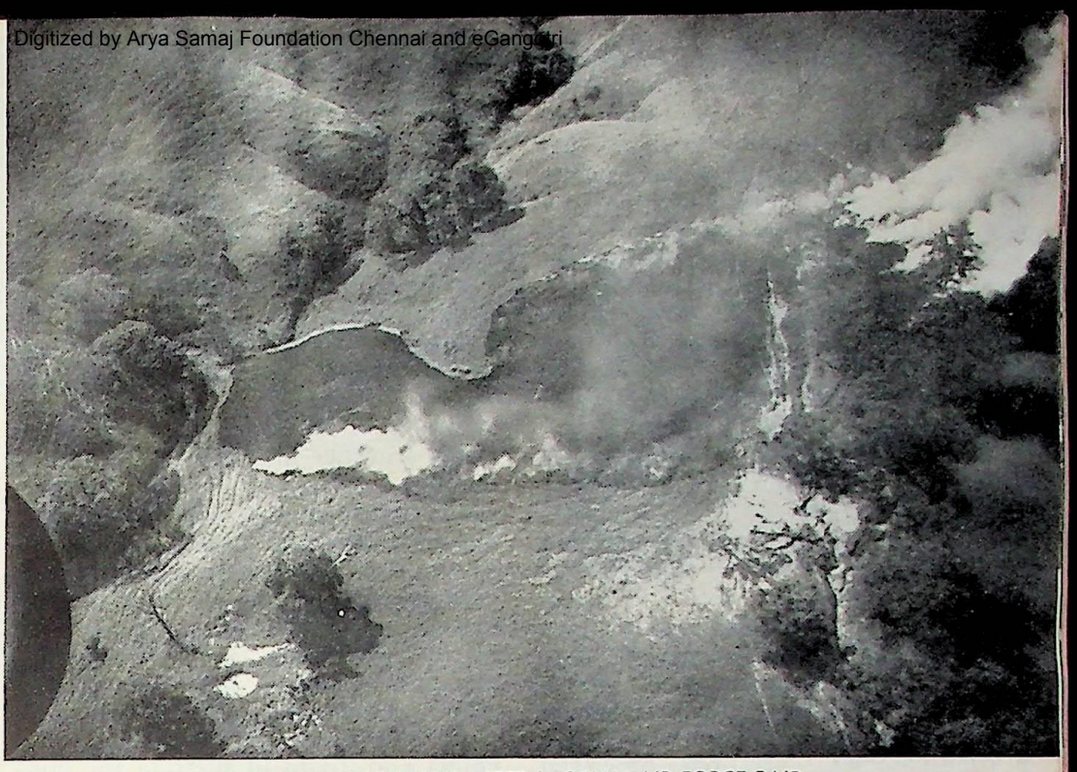
The aviary of official Washington was, as usual, divided between "hawks" and "doves." Foremost among the hawks was Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, who urged strong retaliatory action. Leaning heavily on the advice of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, McNamara pointed out that in a normal combat situation the reconnaissance targets would have been clobbered by fighter strikes before the recon planes were sent in. But since the "Mickey Mouse game" of diplomacy had to be satisfied, such sound military tactics had been precluded. Now two planes lost. Now, said McNamara, was the time to hit those targets.

The doves contended that any such strike would jeopardize Souvanna's neutralist position, make him appear an American stooge and thus play into Pathet Lao hands. Besides, there was the danger of "escalation." At the same time, interservice rivalry reared its head in the discussion: the Air Force argued that it could best carry out any Laos retaliatory mission, while the Navy, whose planes after all were the ones shot down, demanded the privilege of striking back. And the Strategic Air Command, hoping to refocus its image in an era of minuscule rather than massive retaliation, asked for a chance to show "how gentle" its big bombers could be on a delicate mission.

Turn of the Screw. President Johnson himself finally sided with the hawks. It was decided to turn the screw slightly, by applying the smallest amount of pressure available, and then sit back to see what happened. Philippines-based Air Force jets were picked to carry out the mission. Out of Clark Air Force Base near Manila swept

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



MICHEL RENARD

COMMUNIST POSITIONS AFTER LAOTIAN AIR FORCE RAID
The neutralists have learned some lessons.

aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Constellation* was cruising in the South China Sea off South Viet Nam, some 250 miles from the Plain of Jars. The question that remained in everyone's mind was whether the U.S. would intervene with airpower only when provoked, or whether the jet strikes presaged a willingness to carry the air war in Laos further.

Not that the U.S. particularly wants to be in Laos, any more than it wants to be in the rest of what used to be Indo-China. But the vacuum left by the French collapse a decade ago forced the U.S. to assume responsibility for the area. Laos is less important strategically than its Vietnamese neighbor; the country could fall to the Communists without necessarily making the situation in South Viet Nam much worse, while the fall of South Viet Nam inevitably would also mean the fall of Laos. But if the U.S. could deny the implausible little kingdom to the Communists, it would have important effects in the area. It would not only demonstrate firmness against Chinese expansion, but it would also make some important points about neutralism, a concept so often and so loosely offered as a solution in Southeast Asia.

The U.S. has moved a long way from the time when it automatically backed the rightists in Laos and elsewhere and assumed neutralism was immoral. But the neutralists have come a long way, too, and no one embodies this fact better than Kong Le. The gritty, grinning captain of paratroopers had fought for almost a decade in jungle and mountains, while fat cats in the cities grew fatter on U.S. and Communist aid; yet never had he known whom or what he was fighting or defending. "You have to give a man something to live for," he said, "before you can ask him to die." To the tough paratrooper, as to most Southeast Asians, the cold war was a puzzlement. Neutrality seemed the answer, and Kong Le gladly included the Pathet Lao within his amiable embrace. But, battle by battle and defection by defection, Kong Le and Laos learned that not even a neutral could stand safely beside the Pathet Lao.

Lotus Land. Kong Le's awakening to the realities was a painful process. Of all the people involved in the struggle between Communism and the West, none were more reluctant to enter it than the Laotians. Delighted inhabitants of a warm, green land, where all a man needed was "a small knife to peel bananas and a large one to kill pigs," the Laotians had built their culture on singing, silk weaving and sex. Scarcely a week goes by without the celebration of a *boun*—the Laotian festival at which men play the *khene*, a many-barreled bamboo flute, while the lissome women dance the *lamvong*, swinging their long, embroidered skirts while their delicate hands tell tales of love. The skirts are called *sinhs*, but the deeds that follow the dance are not.

The 2,000,000 Laotians earn a scant $90 a year on the average, but it scarcely bothers them. They have a taste for fried bricks of green river moss and charcoal-broiled toad stew, and the ingredients for both are abundantly available in Laos. A steep, river-rent land of limestone cliffs and rich alluvial plains, Laos can grow enough rice, bamboo, flowers and toads to keep its people happy forever. French attempts to impose European ways on Laos from 1893 to 1954 failed for the most part—in fact, Frenchmen who served in Laos usually returned as dreamy-eyed, wistful victims of the *malaise Laotien*.

At Vientiane's Wattay Airport, where the Laotian air raids originate, the clocks that are supposed to tell the time in other world capitals are inevitably out of joint. A Westerner can buy a

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

week of perfumed Elysium for the price of a pair of gold-mounted tiger-claw cuff links ($20), drive his sports car right into the Hotel Constellation bar and play endless rounds of cameroon, a dice game nearly as complicated as Laotian politics. All these qualities of Laos —its fey charm, its naiveté, its innocent lechery, its refusal to see the world as an interlocking whole—are reflected in Kong Le himself. To a large extent they keep him from being a really major leader. But he may be closer to it than anyone else in Laos.

Taste of Defeat. He was born 33 years ago in the village of Phalane in southern Laos, the son of a Lao mother and a Kha father. Of all the country's many ethnic groups, the Kha are socially the lowliest (the word Kha means slave). Kong Le himself came out even lower—physically. He stands just 5 ft. 1 in. tall in his paratrooper's beret, weighs 115 lbs., and even in a nation of small people that is diminutive. "He has a runt complex," says one American friend. Combined with his backwoods, ethnically inferior background, this provided him with all the motivation, if not the genius, to become a Southeast Asian Napoleon.

Though he studied briefly at the *lycée* in Savannakhet, he never graduated, joined the French army in 1952 to fight the losing battle against the Red Viet Minh. As a sergeant, he quickly learned the taste of defeat. After the French withdrawal, he transferred to the Royal Laotian Army as a paratroop lieutenant only to taste more of it. Kong Le's was a battalion of troubleshooters. Whenever the Pathet Lao got particularly obnoxious, he and his men were sent out from Vientiane over jungle villages to float down silently and kill. Often they dropped without supplies, fought their way back on a bullet a day, gratifying their taste for toads and bamboo shoots along the route. Kong Le perfected an instinct for infantry leadership. He made the right moves, and U.S. military men credited him with a fine field officer's instinct for combat. In 1957, the army sent him to the Philippines for Ranger training. At Camp Vicente Lim in southern Luzon, he won honors in ambush and guerrilla operations, gained bloody battle experience against the Communist Huks in the snake-haunted highlands back of Olongapo. At the same time, Kong Le kept wondering why he was fighting.

Waiting for Neutralism. Back home, Captain Kong Le was promoted to command of the 1st Parachute Battalion of the Royal Army. But the promotion did little to ease his growing dislike of conditions in Laos. The 1954 Indo-China armistice had handed the Pathet Lao two sections of the country—Samneua and Phongsaly—bordering Communist China and North Viet Nam. The International Control Commission, made up of Polish, Indian and Canadian delegations, was theoretically responsible for keeping any faction from bringing in more troops and arms, but the Pathet Lao ignored the ban; Viet Minh cadres poured across the border to train Pathet Lao troops in guerrilla and conventional warfare. In 1957 the U.S. grew alarmed, began casting about for a rightist leader to counter the Communists. It found him in General Phoumi Nosavan, a tubby but talented field commander whose cousin, the late Strongman Sarit Thanarat of Thailand, was a firm supporter of the U.S.

Two years later, Phoumi led the first of five coups that have kept Laos in turmoil ever since. In April 1960 Phoumi's slate of candidates won handily in a rigged election, but the Pathet Lao were back in business as guerrillas, and the prospect of another long, bloody civil war faced the country. Then, in August 1960, Kong Le acted.

Under cover of darkness, his 300 paratroopers moved in from Camp Chinaimo outside Vientiane, picked up some 2,700 like-minded soldiers from other units and in less than two hours held all the key points in the city. Kong Le deposed the right-wing government, although Phoumi had been his mentor in the army. Installing Prince Souvanna Phouma as Premier, Kong Le sat back hopefully and waited for neutralism to develop. But furious at what he considered a betrayal by his protégé, Phoumi pulled his 60,000-man army down to southern Laos and set up his own revolutionary committee. Sporadic fighting between Phoumi's army and the Pathet Lao broke out. The neutralists were drawn ever closer to the Pathet Lao.

Is He Setthathirath? In Kong Le, the Communists thought they had an invaluable tool. Politically unformed, the little captain was immensely popular with his troops and the Laotian people. In superstition-ridden Laos, Kong Le was believed invulnerable to gunfire. The phi or cotton strings, he wore tied around his wrists and a stone amulet he carried in a pouch at his waist kept his 32 souls (one for each major part of the body) from fleeing. The *phi* or demon who guarded him was undoubtedly among the underworld's most powerful. Kong Le had never been wounded.

The myth of his invulnerability took on a new dimension during a festival in Vientiane, where an old woman fell into a trance on seeing Kong Le's photograph. "Setthathirath is returned!" she screamed. Setthathirath is a legendary king of Laos who disappeared in the 16th century while on a jungle expedition. The Lao believe that when Vientiane is in great danger, this hero—like Britain's King Arthur—will return to save them. To this day many Laotians believe Kong Le is Setthathirath. Although Kong Le embarrassedly shrugs the matter off himself, he is not sure either.

Kong Le's magical properties failed him late in 1960 when Phoumi's rightists—led by a rising young colonel named Kouprasith Abhay—defeated the neutralists in the Battle of Vientiane and forced Kong Le and his men north to the Plain of Jars. There, Kong Le's alliance with the Pathet Lao was cemented, and when the neutralist-Communist troika headed by Souvanna was established at another Geneva conference in July 1962, Kong Le was still firmly allied with the Communists.

Then came the betrayals. The Pathet Lao began wooing Kong Le's men

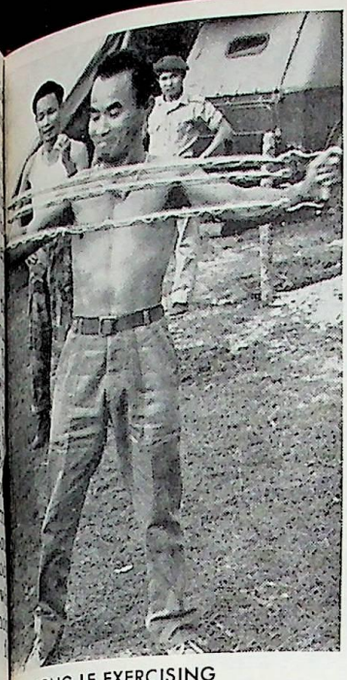
MICHEL RE

LAOTIAN TROOPS & T-28s AT VIENTIANE'S WATTAY AIRPORT

"There is not much choice except to fight."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



KONG LE EXERCISING

AP

DURING VISIT IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA (1962)
Betrayal was a great teacher.

AMPHORN

WITH WIFE AT HEADQUARTERS

unting quick, vicious infantry ac-
ons against his positions on the Plain
f Jars in hopes of grabbing territory.
When a Pathet Lao gunman shot down
Kong Le's top deputy, the idealistic
eutralist was well on his way to be-
oming a fervent anti-Communist. The
US pulled out of the coalition govern-
ent when a left-leaning minister was
assinated by a neutralist soldier.

Roses & Red Ants. Unfortunately,
remier Souvanna did not share Kong
's new-found anti-Red sentiments, re-
used repeated requests to counterat-
ack against the Pathet Lao. During the
ays of alliance with the Pathet Lao,
Kong Le's men had been equipped with
ussian tanks and guns. Now he was
ut of ammunition, and with U.S. mili-
ary aid cut off under the terms of the
ugust Geneva agreement, he had to rely
or supplies on jealous Rightist Phoumi,
eputy Premier in the coalition govern-
ent. Kong Le got precious few sup-
ies. His men, unpaid in nearly two
ears, still remained loyal, and thanks
o his legendary status among the Lao,
ew volunteers appeared daily to fight
he side of Setthathirath.

As a result, his is a young army, its
oldiers averaging about 19. "Young
ys like that," says Kong Le, "they
ome to me, and they want to join the
ght against the Communists. But first
have to tell them that we do not have
ough equipment or uniforms or mon-
y for them. Then, when there is a spot,
ey must be handed a rifle and sent
ght into combat." Still they come to
im up, largely because Kong Le has
hat *di*—the "gentle heart," a quality
hat makes for intense loyalty on the
art of his men, but also leaves him a
rey to politicians who want to use him.
Casual Kong Le sleeps and eats with
is men in the field, never returns sa-
utes (he just waves back). He raises
ones and keeps pets. Two white ham-
sters had the run of his old, tin-roofed
headquarters on the Plain of Jars. Many
Laotians keep giant red and black ants
n jam jars, feed them with bread, then
suffocate them in alcohol to create a supposedly aphrodisiac tonic. But Kong Le is so fond of his ants that he never has been known to drink them.

Phing Sad Lao. He probably needs no aphrodisiacs. Married four times, his latest wife, a slim, pretty Chinese girl whom he met three years ago at the market in Xiengkhouang, occasionally sheds her sarong, leaves her sons in Vientiane and follows him on campaigns dressed in skin-tight field pants, diminutive leather combat boots and a U.S. Navy foul-weather jacket.

When the tides of war turn against him, Kong Le develops a psychosomatic sinus headache, takes to munching pills, and mournfully wishes aloud that he were in London or Paris "or anywhere that has pretty girls." But when things are going well, and he is sitting outside his shack at sundown with a deer roasting over the fire and his men dancing the *lamvong* or playing the flute, he would not give up soldiering. His thoughts turn always to his troops. "My boys, they are trained only by being in wars," Kong Le explains sadly. "We have no money or no time to train them properly. They join my army and must begin to fight then. What a difference it would make if my boys could be trained in Thailand by Americans so that they could know how to fight before they are really fighting."

Kong Le still considers himself a neutralist, says he is fighting merely to see his country left alone by all sides. His simple hope is to reunite faction-torn Laos, and thus to remove the sadness from the opening bars of the national anthem, *Phing Sad Lao*:

Our Lao race had once known in
Asia a great renown,
The Lao then were united and loved
each other . . .

Price for Prisoners. One of Kong Le's big difficulties is the help the Pathet Lao gets from the Viet Minh, who have an almost legendary reputation in Laos. Neutralist and rightist battalions have been known to flee the field at the mere hint of Viet Minh troops in the vicinity. The Pathet Lao take advantage of this by broadcasting orders in Vietnamese over their radios. Kong Le, himself an inveterate radio listener, believes fully half the 75,000 Pathet Lao forces that oppose him are Vietnamese. Actually, there are between 8,000 to 10,000 Viet Minh fighting with the Laotian Reds, mostly in training and administrative posts. Though the Laotian government has offered a reward, consisting of an expense-paid weekend in Bangkok, to any soldier who can produce a Viet Minh prisoner, none has shown up.

Thanks to intimidation and a skillful infiltration, the Pathet Lao control fully two-thirds of Laos, though no more than one Lao in ten is a Communist. The Reds succeed by chipping away at the authority of village headmen, by threatening murder and killing the cattle of villagers who do not contribute aid and comfort. Though loose-lipped Laotians are notoriously bad conspirators, Pathet Lao agents have turned many back-country hamlets into what the French-speaking officials call *pourri*, or rotten, villages. Most Laotians have no use for the Pathet Lao, which they call "the party of slaves," find their incessant Marxist preachments boring, and countryfolk warn strangers away from *villages pourris* with typical Laotian indirection: "Don't go there; the mosquitoes are biting very hard."

On the Road. Last week Kong Le's ragtag army was surrounded by Red mosquitoes. His position astride the Ngun River—deep and swift in the rainy season—dominated the high ground west of the Plain of Jars. His force was bolstered by thousands of bitterly anti-Communist Meo tribesmen armed with knives, spears and homemade flintlocks, who had fled their hilly homes in the north when the Pathet Lao began slaughtering them. Anchored on both flanks by steep, jungle-grown mountains, Kong Le's 30-mile-long defense line presents the Pathet Lao with a strong front. He is sending scores of infantrymen up the slopes of Phou Koutt, a strategically located peak near the edge of the Plain. If he could secure the knob, which has changed hands three times in the past week, he hopes he could then mount an offensive into the Plain itself. But he will do well if he merely stalls further Red advances.

With his well-worn howitzers and half a dozen Russian-built tanks left over from the good old days, Kong Le controls crucial Route 7, thus keeping two Pathet Lao armies from joining

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

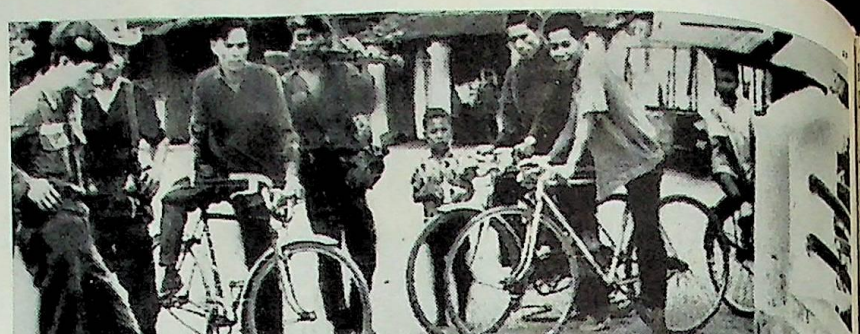
forces. If the Communist troops opposing Kong Le were to break through and join up behind him at the juncture of Routes 7 and 13, the Pathet Lao would have a clear, unopposed path to Vientiane. That would mean the end of the war in Laos.

What Will It Take? Tenuously supplied by low-flying C-46 transports, Kong Le holds on. Last week he looked longingly at the spot on his crinkled battle map that indicated the primary Pathet Lao supply point: Muong Sen, just over the border in Communist North Viet Nam, on Route 7. "The supply dumps there would make fine targets for bombs," he said wistfully, protesting, like so many other commanders in the age of limited war, against constricting "ground rules." Since the U.S. is obviously not yet willing to hit North Vietnamese targets, Kong Le hopes at least for U.S. air strikes to cut Route 7 behind the Pathet Lao. "If the bridges on Route 7 were cut for even a little while," he says, "the Pathet Lao could not hold their positions. That road provides everything they need—food, ammo, men, even the Viet Minh."

Chances are that the tough, ingenious Pathet Lao would find ways to fight on anyway. But the questions remain: Can the U.S. afford to intervene further in the little Laotian war? On the other hand, having gone this far, can it afford not to intervene? By committing itself to a sustained air offensive on Kong Le's side, the U.S. would at best be backing a long shot. Even if the disruption of the Pathet Lao supply lines permitted Kong Le to regain the Plain, it would only buy time and return the whole Laotian equation to where it was before—admittedly with the significant difference that the U.S. would have demonstrated its readiness to take a firm stand.

But there is a growing feeling in Washington that the only way to ease the chaos in Laos must come as part of an area-wide, rather than a country-by-country, solution. This would inevitably test American willingness to carry the war to North Viet Nam. Just in case that becomes necessary, five U.S. Navy cargo ships steamed toward Thailand last week loaded with tanks, trucks, armored personnel carriers and ammunition. The troops to use them could always be airlifted in.

As Kong Le mused about the long-range prospects in his thatch-roofed headquarters at Vang Vieng, guns boomed hollowly beyond the blue volcanic peaks around him. What will it take to win his war? "More soldiers," he said, "more money to pay them with, specially that, more artillery, more rifles and machine guns and mortars, more land mines—everything, should the U.S. be willing to provide that again." He shrugged. "I suppose that depends on what the U.S. wants to do in Southeast Asia. And only the U.S. can answer that question."



VIET CONG ATTACKERS SLAIN IN BATTLE OF DUCHOA
Closer to the capital, shorter fuses.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Unexpected Guts

While nightfall across much of South Viet Nam brought the fear of Red attack, the capital of Saigon used to sleep undisturbed. But the Viet Cong guerrillas have moved ever closer, and skirmishes occur regularly near the city's outskirts. Last week Saigon was literally jolted awake by the closest major clash yet—only twelve miles away.

Breaking a six-week lull in the war, a 600-man Viet Cong battalion stormed the district capital of Duchoa (pop. 7,000) west of Saigon before dawn, ran into determined resistance by the outnumbered, 140-man garrison. Vietnamese Rangers barricaded inside a day nursery stopped one Viet Cong company at the edge of town. When the guerrillas opened fire on two U.S.-made 105-mm. howitzers defending the local military headquarters, the platoon of Vietnamese artillerymen shortened their fuses to 2 sec., slammed shells into the breaches, and blasted away pointblank at anything that moved—firing an awesome 322 rounds in an hour. The barrage turned back the enemy, who left 13 dead *v.* the government's 15 killed. Said a surprised American adviser who arrived shortly afterward: "Somebody threw something into the balance that the Viet Cong had not expected—guts."

It was the sort of thing that had not happened often enough during the last 2½ years, when General Paul D. Harkins had the difficult and troublesome post of U.S. military commander in Viet Nam. Last week Harkins, 60, left for home and retirement. His successor: Lieut. General William Childs Westmoreland, 50, West Point graduate ('36) and combat veteran of World War II and Korea. Back from a trip to Malaya, where he hopefully studied techniques the British used to win a twelve-year Malayan anti-Commu struggle, Westmoreland insisted c tiously that the job in Viet Nam co be done with "spirit, patience, and t niques seldom before experience Then he sat down behind Harkins' d and got to work.

MALAYSIA

Same Old Sukarno

A summit conference used to m a meeting of the world's top leade Nowadays, just about any get-toget between heads of government is bille summit, whether it joins Tito and Na ser or Liberia's Tubman and the Upp Volta's Yameogo. Last week still a other less than towering summit bro together in Tokyo Indonesia's Preside Sukarno, Malaysia's Premier Tunku A dul Rahman and Philippine Presid Diosdado Macapagal. Agenda: " Malaysian problem," which happens be entirely of Sukarno's making.

Since last summer Sukarno had be waging a "crush Malaysia" guerri campaign, branding the new Federa a neocolonialist plot. Three times promised to call a halt, but in fact k pushing the bloody little jungle w When Malaysia's Abdul Rahman r fused to talk as long as fighting con tinued, Sukarno once again promised withdraw his guerrillas and to have operation supervised by neutral Th observers. Finally last week a group 32 ragged Indonesians marched out northern Borneo through a Thai-supe vised border checkpoint. Shouted departing Indonesian warriors: "Long

* Like many another verbal ducat, the t was coined by Sir Winston Churchill, w 1953 called for a "summit of nations" settle East-West differences.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...ive Thailand, long live Malaya, long ...ive Sukarno."

...Rahman accepted this withdrawal as ...token, even though several hundred ...more guerrillas remained behind in ...northern Borneo, and the Tokyo talks ...got under way—but not for long. Ma...capagal proposed a four-nation Afro-Asian conciliation commission to mediate the dispute. Fine, said Sukarno playfully. How about Red China as one of the mediating powers? He did not insist on that condition, and Rahman was ready to accept mediation, provided the Indonesian guerrillas were called off. This Sukarno refused. In the end, the three leaders could only agree to turn over Macapagal's proposal to their subordinates. After the summit's failure, Sukarno hastened home, explaining: "We can't keep the wives waiting." In Indonesia the recruiting of guerrillas continued.

SOUTH KOREA

Academic Exit

There are various ways of dealing with politicians who have become embarrassing to their countries. Bao Dai, former Emperor of Viet Nam, was exiled to his Riviera villa. Korea's old strongman Rhee was dispatched to tend a garden in Honolulu. Russia's Georgy Malenkov was placed in charge of a power plant in Kazakhstan. Now a far more original idea has appeared in South Korea. Kim Chong Pil, Seoul's widely feared behind-the-scenes strongman, is being sent to Harvard.

Kim, 38, who was head of the ruling Democratic-Republican Party as well as boss of South Korea's CIA, hastened his own downfall when in a government re-shuffle last month he continued to get his supporters into key jobs. This open power grab made him the principal target of violent student rioting, which ended only after President Chung Hee Park proclaimed martial law and fired Kim, his nephew by marriage. Park repeated the familiar promises to ferret out corruption, banned the use of government limousines to take the families of officials on outings and their children to school, and ordered a stop to all non-essential building. The government also launched a "help-your-neighbor" charity drive to raise money for the poor. But none of this silenced the clamor of the opposition for Kim's expulsion from Korea.

At this point, U.S. Ambassador Samuel Berger (University of Wisconsin '33) produced a convenient face-saving device in the form of an invitation for Kim to attend a seven-week Harvard seminar on politics and economics conducted by Professor Henry (*Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*) Kissinger. Promptly, Kim and his pretty wife were escorted aboard a jetliner that took them to Japan on the first lap of their journey to the Charles River.

KIM & WIFE DEPARTING SEOUL
When the Kissinger had to start.

JAPAN

The Good-Luck City

The 346,000 inhabitants of the seaport of Niigata, 160 miles north of Tokyo, have long regarded themselves as fortunate. In earthquake-prone Japan, Niigata had never been hit by a temblor. During World War II, Niigata suffered only minor U.S. air raids. On the August day in 1945 when the atom bomb was first dropped on Japan, Niigata was the alternate target in case of bad weather. But the skies that day had been clear over Hiroshima. Small wonder, Niigata was known as the "Good-Luck City."

At 1:02 p.m. one day last week, Niigata's luck changed. Said one survivor: "The ground rose up as though a giant had awakened underground and was trying to get out into the sunlight." The shock of the earthquake tumbled a brand-new bridge into the Shinano River. For a few moments the river ran backward, broke through embankments and flooded half the city. A four-story apartment house slowly fell over on its back, carrying with it a terrified housewife who had been hanging laundry on the roof. When the rolling stopped, she stepped to the ground, unhurt, as were the other residents of the house.

At the airport, Photographer Fukuo Yuminamochi, 27, was about to take off in a private Cessna. "We were warming up at the end of the runway," he recalls. "Suddenly, there was a rumbling noise over the sound of the engine, and the plane began jumping around as if it were fighting turbulence in the sky. I watched the terminal building crack open at the sides and sag to earth." Dozens of oil tanks on the city's outskirts burst into flame, sending up columns of choking black smoke 20,000 ft. high. The tanks burned for 96 hours, despite efforts by U.S. planes to smother the flames with foam bombs. A tidal wave hurled fishing boats far inland. A nearby island rose 9 ft. in a series of jolts, as if a giant were using a lever. Tunnels caved in; a train was buried beneath the collapse of an overpass.

T. TANUMA

TILTED NIIGATA BUILDING AFTER QUAKE
When the giant awakened.

Officials put the damage at over a billion dollars and estimate they will be rebuilding the city for the next two years. Yet Niigata had not exhausted all its luck. Only 27 people died and 403 were injured—a miraculously low figure for an earthquake that measured 7.7 on the Richter scale, only slightly less than Japan's worst, the 7.9 temblor of 1923 that killed 142,807.

THE CONGO

Is Anyone in Control?

A heartening sight to the Congo's government soldiers these days is that model T of an airplane, the T-28 trainer. Rigged with rockets and 50-cal. machine guns, half a dozen of the U.S.-donated aircraft have proved to be lethal weapons against the ragged rebels who are undermining the shaky regime of Premier Cyrille Adoula on the eve of the U.N.'s departure June 30.

What caused some embarrassment in Washington last week was not the planes but their pilots. For it was finally common knowledge that the men in the cockpits have been U.S. citizens (the same type of plane is being used by the Laotian government against the Pathet Lao, is also occasionally flown by Americans). At the controls of one T-28 operating in the Ruzizi Valley near the Congo's eastern frontier recently was a lanky, 30-year-old ex-Marine pilot named Ed Dearborn from Gardena, Calif. His partner, also flying four flights a day to strafe the rebels,

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

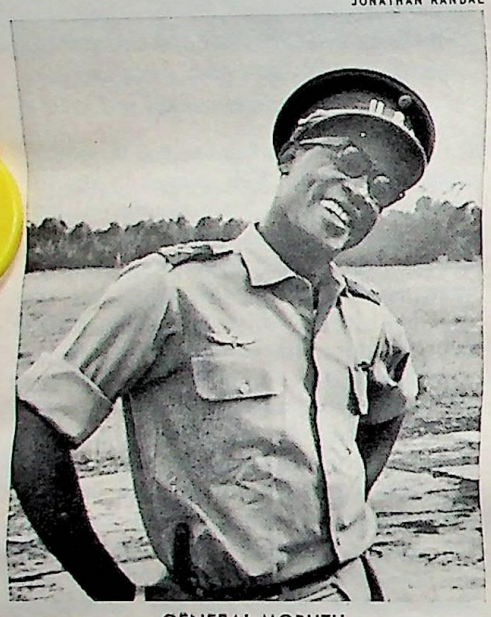
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

was another American, Don Coney. They are civilians, technically listed as hired hands of the harassed Leopoldville government.

Anarchy in Albertville. At first denying that American pilots were directly involved in the Congo fighting, the State Department then claimed it had been misled. U.S. mercenaries had indeed been flying missions, a spokesman admitted. But he hastily added that Americans would not be used again. This seemed accurate enough, for Dearborn and Coney last week headed back to Leopoldville to help train replacements—a dozen anti-Castro Cuban volunteers, most of them survivors of the Bay of Pigs fiasco, who have gone to the Congo to provide some kind of air support for Adoula's faltering army. Within a week, they will head east toward the fighting zones.

They will get there none too soon,

JONATHAN RANDAL



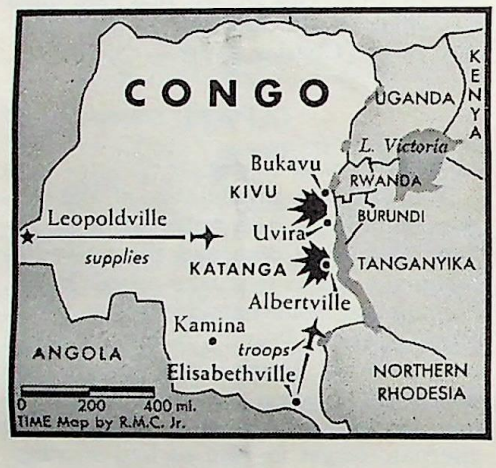
GENERAL MOBUTU
Advancing back to chaos.

for revolt flared in yet another important town in the Congo's anarchic east. It was in Albertville, capital of North Katanga, where only a month ago the government managed to regain control from dissident rebels. Now once again, the streets of Albertville were alive with armed insurgents; scores of whites gathered at the tiny airport in hopes of evacuation, while others took refuge on two steamers anchored offshore in Lake Tanganyika. Where was Adoula's army? Also seeking safety, by all accounts. When last seen, elements of the local garrison were heading swiftly for the bush.

Save Your General! This had also been the frustrating pattern farther north, in the Kivu region, where for weeks, shouting, spear-waving rebels had threatened Bukavu, the biggest town (pop. 33,500) of the eastern Congo. Government troops clearly had the weapons and the manpower to deal harshly with the marauders; yet each time the army units tried to push down the Ruzizi Valley toward the terrorist headquarters at Uvira, they scattered in fright at the first sight of a rebel band. It took the T-28s—and the presence of Army Commander General Joseph Mobutu himself—to rally any kind of organized campaign.

Flying in from Leopoldville, the plucky Mobutu collected as many soldiers as he could find and strode down a highway in defiance of snipers' bullets to win control of a village 25 miles south of Bukavu. "Advance! Advance! If only to save your general!" exhorted an officer. Ahead, Dearborn and Coney were making strafing passes in their T-28s to keep the rebels scattered. It worked reasonably well, but when Mobutu and the T-28s headed back for Leopoldville, the army's drive stopped, and the rebels were free to begin their marauding again.

As in North Katanga and other Congolese trouble spots, the Kivu rebellion is manned largely by local youths who nurse vague grudges against the government. But in Kivu at least—and perhaps elsewhere—powerful support



comes from neighboring Burundi, where Communist Chinese diplomats are in close touch with Congolese refugee leaders who call themselves the "Committee of National Liberation for Eastern Congo." From Bujumbura, Burundi's capital, Liberation Committee "President" Emile Soumaliot and his "commissars" travel over the border to the rebels' Uvira headquarters at will, carrying supplies, money and orders to their field commanders.

Whistle's Blast. It is not at all clear how much real control the leaders have over their ragged followers, as TIME Correspondent Jon Randal and other newsmen discovered in a visit to rebel territory. They were accompanied by two commissars, one of them being State Commissar for Information, Security and Press Martin Kassongo.

The visitors were hardly across the frontier when their Volkswagen was surrounded by some 50 highly nervous rebel troops carrying pangas, clubs and spears, their uniforms ranging from European suit coats to shorts and grass skirts. From their midst emerged a goateed man known only as "Major," clad in green fatigue pants and a splendid monkey-skin bush hat. Commissars or no commissars, the major was not going to let the newsmen continue ... the rebel area, angrily denou... Americans because the T-28 p... had attacked only that morning ... fered a pacifying cigarette, the m... drew himself up with great dig... and replied, "No, thank you, I ... a Protestant."

There were more anti-Amer... speeches, and the warriors began ... ing in. *"Vox populi, vox dei."* ... nounced one of their officers crypti... The major kept muttering, "Be ... fident. We are diplomats," but C... missar Kassongo was terrified. B... heading back to Burundi, he sho... "I am being threatened by the ma... Give me protection!" It was a cry ... will be heard elsewhere in the Co... during the weeks ahead.

If Kivu and North Katanga were ... Congo's only trouble spots, ma... might be kept reasonably under con... But they are not. Back in the w... Kwilu province is still harassed ... Pierre Mulele's Red-backed rebe... in Stanleyville and Maniema provi... the government holds control by a ... and could be upset at any time. T... two battalions that General Mob... has committed in Kivu are the last ... maining government troops availa... for emergency duty. If the flame ... revolt erupts anywhere else, it will s... ply have to burn itself out—or ... spread across the whole country.

ALGERIA

Back from Development

French troopships steamed out ... Algiers' harbor last week, and the ... color on the Admiralty Building ... replaced by the green-and-white ... ner of Algeria. In a nationwide bro... cast, President Ahmed ben Bella cr... "This important event reaffirms our ... tional sovereignty and consolidates ... independence!"

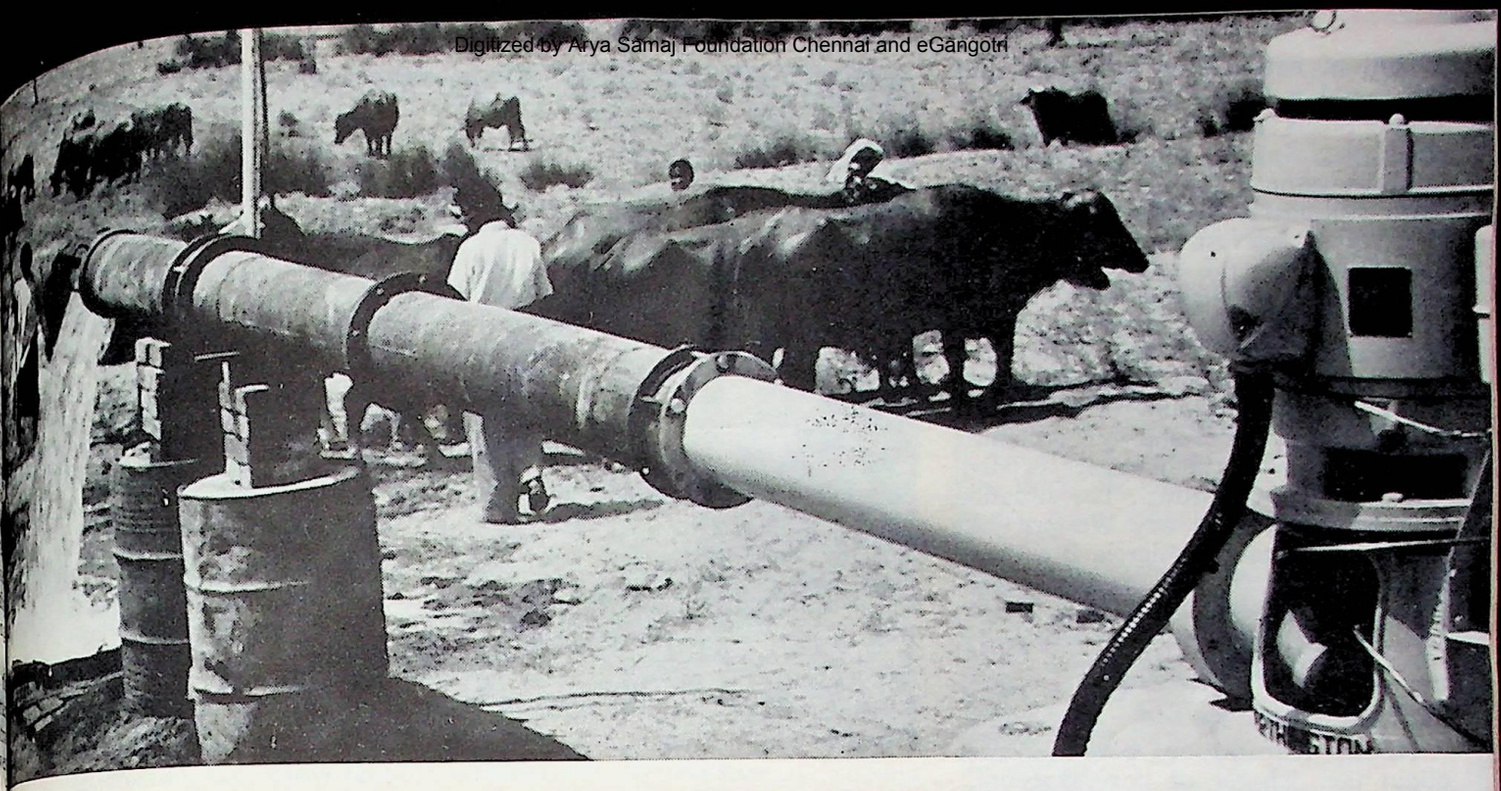
The departure, 134 years after ... first French soldiers landed, was the ... step of France's retreat from Alge... —well, almost the last. Some Fre... troops still remain at the big Mers... Kebir naval base and at Saharan ba... but Ben Bella promised his country ... that a "solution will be found."

Unanswered by Ben Bella was ... Algeria will fare without the Fren... The stores in Algiers look prosper... and there are still so many cars ... parking is difficult. But business is ... and getting worse. Early this month ... big department store chain closed ... outlets in Algiers and four other ci... A staggering two-thirds of the w... force is either unemployed or un... employed, fully half of Algeria's $5... million budget comes from foreign ... Most of the food distributed is ... gift of the U.S., while the governm... regulated press fumes about U.S. ... perialism, not to mention segregation.

On all sides there are appeals ... greater efforts in building socialism. There has been a 30% decline in ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



You can irrigate 40 hectares, supply a village with cool water and feed a thirsty herd with one Worthington pump

Or you can wait for rain

Assured water supply from available underground sources can be yours with a Worthington pump. The above photo shows one of a thousand new UHF (Ultra-High Flow) vertical turbine pumps used in a massive land reclamation project. Whether you need one pump or a thousand, Worthington's UHF pumps are the most economical you can use.

UHF pumps are 4% more efficient than previous models. This gives you one hour of free pumping per day, and therefore lowers operating costs.

Capacities of the UHF line range from 3 to 900 liters pe second. For further information, please contact the regiona office nearest you.

FAR EAST REGIONAL OFFICE: Niigata Worthington Co. Ltc No. 45 Akasaka Shinsaka-machi, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japa

SOUTHEAST ASIA REGIONAL OFFICE: Worthington, Post Office Box 612, Manila, Philippine Islands.

108-99FE

WORTHINGTON

WORTHINGTON ASSOCIATED COMPANIES: ARGENTINA—Worthington Argentina S.A.I.C., Buenos Aires • AUSTRALIA—Worthington Australia Pty. Ltd., Sydney • AUSTRIA—Worthington Gesellschaft m.b.H., Vienna • BRAZIL—Worthington S.A. (Máquinas), Rio de Janeiro • CANADA—Worthington (Canada) Ltd., Brantford, On • COLOMBIA—Worthington Limitada, Bogota • ENGLAND—Worthington-Simpson, Ltd., London • FRANCE—Société Worthington, Paris • GERMANY—Deutsche Worthin ton G.m.b.H., Hamburg • INDIA—Blue Star Worthington Ltd., Bombay • ITALY—Worthington Societa Italiana Pompe e Compressori, Milan; Worthington Internation S.p.A., Naples • JAPAN—Niigata Worthington Co., Ltd., Tokyo • MEXICO—Worthington de México, S.A., Mexico, D.F. • SPAIN—Worthington, S.A., Madri

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

output of nationalized industries since 1962 and a drastic fall in production on the farms seized from French owners when they fled the country. Because of mismanagement, storage vats are filled with millions of gallons of wine from last year's harvest, and there is no room to store this year's crop. Anti-government bands roam the mountains of Kabylia, and last month a clumsy attempt was made on Ben Bella's life. So far, Ben Bella has maintained control through his ingenuity in sowing discord among his foes and by frightening the masses with the prospect of civil war if he is overthrown. The situation is summed up by a wry Western joke heard in the cafés: "Algeria is a developed country that is moving toward underdevelopment."

COMMUNISTS

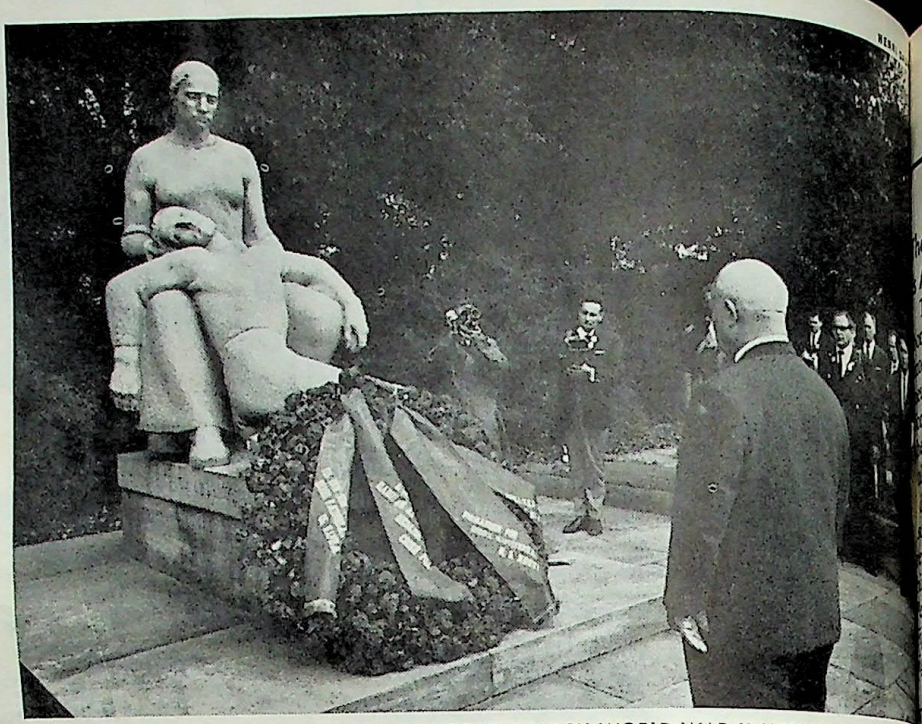
Traveling Act

Nikita Khrushchev never worries about the dangers of "overexposure." While Western statesmen make quick flying visits abroad, Nikita stays for weeks and weeks. Last week, as he arrived in Copenhagen for an 18-day journey through Scandinavia, it was quickly clear that his once effective act as the heavily charming, frank and shrewd Russian cornball has grown stale. It was his 52nd foreign voyage since he took power a decade ago, and the style was still the same, but the welcoming crowds were scanty and almost silent.

As Nikita made his way down the gangplank of the blue and white Soviet ship *Bashkiria* that had brought him, Wife Nina and 40 others across the Baltic, he glimpsed the handsome wife of Premier Jens Otto Krag, who used to be one of Denmark's best-known actresses. Pushing toward her, Khrushchev cried, "I've brought some bread for you, my girl," recalling the fondness for Ukrainian bread she had expressed during the Krags' trip to Moscow last February.

Within a matter of hours he had laid a wreath on a Danish war memorial, bussed a classroomful of kindergarten mites (who squealed "We want Khrushy!"), urged total disarmament to anyone who would listen, heavy-handedly told Danish shipyard workers how to strike against their employers, and promised to tear up his party card if Russia does not solve its food-growing problems by 1970 or so. At a school, Khrushchev jovially declined a cigar offered him by a woman teacher ("I am not old enough to smoke"), but accepted a glass of vermouth. That was about the strongest thing Khrushchev drank all week, and he wanted to make it quite clear that he was still on the wagon—and perhaps that is why he seemed so dull.

Touring a farm on the island of Fyn, a rich beef and pork area, Khrushchev irritated his hosts slightly by saying, "I saw your wonderful farms today, but I saw nothing that I would care to take home with me. You have such small farms. Our farms are big." When the swarms of photographers crowded too close around him, Khrushchev got furious: "These barbarians would scare the devil, let alone the cows," he said. "Let the bull at them!"



KHRUSHCHEV CONTEMPLATING DANISH WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL
A better show off the wagon.

In the confusion, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko stepped in a pile of cow dung, and the alarmed cows trotted off to a distant corner of the pasture. Finally one Red Danish stood still long enough to be patted on the nose by the Russian leader. "That cow doesn't seem frightened of Communism," chuckled the owner of the farm. "Of course not," snapped Khrushchev. "All cows know Communism is their friend."

Cows may know it, but what about people?

GREAT BRITAIN

The Future of Half the World

With elections due in the fall, both major parties in Britain were beginning to nip at one another's heels. There was not all that much to argue about. Labor M.P. James Callaghan, economics spokesman in the shadow cabinet, rose in the Commons to express shock at the hardly startling discovery that several large corporations were funneling money into Conservative Party coffers. For their part, the Tories were trying to force Labor to discuss details of its plans for nationalization, which Harold Wilson's men have been deliberately vague about; in the end, Deputy Leader George Brown repeated an earlier pledge to bring steel, truck transport and much urban land under government ownership or control.

On defense policy, Wilson scathingly attacked the government's "pathetic idea" that the decision "to hire Po missiles from the U.S." has any se influence on the course of events, there was accord between Conse tives and Labor on at least one i At one with Labor on China po Prime Minister Douglas-Home clared: "Far better that China sh be in the United Nations, that t should be increased contact betw the West and China, and that C should be gradually weaned away we have weaned the Russians a from this policy of including force Communist doctrine."

It might be done through increa trade, added Sir Alec. "I have sisted in my view, put rather cru perhaps, that a fat Communist is preferred to a thin Communist."

The view with variations had its herents across the Atlantic. In a co mencement address at St. John's U versity in Jamaica, L.I., former U Ambassador to Italy Clare Boothe Luce warned that Red China, now "isolate militarily and economically by bo U.S.S.R. and U.S. policy," might re desperately aggressive. In Southea Asia, said she, "we must hold firm e if it becomes necessary to wield a n clear stick over the head of Mao T tung." But, added Speaker Luce, th are other ways to stop Chinese expa sionism. "For example, what argume can be made for our present policy trading with the Russians or sel them wheat that cannot also be m for trading with Red China, and fee ing her far hungrier and far more de perate people? Long before the you men in this audience are old, Chi will account for half the population the whole world. We must soon fi ways of living at peace with half t human race, or your generation w know nothing but endless war in t Orient."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COLOMBIA

The Backlands Violence Almost Ended

The orders read like the work of a crowned general trying to inject a little life into a standard peacetime troop maneuver: the Colombian army and air force were to invade, conquer and hold the "Independent Republic of Marquetalia," a 1,400-sq.-mi. enemy enclave [illegible] in the Andean highlands 170 miles southwest of Bogotá. But this war is real, and so is Marquetalia. Colombians know it as the stronghold of Pedro Antonio Marín, 34, alias "Tiro Fijo" (Sure Shot), last of the country's big-time bandit chieftains.

Communist Country. By wiping out Tiro Fijo, Colombia would just about end the savage backlands violence that had begun in 1948 as a feud between the country's Liberals and Conservatives. But catching Sure Shot is no sure thing. Reared in poverty and squalor, he drifted into a Communist guerrilla band in the early 1950s. By 1960 he had his own gang, and moved his family and followers onto a 10,000-acre hacienda near the foot of snow-topped Mount Tolima—after killing the hacienda's owner. From his new home Tiro Fijo began ruling over all neighboring haciendas, establishing Communist cells throughout the area, indoctrinating peasants, collecting a monthly head tax and collecting up to 30% of farmers' profits. His bandit gang numbered some 250 men to the area's 6,000 population, and was the only law.

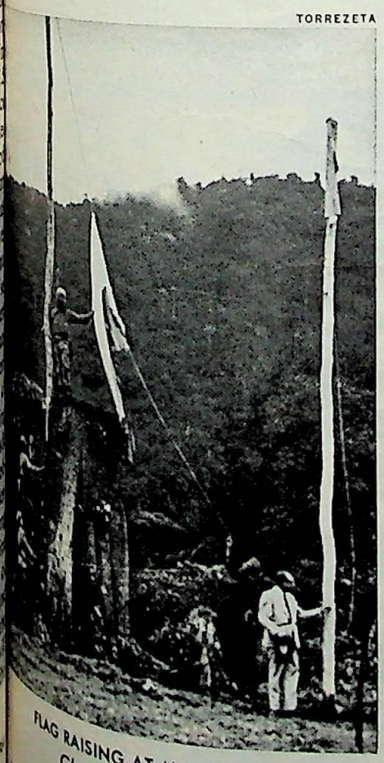
Busy with outbreaks of banditry elsewhere, the federal government let the remote coffee-growing land slip away by default. Marquetalia paid no taxes, and death awaited any police or military force rash enough to cross its borders. Last December Tiro Fijo and his men ambushed an army patrol, killing six soldiers. All told, the army credits him with 200 murders.

Two-Stage Assault. The army started planning Tiro Fijo's downfall months ago. Combat units were divided into small, tightly organized teams, given extensive training in anti-guerrilla warfare. To backstop the military campaign, new roads, schools and other civic-action projects were planned to draw the peasants closer to the government. The offensive began four weeks ago as units of five battalions—totaling 3,500 men—poured into Marquetalia.

Flitting through the thickly wooded mountainsides, Tiro Fijo's men fought half a dozen bitter skirmishes. But in the deadly game of hide-and-seek, the guerrilla-wise soldiers came out on top, pressed steadily on toward Tiro Fijo's hacienda headquarters. Early one morning last week, a fleet of helicopters airlifted 170 crack troops into position surrounding the hacienda. The desperate Communists opened fire from underbrush and foxholes. In the three-hour fight, they wounded only one soldier; finally Tiro Fijo put the hacienda to torch and retreated into the mountains. That night his men ambushed an army patrol, killing two soldiers; four nights later they killed four more.

But "Operation Marquetalia" was virtually complete. The yellow-blue-and-red Colombian flag now flew over the area for the first time in its history. Tiro Fijo himself was holed up with 50 to 80 men in a narrow canyon six miles from his old base, and at week's end two army pincer columns were closing in for the kill.

TORREZETA



FLAG RAISING AT MARQUETALIA
Closing the pincers.

BRAZIL

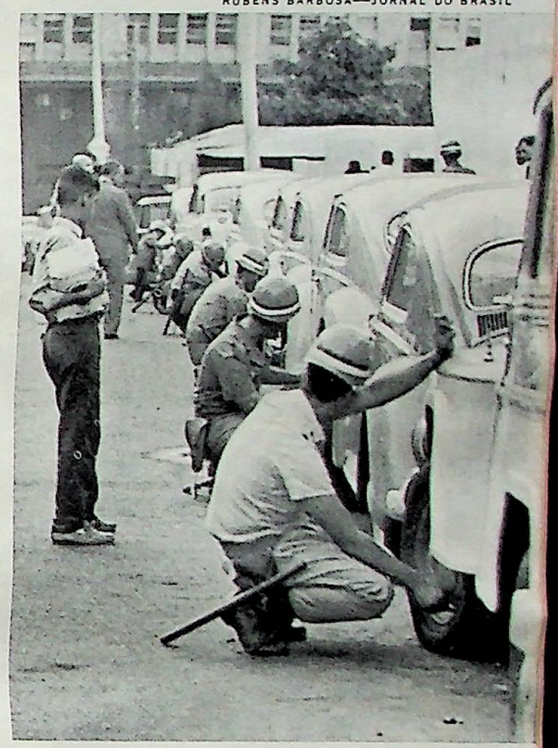
Pffft!

Rio de Janeiro's parking problem is about as acute as New York's might be if everybody drove to work. Since there are no parking lots, garages or meters, and since Rio traffic cops have always regarded parked cars with compassion, Rio motorists park anywhere. They double park and triple park; they park on sidewalks, in crosswalks, at intersections, on center islands. Every place but on top of another car. Now Brazil's revolutionaries are taking the matter in hand—the stern hand of Air Force Colonel Américo Fontenele, 43, Rio's new traffic director.

With the righteous indignation of a Renault-owner boxed in between two Buicks, Fontenele commenced by hiring a fleet of trucks to tow off all illegally parked cars. When police garages were full, offending cars were simply stashed away on isolated streets. No records were kept of what went where. If the car was in a police pound, the owner paid maybe a $4 fine; if it wasn't —shrug. One army captain wailed that it took him three days of searching to find his Volkswagen; other owners found that vandals had followed the tow trucks, stripped their cars bare.

Colonel Fontenele was only warming up. When he learned that parking violaters were escaping before the tow trucks arrived, he sent his men through downtown Rio to descend on the front tires of illegally parked cars, unscrew the valves—and pffft! "Vandalism," cried Rio papers in shocked unison, quoting eminent jurists' opinions that "Operation Pffft!" was illegal. "This campaign will continue until motorists begin to cooperate with the authorities," answered Fontenele.

RUBENS BARBOSA—JORNAL DO BRASIL



RIO COPS AT WORK ON THE VALVES
Deflating the town.

Pffft went the tires of the Ghana Ambassador, three federal Congressmen, one state assemblyman, and a plainclothes detective shadowing a suspect. One squad of cops was discovered gleefully flattening the tires of 35 legally parked cars, until someone pointed out the error. When police moved in on six illegally parked official cars they almost came to blows with some marines on guard; a squad of battle-dressed tommy gunners was eventually called up to protect the wheels' wheels.

Fontenele remains airily unperturbed. Traffic is moving right along these days, and the colonel is now prohibiting parking on almost every main street. "The public is on my side," says the colonel, "except those, of course, who have had their tires flattened."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

GOVERNOR LUYT
One stop short of anarchy.

BRITISH GUIANA

A New Boss

At last the British had no choice but to take control of their race-torn little South American colony. After five months of continued violence between 295,000 East Indians, led by Marxist Premier Cheddi Jagan, and 190,000 Jagan-hating Negroes, Britain's Governor Sir Richard Luyt announced that he was assuming emergency power in British Guiana to prevent further bloodshed. He also ordered the arrest and detention of 35 leading troublemakers—all but two of them members of Jagan's People's Progressive Party. Temporarily at least, Cheddi Jagan and his Communism-spouting wife Janet were out of business.

In the most recent clashes between the races, 15 have been killed and scores injured. The worst horror was played out in the Georgetown capital when terrorists fire-bombed the home of a mulatto anti-Jagan civil servant, killing him and seven of his children. On radio next day, Governor Luyt (pronounced late) reported that Jagan and his ministers had refused to impose curfews, refused to permit military searches for terrorists, and had not muzzled race-baiting radio broadcasts. Said the Governor: The security force of 1,200 British troops, 600 "volunteer" troops and 1,600 local police "will be firm. They will also be fair. The position now is that the Governor and not the ministers will handle the emergency."

Some of Jagan's opponents welcomed Luyt's action as "the only one that can prevent the country from falling into a final stage of anarchy." Predictably, Jagan cried imperialism and condemned it as "a dark mark on Britain's all-dirty record as a colonial power." His followers warned that he might call for countrywide civil disobedience. If he does, Jagan himself is almost certain to land in jail.

VENEZUELA

Subversion *Sí*, Study No

Latin America's troublesome students go out on strike at the pop of a firecracker: against the government, for Cuba, to oust professors, or anything else that catches their fancy. Last week, on the eve of final exams, the 18,725 students at Caracas' Central University were on strike for a brand-new reason: the right to flunk forever and still remain in school.

Students of Venezuela's state-supported universities won flunking privileges in the euphoric period following the 1958 ouster of Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez. The government guaranteed admission without an entrance exam to any high school graduate, and wiped out all penalties for failure except a nominal fee for repeating a course. The result was chaos. While academic standards tumbled, the university became a base for communists and subversives. They were rarely seen in class, and their ages ran well into the 30s. All during turbulent 1963, Castroite F.A.L.N. terrorists took refuge on the campus—which is off limits to police. Recently, Castroite students beat up two policemen found on campus; and two others were forced to kneel and beg for their lives.

The cult of university autonomy is so strong in Latin America that the Venezuelan government is reluctant to put the campus under ordinary law. But it is trying to do something about students obviously uninterested in learning. Last month the University Council began a crackdown, adopting a "repeater's rule," which expels any engineering student failing two subjects twice or one subject three times. Rector Jesus María Bianco thinks that the reform, modest though it seems, is long overdue. And he intends to make it stick.

HAITI

"What Is Called Democracy"

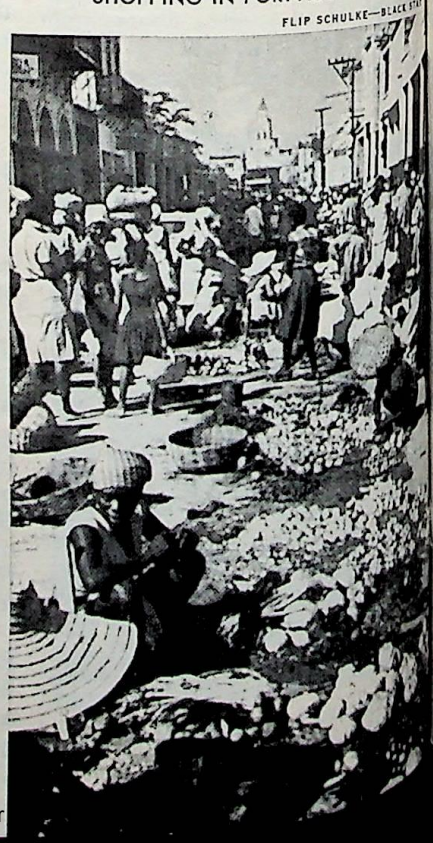
The scraps of paper came in pink, red, green, blue and yellow. But they all said the same thing: "Citizen Dr. François Duvalier, President of the Republic, will exercise for life his high functions according to Article 92 of the present constitution. Does this conform to your wishes? And do you ratify it?" At the bottom, in big black letters, was the word OUI.

In Haiti last week Duvalier was holding a "popular referendum" before he assumed office for life. It was only proper, said "Papa Doc," because "we have what is called a democracy." But in the dank, dark Caribbean nation, where almost 90% of the 4,500,000 population could not read the ballot, even Lou Harris could have predicted the outcome. Eight hours before the polls closed, the little doctor-turned-dictator appeared on the balcony of the presidential palace and graciously conceded victory. "Duvalier has won the battle," he told the obedient crowd. "He is already elected. I accept no one else in front of myself."

There is still a smattering of opposition to Duvalier in Haiti. Once in a while someone scratches "Caca Doc" (a Creole obscenity) instead of Papa Doc on the wall, and in a Port-au-Prince bar last week a sodden upper-class mulatto suddenly raised his voice: "How long must we stand here and suffer and be killed?" But most Haitians have resigned themselves to a numbing life under Duvalier. The dictator's 5,000-man *Tonton Macoute* roams the country ferreting out opposition and collecting "donations" from terrified businessmen. Even Duvalier's own henchmen live in mortal fear. Using Haiti's pervasive voodoo mysticism, Duvalier has set himself up as the pseudo-religion's top practitioner, and fearsome tales that he performs ghoulish rites on severed vital organs of his enemies flit after like bats through Port-au-Prince.

The U.S. has tried everything short of intervention to bring about a change in Haiti. It has cut off all aid, pulled out its ambassador, even sent a Navy task force to steam around outside the three-mile limit for a few weeks. But Duvalier remained unmoved, and in the meantime Haiti's economy went from bad to worse. On paper, per capita income is $70 a year, lowest in the hemisphere; the real figure may be as low as $15. Now, to alleviate at least a little of the misery, the dollars are flowing again: $2,360,000 in Inter-American Development Bank funds for a drinking-water project, frequent liberty visits by U.S. Navy vessels. Ambassador Benson E. L. Timmons III, 48, mindful that a dozen embassy officials have been declared *personae non gratae* in the past 6½ years, is restricting his activities merely to "what is proper."

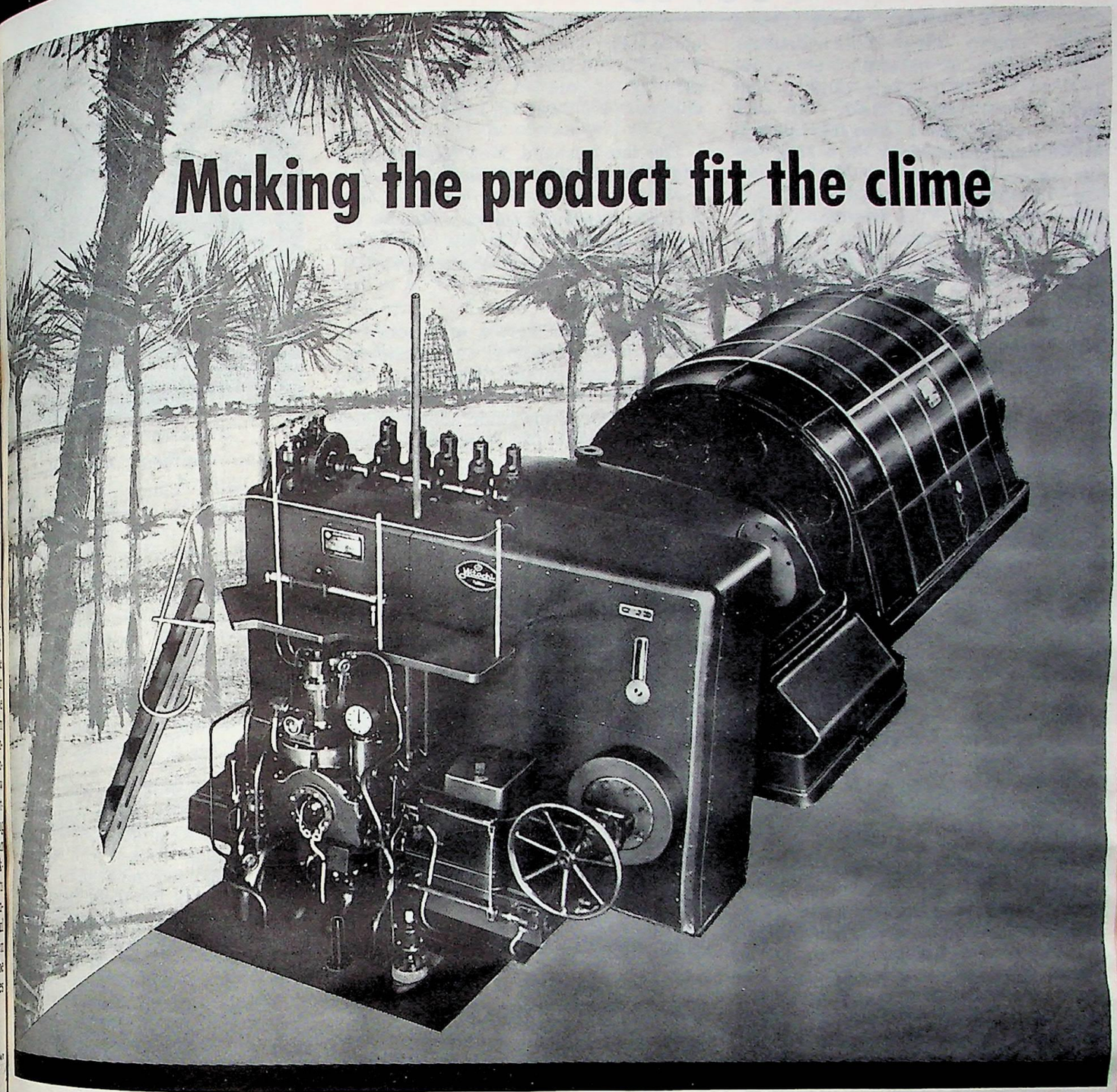
SHOPPING IN PORT-AU-PRINCE
FLIP SCHULKE—BLACK STAR



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Making the product fit the clime



You might not think the design of heavy electrical generating equipment would vary from one region to another. Yet climatic and other local conditions often dictate small but important changes. One example is the 10 mW turbine-generator set Hitachi manufactured for the Madurai Power Station in India's Madras State. To withstand the high temperatures of the area, particular care was taken in the design of every part of the equipment, especially the cables. And to protect against the high humidity, anti-corrosion paint was used on exposed parts, the panel moisture-proofed, and high-insulation wiring installed. The result: 10 years of flawless operation without overhauling, probably a world record for this type of equipment.

Word of the success of the Madurai project spread, and Hitachi won orders for equipment from four other power stations in India. Two are taking advantage of Hitachi's unique ability to manufacture complete power plants, all designed to "fit the clime."

Heavy electrical equipment is not the only field where Hitachi has shown its capability, which includes industrial and transportation equipment and extends to precision electronic instruments and scientific apparatus. If you're interested in any of our product lines, we'll be happy to forward you complete information. Or if you'd like to know more about our latest activities, we'd be delighted to send you our popular, informative quarterly, Age of Tomorrow.

MAIN PRODUCTS: Turbines & Generators • Transformers • Rolling Stock • Nucleonics • Power Shovels & Cranes • Pumps • Machine Tools • Electronic Computers • Communications Equipment • Switchboards • Lighting Equipment • Electron Tubes • Semiconductors • Scientific Instruments • Refrigeration • Air Conditioning • Motors • Wire & Cables • Iron & Steel Products • Insulating Materials • Electric Home Appliances

Hitachi, Ltd.

Tokyo Japan

Overseas Offices: New York • Chicago • San Francisco • Buenos Aires • Sao Paulo • Bogota • Mexico City • New Delhi • Calcutta • Karachi • Bangkok • Singapore • Taipei • Cairo • Beirut • Dusseldorf

Where 10,000 products share one feature—excellence

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The mighty New York Yankees, those bankers of baseball, were giving away 20,000 free tickets—and to New York taxi drivers at that. With each pair of ducats went a letter from General Manager **Ralph Houk**, 44, telling how the Yanks ("a great New York institution") wanted to "do something for another great New York institution." The Yanks could use some friends: the National League's happy-go-sloppy Mets were outdrawing them at home 3 to 2.

• • •

Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib and Mîr Taquî Mîr are not exactly U.S. household words. But Minute Rice is, and it is the wish of its inventor, Afghan Immigrant **Ataullah K. Ozai-Durrani**, that the two little-known 19th century Persian poets roll trippingly off American tongues. Ozai-Durrani's will, probated six weeks after his death at 66 in Denver, leaves more than half of his $1,000,000 estate to Harvard "or some such nonprofit institution" to translate the poets' works into English and underwrite biographies. Ozai-Durrani's lawyers are being besieged by half a dozen nonprofiteers anxious to investigate, but Harvard is ahead by a Yard.

• • •

Descending from a Pan American thrift flight in Honolulu, **Lynda Bird Johnson**, 20, was nearly strangled by a nest of welcoming leis. "I can't see," she said plaintively. They kept coming. "I can't stand another one." So it went, for the eight days of her Hawaiian visit, through speech giving, sightseeing and skindiving: an embarrassment of riches, from feathered gourds to a monkeypod tray, and an even more embarrassing swarm of aloha photographers. She banned one from a luau for snapping her in a bathing suit, wailed at others, "I can't stand up, I'm sinking," when they asked her to pose in spike heels on a soggy lawn. She even tried to elude them when a gift Indian sari was wound about her dress. "It's like taking pictures of me in a bathtub," she chirped. "Y'all wait till I have it on."

HONOLULU ADVERTISER

LYNDA BIRD JOHNSON
Sinking in spike heels.

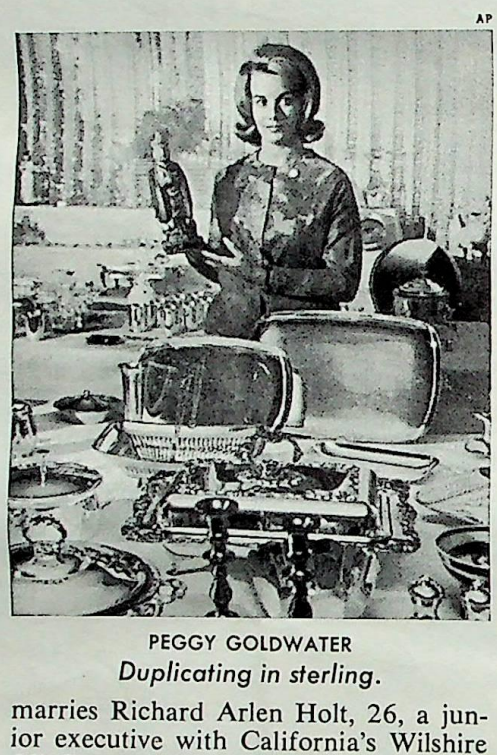
• • •

Her late husband, New York Senator and Governor Herbert H. Lehman, was a Williams man, class of 1899, and so **Edith Altschul Lehman**, 75, gave the college $1,250,000 in his memory—largest personal gift in the school's 171-year history.

• • •

Perhaps there were a few more casseroles than necessary, and please, everybody, not another silver tray. But duplication in sterling is the sort of challenge any June bride adores coping with, and it looks like **Peggy Goldwater**, 20, Barry's younger daughter, will be back to the store in '64. When Peggy marries Richard Arlen Holt, 26, a junior executive with California's Wilshire Oil Co., in Phoenix's Trinity Episcopal Cathedral this week, the Senator will be on hand to give her away, though many of her father's political friends, she says, "will be too busy to attend."

AP



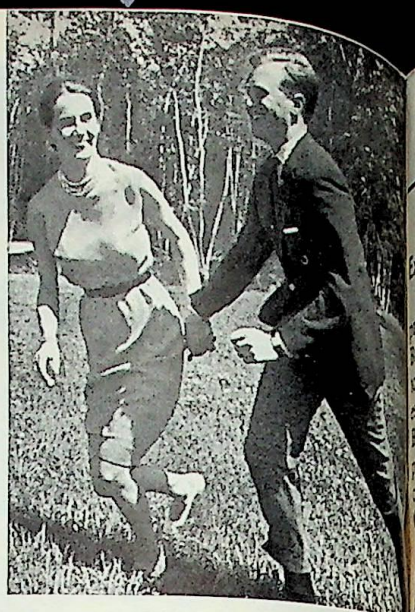
PEGGY GOLDWATER
Duplicating in sterling.

• • •

"If you prick me, do I not bleed?" asked Shakespearean **Richard Burton**, 38, paraphrasing Shylock. Burton does, frighteningly, for as he explained in Manhattan last week, he has suffered all his life from a mild form of "bleeder's disease," or hemophilia. Recently recruited by the National Hemophilia Foundation, he announced the formation of a Richard Burton Hemophilia Fund, with Wife Liz as chairman, to aid research on the disease.

• • •

Mary Caroline d'Erlanger, 24, daughter of BOAC's late chief, Sir Gerard d'Erlanger, prefers the nickname Minnie. Her fiancé, **Winston Spencer Churchill**, 23, on the other hand, strenuously resists Winnie, and as anyone who has tangled with his grandfather can testify, Churchills are stubborn. Randolph's Oxford-educated son has other family traits: 1) a fondness for travel and journalism that last year sent him on a four-month tour of 40 African and Middle Eastern countries, will result in a book, *First Journey*, due in the U.S. in January; 2) freckles; and 3) a hankering eventually to go into politics ("That is what all Churchills do"). Meanwhile, Minnie and Winston are busy choosing a London church and a July day for the wedding.



D'ERLANGER & CHURCHILL*
Resisting strenuously.

• • •

Don't let nobody say Tennessee don't stand by its own. When Memphis radio station WHBQ announced a contest for most popular rock-'n'-roll singer, and some misguided teen-agers sent in a passel of votes for them furrin Beatles, the five-man city commission tabled its budget debate and unanimously adopted a resolution "calling on all citizens of Memphis and elsewhere to support **Elvis Presley** in this contest." Explained Mayor William B. Ingram Jr., "More than any other person, Elvis has carried abroad with him a fine reputation for Memphis. I hope some day we find an appropriate means of recognizing him, such as naming the new city coliseum for him."

• • •

Viking princes have claimed the sea as their domain since the days of Leif Ericson, and Norway's debonair Crown Prince **Harald**, 27, has salty blue in his veins. A deep-water sailor from the age of eight and Norway's kingpin skipper for the past decade, Harald was named by the Royal Yacht Club to represent his country in the 5.5-meter yacht class at the 1964 Olympics. Sailing the *Fram III*, designed by U.S. Master Draftsman Bill Luders, Harald is rated a good bet for a medal of some sort, but it had better be gold if he is to maintain status in court circles. Both his father, King Olaf, and his good friend, Greece's King Constantine, hold gold medals for sailing won at the Olympics of 1928 and 1960.

* At the Mt. Kisco, N.Y., home of his mother, now Mrs. Leland Hayward.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE SUPREME COURT

Extending the Fifth

"The American system of criminal prosecution," wrote Justice William Brennan, "is accusatorial, not inquisitorial, and the Fifth Amendment is its essential mainstay." With those words, Brennan last week announced the Supreme Court's decision to reverse the contempt conviction of a small-time Connecticut 52-year-old gambler named William Malloy and extend the protection of the Fifth Amendment's privilege against self-incrimination to witnesses and defendants, whatever their status, in all state courts.

When a Hartford County crime commission three years ago tried to question Malloy about his employer and finances at the time of his 1959 arrest, Malloy invoked the privilege and refused to answer any questions. He was tossed into prison for contempt after a Connecticut court, relying on more than 50 years of the Supreme Court's own rulings, declared that the federal Fifth does not apply in state courts. Malloy had been assured by Connecticut authorities that because of the state's one-year statute of limitations for misdemeanors, he was not exposing himself to further state prosecution, but the Supreme Court ruled that if he had been compelled to testify, he might have furnished "a link in a chain of evidence sufficient to connect him with a more recent crime for which he might still be prosecuted." The court's turnabout served notice on the states that from now on they will be required to honor the stricter federal protection against self-incrimination.

The court also overturned the New Jersey contempt conviction of two longshoremen who had invoked the privilege despite state pledges of immunity against prosecution. The longshoremen had argued that they feared federal authorities would use their state-immunized testimony to build a federal case against them. Putting an end to that peril, too, the court held "that the constitutional privilege against self-incrimination protects a state witness against incrimination under federal as well as state law and a federal witness against incrimination under state as well as federal law."

PUBLIC SAFETY

The Right of Self-Defense

A frightened St. Petersburg resident called the police for advice on how to handle a prowler. "If you catch this guy at your front door," said the officer, "it's O.K. to shoot him, but make sure he falls inside." Reason: in Florida it is legal to shoot an intruder in one's house, but not in one's yard. In few other cities can citizens expect such straightforward advice from their police. Yet with crimes of violence increasing, more and more Americans are concerned about how to protect themselves and still stay within the law.

Duty to Run. It isn't easy. U.S. laws governing self-protection derive from the ancient English common law that held that a medieval Briton was obliged to retreat until his back was literally to a wall or a ditch before he was justified in fighting off an assailant. This so-called "retreat law" has been substantially modified in American courts, which have generally ruled that though a person must attempt to avoid trouble, he is not legally bound to flee if such action would increase his peril. Only Texas law ignores retreat altogether and permits an attacked person to stand and fight it out under any circumstances.

In any state, once the fighting has begun, the law becomes a matter of interpretation. An attacked person is legally permitted to exert only as much force as is necessary to repel the aggressor. But what is reasonable? In Washington last month, as Frances Clark, a comely 24-year-old, sat in a Chinese restaurant, a man named Zebedee Lee, 42, walked over and, by his own admission, "patted her on the buttocks." Grabbing a knife, Miss Clark stabbed him in the stomach, putting him in the hospital. Though Lee's act was technically an assault, the district attorney felt that the girl used more than reasonable force to repel it. As a result, Miss Clark, not Lee, was charged with assault.

Self-protection becomes even more complicated in cities that require licenses for firearms. Yet never have New Yorkers, for example, needed protection so desperately. Only last week a 63-year-old lawyer, Leonard Simpson, was shot to death in the self-service elevator of his West Side apartment house. An 84-year-old New York shopkeeper, Frank Felicetti, recently shot and killed an intruder who, he said, had robbed and beaten him twice before. Felicetti was arrested for violating the city's Sullivan Law, which forbids owning unlicensed concealable weapons. He faces a maximum penalty of seven years in prison and a $1,000 fine.

Aiding others under attack is fraught with more legal perils than protecting one's self. Most Americans find it outrageous that New Yorkers fail to aid fellow citizens who are being mauled by thugs on streets and subways. Yet no matter how cowardly New Yorkers may be, the fact is that under the law anyone who intervenes in an attack exposes himself to the possibility of severe penalties. If a good Samaritan repels an attacker too aggressively, or inadvertently jumps in on the wrong side, he may wind up under arrest for assault.

FRED MORGAN—N.Y. DAILY NEWS

FELICETTI (RIGHT) & WELL-WISHERS
The third time was fatal.

Do-It-Yourself Protection. In an attempt to obey the law and also stay alive, many people are turning to weapons that are guaranteed to repel attack yet not inflict lasting injury. Most popular are cylindrical Penguns, which shoot a jet of tear gas and are legal in most states (with the notable exceptions of California, New York and Illinois). Where tear gas is barred, pocket-size aerosol sprays that discharge a temporarily eye-stinging chemical are usually allowed. Fittingly, girls who work nights in the Wonderful World of Chemistry at the World's Fair all pack such protection. Another gimmick: a walking stick that conceals a cattle prod delivering 4,000 volts.

Reassuring as such weaponry may be to a worried public's peace of mind, most police officials are increasingly nervous that the trend toward do-it-yourself protection may lead trigger-happy matrons to mass mayhem. The best advice, claims a top Baltimore cop, is still: "learn to run." The question is, can nervous citizens run fast enough—or far enough?

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

GOLF

After the Avalanche

"It's like jumping off the top of a building," Ken Venturi said recently, surveying the shreds of his tattered career. "There are no steps on the way down."

Once he was the hottest player in golf. Arnie Palmer was just a promising young pro when Venturi, a 24-year-old amateur, shot a final-round 80 and lost the 1956 Masters by a single stroke. Jack Nicklaus was a chubby-cheeked Ohio State freshman when Ken was winning four tournaments in 1958 and hearing himself hailed as "the new Ben Hogan." In his first four years as a pro, Venturi won $141,276. Critics raved about the silky smoothness of his swing. "Ken stands up to the ball," said one, "as if he, the club, the ball and the golf course were all part of a beautiful piece of sculpture."

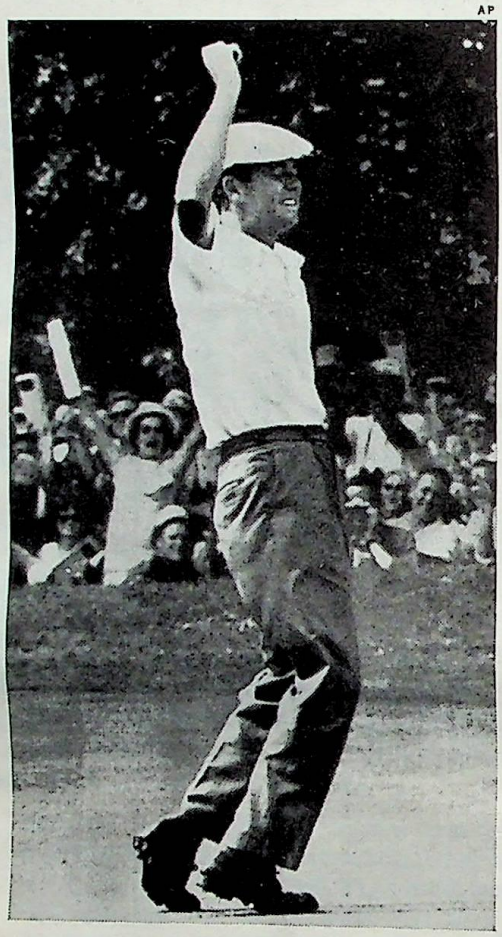
Bizarre Ailments. It is always impossible to single out the snowflake that starts an avalanche. Maybe, for Venturi, it was the last day of the 1960 Masters, when he was half-carried away from the 18th hole, measured for a green winner's blazer, and plunked down in front of a TV set—to watch Palmer birdie the last two holes and win. Things certainly went from bad to worse after that. He was plagued by a series of bizarre physical ailments: a pinched nerve that paralyzed half his chest, a stubborn virus infection, a hand injury, an automobile accident. In the next four years Venturi won only one minor tournament, and his official earnings last year amounted to exactly $3,848.33. There was a brief flurry of interest when he finished third in the Thunderbird Classic in early June. But last week, when it came time for the U.S. Open at the Congressional Country Club in Washington, D.C., nobody gave Venturi a chance.

The Congressional is the longest and toughest course any Open has ever been played on—7,053 yds., with greens so irregular that one golfer accused Architect Robert Trent Jones of burying dinosaurs under the undulating turf. The 9th hole is all of 599 yds. long, and its green is separated from the fairway by a deep, grass-choked ravine. "That," said one pro, "is where elephants go to die." In short, the Congressional is a brutal course, even for Palmer, Nicklaus, or Tony Lema, who had just won two tournaments in a row. But when Palmer fired the only sub-par round of the first day, a two-under 68, one sportswriter boldly announced that "Arnold Palmer has 198 holes to go on the Grand Slam of golf."

Plodding Along. Palmer did not do badly the next day, either: a one-under-par 69. But that was only good for second place, a stroke off the pace set by a curly-haired Californian named Tommy Jacobs, 29. Only twice all afternoon did Jacobs stray from the fairway; only twice did he fail to reach a green in par figures; and he did not miss a single putt under 12 ft. Jacobs' six-under-par 64 tied for the lowest score ever recorded in a U.S. Open. In all the excitement, who was going to notice Ken Venturi, plodding along in fourth place, six strokes behind?

Nine holes later, everybody was. Washington weather is never much to brag about, but for the 36-hole final round, it was atrocious. The temperature reached 97, and the humidity could drown a man. Nicklaus shot a 77, Palmer and Lema blew to 75s. But Venturi, in some astonishing way, suddenly became that sculpture again.

AP



VENTURI AFTER SINKING A BIG PUTT
In the Open, one master.

On the first hole, his 10-ft. try for a birdie hung tantalizingly on the lip of the cup for a full minute—and then dropped in. "When that happened, I said to myself, 'Well, well! If that's the way things are going, I might as well make the most of it.'" Venturi birdied the 4th, 5th, 8th, and 9th holes, turned the front nine in 30 strokes—and found himself deadlocked with Jacobs for the lead. But on the 17th he missed an 18-in. putt for a par; on the 18th, he messed up his drive and had to settle for another bogey. Then he almost collapsed from heat exhaustion. Leading by two strokes, Tommy Jacobs ate a plate of beef stroganoff. Doctors packed Venturi off to bed.

Cap in Hand. That's it, the exp figured. Venturi came out for the f 18, splay-footed and staggering. Ye some weird magic his swing held gether. Relentlessly he stuck the on the board. Trying for another o wonderful rallies, Arnie Palmer sank the way to fifth place. Tommy Ja needed five strokes to negotiate the three, 195-yd. 2nd hole.

Finally it was the 18th hole, and th was Ken Venturi, cap in hand, totte up the middle of the fairway wit four-stroke lead and a big smile, so ing up the applause. His ball was in sand trap 110 ft. from the pin. Casu he knocked it onto the green; coolly ran in the 15-ft. putt—for a 72-h total of 278, second lowest win score in U.S. Open history. Then he down behind a tree and sighed: "Y know, I was going to give up this g eight months ago?"

CREW

Two Make Ready But One to Go

Most top college crews have a cal tree-edged river or lake to pad around in, a well-appointed boathou to change in, and money from old gra for new equipment. Not so the Univers of California at Berkeley. One of Coa Jim Lemmon's shells has been arou for 29 years and the building his eig call home was built in 1925. His pra tice course? It would probably be eas to row through Times Square.

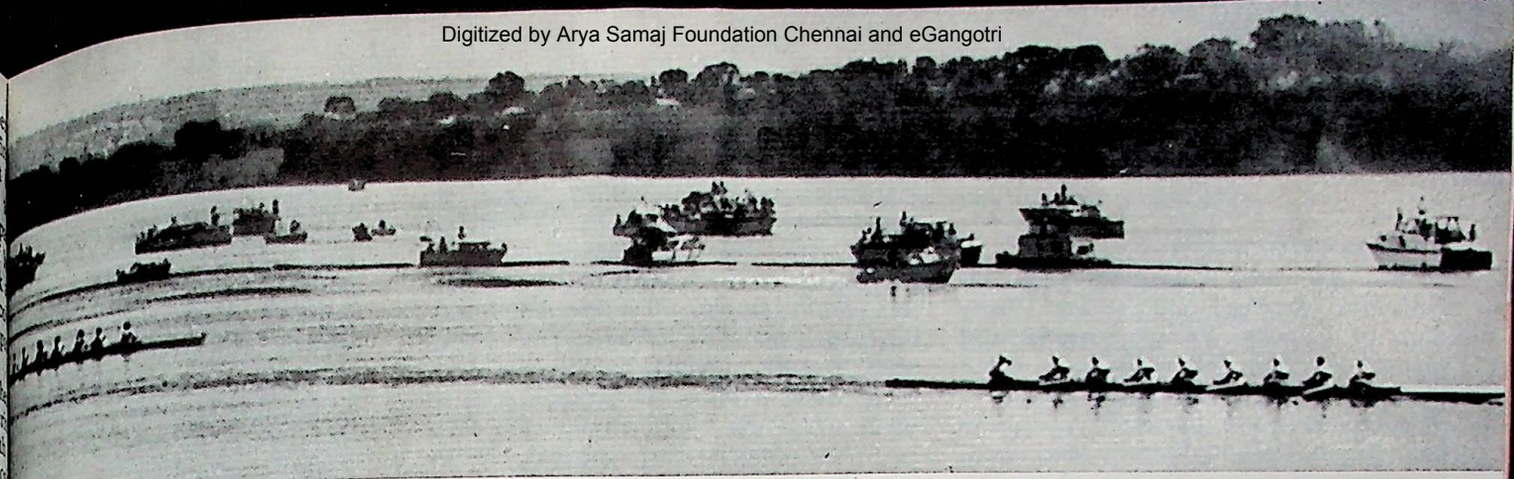
Freighters, pleasure boats, barges a tugs wash up wakes like walls in S Francisco Bay's East Oakland estuar but they are getting used to watchi out for the thin-skinned craft with t straining oarsmen. Since California fi dipped an oar in 1907, it has won t Intercollegiate Rowing Association Re gatta eight times. Golden Bear crew have won three Olympic gold medals i three tries, and established themselve as the power in the West.

None of which holds any water wi Easterners. They simply think U.S. row ing never left its East Coast cradle So when California traveled East fo last week's 62nd annual I.R.A. regat ta, undefeated in six West Coast race this year, the competing coaches got together and voted twice-defeated Co nell the crew to beat. California thought that was a fine idea. And on New York State's Lake Onondaga, they did it with ease.

Using the tulip-shaped oars popular ized by Germany's 1960 Olympic-win ning Ratzeburg crew, the high-stroking Californians soon jumped into a boat length lead. From then on, they uncon cernedly looked back at their pursuers for the length of the Olympic-size 2,000-meter course. At the finish, the coxswain took the stroke up to 40 for kicks, and California slid across in 6 min 31 sec. Adding insult to injury, another Western crew, the University of Wash ington, was second, nearly two lengths

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



CALIFORNIA LEADING WASHINGTON AT THE FINISH
Out of the West, a big winner.

and exhausted Cornell was a sore-
en third.
at kind of shellacking would seem
e the West odds-on favorites to
e Olympic trials in New York
onth. But the East still had one
on left to send against the West-
windmill—undefeated Harvard,
didn't race in the I.R.A. Instead,
Harry Parker's Crimson was
at New London, Conn., keeping
-year-old engagement with Yale.
four-mile distance is the longest
S. college-rowing, and since both
had been at 2,000 meters all
it could have been up for grabs.
Harvard had it all the way. Ticking
at 30½ strokes per minute, the
e Cantabs slowly built up their lead
at the finish they were almost five
ths ahead. Now that makes them
ow for California to beat.

AUTO RACING

To Win in Belgium Not Really Coasting

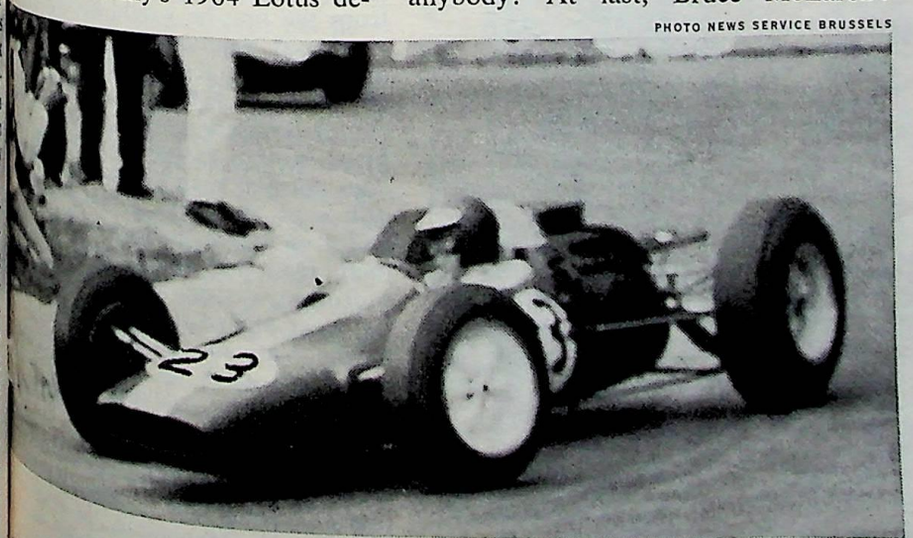
Scotland's Jimmy Clark, 28, is every-
g a world champion auto racer
ut to be: bright, cool, daring, ear-
, fearless—and lucky as a field full
four-leaf clovers. Last week he won
280-mile Belgian Grand Prix to
ke it two out of three races so far
year. And he didn't even realize
at he was doing.
his practice, Jimmy's 1964 Lotus de-veloped mechanical trouble, and he had to trade it in on a 1963 model that was geared too low for the ultrafast Spa-Franchorchamps course. So there he was, a few laps from the end, touring unhappily around in fourth place. Out front in a Brabham-Climax, the U.S.'s Dan Gurney was burning up the track, leading Britain's Graham Hill and New Zealand's Bruce McLaren by 40 sec., and Clark by 90 sec. Play safe? Not Gurney.

Where Was Anybody? Gurney had not won a Grand Prix race in two years, and this was going to be a victory worth savoring. On the 28th lap, he blasted around the 8¾-mile course at 137.6 m.p.h.—breaking the old track record by more than 2 m.p.h. Then the Brabham's engine began to miss. Gurney screeched into the pits. "Gas!" he yelled —and imagine his surprise. There was no gas: fuel-company mathematicians had concluded that nobody would need to refuel. Frantically, Gurney wheeled his sputtering Brabham back onto the track. On the last lap, he ran completely out of gas.

Tall, mustachioed, and very British, Graham Hill would have cut a dashing figure at the winner's stand. But the fuel pump of his B.R.M. quit just 100 yds. past the spot where Gurney sat nursing his grief. In the grandstand, the fans began to get restless. Where was Gurney? Where was Hill? Where was anybody? At last, Bruce McLaren's Cooper cleared the crest of the last hill and started down the final straight. But McLaren was only coasting: his generator belt had parted and his engine was dead. Then came a sound that made McLaren swivel in his seat—a staccato roar, rapidly increasing in volume. Here was Clark, buzzing merrily along, ignorant of the drama up ahead. Down the straightaway rolled Bruce McLaren, at a desperate 30 m.p.h. Down the straightaway flashed Jimmy Clark, at a casual 130 m.p.h. McLaren was pounding his knees in helpless frustration as Clark zipped past, just 300 yds. from the finish.

"Who, Me?" In the confusion, the flagman was waving the checkered flag at everybody. Clark apparently hadn't noticed McLaren, hadn't seen Hill stopped by the wayside. So he kept on going—anxious to find out what had happened to Gurney. Photographers commandeered a car and rushed after him. "Jimmy," they shouted. "You're wanted at the victor's stand!" "Who, me?" asked Clark. "What for?"

PHOTO NEWS SERVICE BRUSSELS



CLARK ON THE CORNER
At the track, the man with everything.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▶ Australia's Roy Emerson, 27: the London Grass Court tennis tournament, last big tune-up for Wimbledon, with a skin-of-the-teeth victory over Tomas Lejus, 22, first Russian ever to reach the finals of a major tennis tournament. Unseeded and unheralded, Lejus beat Mexico's Rafael Osuna in the semifinals, played Emerson almost even for 90 min. before losing, 12-10, 6-4.

▶ The University of Minnesota: baseball's college world series, for the third time, beating the University of Missouri 5-1 in the final game, on the four-hit pitching of Joe Pollock and the headlong base-running of Second Baseman Dewey Markus, who then signed a contract with the Chicago Cubs.

▶ Northern Dancer: Canada's Queen's Plate 1¼-mile classic, in a strong comeback after losing the U.S. Triple Crown in the 1½-mile Belmont Stakes; in Toronto. E. P. Taylor's bay colt went off a 1-to-9 favorite at the shorter distance, breezed home 7½ lengths in front, thus adding another $49,075 purse to bring his two-year earnings to $580,647.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SECTS

The Uncontaminated

"Do not unite yourselves with unbelievers," St. Paul told the first Christians of Corinth. To the surprise and dismay of their fellow Britons, more than 10,000 members of the Exclusive Brethren sect are currently trying to take the injunction literally and separate themselves from the rest of society.

An offshoot of the fundamentalist Plymouth Brethren, the Exclusives have traditionally been a clannish sort, clustering in self-imposed ghettos in small English towns and Scottish fishing villages. They seldom marry outside the sect, and refer to each other as "saints"—the only true disciples of Christ. The Brethren do not smoke, dance, watch TV or wear makeup, but official doctrine says that "strong drink is to be regarded as a creation of God and saints should freely drink it."

They had always remained distantly courteous to their neighbors until 1960, when new orders came from James Taylor Jr., a retired New York businessman who is the leader of the sect. Taylor, who styles himself "the authoritative voice of God," decreed that his followers must avoid "contamination" from the unclean by abandoning all association with non-Brethren. The Exclusives were thereby forbidden to mix professionally or socially with outsiders, and Taylor warned: "Those who do not agree will be excommunicated."

In obedience to Taylor's new dogma, Exclusive landlords in the Scottish town of Peterhead evicted non-Brethren tenants; Exclusive fishermen fired crewmen who did not belong to the sect. Members of the sect were forced to leave their jobs in Midlands factories because Taylor's rules forbade them to join unions. Marriages have foundered on the doctrine of separation; in Walsall, for example, Businessman Leslie Pearson and his father-in-law Frederick Jessop publicly complained that their wives would not even speak to them when the two men left the sect. In Staffordshire, two spinster sisters who belonged to the Exclusives committed suicide after they were forbidden to speak to old friends.

So far, about half the Brethren have left the sect rather than obey Taylor; one Tory M.P. has heard so many tales of hardship from his constituents that last month he asked for a Home Office investigation of the sect. But difficult as their new way of life may be, the rest of the Brethren have followed Taylor, convinced that to live with the Lord means not to live with other men.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

A Question of Leadership

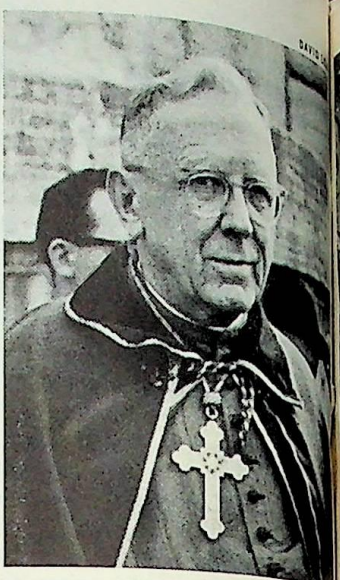
At St. John's Seminary near Los Angeles one morning last week, the Rev. William Du Bay entered the chapel, genuflected before James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, put his hand on a Bible in the cardinal's lap, and made a profession of loyalty to him. Then, as hundreds of priests watched, Du Bay kissed the cardinal's hands and withdrew. A week earlier, Father Du Bay had publicly petitioned the Pope to remove McIntyre as Archbishop of Los Angeles, charging the cardinal with "gross malfeasance in office" for what he called his superior's failure to condemn racism as a moral evil.

Priests who would play Luther are notably rare in the Roman Cath Church today, and Father Du Bay came something of a national celeb A fresh-faced man of 29, he had been transferred from parishes charges of pressing for civil rights excessive zeal. He then applied for sion service in Kenya, and instead made administrative assistant in a ly Negro parish in Compton, an in trial suburb of Los Angeles. Impre by his parishioners' passionate com for equality, Father Du Bay did a burn. One morning fortnight ago said Mass, then went to the Gr Los Angeles Press Club and loosed thunderbolt against the cardinal. spent the rest of the day, hea mouth, teaching some of the parish how to play a game called "Steal Bacon."

But Father Du Bay never mean play the Luther game to the poi leaving the church, and McIntyre sponded by using a bishop's norma ciplinary powers. The chancery str Father Du Bay of his administra duties and silenced him.

No Challenges. Canon law aut ized McIntyre's move, but he is su strong-minded man that it was from the first he would brook no lenges. A year ago, when Swiss ologian Hans Küng spoke to Catho all over the U.S. on reform in church, conservative Cardinal McIn forbade him to talk at U.C.L.A. does not like such liberal Catholic azines as *America*, *The Commonw* and *Ave Maria*, and so he has ban them from his archdiocesan semina McIntyre was one of 19 cardinals last year signed a statement protes to the Vatican Council the "here methods"—such as the technique form criticism, devised by Germa Protestant theologians—used by Cat olic Biblical scholars.

An ascetic and humble man, Intyre entered the priesthood late life. Born in Manhattan, the son of invalided former city employee, he tended public high school, City Co



CARDINAL McINTYRE
In the face of protest . . .

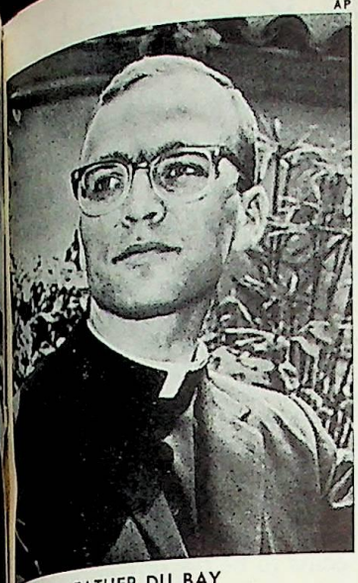
MIRRORPIC

FREDERICK JESSOP (RIGHT) RAILING AT EXCLUSIVE BRETHREN WIFE & DAUGHTER
Saints must speak only to saints.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

AP



FATHER DU BAY
... a profession of loyalty.

Columbia University at night, while ving days for a Wall Street broker- firm. At 29, he turned down the er of a partnership to enter St. Jo- 's Seminary at Yonkers, N.Y. He ordained in 1921, spent two years a curate in a Manhattan church, put his financial skills to work as dministrative officer in New York's ocesan chancery. So successful he that he was consecrated as one Francis Spellman's auxiliary bishops 941, and five years later became tor archbishop.

Spellman and McIntyre are good ds, but they did not always see eye on all public issues. In 1947 Mc- denounced, and thereby helped a state anti-discrimination law, h he called "formed after a Com- nistic pattern." A year later Spell- recommended him for the vacant of Los Angeles and presided at his allation.

Arriving in Los Angeles, McIntyre ped his predecessor's plans for a cathedral and began the most vig- construction drive for parochial ols of any diocese in the world. To this has resulted in the astonishing tion of 206 new schools, bringing total for the diocese to 347. With ifornia's population boom, his flock grown from 625,000 to 1,500,000 5 years, and he has opened 76 new ches, five new hospitals. In 1953 he me California's first cardinal.

Ticklets at the Chancery. McIntyre provided what many Catholics re- as shrewd and adroit leadership his archdiocese. But since he keeps ing that "there is no racial prob- in Los Angeles," he is a wide-open et for critics, both in and out of the rch, who know better. He has for- den priests and nuns to take part racial demonstrations, and refused ocesan recognition to a lay-run holic Human Relations Council. As result, another lay organization called holics United for Racial Equality has quently picketed his chancery.

Last week Cardinal McIntyre was on a retreat, and unavailable for comment. Archdiocesan officials pointed out that he is not a segregationist, has signed the antiracist statements of the U.S. Catholic hierarchy, and has many times avowed his support of equality for all. But his other actions have helped create an ambivalent image—an image of a man who has prosecuted his ecclesiastical mission with zeal but has failed to seize the moral leadership that many of his flock had expected of him.

THEOLOGIANS

The New Jerusalem

Who was the most brilliant mind of the 18th century? A good case could be made for Newton, Voltaire, Samuel Johnson—or for Emanuel Swedenborg, the polymathic scientist and seer whose fame lingers on not just in literature but in churches that honor his writing as the vehicle for the second coming of God's word.

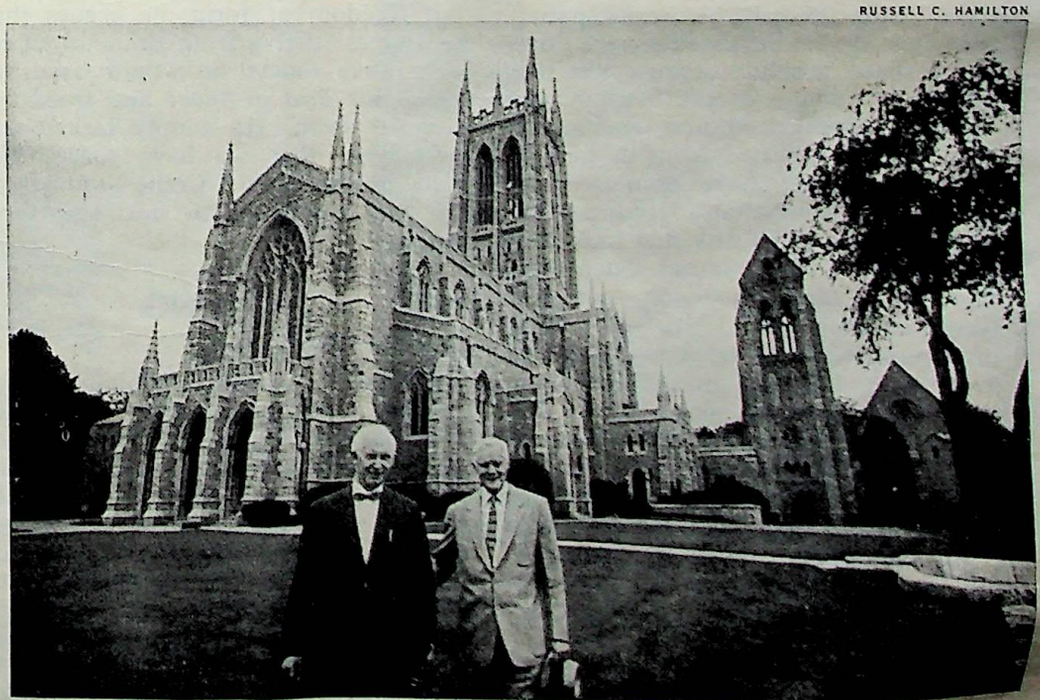
Born in 1688, the son of a bishop in Sweden's state church, Swedenborg was a kind of Nordic Da Vinci. He invented a machine gun and a fire extinguisher, first explained to the world the phenomenon of phosphorescence and the function of the ductless glands, devised a nebular hypothesis to account for the origin of the universe. Metallurgist, physiologist and mathematician, he knew nine languages, and promoted fiscal reforms and liquor regulations as a member of Sweden's Diet.

Conversations with Spirits. At the age of 57, after seeing a vision of Christ, Swedenborg abandoned his secular pursuits for theology, and his religious writings run to 30 fat volumes. His thinking was decidedly un-Lutheran. Rejecting the traditional doctrine of the Trinity, he taught that Christ alone was God. Man, he argued, was not saved by faith alone, as Luth natural perfect the world. Swede visions of heaven described at great le ical writings. He also quent conversations w informed him that a church was coming into b his works would form the of its teachings.

Despite his prediction of the "New Jerusalem," Swedenborg died a Lutheran, and was buried according to the rites of the Swedish church. In 1784, his followers organized a society to propagate his teachings, which have influenced such disparate figures as Balzac, Emerson, Lincoln, and Helen Keller. Today there are more than 7,000 loyal Swedenborgians in the U.S. (and about 45,000 elsewhere) who belong to three churches. The biggest concentration of them is in the Philadelphia suburb of Bryn Athyn; there, most of the town's population of 1,100 belong to the General Church of the New Jerusalem, which for 51 years has been putting up a magnificent—but still incomplete—Gothic cathedral.

Courage & Zest. Last week, another Swedenborgian church, the General Convention of the New Jerusalem in the U.S.A., held its 141st annual meeting in Philadelphia. About 200 of the faithful showed up to elect new officers and discuss the continuing relevance of the Swedish sage. "His really great mind relates faith to the world of science," said Dr. Dorothea Harvey, associate professor of religion at Lawrence College. Says Adolph Liebert of Pittsburgh, a research and development engineer: "He has given me a perspective on what life is for and how to use it. He gives me the courage and zest to look for a new day."

RUSSELL C. HAMILTON



SWEDENBORGIAN CATHEDRAL (WITH CURATOR COOPER, ARCHITECT PITCAIRN)
A Gothic tribute to a Nordic Da Vinci.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SCULPTURE

Merlin with Magnets

Sculpture must defy gravity, says Alberto Collie, and by using magnets he performs feats of levitation with objects made of aluminum, copper and magnesium. Though Collie's magnetized sculptures do not soar with full airborne freedom, they do hover and float* above their pedestals, attached by almost imperceptible nylon strings. The effect is playful and magical-rather like Collie himself, who combines the hot-eyed zeal of a young Merlin with the twinkle-eyed grin of a boy with a toy. Collie, 25, calls his works spatial-absolutes: spatial because they are floating in space, absolute because "the true essence of a shape, its 100% value" can be fully experienced and appreciated only when it is lifted from its base.

Two sculptural shapes dominate Collie's show at Manhattan's Nordness Gallery. One is a tilted disk that looks like a model of a flying saucer. Such disks jiggle at a fingertip touch, but may weigh as much as 13 lbs.—as a thief discovered when he tried to whisk one away from the Chrysler Art Museum, only to have it drop with a clang. The second, also a space-age motif, resembles the hollow cone of a missile. Inside, visible from both ends, are two metallic spheres, one hanging down like a tiny bathysphere on its nylon thread, and by its magnet attracting the magnet in another sphere that levitates upward, tethered by a thread. Each open end of the sculpture gives out a sound like a giant sea shell humming with the rhythm of breakers. If the viewer steps back a few paces, the interior spheres look like twin, lightless moons haunting the barren landscape of a science-fiction planet.

Collie's spatial-absolutes represent a marriage of technology and art, but science is clearly the stronger partner. Yet Collie insists that he is no technological faddist catering to a novelty-hungry art public that is ready to pay $1,000 to $3,500 for his floating sculpture. In his obsession with simplicity and freedom of form, he argues that his shapes "derive from Brancusi. If he were alive today, he would have released his *Bird in Space* and freed the *Fish* to swim. He simply lacked the technology that we have today. His work implies flight." Collie promises to fly even higher in his next show: no strings.

HENRY GROSSMAN

SCULPTOR COLLIE & SPATIAL-ABSOLUTE
Doing what Brancusi would have liked to do.

* *Using the principle that identical magnetic poles (two norths or two souths) repel each other. Collie embeds light, powerful ceramic magnets in the floating and fixed elements of his sculptures, which are themselves made of light, nonmagnetic metals.*

PAINTING

History in Portraits

Gilbert Stuart tartly maintained that "no one would paint history who could do a portrait," but as the chief depicter of George Washington, he showed that to paint portraits is often to paint great history. Over the centuries, on a less exalted plane, an amazing amount of homely personal history also stuck to the brushes of the portrait painters, but the daguerreotype and the photograph in the end reduced this broad popular stream of American art to a trickle. The rise and decline of portraiture is the most striking theme of a World's Fair exhibit called "Four Centuries of American Masterpieces" (*see opposite*) and housed in the Better Living [illegible]

More Doll Than Boy. The first [illegible] World painters called themselves [illegible] sans and drew picture signs for [illegible] or coated fire buckets, depend[illegible] the state of business. In that [illegible] frugal age, a commission for a [illegible] was a plum. "Limning" a portrait [illegible] producing a flat two-dimensional [illegible] ness, and what gives tang to these [illegible] now is the period flavor and naïve [illegible] sureness of craft or conviction [illegible] Primitive, untutored and serene [illegible] anonymous 1670 *Portrait of* [illegible] *Gibbs* is a charming example [illegible] limner's style. The floor is in [illegible] tive; little Henry is not. More [illegible] boy, more doll than either, the [illegible] seems to be floating through the [illegible] not rooted in it. Yet the boy's [illegible] painting's mood of grave, graceful [illegible] possession is undiminished after [illegible] three centuries. In time, the limner [illegible] came the itinerant painters who [illegible] crossed the continent by foot, horse [illegible] and wagon well into the 19th [illegible] painting family portraits in return [illegible] food and temporary lodging.

Artists of loftier vocation expatriated themselves to study in England and absorb the classic mastery of Renaissance portraiture. John Singleton Copley was one such, but before he left [illegible] shores, he had already put together a masterly portrait gallery of some of his fellow Bostonians. His *Portrait of Nathaniel Hurd*, a famed silversmith and engraver, stares back at the viewer with a keen, curious, probing [illegible] sity that is uncannily lifelike. As John Adams said of Copley's portraits, [illegible] can scarcely help discoursing with them, asking questions and receiving answers."

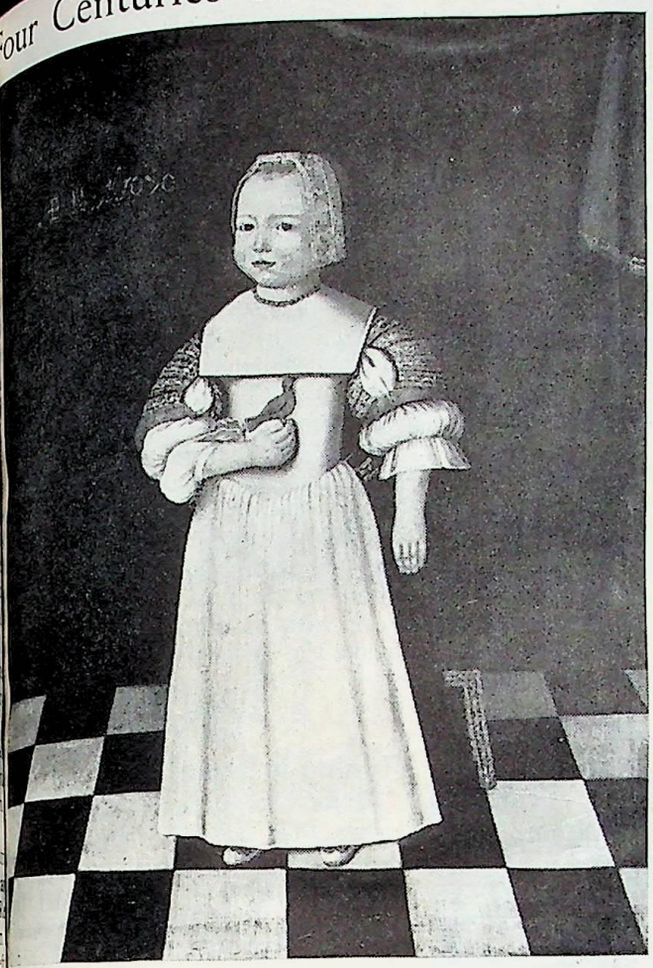
Bravado & Bravery. The idea that portraits were history came naturally to Western Painter George Catlin. In the 1830s he resolved to assemble a pictorial record of the last golden years of the Indians freely living their own lives. He rode across hundreds of miles of unmapped prairie, visited 48 tribes and painted 600 pictures. His *Indian Gallery* is a triumph of photographic realism blended with psychological insight. There is a trace of bravado in the [illegible] stance, backed by ultimate bravery, in the clenched right fist. Around the eyes and mouth is the faint hint of sadness, a boy fated never to roam and rule the land of his father.

The mask of anguish in Marsden Hartley's *The Lost Felice* hides a different sort of grief. It is a symbol of [illegible] anhood mourning her drowned [illegible] The 20th century's passion for abstraction makes any representational [illegible] seem accessibly human, but the grief of mother in Hartley's picture [illegible] a woman only in the way that an [illegible] echo resembles a voice. The intense distortions of the 1939 picture [illegible] complete the cycle begun with the intentional distortions of the 1670 [illegible] Perhaps fittingly, the decline of portraiture ends without a portrait.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foun

Four Centuries of American Faces



MRS. DAVID M. GILTINAN

COLONIAL 1670 PORTRAIT OF HENRY GIBBS

J. S. COPLEY'S C. 1770 OIL OF NATHANIEL HURD

MARSDEN HARTLEY'S 1939 "THE LOST FELICE"

WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART

GEORGE CATLIN'S 1835 STUDY OF AN INDIAN BOY

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Electronics / Telecommunications
NEC
Nippon Electric Company Limited
P.O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o The People's Bank #13, 625 Merchant St., Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$400; 3 yrs, NT$800; 5 yrs, NT$1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S.$11.25; 3 yrs, U.S.$22.50; 5 yrs, U.S.$33.75), TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, C. D. Jackson; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Arthur R. Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

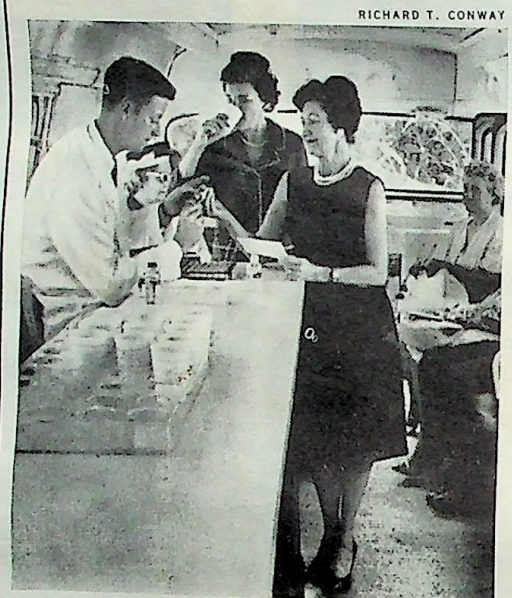
MEDICINE

DIAGNOSIS

Detecting Diabetes Early

Secretaries turned out during their lunch hour; housewives with kids queued up before trips to the supermarket; businessmen stopped by after a day at the office. Wherever the blue-and-white trailer picked a place to park in Cleveland, crowds gathered for a free drink of flavored corn syrup. And two hours later the drinkers returned to the trailer. Not that Clevelanders were afflicted with a sudden thirst; on their second visit, instead of getting another shot of syrup, they donated a blood sample. A technician smeared the blood on chemically treated cardboard. In a matter of moments the results were obvious.

RICHARD T. CONWAY



CLEVELAND MOBILE DAC LAB
4.5% are victims.

If the cardboard changed color from grey to blue, sugar from the corn syrup had not returned to normal level in the drinker's blood, showing a distinct possibility of diabetes.

The city-wide campaign organized by DAC (Diabetes Association of Greater Cleveland) was eloquent testimony to one of the ironies of modern medicine. Diabetes has been a well-controlled, though incurable, disease ever since 1921 when Sir Frederick Banting and Charles Best first extracted insulin from sweetbreads. But with the aged accounting for more and more of the U.S. population, and diabetes predominantly a disease of old age, it is estimated that one person in every 80 is a sufferer. Says International Diabetes Federation President Howard Root: "Excluding goiter, diabetes is the most prevalent endocrine disorder in the U.S."

Early diagnosis means that insulin or other treatment may help prevent such complications as hypertension, calcified arteries, and blindness. And the DAC test, developed by Drs. Gerald Kent and Jack Leonards of Western Reserve University, detects the disease even before sugar begins to appear in the urine —where it is now picked up by c tional testing.

In Ceveland, whenever a car test strip turns blue, a second sample is taken for more thorough ing in the Kent-Leonards auto-a at Western Reserve. If this test positive, the subject is asked to co for a third check; if diabetes is dicated, the subject's doctor is inf by letter, then by a telephone f up. Thus far, the tests have up a 4.5% incidence of diabetes Clevelanders, and Kent and Le suspect that the old estimate of ap mately 1% for the entire U.S. is fa low. They hope to get a chance to their hunch next year when the test, with its corn-syrup cocktail, pected to get a nationwide tryout.

DENTISTRY

Tuning in Teeth

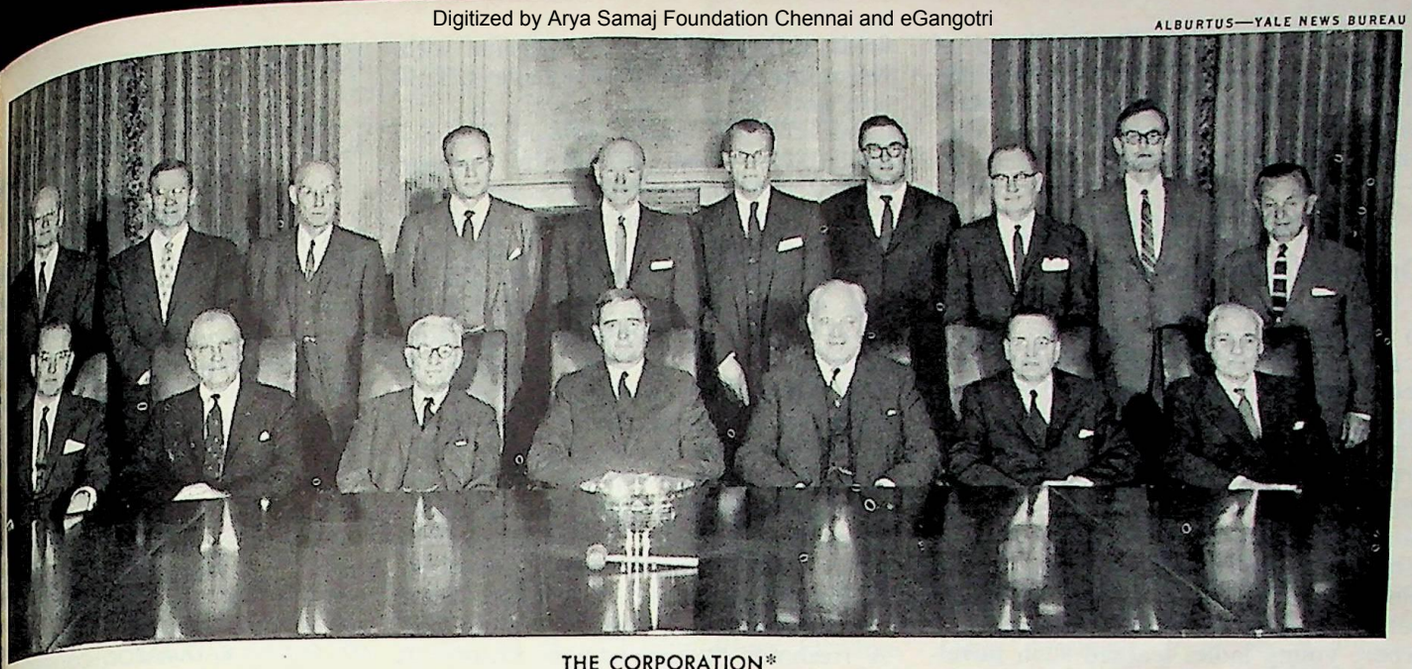
Every so often a dental patie ports that a tooth has turned i radio receiver, that one of his fi is acting like an old-fashioned cr set. Now dentists have devised a of reversing the process: they are fitting teeth to do the transmitting.

In an effort to learn what goe inside the mouth when people c drink or swallow, Dr. Samuel Adam 28, and his associates at Roche N.Y.'s Eastman Dental Dispensary, been bugging the bridgework of vo teers with tiny radio transmitters i into dummy teeth. Crammed inside electronic tooth are a transistor, an duction coil, two capacitors, a res and a hearing-aid battery—all mi turized items developed by the Force. Once the radio denture is place, the subject enters a Faraday c a metal-mesh enclosure that blocks most outside electrical disturbances. the subject chews and drinks in his st free environment, his tooth transm gives out a signal every time two sp of gold on the chewing surfaces of opposing teeth come together. In a tion, a muscle-tension detector attac to the skin of his jaw is connected t electromyograph. The signals from chewing teeth and the muscle-tens record of the electromyograph picked up by a receiver and record on tape before being translated graphs. Some subjects have been wir for sound in their sleep, in hope th their late, late broadcasts may be he ful in studying the relation betwe teeth grinding and dreaming.

So far the chewing programs of volunteers have been tuned in, and Dr. Adams hopes that his records will even tually aid his colleagues in telling if bite is good or poor in real dentures. What reward do the volunteers get for their services? A piece of nonbroadcasting bridgework to replace their own missing molars.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



ALBURTUS—YALE NEWS BUREAU

THE CORPORATION*
"L'université, c'est nous."

EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

yal Blues

With dignity, earnestness and im-ense discretion, four men last week ove for election to a place on one of e nation's most select, secretive and mber ruling bodies: the board of uni-sity trustees that is styled by ancient ge as the Yale Corporation. Follow-tradition, an alumni committee put an official slate for Yale's 85,000 duates to choose from: Flour Heir p W. Pillsbury, 60; Republican ngressman John V. Lindsay, 42, of w York; and George B. Young, 51, ecutive vice president of Chicago's ld Enterprises Inc. Competing with em was William Horowitz, 57, a New ven banker and chairman of the nnecticut state board of education. Petition candidates rarely have much a chance, but there was a special ry in the case of Horowitz, whose n and son-in-law were also Yale men. ve hundred alumni, including Demo-atic Senator Thomas G. Dodd and ding Republican John Alsop, signed e nominating petition to get him on e ballot on the general theory that "it uld be a good sign" to have a Jew on e board for the first time in the cor-ration's history. However, in the bal-ing, the alumni's choice was New rk Congressman Lindsay, '44.

Congregational Ministers. By his elec-n, Lindsay became one of six cor-ration members chosen by the alum-one every year, for six-year terms.* the elected "fellows" are not the ole board; ten co-ruling "successor stees" jointly pick their own replace-

Harvard's seven-member corporation, which n the university on financial and policy ers, is composed of the president, treasurer ve fellows—currently four lawyers and a Harvard Board of Overseers, who approve ing appointments for longer than a year and ervise the school's program and facilities ugh 43 "visiting committees" made up of mni and outsiders.

ME, JUNE 26, 1964

ments and serve *until* they are 68. For most of Yale's history, the ten successors ran the corporation, reluctantly agreed to give graduates representation in 1871. In earlier times, the ten were invariably Congregational ministers from Connecticut, like Yale's founding fathers. This pattern was smashed in 1905: the corporation admitted a Congregational minister from New York. The only Congregationalist left is Amos N. Wilder, a Harvard divinity professor, who must retire this year.

The essential power of the corporation is ownership of the university—buildings, endowment, everything fixed and movable that is Yale. "*L'université, c'est nous*," joked former Corporation Member Dean Acheson. The corporation manages all finance and investment, must give recorded approval to each course of study, faculty appointment and degree. In practice, said Acheson, "we don't interfere with the running of the college. This would be the quickest way to louse things up." Instead, the corporation applies itself seriously to its key job, which is to pick the president of the university, and usually ratifies his decisions.

"We are all busy men," says Herbert F. Sturdy, a Los Angeles lawyer who five years ago was elected as the first member from the Far West. "But for me, the corporation comes ahead of everything—all business, social or family." He flies in ten times a year for two-day meetings in New Haven and, like most members, rarely misses a session.

"Clams or Oysters?" The sessions are conducted according to tradition as tenacious as the Yale bulldog. Members arrive on a Friday morning, meet in committees (educational policy, finance, budgets, endowments and gifts, buildings and grounds, honorary degrees), and in the evening go to Mory's, where the waiter laconically asks each of them: "Clams or oysters? Steak or lobster?" Informal talks are leavened by tact, wit and persuasive intellectual argument. "There is a tremendous sodality," says Walpole Scholar Wilmarth Lewis, who holds the record for continuous membership, 26 years.

At 9:15 the next morning, the corporation assembles in its paneled Woodbridge Hall meeting room, sitting around a mahogany table in high-backed leather chairs, each bearing an engraved plate with the name of the occupant. No one smokes until university officers and corporation committees present their reports. Then a faint cloud of blue begins to fill the air, while the group politely strives to reach their decisions.

Only after they agree do Yale and the rest of the world hear about it—maybe. And, as Acheson put it, "we never give reasons for our decisions, merely the blunt fact of them. How vulnerable are those who explain—courts, statesmen, editors. We can say

* Front row (from left): John Hay Whitney, financier, publisher of the New York Herald Tribune; Juan T. Trippe, president of Pan American World Airways; Wilmarth S. Lewis, author and editor; Kingman Brewster Jr., president of Yale (ex officio); Edwin F. Blair, lawyer; Gardiner M. Day, Episcopal minister; B. Brewster Jennings, former Socony-Mobil Oil Board chairman, whose term is expiring. Standing: Caryl P. Haskins, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington; William McChesney Martin Jr., Federal Reserve Board chairman; Amos N. Wilder, Harvard Divinity School professor; J. Richardson Dilworth, president of Rockefeller Brothers Inc.; Herbert F. Sturdy, lawyer; J. Irwin Miller, Cummins Engine Co. board chairman and former president of the National Council of Churches; Harold Howe II, Scarsdale (N.Y.) superintendent of schools; T. Keith Glennan, president of Case Institute and former administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration; William P. Bundy, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs; Frank O. H. Williams, Connecticut General Life Insurance Co. executive. Glennan, Howe, Martin, Sturdy and Williams are elected alumni fellows.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

of our views, as Mr. Churchill did of his when challenged with inconsistency, 'My views are a harmonious process which keeps them in relation to the current movement of events.' "

PRIVATE SCHOOLS

On the Slopes of Mt. Ida

"Genuine learning has ever been said to give polish to man; why then should it not bestow charms on women?" Pioneer Educator Emma Willard 150 years ago answered her own question with energy and decision. As farmers jeered ("They'll be educating the cows next"), she started a school for girls in her home in Middlebury, Vt. A few years later she moved her classes to a remodeled coffee house in Troy, N.Y., and set up the school as a Female Seminary, where young ladies learned such novelties as science, philosophy, literature, foreign languages and history.

By virtue of this head start, "Fem Sem," now the Emma Willard School, is the oldest academic girls' school in the U.S. It is still as progressively rigorous as in the days of its no-frills founder. "No deb balls for us," says Principal William Dietel, 37. "The parents want their children to have a superior education. They don't want it all gummed up with manners."

White Gloves & Pink Diplomas. Ungummed social graces were much in evidence last week as 90 graduates carried pink diplomas in one white-gloved hand and pink roses in the other. An organ played, and as if on signal, the girls broke into tears—for Emma Willard will be hard to leave.

The beautifully landscaped 55-acre campus, on the slopes of Mt. Ida, near Troy, centers on a quadrangle of neo-Gothic dorms and classrooms mostly donated by Alumna Mrs. Russell Sage (wife of a millionaire investor), a library with 19,000 volumes, hockey fields, riding stables, a gymnasium with swimming pool and bowling alleys. Tuition and board costs $3,000, and optional charges (piano lessons, for example) can raise the bill by another $1,000. Yet Emma Willard is not a rich school; the endowment per pupil is $2,500, compared to $11,400 for Miss Porter's in Connecticut. Emma Willard took in only $80,000 in gifts last year, all of which went to scholarships and loans to 62 of its 340 students. A $5,000,000 fund-raising drive aims to finance new construction, raise teachers' salaries (average: $4,000-$5,000), and widen scholarship aid.

Learning by Era. Modernizing a plan of study introduced by Emma Willard in the 19th century, the curriculum integrates its studies of art, religion, music and literature into single historical eras. A freshman studies ancient history. A sophomore learning about the Renaissance studies the medieval church, listens to Gregorian chants, designs an illuminated manuscript in her art class. The junior year concentrates on the industrial revolution, and the senior year on modern times.

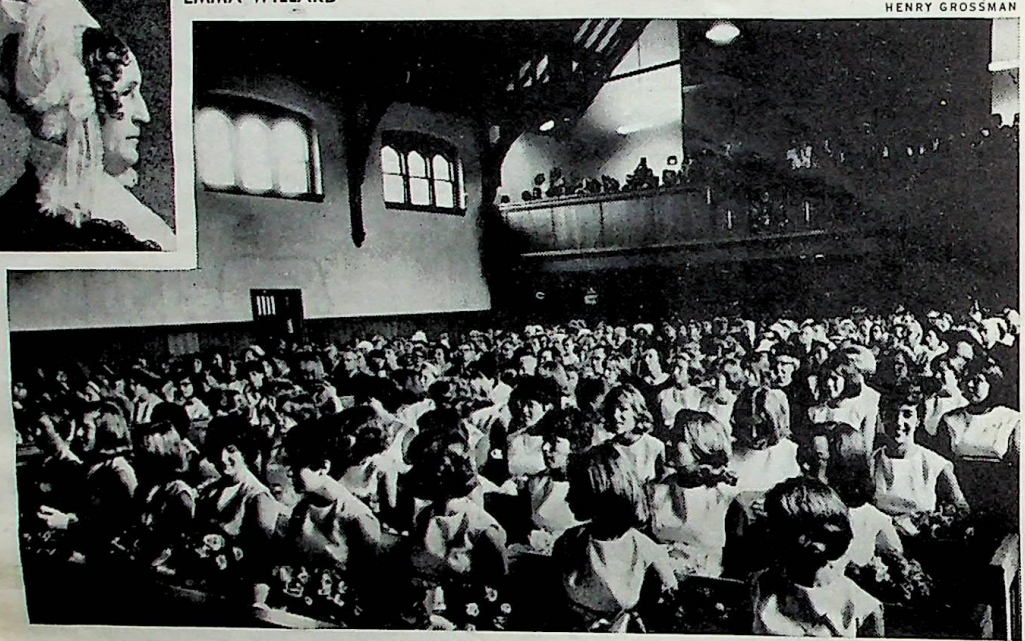
About half of the girls go on to some 40 women's colleges in the East, including all the "Seven Sisters," but no particular sister more than the others; the other half—for all Emma Willard girls go to college—choose coed colleges all over the U.S. Girls from Emma Willard usually do exceptionally well, and many become lawyers, doctors and teachers.

Principal Dietel, a graduate of Exeter, Princeton and Yale, came to Emma Willard in 1961 from Amherst, where he was assistant professor of humanities. "I knew nothing about teen-age girls," he said, but his ignorance has been a blessing. While keeping academic standards as tough as ever, he has softened some of the starchiness. Young ladies may now wear pink nail polish.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

EMMA WILLARD

HENRY GROSSMAN



CLASS OF '64 AT COMMENCEMENT

Right on schedule, the girls broke into tears.

Kudos

BOWDOIN COLLEGE

• George David Woods, president of the World Bank—LL.D.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

• Jean Lesage, Premier of Quebec, Canada's province—LL.D. *The leader of New Hampshire's only foreign neighbor (U.S. being, as you may have heard, somewhere else again).*

• Eugene Rabinowitch, physical chemist, authority on photosynthesis—D.Sc. *One of the universalists of our time.*

• Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, president and publisher, the New York Times—LL.D.

DETROIT INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

• Donald J. Hardenbrook, chairman of the board, National Association of Manufacturers—D.Sc.

KALAMAZOO COLLEGE

• John Ciardi, poet—L.H.D.

• Clark M. Eichelberger, executive director, American Association for the United Nations—LL.D.

KEUKA COLLEGE

• The Rev. Theodore F. Adams, pastor of First Baptist Church of Richmond, Va., former president (1955-60) of the Baptist World Alliance—LL.D.

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

• Ralph J. Bunche, U.N. undersecretary—LL.D.

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

• Edward W. Brooke, attorney general of Massachusetts—D.P.A.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

• Christian A. Herter, former U.S. Secretary of State, now chief negotiator in tariff talks at Geneva—LL.D. *He has represented America to the world, the dignity of man above the narrow walls of nationalism.*

• Frederick Seitz, physicist, president of the National Academy of Sciences—L.H.D.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE

• Charles Brackett, screenwriter, producer (*Lost Weekend, The King and I*)—L.H.D.

•. Dean Rusk, U.S. Secretary of State—LL.D.

• Rudolf Serkin, pianist—D.Mus.

YALE UNIVERSITY

• Julian P. Boyd, historian, editor—L.H.D. *Papers of Thomas Jefferson that is Holding with Thomas Jefferson that no other sure foundation can be devised for the preservation of freedom and happiness" than "the diffusion of knowledge among the people," you have by your masterly editing of his papers added to leadership in searching out and preserving the history of humanity.*

• William Averell Harriman, U.S. Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs—LL.D.

• Philip Caryl Jessup, Judge, International Court of Justice—LL.D.

• Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, husband-and-wife stage team—L.H.D.

• Robert Sargent Shriver Jr., * director of the Peace Corps—LL.D.

* For whom this degree is the seventh of the season.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CONDUCTORS

nger than Springtime

he old lady is 79; the old man is y 70. They have been courting other every spring for the past years. But to tradition-steeped Bos- the match is as youthful as ever. town turns out when the red neon atop Symphony Hall blinks Pops, and Conductor Arthur Fiedler the first, firm downbeat to his love, the Boston Pops Orchestra. the gladiola-banked Pops podium week, the silver-maned maestro, is celebrating his first half-century the Boston Symphony, proved once that in a city which demands the in music, his fizzy Pops concerts the perfect spring tonic. The for- is familiar: two parts classical and classical to one part popular—plus ash of the unexpected.

Fiedler puts things together with an ing knack for creative program- and a repertory of close to a thou- selections from Bach to Chubby ker. With exuberant ease, the stro and 90 members from the Bos- Symphony Orchestra achieve what of their imitators are still striving popularity for Pops.

Middlebrow Stuff. Shoehorned into green- gilt chairs at dime-sized tables, last 's audience snacked on ham sand- s, strawberry sundaes, champagne, pink "Pops punch" and Fiedler's buffet—everything from a glass- g Sousa march ("to get every- 's attention") to a Mendelssohn mo, a Strauss waltz, a Weber over- and a splash of lushly orchestrated tunes. For surprise encores Vau- n Fiedler uncorked a brassy, off- *I Want to Hold Your Hand* com- with handclapping and nasal cho- of "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah" from the section, and a breezy *Hello*, punctuated with the wheeee of 's slide whistle and the oooga s of a Klaxon horn.

You've got to give peop!e a pro- that has easy appeal," explains r, "something for everybody, a variety of the best music played love and kisses but never over- l. You can't really enjoy some- if there is no fun in it." Served up r fashion, Pops concerts are so fun that they are booked solid up year in advance by such diverse as the Democratic Women on and the Boston Police Depart- Fiedler could conduct six nuns the cello and it would be a sell- claims one Pops musician.

all his high jinks, though, Fiedler laces his joy juice with headier from Handel, Frescobaldi, Poulenc Stravinsky. He delights in proclaim- 've been accused of making more for music than any other con- ductor. I have no use for those snobs who look down their noses at everything but the most highbrow music. I'm a serious musician, but I don't want to be classified. I'd be bored doing only symphony music."

Fire Buff. Descendant of a long line of fiddling Fiedlers (his father and two uncles were violinists with the B.S.O.), Arthur studied at Berlin's Royal Academy of Music, joined the Boston Symphony in 1915 and played musical chairs (violin, viola, celesta, piano, organ and percussions) before he founded the open-air Esplanade Concerts in 1929 and began luring up to 20,000 persons across the Arthur Fiedler Bridge to the banks of the Charles River for free concerts. In 1930 he became the first Boston-bred conductor of the Pops.

An irrepressible fire buff, Fiedler indoctrinated his Beacon Hill socialite bride by squiring her to all-night vigils in firehouses, for variety dragged her along on forays with the Boston police. Today the Fiedlers live in a baronial brick mansion in Brookline with their two daughters, a son, and a collection of fire helmets and honorary fire-chief badges from some 90 cities.

The future? "Fifty more years," he says grandly, professing again his allegiance to Rossini's credo: " 'Every kind of music is good—except the boring kind.' "

OPERA

Right in the Heart of Paris

As soon as the curtain dropped on the performance of Bellini's *Norma*, fist fights erupted, insults bounced between boxes, and the grandly helmeted Gardes Républicaines clanked into action. One bejeweled matron tore the glasses off a startled young man next to her; another dug her fingernails into her adversary's Balenciaga décolleté. Dress Designer Yves Saint Laurent dealt his neighbor a smart kick in the shins. Monaco's Princess Grace, along with Charlie Chaplin, his wife and his brood, fled for the exits. Aristotle Onassis and Rudolf Bing stayed on to applaud. The tumult raged for a full 30 minutes. Then at 2 a.m., the object of it all, Maria Callas, slipped out the stage door of the Paris Opera, ducked into her flower-strewn limousine, and

MILTON FEINBERG

FIEDLER & BOSTON POPS
"Something for everybody."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

purred off into the balmy Paris night.

Pro- and anti-Callas factions have been squaring off ever since the celebrated diva opened in *Norma* a month ago. But the big uproar began when at one performance she reached for a high C and nothing came out, eliciting a cry of "Take her to the cloakroom!" from the gallery. Despite the furor, Callas and *Norma* were judged a triumph by the Paris critics. WHO CARES ABOUT A LITTLE B-FLAT, headlined Paris Presse. This week, at the conclusion of *Norma's* run, everyone agreed that Director Georges Auric, 65, who was hired two years ago on his promise to "bring a breath of new life" to the Paris Opera, had delivered the most exciting season in recent memory.

Tourists Only. When Auric first took on the weighty title of Administrateur de la Réunion des Théâtres Lyriques Nationaux, he took on a ponderous load of problems as well (TIME, April 27, 1962). Mired in a vast swamp of bureaucracy, militant unions and second-rate talent, the state-operated Paris Opera had foundered helplessly for nearly two decades. Five postwar administrators had promised revolution, only to sink quietly into the morass. Some tried staging productions *à la* Folies-Bergère, featuring flights of ballerinas being hoisted to heaven on wires, madly flapping their arms and showering rose petals while spray guns hissed perfume into the audience. But the audiences hissed right back, and the Paris Opera, a towering rococo palace covering three acres right in the heart of the city, remained a flop.

JEAN-LUCE HURÉ

AURIC & CALLAS
Breathing new life.

Vowing to change all that in short order or else resign, Auric started boldly by scheduling Alban Berg's fiercely modern *Wozzeck*. "If I am not able to mount this production," he declared, "I will know that nothing can be done for the National Opera here." He demanded an unprecedented 35 rehearsals, grappled successfully with eleven labor unions (guardians of the Opera's bloated staff of 1,100, including 95 stagehands, 35 firemen, 32 electricians, 30 wardrobe mistresses), but still lacked funds for his crash program.

New Era. Undaunted, Auric, who lives in the shadow of the Elysées Palace, marched across the street to have a word with an influential neighbor—General Charles de Gaulle. "We understood each other perfectly," says Auric, chomping on his cigar. "I just said to him, 'General, I need money.' Then I explained the situation, and everything went off very well."

Wozzeck was a smash. "How long," mused L'Express, "has it been since L'Opéra de Paris has offered its public a work of such strength, executed with such care, love and precision down to the slightest detail? Not since the war certainly." Hiking the cost of tickets up to a high of $16 for *Norma* and brazenly importing big-name, high-priced foreign artists in excess of the legal quota (by government decree not more than 10% of the singers can be foreign), Auric mounted new productions of *Tannhäuser, Don Carlos* and *The Damnation of Faust*. After the first two years, critics were heralding "a new era."

"It's still too early to tell," insists Auric, mindful that many of the old problems, such as the regulation limiting rehearsal time to a mere three hours daily, still exist. But despite his caution, the signs are all good. Parisians queued up before dawn to get tickets to *Norma*, and a black market in seats is prospering nicely.

COMPOSERS

Britten-san

During a tour of Tokyo eight years ago, Composer Benjamin Britten was introduced to "a totally new operatic experience"—a Japanese *No* drama. Fascinated by the stark economy of style and the eerie mixtures of guttural chants, drums and flute, Britten decided that it might be interesting to give an English background to the simple tale of *Sumida-gawa*—a demented mother seeking her lost child.

Britten finally brought East and West together last week in a 14th century Norman church near his home in Aldeburgh, a tiny (pop. 3,000) fishing village on the windswept east coast of England. The occasion was the 17th Aldeburgh Music Festival, where right from the start the main attraction has always been Townsman Britten. The première was just about to begin when a thunderstorm knocked out the electricity. When light was restored, Britten unfolded his hour-long opera, *Curlew River*, a moving parable patterned after an English medieval mystery play, but with strong *No* overtones in its echoes of *Sumida-gawa*, its incantatory music and its austere dramatic styling. Did it mark a new "Oriental period" for Britten? Press and public agreed that *Curlew River* may not be a major work, but it may well mark a turning point in Britten's creative career.

MILESTONES

Born. To Jomo Kenyatta, 74, Kenya "Burning Spear" in the days of the Mau terror, now Prime Minister, and Ngina Kenyatta, 34, his fourth wife, their second son, fourth child (and eighth); in Nairobi.

Died. Sir Henry Spurrier, 66, recently retired chairman of England's Leyland Motor Corp. Ltd., who ited control from his father in when Leyland was limited to d decker buses and army tanks, tur into the world's largest manufactu heavy-duty vehicles by absorbing petitors and peddling everything panel trucks to earth movers to countries, including Castro's Cub which Leyland is delivering 450 bus defiance of the U.S. trade embargo er a long illness; in Preston, Englan

Died. The Right Rev. Arthur B dale Kinsolving II, 69, Episcopal B of Arizona since 1945, member Virginia family that produced clergymen (including bishops of Te and Brazil), who ministered firs West Point cadets, then to Long Is suburbanites before going west, w parishioners ranged from the re rich to the Havasupai Indians; of t tumor; in Carmel, Calif.

Died. Giorgio Morandi, 73, Ita painter following the 19th century pressionist style, a self-effacing rec who spent his days composing se Cézanne-like still lifes of bottles, v and flowers, which brought as muc $10,000 on the open market but w he usually sold to dealers for less $200 because "I would consider it immoral exploitation if I accepted s sums"; after a long illness; in Bologn

Died. Virgil Venice McNitt, 83, P lisher, who in 1922, with Charles Adam, founded the McNaught Sy cate, a newspaper feature service na after McNitt's Scottish ancestors, s hit it rich by selling the homespun orisms of Will Rogers to 700 U.S. lies, went on to establish such co favorites as Dale Carnegie and Joe looka; of cancer; in Southbridge, Ma Still going strong in 1,000 newspa under McAdam, 72, the syndicate features, besides tireless Joe, the F stones, Dixie Dugan, Mickey Finn, Abigail ("Dear Abby") Van Buren.

Died. The Most Rev. Edmund C bons, 95, oldest Roman Catholic bis in the U.S. and head of the Alba N.Y., diocese from 1919 to 1954, tireless crusader against child labor, lacious movies, bingo, and atheism every sort, who once said of Thom Edison, "I believe the publicity gi to his lack of faith made him one the greatest detriments to the w today"; in Albany.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CINEMA

Adult Western

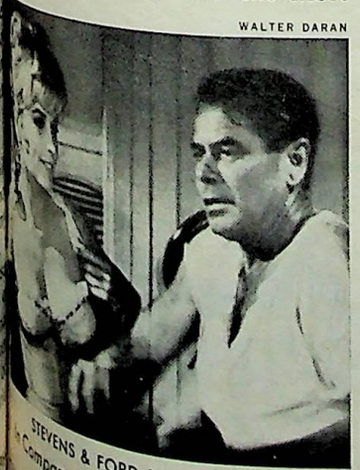
Mail Order Bride. This wistful little romantic comedy looks as though it would like to grow up and become a horse opera. It has gunfights, cattle rustlers, fancy women and a smoke-filled gambling hall, but all the roaring wickedness is dedicated wholeheartedly to the proposition that a feller (Keir Dullea) needs a girl (Lois Nettleton). Cupid's go-between is Buddy Ebsen, a gray old handmaiden who holds the deed to a family friend who holds the deed to a decrepit ranch left to Dullea by his late father, though Dullea can't collect it until he simmers down some. One morning Ebsen strides out of the barn with a Monky Ward order book and begins thumbing through the catalog's listed commodities: wagons, wheat seed, whitewash . . . wives! Off he goes to Kansas City to fetch home for Dullea a scrubbed young widow and her small son.

Despite the predictable foolishness of the plot that further synopsis would confuse, *Mail Order Bride* is an amiable feather-brained entertainment, mostly because Ebsen has buoyant appeal. Masquerading as the frontier wilderness of Monterrey circa 1890, California's High Sierra country fills the wide screen with some breathtaking acreage that no TV oat opera can duplicate. Actor Ebsen seems an authentic embodiment of covered-wagon grit. And though Dullea's bad guy characterization scarcely conceals the fact he is easily redeemable—a sort of boy next door—his warm, fresh, quiet-persuasive scenes with Actress Nettleton recall his vivid debut in *David and Lisa*, and enhance both actors' reputations as a pair of arresting young talents for whom better movies ought to be made.

Non Blue Comedy

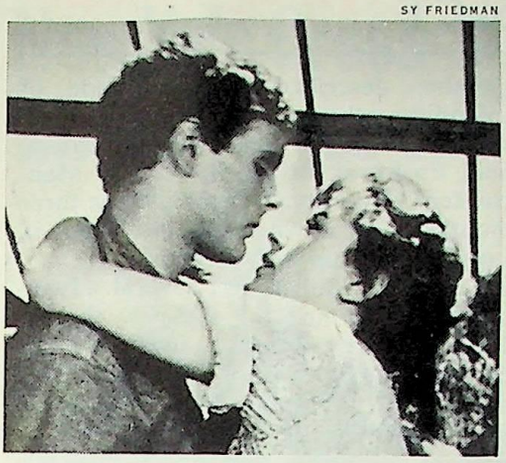
Rear Entrance to the Rear. Since any departure from formula comedy seems welcome, a slapstick farce about the Civil War perhaps deserves a nod for taking a different attack. This frolic proves, however, to be unremittingly broad, energetic, and for the most

WALTER DARAN



STEVENS & FORD IN "REAR"
In Company Q, a bunch of boobs.

SY FRIEDMAN



DULLEA & NETTLETON IN "BRIDE"
In Monky Ward, a wife.

part humorless. Based on a sober historical novel by Jack Schaefer (*Shane*), the movie attempts to spark laughs by logging the misadventures of Company Q, a detachment of Yankee misfits led by inept Colonel Melvyn Douglas and his wry-smiling lieutenant, Glenn Ford. The boobs under their command include a firebug, a flagpole sitter, a kleptomaniac, a skittish soldier afflicted with an untimely burp, and assorted psychopaths.

Enroute to Fort Hooker, an outpost "so far west they'll never be heard from again," the lads in Union Blue board a river boat where they reconnoiter a contingent of bawds house-mothered by Joan Blondell and infiltrated by Stella Stevens, a Confederate spy. As an anti-hero of such indolent disposition that he lets a lady in distress fend off a villain singlehandedly, Ford appears bemused when he should be amusing. Douglas looks plain uncomfortable, and well he might. He gets caught under collapsing tents, heads a sandy downhill charge sitting on skis made from barrel staves, finally leads his men—all wearing nothing but droopy long underwear—in a rampageous free-for-all with renegades who are trying to highjack a shipment of Union gold. Bringing the Civil War era to life in Mack Sennett style calls for a tricky blend of taste and ingenuity that few have tried since Buster Keaton's *The General*, a silent classic of 1926. In *Rear*, a whole platoon of actors work up a sweat doing the funny business that one real comedian might have tripped through with ease.

A Mickey for the Muse

Bedtime Story is a witless, one-joke soporific concocted by a pair of usually wide-awake Hollywood pitchmen. This time out, Producer-Writer Stanley Shapiro (*Lover Come Back, That Touch of Mink*) and Co-Author Paul Henning have pitched a Mickey to the comic muse. *Story* unfolds against rear-projection views of the Riviera, where a bogus Highness (David Niven) and an ex-U.S. Army corporal (Marlon Brando) pool their resources to squeeze a living out of wealthy women such as Dody Goodman, an Omaha madcap just born to be trimmed. The thieves fall out, of course, when both wind up vying for the love and money of Shirley Jones, whom they mistakenly mistake for a soap heiress.

Niven alone survives the picture, coasting through the film on his charm. Early on, before the first tissues appear, he issues a nimble challenge to his co-star: "Are you proposing to pit your crude animal instincts against intelligence, culture and breeding?" Unfortunately Brando answers yes, then lumbers on to demonstrate how a potentially great talent can petrify through miscasting and misuse. In one scene he attempts to seduce the mayor's daughter by performing a squalid striptease. Later, posing as a mentally defective prince, he gibbers like a traumatized gorilla and has to be spoon-fed. Then, pretending to be a crippled, self-pitying veteran, he exploits the comic possibilities of a wheelchair. Funny as a crutch. A few more stiffs like this one and Brando fan clubs will be flying their torn and faded T shirts at half-mast.

Dog Bites Wolf

Wild and Wonderful, which is neither, is a comedy about a poodle so revoltingly cute he makes Tony Curtis seem almost natural. The poodle Cognac, it develops, is a pooch who likes hooch and loves his mistress (Christine Kaufmann) with doglike devotion. Tony is a wolf who hopes to appropriate the mistress. In real life he did: he married Actress Kaufmann while this movie was being made. On screen he has trouble with the watchdog, who 1) spills soup on his lap, 2) contrives to drop a piano on his head, 3) slips him a knockout powder on his wedding night, and 4) fakes suicide to put him in the doghouse. In the end, of course, man beats dog, but only because the scriptwriter is biased in favor of people. After all, he's human—or is he?

Never mind. *Wild and Wonderful* may mean misery for the customers but it probably means happiness for the newlyweds. If their love survived this picture, it can survive anything.

TONY CURTIS & COGNAC IN "WONDERFUL"
In the doghouse, a fake suicide.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COSMOLOGY

Math Plus Mach Equals Far-Out Gravity

What would happen to the solar system if half of the universe disappeared? From Newton to Einstein, most experts have agreed that nothing much would happen except that the sky would have fewer stars. But now British Cosmologist Fred Hoyle says that the sun would shine 100 times brighter and burn the earth to a crisp.

Hoyle is a respected scientist, one of the originators of the theory of continuous creation, which holds that the universe is still being formed by particles that appear out of nothing in empty space. When he presented his new gravitation theory to a packed meeting of Britain's venerable Royal Society, he modestly described his work, done in collaboration with Indian Mathematician Jayant V. Narlikar, as a slight extension of Einstein's theory of general relativity. "We are clearly aware," he explained, "that in putting forward still another idea we may be like small boys trying to steal apples."

LONDON OBSERVER

$$\mathcal{A} \equiv \sum_{a<b} \sum \iint G(A,B)\,da\,db$$

$$\left[\Box G + \tfrac{1}{6} R G\right]_{A,B} = \frac{\delta^{4}(A,B)}{\sqrt{-g}}$$

$$\frac{\delta \mathcal{A}}{\delta g_{ik}} = 0$$

HOYLE & NEW LAW

Why the apple didn't fall up.

Splendid Parade. Far from a slight extension of Einstein's work, Hoyle's apple stealing is more ambitious larceny. His new theory stems from the Mach Principle, that the mass* of every object in the universe is affected by its interaction with every other object. Einstein tried to incorporate the Mach principle in his own scheme of the universe and admittedly failed. Hoyle claims to have succeeded.

Most of the Hoyle-Narlikar lecture consisted of what one Royal Society member described as "a parade of splendid mathematics"; it seems to have stunned to silence nearly all its hearers. Said Professor Brian Flowers of Manchester University: "If you give me three months to sit down and think about it, I might come up with something."

For all its difficulties, several advantages are claimed for the new theory. It explains why gravity is always a force of attraction, never of repulsion. "We all know," said Hoyle, "that the apple hit Newton on the head. It did not fly upward." Einstein took account of this often-observed action by arbitrarily assigning a minus sign to a key quantity in equations. Hoyle demonstrates why the sign must be minus.

Hoyle's theory also explains why galaxies in distant parts of the universe can, theoretically, move away from the earth faster than the speed of light—a limit that Einstein said could not be exceeded. Hoyle argues that it is wrong to compare the speed of light in one locality with the speed of an object in another locality. He believes that his theory makes it easier to explain in earthly terms events that occur in distant localities of the universe.

Hot, Heavy Sun. The most striking consequence of Hoyle-Narlikar gravitation is that it explains how the mass of every particle in the universe helps to create the mass of every other particle. As Hoyle and Narlikar see it, a universe with nothing in it is impossible. There must be at least two particles, each to give mass to the other.

The masses, and therefore the gravity, of the sun and the earth are partly due to each other, partly to more distant objects such as the stars and galaxies. According to Hoyle, if the universe were to be cut in half, local solar-system gravitation would double, drawing the earth closer to the sun. The pressure in the sun's center would increase, thus raising its temperature, its generation of energy and its brightness. Before being seared into a lump of charcoal, a man on earth would find his weight increasing from 150 to 300 lbs.

Hoyle is well aware that he will never be able to prove such ominous claims by experiment. He is hopeful, though, that someone, some time, will devise a practical way to test his theories.

* *Mass is that property of a body which resists change of motion. On the surface of the earth, it is closely equivalent to weight. Austrian Physicist Ernst Mach (1838-1916), who gave his name to the principle, is better known today for Mach numbers, a method of measuring speed in multiples of the speed of sound.*

AERODYNAMICS

Tilting Plus Swiveling Makes Agile Aircraft

Whatever weapons the Air Force finally gets for big wars of the future—manned supersonic bombers, or more potent missiles, or a mix of both—there is little argument about what is needed for the small, brushfire battles of the present. Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps all agree that they need fighter planes and transports husky enough to handle modern armament, yet agile enough to take off and land on back-country roads or in jungle clearings.

The problems that must be solved already encouraging fanciful flights aerodynamicists' imaginations. The gested solutions are many and bizz Some of the more interesting:

▶ TILT WING: Rolled out last week Ling-Tempco-Vought, Inc. of D the XC-142A transport has four t prop engines and a wing that ca tilted for takeoff so that its four 15 propellers point upward. When the are pulling together, the props sh generate enough direct lift to the plane vertically. When safely a obstacles, the pilot will gradually the wing into normal flying po The plane has yet to be flown, bu designers admit that it is no speed It will cruise at less than 300 m

LING-TEMPCO-VOUGHT'S XC-142A

BRITAIN'S P-1127

GERMANY'S VJ-101C

RYAN'S XV-5A

Built for back-country roads.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

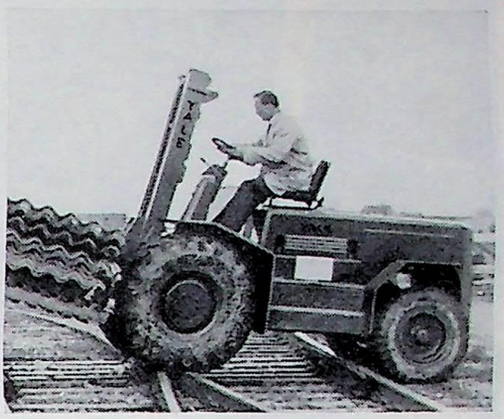
its operating radius with full load only about 230 miles. These limits the penalties it pays for its vertilifting power.

ENGINES: Other aircraft designers prefer to keep their wings fixed to swivel only the engine or the exhaust. The Curtis-Wright X-19 four tiltable engines on the tips of stubby wings. The Bell X-22A has tiltable propellers in circular ducts. other plane has yet completed such tests, but two years ago the were already flying the Hawker P-1127, which has a single engine with 13,500 lbs. of thrust. takeoff, the engine's exhaust are diverted downward, exerthrust to lift the airplane the ground. At cruise altitude, exhaust is switched to the rear plane flies in normal jet-plane The P-1127 has done everything for it, but its payload is small, is too slow to be of much value fighter. Hawker Siddeley is building bigger model with a more powervectored thrust engine that it expects to be supersonic and also able take off from British lanes.

ENGINES: In yet another approach to the problem, France's Dassault Mirage III-V will pack eight small Rolls-Royce jet engines thrusting downward. When well in the air, a larger engine will take over and push the plane forward at supersonic speed. Its designers admit that the vertical engines will be dead cargo most of the time, but they think vertical engines will have less effect on performance than dual-purpose engines that are too powerful for efficient horizontal flight. A German project, VJOL, the Bölkow, Heinkel and Messerschmitt VJ-101C, varies the French idea slightly by having two main engines that are tiltable and supplementing their thrust with two vertical-lift engines. The VJ-101C has made many vertical takeoffs with successful transition to horizontal flight.

JET FAN: Perhaps the most imaginative design of all is the XV-5A lift fan built by Ryan Aeronautical Co. and General Electric. At first glance, it looks like an ordinary jet fighter with two engines, but set into the stubby wings are what seem to be large manhole covers. When opened, each cover reveals a fan 5 ft. in diameter. When pilots close off the tailpipe of the jet engines, racing exhaust gases hit the blades of the fan blades and spin them at high speed. Twin blasts of air are forced downward, and their powerful thrust lifts the airplane off the ground. Transition to horizontal flight is made by gradually opening the normal tail-pipe and covering the wing fans. So far the XV-5A has been tested only in conventional flight. If the XV-5A succeeds in taking off vertically and making the transition to horizontal flight, it will be the only speedy V/STOL that does not carry more engine power than needs to fly on the level.

New Yale Cross-Country goes where others can't!



When your materials handling route takes you cross-country, you need a rugged lift truck like the Yale Model VDP-50G. Designed specifically for operation over rough terrain, the Cross-Country has a capacity of 5000 lbs., choice of two transmissions.

A differential lock enables the operator to lock the two drive wheels, making it impossible for the wheels to spin independently. Heavy-duty, wide-base pneumatic tires have traction treads. Its climbing ability easily takes it over grades of 26% and more. An independent braking system on each drive wheel makes maneuvering easier.

And, the Cross-Country is built for durability and ready access to parts requiring service.

Your local Yale representative, your materials handling expert, sees to it that your truck is properly installed and will show your people how it can be employed most efficiently. He also provides complete maintenance service.

Remember it takes two: The right Yale truck (like the Cross-Country) and a Yale expert to cut handling time and costs. For additional information on your specific materials handling requirements, write: Dept F34, Yale & Towne International, Inc., Postfach 26, Zug 1, Switzerland; or Box 30, Maxwell Road Post Office, Singapore.

YALE & TOWNE

YALE & TOWNE, INC.

U.S.A., U.K., GERMANY

LICENSED MANUFACTURERS IN FRANCE, ITALY, SPAIN, AUSTRALIA & JAPAN.
YALE & TOWNE INTERNATIONAL, INC., PROMOTION & SERVICE OF INTERNATIONAL SALES.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

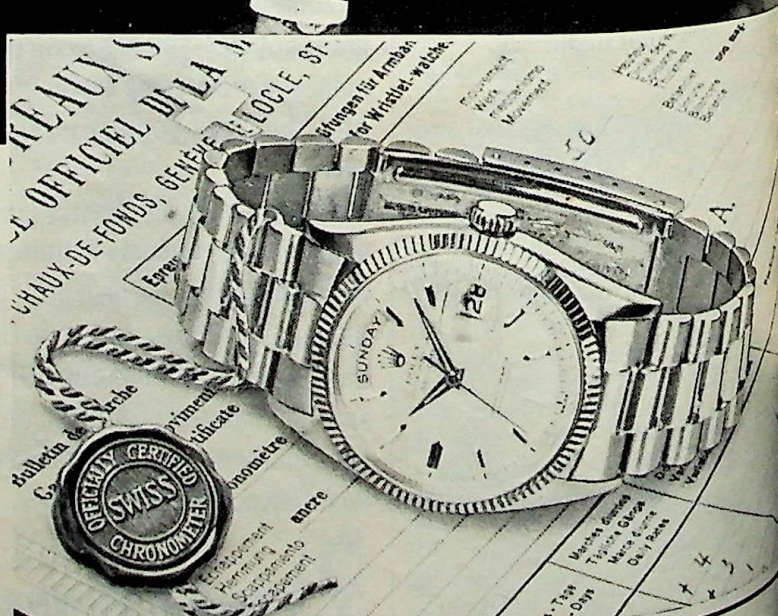
Men who guide the destinies of the world w

THE ROLEX "DAY-DATE"

Most remarkable achievement in watch-making, the Rolex Oyster Perpetual "Day-Date." Available only in 18-ct. gold or platinum, with matching "President" bracelet.

Like all Rolex chronometers, every "Day-Date" is now awarded the highest distinction of the Swiss Institutes for Official Chronometer Tests, the mention "Especially good results."

Its superlative accuracy is protected by the famous Rolex Oyster case, made in Geneva by Swiss craftsmen and guaranteed 100% waterproof, and its movement is selfwound by the Perpetual rotor. The date and the day of the week, written in full, change instantaneously every midnight.



THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (*Founder: H. Wilsdorf*), GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

BANGKOK: S.A.B. BANGKOK **HONG KONG:** UNION HOUSE, CHATER RD **SINGAPORE:** CROSBY HOUSE **TOKYO** ROLEX WATCH DIVISION, SHIN-TOKYO
SYDNEY: WILLIS & SONS LTD., 71 YORK STREET

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COLUMNISTS

I Remember Arma

Hollywood Columnist Louella Parsons reported last week that M-G-M has ticketed good-looking Jim Garner to play the male lead "in *Arma Geddon*, the new Leon Uris property."

REPORTING

What Publication Does

This being a presidential year and all, hardly anyone expected Henry Cabot Lodge, U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam, to stay in Saigon indefinitely. But no one had any idea precisely when he would come home. No one, that is, except Max Frankel, the New York Times's diplomatic reporter in Washington. Ambassador Lodge, reported Frankel last week, "has asked to be relieved of his post within 30 days. Mr. Lodge told President Johnson that the resignation was prompted by reasons of health, which he did not specify."

Even as Frankel's story appeared, people began assailing its verisimilitude. White House Press Secretary George E. Reedy swore that the President "has received no such communication." In Saigon, Ambassador Lodge swam ten laps at the Cercle Sportif pool before facing inquisitive newsmen. "I'm supposed to be sick, am I?" he grinned and, with that, disavowed the story of his resignation. "There's no truth in it at all."

As it turned out, Frankel himself had not really considered his own story hot news. He wrote it several days before its appearance, slugged it "hold for Monday release," and then went picnicking all day Sunday with friends.

Where did that leave things? "It's conceivable that the information that came to me was wrong," Frankel said. "But, as so often happens, the publication of a story of this sort could alter the facts."

LIBEL

The General *v.* the Cub

It was his first big story, and Associated Press Cub Reporter Van Savell was determined to do it justice. "I dressed as any college student would," he wrote in the dispatch that went out to all client A.P. newspapers, "and easily milled among the rioters on the University of Mississippi campus." On that September night in Oxford in 1962, two men were to die in the violence provoked by the registration of Ole Miss's first Negro student, James Meredith. The A.P.'s Savell reported it all. He also reported the gaunt and commanding presence of onetime Major General Edwin A. Walker, 54.

"Walker assumed control of the crowd," Savell wrote of the man who had ended a distinguished military career by joining the John Birch Society and resigning his commission. Savell went on to say that the general "led a charge of students against Federal marshals on the Ole Miss campus," was met with a repelling volley of tear gas, then climbed the base of a Confederate monument to dispense tactical advice and rally the scattered segregationists: "Don't let up now. This is a dangerous situation. You must be prepared for possible death. If you are not, go home now."

"Bring Your Skillets." Last week, in the Tarrant County courtroom in Fort Worth, the general and the 22-year-old cub met again. Walker was there to plead his $2,000,000 libel suit, in which

AP

EDWIN A. WALKER

A.P.'S SAVELL

In the record, a battle cry.

he claimed that the Associated Press had, in effect, charged him with helping to incite the insurrection at Ole Miss. Walker had that very charge leveled against him by the U.S. Government, and he had also been subjected to a psychiatric examination. But doctors found him sane, and a federal grand jury refused to return an indictment.

From two weeks of testimony, there emerged the picture of a man who had come to Ole Miss to play something more than an observer's role. Read into the record was Walker's battle cry to segregationists broadcast over a Shreveport, La., radio station five days before the riots: "It is time to move. We have talked, listened and been pushed around far too much for the anti-Christ Supreme Court. Bring your flags, your tents, and your skillets." Even some of Walker's own witnesses testified to his involvement at Oxford.

Appeal. The A.P. could produce no witness who heard Walker speak the exact words that Van Savell attributed to the general, although defense testimony seemed to corroborate the wire service. But to the Fort Worth jury of eight men and four women, the A.P. statements that Walker had assumed control and led the charge were both false and malicious. After 24 hours of deliberation, the jury awarded Walker $800,000. Still pending: some $27 million in Walker libel actions stemming

olex watches

know their names as you know
own. You know their faces
a thousand newspaper and
zine articles. You have seen
and heard their voices on
cels and on your television
en. Their actions and decisions
ce the pattern of our lives.

cannot mention their names,
ow pictures of them. It would
e fitting to do so, for they
de royalty, the heads of states,
service commanders. But we
e you to look carefully at the
pictures that you see of them,
r wrists as well as their faces
lothes. You will notice that
ost every case they wear a
-watch. That watch will
t likely have been made by
ex of Geneva.

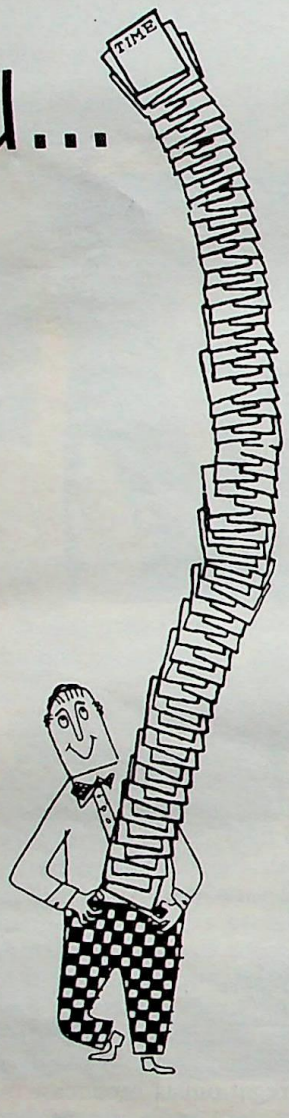
are proud of the service given
Rolex watches to so many
cient men throughout the
ld. It is scarcely necessary to
t out that the performance of
e watches is, in the highest
ree, accurate and dependable.

ROLEX
A landmark in the history of Time measurement

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

and one for you...



Each week TIME speeds to busy people around the world whose education, position and variety of interests demand the complete news coverage that TIME brings.

You can insure a personal copy of TIME for yourself every week by subscribing. See your local newsagent, bookseller or subscription dealer. Or send your payment direct to TIME at the address shown for your country in the rate column which appears in a front page of this issue.

from the republication of the A.P. story.

The A.P. served notice of its intention to appeal. "In the light of the evidence presented by both sides," said A.P. General Manager Wes Gallagher, "we are confident that the verdict will not be upheld."

NEWSPAPERS

The Newsboys' Revolt

The meeting in Reading's dingy, red-brick Labor Temple had been postponed for a week because the chief organizer broke out with the measles. But now red-haired Ronald Haan, 17, was back on his feet, dressed in his Sunday best, standing nervously in front of a hand-lettered cardboard sign that read: JOIN THE NEWSBOYS ORGANIZATION NOW. In the audience sat some 100 teen-age carrier boys of Reading, Pennsylvania's two dailies, the jointly owned morning

FREDERICK A. MEYER

READING'S RONNY HAAN
"We are battling a ruthless foe."

Times and the evening Eagle. In the back of the room lounged a few adult labor leaders, who had come to observe.

"Fellows," said Ronny Haan, "I am glad to see you here tonight. I know it took gumption to come. We are battling a ruthless foe." He went on to spell out a long list of newsboy grievances, then asked for a vote. How many carriers were willing to picket the Eagle-Times? One hundred hands shot up; 100 young voices cheered. And how many would support a one-day strike against the paper? Again, the same noisily unanimous response. Ben Stahl, who had come over from A.F.L.-C.I.O. regional headquarters in Philadelphia, decided that it was time to take a hand.

"May I just suggest," said Stahl, "that you try once more to get the Eagle-Times to sit down and discuss your grievances with you? In the union movement, you talk first, and if that doesn't work, you picket. A strike is the last resort." This was reasonable advice, and the carriers took it. The boy grievance committee was delegated to approach the papers' management.

Risky Meeting. The boys could have relished the task. In the months that the Reading newsboy rebellion had been brewing, the publishers management has shown no disposition to recognize, much less meet with the other side. Against this resistance, Ronny Haan has been able to enlist names of only 300 of the papers' 1,000 carrier boys in the cause.

Not a line about the rebellion appeared in either paper. The Times even tried to head off last week's meeting by sending letters to the parents of all carrier boys. "We have had a number of telephone calls asking about a meeting of newspaper boys," the letters went. "The answer is no—no meeting of Reading Eagle-Times carriers has been called by the circulation department of the Reading Eagle-Times."

But a meeting had been called by Ronny Haan. Until last March he was an Eagle-Times carrier boy himself, and a good one. So were his kid brothers Nolan, 16, and Kenneth, 13. Four years ago, Ronny won an all-expense trip to Colorado, but he chose the alternate prize of $150 in cash. He wanted to add the money to the personal savings account that he hoped would, one day, pay for college. The papers refused to pay. That $150 figure was a misprint, they said, and they offered Ronny Haan $18.75 instead. Ronny went on the picket line.

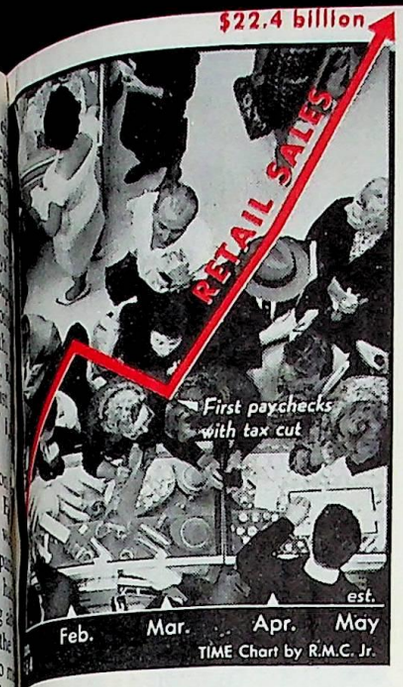
Touching Letter. Last March, without warning, Ronny Haan was fired. So were both of his brothers. The publishers said that all three Haans had delivered the morning paper late and were always late with their collections. Subscribers did not agree. At Ronny's request, they signed testimonials to the quality of his service and the punctuality of his service.

Ronny also sent a letter to A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany in Washington. "After learning about divisions in school," Ronny wrote, "I think its about time something was done about the newspaper boys." A onetime carrier boy himself, Meany bucked the letter to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. regional office in Philadelphia. There was never any thought of organizing the boys. But Jim Gildea, Meany's assistant in Washington, said: "It simply was a touching letter. We all wanted to help the kid."

Since then, Ronny Haan has called three mass meetings in the Labor Temple, set up the grievance committee, enlisted other carriers in the cause. The newsboys have drafted a list of 13 grievances that they would like to discuss with management. To counter the youthful rebellion, the Eagle-Times has chosen to ignore it. "Ronald wanted to have his own way in virtually everything," said Eagle-Times General Manager William Rohn. "We have nothing to apologize for in our dealing with the boys. Our carrier organization is open. They've never expressed any dissatisfaction." Not yet, anyway.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



STATE OF BUSINESS

They're Spending Their Tax-Cut Money

For the past dozen weeks, shopkeepers and economic policymakers have pondered a $9 billion question: What will consumers do with their new tax cuts? Some businessmen wondered whether the extra $4-a-week in the average paycheck would really bolster retail sales by much. Others worried that consumers might go on a spending binge, which could turn the orderly economic expansion into an "overheated boom" followed by an inevitable bust of reckoning. Last week it became clear that consumers are indeed increasing their spending, apparently just enough to give the economy a nice lift without producing too much heat.

Looking over the new statistics on retail sales, up a handsome 1.5% during May, Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges said that the cut "is beginning to take effect pretty well." There was a distinct shift in mood among the nation's storekeepers, many of whom had been seeing much change at the cash registers in the first few weeks after the reduction. Said James Bliss, counsel for the National Retail Merchants Association: "All of a sudden, merchants seem to be satisfied in the belief that the extra dollars are finding their way into stores further down the line."

More Saving. The billion-dollar figures are being translated into millions of everyday, personal decisions to spend. In San Francisco, the Western Girl temporary-employee-placement firm asked young women how they were handling their plumper paychecks, reported that "the majority are putting it toward their living, new clothes, things like that." Travel agents say that the tax cut is largely responsible for the upsurge in their go-now, pay-later installment business. "This means taking my family to Scotland instead of Massachusetts this summer," beamed a Columbia Broadcasting vice president. Compared with the same month of last year, sales during May in leading chain stores and mail-order houses were up 11%.

A good part of the money is also being saved or used to reduce personal debts. Only 153 out of every 10,000 installment borrowers are behind by 30 days or more in their payments, the lowest number in five years. New deposits in savings and loan associations during May ran 3% higher than in the same month in 1963, the first such gain this year. To Washington's chart watchers, this is a clue that many Americans are building up a backlog of spendable funds that will contribute to keeping the economic expansion going.

More Production. Helped in large part by the healthy mix of spending and saving, the economy continues to do well. That important barometer of investor confidence, the Dow-Jones average of 30 industrial stocks, rose for four straight sessions last week, closed just five points off its alltime high of 830.17. Last week also the Commerce Department reported that the average American factory worker earned a record $102.97 a week before taxes during May, and that industrial production—the supreme measure of business expansion—climbed by more than one-half of 1%, to 130.3% of the 1957-59 average.

AUTOS

Year of the Coffee Break

In three conference rooms around Detroit, preparations are being made for a decisive confrontation. At the corporate headquarters of General Motors, Ford and Chrysler, janitors are washing blackboards, flicking pieces of lint from carpets and drapes, buffing and rebuffing elongated tables. Across these tables next week, scores of bargainers from the auto industry's Big Three will square off against negotiators from the United Auto Workers in Round 1 of the 1964 labor negotiations.

At issue are the wages and working conditions not only of the automobile industry's 565,000 blue-collar employees but of millions of other industrial workers, whose new contracts will be strongly influenced by Detroit's pattern. Should the negotiators fail to close a deal by the deadline on Aug. 31—when the '65 models will be rolling out—a strike could brake the industry's three-year boom and dent the whole economy. Noting that the auto companies are enjoying "fantastic" profits, the union figures this is a good year to step up to the higher-priced field itself. President Walter Reuther insists that "only a fool or an economic moron could suggest that we are not entitled to greater equity."

What Walter Wants. The Johnson Administration has asked labor leaders to limit their wage-and-benefit demands to 3.2%, but Reuther says he will fight for 4.9% or more because productivity is rising faster in autos than in some other industries. Detroit anticipates that Reuther will seek a wage raise on top of the annual boost of 2.5% or 6¢ an hour—whichever is higher—that the auto companies already award for higher productivity. A still more important issue will be his demand for earlier retirement and fatter pensions. The rank and file have been pressing their leaders for a plan to cut mandatory retirement age from 68 to 65, to reduce the voluntary retirement age from 60 to something less and to raise pensions to a minimum of $400 a month, including social security benefits.

The most emotional issue involves not money but working conditions. Specifically, the unionists want more free time

J. EDWARD BAILEY

U.A.W.'S REUTHER

G.M.'S SEATON

Time to step up to the higher-priced field?

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

to escape from the noise, perhaps go to the toilet or relax over a cup of coffee. In most plants, auto workers can leave the production line only for their 30-minute unpaid lunch break and two twelve-minute paid periods during the eight-hour shift. Now the union wants to shut down the assembly lines for at least 15 minutes during each shift—making a total of 39 minutes' released time. Says U.A.W. Vice President Leonard Woodcock, who will conduct most of the negotiations with G.M.: "You have coffee breaks on assembly lines all over the world. Only the U.S. has no coffee breaks on the assembly line."

Drawing the Line. The Big Three negotiators seem disposed to grant some wage increase and some form of earlier retirement. But they draw a firm line against the U.A.W.'s proposed changes in working conditions, particularly those extra minutes of what they call "time-paid-not-worked" that would add millions of dollars to labor costs. In the last negotiations three years ago, both sides reached agreement on economic issues (the U.A.W. got a package amounting to 17¢ an hour), but disputes over working conditions provoked strikes by maverick locals that paralyzed both Ford and G.M. for about two weeks. "The chances of trouble this year are greater than they have been at any time since 1946," says one top negotiator. "Somebody's got to come down off the mountain."

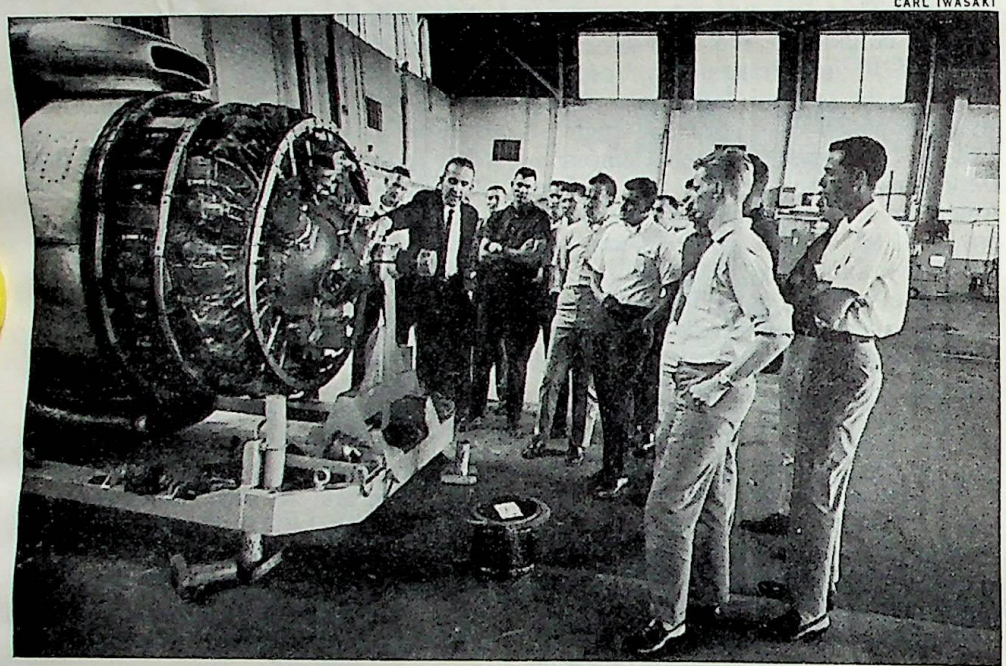
The U.A.W. may well concentrate its attack on General Motors and its tenacious negotiator Louis Seaton, because G.M. has the highest profit margin. Both sides will huff and puff down to the end, orating for their grandstands at the start, then making a hurry-up effort to talk to each other. One auto company vice president observes that "it always comes down to the last week, when G.M. makes another, more liberal offer." There could very well be a strike of sorts in September, but it would probably be settled quickly. Reason: 1964 is an election year, the first one since 1948 to run concurrent with auto labor talks. Walter Reuther does not want to embarrass Lyndon Johnson in the heat of his own battle, and neither side relishes the prospect of federal intervention at the bargaining table.

AVIATION

The Pilot Shortage

When the commercial jets flew into service, they made the airline pilot a surplus commodity. Because the airlines could carry many more people much faster, they needed smaller fleets of planes and fewer men to fly them. The lines laid off hundreds of pilots, demoted countless others to lower ranks in the cockpit. Now the situation has made a full turn; for the first time in the annals of peacetime aviation, there is a serious pilot shortage.

CARL IWASAKI



UNITED AIR LINES TRAINEES IN DENVER
Climbing toward $35,000 a year.

TWA says it "desperately needs pilots," recently hired 190 of them, its first newcomers since 1957. To sell flying careers to young men, it sends teams of pilots on speaking tours around the country. Pan Am hopes to hire up to 275 pilots this year. Eastern has been recruiting at Air Force bases, recently added 400. TWA, Eastern and United also have been advertising in the help-wanted columns, and United is busy at its large flight-training school at Denver, intends to break in more than 1,000 men over the next two years.

The pay is high, and can become sky-high. Pilots who handle the large jets begin at $6,000 to $6,720 the first year, then soar to some $35,000, plus many benefits, by the ninth year—for 85 airborne hours a month.

Why, then, the shortage? For one thing, the surge in travel has led airlines to greatly expand their fleets; last week TWA announced the largest equipment order in its history, 33 jets totaling $162 million. The airlines have usually picked up many pilots fr... the ranks of young officers who ... the Air Force after a few years ... with the switch to missiles, the ... tary is training fewer pilots. Sim... neously, many of the pioneering ... of the 1920s and 1930s are reaching ... compulsory retirement age of 60. ... Air Line Pilots Association figures ... 1,400 older commercial pilots—10% ... the nation's total—will get their w... clipped within the next decade. ... A.L.P.A.'s magazine: "Only a nat... emergency requiring the training ... thousands will create a surplus."

MERCHANDISING

Johnson's Wash-'n'-Wax

A shining exception to the rule t... family-owned companies no lo... achieve great growth is S. C. Joh... & Son, the household-wax titan fr... Racine, Wis. In an industry wh... Pride is a product and Pledge outs... competing furniture polishes 2 to ... Johnson has cleaned up millions. Ye... has never had to sell a share to the pu... lic, never made an acquisition in ... progress to the top floor of the $... million-a-year wax and polish busin...

This week, in a tradition-breaki... move, Johnson's Wax will announ... that it has put up an undisclosed p... of its ample cash resources to buy co... trol of General Autowash Systems ... Grand Rapids, Mich. Using chemi... sprays instead of brushes to wash c... General's system trims labor costs ... at least 50%, according to Johnso... estimate. Johnson intends to add w... ing to the operation for an extra cha... open 300 wash-'n'-wax drive-ins aro... the country.

Three Leaders. Johnson's Wax ... done things differently ever since ... late Samuel Curtis Johnson, a sa... man of wood flooring, sent along a c... of wax with each parquet floor he s... 78 years ago. That proved to be ... shrewd idea, for parquet dropped o... of fashion a few years later, and John... son went into wax fulltime. Today t... company that he founded is led by ... troika. Grandson H. F. (for Herb... Fisk) Johnson, 64, board chairman, ... rects marketing. Great-Grandson Sa... uel Curtis Johnson, 36, is executive v... president in charge of new products ... and has been the obvious heir to t... top job ever since he was in the cr... Finance is handled by Howard Mer... Packard, 54, the only non-Johnson ev... to serve as president.

Though the family does not publ... company statistics, industry insid... reliably estimate Johnson's Wax sa... at close to $150 million, on which ... earned at least $11 million last ye... Smart merchandising counts most ... the wax business, and Johnson is usual... a stride ahead of competitors. It was ... among the first to switch from natura... waxes to lower-cost synthetics in 19... turned to aerosols (now 70% of ... dustry sales) while competitors clung ... older wipe-on waxes and polishes. T...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BEN MARTIN

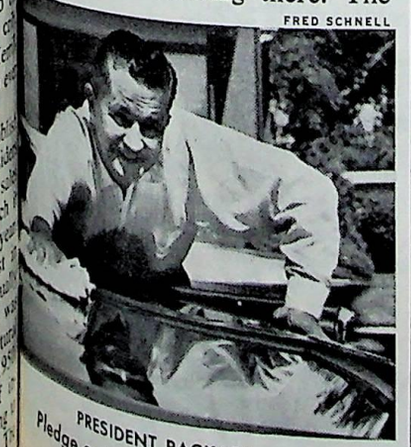
SAM JOHNSON & H. F. JOHNSON
Pride is a product.

ompany raised its research and devel-ment staff from 100 to 300 in the st ten years, now markets 750 prod-cts. They are put to some unusual uses unlikely places. Finnish yachtsmen ve discovered that Johnson's ordinary ste Wax keeps barnacles off boat toms, and Buganda tribesmen have nd that its Off insect repellent deters e Nile River gnats.

Culture Conscious. Johnson's Wax s more than prosperity; it has cul-re. It has spent more than $750,000 assemble and to exhibit its "Art: .A.: Now" collection, which features contemporary American paintings. he firm has also invested $3,000,000 ne of the least commercial and ost appealing exhibits at the New rk World's Fair.

A generation ago, when it was really rgen-garde, Frank Lloyd Wright built e famous Johnson home office in Ra-e—a windowless, block-long build-framed on the outside by 43 miles glass tubing; on the inside columns er from the ceiling like giant golf s. Wright's aim was to create "as uiring a place to work in as any thedral ever was to worship in." He ght have had something there. The

FRED SCHNELL

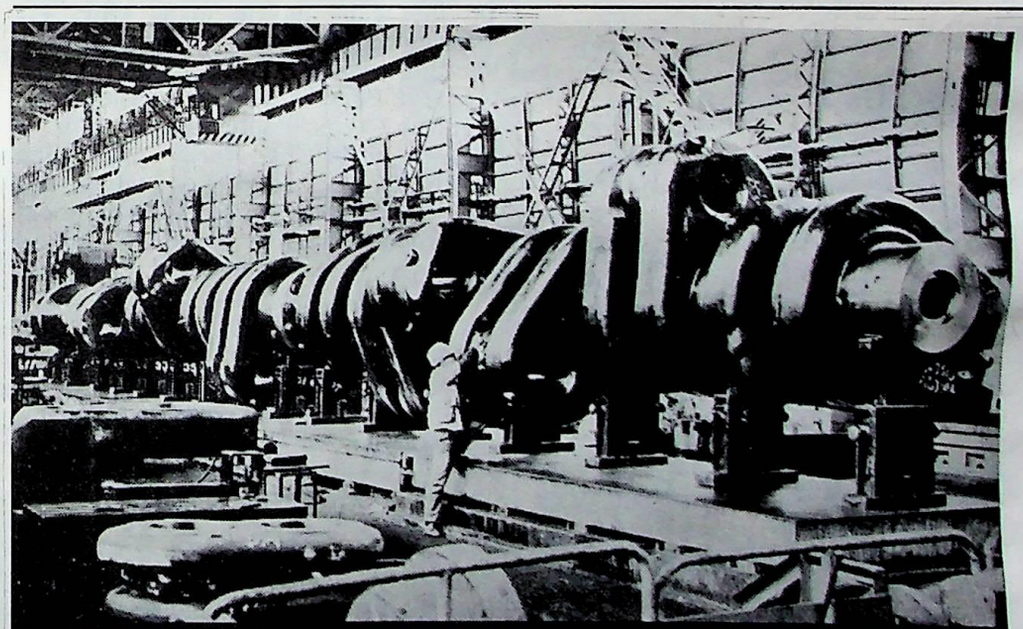


PRESIDENT PACKARD
Pledge outsells the competition.

GO DIRECT TO CANADA'S HEART

PORT OF TORONTO

TORONTO HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS, 60 HARBOUR ST. TORONTO 1, CANADA



27,600HP 200tons 25,000mm
The Biggest Crankshaft in the World
made for a Mammoth tanker.

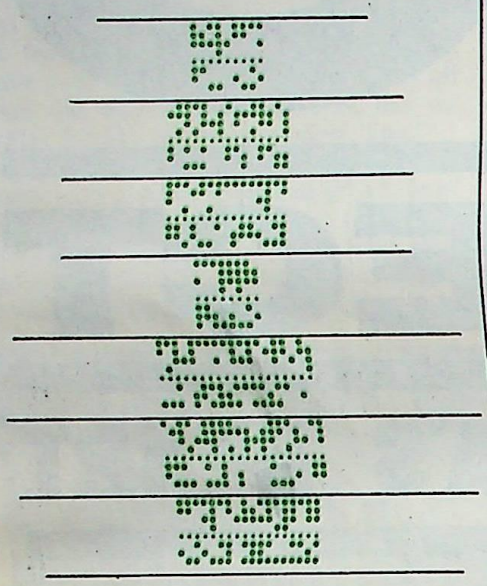
KOBE STEEL WORKS, LTD.
Established 1905
KOBE, JAPAN Cable "KOBESTEEL KOBE"
TOKYO OFFICE Cable "KOBESTEEL TOKYO"

MAIN PRODUCTS: CIVIL ENGINEERING & CEMENT MACHINERY · CHEMICAL MACHINERY · OTHER GENERAL INDUSTRIAL MACHINERY · STEEL WIRE RODS · STEEL BARS & SHAPES · STEEL PIPES & TUBES · ARC WELDING ELECTRODES · STEEL CASTINGS & FORGINGS · LIGHT METAL ALLOY CASTINGS & FORGINGS · TITANIUM PRODUCTS · NON-FERROUS METALS · SMALL TOOLS

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE AUTOMATED LANGUAGE OF MODERN BUSINESS AND BANKING—a punched tape reproduction of the advertising message contained herein.



FUJI BANK...
WHERE YOUTHFUL,
FORWARD-LOOKING
POLICIES
ARE COMPLEMENTED BY
OVER EIGHTY YEARS OF
BANKING EXPERIENCE.

JAPAN'S LARGEST COMMERCIAL BANK
THE FUJI BANK LTD.
Head Office: Tokyo, Japan
192 Branch Offices throughout Japan
Overseas Offices: London, New York and Düsseldorf
Representative Office: Calcutta

paternalistic, nonunion company has never suffered a strike, never laid off a worker. Even during the Depression it kept everybody working, though some men did nothing but wax floors at headquarters all day. Guess whose products they used.

CONSTRUCTION

Too Much Too Soon?

Construction in the U.S. is humming at a record $67 billion-a-year rate, and that ought to make everyone close to the building business happy. But it doesn't. There is open concern—expressed by Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. and chief Presidential Economist Walter Heller, among others—that the long postwar building boom may be coming to a pause. In the past two years, builders have put up twice as many apartments as they did the previous two years, and there has also been a marked rise in the number of office buildings, motels and shopping centers. Now the builders have more on their hands than they need.

From New York to Los Angeles, the apartment vacancy rate is on the rise, climbing to 14% in Philadelphia, 15% in Fort Worth. In Las Vegas, realtors are stuck with 3,200 unrented apartments. Rents in Cleveland and Detroit have already dropped 7% in the past year.

Builders have seen the vacancy signs on the wall, and in many cities are slowing down. Office construction so far this year is off $20 million in Los Angeles; Phoenix builders recently cut a planned 18-story building to ten stories. In New York City, where a tightening of the zoning code has complicated the contractors' problems, apartment construction is only one-third what it was a year ago. But Southern California builders are constructing 25% more apartments than last year.

Mortgage leaders are becoming much more selective than at any time since World War II. An officer of Manhattan's Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co. says that bankers there are now "looking twice" at all loan applications from builders. Prospective hotel builders have a particularly difficult time finding mortgage money (many lenders believe that the current room shortage in New York City is a short-range phenomenon that will disappear as soon as the World's Fair closes). Partly to tighten up lending by savings and loan associations, the Federal Home Loan Bank Board this year increased the associations' reserve requirements.

It is a fact, however, that while the bankers and bureaucrats are concerned about the short-range outlook, they are not pessimistic about the longer view. They believe that any slump in the near future will not be bad enough to restrain the economy's overall advance, and that demand for buildings will again send construction to new highs by 1967.

PERSONALITIES

FRESH out of the field artille 1946, Paul L. Miller took a tra job at Wall Street's First Boston "to give me eating money while I l around to see what I wanted to d turned out to be a tour of exe duty. Last week Miller, at 44, named president of the nation's underwriting house, which last placed $2 billion worth of securities will be in charge of underwriting as the youngest of the firm's three executives (others: Chairman Pattberg Jr., 54, and Executive mittee Chairman Charles Glavin. Tall and greying, Miller is a Phi phian who went to Princeton. Wa a good student? "Negative," he On the job he gets his greatest sat tion from advising customers on and when to raise expansion capita he has taken on more responsibili has had to give up his favorite d sions one by one. Miller no longer much birdwatching. He still holds vate pilot's license, but disposed single-engined Comanche 250 a years ago, and "we sold off the last little old polo ponies last year."

MARTHA HOLMES

PAUL L. MILLER

KENDRICK WILSON JR.

MANHATTAN'S Kendrick R. W son Jr., 51, last week was sor thing like a Tiffany manager mov into a ten-cent store. A financier w was trained at U.S. Trust Co. and L man Bros. before he rose to the ch manship of widely diversified A Corp., he agreed to a deal by wh Avco would acquire a small-loan co pany, Canada's Delta Acceptance Co for $48 million in stock. The swap anything but penny ante for Av which has been shopping for gro companies in the civilian market to e pand its own $514 million volume missile parts and motors, corn pick and coin laundries. Delta last year ha dled $242 million worth of appliance paper and personal loans; it would pro be able to use Avco's good credit tions to raise more capital. "Dick" Wil son runs Avco with easy informa says, "We try to operate with a min mum of fuss and paper." He and Pres dent James Kerr, 46, have adjoining offices, never use memos when a conversation will do.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Bayer Leverkusen · Agfa Photographic Products · Dyestuffs · Chemicals · Pharmaceuticals · Man-Made Fibres · Crop Protection Products

BAYER
The Hallmark of Reliability

are owls objective?

The sharp-sighted owl is a Bird of Wisdom - and so is the owner of a sharp-sighted Agfa Camera. It's the objective that matters! Agfa, a Bayer subsidiary, is not only famous for cameras and top-quality lenses. Agfa is also a producer of high-speed color and black-and-white film and photographic papers-in short, of everything both amateur and professional need to make prize-winning pictures.

Agfa

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ECONOMISTS

Doctors of Development

The age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded.

Edmund Burke, 1757

In 1964, no statesman of Burke's stature would be so unchivalrous as to lump economists in such questionable company—or so unwise as to be without an economist at his elbow. In the palaces and Parliaments of a hundred countries, economists are increasingly called upon to build, revive or draw together national economies. Their home is no longer the ivory tower, and their profession is no longer the "gloomy science" but a romantic and rewarding wielding of power. Lively activists, they range the world in pursuit of the universal goal of economic growth.

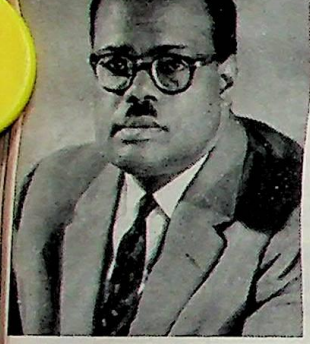
Worldly, urbane and versatile, the top economists are first-class customers of the international airlines, often jetting across the oceans a dozen times a year. Fluent in several languages, they are self-confident in discussing the great painters, gourmet restaurants and gross national products of many countries. They tramp the African bush and they savor champagne at diplomatic receptions, where they advise chiefs of state to start new plants or shut down old ones, to expand or contract imports, to invite or restrict foreign capital. The Presidents and Ministers are receptive to the advice, partly because many of them have a much finer appreciation of the nuances of economics than political leaders used to have. Several economists have risen to head governments, including West Germany's Ludwig Erhard, Portugal's António Salazar and Bolivia's Victor Paz Estenssoro. Others, such as Britain's Harold Wilson, are hopefully planning their own takeover.

The Planners. Especially in the newly developing nations that favor highly planned economies, the economists greatly influence the income that the ordinary man earns, the products he can buy, the jobs he can hold. Economists were the first to devise the plans for the Common Market in Europe and the Aswan Dam in Egypt. When Kuwait's government was pondering what to do with its sudden oil riches, it summoned Fakhri Shebab, an Iraq-born Oxford don; he conceived an $860 million regional-development fund that has extended loans to five Arab nations. Nicholas Kaldor, a Hungarian-born Briton, has drawn up budgets and tax programs for India and Ghana.

Jamaica's W. Arthur Lewis, a Princeton professor, has answered calls from countries in Asia, Africa and the West Indies that are trapped between rising expectations and falling commodity prices. No development specialist has been more active than Jan Tinbergen, an obscure Dutchman ("I never gave an interview in my life," said he last week, in his first interview). From his Netherlands Economic Institute in Rotterdam, Tinbergen dispatches experts to 50 countries, where they preach the doctrines of economic planning. Recently he set up branches of his institute in Bangkok and Cairo.

The importance of economic advisers has also grown with the proliferation of common markets, payments unions, development banks and monetary funds—most of which the economists devised, either wholly or in part. Yale's Belgium-born Robert Triffin was the architect of the European Payments Union that abolished strict currency controls; now he is pushing the controversial "Triffin Plan" that would link nations through a world central bank and a single world currency. France's Robert Marjolin, first vice president of the Common Market, is also pressing for the "Marjolin Plan" that would unite nearly all the Six's fiscal and monetary policies in a super federal-reserve system. Argentina's Raúl Prebisch, who initiated and negotiated the Latin American Free Trade Association, was also the prime mover of the recent U Conference on Trade and Develop is favored to become head of the tious global trade organization grew out of that meeting. True, LAFTA nor the U.N. conference accomplished much, but they are steps toward greater world trade.

Communists & Capitalists. Communists are grudgingly around to recognizing the profes economists for the first time. The influential one by far is Poland's O Lange, who lived in the U.S. d the 1930s and 1940s, took U.S. ci ship but renounced it after the war is now a deputy chairman of the Council of State. In a mildly here mood, Lange declared last mo

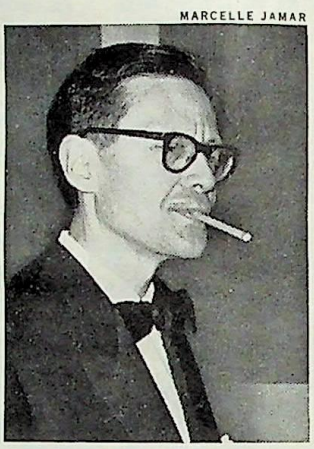


JAMAICA'S LEWIS

ANEFO

NETHERLANDS' TINBERGEN

U.S.'S TRIFFIN



MARCELLE JAMAR

FRANCE'S MARJOLIN

HOWARD SOCHUREK

POLAND'S LA

Ranging the world in pursuit of growth.

"Marxist political economics origin as a criticism of capitalism. It was concerned with details of running economy." While many of the We economists call for increased plann Lange's idea of vitalizing a Comm economy is to eliminate much cen planning and introduce a full-s market economy dominated by profit motive. Lange's writings h seeded increasingly vocal bodies so-called "revisionist economists Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Bulg Pilot schemes for decentralized p ning and a form of the profit m are being tried in East Germany, even in Russia, where Economist geni Liberman has incorporated of Lange's market ideas in his own posals for decentralization.

Some of the world's most influen thinkers and doers are U.S.-based because the big and free U.S. econo has little want or need for cen development plans, these econom usually exercise their greatest influe in foreign countries. M.I.T.'s highly garded Paul Rosenstein-Rodan help draw up the industry-priming devel ment scheme for southern Italy feature: tax breaks for new indust and is a regular consultant to the

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"let's see what ASEA can do"

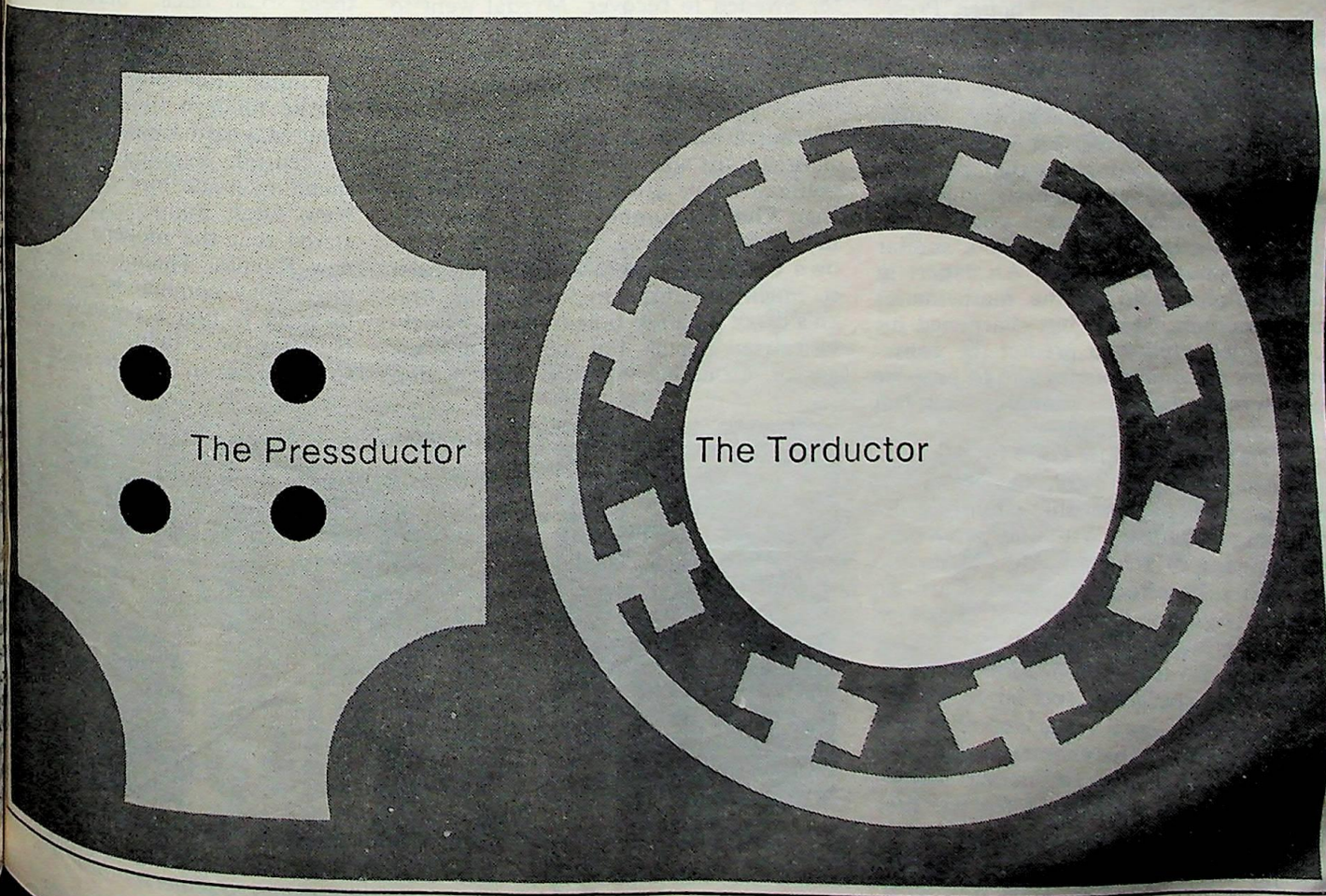
in INDUSTRIAL AUTOMATION. Many an ASEA product owes its origin to the creative maxim: "it's needed – let's invent it". One example is the Pressductor: just the simple and rugged yet sensitive and accurate load cell that industry has been waiting for. It is now a standard accessory in U.S. and European rolling mills, checking and controlling roll separating forces, and is steadily finding new applications within electronic weighing and process control. A torque meter, the Torductor, operating on the same magneto-elastic principle, reliably controls the torque in wood grinders, oil drilling rigs and propeller shafts in ships.

Other examples: The intricate problem of controlling the loop between rolling-mill stands in wire, rod and strip mills is ingeniously solved by the photoelectric loop regulator. The fully automatic sugar centrifugal has brought automation to the sugar industry all over the world. Development work on the Thyristor – the silicon-controlled rectifier – has extended its application to industrial drives of considerable size; this simple, entirely static and easily installed device is now used for motor drives in rolling mills, paper machines, centrifugals and mine hoists.

The list could be made much longer. For every industrial purpose ASEA supplies efficient driving machinery and the automatic control gear that enables the equipment to yield top production results. – It **is** worthwhile to "see what ASEA can do"!

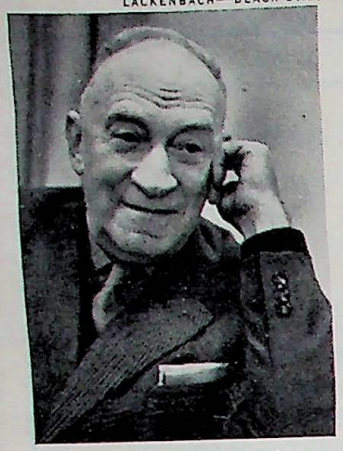
a creative force in the electrical field **ASEA**

Head Office Västerås, Sweden. Represented in 65 countries.

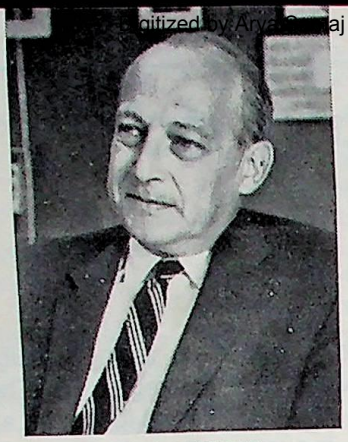


CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri


LACKENBACH—BLACK STAR

RUSSIA'S LIBERMAN


U.S.'S ROSTOW

BURT BERINSKY

U.S.'S GALBRAITH

Influencing what the ordinary man earns and buys.

ance for Progress. Students around the world learn the fundamentals of economics from Paul Samuelson, another M.I.T. professor, whose textbook, *Economics*, is a standard in at least ten languages. The chief U.S. representative to the Alianza, Walt W. Rostow, is better known abroad for his *Stages of Economic Growth*, a do-it-yourself guide to economic development that is gospel for many leaders of underdeveloped lands. These newly arrived politicians are also avid readers of Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith, whose criticism of high consumer spending and low public spending in *The Affluent Society* provided many of them with an apologia for their planning programs.

Prescriptions & Persuasion. The economists speak with authority in Europe, where even nonsocialist governments believe in more planning than the U.S. does. France is in the midst of its fourth postwar economic plan. Though President de Gaulle has little taste for economics, he has given Pierre Massé, the commissioner of *Le Plan*, free rein to develop the planning machinery, which holds out rewards of tax credits and easy loans for companies that produce what the government suggests. Not long ago, the Common Market paid Massé the compliment of setting up a similar body to plan for the Six. An expert in the complex field of the mathematics of economics, Massé has sharpened his colleagues' ability to predict the consequences of some policies and to propose counteractions by changing interest rates and money supplies.

In Italy, Economist Guido Carli, governor of the central bank, has prescribed strong medicine for the country's debilitating inflation. With the patchwork government of Premier Aldo Moro too weak to take effective action, Carli on his own tightened credit and restricted borrowing from abroad. A convincing negotiator, he was called upon by Moro to persuade socialists and labor leaders to temper their own wage demands and agree to reduced government spending. One result of Carli's influence: Italy's trade balance is improving for the first time in two years.

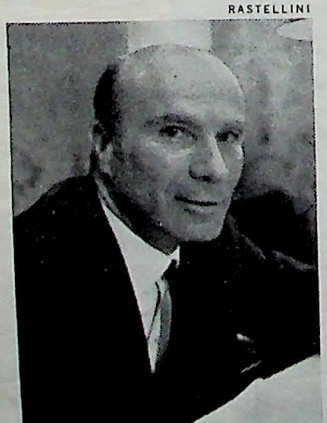
Pitfalls & Penalties. The economists are far from infallible. It is testimony to their immense power that when they fail, whole nations can stagger. One reason that India's second five-year plan fell short of goals was that Economist Prasanta Chandra Mahalanobis overestimated the number of jobs that his industrialization ideas would create and underestimated the population growth. Sweden's versatile Gunnar Myrdal, best known in the U.S. for his monumental 1944 study of the race problem, *An American Dilemma*, is still one of the top-rated international economists; while highly regarded abroad, he erred gravely in his native Sweden. Fearing a disastrous, worldwide depression just after the war, Myrdal, then a Cabinet minister, pushed through an odd program that ordered inflationary monetary policies and the continuation of wartime controls. Result: Swedish goods were priced out of world markets, foreign-currency reserves dwindled, the trade deficit soared—and it took years for Sweden to recover. Myrdal went to Geneva for the United Nations, and is now completing a ten-year study of development problems in Southeast Asia.

The penalties can be much worse than tarnished prestige. High on the list of Brazilians who were stripped of their political rights after the government of João Goulart tumbled was Celso Furtado, who is now a virtual exile in his own country. Furtado's trouble was not so much that his plan for slowing Brazil's dizzy inflation failed—Goulart never carried it out—but that his prowess as an economic planner gained him notoriety, and the incoming government was suspicious of his left-leaning if not Communist politics. He takes comfort in the fact that his development program for the threadbare northeast successfully brought 200,000 jobs to the area.

Brazil's new strongman, President Humberto Castello Branco, relies heavily on his own brand of idea men. One of his first acts was to draft Roberto Campos as Minister of Economic Planning and give him extraordinary powers to restore some semblance of balance. Campos scorns the inflation-purging planners who believe, as he says, in "logic, having been invented by the Greeks in the northern hemisphere, can not be applied south of the Equator." He has taken steps to cut the budget, hold down wage boosts, restrict loans to businessmen.

Raising Keynes. Despite their occasional ambitious planning schemes, the economists score more often then they stumble. For one thing, they know far more than their predecessors did. Many years ago, John Stuart Mill mastered every important economic tract at the age of 13, and Karl Marx absorbed the important books in only three years of his time reading at the British Museum. But now the complex literature fills whole libraries. As the arbitrary art of politics has grown to embrace the more exact science of economics, the economists have learned to measure everything countable and discountable.

"Yesterday's economists were often wrong," says Alexander Cairncross, prime economic adviser to the British government, "but there was seldom enough statistical material to prove them so at once." Statistics that once took months to compile are now set up in days, or sometimes minutes, by computers. Economists still stand in awe of the modern maestro, Britain's John Maynard Keynes, whose doctrine of central planning and high public spending made him the darling of the New Deal. Some statesmen have declared that the modern world needs a new Keynes. Though no single economist today commands so much power, the fact is that economists collectively have far more influence than Keynes or Co. could ever have dreamed of.


RASTELLINI

ITALY'S CARLI

BERNDT KLYVARE

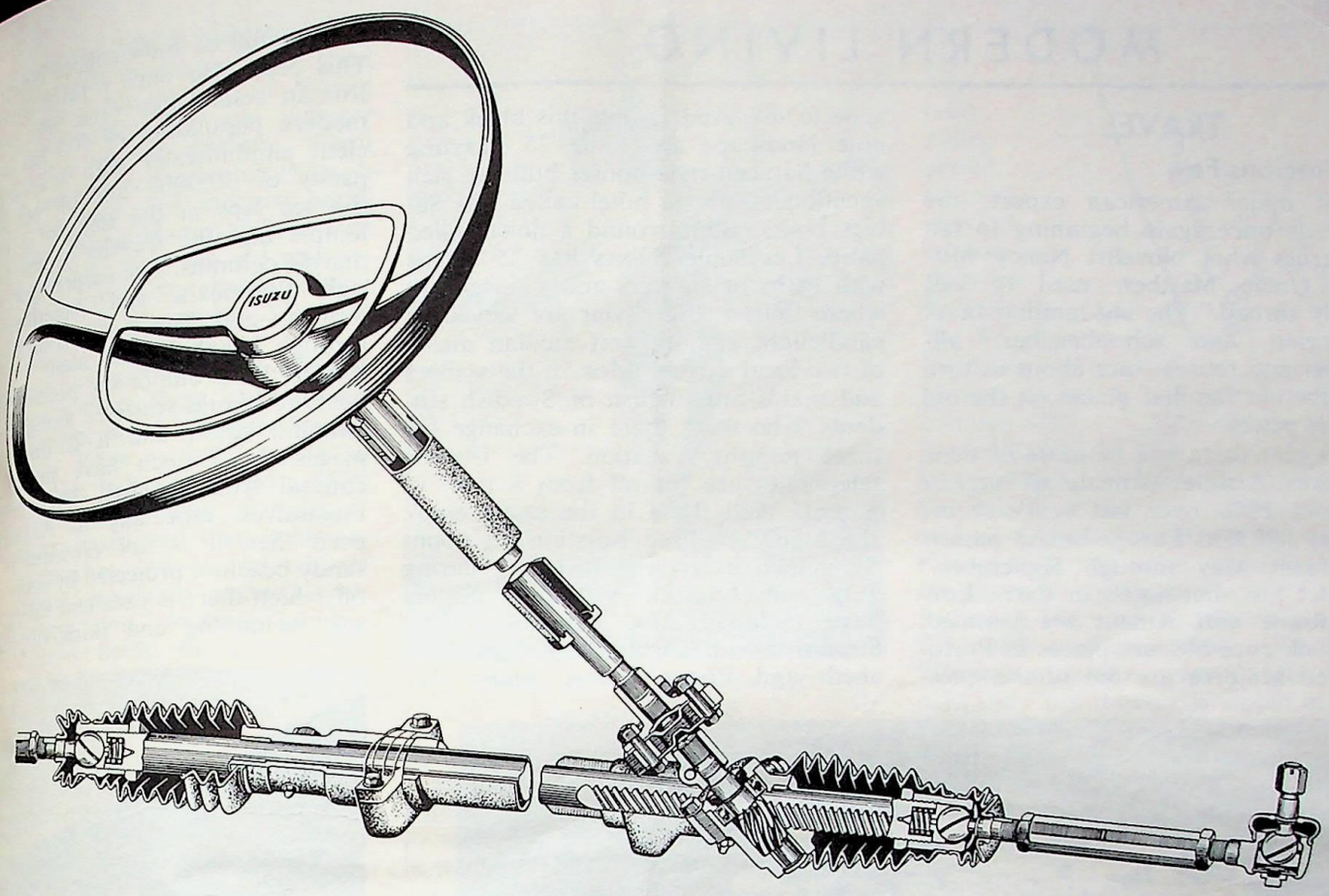
SWEDEN'S MYRDAL

BRAZIL'S CAMPOS

Building, reviving and drawing together.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

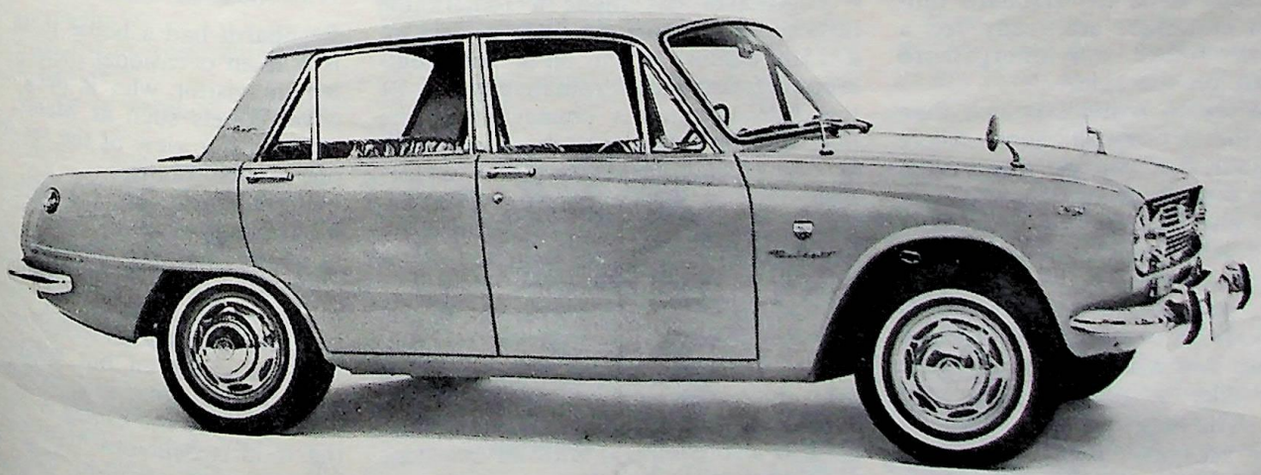
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Sporty!

...w why the new BELLETT handles so effortlessly, parks so ...ily? The answer is rack-and-pinion steering. This competi...-proved steering system gives your Bellett the maneuver...ity of a polo pony. Its instant, sure-footed response puts ...u in complete control of every driving situation. It is sports ...r ideas like rack-and-pinion steering that set this lively per...mer apart from the rest of the compact crowd.

BELLETT is not only sporty—it's practical too. The powerful 1500cc engine gives you consistent gas economy (and you'll save even more with Isuzu's revolutionary 1800cc diesel engine). Four doors and lots of room make it easy to take the entire family along. Yes, here's more than "just another compact." That's why we call Bellet a **family sports sedan.** See it soon at your local Isuzu dealer. Drive it. Be a sport!



ISUZU Bellett

ISUZU MOTORS LIMITED Shinagawa-ku, Tokyo, Japan
Cable Address: ISUZU TOKYO

...facturers & Dealers in Asia: **Korea** YOUNG POONG TRADING CO., LTD. Seoul. **Okinawa** OKINAWA ISUZU MOTOR CO., LTD. Naha-shi. **Taiwan** INTERNATIONAL AUTO CO., LTD. Taipei ...g Kong NICHIMEN CO., LTD. Hong Kong Branch. **Thailand** MITSUBISHI CO., (THAILAND) LTD., Bangkok. **Malaysia** SING HOE MOTOR CO., LTD. Kuala Lumpur. **Philippines** FAR EAST ...TOR CORPORATION Manila. **Indonesia** P. N. TRI BHAKTI Djakarta. **Ceylon** THE CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT Colombo. **Goa, India** KRISHNA RAGHUNATH SHETYE ...chandani. **West Pakistan** ASIAN AUTOMOBILES LIMITED Karachi.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

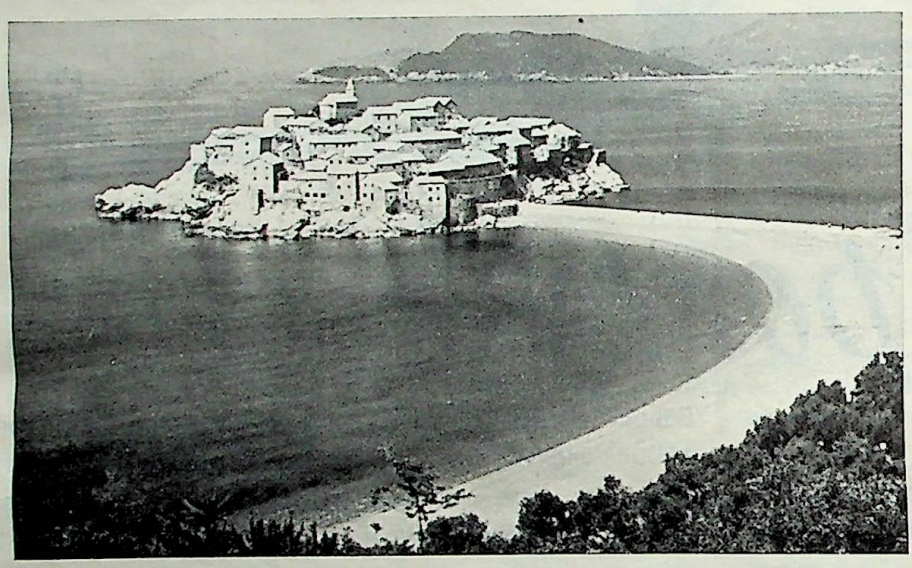
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TRAVEL

The Precious Few

That major American export, the tourist, is once again beginning to fan out across what Novelist Nancy Mitford's Uncle Matthew used to call "bloody abroad." The old familiar faces —collegian and schoolteacher, all-expenser and retiree—are about to turn up in the old familiar places, at the old familiar prices.

This year there will be more of them than ever. Airlines estimate an increase of about 25% over last year's record load of 683,000 Europe-bound passengers from May through September.* It is not just that hotels in Paris, London, Rome and Athens are jammed; even such once-obscure places as Portofino and Majorca are out of the question. This summer, Scandinavia is experiencing a big influx of those who, having already done the standard museums and churches, are ready for a fiord in their future, with smorgasbord and aquavit on the side.



YUGOSLAVIA'S SVETI STEVAN

Today, the search is for the Unspoiled Spot.

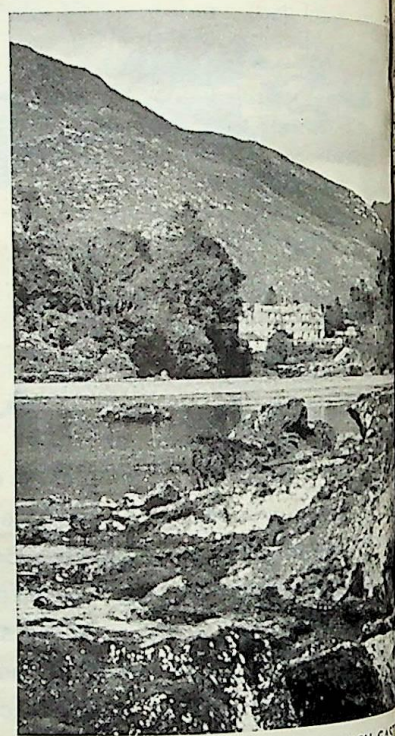
And the search is more intense than ever for the Unspoiled Spot, where Those Who Know can get away from it all for a quiet taste of nepenthe with good food and a clean bed. It is more dream and less reality than ever. But there are still some.

▶ Vulcano, one of the Aeolian Islands north of Sicily, is compounded of black sand beaches and a wild lava landscape that looks like a modern sculptor's nightmare. The sea around it is an unbelievable sapphire, lined with small white polished stones, through which bubble numerous hot sulphur springs, which are supposed to work wonders on an amazing range of problems from acne to sex. And against this black and blue landscape are some 25 dazzling white Saracen-style houses built by rich vacationers, plus a hotel called Les Sables Noirs. Built around a flower-filled patio, Les Sables Noirs has 25 rooms with baths or showers and a restaurant where lobster and caviar are served to candlelight and the soft Sicilian music of two local singers. Most of the waiters and maids are English or Swedish students, who work there in exchange for three months' vacation. The island's telephones are cut off from 8 p.m. to 8 a.m. And those in the know enjoy the highly civilized isolation (at about $9 a day, everything included, during July and August). Vulcano's visitors have included Alec Guinness, Adlai Stevenson—and Britain's Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, whose stay was unnoted by a single journalist or photographer.

▶ Yugoslavia has made a remarkable little summer resort out of Sveti Stevan, a 15th century town on a rock outcropping that rises dramatically out of the Adriatic and is connected to the mainland by a causeway that also serves as two splendid beaches. Once a fortress, then a fishing village, then abandoned entirely, it was transformed by the Yugoslav government in 1960 into a town-hotel to attract tourists from Europe and the U.S. The interiors of the old fishermen's houses in the winding streets and tiny flowered squares have been done over as comfortable modern suites with all the conveniences. The town is also equipped with an excellent restaurant that specializes in seafood.

▶ The south coast of Turkey is so undiscovered as yet that few Turks have heard of it, let alone been there. Most of it can be reached only by yacht, many of which are chartered in Athens, and there are no hotels—only peasant villages, sandy beaches, rocky promontories, azure water, clear skies and a background of snow-capped mountains. This coast was once a favorite Greek Roman resort area (one town with a modern population of 500 has an ancient amphitheater with a seating capacity of 30,000), and on one beach the sea laps at the steps of a ruined temple and the traveler swims among marble columns. Not surprisingly, a few rich Europeans and Americans are quietly—and illegally—buying up land through Istanbul front men.

▶ Belle Ile is one of the prettiest of the offshore islands scattered along France's Atlantic coast, and it is one of the places the French have managed to conceal from tourists. They go to it themselves, especially in August, but even then it is not crowded on its sandy beaches, protected by rocky cliffs off which there is excellent sailing, fishing, swimming and skindiving.



CONNEMARA'S BALLYNAHINCH CASTLE

Bernhardt had a house there, and it is still an occasional theatrical or intellectual visitor who is delighted to discover hotels such as Manoir de Gouphar with a view of the sea from every one of its rooms.

▶ Connemara, on the Atlantic coast of Ireland's County Galway, is bleak in winter, but in summer has a dreamy romantic beauty. Its heather-covered hills and mountains are dotted with trout-filled lakes and riverlets. The hotels are scattered but substantial, and some are notable, such as Ballynahinch Castle, where the fishing is famous, the food is delicious: trout and salmon, lobsters and crayfish, clams, mussels and—come September—the famous Galway oysters. Not to mention the small Connemara sheep, which roam the hills where wild herbs give the meat a rare, delicate taste.

▶ On Denmark's Jutland peninsula, the small old town of Ebeltoft—a cluster of low red-roofed houses,

* *The traffic is heavy in the other direction too; between January and May, the U.S. consulate in Paris granted 57% more visas than in the same period last year.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

stone streets and idyllic gardens set in a rolling coastal landscape with good bathing and a fine variety of Viking graves, castle ruins and old country estates within visiting distance. Small farms and pensions are scattered through the area, as well as a modern hotel, Hvide Hus (White House). Visitors to Ebeltoft will also hear the old reassuring sound of a night watchman singing out the hour as he makes his nocturnal rounds.

One spot so unspoiled that there is still almost nothing there is Sardinia's Costa Smeralda. But a syndicate headed by the Aga Khan is busy trying to change all that. It has launched a $650 million development along 35 miles of mountainous coastline that embrace scores of beaches and several natural ports. Some 35 hotels are planned, with accompanying golf courses, hunting grounds, polo fields, theaters, nightclubs and casinos. Since the coast at present is nearly devoid of inhabitants, the promoters plan to provide authentic quaintness by building some fishing villages from the ground up, complete with imported fishermen.

GAMES

Yellow Fever

Moving with deadly mischief across the Midwest last week was still another herd of galloping gags. Hard on the heels of the whats-its (TIME, May 29), the new yaks cropped up first in newspaper ads and TV spot commercials in Nebraska, Iowa, South Dakota and North Dakota. Designed to stamp out the elephant jokes, they had a more professional intent as well, namely to promote Northwestern Bell Telephone Co.'s classified section. Sample Northwestern ad: "I found intestinal fortitude in the yellow pages. Where? Under Abdominal Supports."

Gagsters instantly leaped into the fray with improvisations of their own. Simple yellow pagies:

A way to get rid of your wife? Under Bags, Disposable.

Need to get rid of rabbits? See Hair Removers.

Enlightenment? Under Lamps.

Looking for an Egyptian doctor? Consider Chiropractors.

An innkeeper? Under Girdles.

Courtesy? Under Tanks.

FASHION

Purely a Bore

Rudi Gernreich was bored to tears with necklines. The V neck, the scoop neck, the boat neck, the turtle neck, the square neck, even the deep-cut plunge, all seemed drags. But the California designer is an all-action-no-talk man, and in no time at all he had pulled himself together and come up with a rather refreshing idea: drop a neckline low enough, say to the waist. Then it actually won't be a neckline at all, and

TOPLESS SUIT IN SAN FRANCISCO
So what's news?

no one will be even the least bit bored.

Rudi was right as rain. His topless bathing suit (designed as "a prediction of things to come") was first modeled in the flesh for buyers early this month, drew S.R.O. crowds and, of course, caused raging controversy. "Now come, boys," wrote the New York Herald Tribune's Eugenia Sheppard, "girls have been dropping the tops of their suits for years." "It has no dignity," snipped Designer Norman Norell, "it's rock bottom." Colleague Oleg Cassini explained that the suit could hardly influence him. "I'm already very conscious," he yawned, "of that part of the anatomy." Through all the fuss, Rudi stood fast, insisted the suit was no gag. "After all," he sighed, "women have been exposing their bosoms all through history. Now all of a sudden it's a big deal."

Buyers, devil-may-care in the showroom, found store owners back home far from bold, and plenty worried. Hess's Department Store, in Allentown, Pa., faced picket lines of women (WE DRAW THE LINE, read the placards), was stuck with a shipment and the likelihood of few, if any, sales. Manhattan's Lord & Taylor changed its mind even before the suits arrived. "They will be sealed up immediately," said the store's president, Melvin Dawley, "and shipped to the poor." More sophisticated Western ladies snapped up models available in San Francisco stores and over the warnings of local clergymen that "nakedness and paganism go hand in hand," the first few tentative attempts at barebreasted exposure took place. One deterrent: very few girls have either the courage to strip or the bosom to make it worthwhile.

At week's end, with all counties still not heard from, the topless suit remained a most delicate issue. As with *Fanny Hill*, the meek trembled while the smart set shrugged. English Channel Swimmer Florence Chadwick got practical and confused things even more. "I'm too modest to wear a topless suit," said she, "but it actually would be more comfortable. It would be even more comfortable to swim without the bottom as well."

Another idea for Rudi—should things get boring again.

THE HOME

Dreams of Glory

Except for hotels, hospitals and the Ku Klux Klan, almost no one these days gives much of a hoot for white sheets. Once the standard way to dress a bed, they are now hauled out only in an emergency (when nothing else is clean or an unexpected guest arrives), today account for less than 45% of home sales. More and more, the going way to go to bed is in checks and plaids, scallops, scrollwork, and fields upon blooming fields of flowers. And for the linen closet that has everything, Fieldcrest last week rounded out the collection. The newest way to turn in with style: stars and stripes.

Now no one, but no one, sleeps on the American flag and lives to tell about it. But Fieldcrest insists "Three Cheers" is merely "a salute to colorful living," with any associations flagwise purely coincidental and absolutely not intended. The colors are red, white and blue, all right, but Betsy Ross didn't patent the scheme. And, most important, the stars and stripes never appear together at the same time on the same sheet, pillowcase or reversible bath towel (stars *or* stripes, never both, border the sheets, mix or match with towels and pillowcases in overall prints of either pattern). As a final disclaimer, the sheet and pillowcase stripes are slanted. Price: $3.99 a single sheet, $1.39 a pillowcase, $2.99 a towel.

HENRY GROSSMAN

BETWEEN SHEETS
But don't salute.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Big Ones, *Out* of Season

Despite the evident fact that most people have birthdays at about the same rate they have Christmases, publishers hesitate to issue expensive, elaborate books except in the jolly season, when the expense is less important than the solution of what to give Aunt Lucy. Those that do come out in other seasons must offer unusual promise. Among spring and summer's most unusual and promising:

MICHELANGELO THE PAINTER *by Valerio Mariani.* 151 pages, 86 color plates. *Kimberly Dormann.* For properly patriotic Italians, 1964 is the 400th anniversary not of the birth of Shakespeare but of the death of Michelangelo. The resulting commemorative volume, casually displayed on anyone's espresso table, is guaranteed to take the prize this summer—though perhaps only for price ($125) and awkwardness (14 in. by 11 in. by 3 in., weighing 11 lbs.). The text is learned, dull and clumsily translated. What almost justifies the outrageous price is the color plates, which display every surviving work that Michelangelo painted, including each panel and major figure in his ceiling frescoes and *Last Judgment* from the Sistine Chapel. The reproduction is generally good, though a trifle hard-edged; the color, for the most part, avoids the unnatural keying-up that afflicts so many art books.

NEW YORK *by Andreas Feininger and Kate Simon.* 159 pages. *Viking.* $10; NEW YORK: PEOPLE AND PLACES *by Victor Laredo and Percy Seitlin.* 192 pages. *Reinhold.* $12.50. As if to prove that New York is not to be reduced, despite the slogan, to a mere summer festival, a clutch of recently issued picture-and-commentary books have tried to capture the year-round look and feel of the city as its passionate fans know it. These two are the best. Laredo's photos are particularly good at capturing architecture, and the accompanying essays are casual and urbane. But for many readers Feininger's camera may prove more authoritative, his selection of subjects more inclusive, and the commentary by Kate Simon a shade more knowledgeable.

A MILITARY HISTORY AND ATLAS OF THE NAPOLEONIC WARS *by Brigadier General Vincent Esposito and Colonel John Robert Elting.* Unpaged. *Praeger.* $19.95. At the heart of this volume are 169 maps, 9 in. by 12 in., originally prepared for use at West Point. The maps begin with "Europe in 1795," end at "Waterloo Campaign: Situation 29 June 1815," and cover every campaign and battle in between. They are entrancingly peppered with red and blue bars, arrows, boxes, dots, circles, crosshatchings, and ominous notes like: "The Kamenski shown here is not the general of that name on Map 70." Facing each map is a dense page of breathless prose: "Part of the Russian first and second lines now toughly reformed and began firing wildly to the rear; Murat's leading divisions seemed hopelessly trapped. Instead, the cavalry of the Guard burst forward." Or: "On 11 October, Bernadotte halted short of Munich in a cloud of alarmist reports." If passages are inadvertently funny, the book is nonetheless a bugle blast to bring every armchair general snapping to wild-eyed attention.

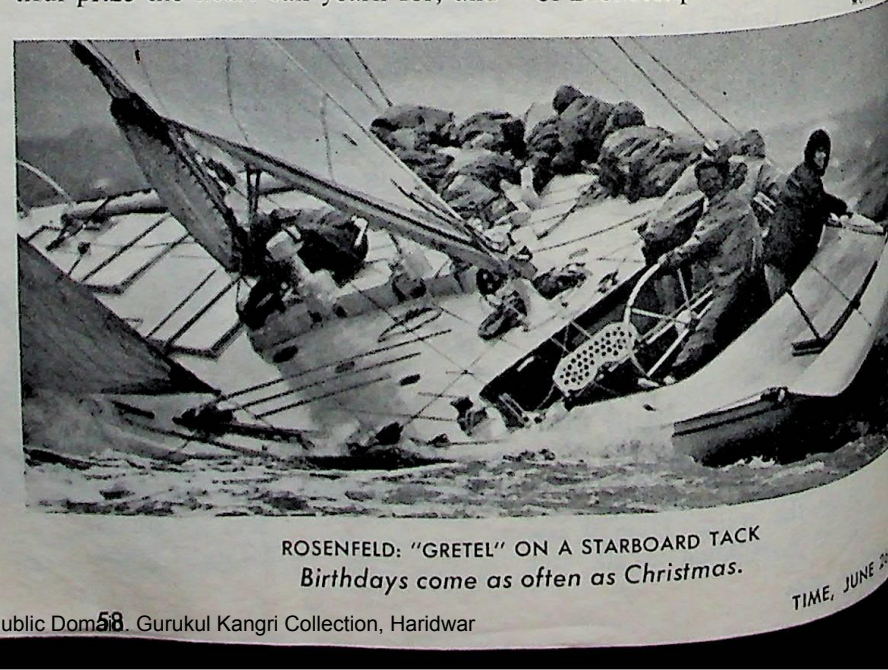
SAILING FOR AMERICA'S CUP *by Everett B. Morris; photographs by Morris Rosenfeld.* 216 pages. *Harper & Row.* $10. That gimcracky old silver ewer with all the curlicues and the hole in the bottom is, to yachtsmen, the most beautiful prize the heart can yearn for, and the sailing races to win it have pro... some of the loveliest pictures in ... America's Cup is to be contested ... again this September, as good an ... as any for this book of lucid text ... fine photographs, many in color ... text roams all the way back to the ... inal two-masted *America* and fo... to the design, handling and mate... tics of the 12-meters that will be ... out all this summer.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BEN... FRANKLIN *edited by Leonard W. L...* 351 pages. *Yale.* $12.50. Where so ... fancy books are long on picture ... short on readable reading matter ... one is superbly the reverse. The ... handsome, the production pleasa... what counts here is the text: the ... thoroughly edited and adequately ... notated version of Franklin's ma... faithful in every word to Fran... holograph. The scholarship is ... Yale editors who are also issuing F... lin's *Papers*, and they wear their ... ing lightly. They have thrown o... tamperings and heavy dignificatio... previous versions to restore Fran... natural power and breeziness of ev... sion—one standard edition has "... not a little surprised, and Keimer ... with astonishment." Franklin ac... wrote "Keimer star'd like a Pig ... son'd." The result is like cleaning ... the grime and cracked varnish of ... erations to discover unsuspected s... in an old master.

IMAGES OF WAR *by Robert ...* 175 pages. *Grossman.* $15. "Fro... angle war was like an aging ac... more and more dangerous and les... less photogenic," Robert Capa ... wrote. Yet War Photographer ... pursued his hated harridan longer ... more closely than anyone else. He ... under fire in Spain in 1936-37, ... in 1938, Britain during the blitz in ... North Africa in 1942, Italy in ... He was with the first assault wa... Normandy in 1944, with the Ma... Paris at the liberation, with the Is... in Palestine in 1948, with the ga... of Dienbienphu. All those battlefie...

FEININGER: CEMETERY IN QUEENS

ANDREAS FEININGER

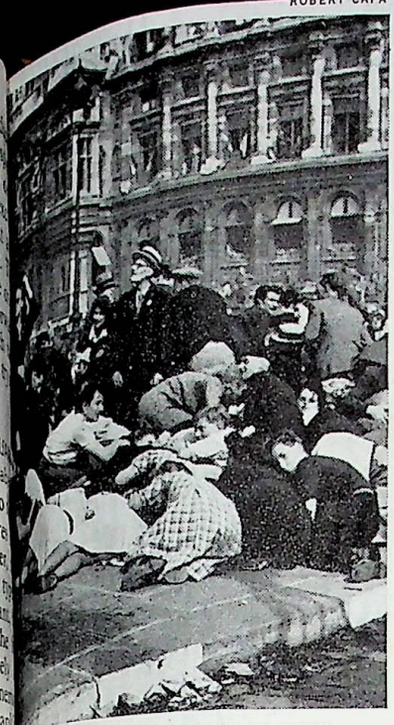


ROSENFELD: "GRETEL" ON A STARBOARD TACK

Birthdays come as often as Christmas.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



CAPA: LIBERATION IN PARIS (DETAIL)

War was like an aging actress.

gritty photos (many for LIFE), are re. Also here are the people, both diers and noncombatants, whose s he increasingly relied on to tell horrors of war. Finally, on a road North Viet Nam in 1954, the old lady ed on him; Capa was killed by a t Minh antipersonnel mine.

E JAPANESE HOUSE *by Heinrich* l. 495 pages. *Charles E. Tuttle.* 50. In an almost-unheard-of warn- at the start of this volume, the pub- s throw up their hands and admit at one time we urged that, in the st of greater clarity, the manu- be completely rewritten." The au- 's refusal has resulted in a book is remarkably difficult in subject style. It is redeemed by hundreds otographs and drawings which add to the most vital presentation yet e of the tradition of Japanese hous- Engel's total immersion in every- Japanese has also given him a pelling vision of the ceremonious s of Japan's everyday living that roduced the architecture. It is this n that he struggles to express. Of- despite his publisher's fears, he eeds.

E NILE *by Eliot Elisofon.* 292 pages. p. $17.50. From the cloud-capped torial glaciers where the headwa- gather, to the soaking flatlands of eamy delta, from the eternal past the Pharaohs to the eternal present the fellahin—Elisofon has photo- lled the Nile complete, and accom- ies his pictures with his own exten- text. Sphinxes, water buffaloes, ramids, dhows, tombs and King Tut the obvious subjects have rarely been er done. What stand out, though, the more personal shots of the teem- life along the river's green thread: herd of zebras thundering away ar Lake Victoria, the camel and the boy resting together by a campsite.

"AN APOSTLE OF HOPE"

Famed psychiatrist Karl Menninger was the *particular apostle* cited in one TIME story. But the description lends itself to hundreds of other men of medicine and vision. Their achievements are regularly reported in a TIME section devoted exclusively to medicine. New surgical and diagnostic techniques, as well as breakthroughs in the treatment of injury and disease are examined in TIME's authoritative style. TIME's concern with what's new and special in medicine and elsewhere is a cherished tradition. One that attracts millions of families worldwide each week.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

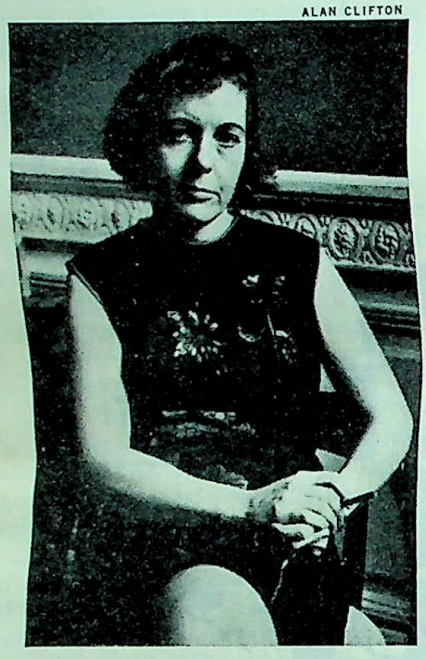
The Small, Clever Tongue

TWO NOVELS *by Brigid Brophy.* 253 pages. *World.* $4.95.

The falsest of truisms is that art is communication, as Novelist Brigid Brophy demonstrates with this admirably wicked little book.

Her writing suggests the play of a sleek, recently fed and slightly bored cat. The performance is brilliant, but the reader cannot feel that it is for his benefit; the glossy limbs would be stretched, the back arched and the bit of string stalked across the expanse of carpet even if there were no onlookers to watch.

ALAN CLIFTON



BRIGID BROPHY
Edging desire past resolve.

Author Brophy, 35, is a classics professor at Oxford. She has earned respect for her catlike talents before this —not so much for her two previous novels (*Flesh, Hackenseller's Ape*) as for her corrosive book reviews in English periodicals. ("The way Henry Miller demonstrates he is an habitué of Europe is to balk at the price of everything, including sexual intercourse.")

Stretched Memory. As *The Snow Ball* (first and longer of the two short novels in this book) opens, Anna is in confused flight from a black-masked man who kissed her; and what she tries to remember is this: has Don Giovanni raped Donna Anna as the opera begins or has he merely tried to do so? It seems terribly important to Anna, costumed inevitably as Donna Anna for this masked ball in 20th century London, that she puzzle out whether Mozart's soprano is telling the truth. The libretto seems to offer no clue. Possibly the music? The costume ball roars in her ears. Is she herself really running from the man masked as Don Giovanni, or trying to find him? In hot confusion she retreats to the dressing table of her hostess and redoes her makeup.

It may be that there is not another author writing English who could make a male reader watch so raptly as Anna smears herself with cold cream. It is a small talent, not to be made too much of, but in operation it is uncanny. The onlooker is fascinated as Brophy's small, clever tongue darts out and strokes, as it were, a bit of fur into place. And with the same fascination, the reader watches as Anna begins idly to look for her masked Don Giovanni, then searches more intently, finds him, leaves for a rendezvous with him, then returns to the ball.

Press of Flesh. The intensity persists because Author Brophy herself watches with such wonder, as if it were all new —the press of flesh against cloth, the edging of desire past resolve. She stares at it solemnly and sets it all down. Every bad writer who ever described a large party has used a wave and ocean metaphor; Author Brophy uses it, and it is brilliantly fresh because it is no metaphor: it is her wondering realization that the party is swept by waves.

The second of the novellas, *The Finishing Touch,* is quicker and more prankish, a joke the author tells herself about the unsuspected versatility of a lesbian schoolmistress. But the catty quality continues. A little uneasily, the reader admires the feline arabesques and muses, as one does of parlor cats, about the damage Brigid Brophy could accomplish if she grew to jungle size.

Real People Are Dull

WHAT TIME COLLECTS *by James T. Farrell.* 421 pages. *Doubleday.* $5.95.

"And, with pitiless banality, time passed." So writes James T. Farrell on page 399 of his 18th novel, accurately describing the way time has passed for his characters, and for the reader, in the preceding 398 pages. Banality is what Farrell's novel is about, and it is also the novel's sole literary device. The people of the book are joyless, hateless, empty of good or evil, fleshy machines that transmit at the audible level the prattle of Babbittry and, octaves above, the silent scream of tedium. The prose in which they are described is also joyless and hateless, empty of merit and of error, painfully boring. And it is obvious that this is intentional. Farrell's setting is St. Louis in the 1920s, and his method is to make his readers suffer at the same pace as his characters.

The Submen. In this willfully limited goal he is successful. The novel's desultory action occupies about two years, and reading about it provides the horrifying illusion of having spent that long with Farrell's submen. The reader's reaction is likely to be exasperation.

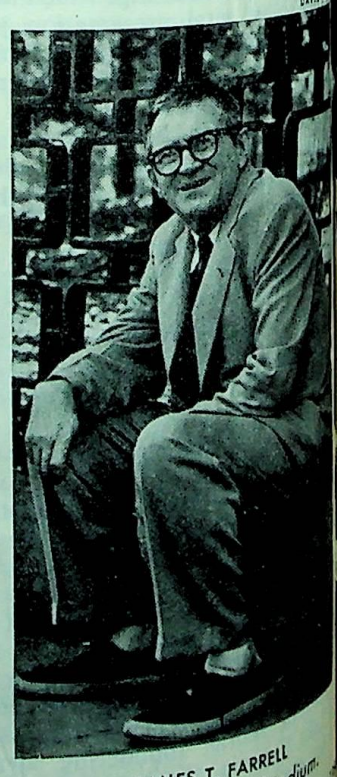
The central figures are Anne Duncan, a waitress and technically a virgin, and Zeke Daniels, the braggartly buffoon who marries her. There are assorted relatives: Anne has a weak, churchly mother, Zeke a managing mother and a popinjay father who struts in Klan robes. They are presented in a protracted series of flashbacks leading from the marriage of Anne and Zeke [illegible] flashbacks do not resolve down [illegible] nub of meaning but are centrif[illegible] leading away from meaning into [illegible] thinning reaches of an infinity of [illegible] lessness. Conversations take place [illegible] nothing is said. Eventually the [illegible] stops, Farrell having shown to his [illegible] satisfaction, not how Anne and Z[illegible] got that way, but "this is how it [illegible]

No Diversion. To show how [illegible] are, with nothing subtracted for [illegible] priety or added for spice, is the [illegible] aim of naturalism, the earnest [illegible] footed literary school of which J[illegible] has been perhaps the most determ[illegible] flat-footed U.S. member. His [illegible] beginning with his wildly succe[illegible] *Studs Lonigan* trilogy, has been [illegible] by the naturalistic writers' obse[illegible] need to prove, over and over a[illegible] that life is not art. It is a lesson that [illegible] casionally needs teaching, and F[illegible] and such hesitant early experimen[illegible] as William Dean Howells cleared [illegible] a good deal of literary rubbish by [illegible] ing the way they did. But merely [illegible] the farthest possible position fro[illegible] manticism is not a way to arrive [illegible] philosophy of writing. Each of [illegible] polar views is too limiting. In a ro[illegible] tic novel, the hero always wins [illegible] he rolls the dice; in a Farrell n[illegible] he always craps out.

Farrell says insistently that mos[illegible] ple are dreary, not fascinating, and [illegible] reader imagines Farrell saying "I'm [illegible] going to divert you from the impo[illegible] truth of dullness by presenting my [illegible] people in an entertaining way. I'm [illegible] ing to be as dull as possible about [illegible]

So Farrell has been saying fo[illegible] years. No one pays much attention [illegible] more, but there is courage in his w[illegible] headedness, and obviously he's g[illegible] to go on saying it.

DAVID [illegible]



JAMES T. FARRELL
A silent scream of tedium.

TIME, JUNE 2[illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Where is Cariflex going?

Answer: here, there and everywhere. For Cariflex is a trio of complementary rubbers whose wide and flexible spectrum of characteristics enables them to tackle just about every job a rubber can do, more efficiently and more economically than anything on the market. There are Cariflex formulations for every kind of tyre, helping to combine hard wear with extra safety: for footwear, where Cariflex means high quality at low cost: for engine mountings and other industrial uses where long life under extreme conditions is all-important. Where is Cariflex going? Wherever there's a need for a comprehensive range of dependable, tried, economical rubbers.

The range of Shell Chemicals is wide and diversified. In industry and agriculture, in almost every country of the world, they are contributing to greater efficiency and lower costs. Shell are eager to give all the help they can. If Shell Chemicals can solve your problems contact the Shell company in your country.

Cariflex
TRADE MARK

Shell Chemicals

SHELL

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

New York: it's the year to see the fabulous World's Fa

Fly east–or fly west–to the U.S.A. on Pan Am!

You can fly to the U.S.A. East via Tokyo . . . or West via Europe *all without change of plane*—only on Pan Am. 24 Jets a week throughout the summer. More than any other airline.

Pan Am's convenient *Eastbound* service to the U.S. West Coast lets you enjoy stopovers in Hong Kong, Tokyo and Hawaii at *no extra fare* . . . or you can fly from Tokyo to California via Pan Am's exclusive Great Circle Route. Other Jets direct to the U.S. West Coast from Singapore via Manila and Hawaii.

Or fly *Westbound* to New York. En route you can see the most exciting cities in the Middle East and Europe at *no extra fare!*

Whichever way you choose, you're flying with the airline that knows the world best. Gives you a comfortable feeling, knowing you're flying with the World's Most Experienced Airline. And the hospitable, generous service includes cuisine by *Maxim's of Paris* on every flight.

Choose first-class *President Special* or low-fare *Rainbow* Economy service. For information and immediate reservations, call your Pan Am Travel Agent or Pan Am.

FIRST ON THE PACIFIC...
FIRST ON THE ATLANTIC...
FIRST IN LATIN AMERICA...
FIRST 'ROUND THE WORLD...

PAN AM

YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITH PAN AM
—WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

JULY 3, 1964 ASIA EDITION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

SCANDINAVIA TODAY

DENMARK'S PRINCESS ANNE-MARIE

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

HANDMADE WOODEN BOWLS BY JOHNNY MATTSSON, GAVLE, SWEDEN

SCANDINAVIAN MODERN is Mattsson wood carving . . . and a world of travel with a tradition

To set new trends for today, Scandinavian artists borrow from the past. Here the thousand-year-old form of the Viking longboat becomes unmistakably Scandinavian Modern. Scandinavian traditions are very much alive in the world of jet air travel, too. Navigating skill is one example. SAS won the Christopher Columbus prize for pioneering the polar air routes. Another—one you'll find wherever you go with SAS—is hospitality and cuisine in the good old tradition. Plan to enjoy them on your next trip with SAS.

FLY SCANDINAVIAN MODERN—WORLDWIDE

SAS SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

Photo by C. A. Peterson on Kodak Ektachrome film

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

We park the big ones right in our own backyard

(One of the ways we work with steel)

Even 70,000 ton freighters drop anchor right at Sumitomo's Wakayama steel mill. It's one of the few mills in the world that contains its own modern port facility with a 46-foot-deep harbor. The blast furnaces are only steps away. The result: important savings in freight costs. That's half the story. Finished products, too, go free of mill-to-port transportation charges. You'll find the time, labor and expense this convenient port saves in the Sumitomo price lists. ☐ Efficiency like this is a habit at Wakayama, newest of four Sumitomo steel mills. Designed by Kaiser Engineering and supplied by United, Abbey Etna, Mannesmann, Mesta, Sack and Krupp, this ultra-modern mill turns out 2,300,000 tons of steel per year (5,000,000 projected by 1968).

☐ For superior steel competitively priced—tubes, pipe, sheets, plate, wire rods, castings, forgings and rolling stock parts—you're right with Sumitomo.

SUMITOMO METALS

OSAKA, JAPAN
SUMITOMO METAL INDUSTRIES, LTD.
NEW YORK/LOS ANGELES/DUSSELDORF

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TELEVISION

Thursday, July 2

ABC NEWS REPORTS (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.).* A study of Republican Party platforms of the past and their influence on Republican Presidents.

Friday, July 3

U.S. SUMMER OLYMPIC TRIALS (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). First of twelve programs on the trials, beginning with some of the Men's Track and Field events from Downing Stadium, Randall's Island, N.Y.

Saturday, July 4

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Vic Seixas is commentator for the All England Tennis championships from Wimbledon, England; also the 24-hour Grand Prix of Endurance from Le Mans, France.

Sunday, July 5

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Dwight Macdonald, Maxwell Geismar, and John Houseman discuss the role of the artist during the '30s and show films of some of the '30s' greats: Carole Lombard, Thomas Wolfe, Sherwood Anderson, George Gershwin, etc. Repeat.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guest: Wisconsin Congressman Melvin R. Laird, 1964 chairman of the Republican Platform Committee.

Monday, July 6

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY PLATFORM (NBC, 4:30-5 p.m.). First of five daily programs covering preconvention developments in San Francisco this week.

MONDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). *The Pride of St. Louis,* the life story of Pitcher Dizzy Dean. Color.

Tuesday, July 7

THE CHOSEN CHILD (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Award-winning documentary on the joys and difficulties involved in child adoption. Repeat.

THEATER

Straw Hat

The big news on the tent and barn circuit this year is the release for summer theaters of that alltime box-office bombshell, *My Fair Lady,* and more than 80 summer theaters are offering *Lady* to the straw-hat and sunback set.

This week the *Lady* will 'arness 'er haitches in Highland Park, Ill. (with Ray Milland, who will go on to North Tonawanda, N.Y., Framingham, Mass., Wallingford, Conn., Warwick, R.I.); Gaithersburg, Md. (with Zachary Scott and Joan —daughter of Aaron—Copland, who will also take it to Devon, Pa., West Springfield, Mass., Owings Mills, Md., and Westbury, L.I.); Kansas City (with Michael Allinson, who will play it in Atlanta as well); Corning, N.Y. (with Allyn Ann McLerie and George Gaynes, on a tour that will hit Fayetteville, N.Y., Latham, N.Y., East Rochester, Southfield, Mich., Toronto, Nyack, N.Y., and East Hampton, L.I.); Santa Monica (with Edward Mulhare, Reginald Denny and Barbara Williams); Yonkers, N.Y. (with Margot Moser and Michael Evans, for a whole month); other companies will mount productions in Hyannis, Mass., Laconia, N.H., Cedar Grove, N.J., Augusta, Mich., and Bellport, L.I.

Next week *Ladies* will pop up in Dallas (with Gayla Byrne and Michael Rennie); Somers Point, N.J., Fitchburg, Mass., and Cohasset, Mass. And the following week there will be productions in Mount Gretna, Pa., Skowhegan, Me., Sullivan, Ill., New London, Conn., and Hampton, N.H.

Music theaters and summer theaters across the country will play various versions of *Lady*. Some notable ones: Jeffrey Lynn will play Higgins in Ephrata, Pa., at the end of July, then go to Charlotte, N.C., with Mindy Carson (on leave for a week from Broadway's *Mary, Mary*). In August, Jane Powell, Michael Evans and Reginald Denny will play it in a brand-new theater in Woodland Hills (Los Angeles); Margot Moser will appear in it with Hugh Marlow and Lyle Talbot in Sacramento. Edward Mulhare will play a late-season engagement of it in San Diego.

CINEMA

THAT MAN FROM RIO. In a hilarious parody of Hollywood adventure movies, French Director Philippe de Broca fires clichés at the screen with Hero Jean-Paul Belmondo panting through many a tight squeeze.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. A ne'er-do-well aristocrat (Denholm Elliott) tutors an ambitious junior clerk (Alan Bates) who yearns for Establishment status in a black comedy about hoary old England.

THE ORGANIZER. Director Mario Monicelli's vividly dramatic portrait of 19th century Italy has warmth, humor, and a fine performance by Marcello Mastroianni as a Socialist Savonarola who leads a strike of textile workers in Turin.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. Mastroianni again, teamed with Sophia Loren in three frolicsome tales celebrating the game of love as though Italians had invented it out of pure mischief.

THE NIGHT WATCH. Using their jail cell as a base for excavations, five French losers dig up enough walloping suspense and bitter insight to make this prison thriller one of the best of its kind.

BECKET. England's 12th century Archbishop of Canterbury (Richard Burton) dares the wrath of his onetime friend King Henry II (Peter O'Toole) in an eye- and ear-filling spectacle.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. In a sly spoof of Ian Fleming's thriller formula, Secret Agent 007 (Sean Connery) is lured to Istanbul for hand-to-hand combat with hired assassins and a high-proof blonde.

THE SERVANT. Dirk Bogarde deftly combines good manners with menace in Director Joseph Losey's class-conscious melodrama about an evil London valet who attends mainly to his master's vice.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT introduces Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth as a pair of teen-age metrognomes who liven up New York in pursuit of Concert Pianist Peter Sellers, their favorite celebrity.

BOOKS

Best Reading

TWO NOVELS, by Brigid Brophy. These short novels contain glittering prose, a variety of verbal tricks, and almost too many *tours de force* to digest at one reading. Already a well-known critic, Brophy has now hit a fictional stride that should make her a formidable literary figure.

TO AN EARLY GRAVE, by Wallace Markfield. A funny, unpretentious novel about a small clutch of men who make a living in Greenwich Village by being "intellectual." Author Markfield has obviously read his Joyce very closely, but his style is lighter and his wit strictly 1964.

THE SCARPERER, by Brendan Behan. "scarper" in Irish is to escape, and Behan runs off with some Dublin weirdos gleefully ing their past and dreaming their future. This short novel is vintage Behan (1954) when the mercurial writer wrote his most ebullient prose.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY, by John Le Carré. A reissue of the author's first two books in one volume. Admirers of *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* will be expecting more drawn to *A Murder for Quality*, which has its own suspenseful plot, but at the same time reads like a first draft for Le Carré characters, Cold and all.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. This memoir of Paris in the which the author suggested should be as fiction, has a ghostly quality: it as if the author had written in the what in fact he wrote in the '50s. the famous are there: James Joyce, Pound, Gertrude Stein, the Fitzgeralds characterized memorably, if sometimes nastily, in vintage Hemingway style.

RAINER MARIA RILKE, THE YEARS IN ZERLAND, by J. R. von Salis. This raphy covers Rilke's last seven years, he wrote his greatest poetry—including most of his masterpiece, *The Duino gies*. Von Salis, who knew Rilke, well Rilke's temperament, but he perspective on his genius.

JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. In his reign as Emperor of Rome (A.D. 363), Julian crammed enough wars, grandiose plans to make Alexander Great seem inert and unimaginative. Vidal's novel records, with elegance flourish, every last adventure, including the notorious attempt to abolish Christianity, but he does not quite capture elusive subject.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (3)
4. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg
5. The Group, McCarthy (6)
6. Armageddon, Uris
7. The Spire, Golding (4)
8. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer (7)
9. Julian, Vidal (10)
10. The Martyred, Kim (8)

NONFICTION

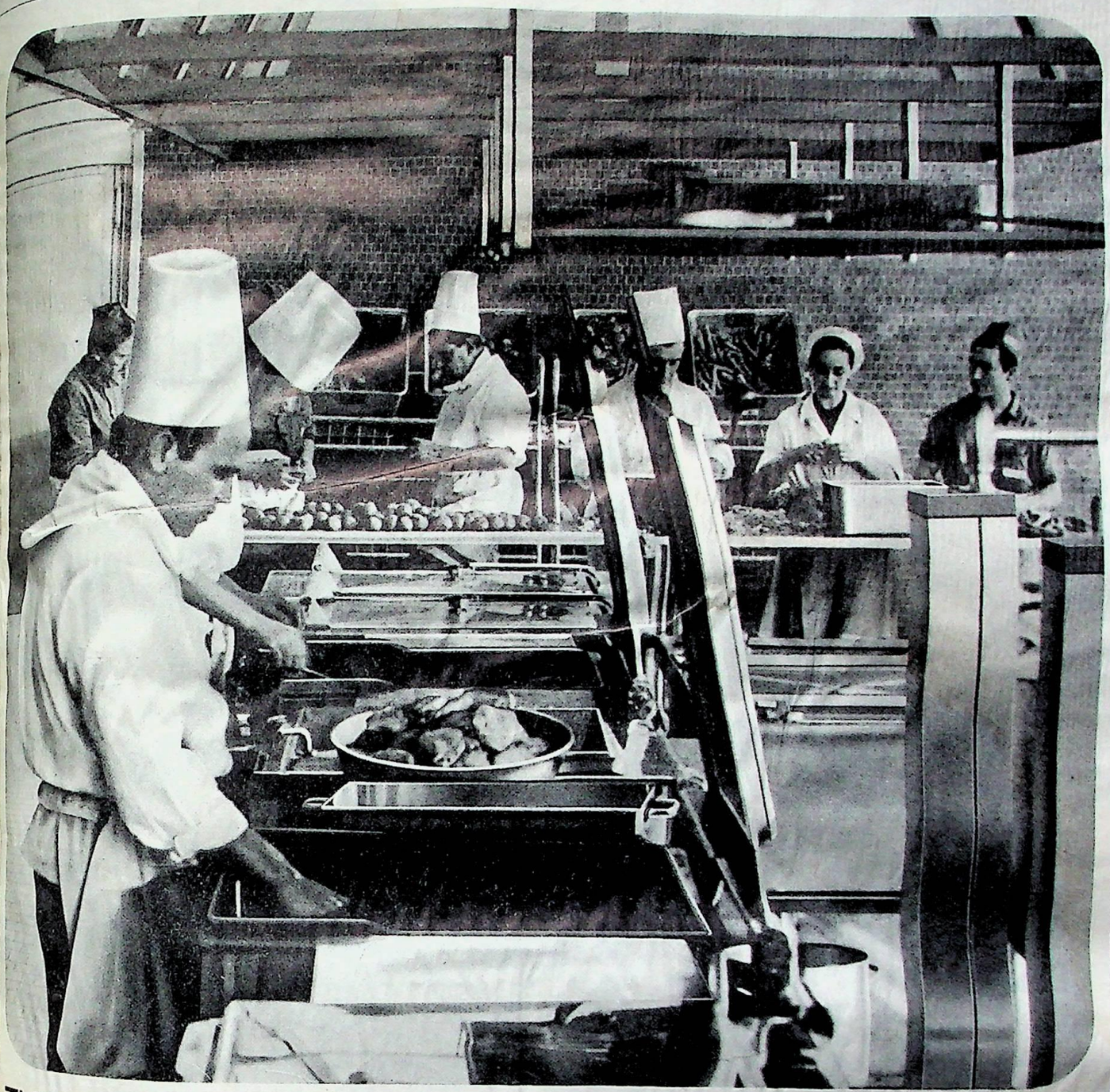
1. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (1)
2. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (2)
3. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy
4. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy
5. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur
6. The Naked Society, Packard (6)
7. In His Own Write, Lennon (7)
8. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (9)
9. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris (5)
10. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (8)

* *All times E.D.T.*

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F. Mexico. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME INC. at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries listed elsewhere.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanjilal Collection. eGangotri

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



THOUSANDS OF EXPERTS AT YOUR SERVICE

THEY MADE THE APFEL STRUDEL IN ROME. Good Italian chefs are very good indeed: and they have some of the very best in the kitchen of ALITALIA'S Supply Centre at Fiumicino. The menus are compiled by gastronomes who've savoured the world's favourite dishes. On all international and intercontinental flights, you can enjoy many exotic recipes, as well as the delicious Italian way of cooking.

ALITALIA AIRLINES

ALITALIA IS IN ALL OF ITALY AND GOES EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

A NEW UPRISING IN JORDAN?

(No, camel racing.)

The track was sandy but fast at the Royal Racing Club in Jordan. The new vogue: Camel racing and the betting thereon.

Racing authorities originated the idea, because they had become alarmed at the deterioration of the Jordanian camel breed.

So, amidst gargles, groans, moans, roars and grunts—they were off.

An American magazine, *Sports Illustrated,* covered the race from start to finish with a four-page article.

Why? Are Americans interested in camel racing? Some of them now are. They're the kind of people who delight in *Sports Illustrated's* sophisticated search for sporting excitement off the beaten track, all around the world.

Certainly, *Sports Illustrated* covers the big spectator sports as well. But the rapidly expanding number of Americans with more leisure time is interested in the esoteric sports, too. This they find each week in the unique pages of *Sports Illustrated* Magazine.

Oh, yes—about the race. The camel in the middle—AL-Yatima—won it. It paid 150 fils to win. (That's 42 cents.)

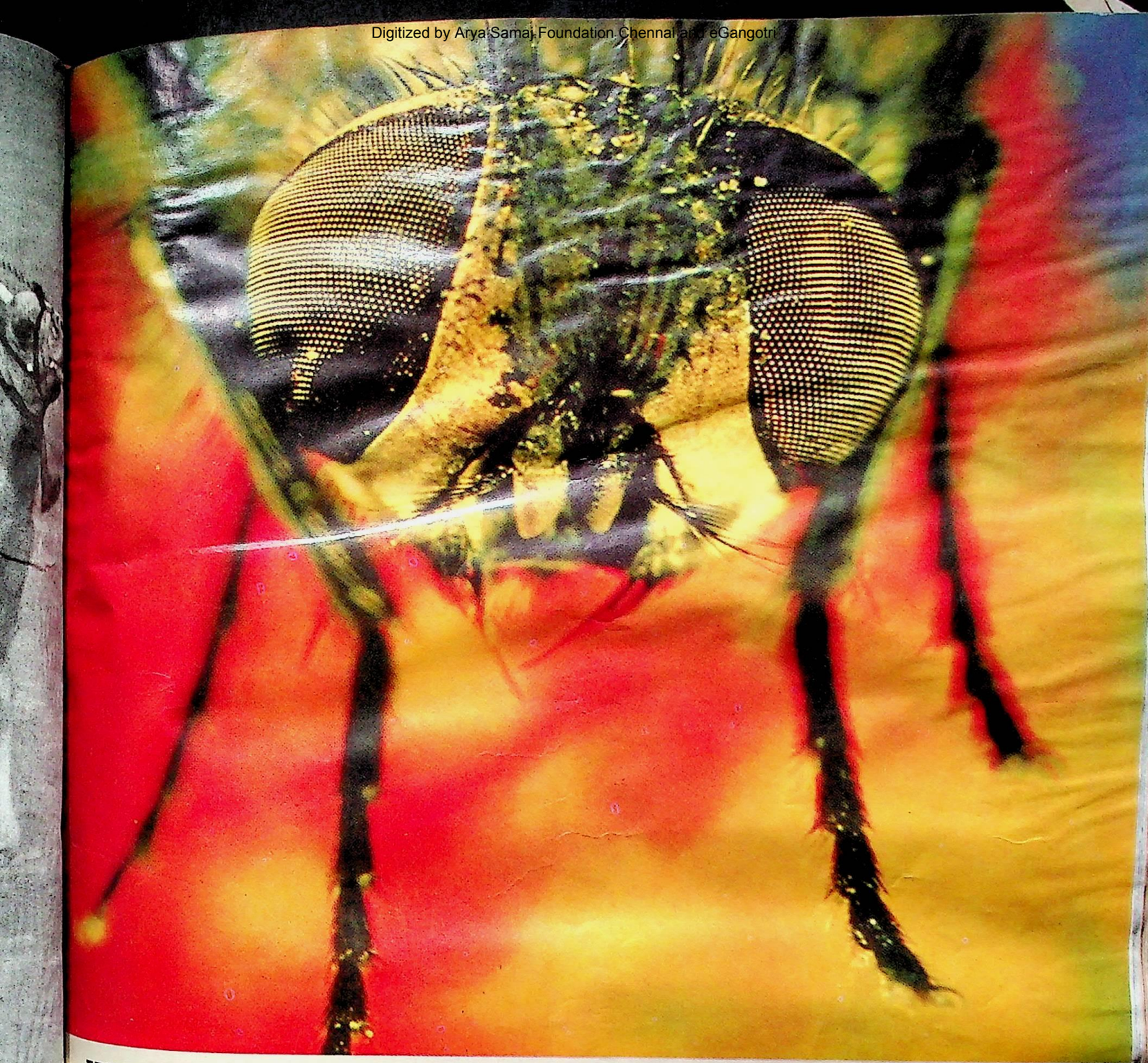
Sports Illustrated is one of the enterprises through which Time Incorporated endeavors to bring information and understanding to people everywhere.

TIME/LIFE INTERNATIONAL

Time · Life · Time International · Life International · Life en Español · Fortune · **Sports Illustrated** · House & Home · Architectural Forum · Panorama · President · Time-Life News Service · Time-Life Books · Silver Burdett Co. · Time-Life Broadcast · Time-Life Developments, Inc. · East Texas Pulp and Paper Co.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



WHEREVER THEY HIDE SHELL CAN REACH THEM

Dirty, ravaging, germ-carrying insects lurk and breed in the many odd corners of any building. Ordinary insecticides cannot always reach them. *Shell can.*

Shell's latest insecticide is called Vapona, it vaporises; actually chases insects into their former 'safety zones'... then kills them. Even insects resistant to other insecticides cannot escape Vapona, no matter where they hide. Yet it is not persistent; after doing its job it breaks down quickly into harmless substances. Vapona clears insect pests from houses, aircraft, food-stores, dairies, warehouses, ships, beaches, rubbish dumps. In fact from almost anywhere. Vapona is just one of Shell's comprehensive group of pesticides, which between them provide an effective answer to insect problems in every continent.

The range of Shell chemicals is wide and diversified. In industry and agriculture, in almost every country of the world, they are contributing to greater efficiency and lower costs. Shell are eager to give you all the help they can. If chemicals can solve your problems contact your local Shell company.

VAPONA

Shell Chemicals

SHELL

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Unfortunately mileage indicators go up only to 99,999

That is why you can never be certain how old a Mercedes-Benz is. You can neither see from the outside, nor hear from the inside, whether it has covered 100,000 or 200,000 miles. There really is only one way to find out exactly how long a Mercedes-Benz lives: — by driving it. But don't get impatient if it takes a few years longer.

In 1964, quality improvement is top priority in the Daimler-Benz AG investment program. A large part of current investment is devoted to maintaining and improving the already high standard of quality.

MERCEDES-BENZ

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

Civil Rights Bill

Sir: The only unhappy part about the civil rights bill [June 19] is that there ever existed the need for it.

PATRICIA CHERONE

Glendale, Calif.

Sir: With God's help, I hope Americans will accept their moral responsibility by doing what they can to make life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness a reality for Negro people as well as white.

DAVID W. MANDYCK

Afton, N.Y.

Sir: The civil rights bill is not "the product of national demand." You should have said "the product of noisy minorities who terrify politicians."

DARRELL C. STEERS

Chevy Chase, Md.

Sir: What a thrill to see the cover picture of a Senator who is too much of a coward to permit Americans a referendum on the civil rights question. He seems to think he was elected to cram legislation down the throats of people he thinks are too dumb to know what they want.

W. C. CARGILE

El Paso, Texas

Sir: I was about to bid a reluctant farewell to the G.O.P. until I read your article on Senator Dirksen. While it is true that we cannot legislate morality, we can legislate conditions that are more conducive to morality. Goldwater's vote against the civil rights bill is another indication of his remarkable shortsightedness.

LYNN HARLAN

Fremont, Calif.

Sir: Let us not forget that Goldwater has now voted "no" on three recent major bills to reach the Senate: the civil rights bill, the trade expansion act, the test ban agreement. These bills could not have passed without staunch Republican backing. Mr. Goldwater is merely doing some wishful thinking when he claims to be in the mainstream of Republican thought.

A. DAVID DEGANN

Brooklyn

Sir: You assume that a majority of the electorate favors all provisions of this bill. I disagree. And only a national referendum could prove one of us wrong. If the American Mainstream has truly become a polluted effluent bound for the Gulf of Socialism, I will swim upstream with Barry—where the water is clean, the air pure, and the trees tall. This is where the American Dream was spawned.

KENNETH H. LOBITZ

Cincinnati

Sir: Can't you salute Goldwater's courage—whatever you think of his wisdom? Who was the last candidate you can recall with such guts? Here is a man who would rather be right (in a double sense) than President—if the choice must be made.

A. CULVER GORDON

Hawthorne, N.J.

Sir: Republicans have every right in the world to be disgusted with their gutless, confused and wayward party. Let them nominate a man with foresight, leadership, presidential principles and wisdom —Everett McKinley Dirksen.

PETER R. ANDERSON

San Rafael, Calif.

Sir: It is a perversion of history to take the famous words, "All men are created equal," in the Declaration of Independence and misinterpret them as a constitutional basis for declaring that all races are equal. All this phrase meant was that the colonial English gentleman was the equal of the English gentleman in the home country. Surely the aristocratic signers of this famous document did not think that the weaver, tanner and tavern keeper were their equals. Let those who insist on twisting the facts consider the facts of history: all the Southern signers of this document were slaveholders—including our first President. To say that this famous statement stands for racial equality is to imply that the Founders of our Nation were hypocrites.

HENRY ECKHARDT

Fair Oaks, Calif.

Sir: How ironic and sad that Lyndon Johnson, friend of the Negroes, will be defeated in November by an uneducated white populace outraged over the continuing violent demands of crusading Negroes. The ill timing of the leap forward in the civil rights field will unfortunately result in leaps backward in many fields with the inauguration of President Goldwater.

WILLIAM T. BALDWIN II

Bakersfield, Calif.

To the Barricades for Barry

Sir: Because of your obscene slant on the Goldwater campaign, indicating that G.O.P. professionals would nominate Goldwater against the voters' wishes, I don't want you to send me another issue of your mud-crawling magazine.

DAVID C. WESTON

Los Angeles

Sir: You make me feel ashamed to be seen reading your publication. You are to be pitied. Your cover of Barry Goldwater depicted and mirrored all the hate you feel for him. God help Mr. Goldwater for trying to save a nation filled with people like you. Mr. Goldwater, God bless him, is a handsome, real man, and as kind and gentle as he is handsome. You are all very, very sick. And *we're* going to win.

DOROTHY E. PEIRCE

Studio City, Calif.

Sir: The eminently fair shake you gave Goldwater in the cover story shows me that, unlike your competitors, you are resisting infestation by sentimental young leftists who do not stop at slander to promote self-intoxication with the morally superficial sensationalism which must fill the vacuum of their historical ignorance.

STEWART L. COLTEN

Back Bay, Mass.

Sir: Now that we have had a liberal, radical, left-winger, Communist-loving Administration in Washington for over 30 years, I sincerely hope that Senator Goldwater will be nominated for President of the U.S. We want an American for President for a change.

RUSSELL HOUSER

Cincinnati

Sir: I don't think that Goldwater will get elected for the reason that the American male has progressed too far down the road of unmanliness to take this one chance to regain his own and the world's self-respect.

ROY A. BATCHLER

Denver

Sir: The frantically vocal desperation of the "moderate" Republicans in attempting to stop Goldwater will prove to be like the whimpering of a wet puppy. The "liberal" Democrats will face the same problem in November. There are more of us "nuts," "cranks" and "right-wing extremists" than they think.

JAMES D. HAMILTON

Memphis

Crime in the Streets

Sir: Winston Moseley's crime [June 26] was inhumane and horrible, but no more so than the crime of those who might have aided Kitty Genovese and didn't. Those people who believe that giving Moseley the death penalty will relieve them of their own guilt are sadly mistaken. Capital punishment is not the answer. We must fight inhumanity with humanity.

DONNA REDER

Detroit

Sir: It was a great disappointment to me and those who knew my husband that the returned verdict was guilty of murder in the first degree instead of not guilty by reason of insanity. As members of his family, we did not expect the law to excuse his crimes, but to treat the condition that made him commit them. Winston Moseley for his 28 years has been quiet, shy and alone. He has been a devoted husband and father; then, it seemed, something snapped psychologically and made him commit antisocial acts. His behavior was called an "irresistible impulse" by psychiatrists, who explained that such people are unable to control themselves. This condition constitutes "medical insanity," but because of an obsolete rule, he was not found legally insane. He is intelligent,

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
Sullivan 31
Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city state or province country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Looking for a key to international trade?

YOUR MAN FROM C. ITOH HAS A KEY FOR EVERY DOOR

C. Itoh, one of Japan's oldest and most experienced trading companies, is a master locksmith when it comes to opening the doors of international trade.

With a staff of almost 6,500 experts and over 70 branches and affiliates throughout the world, C. Itoh offers you fast efficient service in export, import, triangular trade and joint investment ventures.

Why not let your nearby C. Itoh man give you his expert help? You'll find one in every major city of the world.

C. ITOH & CO., LTD.
(ITOCHU SHOJI KAISHA, LTD.)

International Traders/General Importers and Exporters/Business Consultants

HEAD OFFICE: C.P.O. Box 117, Osaka, Japan Cable: "CITOH OSAKA"
TOKYO OFFICE: C.P.O. Box 136, Tokyo, Japan Cable: "CITOH TOKYO"

OVERSEAS OFFICES: Hong Kong, Bangkok, Saigon, Phnom Penh, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Djakarta, Sydney, New Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Colombo, Teheran, Karachi, Dacca, Lahore, New York, Los Angeles, Mexico City, São Paulo, Buenos Aires, London, Paris, Hamburg, Beyrouth, Johannesburg and other major cities of the world. (Liaison) Manila and Rangoon.

but of course we know that sane perso... do not behave in such a manner.

ELIZABETH MOSELEY

South Ozone Park, N.Y.

Sir: Re "A Savage Stalks at Midnight... as a human being, I am horrified; as a N... gro, I am ashamed; as a woman, I a... terrified. It could have happened to me.

D. M. CHRISTIE

Los Angeles

Disembodied Monkeys

Sir: Let us hope that those live, disem... bodied monkey brains [June 19] are ... conscious. If they are, however, I beli... Dr. White should be urged to volunteer ... own brain for these ingenious experime...

JEAN ROESSINGER

Shandaken, N.Y.

Sir: So! Some day our own brains m... be used as "cheap computers" very p... sibly without our acquiescence. Instead ... eternal rest, part of us may end up ... gramming how many boxes of the new ... tergent should be shipped to the Per... warehouse in the first quarter. Best rec... mendation for cremation I ever heard.

C. R. K...

Lima, Peru

Sir: The brain of any primate is certa... ly something other than a lump of ... To treat it—this essence of life and fee... —with such callous brutality is one of th... strongest arguments for the antivivise... tionists I have ever heard. Animal experi... mentation is too valuable to medical s... ence to have it jeopardized by this type ... inhumane practice

FRED B. HAMILTON

Bakersfield, Calif.

No Hitlerian Link

Sir: Anyone who equates contracep... with Hitler's precepts, as did Psychiat... Frank Ayd in his commencement addr... to Xavier University [June 19], should ... amine his own mental health. Dr. Ayd ... lack of restraint in fathering twelve ch... dren cost him only perhaps a sports car ... an expensive vacation. Twelve children ... born to one of lower economic station ... mean absolute destitution and lack of ed... cation and opportunity for the blameless ... offspring. I protest being linked with Hi... just because I choose to limit my ... family and to help others do the same.

WILLIAM J. CAMERON, M.D.

University of Kansas Medical Center
Kansas City, Kans.

Monumental Gift

Sir: It may be interesting to the reade... of TIME that the bronze sculpture in m... ory of Dag Hammarskjöld by Barbara Hep... worth was the generous gift of one m... former U.S. Delegate to the United N... tions Jacob Blaustein of Baltimore.

ARMAND KEMPER

Baltimore

What's Up Front Counts

Sir: Far from being "stuck with a sh... ment" of Rudi Gernreich's topless sw... suits [June 26], Hess's sold out its origi... order, reordered, and in a matter of ... week has sold a total of eleven suits of ... each. We were flooded with mail, pro ... con, and we did have a few cancellatio... of charge accounts. Hess's answer to ... objectors: "If it's fashion news, Hes... wants to be first with it."

IRWIN GREENBERG

Hess's Department Store
Allentown, Pa.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ..... ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT ..... JAMES A. LINEN

EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ..... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ..... ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
A. T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George G. Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Anatole Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, Gilbert Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barter T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Mar-shall Lee, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert Mayer, John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles McLaughlin, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, Jon Borgzinner, Clell Bryant, Richard Bingham, John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene Coyle, Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Dudley Doust, Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Grossman, Siri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, Leon Jaroff, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ray Kennedy, Ronald P. Kriss, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Michael R. Levitas, George Love, Richard Murphy, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, Jerrold Schecter, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Esse Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Bera Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Virginia Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Nancy Atkinson, Priscilla B. Badger, Reva Berger, Jean Bergerud, Karen R. Booth, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Bucher, Nicolette Caliendo, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian Cotsford, S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Dienstad, Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Gloria Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Lea Guyer, Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Laura E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Marguerite Johnson, Jane Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Kreger, Judith Liersch, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Mayer, Shirley Monck, Deborah Hanson Murphy, Nancy Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia Parquet, Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Pikul, Ruth Reed, Judy Kopsick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Sifler, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Jean Thomas, Fortunata Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Ann Trautman, Susanne S. Washburn, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Andrews, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Hays Cook Jr., Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, Benjamin A. Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, William Rademakers, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin Zim. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Berry, Christopher Porterfield, Miriam Rumwell, Arlie Schardt. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Robert W. Boyce, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Miller, Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. Murphy. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Israel Shenker, Robert T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA-HOUSTON: Harry Johnston, Dudley E. Morris. Ruth Mehrtens, Robert A. Ellis, John L. Wil-liams. DENVER: Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, William W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: Jerry Stone, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.

LONDON: Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Peter Lyon, Champlin, Donald S. Connery. PARIS: Curtis Prendergast, Barry Farrell, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Friedel Ungeheuer, James Wilde. COMMON MAR-KET: Thomas McManus. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel. ROME: Robert E. Jackson. MADRID: Piero Ottone, Beth Balcarvalho. HONG KONG: Bureau: George de Carvalho. HONG KONG: Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. MOSCOW: William E. Smith. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. Lee Griggs, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shir-ley. JAPAN: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: The Caribbean: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Roger M. Williams. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO Duncan, John Blashill, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Singham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ..... LAWRENCE E. LAYBOURNE
GENERAL MANAGER ..... JOHN J. FREY
..... JAMES A. THOMASON

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR ..... Edgar R. Baker
EUROPEAN DIRECTOR ..... David W. Ballard
FAR EAST MANAGER FOR JAPAN ..... Yasuo Kitaoka
INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... William S. Honneus
INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

TIME, JULY 3, 1964

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THE original prospectus for TIME, written more than 40 years ago, took pains to express "a respect for the old, particularly in manners," and an "interest in the new, particularly in ideas." In an era when the pace of change puts almost overwhelming emphasis on the new, the old may often seem old hat. But not a week's news goes by without offering—when studied in some depth—a few striking examples of how much the very old affects what is quite new.

Take this week's cover subject. Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark is a very modern miss from a land of the most advanced institutions and culture. And yet she represents and carries forward the old and now increasingly rare institution of royalty. To strike this note of present and past, Artist Bernard Safran used as the background for his portrait of the pretty young princess part of the heraldic insignia of Denmark's large coat of arms. Its lions passant (walking, three paws on the ground, the right forepaw raised, the head looking forward, the tail curved over the back) and hearts are derived from the family design of the Valdemars and can be traced to the indistinct seal of King Knud IV dating back to 1190.

MODERN LIVING links the old and new in its report on the atrium house, which comes from a blueprint as old as the hills of Rome but is fast becoming the newest thing in town housing. ART touches on old *v.* new as it studies the argument whether Paris should or should not have its face washed, whether old buildings (or people) should look young, whether decades of dirt add character or merely hide style. The issue of old and new comes out in a hopeful way in THE HEMISPHERE story about a sensible move toward land reform—at long last—in Peru. It shows its unhappier side in THE U.S. story about this summer's new kind of agony as sociological change moves relentlessly on the Old South.

The old is always there, though too often it is forgotten; in the mid-60s the new presses in upon events with a force so strong that only the alert can grasp its significance. TIME's continuing aim is to respect the old that is worthy of respect, to be interested in the new that is worthy of interest, and to relate them to one another in a way that sheds intelligent light on both.

U.S. subscribers will notice an addition to the address label on this issue of TIME—their zip code. Putting those five little numbers on the records involves some 20 million changes in the Time Inc. mailing lists, but we thought it was worth it. The purpose: to help the post office expedite handling, and ultimately to get the magazine into the subscriber's hands as early as possible.

INDEX

Cover Story ... 22
Color: Scandinavia ... 23

Art ... 42
Books ... 65
Cinema ... 62
Education ... 36
The Hemisphere 18
The Law ... 52
Letters ... 7
Medicine ... 40
Milestones ... 55
Modern Living ... 38
People ... 32
Press ... 48
Religion ... 33
Science ... 51
The U.S. ... 11
Show Business ... 50
Sport ... 34
Theater ... 54
Time Listings ... 2
U.S. Business ... 57
The World ... 20
World Business ... 61

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

RELIABLE WORLDWIDE MODERN FRIENDLY INDEPENDENT

Keeping their business secrets really secret is the secret of success for many companies. There even exist formulas which no one person knows entirely—each of the top men knows a fraction.

Not a word against this practice. In many spheres of business complete secrecy is essential.

With us it's entirely different—everbody who wants to know our secret of success can see, feel and enjoy it—any time. For our success is built up on the fact that we are:

Reliable: Swiss precision workmanship is the only keyword that opens the doors to the workshops and hangars where we maintain our jet-fleet. Without very particular and detailed proof of outstanding ability no technician can gain admission to this holy of holies where even the air seems to breathe precision.

Worldwide: Swissair knows the world—and the world knows Swissair. Our jets feel at home in New York, Tokyo, Rio de Janeiro, Lagos and many more places—they are real globe-trotters. And the skilled staff in our hundred-odd offices all over the world—they'll settle your problems. You needn't know all about the place you are bound for—we know it for you.

Modern. Our network is worldwide, linking the world with the heart of Europe. For each sector we have the best jet ready for you: the giant DC-8 for our routes to North America, the fast Coronado to South America, the Near and Far East as well as Africa, and the famous Caravelle for Europe.

Friendly: On the phone when booking your flight, at the ticket office, check-in counter and aboard our jets, the warm-hearted friendliness of our staff will go with you all the way. And first of all—it's not a must—it's our privilege!

Independent: We are proud of our title "Switzerland's National Carrier," but what makes us still prouder is the fact that we never have to bother the State or anybody else for subsidies at the end of a year. By acquiring our shares thousands of Swiss men and women entrust their money to us—and we don't disappoint them. A yearly dividend is the rule.

This is how an independent airline—modern, reliable, friendly—always succeeds in giving you the best there is in every thing. Find out how much it means on your next trip. A warm welcome awaits you on board!

STOCKHOLM
ROTTERDAM COPENHAGEN PRAGUE
AMSTERDAM BRUSSELS WARSAW
MONTREAL HAMBURG MUNICH
MANCHESTER DÜSSELDORF INNSBRUCK BELGRADE BANGKOK HONG KONG
KARACHI
CHICAGO COLOGNE / BONN VIENNA ANKARA BOMBAY
NEW YORK LONDON STUTTGART
BASEL ISTANBUL BEIRUT TEHERAN
PARIS FRANKFURT CALCUTTA
GENEVA ZURICH ATHENS TEL AVIV DHAHRAN
MADRID ABADAN
RIO DE JANEIRO NICE MILAN CAIRO
BARCELONA
SANTIAGO DE CHILE PALMA DE MALLORCA ROME KHARTOUM BAGHDAD
MONTEVIDEO LISBON TUNIS
BUENOS AIRES DAKAR ALGIERS
ACCRA LAGOS

SWISSAIR

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
July 3, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 1

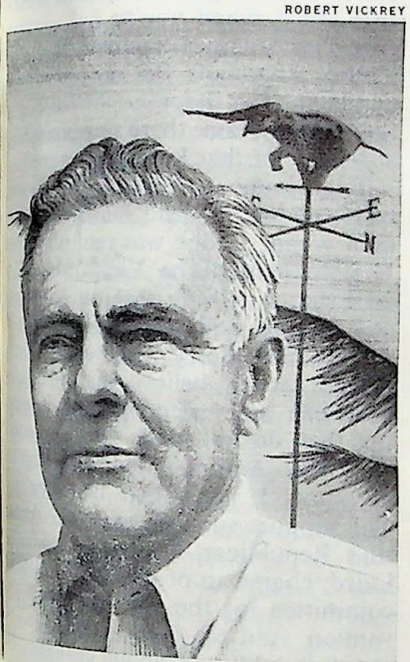
THE U.S.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Our New Men in Saigon

Throughout the week, visitors streamed into the U.S. embassy in Saigon to bid farewell. Late one afternoon five Buddhist monks, two in saffron-colored robes and three in black, paid their respects, presented a large, framed color photograph as a going-away gift. U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge

ROBERT VICKREY



AMBASSADOR LODGE
A change of faces . . .

smiled gratefully, held it up to look at it —and froze in shock. The picture was of a Buddhist burning himself to death.

Lodge quickly recovered his composure, thanked the monks, returned to his packing chores. He was leaving South Viet Nam after ten months as ambassador—ten months in which monks continued to die in flames of their own setting, in which the government of South Viet Nam had twice been overturned by military coup, in which—through no fault of Lodge's—the U.S.-backed war against the Communist Viet Cong had gone from bad to worse.

In his letter of resignation to President Johnson, Lodge cited only "personal reasons" for wishing to return to the U.S. His wife Emily has, in fact, been ailing, but not seriously, and the compelling cause for Lodge's decision was his desire to participate actively in the presidential campaign of Moderate Republican William Scranton against Conservative Barry Goldwater.

"It was about as tough a decision as I've ever made," Lodge confided to a newsman friend. "What finally tipped the balance was that in the last two or three weeks I've heard from people in whom I have a good deal of faith and confidence that my returning to the U.S. could make a significant difference in the prospects for Scranton's nomination. I felt a tremendous responsibility in this matter. I even felt the pressure here in Viet Nam. One afternoon I ran into a young Army captain, and he asked, 'Sir, are you going home to help Scranton?', and when I said I was not, all he said was 'Oh,' but the tone of his voice made me feel like a slacker. A few days later I decided I had to do it."

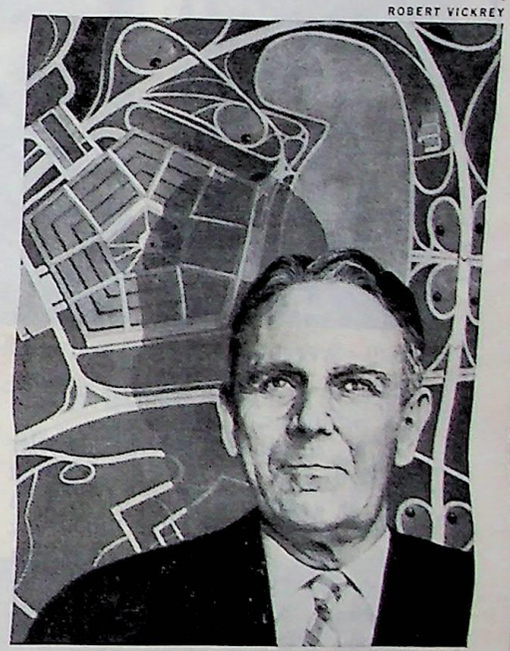
"Make No Mistake." To replace Lodge in Saigon, President Johnson named none other than the chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Maxwell Taylor, thereby setting off a round of musical chairs in the Pentagon's military command (*see box next page*). In appointing Taylor, the President demonstrated the premium his Administration places on having a big-name ambassador in South Viet Nam—a premium so high that in recent weeks Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and Attorney General Robert Kennedy, all anticipating Lodge's resignation, offered to resign their present jobs and take over the Saigon post.

In an unusual move, the President also picked a top-level assistant for Taylor: he gave the rarely used title of deputy ambassador to U. (for Ural) Alexis Johnson, 55, who had been serving as Deputy Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, the State Department's fourth highest post.

The immediate and widespread assumption was that Taylor would be sort of an ambassador in charge of military matters, while Alexis Johnson, a tough, unflappable State Department veteran who once served as Ambassador to Thailand and is considered an expert on Southeast Asia, would run the diplomatic shop. But this, insisted State Department officials, was a false assumption. "Make no mistake," said one, "Taylor is going out there as the ambassador and Johnson is No. 2 man. Taylor will have the responsibility and control over the entire bag of worms." Still, Taylor is 62, has long been looking forward to retirement and is not expected to stay in Saigon for long. He certainly will do so until past the U.S.'s November elections, after which Alexis Johnson presumably will take over.

Another widespread assumption was that Taylor's appointment meant an in-

ROBERT VICKREY



GENERAL TAYLOR
. . . but no new policy.

tensification and expansion of the U.S. war effort in Southeast Asia. This feeling seemed to be shared by South Viet Nam's Premier Nguyen Khanh, who welcomed Taylor as "a wonderful soldier" and proclaimed: "Things are going to happen fast and hard in the fight for freedom in the South and liberation of the North." Adding to the impression that the U.S. was about to step up the struggle against Communism in Southeast Asia was the arrival in Thailand of five U.S. supply ships.

Such impressions to the contrary, there is no present intention that Taylor's assignment means a change in policy—a fact President Johnson was careful to point out in announcing Taylor's appointment. Said he: "The United States intends no rashness and seeks no wider war." Max Taylor himself, both as a special military adviser to Presi-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THREE TOP SOLDIERS

Key figures in the U.S. military-command changes caused by the appointment of General Maxwell Taylor as U.S. ambassador to Saigon:

General Earle Gilmore Wheeler, 56, new chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, moves up from Army Chief of Staff. Wheeler's appointment is another break in the tradition of rotating the Joint Chiefs' chairmanship among the three services. This happened partly by a process of elimination. Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay, 57, is scheduled to retire next February. The Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral David McDonald, 57, has been on the job only since last August, is still learning the ropes. That left "Bus" Wheeler for the top service job—which suited Defense Secretary Robert McNamara just fine. Wheeler is McNamara's kind of general—a skilled staff officer who specializes in analytical answers to complex problems.

WALTER BENNETT

WHEELER

JOHNSON

LACKENBACH—BLACK STAR

ABRAMS

In his 32 years of service, Wheeler has had only five months' combat duty, as a division chief of staff in Europe in World War II. But in his steady climb as a staffman, he caught the eye of Maxwell Taylor and later of John F. Kennedy, whom he was assigned to brief on military matters in the 1960 campaign. Named Army Chief of Staff in 1962, he set about revitalizing the Army along the lines of Taylor's doctrine of "flexible" response rather than overwhelming reliance on massive nuclear retaliation. During Wheeler's two-year tenure as Chief of Staff, the Army rose from eleven to 16 combat-ready divisions, increased its strength from 870,000 troops to 976,000.

Lieut. General Harold Keith Johnson, 52, new Army Chief of Staff, replaces Wheeler. In selecting him, President Johnson skipped over 43 more senior generals. A slight, sandy-haired man, Johnson was a lieutenant colonel with the 57th Infantry (Philippine Scouts) when the Japanese invaded the islands in 1941. He was captured, endured the infamous Bataan death march, survived three years in Japanese prison camps. In Korea in 1950, he took command of a combat infantry battalion, fought through the bloody defense of the Pusan perimeter and later was named a regimental commander. Back in the U.S., Johnson became commandant of the Army's elite Command and General Staff College. There he coined a slogan, "Challenge the Assertion"—an attitude that has since won him the admiration of Bob McNamara, whose hobby is *shattering* military shibboleths. In 1963 Johnson moved into the Pentagon as Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations.

Lieut. General Creighton W. Abrams, 49, new Army Vice Chief of Staff, replaces retiring General Barksdale Hamlett. From the moment the 37th tank battalion, which he commanded, rolled into action in Normandy in July 1944, "Abe" Abrams showed the feel and flair of a born combat man. Leading the sweep of General George Patton's Third Army across Europe, he would lean from his Sherman tank, chomping on a huge cigar, and rally his tankers with his war cry: "Attack! Attack! Attack!" Said Abrams: "I like to get out on the point where there's nothing but me and the goddam Germans and we can fight by ourselves." When the 101st Airborne was surrounded at the Battle of the Bulge, Abrams led the relief column into Bastogne, later led the dash to the Rhine.

After the war, to the surprise of many, Abrams became a fine staff officer, rewrote a book on armored tactics and served as a corps chief of staff in Korea. In 1961, when Soviet pressures on Berlin brought the cold war near the boiling point, Abrams commanded the U.S.'s key 3rd Armored Division in West Germany. In 1962 Abrams returned to the U.S. as Assistant Deputy Chief of Staff for Military Operations for Civil Affairs. The title sounded ho-hum, but the job was far from that. When race riots broke out on the Ole Miss campus in Oxford that fall, Abrams sped to take command of the troops that had been alerted there. He did the same in the bloody Birmingham riots of May 1963, in constant contact with the Army war room and Justice Department command headquarters.

dent John Kennedy and as chairman of the Joint Chiefs, was a major architect of present U.S. policies in Southeast Asia and has long argued against any massive commitment of U.S. ground troops in Asia.

Unfortunate Interview. There are several considerations against "escalating" the fight in Southeast Asia—and not the least of them is political. This is an election year in the U.S., and the last thing in the world that President Johnson wants before November is a costlier, bloodier war in Southeast Asia. He would indeed be understandably delighted if Southeast Asia were not even mentioned during the campaign.

In this sentiment Johnson last week got concurrence from retiring Ambassador Lodge. Said he, in an unfortunate Saigon interview: "I don't see how Viet Nam can be a part of this campaign. It involves the Eisenhower Administration and the Kennedy and Johnson Administration and the Truman Administration. As a matter of fact, foreign policy often is not a good subject for politics. In history, when you've had a disaster, then that becomes a political issue, even if the politicians do not do anything about it. But happily, in the case of South Viet Nam, there's no prospect for a disaster of that kind at this time."

Back home, Lodge's fellow Republicans shuddered. Said Bill Scranton, the man whom Lodge was returning to the U.S. to help: "The Vietnamese war is an issue. Anything that has to do with our foreign policy or defense is an issue." Cried Barry Goldwater: "Surely Lodge cannot believe that such questions can be evaded simply by pretending they do not exist. That is precisely what this Administration has been doing, and I hope that no Republican will support such an evasion." Wisconsin's Republican Representative Melvin Laird, chairman of the G.O.P. platform committee for the party's national convention, said his group certainly would not feel inhibited about criticizing the Administration's Southeast Asia policy because of Lodge's involvement. Said Laird of Lodge: "He was President Kennedy's and President Johnson's ambassador, not ours."

Out of the Crucible. At week's end, in a farewell press conference, Lodge backed off slightly from his earlier statement, conceded: "In a campaign you have a right to discuss any public question you want. What I meant to say was that it was not always a practical thing to do. I don't see much partisan advantage for anybody in this situation here, since members of both parties have taken part in it."

The fact is that Southeast Asia will be a major campaign issue, no matter whom the Republicans name as their candidate. And that is just as it should be. For out of the crucible of responsible political criticism may come a far more effective national policy toward Southeast Asia than any the U.S. has achieved so far.

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TOBY MASSEY—MIAMI DAILY NEWS

CAMPAIGNER SCRANTON AT MIAMI AIRPORT
"I can beat Lyndon Johnson."

REPUBLICANS

"Let's Not Kid Ourselves"

Where were they? Headed for Wilmington? Leaving Cleveland? Circling Miami? Such was the pace of Republican William Scranton's headlong campaign for the G.O.P. presidential nomination that in the minds of aides and newsmen traveling with him in his chartered Electra, places and events blurred.

Scranton often prowled the plane, ignoring the FASTEN SEAT BELTS sign, to chat with reporters. Once, he picked up the galley telephone, read over the aircraft loudspeaker system a lengthy statement that got far less attention than it deserved.

The Evidence. "Since in politics almost anything can happen from day to day, it would not necessarily be impossible for Senator Goldwater to beat Lyndon Johnson in November," said Scranton above the Electra's drone. "But there is such a thing as playing with odds so long that only the most optimistic partisan would have anything but a glimmer of hope. I believe that would be the position of the Republican party with Barry as the candidate.

"Many persons have believed this, of course, for a long time. Why, then, am I saying it this bluntly now for the first time? First of all, I am a party man, but I don't believe I should lightly question the ability of a fellow Republican to win. After most serious thought, I have determined in my own mind that the more serious disservice to party unity and to party vitality would be to keep quiet about it. If for reasons other than a determination to win in November my party is to be steam-rollered into nominating Barry—something I don't believe is going to happen—then at the very least we ought not to kid ourselves about what we are doing."

Insisting that "the evidence against a Goldwater candidacy is so devastating as to be incapable of complete error," Scranton continued: "In state after state, surveys show that against Lyndon Johnson, Barry would not carry even a majority of Republican voters." He reeled off the results of polls taken among Republicans, some by independent pollsters, some by his own public opinion specialist, Philadelphia's John Bucci: nationally, 62% of Republicans would vote for Johnson, only 29% for Goldwater; in New Jersey, 72% of Republicans prefer Johnson, 20% Goldwater; Maryland, 63% Johnson, 27% Goldwater; Ohio, 64% Johnson, 17% Goldwater; Iowa, 52% Johnson, 30% Goldwater; Minnesota, 46% Johnson, 44% Goldwater.

Concluded Scranton: "Barry's chances in the cities are just unbelievably poor. Yesterday, for instance, we completed our latest check in Philadelphia. Barry Goldwater can count on only 11% of the total vote against Lyndon Johnson.

"If Senator Goldwater is nominated, I will support him and work for him, whatever the long odds of his being elected.

"On the other hand, I think that if I am the candidate, I can beat Lyndon Johnson."

The Coalition. In that statement lay the sum and substance of Scranton's campaign strategy. If he is to perform the near miracle of heading off Goldwater, he must convince the G.O.P. and the nation that 1) Barry would run so badly against President Johnson as to drag down and perhaps defeat Republican candidates at all levels, and 2) he, Bill Scranton, would have a far better chance against Johnson, might even win, and in any event would enhance the chances of other G.O.P. candidates.

Behind Scranton's candidacy were coalescing most of the major forces of moderate Republicanism—with the notable exceptions of Dwight Eisenhower, who still refuses to take a public stand, and Richard Nixon, who remains tangled in the web of his own ambitions. Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. was coming back from Saigon "to do everything I can" to aid Scranton. Nelson Rockefeller had turned over to Scranton the facilities of his own presidential campaign organization, and last week went so far as to say he would not support Goldwater even if Barry was the Republican nominee. Michigan's Governor George Romney, although not yet formally announced for Scranton, was determined to fight any attempt by Goldwater delegates to write a Goldwater-oriented platform in San Francisco.

There were, of course, disappointments. While Scranton's cause was helped by the reaffirmation of Ohio's 58-member delegation to vote for a favorite son, Governor James Rhodes, on the first ballot, Scranton's hopes for a breakthrough in the Illinois and Indiana delegations were rebuffed. Early in the week, Scranton stopped by the Capitol Hill office of Illinois' Senator Everett Dirksen, pointedly suggested that Ev would make a "great favorite son." But Dirksen was having no part of such a holding action. He was convinced that Goldwater had a strangle hold on the Illinois delegation, and, he said later, Scranton's suggestion "just sort of flopped onto my desk and stayed there." That same day, Scranton asked Indiana's Representative Charles Halleck for help with the Indiana delegation. Replied Halleck: "Come back and see me before the second ballot—if there is one."

What He Was Saying. In their coverage of Scranton's campaign, most reporters seemed to be concentrating on the success or failure of such efforts at delegate scrounging. As a result, much of what Scranton was saying in his public speeches received only cursory no-

J. EDWARD BAILEY

SCRANTON IN LANSING, MICH.
"It would be a disservice to the party to keep quiet."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

tice. Yet what he was saying was well worth hearing.

At Newark's Essex House, Scranton obviously referred to Goldwater's weakness in the East when he declared: "Republicans in New Jersey and Republicans in Pennsylvania both want to participate in the election of a Republican as the next President of the U.S. Neither of us is prepared to have the East Coast of this great nation sawed off and set afloat in the ocean this November. We want to win."

In Cleveland, Scranton compared Goldwater's *conservatism* unfavorably to that of Ohio's own late Senator Bob Taft. "Bob Taft was a conservative *in* the truest sense of the word," Scranton declared. "He *sought* to conserve all of the human values that have been carried down to us on the long stream of American history. He saw history as the foundation on which a better future might be built—not as a Technicolor fantasy behind which the problems of the present might be concealed. Bob Taft didn't say stop social security—he said extend it to all elder citizens who are not now eligible. He *didn't say quit* the United Nations—*he said make the United Nations work. He didn't say forget our cities*—he said provide the *housing which will make* our cities liv*able. In fact, he* was the father of our modern housing legislation."

In Detroit, Scranton dealt with the complex problem of automation, called it "the first gigantic step toward a fundamental change in the basis for human society." He quoted Aristotle's assertion that "when looms weave by themselves, man's slavery will end," and added: "That day has almost arrived. We right now possess the technological means to conquer poverty and economic slavery for the first time in history. The only question that remains is whether this physical bondage will be replaced by a new slavery of the soul and mind. The underlying philosophy of the Administration boils down basically to this: delay automation as long as possible by harassing industry; when automation does come, tax the increased profits out of the economy and use these to pay relief or some similar kind of dole to the workers who have lost their jobs. I say this answer is wrong for the economy, but it is most of all wrong for the workers themselves. The workers of America are not looking for an easy berth, a soft touch, a free ride. The workers of America are seeking an honest return for honest labor."

And in Miami Beach, Scranton delivered perhaps the most forceful, sense-making Republican statement so far about U.S. policy toward Castro's Cuba. Said he: "Our national policy has become one of reacting to events *rather than one of seizing opportunities. In few places can we see present American indecision so clearly as we can see it in Cuba.* The Castro regime is *becoming more deeply entrenched in* Cuba with *each passing day. It has open*ly pledged its allegiance to the Communist camp. It has built a powerful military machine, second only to our own in this hemisphere.

"The leadership vacuum has produced an unacceptable and dangerous reaction. Some well-intentioned Americans, frustrated by the paralysis in our foreign policy, have turned to a doctrine of naked power. This doctrine holds that 'total victory' can be won

NINA LEEN—LIFE

OHIO'S LATE ROBERT TAFT
A truer sort of conservatism.

by simply standing up to the Russians, both guns drawn. It reduces the complexities of foreign policy to simple emotional terms that have wide appeal in the American experience—the rugged individualism of the pioneer, the gun-slinging marshal of the frontier town, the expedition of marines to clean out the pirates in Barbary or the corrupt governments of the Caribbean.

"But do these emotions and personal demonstrations of conviction provide the basis for an effective foreign policy? No. No President of the United States can avoid the problem of power and how to use it effectively and responsibly. An effective policy does not consist in orders to the marines to turn on the water mains at Guantánamo, or in unleashing Cuban exiles to attack Russian merchant ships trading with Cuba.

"While our objective is to expel the Communist leadership, we cannot return Cuba to the social and economic base of 1959. We must turn the social revolution already in progress toward democratic directions and control. To succeed, we must separate the Cuban people from their Communist rulers. We can do this only through a coordinated three-pronged strategy of economic, psychological and guerrilla warfare.

"First, we must continue and extend the free world economic boycott of Cuba. We have failed in communicating the seriousness of our purpose to our European allies and in enlisting their cooperation. We need to establish far better cooperative measures of passport and personnel surveillance at the ports and borders of other Latin American countries to control the stream of subversive activity which now flows like poison out of Cuba.

"Second, we must mount an effective psychological campaign against the Castro government. We need more basic intelligence on the attitudes of the workers, the middle classes, and other sections of the Cuban population toward the revolution and the regime.

"The third element of an effective strategy is the coordinated use of Cuban exile forces. If we mean business, we have a responsibility to give free Cubans full financial, moral, and political support—including the organization and equipping of Cuban exile forces. A free Cuba will need a well-organized, disciplined, democratically oriented force capable of assuming full governmental authority upon the overthrow of Castro."

Taking It Easy. What was Barry Goldwater doing while Scranton was campaigning? He was lying low. His advisers feel certain that his present delegate lead is so great that his nomination is assured if he can only stay out of political trouble. In other words, silence is Goldwater. Thus he occupied himself most of last week logging hours in an Air Force jet (he is a major general in the Air Force Reserve) and preparing like any other proud father for the 800-guest weekend wedding of his daughter Peggy, 19.

But even as the Goldwater strategists coasted on the assumption that Barry had the nomination sewed up, there were indications that other pragmatic politicians viewed a Goldwater candidacy as doomed to defeat in November. One Gallup poll showed that 73% of Republican and Democratic county chairmen believed that Johnson would beat Goldwater, while only 27% foresaw a Goldwater victory. Asked to rate the strongest possible Republican candidate, the Democratic chairmen voted: Scranton, 302; Goldwater, 297; Nixon, 246; Rockefeller, 246; Lodge, 243.

Earlier polls had shown that one of Scranton's greatest handicaps was that he was not broadly known across the U.S. But this week Gallup released the results of a new poll that demonstrated how dramatically the Scranton campaign has changed that picture. Gallup reported that rank-and-file Republicans now prefer Scranton over Goldwater, 55% to 34%. Just as significantly, among independent voters—and the G.O.P. will need plenty of them to defeat Johnson—Scranton is preferred 62% to Goldwater's 24%.

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

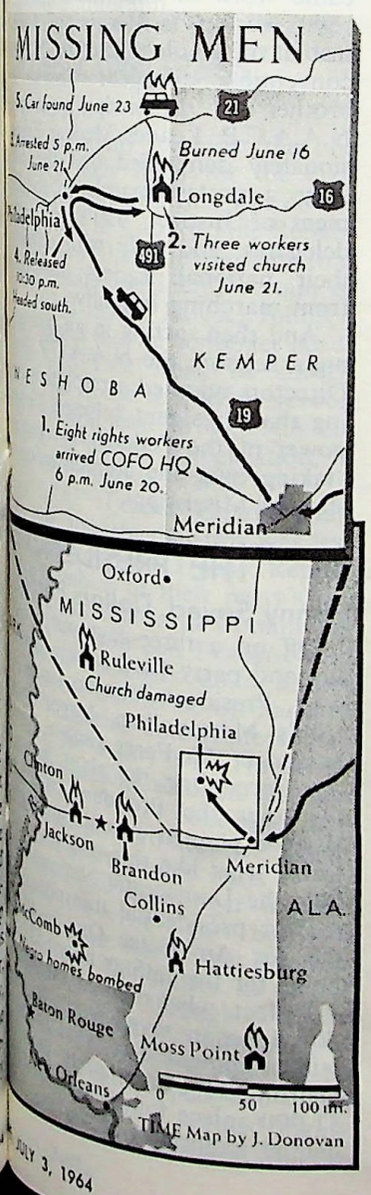
CIVIL RIGHTS

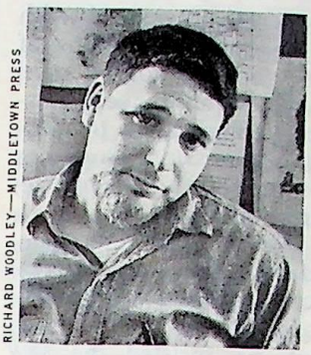
The Grim Roster

Despite its high purpose, the Negro revolution breeds violence and death. Among its victims have been Baltimore Postman William Moore, shot on an Alabama highway while on a one-man civil rights march; Mississippi N.A.A.C.P. Leader Medgar Evers, shot in the back by a bushwhacker; and the four Negro girls killed in the bombing of a Birmingham church.

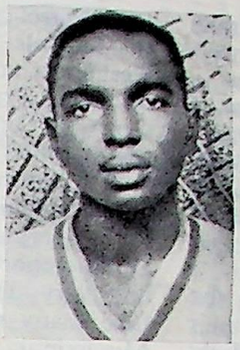
Last week there was more violence, and three more victims may have been added to the *grim roster*. They were two young white men and a Negro youth, all civil rights workers, missing in the murky, snake-infested swamps of eastern Mississippi, where the charred shell of their Ford station wagon was found.

The Trip South. The trail to the Mississippi swamp started on the serene, sycamore-shaded campus of the Western College for Women at Oxford, Ohio. There, two weeks ago, an indoctrination course started for some 200 Northern college students who had volunteered to spend the summer in Mississippi working toward increased Negro voting registration. The project was sponsored by the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO), a combine of four civil rights organizations, and by the National Council of Churches.



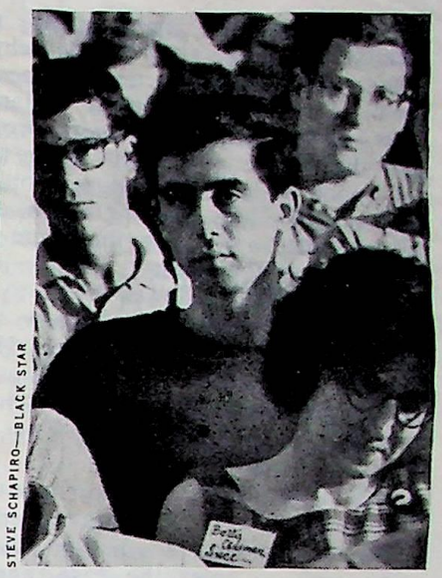

RICHARD WOODLEY—MIDDLETOWN PRESS

SCHWERNER


AP

CHANEY

After a stop at a burned church, a burned car.


STEVE SCHAPIRO—BLACK STAR

GOODMAN

Among the staff for that indoctrination course were Michael Schwerner, 24, and James Chaney, 21. "Mickey" Schwerner, son of a Pelham, N.Y., wig manufacturer, was a Cornell graduate in 1961, a social worker on New York's Lower East Side before joining the Congress of Racial Equality two years ago. Last January, Schwerner and his wife Rita, 22, went South, opened a Negro community center in Meridian, Miss. It included a 10,000-book library donated by Northern students. Rita taught reading and citizenship, instructed Negro women in how to work sewing machines, while Mickey worked on Negro vote registration.

Chaney was one of Schwerner's most helpful aides. He was a slender Meridian Negro lad who had dropped out of high school as a sophomore, became a plasterer, eventually joined CORE. When COFO called for volunteer instructors for the Ohio training course, Chaney went with Schwerner.

Among their Oxford students was Andrew Goodman, 20, son of a New York City building contractor and a junior at Queens College. The Mississippi project was Goodman's second active civil rights venture; he had been among those who picketed President Johnson at the World's Fair opening.

On Saturday, June 20, their week-long Oxford orientation course completed, Schwerner, Chaney, Goodman and five other young civil rights workers got into a CORE-owned blue station wagon to drive to Meridian. They had scheduled their trip so as to avoid driving through Deep Dixie after dark, always a perilous proposition for integration workers in such states as Alabama and Mississippi. As they passed through Birmingham, Ala., a car loaded with white teen-agers pulled alongside, screamed "Nigger lover!" at a white girl student sitting next to Chaney in the station wagon.

To the Church Ruins. The next day, Sunday, June 21, the three men got haircuts from a Negro barber in Meridian. They planned to drive to Longdale, Miss., 50 miles away in adjoining Neshoba County, to inspect the ruins of the Mount Zion Methodist Church, a meeting place for civil rights groups, which had been burned to the ground five days before. Bombings and burnings seem fashionable in Mississippi nowadays. Recently, churches at Brandon, Ruleville, Clinton and Hattiesburg have been either damaged or destroyed by fire or bombs; a Negro home in McComb has been bombed, and the N.A.A.C.P. meeting place in Moss Point was set afire.

Before leaving town, they dropped by the COFO office. Schwerner told an aide to call the FBI if he was not back by 4:30 that afternoon. Threats had become a commonplace in his life, but in recent weeks they had seemed even more ominous. Besides, he knew that the license number of the station wagon had been circulated by the area's Citizens Council. Chaney had the car's tank filled with gasoline before leaving Meridian; the three workers did not want to make any unnecessary stops in dangerous territory.

It was hot, nearly 100°, and hardly a breeze stirred the mimosa trees and scrub pines that dotted the landscape near the charred church ruins. There was not much to see at the burned church site—a twisted tin roof and a blackened iron bell in the ashes. The three drove a mile down the road to the farmhouse of Junior Roosevelt Cole, 58, a Negro and lay leader of the church, who told them that on the night of the fire he was dragged from his car in the churchyard and clubbed unconscious by a mob of whites. Schwerner asked Cole to come to Meridian Tuesday. "We want to get this fire business straightened out," Schwerner told him. "We want to stop all this."

The Search. At 5 o'clock that afternoon, while driving back to Meridian, the Ford was stopped on the outskirts of Philadelphia, Miss. (pop. 5,500), by Neshoba County Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price. Price arrested Chaney on a charge of driving 65 m.p.h. in a 30-m.p.h. zone, took all three to the county jail, just off the town square.

While booking them—Chaney for speeding, and Schwerner and Goodman "for investigation"—Mrs. Millie Herring, wife of the jailer, wrote "Negro

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

male" after each man's name, then scratched out the entry beside Schwerner's and Goodman's and penned in "white." Said she later: "I declare, I was just so confused I wrote it wrong." All three were questioned, fed a meal of spoon bread, green peas, potatoes and salad by Mrs. Herring. Then, after Chaney paid a $20 fine, they were told to get out of the county.

Deputy Price followed them to the edge of town, later said he saw their car head south down Mississippi Highway 19 toward Meridian. Price was the last person known to have seen Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman. That was at 10:30 Sunday night.

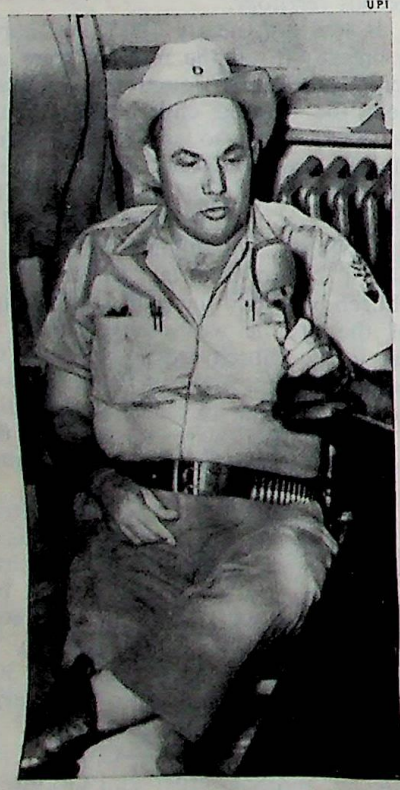
When the three failed to show up in Meridian, COFO workers called the FBI, which at that time had no evidence on which to enter the case, and the Mississippi Highway Patrol, which declined to do more than issue a routine missing-persons bulletin. Then, Tuesday afternoon, a telephone tip on the station wagon's whereabouts came to the FBI office in Meridian. Agents rushed to the northeast corner of Neshoba County, found the gutted car in a blackberry thicket 40 feet off State Highway 21 near the dank Bogue Chitto Swamp. The site, twelve miles northeast of Philadelphia, was in the opposite direction from which Deputy Price said he saw the civil rights workers going when they left Sunday night. By the time the law got there, Choctaw Indians from a nearby reservation had stripped three hubcaps from the station wagon.

Side by Side. After the discovery of the car, Attorney General Robert Kennedy ordered a full-scale search by an army of FBI agents he had ordered into the state. The Mississippi Highway Patrol came alive, worked with the federals in beating the swamps of Neshoba County and questioning rural residents. President Johnson sent one-time CIA Director Allen Dulles to Jackson to confer with Mississippi Governor Paul Johnson on the state's law-enforcement capabilities—and its willingness to cooperate. After a one-day trip, Dulles reported back that "a very real and very difficult problem which will take many months to solve" exists in Mississippi. But, he insisted, he saw "no likely explosion" soon.

President Johnson ordered 200 sailors from the Meridian Naval Auxiliary Air Station into Neshoba County to join in the search (the White House, through a mistake, at first announced that the sailors were marines, bringing screams of anguish from segregationists about another federal invasion of the South). Armed only with sticks to protect themselves against the water moccasins and rattlers that abound in the area, the sailors tucked and taped up their pants legs to ward off mosquitoes and chiggers, began poking under every bush and peering down every abandoned well.

At week's end, there was still no sign of the missing men. Some people shared the suspicion voiced by Neshoba County Sheriff L. A. Rainey: "They're just hiding and trying to cause a lot of bad publicity for this part of the state." But with each passing day, the possibility of a hoax seemed less and less likely. Whatever their fate, whether dead or alive, the case of the three young civil rights workers would reverberate around the U.S. for the rest of this summer and beyond.

UPI



NESHOBA COUNTY'S SHERIFF RAINEY
For declaring it all bad publicity.

From Satisfaction to Fury

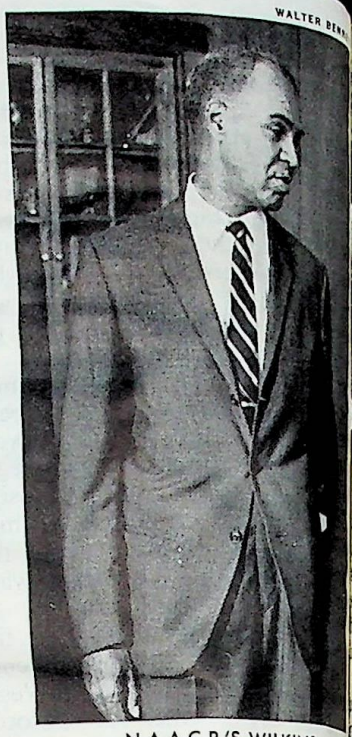
Meeting in Washington for the 55th annual convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, some 2,000 delegates could find real cause for satisfaction in the advance of the Negro revolution.

The Supreme Court, in a busy, term-ending week, had just invalidated the trespass convictions of 42 civil rights sit-in demonstrators in three Southern states. And the long-awaited civil rights bill would surely be signed into law by President Johnson on or about July 4.

Since the N.A.A.C.P., oldest, largest and among the most levelheaded of civil rights organizations, has long concentrated on court and legislative action instead of street demonstrations, the delegates now felt the correctness of their course had been demonstrated.

That was the spirit in which the convention began. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins decried the "reckless adventurism" of more militant civil rights groups. Warned Carl Rowan, a Negro and director of the U.S. Information Agency: "Don't use an elephant gun to hunt toads." Counseled Guest Speaker Hubert Humphrey, the Senate's Democratic floor manager for the civil rights bill: "There is a place and a time for banners. But there is also a time to stack the banners for a while and get down to the patient, infinitely detailed work of making civil rights real."

WALTER BENN



N.A.A.C.P.'S WILKINS
For taking over the state.

But then, into this atmosphere of calm, cool and collected realism came word of the three missing civil rights workers in Mississippi. And in an instant the whole tone of the N.A.A.C.P. convention changed. Charles Evers, brother of Mississippi's assassinated N.A.A.C.P. Leader Medgar Evers, impassionately demanded that the delegates stage a protest march on the Department of Justice. "Let's go," cried the delegates, and only with difficulty did their national leaders dissuade them from marching instantly.

And then, acting in an outraged all-night session, the N.A.A.C.P. Board of Directors adopted a resolution demanding that President Johnson "invoke the power of the Federal Government" by "taking over the administration of the state of Mississippi."

THE PRESIDENCY

Penny Saved, Dollars Earned

Off on a three-day tour of political speaking and party fund raising in the midwest, President Johnson landed at Detroit's Metropolitan Airport in a 707 passenger Air Force JetStar. When Air Force One, the giant, four-jet cruising liner the President usually flies, is being used, explained an aide, on purely political trips like this one the Air Force bills the Democratic National Committee for presidential transportation. The tab for Air Force One is $2,35[illegible] hour, for the JetStar only $522.

In fact, what the cost-conscious Lyndon Johnson saved was a drop in the bucket compared to what he raised in Detroit, 74 of the party faithful paying $1,000 apiece for cocktails and a presidential handshake. Then the Pre[illegible]

Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...to Cobo Hall where 1,700 paid ...0 apiece to dine with him. ...There were some ordinarily Repub... ...faces in the Democratic crowd. At ...e head table sat longtime Republican ...ry Ford II, who has announced he ...support Johnson in November but ...had never before attended a Demo... ...fund-raising affair. At a front... ...table sat John Gordon, president of ...General Motors Corp., and seven of ...top executives. Cracked the Presi... ..."I am proud and inspired and ...dated that there is a Ford in my ...And with Jack Gordon here to... ...I hope there is a Chevrolet. Lady ...and I have waited so, so long to be ...-car family." And the two auto... ...who have labor-contract negotia... ...opening this week, have waited ...so long for a President who, they ...might not be inclined to interfere ...side of labor.

Next day at Minneapolis-St. Paul In...rnational Airport, the President was ...eted by a shouting crowd of 2,500, ...luding a corps of red- white- and ...e-costumed high school cuties who ...led themselves as "Ladies for Lyn... At the Minneapolis Sheraton-Ritz ..., more than 100 Democrats paid ...00 each for a presidential cocktail ... Later Lyndon spoke to some ...0 at a $100-a-plate dinner in the ...neapolis auditorium.

THE CONGRESS

...ing Again

...ring the many months that he ...s needed their votes for the civil ...s bill, President Johnson was down... ...deferential to Capitol Hill Repub... ...But now that the measure has ...ed the Senate and seems certain of ...approval in the House, Johnson ...ously figures that he no longer needs ...so nice. Last week he started ...ring the House to stay in session ...s a week, at least through July 10, ...on a big pileup of legislation, in ...ular his anti-poverty bill.

...se G.O.P. Leader Charlie Hal... ...for one, thought that this was less ...cricket. Fourteen House Repub... ...are members of their party's na... ...convention Platform Committee, ...starts work in San Francisco on ... Those members quite under... ...ably would like to be on hand to ...the platform, and Halleck had ...ming for a July 3-20 House re... ...Now he ruefully recalled the help ...e and his G.O.P. colleagues had ...Johnson on civil rights: "Mem... ...e real short around here."

...Halleck had a stronger weapon ...words: the civil rights bill still ...d Republican votes to get it out of ...House Rules Committee so that it ...be whooped through on the ...floor. Halleck publicly pledged ...House G.O.P. votes would not be ...ming if Johnson persisted in his ...At week's end it seemed highly ...that Halleck and his colleagues would get to San Francisco on time—and that the anti-poverty bill would have to wait.

With civil rights on the way to enactment, the year-long legislative log-jam began to break. Last week the Congress also:

▶ Approved, by a 212-to-189 House vote, an Administration-backed $375 million urban-transit bill designed to aid cities in improving their municipal and suburban public-transport systems. Spread over three years, federal funds would cover up to two-thirds of the cost of transit-system renewal or expansion.

▶ Shelved, by a voice vote of the House Ways and Means Committee, the Administration's longstanding medicare bill. Instead, the committee approved a measure that would boost Social Security cash benefits by roughly 5%. Maximum family benefit would be increased gradually to $300 a month, and individual benefit would go up to $143, the rise financed by a slightly higher tax on employers and employees.

▶ Voted, 77 to 2, in a lively Senate session, to repeal the 10% federal ex-

WALTER BENNETT

HOUSE G.O.P. LEADER HALLECK
"Memories are real short around here."

cise taxes on a vast variety of consumer items ranging from cosmetics, handbags and luggage to mechanical pencils and pingpong balls.

▶ Overrode, in a House Appropriations subcommittee on foreign operations, the decade-old dictatorship of Chairman Otto Passman, a Louisiana Democrat whose only particular claim to fame is his effective hostility to the foreign-aid program. Always in the past Passman had been backed by Missouri Democrat Clarence Cannon, chairman of the full Appropriations Committee. But Cannon died last May and was succeeded by Texas Democrat George Mahon. At the urging of Fellow Texan Lyndon Johnson, Mahon persuaded the subcommittee to turn down Passman's demands for meat-ax foreign-aid cuts. The subcommittee approved all but $200 million of the $3.5 billion the Administration had requested, and the full committee swiftly followed suit. Undaunted, Passman vowed to take his fight to the House floor. "I am not," he cried, "a political prostitute!"

▶ Approved by unanimous vote of the Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee a federal pay-raise bill earlier passed by the House. It would boost salaries of House and Senate members by $7,500—to $30,000—and provide increases ranging from 3% to 22½% for 1,700,000 federal employees. On Cabinet-level salaries, the committee recommended an increase of $10,000 a year—up from $7,500 in the House version—to $35,000, to attract top talent to Government service. Approval by the full Senate was expected this week.

▶ Raised, in a 48-to-21 Senate vote, the national debt ceiling from $315 billion to a record $324 billion for the coming fiscal year.

▶ Authorized, by a 78-to-3 Senate vote, a $5.2 billion space budget. Before the final vote, a move to chop 10% from the Apollo man-on-the-moon program was narrowly defeated 43 to 38. The surprising strength shown by opponents of the Apollo program, led by Arkansas' Democrat William Fulbright, indicated that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration may run into trouble when the time comes for Congress to appropriate the actual funds.

SEQUELS

Dialogue at the Door

Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu, presently residing in Paris, had been invited to the U.S. to address a "Truth Rally" sponsored by the Conservative Party club of Flushing, N.Y. In due course, she applied for a visa, and last week, in due course, the U.S. State Department turned her down on grounds that her presence would be "prejudicial to the public interest."

The lady was furious, issued broadsides from behind the closed doors of her fashionable Left Bank apartment, fired off letters of protest to President Johnson. But she was not so furious as to lose her head completely. An American correspondent, trying to get Madame Nhu's firsthand version of the whole affair, knocked on the apartment door, was met by her daughter Le Thuy, and the following conversation took place:

Le Thuy: Surely you know that Madame will not see journalists without payment in advance?

Reporter: How much, if we just talk about the visa?

Le Thuy: For how much time?

Reporter: Five minutes.

Le Thuy (after a brief consultation with her mother behind the door): Madame will not depart from her fee of $1,000.

There was no interview.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MEXICO

Meet the President

In Mexico's "guided democracy," there is only one real political party, only one real presidential candidate. Against token opposition, the chosen man could win overwhelmingly without ever showing his face. Yet after 50 years of rule, the country's all-powerful Institutional Revolutionary Party still strives mightily to keep its image bright and in its own uniquely Mexican way ask approval of the voters. Last week, on the eve of the July 5 presidential election, the sound of fiesta filled the land, and hardly a man who breathed could ignore the campaign.

ANTONIO HALIK

CAMPAIGNER DÍAZ ORDAZ
On with the fiesta.

Fireworks & Flash Cards. From the looks of things, the P.R.I. might be fighting for its political life. The candidate is Gustavo Díaz Ordaz, 52, government secretary in the Cabinet of incumbent President Adolfo López Mateos. His neon slogans glow atop scores of Mexico City buildings; they are whitewashed on hillsides, stone fences and adobe huts, strung across highways and back roads, plastered on thousands of homes, trees and cars. In major cities, P.R.I. advance men fan out in legions before each Díaz Ordaz appearance. At the textile town of Puebla last week, trumpets shrilled and firecrackers exploded to signal his arrival. Past the screaming, cheering crowds he drove in a blinding swirl of confetti—first white, then green, then red for the colors of the Mexican flag.

At the city's Ignacio Zaragoza Stadium, Díaz Ordaz made his way to the gaily draped platform. Facing him was a flash-card section of 2,000 people, flipping pictures of the President, then President-to-be. "Here," he began, "here in this little homeland, I conclude this pilgrimage through all the parts of our great land. I began in Dolores Hidalgo, seat and beginning point of our independence. And I conclude it in the state of Puebla, because here Mexico ratified before the entire world its right, its desire and its capacity to defend that independence." Then it was off to lay a wreath at a local monument, offer flowers at the shrine of a revolutionary hero, visit P.R.I. offices, lunch in a school auditorium, tour the local newspaper office, appear at a meeting of the Women's Council of Puebla, visit the Puebla University and finally dine with some P.R.I. big shots. "If we could only organize our industry this well," said one businessman after the Puebla rally, "all Mexicans would be rich."

Right & Left. When 11 million Mexicans go to the polls, they will give Díaz Ordaz some 90% of their votes. On Dec. 1 he will take over from López Mateos as Mexico's President for the next six years. The lawyer son of a government accountant, he is tough and shrewd—with enough humor to smile at his unprepossessing looks. An able administrator, his politics are somewhat to the right of López Mateos, who calls himself "left within the constitution." As government secretary, Díaz Ordaz crushed a 1959 railroad strike and arrested its leftist leaders; he jailed Mexico's top Communist (and top artist) David Siqueiros on a charge of "social dissolution," outlawed all Communist demonstrations.

At first mention of Díaz Ordaz as the P.R.I. candidate, the Communist weekly Política printed a grotesque cover photo of him, with the caption: "He will not be President." Though most far-leftists within the P.R.I. are still against him, some who had bitterly opposed López Mateos, have decided to play it cool and support the more conservative Díaz Ordaz.

As for Díaz Ordaz' relations with the U.S., Washington regards him as a friend but an independent one—which is just where most other recent Mexican Presidents have stood.

PERU

A Sensible Land-Reform Law

After eight months of political bickering, Peru last week had its first major land-reform program. The sensible new law is a patient compromise of three different bills introduced by President Fernando Belaúnde Terry and two major opposition parties.

Rather than give the government unlimited expropriation powers, the [illegible] islation scrupulously exempts the lar[illegible] highly mechanized coastal sugar ho[illegible] ings and efficiently run highland li[illegible] stock ranches that are vital to Per[illegible] economy. Instead, it aims mainly at [illegible] ciendas of 3,000 acres and up that [illegible] not pay their way, are either uncu[illegible] vated or marginally productive und[illegible] present ownership. The landholders—[illegible] whether private citizens, companies o[illegible] the Roman Catholic Church—will [illegible] paid fair market value for their exp[illegible] priated land in cash and 18- to 22-ye[illegible] bonds bearing 4% to 6% tax-free [illegible] terest; livestock, buildings and equ[illegible] ment will be paid for in cash.

By utilizing state-owned land alo[illegible] with the expropriated acres, Presid[illegible] Belaúnde hopes to eventually set[illegible] 1,000,000 landless peasants on the[illegible] own farms, giving up to 32 acres to [illegible] family in rich coastal areas, up to [illegible] acres in the highlands. If the progra[illegible] carried out successfully, the change[illegible] be dramatic. Most of the country's [illegible] able land has been concentrated in [illegible] hands of a few wealthy hacienda [illegible] ers ever since colonial days; the p[illegible] ants either worked as sharecroppers [illegible] scratched a bare living out of their [illegible] tiny plots, often no larger than a s[illegible] furrow. Today a peasant's life exp[illegible] ancy is only 32 years, and his incom[illegible] about $110 annually. To get maxim[illegible] effect from the new law, which [illegible] into effect next month, the governm[illegible] set up separate agencies offering c[illegible] and technical assistance to the [illegible] landowners.

BRAZIL

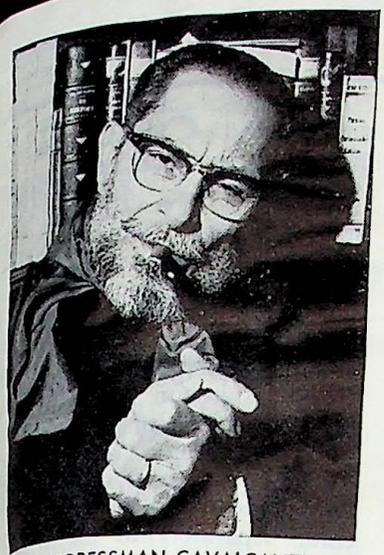
Part of What Was Wrong

"Compared with corruption, C[illegible] munist infiltration in Brazil has [illegible] insignificant," said Marshal Taurino [illegible] zende, chairman of the revolutio[illegible] government's Central Investiga[illegible] Committee. Brazilians could put it [illegible] other way: compared with corrupt[illegible] practically everything in Brazil has [illegible] insignificant. When the new governm[illegible] of President Humberto Castello Bra[illegible] had completed its housecleaning wi[illegible] tenth and final political "blacklist" [illegible] prominent Brazilians accused of C[illegible] munism or corruption prior to the [illegible] throw of President João ("Jan[illegible] Goulart, corruption indeed seemed [illegible] have first rank.

Peddlers & Sin Czars. In Goul[illegible] own official household, his presidet[illegible] press secretary, Raul Ryff, 52, do[illegible] —but in name only—as $6,000-a-[illegible] treasurer of one of Brazil's many se[illegible] security institutes; his real sideline[illegible] cording to the investigators, was [illegible] dling influence, and he picked up [illegible] 000 on one coffee deal alone. A se[illegible] member of Goulart's staff, his p[illegible] secretary, added $15,000 to his [illegible] $8,400 salary when Goulart name[illegible]

CC-0. J Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



CONGRESSMAN CAVALCANTI

PRESS SECRETARY RYFF

Down with the crooks.

minister-counselor for economic affairs Brazil's Rome embassy; his nearest approach to the job was an all-expense seven-day *blast* in Rome, celebrating appointment. Still a third close Gou- art friend, the president of the General bor *Command*, was able to guarantee one a good government job—for $1,200 fee.

In Brazil's Congress, the investigators and that one of Goulart's Labor Party cuties had made a fortune by adding 35 people to his personal payroll in rn for a slice of their paychecks. fellow congressman, one Tenório alcanti, 58, required almost no in- gation: he was already well known fulltime gangster (13 killings to his t) and the sin czar who—fully ected by his congressional immunity t Duque de Caxias, on Rio's north- outskirts, into a wide-open vice ea famed for its brothels, gambling , brawling street fights and gen- fol-de-rol.

Smugglers & Taxidermists. On and went, from state Governors down il servants. The Governor of Ama- s state was found to have staked a huge ranch along the banks of Amazon, added an airstrip, dock warehouse, and used it to run up riwind trade in smuggled goods. er former state Governor coolly ted an entire $6,400,000 highway priation, once appointed 600 men e single post of state taxidermist— h to stuff every man, woman and in his state. Then there was the president of Brazil's state sav- anks, who became a millionaire ing into the till. His mistake was iting General Artur da Costa e to visit his sumptuous apartment, e off his wardrobe ("Fifty white uits alone," he beamed). Came olution, and Costa e Silva, now hardheaded War Minister, per- entered the banker's name on ge list.

he ten blacklists, 378 Brazilians been purged of their political for ten years, meaning that they hold public office or even vote

as ordinary citizens. At that, the list was not as long as expected. But as Marshal Rezende said: "If everything wrong with Brazil were removed, there would not be very much left."

OAS

Evidence to Consider

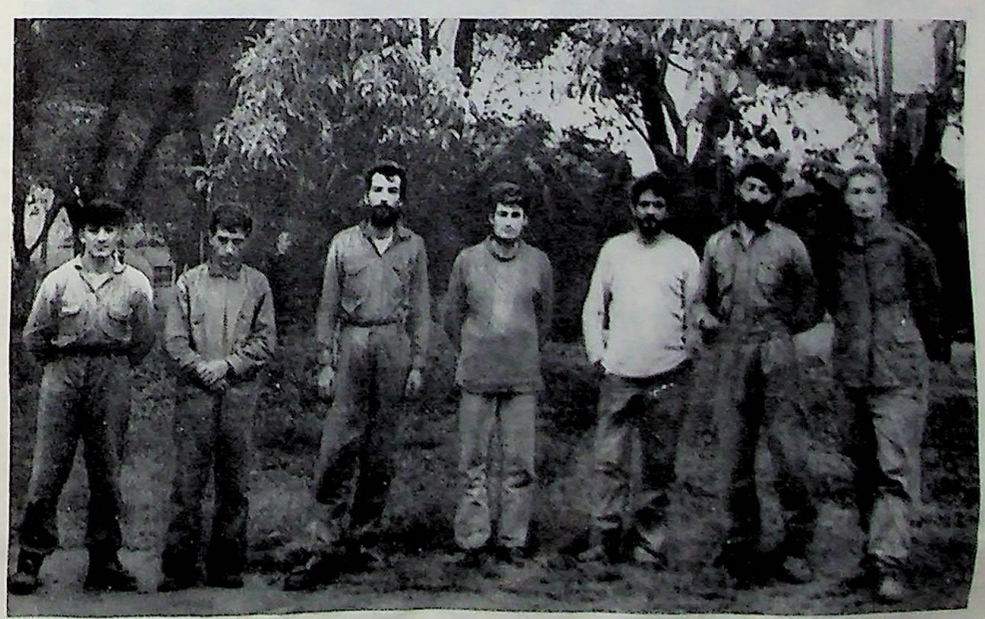
Last November Venezuela uncovered a three-ton Cuban arms cache on its northern shore, and took its evidence to the Organization of American States, charging Fidel Castro with "aggression." Last week, after seven long months of diplomatic maneuver, the OAS finally bowed to Venezuelan pressure and set July 21 as the date for a full-dress foreign-ministers meeting on Castroite subversion. Said Venezuela's OAS Ambassador Enrique Tejera París: "If the OAS cannot move now, we will become a laughingstock."

The OAS could go so far as to impose military sanctions against Castro, specifically a blockade to prevent further gunrunning. But the most that can be hoped for is a two-thirds OAS vote for an economic embargo to cut off Castro's remaining trade ($9,000,000 annually) with Latin American nations. The OAS may also recommend that Mexico, Chile, Bolivia and Uruguay complete Castro's diplomatic isolation by breaking their ties with Havana. When the final vote comes up, Mexico and Chile will probably abstain, and Uruguay and Bolivia are still question marks.

Even while the OAS was meeting in Washington, new evidence was building up against Castro. Last month officials in Surinam, *The Netherlands' self-governing colony on South America's northeast coast*, reported *that Castro gunrunners in high-speed launches are smuggling large amounts of arms down the Courantyne River for delivery to Communist terrorists in neighboring* British Guiana. The Dutch army has already sent 1,000 soldiers, plus two helicopters, to reinforce the border-river patrols, and a navy frigate has just steamed in with more much-needed help.

More specific was the first real evidence of Castro guerrillas in Argentina. *Last March Argentine national police captured six Castroites in a mountainous area of Salta province, near the* Bolivian border. Over *the next three* months, the police captured 27 more and identified several marauding bands. The captured men, some of whom had Castro-style beards, wore olive-drab uniforms, black-and-red armbands, and called themselves the "People's Guerrilla Army." As in Venezuela's F.A.L.N. terrorist group, *the men were between 25 and 35; at least one had been* trained in Cuba, another was *nicknamed* "El Cubano."

The guerrillas were armed wih submachine guns, pistols, grenades and explosives. Two of the guns were Belgian Fabrique Nationale automatic rifles that bore the Cuban military crest and were traced to a 1959 shipment to Castro. There were also five antitank projectiles of Russian make.



CAPTURED CASTROITES IN ARGENTINA

Up for a decision.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE CONGO

Back Comes Moses the Beloved

In the predawn gloom at Leopoldville's Ndjili Airport, the DC-8 jetliner whined to a halt on the hardstand. Almost coyly, it poked its nose between a pair of aircraft chartered to ferry the last United Nations soldiers away from the Congo. From the hatch of the first-class compartment stepped a tall, plump man in a severe black suit, grinning like an African Fernandel. Burly, rifle-swinging Congolese cops and nervous *Sûreté* plainclothesmen hustled him into a black Chevy Impala with government plates, and off he sped into the flower- and sewage-scented dark. Thus last week with fanfare and foreboding did Moise Kapenda ("Moses the Beloved") Tshombe return to the Congo.

Come Home Again. A year ago, when he fled to Spain in exile, Tshombe was Moses the Hated. As the leader of copper-rich Katanga province's abortive secession, finally crushed by the U.N., he had been damned as a traitor to African nationalism and a stooge of the Belgians. But last week the stooge was being praised as a possible savior. In the chaotic Congo, that made as much sense as anything else.

Ironically, Tshombe came home on invitation of his onetime archenemy, Premier Cyrille Adoula, whose government now needs all the help it can get. Adoula's inept 35,000-man army has proved itself incapable of suppressing Communist-encouraged rebellions that already engulf three provinces and are spreading even farther. To many, it seemed that his only hope was reconciliation with the dissident elements that rack the land. Adoula apparently agreed, however reluctantly. As a trial balloon, he permitted his secretary-general to call openly for the liberation of long-imprisoned Leftist Antoine Gizenga, and amnesty for Rightist Albert Kalonji, onetime *Mulopwe* (god-emperor) of south Kasai.

"Free Us! Free Us!" The *Mulopwe* accepted readily, flew in from Europe in such haste that none of his political allies were on hand at the airport to meet him. Balancing the return of Kalonji and Tshombe was the elimination of Jason Sendwe, leader of Katanga's once rebellious Baluba tribe and provincial president of north Katanga. Captured two weeks ago, Sendwe and three of his lieutenants were knifed to death in Albertville by the *Jeunesse*, according to reliable reports. With the aid of the survivors, Adoula could form a compromise regime to keep some kind of order in the months ahead.

Tshombe, for one, was quite willing to be reconciled. After a four-hour meeting with Adoula, he called a press conference at Leopoldville's Zoo Restaurant. While monkeys chattered and brightly dressed Congolese couples twisted to the music of the *Conga Succès* jazz band, a grinning Tshombe shook hands, signed autographs and proclaimed: "I'm convinced that sincere, total reconciliation between all Congolese is the only absolute condition for saving the country from misery and anarchy." The crowd shouted back: "Free us! Free us!" This was heady stuff, but then everything in the months ahead would be.

UPI

TSHOMBE IN LEOPOLDVILLE
The stooge returned a possible savior.

CYPRUS

The Parable of the Blue Beads

There was once a sultan with a hare of jealous wives. Being a wise man, sultan secretly gave to each wife a b bead. When they sought proof of affection, he would say, "I love the o who has the blue bead." Thus he w able to live happily ever after.

In Washington last week, both Tu key's Premier Ismet Inönü, 79, a Greece's Premier George Papandre 76, wondered just who had Presid Lyndon Johnson's blue bead. They b come separately to the White Ho after the Cyprus crisis hotted up ea this month when Turkey prepared invade the island rather than all *enosis*—the union of Greece and C prus. Putting his prestige as an inte tional mediator on the line, Jo conferred first with Inönü. A wi wily little old man, Inönü tried to list U.S. support for the Turkish pl partition Cyprus, and had no basic j jection to Johnson's suggestion that Greeks and Turks settle their differe in bilateral talks.

President Johnson was considera less successful with Greece's Pa dreou, who bluntly rejected a propo meeting with Inönü, and implied U.S. interference in the dispute only marginally useful in view of United Nations' mediation efforts. S by this response, State Department cials let it be known that they sy thized with the Turks' plight, and h that Washington might no longer able to prevent a Turkish invasion Cyprus, which would almost certa precipitate war with Greece.

As both leaders headed for home was obvious that Johnson's mediat effort had failed. During his New Y stopover, Turkey's, Inönü comme that nothing could be settled a Cyprus "until the U.S. takes a st for either one side or the other. B rather than risk choosing between NATO partners, the U.S. quickly turned the Cyprus hot potato to U.N., which recently voted to con its peace-keeping operation on the land for an additional three months.

ITALY

Buccia di Banana

The six-month rule of Premier A Moro's coalition government reads *The Perils of Pauline*. The experts certain Moro would be brought d by strikes, growing inflation, the fa ing economy or just the incompatib of his coalition partners—the Socia and the Christian Democrats. But like Pauline, the Moro government vived every major crisis and even h to have a look of permanence. T last week, as Italians put it, the

CC-0. Jangamwadi Math Collection. Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

VIET CONG PRISONER, CALL (ARMS CROSSED) & WESTMORELAND
Oil stains showed up on the Black Virgin.

its heights. Colonel Call was determined to make the Viet Cong pay for the lives they had taken and to gradually merge the oil stains.

Information extracted from Viet Cong prisoners by Vietnamese government interrogators convinced Colonel Call that two of the U.S. captives were dead. One Red prisoner admitted that he knew the actual location of their graves and offered himself as a guide. Followed by two battalions, Colonel Call flew in a helicopter to the spot indicated by the prisoner. Sure enough, there was a neat graveyard with a white gate. The helicopter sat down on a paddy near the graves. Suddenly shots rang out. Both pilots were slightly wounded, but Call and Chaplain Aubrey Smith made it back to the chopper, and the chaplain fired several shots at the enemy. "I was carried away," he explained.

It had been an ambush, with the phony cemetery as a lure. Quickly Call launched the South Vietnamese battalions, supported by five tanks and 14 armored personnel carriers against the Viet Cong defense positions. The Reds proved to be dug into three lines consisting of foxholes, dugouts and bunkers with escape tunnels. While the armor made a frontal assault, 15 helicopters and T-28s raked the Reds with machine guns, rockets and flaming napalm.

Call's armor broke through two of the Viet Cong lines and might well have carried the final one. But most of the tanks had to retire when they ran out of .50-cal. ammunition. The Viet Cong began moving around each flank, and the order came for government troops to disengage. Although the Reds remained in control of the field of battle, the cost had been catastrophic. The South Vietnamese lost only five dead and 29 wounded. Estimates of Viet Cong casualties were over 200. Though U.S. Viet Nam military chief Lieut. General William Westmoreland flew in especially to congratulate the troops, Colonel Call had little reason to relax. Intelligence reports said that the Viet Cong of Tayninh, aided by a long border with Cambodia, were for the first time building up to division strength, and were even equipped with artillery. "I've seen them," said one U.S. adviser, who had also spotted up-to-date road-building equipment. "Their roads," he said bitterly, "are better than the ones we've got."

BELGIUM

Peace

After 176 days of bitter haggling, Belgium's doctors got together last week with the government on its controversial health insurance plan. When it went into effect last Jan. 1, the plan triggered angry violence, culminating in a three-week strike in April. Most of Belgium's 12,000 physicians and dentists objected not only to the fees fixed by the plan (roughly half the rate before it went into effect) but claimed that it invaded their professional privacy: health insurance firms had full review authority over doctors' reports and diagnoses.

Countless minor compromises on both sides produced the new agreement, which still needs parliamentary approval. It offers the medical profession representation on top government medical-policy boards, grants participating medical men twelve hours a week to handle private patients, and provides an extra 50¢ travel allowance for each patient visited. Most important, the settlement saved face for the medics by re-establishing full professional and ethical secrecy.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SCANDINAVIA

And a Nurse to Tuck You In

(See Cover)

Like Norsemen of old toasting Balder, the god of light, Scandinavians celebrate summer with feasting and fireworks, music festivals and folk dancing until dawn. At lunch hour, heliotropic beauties stand on every sidewalk with closed eyes and hiked skirts, "mooning at the sun," as the Swedes say. Restaurant tables are laden with summer delicacies: crayfish, trout in sour cream, fresh eels, wild strawberries. In the milky gloaming that passes for night, Copenhagen cabarets work double shifts, and the nightlong sounds of revelry prompt a tourist official's tip: "Have fun in Denmark. Sleep in the next country."

It is the season when northerners finally shuck "winter sickness" and speak soulfully of the Good Life. Above all, the good life of summer is for the young. Graduating high school students, wearing old-fashioned visored caps, swarm through the cities celebrating their freedom. Stockholm's pimply *raggare*, teen-age rowdies who drive battered U.S. cars, roar up the Kungsgatan, stop to pick up a nymphet, then roar off again. Mothers and children troop off to cottages beside gleaming lakes and fjords to sail, swim and hike until fall. Except that they usually adjourn to summer palaces, Scandinavia's royal princes and princesses follow much the same routine. This summer has been different—but then, it's not every year that royal families get to marry off three daughters.

Red-ringed Date. First to be married in June was Princess Désirée, 26, third oldest granddaughter of Sweden's Gustaf VI Adolf. A beautiful, gifted textile designer, she married Baron Niclas Silfverschiöld, a rich, landowning aristocrat, and will live in a 40-room, 400-year-old castle. Desirée's elder sister Margaretha, 29, also will be in the headlines this week when she marries British Businessman John Ambler, 40. She will do the cooking in their Knightsbridge flat, but decided against promising to "obey" him in her marriage vow.

Red-ringed on every royal and near-royal engagement book in Europe is Sept. 18, date of the 21-cannon wedding that will reunite the ruling families of Greece and Denmark. In a Greek Orthodox ceremony in Athens, King Constantine of the Hellenes, 24, will take as his Queen Anne-Marie Dagmar Ingrid. Prettiest, youngest and liveliest of three royal sisters, leggy (5 ft. 8 in.), slim (120 lbs., 22-in. waist) Anne-Marie will also be the first at the altar—as well as the first Danish princess to marry a reigning monarch since 1680, when Sweden's King Karl XI took Ulrika Leonora as his Queen.

AP

SWEDEN'S PREMIER ERLANDER (CENTER) & KHRUSHCHEV

Before getting to the church on time, a gibing guest.

Grabbing the Oars. In the midst of the scramble to get Sweden's Margaretha to the church on time this week, Scandinavia's royals had to act relaxed and be nice to Nikita Khrushchev, who descended with his family for an 18-day good-will tour of Denmark, Sweden and Norway. There were moments of levity, such as the time when Khrushchev startled Swedish Premier Tage Erlander by grabbing the oars of a boat and rowing him nonstop across a 300-yd. lake. But all in all, Nikita was no great hit anywhere. He miffed the Danes right off by sneering that their prized, highly productive farms are too small. In Sweden, he again rankled his hosts at a dinner by declaring that Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania have been better off since Russia grabbed them in 1940.

Khrushchev's gibes at Scandinavian capitalism particularly galled the Swedes, who have remained neutral in the cold war and are doubly furious at having to spend $57 million to revise their defense planning as a result of Colonel Stig Wennerström's espionage for Moscow (TIME, May 9). Sweden is intensely proud of the humane, egalitarian society it calls "industrial democracy"—and with reason. From poverty so desperate that hundreds of thousands of its people fled to the U.S. in the 19th century, hard-working, ingenious Swedes have not only turned their predominantly capitalist economy into the world's second most prosperous (after the U.S.); they have also managed to distribute affluence more equitably than any other people on earth.

Denmark, Norway and Finland have prospered similarly, and in decades of unbroken Socialist rule they have also developed egalitarian, secure societies virtually unscarred by slums, unemployment, curable disease and illiteracy. The Danes, their aim is to ensure "the greatest possible happiness for the greatest number of people"; to Norwegians, to guarantee "security regardless of personal success."

Formidable physical barriers, most notably the great north-south mountain wall dividing Norway from Sweden, and old enmities have long separated the nations. Their different environments and histories have molded distinctive national characteristics. From their proximity to Western Europe and to each other in the north, most densely populated country, the Danes are the merriest, laziest, most sophisticated and animated (their compulsive small talk is known as *snak*). The non-Aryan Finns are of nomad Magyar stock and are caricatured as somnolent, introverted and dour. The isolated Norwegians have a reputation for being tough, brave and simple. The Swedes, who were greatly influenced in the 19th century by Germany, are thought of as stiff, shrewd and neurotic. If a Norwegian invents something, according to one theory, a Swede will patent it, and a Dane will be in charge of promotion.

In another parable, possibly told by a Finn, two Danes, two Norwegians and two Swedes are wrecked together on a desert island. By the time they are rescued, the Danes have formed a cooperative, the Norwegians are fighting, and the Swedes are waiting to be introduced.

Nonetheless, an agreement permits citizens of the Nordic bloc to live, work, pay taxes and draw welfare benefits anywhere in Scandinavia (including Iceland, which won its independence from Denmark in 1944). Danish-ruled Greenland and the self-autonomous Faroe Islands), and today they virtually have common citizenship. They are linked by similar parliamentary systems, laws, education, a Lutheran background, their hunger for books and food, the absence of class, race or religious frictions and governmental corruption. A passion for exercise explains the firm figures.

CC-0. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

eyes and radiant complexions of their beautiful women.

Hard, Wild World. All save the Finns can understand the others' variant dialects of the same basic language. Most of all, they are united by centuries of wresting sustenance from rocky, grudging soil and hostile seas, in latitudes far north of any other ancient civilized society.* Norway, whose fjord-slashed, mountainous land is only 3% arable, has thrived largely on cheap, limitless hydroelectric power and its 14 million-ton merchant fleet, the world's most modern. Even in summer, most of Scandinavia is a hard, wild world of trees and water, the elements that drew the first settlers northward 10,000 years ago. Finland's 60,000 lakes take up more territory than all its farms. Since forests cover 71% of Finland—highest proportion in Europe—it has had to build a strong, well-rounded industrial base, helped, paradoxically, by Russia's ruthless insistence on huge postwar reparations. Denmark, fearful that it may lose markets for its bacon and dairy products, is also vigorously pressing industrialization.

Reindeer Tongue. The whole vast region, laced with glaciers and rushing rivers, reaches from Russia west to the Atlantic, from the bustling Baltic coast to snow-capped mountains high in the Arctic Circle, where the sun does not sink below the horizon for many summer weeks. The area, including 160,000 islands, is five times the size of Great Britain (pop. 52 million), but it has only 20 million inhabitants.

Nearly half that many Americans have Scandinavian blood. Yet, surprisingly, it has only been in the past few years that the U.S. tourist has discovered these rugged, lonely lands. As accessible as any of southern Europe's overpriced, overcrowded resorts, the Nordic nations have some of the Continent's newest and best-designed hotels. Many Scandinavian restaurants are world-famed, and even out-of-the-way farming and fishing villages often boast good inns specializing in robust local dishes, such as *gravlaks*, Norway's salt-and-spiced salmon; fresh cloudberries, a Finnish favorite; or Lapland reindeer tongue. Department stores bulge with elegant objects that would cost twice as much in the U.S. Almost any city boasts a tax-supported opera house and theater; at Tampere in Finland, one theater jutting across a lake has disposed with a revolving stage, has a revolving auditorium instead.

No Sauna Aloft. Express trains, which kill 2,000 reindeer annually, are fast and comfortable. SAS, jointly owned by Sweden, Denmark and Norway, is one of the world's best-run airlines, introduced direct Chicago-Scandinavia jet service this spring. (On SAS charts, one-seventh of Sweden, one-third of Norway and a quarter of Finland lie above the Arctic Circle.

flights to Finland, a leaflet apologizes for the fact that there is no room for a sauna.) Scandinavians are honest, hospitable, and most of them understand English. One of their most useful tourist services is the summer camp that specializes in taking children for a few days while parents gad about on their own.

Nowhere else in Europe does good design make itself so universally felt. The north has produced few great artists of the stature of Edvard Munch; but architects such as Finland's Alvar Aalto and Denmark's Arne Jacobsen are among the world's most admired. Dozens of northern artisans—ceramists, glass blowers, weavers, cabinetmakers and silversmiths—have made Scandinavia an international synonym for elegant functionalism. Whether in a car or a carpet, Scandinavian artisans at their best blend traditionally solid craftsmanship with a daring use of form or clever technique.

To U.S. eyes, Scandinavia, like its handicrafts, is a happy union of past and present, of comfortable conformity and bold innovation. Skyscrapers live in harmony with magnificent 8th century castles; sleek new streetcars glide silently over cobbled streets. In Sweden, the visitor may be whisked from a new nuclear power plant outside Stockholm to 500-year-old Uppsala University, where the founder of modern botany, Carolus Linnaeus, studied in the 18th century. ("God created," say the tidy Swedes. "Linnaeus put things in order.") Stockholm cops, though issued guns during Khrushchev's visit, normally cling grimly to their accustomed sabers. Proud Viking longboats are lovingly preserved in an Oslo museum. At Drottningholm, a summer palace across Mälaren Lake from Stockholm, 18th century operas are staged for the public with their original sets in the only surviving court theater of the period.

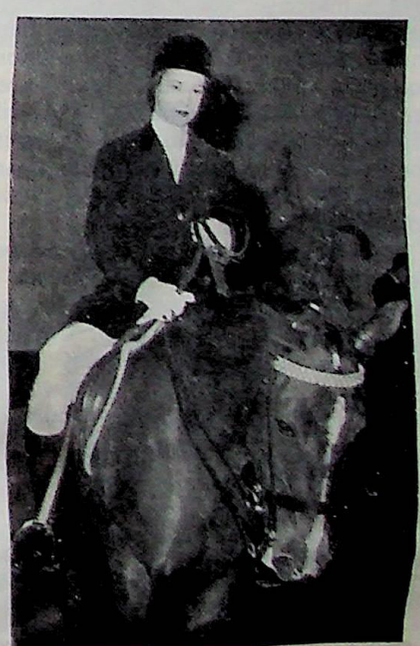
Chest of Tattoos. The three royal families are themselves a pleasantly nostalgic reminder of Scandinavia's great conqueror-kings. Long since shorn of all power, the democratic monarchs are universally liked by their subjects and show none of the condescension that surrounds the British throne. Danes seem happy enough that King Frederik lives in a wing of the Amalienborg Palace in downtown Copenhagen rather than in the gloomy, inconvenient Christiansborg Castle where the royal family lived in the past. And they did not revolt when a too-candid picture revealed that the towering (6 ft. 4 in.), rugged King had a chestful of tattoos. Norwegians felt genuinely sorry for King Olaf, a dedicated yachtsman and onetime Olympics champion, when Khrushchev's visit forced him to forgo a regatta at Hankö Island last week.

Princess Margrethe, Denmark's heiress apparent, was the hit of the evening on TV recently when she gave a lively, informal account of an exports-building trip she had made through the Far East. Danes have had a warm spot for Mar-

SWEDEN'S BIRGITTA

BIRNBACK

SISTER MARGARETHA & FIANCÉ

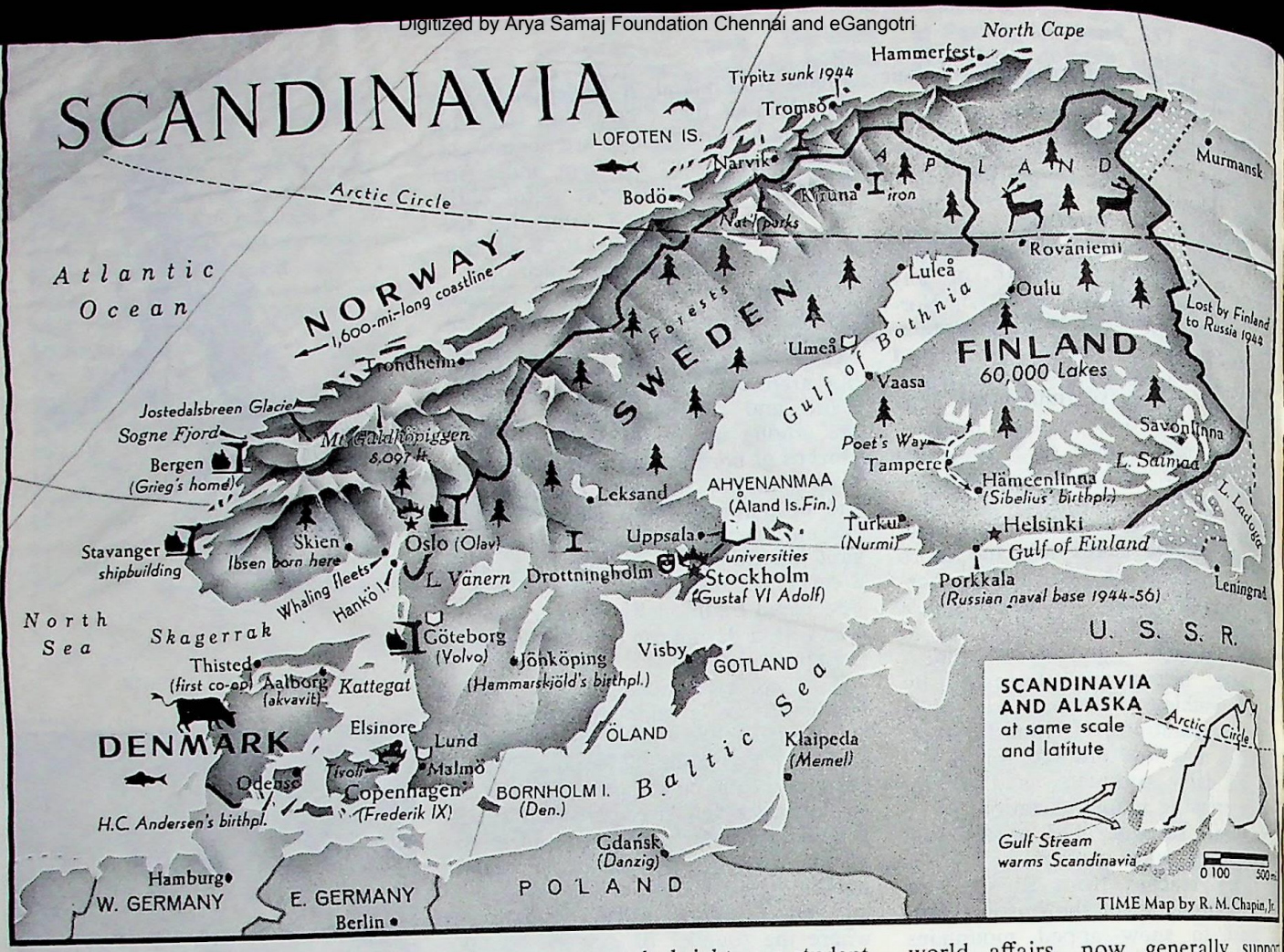


DENMARK'S BENEDIKTE

They used to turn instinctively inward.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



grethe's kid sister ever since the King allowed in public years ago that the little girl was "strong-minded" and had "bad habits." They worry that the princess may be in for political unpleasantness as Greece's Queen. Many Danish parents sided with their Queen when she tried to make Anne-Marie wait another year before getting engaged. As it was, the wedding was originally set for next January, and was only moved forward when Constantine mounted the throne after his father's death last March.

Victoria's Relations. In preparation for the marriage, which will be held 19 days after Anne-Marie's 18th birthday, she is taking a recorded Linguaphone course in conversational Greek, a present from a Copenhagen record distributor. Meanwhile, since Constantine speaks little French (hers is fluent) and no Danish, they chat in English, which both speak well.

Anne-Marie, who belongs to Europe's oldest dynasty, is a distant cousin of her husband-to-be,* and is also a descendant of Queen Victoria, Constantine's great-great-grandmother. They first met in July 1957, when she was not quite eleven and he was a naval cadet on a Greek training ship. The rumors started four years later. Anne-Marie, who was not overly bright as a student, attended two Swiss schools to learn French but got most of her education at the private coed Zahle School in Copenhagen. One day, startled by a piercing wolf whistle from outside, a Zahle teacher snapped in Danish: "Some kind of punk!" The whistler was Constantine, come to carry Anne-Marie's books back to Amalienborg Palace.

Two at the U.N. Scandinavia's royal families have played an influential part in the north's emergence from the traditional isolationism that ended with World War II. Since then, Norway and Denmark have bound themselves to Europe as charter members of NATO and EFTA, the Outer Seven trading bloc. Finland, Russia's only European neighbor that has not been plucked behind the Iron Curtain, has meticulously observed the neutrality agreement imposed on its government by Moscow after its valiant defense against the Red army. Nonetheless, the Finns are also associated with EFTA and have strong economic and emotional ties to the rest of Scandinavia.

Even Sweden, which last fought a war 150 years ago, is now determined to defend its neutrality, if necessary. Swedish troops performed ably as members of the U.N. peace-keeping mission in the Congo. Two Scandinavians, Norway's Trygve Lie and Sweden's Dag Hammarskjöld, ran the U.N. creditably for 15 years. When Hammarskjöld died in a 1961 plane crash, he had extended U.N. influence and broadened his countrymen's horizons. Younger Swedes, who previously showed little interest in world affairs, now generally support Western proposals for an ambitious Swedish foreign aid program in keeping with its affluence. "They used to turn instinctively inward," says Premier Tage Erlander. "I sense a great change."

Scandinavians are reaching out in other media. Ingmar Bergman's tortured film canon, topped by *The Silence*, has built a worldwide movie cult unequaled by any Scandinavian since Garbo's girlhood. Half a dozen Swedish singers, from Kerstin Thorborg to Birgit Nilsson, commute between Stockholm's Royal Opera and Manhattan's Metropolitan. Swedish Economist Gunnar Myrdal, author of a classic study of the U.S. Negro and his problems, who went on to become executive secretary of the U.N.'s Economic Commission for Europe, is currently writing what promises to be the definitive work on solutions for the underdeveloped world.

For all their geographical proximity, there is only a partial pattern in the customs, the people, the cultures of Scandinavia.

Norway has been called the Scotland of Scandinavia, and its people share the Highlander's hardihood, serenity and national pride. After 91 years of enforced "union" with Sweden, Norwegians won their independence in 1905 and actually elected their King, the late Haakon VI, who led its valiant wartime resistance movement. Ruled for 29 years by the Labor Party, Norway has an economy-model welfare state known as the Golden Mean that

* They had the same great-great-grandfather, Denmark's King Christian IX (1818-1906), whose skill at bagging the better thrones for his children earned him the sobriquet "Father-in-law of Europe." One of his daughters was *Queen Alexandra, wife* of Britain's King Edward *VII*; another, *Princess Dagmar*, married Russia's *Czar Alexander III*.

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

costs 5.5% of national income, *v.* 8.2% in Sweden.

Scandinavia's smallest, most thinly settled population (3,600,000) is in Norway, a beautiful land that is 75% lakes, mountains and glaciers. To sustain its people, Norway exports lumber products, aluminum and 90% of the catch from rich fishing grounds such as the Lofoten Islands. But the nation's most vital resource is its merchant fleet. With 2,833 freighters in operation, Norway has more tonnage afloat than the U.S. One man who controls much of Norway's shipping is Niels Onstad, who lives in a spacious white mansion outside Oslo with his wife, onetime Skating Star Sonja Henie. Many of Norway's ships are local inventions such as "parcel" tankers, which can carry up to 40 different liquids simultaneously.

Norwegians are the most democratic and bourgeois of northerners, regard ostentation as a cardinal sin. They are also Scandinavia's most proficient athletes; everyone from five to 90 skis, swims and hikes. And many of them have summer cottages on the shores of the endless fjords; often businessmen commute to work by hydrofoil. Though 96% of the population is nominally Lutheran, the church plays little part in the nation's life. Says one churchman: "We are suffused with a pale benevolence instead of the antagonism we used to know."

Next to drunkenness, the national vice, Norway's biggest problem is that it has too many languages. Riksmål, of Danish origin, is spoken by educated townsfolk; nationalists have promoted an invented "Norwegian" tongue called Landsmål, based on rural speech. Both Riksmål and Landsmål are now official languages and taught in school. "If a man knows eight languages," they say, "seven of them are Norwegian."

Finland, a Swedish colony for 650 years, became a grand duchy of Russia in 1809, prompting the ringing plea: "Swedes we are no longer. Russians we can never be. Therefore we must become Finns." Finland finally proclaimed its independence in 1917, has been Finnish ever since. An earthy, engaging, moody people who have fought war after war, and always started again from the ruins, they regard *sisu*, plain *guts*, as the highest virtue. For, *say* Finns, "Whatever happens, *we will* be on the wrong side."

On the losing side against the Red army in World War II, the Finns in 1944 were forced to pay an exorbitant reparations bill: 17,680 square miles of territory and $300 million worth of goods, including industrial products that they had no means of producing. It took know-how as well as *sisu*, but they did it. The Russians, who had also occupied the naval stronghold of Porkkala just west of Helsinki, finally withdrew in 1956.

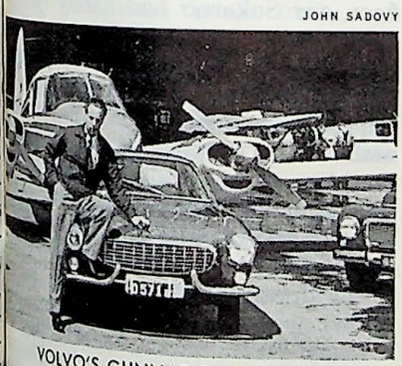
In the shadow of Soviet guns, Finns must be discreet. Even so, many outspokenly deplore President Kekkonen's servile attitude to Moscow. Kekkonen's attempt to sell Scandinavia Moscow's plan for an atom-free zone in northern Europe was roundly snubbed by the other Nordic countries.

The vast (118,000 sq. mi.), rugged land is becoming industrialized. However, wood products still account for three-quarters of its exports, and the government has only recently awakened to the fact that the forests have been badly overexploited. Finland's wage-price spiral rises unchecked, largely because of welfare state benefits that are beyond its means. The Finns are such heavy topers that the government wraps every bottle of liquor in a temperance tract. More worrisome for a nation of only 4,500,000 is the legal abortion rate, which has doubled in ten years, and at 71.6 per 1,000 is one of Europe's highest. There are an estimated 20,000 illegal abortions yearly as well.

As they have rebuilt and restocked their own country, Finnish architects and designers have stamped it with a clean, distinctively Finnish élegance that makes Leningrad, less than an hour's flight away, look drab. To the delight of sauna-worshiping Finns, the sauna vogue has become international, providing Finland with a new export.

Denmark has a special charm, a blend of Baltic wit and North Sea sauce. And the pride of Danes stems from more than possession of Tuborg and Carlsberg beer, or of Europe's oldest royal house. "The Danes are superb salesmen of themselves," sniffs a Swede. "They play their little-mermaid, Hans Christian Andersen image to the hilt." Some 4,500,000 people live in the tidy land north of Schleswig-Holstein, and they wallow in *hygge* (pronounced HUG-ga), which simply means coziness. It is an indispensable word in Danish that reaches everyone, everywhere. People plan a *hyggelig* evening with friends; an old farmhouse can be

JOHN SADOVY



VOLVO'S GUNNAR ENGELLAU

GARBO WAY BACK WHEN

MARVIN NEWMAN

DENMARK'S JACOBSEN

NATIONAL MUSEUM, OSLO

MUNCH

UPI

HENIE & HUSBAND

SWEDEN'S WALLENBERGS

HAVAS

ARCHITECT AALTO WITH WIFE

Few have too much, but fewer have too little.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

hyggelig; one has a *hyggelig* time curled up in a chair with a book—free from worry and the trouble of thinking about annoying things.

Copenhagen is a swinging town with the gayest nightclubs in Scandinavia and an easy tolerance that leads Danish girls to say, "I'd rather have a Negro boy friend than a Swede any day." It also boasts the Berlingske Tidende, one of the great newspapers of Europe, and a Premier, Jens Otto Krag, who has not only outstanding skill but also one of Denmark's favorite actresses as a wife. Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens may be the world's finest pleasure park; there, most summer nights the fireworks splash

NORDISK

CRAGGY SCANDINAVIA COAST
Where cloudberries grow and salmon spawn.

the city with light, and a cannon booms the midnight signal.

In Denmark, the social services began at the end of the 19th century, but were pulled together in the Social Reform Act of 1933. Denmark's efficient farmers, who own 90% of their land, have largely financed refinements in the system that have left virtually nothing undone, short of nurses to tuck the pampered citizenry into bed at night. Fact is, even that service is available—from members of the Home Help Service, a new wrinkle which provides domestic help for sick housewives.

Sweden is either miracle or mirage. In summer, all 173,423 sq. mi. of it seem to be filled with dimpled, unattached blondes. In fact, only 40% of Sweden's 3,700,000 women are blondes. The country also lacks such other vital resources as coal, oil and fertile farmland. Like the other Scandinavian countries, Sweden must export to survive. In desolate Arctic wilderness lies Sweden's treasure, the greatest reserve of high-grade iron ore in all Europe. In this wasteland of rock and ice lies Kiruna, which claims to be the world's biggest city (11,000 sq. mi.) and exists to exploit the lode. Under floodlights in winter and the midnight sun in summer, its hardy miners and technicians work night and day to bring the treasure to the surface.

In area, population and affluence, Sweden is the envied, energetic giant of the north. It has the highest wage scales, highest living standards and highest productivity in all Europe. In the past 25 years, its industrial output has trebled and has crossed the world. The auto industry's big success story is the Volvo, sparked by dynamic Gunnar Engellau, the first European automaker to build a North American assembly plant. Behind Swedish industry's plans to spend a billion dollars for new plant and equipment this year stand such powerful banking and business dynasties as that of the entrepreneurial House of Wallenberg.

Sweden's quiet miracle has been wrought by a potent triumvirate of employers, unions and government that has virtually eliminated strikes in Swedish industry, boosted productivity and assured its workers the best pay rates and fringe benefits in Europe. By milking the capitalist cow instead of nationalizing it, Sweden's labor government sustains the comprehensive social-welfare program that is creating "a home for its people."

What is the lesson of the north today? Much has been made of the sexual and suicidal pattern of the Nordic countries. Some argue that it is all the fault of the welfare state. The statistics are murky and conflicting. True, mating habits in rural Scandinavia may differ from accepted norms in Syracuse or Sacramento. This probably has more to do with rural isolation and the long winter months than with such newfangled ideas as pensions for Grandpa or socialized playpens. In any case, from Oslo to Stockholm to Copenhagen, no one seems to mind all that much. Busily building prosperity for all, Scandinavia has in large part become a place, as Denmark's Poet-Bishop N. F. S. Grundtvig foresaw a century ago, "Where few have too much, and still fewer too little."

MALAYSIA

The Visiting Armenian

It was a gala scene in Djakarta's plush Hotel Indonesia. A couple of hundred milling guests sipped lemonade or crowded around the guest of honor, Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan, flashing his toothy smile. Near by, a 28-girl choir in tight, bright sarongs of multicolored, hand-printed cotton reverently purred Djakarta's hit tune, *Crush Malaysia.*

It was just what everyone wanted to hear, for Sukarno had hardly returned from the recent Malaysia peace talks in Tokyo when he loosed his bandits again in the rain-drenched jungles of northern Borneo. One band of Indonesians ambushed a British patrol, killing five Gurkhas and wounding six others. Hitting back, Malaysian defenders killed at least seven Indonesian marauders in isolated clashes. There seemed no end to the dreary warfare.

Nor would there be if Mikoyan had his way. In Indonesia for an eleven-day good-will tour, he boasted that Moscow was supplying "very modern arms" to help Sukarno, vowed continued Soviet sympathy with "the struggle of the new emerging forces." When it came to promises of a more concrete kind, Mikoyan was a little vague. Apart from a massive arms aid, at least $300 million in Soviet development aid credits has vanished without trace in Indonesia's bottomless pit of corruption, inefficiency and poverty. On his current junket, the crafty Armenian could not help seeing that since his last visit to Sukarno's land two years ago, the swarms of scrawny, barefoot children had grown thinner and hungrier and the tens of thousands of beggars blocking the streets and sidewalks more pitiful and insistent in this the 19th year of the era of the affable Bung.

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

RUSSIA

The Case Against Brodsky

Since Nikita Khrushchev put a chill on the "thaw" in Russian letters last year, Soviet artists and writers have slowly, gradually been working back toward the level of relatively free expression that reached its high point with Poet Evgeny Evtushenko's mass readings in Mayakovsky Square. Recently, however, intellectuals have once again felt the cold wind of literary conservatism. This time it blew not on a politically outspoken, widely published writer, but rather on one of Russia's many literary "abstainers"—ostensible amateurs whose works are circulated by hand, thus precluding their being drafted into the government's agitprop machinery, as Evtushenko and others occasionally have been.

Like Boris Pasternak, Poet Joseph Brodsky was such an abstainer. A soft-spoken, red-haired Jewish youth who lived in Leningrad, he chose not to join a writers' union, refused to serve on editorial boards, earned his living as a stoker, a metalworker, or occasionally as a laborer on geological expeditions. Meanwhile, he wrote poetry for his own enjoyment and that of his friends, among them some of Russia's best-known literary lights.

The Charge. Brodsky's haunting, moody, calculatedly nonpolitical verses were circulated by hand through intellectual circles, won him a growing reputation. Inevitably, he came to the attention of the *druzhinniki*, the witch-hunting vigilantes whose jobs include directing traffic, controlling crowds and bringing recalcitrant intellectuals and other "hooligans" to justice.

Since they could not fault Brodsky on the content of his poetry, the *druzhinniki* invoked that convenient Catch 22 of Soviet law: "parasitism." The case against Brodsky last February charged him with being "a pseudo-poet in velveteen trousers" whose "earnings were casual, which shows that he did not fulfill the most important constitutional duty to work honestly for the good of the motherland."

The Trial. Last week a transcript of Brodsky's trial filtered out to the West. Published in Hamburg's responsible weekly Die Zeit, it spoke volumes about the fate of the abstainer in Russia today:

Judge: What is your profession?

Brodsky: I write poems, translate. I see it that . . .

Judge: Have you steady work?

Brodsky: I write poems.

Judge: That doesn't interest us. What interests us is with what institution you are connected.

Brodsky: None.

Judge: And who recognized you as a poet?

Brodsky: No one. And who placed me among the human race?

Prosecutor: Can one live from the money you earn? And doesn't one need shoes and suits?

Brodsky: I have one suit, an old one, but still a suit. I don't need a second one. I have worked. I have written poems . . . Building Communism doesn't only mean standing at a work bench or plowing the earth. There's also spiritual labor.

Judge: Forget the big words.

The Sentence. As the proceedings droned on, telegrams and letters arrived from the poet's prestigious friends —Composer Dmitry Shostakovich, Lenin Prizewinning Authors Samuel Marshak, Kornei Chukovsky and many others—protesting the absurdity of the trial. Such public boldness among artists took not only courage but conscience, but their protests were in vain. Brodsky was sentenced to five years of "useful labor." His job: carting manure at a camp near Archangel.

ANTARCTICA

Mercy Mission to McMurdo

For seven months of the year, the vast, ice-heavy continent of Antarctica is cut off from the rest of the world. Huddled in their outposts scattered along the continental shelf, scientists and technicians of a dozen different nations live a cocoonlike existence, surrounded by snow, space, mountains, glaciers and continuous night. The first historic break in their winter isolation came last week when a U.S. Navy plane landed on skis in the dark of night at the U.S. Antarctic base on McMurdo Sound, and then returned to the sunny outside world without mishap.

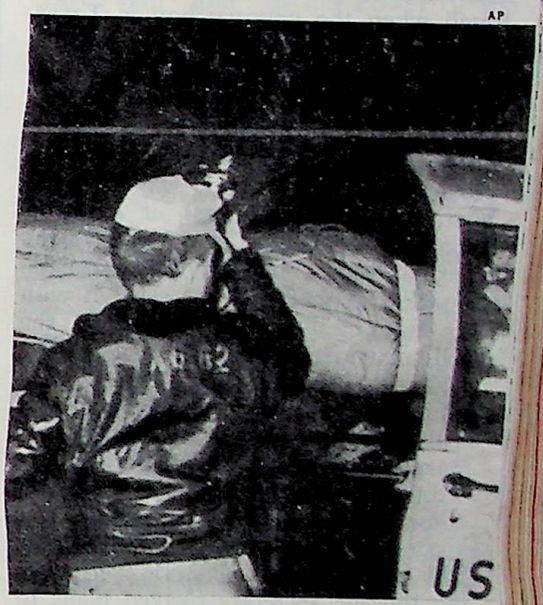
Orange Streamer. It was a mercy mission to save the life of Seabee Bethel McMullen of Port Hueneme, Calif., who had fallen from the second story of the McMurdo base fire station and landed so heavily that he nearly scalped himself and suffered cerebral concussion and a fractured spine. Because his legs were paralyzed, McMullen was placed in traction, and word was flashed to Washington that an immediate operation was necessary to save his life. There are no surgeons among the reduced 215-man winter staff on the icecap, and the Navy ordered a U.S. surgical team to risk the dangerous flight.

Two huge Hercules aircraft took off from Quonset Point, R.I., and reached the U.S. staging base at Christchurch, New Zealand, the following day. Flights from Christchurch to McMurdo have been made with almost monotonous regularity for the past eight years —but only in the sunlit months from December to March. During April the light shrinks to a thin orange streamer and then flickers out, to be succeeded by continuous night and a winter season of swift blizzards and howling gales with temperatures as low as −127° F. Not until August does the sun return.

The flight was led by Lieut. Robert Mayer, 40, of Yardville, N.J. Before takeoff, Mayer said, "No fears. I'll just be talking to the Man upstairs and let him guide me." Hurriedly, seamen at the Christchurch base dumped mail onto the plane for the isolated Americans, who hadn't seen a letter for five months. Messages from McMurdo urged, "Heavy on the eggs," but extra fuel, and a shipment of unrequested apples and mixed fruit pressed on the lads by the Salvation Army, left no room for that request. Flying south from Christchurch, Mayer, his 15-man crew and two surgeons were soon over the deep green of the Antarctic Sea. Below were the ships of New Zealand's navy, which had quickly deployed to rescue stations in case of trouble. Then the plane approached its landing point on the bleak continent that is twice the size of the U.S. and covered with a layer of ice up to two miles thick.

Frozen Beards. At McMurdo, men had worked all day under the ghostly lunar light extending the snowy runway

AP



VICTIM McMULLEN AT CHRISTCHURCH
On two miles of ice, a shot in the dark.

to 10,000 ft. On the strip, oil drums were set alight to make a landing flare path, and New Zealand's nearby Scott Base turned on all its lights as a beacon in case of trouble. "The place is lit up like a Christmas tree," exclaimed the pilot over his radio. Down to McMurdo between jagged peaks came the Hercules, as a small group of Americans on the ice breathed tensely through frozen beards. The landing was perfect, and, while ground crewmen serviced the plane, the Salvation Army's apples were off-loaded along with the mail and a helicopter carried Seabee McMullen from McMurdo's lone one-room hospital to the airfield, four miles away.

At once, the Hercules took flight, its injured passenger safely aboard, doubtless unaware that he had been the object of what was probably the greatest medical rescue in recent years. In the hospital at Christchurch, surgeons decided against operating on McMullen and expressed fears that the fall back at McMurdo may leave him paralyzed for life.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"I am greedy. I want to live while I'm alive," French Cinewaif **Leslie Caron**, 33, told Hollywood Columnist Sheilah Graham. Sheilah understood, but Leslie's husband, Director Peter Hall, didn't. Filing suit for one of those messy British divorces, he named Cinemactor Warren Beatty, 27, as the man with whom she had committed adultery in Chicago, Jamaica and Beverly Hills. Blue eyes somber beneath her gamine bangs, Leslie flew in to London from Paris to see her children, Jennifer, 5, and Christopher, 7. At Hall's request, a London court had barred her from taking them out of the country.

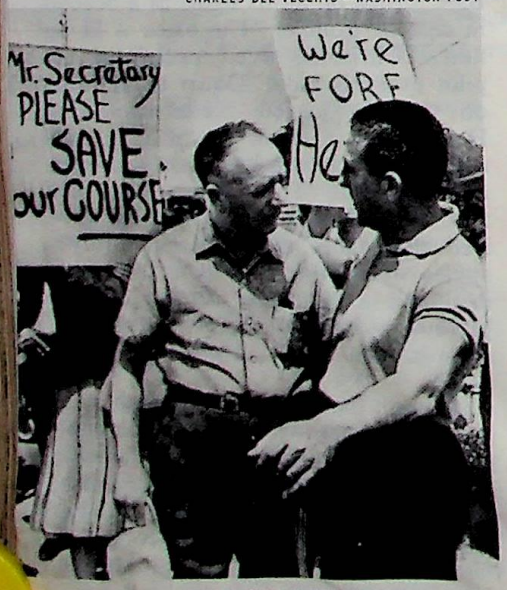
. . .

How ya gonna keep him down on the farm when he's out on $140,000 bail (and appealing his three mail-fraud convictions)? It's more than ordinarily tough when the country boy is Texas Fizz Kid **Billy Sol Estes**, 39. A 24-ft. sign now rising over an El Paso building reads "Billy Sol Estes, Importer and Exporter of Fine Products," and though Pecos Bill is listed only as an "employee" of the shop (one way to avoid a stampede of creditors), it looks as though he is starting up for real in the Mexican serape and sombrero business. A yellow sunburst on the sign, lit with 476 flashing lights, will surround the well-known, smiling face.

. . .

East Potomac is a neighborhood golf course that Washington Post Cartoonist **Herblock**, 54, likes to waffle around on. Westerner **Stewart Udall**, 44, thinks of conservation in terms of wide open spaces, not a metropolitan nine holes. The twain finally met, however, after the Interior Secretary okayed plans to build a parking lot and aquarium on the course, bringing an anguished letter from his friend Herb challenging Stew to a friendly round, "because I want him to see the course from a player's viewpoint." Udall shot a 46 to Herblock's 51, but the loser scored a tactical hole in one at the ninth. Flushed with triumph, Udall announced, "You were right and I was wrong. What we need is more golf courses."

CHARLES DEL VECCHIO—WASHINGTON POST



HERBLOCK & UDALL
"You were right."

. . .

Her memory, at 83, isn't quite what it once was, and she does have her quirks, such as keeping a Manhattan mansion vacant and boarded up on a $6,000,000 plot at Fifth Avenue and 61st Street. No matter. She is **Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge**, niece of John D., childless widow of Munitions Heir Marcellus Hartley Dodge, and in doughtier days she played hostess to the world's largest one-day dog show (4,456 entries in 1939) at her 500-acre estate in Madison, N.J. Today, she mothers 40-odd pedigreed German shepherds, retrievers, bloodhounds, beagles and a poodle, and kennel costs—nothing but prime cuts will do—ran to $50,000 in 1963. Her guardians want to put the mutts on soup bones, but a Manhattan judge ruled let them eat steak. Mrs. Dodge, said he, has so many millions that the savings from cheaper dog food would hardly be noticed.

. . .

Thousands packed the Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin shores, and more than 100 small boats followed in pursuit, as three contenders puffed along in the first commercial riverboat race on the upper Mississippi in modern times, a six-mile feature of the Dubuque summer festival. The tug *Coal Queen* took an early lead, but the *Mary* soon pulled ahead, leaving the excursion liner *Julie N. Dubuque II* to finish third. Owner of the *Coal Queen* was Iowa's poet of the pajama game, Author-Playwright **Richard Bissell**, 51, a Harvardman you can always tell will go along gamely with whatever the city fathers dream up. His wife vowed they would win next year, and Bissell grimaced, "Hope springs eternal, but those new engines are going to cost me a lot of money."

PICTORIAL PARADE

LESLIE CARON
"I am greedy."

. . .

Helen Keller celebrated her 84th birthday in Easton, Conn., and though she no longer writes or lectures, she is, reports a friend, a woman "of great dignity, who is growing old with grace."

. . .

Subtle, processional monumentality, raved admirers. Instant Stonehenge, snapped critics of the proposed Franklin D. Roosevelt monument, eight huge slabs in a cluster, engraved with passages from F.D.R.'s speeches. Washington's Fine Arts Commission, which took the anti-druidic view in 1962, has now finally approved the design after some changes were made, including the addition of an 18-foot-tall statue of the President. But the memorial still didn't pass the last roundup. At a Hyde Park meeting, **Anna Roosevelt Halstead**, 58, **James**, 56, **Elliott**, 53, **John**, 48, and **Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr.**, 49, unanimously voted firm opposition. "We don't like it," said James. "And I'm sure father wouldn't either."

. . .

"Anyone who has threescore years and ten resents it," growled **Edward, Duke of Windsor**, vetoing cake and candles for his 70th birthday dinner at Maxim's. But somehow he seemed anything but resentful. At an 18th century costume ball for 600 given by Countess Sheila de Rochambeau at her chateau outside Paris, the duke in lace jabot and Royal Stewart tartan kilt danced the night away with his duchess, an enchantress ablaze in shimmering red cloak and white feathered wig designed by Yves St. Laurent.

GÉRARD DELORME

DUKE & DUCHESS
"Anyone resents it."

CC-0. Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Answer on the Way

For many Roman Catholics, the possibility that their church might modify its stand against birth control is the most pressing current question of moral guidance. Last week Pope Paul VI said that an answer is on the way.

Speaking to 26 cardinals of the Roman Curia, the Pope announced that in light of new medical developments, birth control "is being subjected to study, as wide and profound as possible, as grave and honest as it must be on a subject of such importance." Without mentioning the birth-control pill by name, the Pope indicated that there might possibly be a need to reinterpret natural law "in the light of scientific, social and psychological truths, which in these times have undergone new and very ample study and documentation."

Until the study of the pill by Vatican theologians is completed—and Paul gave no indication whether it would be resolved by the time the Vatican Council reconvenes in September—Catholics were still bound to obey Pope Pius XII, who declared that the pill was a form of sterilization, and therefore an illicit means of birth control.

ATHEISTS

"We Fled"

Mrs. Madalyn Murray, the Baltimore atheist with the flawless legal touch when persuading courts to ban school prayers or cancel tax breaks for churches (TIME, May 15), suddenly found herself in a peck of trouble with the law. Last week, she packed up her mother, her brother, two sons, daughter-in-law, cat and dog and flew to Hawaii. Madalyn's family thereby forfeited jumped bail bonds totaling $8,750, and violated two Baltimore court orders, and fled a dozen charges ranging from assault to contempt of court.

Mrs. Murray explained it all in her own profane way: "We fled persecution. We fled for our god-damned lives." The persecution, as she put it, began a month ago when a Baltimore anesthetist named Leonard Abramovitz and his wife accused Madalyn of inducing their 17-year-old daughter Susan to give up her Jewish faith and move into the Murray household. A Baltimore court placed the girl in the custody of her aunt and uncle, and forbade the Murrays to have any contact with her. Instead of staying with her relatives, a fortnight ago, Susan upped and married Madalyn's son Bill, 18.

"Hit 'Em Harder." Last weekend the police came by the Murray home to see if Susan was there. She was, but since the cops had no warrant, Madalyn had no intention of turning her in. The discussion led to a push here, a shove there and finally to a full-fledged brawl, as neighbors shouted, "Kill them! Hit 'em harder! Get that bitch!"

Taken to court to hear the charges against the family, Son Bill did not help matters by locking his legs around a table and howling: "I won't go back to that cell." As six policemen carried him out of the courtroom, Bill yelled at Judge Joseph Finnerty: "You Christian! You Catholic!" The judge promptly added a contempt-of-court charge to the list of Bill's other offenses.

Released on bail, Mrs. Murray decided that enough was enough. "If I go before that kangaroo court, I wouldn't stand a chance," she said. "The police would bring in 250 witnesses—neighbors who hate me." At the Washington airport, she announced that Hawaii would be a good place to carry on her work as head of two nationwide atheist organizations, since "80% of the Hawaiians are Buddhist, and Buddhists are absolute atheists."

HENRY GROSSMAN

MRS. MURRAY, SONS & SUSAN
Jumping bail to be among Buddhists.

Unpleasant Surprises. Reaching Honolulu, Madalyn faced a few unpleasant surprises. Buddhists, who do not like to think of themselves as atheists, constitute only about one-third of the island's population. The majority of the rest of Hawaiians are Catholic. And back home in Baltimore, a judge added two more contempt-of-court citations to the charges, arising out of the police melee, that a grand jury returned. Mrs. Murray may never have to face the music. Although she is legally subject to extradition, Baltimore seldom tries to recapture defendants on the lam except for serious crimes, and the state's attorney general says that Mrs. Murray "isn't worth extraditing." Besides, many felt that it might be better to let the whole matter drop; the Baltimore Sun declared that the city had "treated Mrs. Murray shabbily."

PROTESTANTS

Preach, Teach, Live, Win

That subspecies of fundamentalism, the "holiness" church, lays such stress on goodness, consecration and sanctity that most Christians boggle at the thought of meeting the standards. But the Church of the Nazarene has no fewer than 405,000 members who are willing to try. Last week, at its 16th quadrennial general assembly, more than 22,000 of them squeezed into the Portland, Ore., Memorial Coliseum for a mammoth communion service. Six hundred ministers, most of them dressed in business suits rather than clerical garb, distributed the wafers, along with 45 gallons of grape juice in tiny plastic cups, to the faithful.

"Heart Holiness." The Memorial Coliseum was decorated for the occasion with banners that read "Preach, Teach, Live, Win" and "In the Power of the Spirit"—slogans that sum up the Nazarene way of life. Conservative in doctrine, the church interprets the Bible literally, believes in "heart holiness"—that God's gift of the Holy Spirit allows man to overcome his inclinations toward evil and achieve perfection on earth. In pursuit of perfection, the hymn-loving Nazarenes do not smoke, drink, go to movies or even read the Sunday papers. Many families have altars at home, regard a 10% tithe as the floor rather than the ceiling to church donations. Among major U.S. churches, they lead the nation in Christian giving, with a per capita average of $147.78 per year, compared for example, to $88.08 for United Presbyterians.

The Nazarene Church grew out of the 19th century's holiness movement, a frontier-wide rebellion against the formalism of mainstream Protestant churches. Organized in 1908 by a group of dissident ministers, many of them Methodists and Baptists, the church is strongest in small Midwestern towns, but missions are now scattered from India to Peru.

A New Goal. As their church approaches middle-age, some Nazarenes worry that the light of faith may be dimming slightly. "Already we're showing hardening of the arteries," said Dr. Samuel Young of Kansas City, board chairman of the church's six general superintendents (roughly equivalent to bishops). "We're at the stage when we start to slow down." To halt any decline, the Nazarenes are considering merger with such like-minded groups as the Pilgrim Holiness Church, the Free Methodist Church and the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Nazarenes will vigorously pursue their home visitation program aimed at rooting out unchurched believers and luring more children into Sunday school. That gave rise to a glowing new Nazarene slogan: "One million souls for Christ," by 1968. Judging by past performances, it is a not impossible goal; there are 824,000 Nazarene youngsters in Sunday schools already.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BASEBALL

How to Win Friends

Psychiatrists call it "masochistic identification." What that means, in plain, simple English, is love those Mets, hate those Yankees. The Yanks have won eight pennants in the last nine years, and things are so bad that they are giving away free tickets. The Mets, who have been playing in the National League for three years and haven't found the cellar steps yet, are packing them into Shea Stadium at the rate of 765,162 fans in their first 29 home dates, second only to the world-champion Los Angeles Dodgers.

But the Yanks are wising up. They have Yogi Berra as their manager now; he starts sentences with "I may not be much of a manager, but . . ." They even get the ball out of the infield, and the Yankees still won 6-5. "It was incredible," said Manager Berra.

That last victory put the Yankees in first place for the first time all season, and off they went to Baltimore, their new image in dire jeopardy. Baltimore Manager Hank Bauer had predicted that New York would win the pennant, said that his Orioles could not possibly finish better than third. But in the first game, trailing 7-2 with two out in the eighth inning, the Orioles were treated to seven hits and seven runs by the accommodating Yanks. Final score: Baltimore 9, New York 8. "You can't win 'em all," sighed Berra happily.

Next day was even better. Whitey Ford started for New York, and he naturally found it hardest to lose—in eleven decisions, he had made the twice). The Orioles made short work of the game: Boog Powell homered in the first, and Brooks Robinson came along in the second to startle the somnolent Yankee bullpen with a blow that soared well over Hector Lopez's dejected wrist. After that, the final 3-1 victory was a breeze. Next night, against Detroit, the Yanks made four errors (three of them in the space of two innings), left 14 men stranded on the bases, and lost gloriously, 1-0, in eleven innings.

That was more like it: the Yanks had fallen back to second, 3½ games behind the Orioles. But they still have a lot of losing to do before they can win New York's heart away from the Mets. By last week the Mets had dropped 14 out of their last 16 games, and what's more, they had suffered the kind of final, superlative indignity to which the Yanks, at their most ingenious, could not possibly aspire. At Shea Stadium on Father's Day, they ran into Proud

AP

ROBINSON'S HOMER DROPPING IN

BUNNING GETTING LAST OUT

Gaining by losses.

have a .189 hitter in the starting lineup (not even the Mets can match that), and they have a bullpen full of people who are reasonably skilled in the difficult art of throwing gopher balls. It is a slow process, but the Yankees are learning how to lose. So far this season, they have already dropped six out of ten to the sixth-place Boston Red Sox, three out of seven to the last-place Kansas City Athletics—one by the score of 11-0.

"It Was Incredible." Of course they couldn't help themselves in Chicago last week—where they won four straight and ran their season's record against Al Lopez' White Sox to 10-0. But most of those ten games were close; four were decided by one run, three went into extra innings. And Berra certainly did his bit: in the last game, when the Yankees built up a 6-2 lead after eight innings, he shipped Starting Pitcher Steve Hamilton off to the showers and sent in Reliever Hal Reniff. Even that was not quite enough: the White Sox loaded the bases right off, but none of the last three Chicago batters could plunge only once. This time he did the next best thing: he retired after two innings, with the game tied 4-4. That left it up to Relief Pitcher Stan Williams, whose special talent is that he does not know how to field a bunt. In the eighth inning, he picked up a trickler—and threw the ball into left field. Then, he picked up another—and threw it into right field. Final score: Baltimore 7, New York 4. Said Berra: "It ain't time to worry yet. I mean, it isn't time to worry yet."

Tootling on the Dugout. Why worry? Why, indeed, when Steve Barber was pitching next day for the Orioles? Even last year, when the Yankees won the pennant by 10½ games, Barber beat them three times. Baltimore's biggest crowd of the season—36,369 strong—showed up for the occasion, and a jazz band kept things alive by tootling gaily from the top of the Yankee dugout. Pretty girls danced in the aisles, and Mickey Mantle sounded the only sour note when he complained that a fan in the bleachers was popping flashbulbs at him each time he swung (he struck out Papa (of seven) Jim Bunning, a journeyman pitcher who spent nine seasons with the Detroit Tigers and now toils for the Philadelphia Phillies. Retiring 27 Mets in a row, striking out ten of them, Bunning pitched the second no-hitter of his career—and the National League's first perfect game since 1880. Now that's the way to lose.

Burden of Proof

What does a young man do when he stands 6 ft. 3 in. and weighs 215 lbs., can run the 100-yd. dash in 9.8 sec., catch footballs like Del Shofner, and belt a baseball out of sight? He could, of course, become an orthopedic surgeon like his old man. But there are easier ways to make a lot of money. Just by signing his name to a contract with the Los Angeles Angels last week, Fred ("Rick") Reichardt of Stevens Point, Wis., picked up a cool $175,000 —which may be the biggest bonus ever paid to a baseball rookie.

He could have had more. A junior at the University of Wisconsin, Reichardt, 21, batted .472 for the Badgers this

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

spring, winning the Big Ten batting championship for the second straight year (last year's average: .429). As if that weren't enough, he was a star flanker back in football, and one pro scout called him "a sure No. 1 draft choice" if he played out his senior year. Reichardt is also a psychology major, and he must have stayed wide awake in some of his classes.

At least 18 big-league clubs begged for his services, and Reichardt played them off against each other with clinical calm. The bidding, he announced, would start at $100,000. This was too much of "a business and financial risk" for the home-state Milwaukee Braves. But the other teams barely blinked. Kansas City Owner Charles Finley made two trips to Stevens Point in a week. The Angels flew Rick to Palm Springs in Owner Gene Autry's private plane, gave him a tour of Hollywood, brunch in Bel Air, and dinner in Studio City. The New York Mets offered him everything but the seats in Shea Stadium, and the Yankees retaliated with a reported bid of $250,000.

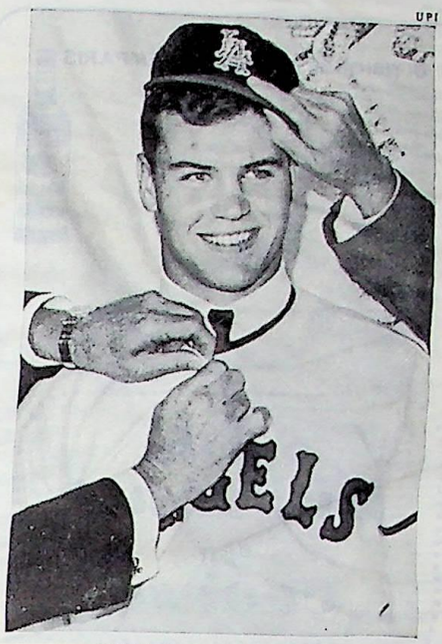
But Reichardt picked the Angels. "I felt my best opportunity for advancement was with a young club," he said. "Now the burden of proof is on me." Whereupon he stepped into the batting cage at Chavez Ravine and clouted three balls out of the park—one of them over the 410-ft. sign in center field.

TRACK & FIELD

Exercise in Physics

Springtime is full of transitory delights: the rookie who bats .400 in May and learns all about curves in June, the horse that wins six straight in California but turns out to be allergic to bluegrass in Kentucky. Fred Hansen's destiny seems more secure, if for no other reason than the fact that it has taken him years to get much of anywhere at all. A virtual unknown when he showed up for the big spring meets, Pole Vaulter Hansen, 23, startled track experts by leaping 17 ft. 1 in. in Houston last month, breaking John Pennel's world record by ¼ in. Week after in San Diego, Hansen did it again, soaring over the bar at 17 ft. 2 in., and beating Pennel himself. Last week he handily won the A.A.U. championships at Rutgers with a 17-ft. vault, then barely missed at a towering 17 ft. 6¾ in.

Trouble with Glass. Hansen has been vaulting ever since he was a sixth grader in Cuero, Texas. "It's always fascinated me," he says, "because it isn't something that everybody can do. I fixed me up an old cane pole and started working out. At first, I only did distance jumping, to see how far I could go from one spot to another, using the pole to boost me along. Then my father built me a regular pit out of sand, and I was hooked." In high school, Hansen jumped 13 ft. 6 in. with a Swedish steel pole, went on to 14 ft. in his sophomore year at Rice University. After that he joined the parade to the catapult-like fiber glass pole and ran into trouble. "It took me forever to get used to it," he says. "I didn't really learn to bend the pole until this year." In mid-May at Modesto, Calif., he hit 16 ft. 4½ in.—and he has not been that low since.


UPI

BONUS-BOY REICHARDT
Belting them out of sight.

For a man who makes his mark with muscle, Hansen owns a busy head. He already has spent five years in college, has a degree in business administration, plus a year of pre-dental science. He is an apostle of Norman Vincent Peale ("He's got the right idea about things"), and he talks about vaulting as though it were mostly an exercise in practical physics. He grips his 16-ft. Silaflex pole as near the end as possible, uses a long, 140-ft. approach to gain the velocity necessary to give "a maximum bend at the vertical position. I'm trying to translate linear force into vertical force," he says, and he is hard at work on an essay entitled "Compound Pendulum Mechanics of Pole Vaulting."

ROGER WRENN

VAULTER HANSEN SETTING RECORD
Converting the forces.

Horse & Rings. Like most top vaulters of the fiber glass era, Hansen is a jumper-gymnast. He works out as much as four hours a day—on the trampoline, the long horse and the flying rings, lifts weights, does isometric exercises. He has even dieted down from 175 lbs. to 167 lbs. on the sensible theory that the lighter he is, the less work he has to do to get himself up where he wants to go. At night he watches home movies of his rivals in action, says proudly that "they probably have movies of me too."

And, maybe most important, he is learning to curb his generosity. Until he smashed the record last month, Hansen's main claim to fame was that he lent John Pennel the pole he used to set the old record of 17 ft. ¾ in. From now on, Pennel will have to buy his own. Says Hansen: "You know, he never did give that darned pole back."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▶ France's Jean Guichet and Italy's Nino Vaccarella: the Twenty-Four Hours of Le Mans, pushing their blood-red, 320-h.p. Ferrari prototype 2,915.8 miles at an average speed of 121.49 m.p.h. over the 8.3-mile circuit southwest of Paris. The much-touted duel between Ferrari and Ford turned out to be a bust when none of the three new Ford racers—first team entry by a major U.S. manufacturer at Le Mans since 1928—managed to finish. California's Dan Gurney and Bob Bondurant saved a scrap of prestige for the U.S., placing fourth overall and winning the grand-touring championship in a Ford-powered A. C. Cobra. But Ferraris finished one-two-three, giving old Enzo Ferrari a record fifth straight Le Mans victory.

▶ Santa Claus: the 1½-mile Irish Sweeps Derby by a lazy-loping four lengths, making him the first horse in history to capture both the English and Irish Derbies; in Curragh, Ireland. A 4-7 favorite, the three-year-old colt watched the rest of the field run away at the gate, was third from last in the 19-horse field after the first two furlongs, then easily swept into the lead with a furlong-and-a-half to go. The $149,730 victory brought Santa's winnings to $376,423 this year—and meant a present of $140,000 to each of 24 lucky ticket holders in the worldwide Irish Sweepstakes lottery.

▶ Milton Ernstof's *Burgoo*: the Newport-Bermuda yacht race, over 142 of the world's fastest racing yachts—biggest field in the event's 58-year history. A Class E, 38-ft. fiber-glass yawl, one of the smallest boats in the race, *Burgoo* proved to be just right for the light, fluffy breezes that turned the 635-mile ocean race into an uneventful weekend cruise. Short-tacking furiously for the last 20 miles, *Burgoo* crossed the finish line in 109th position—almost 20 hrs. behind the scratch boat, Cornelius Bruynzeel's 73-ft. *Stormvogel*—still won by 30 min. on corrected time.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DUBONNET IS A PRODUCE OF C.D.C. EXPORT DIVISION 30 AVENUE KLÉBER PARIS

with Dubonnet of course

HOW DO YOU START A GOOD PARISIAN MEAL?

E. Du. 149

EDUCATION

COLLEGES

Seed Money

Arland F. Christ-Janer, president of eastern Iowa's small (870 students) Cornell College,* proclaims "one of education's least spectacular messages." Says Christ-Janer: "We are mightily impressed by dramatic advances in such areas as missilery and medicine, but as a liberal arts college our business is to bring these new facts of life into meaningful focus. Nothing more."

The Ford Foundation usually gives money for tightly defined goals, but it has a soft spot for humanistic ambitions like Cornell's. Last year the foundation promised Cornell $1,400,000 if the school could raise double that much in three years. Christ-Janer was off and running. He logged 100,000 miles in ten months, collected $3,400,000 in cash and pledges from loyal alumni and Iowa farmers, who turned the pockets of their bib overalls inside out to match the foundation's challenge. Then he set about to advance the "business of the liberal arts college." He raised faculty salaries 10% (enough to satisfy several would-be defectors), gave more students more scholarships, and started, far ahead of schedule, a long-range construction program, including a fine arts building and dorms. With the Ford grant as a catalyst, Cornell became a better school, faster.

Giving good colleges seed money is the aim of the Ford Foundation's Special Program in Education. Since the program began, four years ago, 42 rigorously selected small, private liberal arts colleges and nine major private universities have received grants totaling $164,200,000, and have raised additional matching funds of $401,400,000. Last week the foundation added 20 more schools to its list of beneficiaries.

▶ Five liberal arts colleges—Colgate, Middlebury, Mills, St. Olaf and Vassar—got Cornell-style matching grants totaling $10,800,000. Of the $100 million originally set aside for small colleges, $91 million have now been given out, none to segregated schools; the foundation this year slowed the pace of giving in hopes that before all the money is granted, some can be handed out to racially integrated Southern colleges.

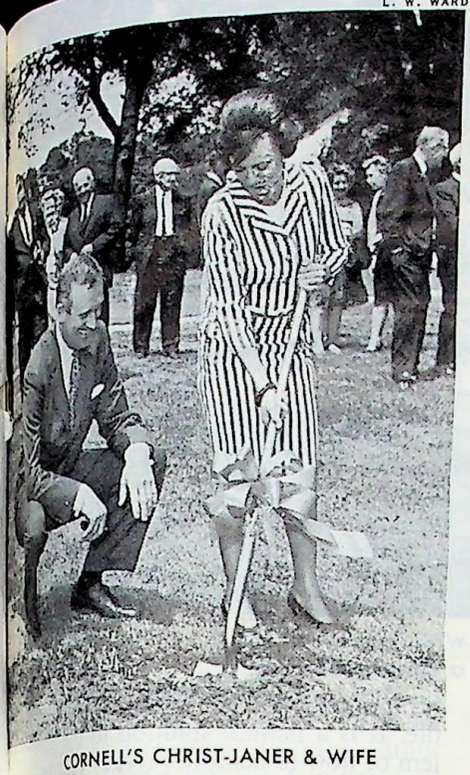
▶ Eight Negro colleges and the Atlanta University Center (consisting of six independent schools, including top-rated Morehouse and Spelman colleges, that share academic resources) received $13 million. The Ford Foundation waived the usual matching requirement, considering the meager fund-raising capability of Negro colleges. The foundation also insisted that the money be spent on

* Which, like New York's Cornell University, was founded by a descendant of 17th century Bostonian Thomas Cornell; otherwise they are not linked.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

L. W. WARD



CORNELL'S CHRIST-JANER & WIFE

Good at the match game.

N.Y.U.'S HESTER

academic improvements, such as fellowships and visiting professorships, rather than on physical facilities.

▸ The biggest grant of all, $25 million, went to New York University, largest private university in the U.S., to help solve some of the painful problems of a big-city school. N.Y.U.'s 41,700 students are scattered in 15 graduate and undergraduate divisions on two campuses. Most students commute from the metropolitan area and study at home because of inadequate library facilities; among 14 new buildings, N.Y.U. plans a library and study center accommodating 3,000 students at a sitting. Two 30-story residence towers will provide 358 badly needed faculty apartments, at rentals lower than commercial rates.

The Ford gift, which requires N.Y.U. to raise $75 million in the next five years, was a leg up for the school's ambitious new president, James Hester, 40, who came to Washington Square less than three years ago. Pinning his hopes on a 408-page blueprint for development, he submitted it to the Ford Foundation and held his breath. Since Foundation President Henry Heald himself had been a president of N.Y.U., Hester's plans got a stiff going-over to fend off charges of favoritism. Now Hester can go ahead with the massive task of "creating a university environment on the city pavement."

EDUCATION ABROAD

Light in Diliman

A hostile delegation of leftist students called on Carlos P. Romulo just after he became president of the University of the Philippines two years ago. "Are you going to the left or to the right?" they demanded. "I'm going forward," said Romulo. With the drive that made him a brigadier general under Douglas MacArthur, the first Asian President of the United Nations General Assembly (in 1949-50), Philippine Foreign Minister and twice ambassador to Washington, Romulo is pushing the Philippine national university forward faster than ever before.

Books for Fuel. For most of its 56-year history, the school was housed in a jumble of buildings in downtown Manila. U.S. airmen bombed them during World War II, and between bombings Manila's Japanese occupiers burned many of the library's 160,000 books for fuel. In 1948 the university made a clean break by moving to a sprawling new 1,125-acre campus on the outskirts of Manila.

The neighborhood is called Diliman, which in Tagalog means darkness, and when Romulo took over, the school was living up to the name. His first task was to persuade the Manila Electric Co. to put in $25,000 worth of outdoor lighting equipment. Since then, 37 modern, low-lying buildings have gone up.

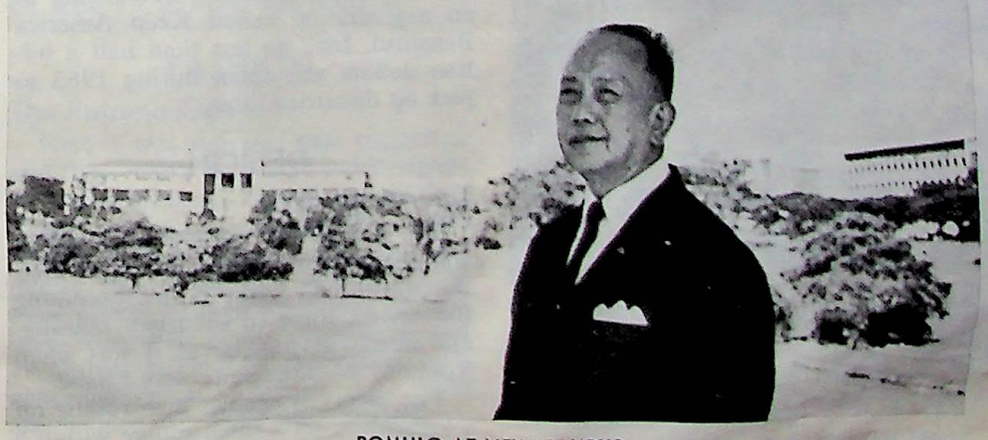
For funds, Romulo put the bite on sugar barons, who contributed $250,000 after he bluntly reminded them of the favors he did for the industry while negotiating the Philippine sugar quota when he was ambassador to Washington. Lobbying in the Philippine Congress, Romulo got extra money for scholarships, fellowships, better facilities for research and graduate study, raises for the faculty.

Big U.S. foundations also opened their pocketbooks. Ford and Rockefeller gave almost $11 million to finance curriculum improvements, schools of public administration, medicine, and an International Rice Research Institute, which is studying 8,000 varieties of rice. Last week, on a fund-raising trip to the U.S., Romulo clinched a $5,000,000 loan from the World Bank for his agricultural college.

Diplomas in Tagalog. If the university's funds were low when Romulo took over, so was its morale. The salary raises squelched some faculty grumbling, and Romulo named a batch of 18 faculty committees to give the faction-ridden teachers a sense of responsible participation in the administration. He was equally tactful toward the young rebels in the student body of 18,000, shamed them into abandoning a demonstration against Visiting Prince Akihito of Japan by offering to help with the picket signs if the students promised to keep their protest dignified. Philippine nationalists, who opposed Romulo as a "brown American" because of his close ties with the U.S., became his supporters after he encouraged the study of national history and literature, offered to print diplomas in Tagalog instead of English if a student requested it (only 20 out of 1,500 graduates did).

Once, years ago, at a party in Texas, Romulo, who is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, found himself in a group composed entirely of six-footers. Someone asked him how he felt. "Like a dime among nickels," was his spunky reply. He does not feel dwarfed by his tough new job, either. At 65, he considers it "the best assignment I ever had," and wants to make the University of the Philippines "the anchor of democratic faith in this part of the world."

H. A. FIGUERAS—BLACK STAR



ROMULO AT NEW CAMPUS

Like a dime among nickels.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MODERN LIVING

THE LAND

The Spoilers

About 99 million vacationers will visit the 201 U.S. national parks this year. They will bring with them a love of nature and a sense of wonder at the beauty that has been preserved against the onrush of progress. They will also bring with them thousands of cans of spray paint and the lust to desecrate.

The aerosol paint can is science's contribution to the ancient art of public defacement, and the vacant-minded or vicious are taking to it in ever-increasing numbers—gleefully spraying their names, initials, class numerals and favorite biological functions over national monuments and natural wonders. The taxpayers' bill for cleaning up after them is getting higher all the time.

Immortal in Lipstick. Cleaning up is not easy, either. Only this spring has the Park Service figured out how to cope with the problem of Box Canyon. Box Canyon, in Mount Rainier National Park, contains such a remarkable example of glacial action that in 1957 the park ran a blacktop trail into the canyon and put up a marker calling attention to the phenomenon.

Visitors soon discovered that the smooth expanse of soft rock carved and polished by the glacier could easily be inscribed with personal data, and within no time there was a 300-ft.-long sweep of modern hieroglyphics. Last summer the first of the four-letter words appeared, to be followed by such a flood of pornographic graffiti that the better Boy Scout leaders struck Box Canyon off their lists of educational outings.

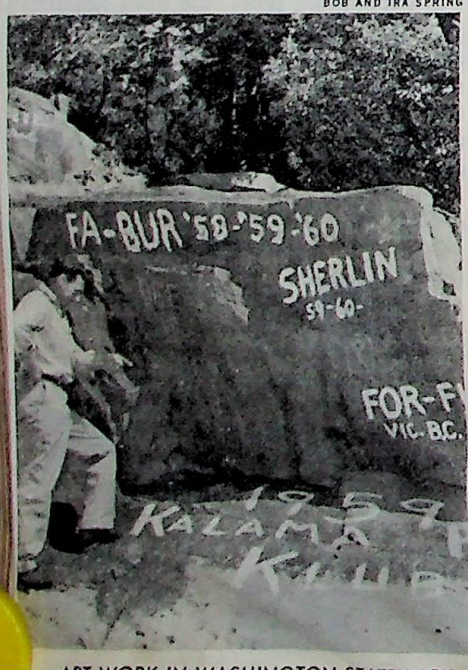
Sandblasting is no solution; it leaves behind it a whitened area that merely invites a new literary effort. But a new technique has now been devised, which combines light sandblasting with a stain made of umber and regional soils, and Box Canyon will soon look almost the way it did before—with the addition of a fence to keep the public at arm's length.

Also being tested in national park rest rooms is a new gravel-impregnated wall paint, designed to break a lipstick, crayon or pencil at the first stroke. But such anti-lipstick measures are useless against the girls who like to add their smears to ancient Indian carvings in rock so porous that the lipstick sinks in and becomes indelible.

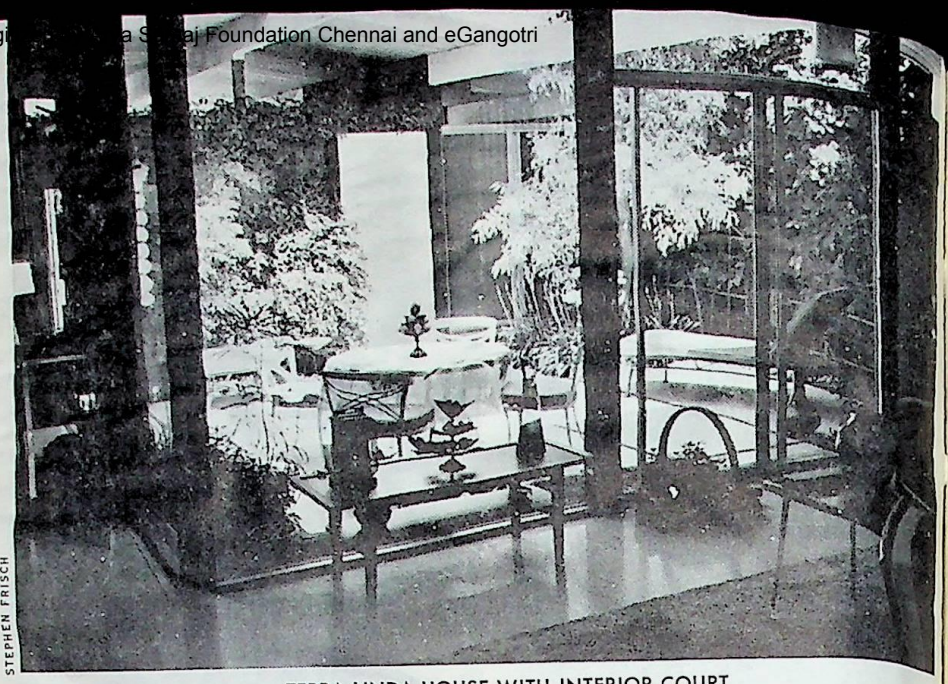
Geyser Dousers & Sign Reversers. Literary and artistic work is just a part of the swath of destruction left by carefree vacationers. They tear out bathroom fixtures and pull up flowering plants. They use blasting powder to collect specimens of Indian hieroglyphics. They feed chocolate-covered laxatives to bear cubs and dump detergent into geysers. Sometimes they block up geysers with rocks and logs. They reverse signs on trails—a form of humor that has led to at least one near fatality. In Gettysburg they love to push over monuments.

And as they go, they leave behind them a spoor of debris. According to an organization called Keep America Beautiful, Inc., no less than half a billion dollars was spent during 1963 to pick up discarded litter.

BOB AND IRA SPRING



ART WORK IN WASHINGTON STATE PARK
Also sport feeding laxatives to bears.



STEPHEN FRISCH

TERRA LINDA HOUSE WITH INTERIOR COURT
From the outside in, a world of their own.

DESIGN

The Atrium Way

The blueprint is as old as the hills, and the ancient hills of Rome at that. But the atrium house is fast becoming the newest thing in suburban housing, and nearly as popular as it was when Romulus was little more than a babe.

The theory is simpler than rolling off a logarithm: set a small square within a larger one and, instead of living in the middle with a garden all around, live all around and put the garden in the middle. It is a natural solution to the problem of how to achieve privacy in crowded areas, but it has been slow coming to the U.S., which started off as a small-town country whose settlers and their houses were few and far between—a place where people had to sit out front on a summer evening to see what was going on. Over the years, however, the front porch faded from importance and today, with more people living in more houses, with housing developments creeping into lakes and rivers and across the land, window shades are almost the only means of privacy. And no one cares much for waving at passers-by.

Jungles and an Aviary. Individual architects such as Edward D. Stone and Philip C. Johnson have designed custom-built atrium houses for private clients in years past. But only lately have mass builders begun to adopt the style. Pacesetter Homes set 169 atria on a tract in San Clemente, Calif., and Builder William J. Levitt—of the Levittown Levitts—includes a version of the house in his 1,450-unit development currently abuilding near Cape Kennedy, Fla. Greatest enthusiast is California's Joseph L. Eichler, who has built some 3,000 houses in 31 development tracts in the last six years, sold every one of them (at anywhere from $23,000 to $55,000 each), sometimes even before construction began.

In fact, Eichler's Lucas Valley, some 20 miles north of San Francisco, is a demonstration of just how handsome tract-housing can be. Surrounded on two sides by mountains, the site is spacious and richly wooded. But what is most impressive is not the way the houses look from the outside but the other way around; and inside-out, the view is spectacular. No two of the $50 approximately 300-sq.-ft. patios are the same: the Frederick Bradleys' holds a slender Japanese maple and a jungle of flowers, while the John Hamrens have surfaced theirs with pebbles, Irish moss, lava rocks and a fountain ("We did have

CC-0. Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

fish in there," says Mrs. Hamren, "but we have four cats, and now we don't have fish in there"). Other families found the courtyards made perfect playgrounds and barbecue pits; some installed a sliding roof and built a hothouse underneath, and one couple put a screen over the open-air top and bequeathed the area to their pet bird as an aviary.

Rhapsody & Shrugs. Whatever the use, atrium owners agree that the advantages are great. Says Mrs. Bradley, "We can sunbathe and the neighbors can't see, have the outside fragrance go all through the house, leave the toddlers outside and keep an eye on them from practically anywhere inside. And when it rains," she adds rhapsodically, "the maple leaves turn dark and glistening, the outside comes right indoors and makes all this our very own world."

Builder Eichler is even more exuberant, but then the atria have helped net him an annual $20 million in sales, and he's entitled to be expansive. "There's no other way to live," he says enthusiastically. "Let's say it's Sunday, and you wanna throw a barbecue. With the atrium, you've got a protected area, and regardless of the weather, you're guaranteed an outdoor party." What about rain? "You go inside," Eichler shrugs, "just like other people."

CUSTOMS

Safe & Sane

A crowd of about 500,000 applauded delightedly one night last week when a bargeful of fireworks exploded in Manhattan's Hudson River, killing two of the crew and injuring four others. The witnesses assumed, of course, that the gigantic bang was part of the annual pre-Fourth of July show being put on by Macy's department store. And the youngsters among them were especially surprised when they learned of the tragedy caused by a faulty rocket that fell back on the barge. So thoroughly institutional have fireworks become these days that the postwar generations hardly think of them as dangerous.

Unknown to the modern young is the pungent incense of punk and the acrid reek of exploded salute. Not even the harmless, dancing crackle and spit of lady crackers, limp in their red-gold Oriental wrappings, has lifted their Fourth-of-July hearts—not to mention the delicious danger of the thrown cherry bomb, or the thrilling thop-thop of the hand-held, Roman candle.

Bonfires & Gushing Tears. The Safe and Sane Fourth is all but universal now; blow-up-yourself fireworks are banned in 27 states, and there is some kind of restriction in every state but Alaska and Nevada. There is still a busy interstate traffic in illegal noisemakers, but the overall results in terms of safety have been impressive and persuasive. Pennsylvania, for instance, was one of the first states to limit fireworks to public displays, adopted a code in 1938, when there were six deaths and 1,702 injuries from fireworks. The next year this dropped to 85 injuries and no deaths at all.

So the Glorious Fourth that Daniel Webster predicted would be celebrated "with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations, and copious, gushing tears" has come to be the day for the big ball game, the teeming beach, the crawling traffic, the long drink—in short, like every summer weekend only more so, slightly set apart perhaps by the American Legion parade and a public display of professional fireworks.

Private Pyrotechnics? One group fighting hard to bring back private pyrotechnics is, unsurprisingly, the fireworks manufacturers. "Safe and sane" fireworks are what they are plugging—mostly some variant of sparklers—and they have been successful in getting some state legislatures to mitigate their blanket bans.

Says Patrick Moriarty, president of the Atlas Fire Works Co. of Lynwood, Calif.: "The trend is toward putting fireworks back into the hands of the people. The sales of these safe and sane items are going so fast we just can't keep up. In five to ten years, they'll be legal all through the country."

FASHION

The Pajama Game

First it was suffrage, next cigarettes, and then man's final inalienable rights: to know baseball, follow the market, haggle over prices, talk and be heard, swagger, stare, shout at will and stay out all night. And with women behind their wheels, at their desks and in their way, with their razors confiscated and even their private clubs invaded, men conceded defeat, loosened their belts and handed over their pants as well.

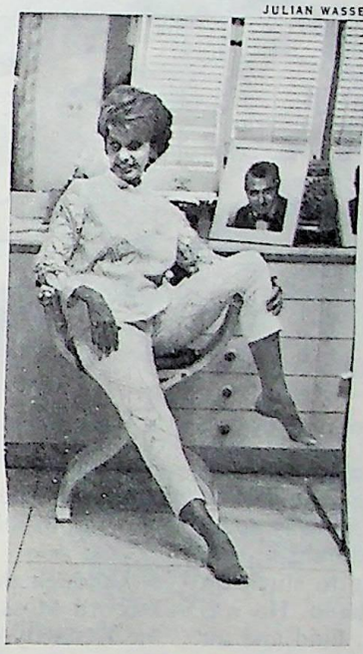
All that, of course, was long ago. Today, what used to separate the men from the boys barely separates the boys from the girls. For pants, by now, are a staple in every woman's wardrobe, so popular from coast to coast and in between that the far out teen-ager is the one who sticks to dirndls. Still, there are pants that will not do, and while shorts and slacks in every length and any size (so long as they coincide roughly with the wearer's own) are sportswear standards, there are places that not even the handsomest of them can go, or at least go unnoticed. On an afternoon stroll in midtown Manhattan, for instance, or out to dinner, a theater or nightclub. There is one place, however, where pants are actually being urged to make themselves at home—and that is at home.

There, full-length, generally full-skirted pants are the newest, chicquest, sleek and swishest way to stay in style. And there are hundreds of styles to choose from—harem trousers and bell-bottom slacks, pantaloons, culottes and jump suits among them. Dressed-up pajamas all, most are sold with tops and accompanying overskirts; available in fancy fabrics like embroidered lace (by Courrèges, for $800) as well as lighter weight silk jersey (by Pucci, for $210), Fortrel and cotton (by Sportwhirl, for $35) and Arnel knit (by Loomtogs, for $36), they bloom with checks and flowers, glitter with pearls and gold, or stand out like the moon, all white and stark. Graceful to look at and comfortable to lounge in, the party pajamas fit loosely, serve only as a costume, not (like last year's hip-huggers) as a tourniquet.

They are, in short, a long and lazy-looking high-fashion triumph. They may not seem quite so devastating on the girl next door as they did on Garbo. But on Garbo, after all, pants weren't pants but a way of life.

JULIAN WASSER

PANTS: SOCIALITE



ACTRESS

BEN MARTIN

MODEL*

Barely separated from the boys.

* From left: Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale, wife of the Diners' Club president; Cyd Charisse; Designer Pucci's model.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MEDICINE

ORTHOPEDICS

A Very Special Patient

The latest accident case at the Cooley Dickinson Hospital in Northampton, Mass., was clearly someone special. Ted Kennedy was not only a U.S. Senator and a brother of the late President, he was one of the hospital's rare air-crash patients (TIME, June 26), and he was in desperate condition.

Youth & Strength. "Senator Kennedy," said the hospital's senior surgeon, Dr. Thomas Corriden, "was in deep shock when he was admitted. His pulse varied a great deal; his blood pressure was almost negligible." Some of his ribs were fractured, along with three vertebrae in his lower back. One kidney was bruised, and a lung was punctured. He was in such bad shape that no time was wasted trying to stitch up a 6-in. gash in his right hand. He was given several transfusions, fluid and air were removed from his chest cavity to help his breathing, and he was put in an oxygen tent.

In a matter of days Ted Kennedy's condition changed from "serious" to "good." But the doctors credited the quick recovery not so much to their treatment as their patient's youth and strength—and his generous supply of luck.

Rigid but Sore-Free. It was sheer good fortune that the broken vertebrae were in the lumbar region and did not damage the end of the spinal cord—a far less serious situation than if they had been in the cervical or thoracic areas, where the cord might have been severed by dislocation of the bones. A break of any of the cervical vertebrae could have paralyzed Teddy's body from the neck down, while a fracture of any of the twelve thoracic vertebrae might well have paralyzed his trunk or legs.

When Kennedy was first admitted to the hospital, he was strapped in a canvas and metal stretcher called a Stryker frame, but later he was switched to a larger Foster frame to accommodate his 6-ft. 2-in., 230-lb. bulk. Named for the Houston surgeon who devised it in 1939 for recuperating back-fracture patients, the Foster frame is a kind of reversible bed in which the patient is immobilized between a pair of sturdy canvas slings. Besides keeping the spine rigid—which is absolutely essential during the bone-healing period—the Foster frame helps prevent the patient from getting bedsores.

How long Teddy will have to stay in the pipe and canvas contraption, no one can yet be sure. But he will not be moved for at least six weeks, and there is still a chance that his fractures will require surgical repair. He may be outfitted with a brace or plaster cast, but in any case he faces three to six months in bed, possibly in a Foster frame.

AP

PATIENT IN FOSTER FRAME

Out of pipe and canvas, a reversible bed.

• • •

Although the pilot and Teddy's aide, Edward Moss, were killed in the crash, the Kennedy luck stretched far enough to cover his other traveling companions, Indiana Senator and Mrs. Birch Bayh. Strapped down by their seat belts, the Bayhs suffered torn back muscles, but they were saved from serious or fatal injuries. What puzzled the doctors, though, was how the Senator had been able to help Kennedy get away from the wreck. Once he got to the hospital and had time to realize how badly he had been banged up, Bayh was in too much pain to move.

DRUGS

Do the Pills Cause Cancer?

Are the 3,000,000 or more U.S. women who are taking birth-control pills running an increased risk of developing cancer? Doctors at last week's A.M.A. meeting had a double reason for supplying answers. Many of them have been prescribing the pills for years, and it was an A.M.A. publication that unintentionally started the latest cancer scare. The consensus was more than reassuring: women who take oral contraceptives do not incur any added risk of cancer, said the experts, and there are even glimmers of hopeful though preliminary evidence that the pills may actually be protective against some forms of the disease.

What They Meant. The trouble began with a brief abstract in the A.M.A. *Journal* of a report on work done by a University of Oregon team of researchers. Delivered in San Francisco, the detailed paper described experiments done on a particular and unusual form of cancer in a particular strain of laboratory rats. Like some human cancers, this one will grow faster if the animals are given certain hormones, and will all but disappear under doses of other hormones.

The Oregon researchers wanted to find out whether hormones tagged with a radioactive phosphorus compound would concentrate in the cancers to effect a faster cure. But first they had to make the cancers grow lustily, and this they did by giving the rats a variety of hormones. Among them were progestin and an estrogen, hormones which are combined in G. D. Searle & Co.'s famed Enovid (pronounced En-*ah*-vid) contraceptive pills.

By the time the Oregon team got to San Francisco to give their full report, any medical significance of their work had been overshadowed by such screaming headlines as the Miami News's eight-column two-liner:

REPORT TO A.M.A. STIRS FUROR
BIRTH PILL STOCKS TUMBLE

Dr. J. Englebert Dunphy, the university's chief of surgery, had to spend all his time explaining what his researchers had not meant to do, rather than what they accomplished—which was to satisfy themselves that hormones combined with radioactive phosphorus would slow or stop the growth of some rat tumors.

What's to Be Learned. "Millions of people are taking these drugs for good reason, and to discontinue their use arbitrarily would cause untold hardship, if not outright tragedy," said Dr. Dunphy. "All of us must be entirely responsible in reporting any information on the subject. Such information must be kept in context and in perspective." To keep the rat studies in perspective, cancer experts reminded their colleagues that rat cancers do not necessarily behave the same as human cancers, and there is even evidence that in some cases they react in a way that is exactly the opposite to human cancers under the same hormone treatment.

Because there is still a doubt as to just what effect pills such as Enovid and its competitors may have on human breast cancer, manufacturers specify that they should not be given to women with this disease. Whether this caution should be modified will be determined soon—not in laboratory rats, not in the stock market, but in the health records of thousands of women who have been taking the pills since 1956.

CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"Aloha kakahiaka hookipa aloha ia Honolulu"

"Good morning, welcome to Honolulu."

A wahine in a muu-muu offers sweet-smelling flowers. Symbol of the delights of the Pacific. Fly there with Qantas, the airline that knows the Pacific like the palm of its hand. Fly there in Qantas V-Jets, fastest in round-world service. Wherever in the world you fly with Qantas—in any of the five continents the fleet of mighty V-Jets flies to, you'll enjoy Qantas' understanding of the pure pleasure of travel. And you'll appreciate the efficiency which has distinguished Qantas service for 43 years. Start discussing new travel ideas with your Travel Agent or Qantas.

Australia's Round-World Airline

QANTAS

43 years of dependable service

Qantas Empire Airways Limited, in association with Air India and B.O.A.C.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

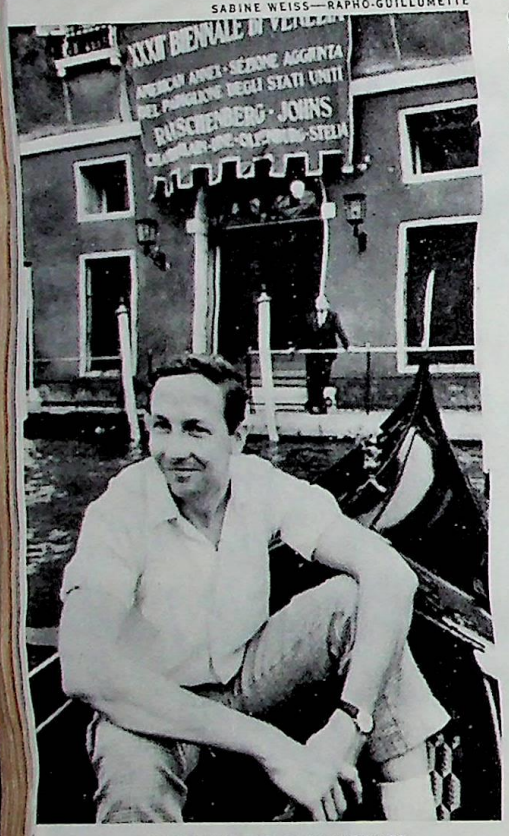
ART

EXHIBITIONS

Pop Goes the Biennale

This was a Venice Biennale where the critics booed, the cardinal banned, the Americans beamed, and nearly everyone boozed. Apparently incensed by some rubbishy but relatively innocuous nudes, Giovanni Cardinal Urbani, the Roman Catholic Patriarch of Venice, declared the international art show off limits to all priests and nuns. President Antonio Segni thereupon absented himself as official host and prize giver. But this scarcely dimmed the carnival spirits of the cocktail set. Greek-born Iris

SABINE WEISS—RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE



RAUSCHENBERG IN VENICE
Chaos with order.

Clert won the unofficial party-thrower prize by hiring a yacht, tying it up in the Grand Canal, and calling it the *Biennale Flottante;* inevitably, one of her guests was soon *flottante* too.

The real show was almost as predictable. With 3,000 paintings, 500 artists and 34 countries represented, the Biennale promised, as usual, to be an embarrassment of riches, and proved, as it often has, to be a mass preview of oblivion. Endless arid abstractions vied with the fossil art of mere representation. Into this esthetic drab land came some young Americans whose vision was fresh even if their art was not fine. The Biennale judges succumbed, and for the third time in the 69-year history of the show awarded the prize to an American, Robert Rauschenberg, 38, "the *old master* of pop art."*

* Previous U.S. winners: James McNeill Whistler (1895) and Mark Tobey (1958).

Melting Typewriter. The canonization of pop art had been rumored for weeks, and Pop Art Dealer Leo Castelli had campaigned assiduously for the winner. Nevertheless, the European critics fumed. Paris' Combat said the prize to Rauschenberg was "an offense to the dignity of artistic creation." Rome's pro-Communist Paese Sera called it "a grotesque *Biennale*," and the Vatican's L'Osservatore Romano editorialized on "the total and general defeat of culture."

The pop artists, a cool and casual lot, could not have cared less about their critics, or even about the rest of the Biennale, which few of them bothered to attend. John Chamberlain, a sculptor of automobile parts, slept on the Lido beach, declared the marble-patterned Piazza San Marco to be the "world's greatest hopscotch arena" and hopscotched around it like a great shambling bear. Claes Oldenburg, as softly pudgy as his sculptures of melting typewriters made of vinyl plastic, politely ate his way through the festival. Rauschenberg himself was busy at Venice's elegant Teatro La Fenice, working with Merce Cunningham's avant-garde ballet troupe, for which he designs props and occasionally does choreography. Since his suitcase had gone astray between Paris and Venice, he was using a safety pin to hold up his pants.

Jarring Juxtaposition. His pants are just about the only thing Robert Rauschenberg has not worked into his paintings, collages, and what he calls "combines." Crumpled newspapers, photographs, street signs, clocks, radios, buckets, neckties, stuffed birds and electric fans have all found their way into his works. Rauschenberg insists that he intends no shock effect, satire or even comment. "I get jarred by the juxtaposition of certain objects. Once you isolate something, you can really see it. I think a picture is more like the real world when it's made out of the real world." To the charge of ugliness, he retorts: "I really feel sorry for people who think things like soap dishes or mirrors or Coke bottles are ugly, because they're surrounded by things like that all day long, and it must make them miserable."

The task of art is to match sight with insight, to illuminate, intensify and transmute the raw materials of existence into a higher order of reality and truth, and in that sense most pop art does less with a Campbell's Soup can than Campbell's does. The best pop art, such as Robert Rauschenberg's, is an Art of the Absurd full of the jarring juxtapositions, mechanized tempi, free-floating reveries and strange discontinuities of modern life, as if someone had spliced together unrelated strips of film and run them off on an erratic projector. But too many pop artists seem not to know whether chaos is their subject or their object.

ARCHITECTURE

Sunlight in Stone

The most dazzling new sight in Paris is—Paris. For decades, the face of the city was as grey as its ubiquitous cats. But since 1959, squads of yellow-slicked workmen have scrambled up metal scaffoldings to hose down and sand-rub buildings and monuments encrusted with the industrial soot of the 20th century. The grime fighters have now cleaned more than a third of Paris' buildings, and visitors to Paris are discovering a beauteous city they never saw before, the city that De Balzac called the color of cream.

Paris skies may still be grey, but there is sunlight in its stones. As if ready to abandon his Gallic faith in wine, one slightly awed *clochard* said, "And to think that water can do all this!"

Surprises Under the Grime. It took more than water. It took a long-ignored Second Empire decree signed by Napoleon III in 1852 requiring façades to be washed every ten years, and impassioned pressure from Minister of Culture André Malraux. In practice, the government rarely has to fine building owners, for landlords can ease the cost of cleaning by borrowing as much as 40% of the tab. Face-washing a private apartment house costs about $2,000. To clean the 18th century building in the Place de la Concorde that houses the Morgan Bank,* the Automobile Club of France and the famed Hôtel Crillon, cost about $60,000.

To its chagrin, the Crillon discovered that some of its columns were made of wood cleverly painted to simulate stone. The façade of the Invalides, where Napoleon lies buried, provided another embarrassing surprise. Pock-marked by gunfire during the liberation of Paris, it had been repaired on the cheap, with cement.

Some Like It Dirty. Inevitably, the big cleanup has divided Paris into two camps: black and white. At the start, white was a dirty word, particularly since Montmartre's white Sacré-Coeur basilica has long been regarded as a bulbous eyesore. When it was suggested that Notre-Dame be scoured, a venerable member of the Paris city council counterproposed: "Paint Sacré-Coeur black instead." Notre-Dame may yet remain the great unwashed building, since architects fear that its 800-year-old lacy filigree would crumble. The pro-blacks argue that character, dignity and age are lost by cleaning. Sputters one irreconcilable rear-guardist: "It is immoral, like face lifting. Old people shouldn't look young."

Pro-whites contend that style, not dirt, gives a building distinction. Says Bernard Vitry, who directed the cleaning of the Madeleine: "I love stone too much not to wish to see it." Malraux says that art is "the presence in our lives of what should belong to death."

* And until December 1962, the Time Inc. office, now on the Avenue Matignon.

Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

and holds that classic buildings cloaked in mantles of soot are deadened, if not dead. To look on beauty bare, as it is emerging in Paris, is to see what is agelessly and vibrantly alive, what T. S. Eliot called "the present moment of the past."

Saving Utrillo's House. For Malraux, "our monuments are France's greatest dreams." Like De Gaulle, whom he serves more like a gauntleted knight than a Cabinet minister, Malraux wants to spur the French will to new greatness through shining images of past glories. He resurrects, he conserves, he dramatizes what he believes is the universal genius of French art. This year's summer cleaning schedule includes the theater of the Comédie-Française, the Panthéon, the Hôtel Sully, the Fontaine des Innocents and the Oratoire du Louvre. As such monuments return to their pristine freshness, Malraux hopes Parisians will see their city anew.

Since his ministry is responsible for everything from the Louvre to provincial cultural centers, from national archives to Sèvres porcelain works, from the Comédie-Française to thousands of historical monuments, Malraux is chronically hamstrung by a budget that at $80 million a year comes to just one-third of 1% of the national budget. He cannot prevent bad aluminum-and-glass boxes from being constructed on the Champs-Elysées. What he tries to save is France's cultural real estate. Through a legal device known as the Inventory of Beaux-Arts, he has managed to preserve Utrillo's house, Verlaine's bench, the window from which Renoir studied the Moulin de la Galette, the mansard on the Boulevard St. Germain where Apollinaire lived, Picasso's Montmartre studio, and a number of *art nouveau* Métro stations.

Of all the things André Malraux has been—adventurer, revolutionary, novelist, a squadron commander in Republican Spain's air force, resistance hero, Gaullist propagandist, esthetician—it may be that he will be best remembered as the tastemaker of the Fifth Republic. In the age of the blast-off and the count-down, he has made art's "voices of silence" audible. In the youthful, glowing vistas of a freshly scrubbed Paris, he has thrown open a "museum without walls" for Everyman.

PAINTERS

Epitaph in Jazz

"What inspired me most in the area of art and culture in America was jazz music," Stuart Davis once said. It was hot jazz, city jazz, that Davis painted, right up until his death at the age of 69 last week. He was rooted in the American soil, but that soil was concrete. He loathed the country and loved the city, specifically Manhattan, and his abstract but objective works are syncopations of urban life.

To see his paintings is to hear them. They screech and honk with the aggressive dissonance of city traffic. They have the staccato beat of a pneumatic drill. The strident reds, blues, and yellows blare with neon. And the stray words that seem squiggled from a toothpaste tube onto his paintings are like the hip, harsh expletives that slum kids spew into the summer air. Davis had violence without anger, gaiety without abandon, and his paintings swing and jump with such durable joy that it is as if he had dipped his brush in some eternal fountain of youth.

What first fired his imagination was the famed Armory Show of 1913. Then and there, he decided to be a modern painter. But to train his hand to follow his esthetic vision required enormous feats of self-discipline. Davis told how in 1927 he "nailed a rubber glove, an electric fan and an egg beater to a table and, like Monet with his haystack, stuck

MARTHA HOLMES

STUART DAVIS
Gaiety without abandon.

with that single subject for a whole year." What he learned was how to explore, distort and transform the objects into endless arrangements on the canvas. His aim was abstraction, but his eye was riveted to the real. And what fascinated his eye was everyday America—gas pumps, factories, skyscrapers, movies, kitchen utensils, and "fast travel by train, auto, and airplane, which brought new and multiple perspectives." This very nearly makes him the legitimate father of pop art.

Unlike some pop artists, Davis was a meticulous craftsman who worked the hard way with paint out of the tube and small brushes. The jazz improvisations in his pictures are in the mood, never in the planning and execution. He took a razzle-dazzle man-made world of cities, honky-tonks and brightly packaged products, a confection of vulgarities, and out of their impermanence made something arrestingly permanent.

QUEEN ANNE
the finest SCOTCH
wherever you are

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

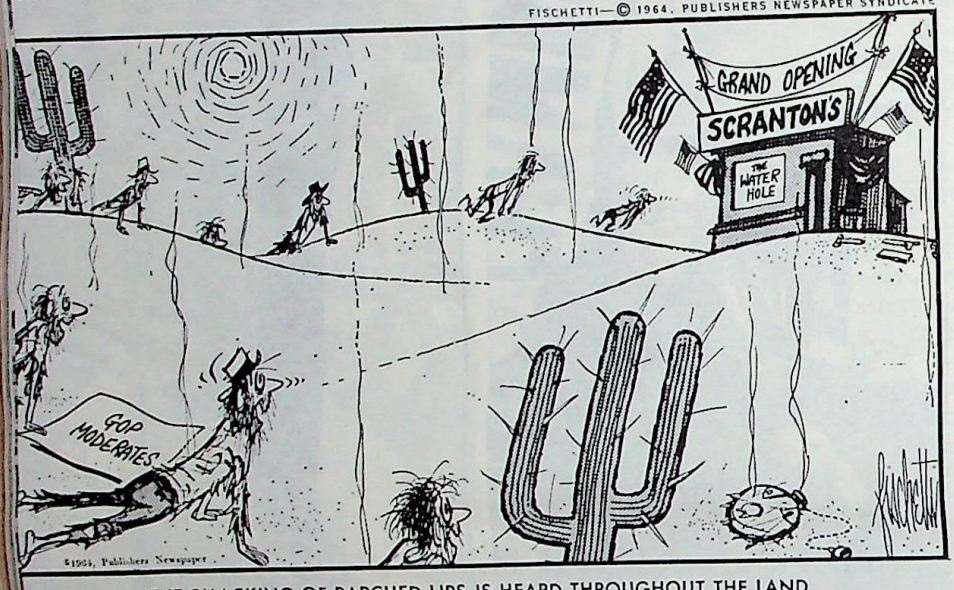
NEWSPAPERS

Out of the Doldrums

"Hallelujah!" sang the New York Herald Tribune. "The reluctant candidate not only came out of his Harrisburg shelter, but he came out swinging." Short days before, convinced that Barry Goldwater was about to be nominated, the Trib had despaired for the Republican Party. *But now that Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton had put himself in the ring at last, there was cause for rejoicing.* Scranton, said the Trib, "has just the qualities needed to halt the party from its headlong gallop toward doom."

In the general press sigh of relief at the emergence of an honest-to-goodness Goldwater competitor, similar sentiment resounded all over the nation's pages. "The shattered moderate leadership of the party," gloomed the Milwaukee Journal, "may be unable to pick itself up off the floor and do serious battle." The Nashville Tennessean cast Scranton in the role of "boy at the dike," and predicted that "it will take a miracle to make his effort more than a sad exercise in futility." Said the Detroit Free Press: "Wishful Willie Scranton closed his eyes, screwed up his courage and dived. The only trouble is that Barry Goldwater might have *pulled the plug.*"

Nor did the Republicans' new contender lack for forthright press critics. WATCH THE LIP, GOVERNOR, warned the New York Daily News, which has expressed steady editorial satisfaction with Goldwater. The News took exception to a Scranton remark that Senator



THE SMACKING OF PARCHED LIPS IS HEARD THROUGHOUT THE LAND

Goldwater, having voted against the civil rights bill, might give the cause of racial equality less than his all: "This is smear talk of a pretty debased kind, if you ask us." In Omaha, the World-Herald classified Scranton's candidacy as "a platter of cold fish, garnished with clichés." The Manchester, N.H., Union Leader, which stands leagues to the right of Goldwater, predicted that Scranton's nomination "would be an insult to the intelligence of the American public and a disaster from which our nation would be long in recovering."

One a Day. However the nation's newspapers felt about Bill Scranton, though, they also had to deal with him as a news story. In New York, the Times, which had hollered the loudest against Goldwater, played Scranton on Page One for six days, and then consigned him deep inside; in one issue, the first Scranton story ran on page 70.

By contrast, the New York Herald Tribune, which is as thin as the Times is bulky, kept the Scranton story on Page One ten out of twelve days running—and during this period gave him 1,000 column inches to the Times's 600. The Los Angeles Times reprinted Scranton's announcement speech in its entirety, a labor of love that demanded two full pages in the execution. In South Carolina, the Charlotte Observer seemed to go out of its way to keep Scranton in a favorable light: BARRY HEAVILY FAVORED, STILL, BUT SCRANTON COULD WIN (June 13); HOPE BUOYED, SCRANTON SAYS BARRY'S SLIPPING (June 17); SCRANTON: NICE YOUNG RICH MAN (June 24).

For the most part, however, the papers seemed to be playing the Scranton candidacy for its news value, no matter where their editorial hearts happened to lie. Their performance was best exemplified, perhaps, by the Houston Post, which apparently trotted out its tape measure to keep things just: one Goldwater story to one Scranton story, both of meticulously equal length. In all, Scranton's press coverage confirmed the heartfelt if nonpartisan observation of the Miami Herald: "There's life left in a political summer which was dying of the doldrums."

The Founder's Daughter

The men in the city room of Tokyo's Asahi Shimbun (Rising Sun Newspaper) have always enjoyed a welcome insulation from meddling. Co-Founder Ryohei Murayama believed firmly that the editorial content of his paper belonged to the editors alone, and with that formula he built the paper into the largest in Japan (present circ. 4,700,000). Before he joined his ancestors in 1933, Murayama tried to make sure that his no-meddling policy would survive: he vested control of the paper in a board of directors drawn from Asahi's ranks. But that same year meddling began. Although Asahi's editors did not like it, and could have stopped it at any time, they suffered it politely. For the meddler was Ofuji Murayama, the founder's daughter.

Kekko Desu. An only child, Ofuji Murayama had long been accustomed to having her own way, and she saw no reason why the paper should be an exception. Her obedient husband agreed, and he was in a position to help. After marrying Ofuji and taking the family name—an old Japanese custom—he replaced his father-in-law as publisher and president. Whatever Ofuji wanted was absolutely *kekko desu* with him.

Mrs. Murayama's hints, suggestions and commands were rarely followed, but that only increased their volume—and the irritation of Asahi's editors. When members of a Japanese Antarctic expedition radioed home that an advance party was in trouble and might have to abandon their dogs, Mrs. Murayama, who is an ardent dog lover, ordered the paper to contact the expedition. Tell them to rescue the dogs, she said, and, if necessary, to abandon the Japanese. Asahi's editors refused. They also refused when she demanded a Page One story on her experience at

CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Digitized by eGangotri

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

KYODO

OFUJI MURAYAMA.
Born to meddle.

an art show attended by Emperor Hirohito: when she approached too near the imperial presence, Mrs. Murayama was rudely jostled by a guard.

Declaration of War. Asahi's private power struggle became the talk of Japan, and the paper's indecisive editors, who had the courage to veto Mrs. Murayama's mandates but could not find a way to keep her quiet, lost considerable face. To recover some, five board directors, who had resigned in protest against her highhanded ways, changed their minds and went back to work. After that, Mrs. Murayama publicly declared war. She got her husband to bring suit against the five directors, on the ground that he had accepted their resignations and that their return was therefore illegal.

In Tokyo's Osaka District Court last week, Judge Taneo Sawai brought the wholly avoidable 30-year feud to an end. Having previously warned Mrs. Murayama that any verdict was bound to go against her, the judge directed both sides to work out an amicable settlement. That meant that the five directors would stay. It also meant an end to Ofuji's meddling. And it probably meant that old Ryohei Murayama could relax at last with his ancestors.

MANAGED NEWS

A New Law, An Old Complaint

From Luxembourg, Monaco, Andorra and the Saar, powerful radio transmitters beam across the border into France. Their presence infuriates the French government, which, except for those uncontrollable transmitters, hogs the country's air. But Frenchmen by the grateful millions tune in to the foreign wave lengths. It is the only way that they can listen to something their own government-owned network almost never sends: an undoctored dose of news.

Half a Minute. Newcasts over Radiodiffusion Télévision Française, the government monopoly, have long been regarded with Gallic cynicism. "We are given slanted, incomplete or false news," said a Deputy in the National Assembly. Under De Gaulle, as under all his predecessors, RTF is employed as a highly useful instrument of state. Its TV eye is fixed hypnotically on the movements of the President, and its transmitters endlessly broadcast his public utterances. Any De Gaulle press conference is generally put on the air at least twice.

Nor does Director-General Robert Bordaz, a government appointee, have to be reminded what kind of newscasts the general prefers. Since France granted recognition to Communist China last winter, RTF's larger TV chain has carried documentaries on France's new Oriental friend that might have been produced by Mao Tse-tung himself. They showed Red China in such a flattering light that televiewers sent bitter letters to the press.

Against such competition, President De Gaulle's opponents and critics find it next to impossible to get a hearing. Last January RTF gave just half a minute of TV coverage to the speech in which Socialist Gaston Defferre announced his political designs on De Gaulle's office. The camera, sweeping swiftly through the crowd, somehow managed to miss the speaker's face.

Only Promise. Moved by a swelling tide of protest against RTF's disciplined news, Minister of Information Alain Peyrefitte recently presented the National Assembly with a statute that he claimed would relax government control of the network. At first glance, the new law, which would change RTF's name to L'Office de Radiodiffusion Télévision Française, or ORTF, looked promising. It would, for instance, permit camera crews to chase big stories without first securing the signatures of seven government functionaries. But the promise was only that. Reaffirmed was the government's old right to keep all competitive transmitters out of France, and to appoint the network's director-general. "You are changing the label," said Assembly Deputy Maurice Faure, "but not the bottle."

Last week the new ORTF statute became law. But even before that happened, Director-General Dordaz had gone to Moscow to be the guest of Mikhail Kharlamov, chairman of the Soviet State Committee on Broadcasting and Television.

MAGAZINES

For & By Teen-Agers

The country's 24 million teen-agers do not lack for magazines aimed directly at their age group. *Co-ed, Dig, 'Teen, Fifteen, Seventeen, Teen Talk, Teenage Times* and *Ingenue*—the varied titles add up to several dozen, but they all share a common trait: they are published by adults who may or may not have retained their passports to the juvenile mind. Last week in Denver, newsstands displayed a new comer to the list: a teen-age magazine that is put out by teen-agers.

At a skinny 20 pages, *Tempo* ca no greater shadow than a high scho freshman at the beach. But it had commendably professional sheen, an its contents sought to grapple with som of the problems and interests of i peers: a Denver boy's account of ho it feels to be a high school dropout, page of verse composed by an 18-yea old girl, a random assortment of teen age views on public school integratio All this may not have looked like ser ous competition to the call of the juk joint, but the first run of 5,000 copi sold briskly at 25¢ each.

Tempo is the extracurricular wor of two honor students at Denver George Washington High School, Ha old Goldberg, 18, and Richard Goul 17. It was started on the strength of a earlier publishing success: the bo cleared $57 on a tabloid newspap they sold throughout the city's eigh high schools. To start their magazin Goldberg and Gould first signed up 57 advance subscriptions, hustled ads fro local merchants and talked the print into a $200 loan. *Tempo's* debut ab sorbed all $720 of the starting capita but Goldberg and Gould are alread laying out two more issues.

Come fall, the magazine will face crisis that is surely unique in the anna of periodical publishing: both of i proprietors have to go back to schoo "We hope to sell *Tempo* to someon with enough money to carry on," sai young Goldberg hopefully. "Probabl an adult who'll hire teen-agers to put out. I don't think any adult could ru *Tempo*." Added young Gould some what more realistically: "That's righ But we'll sell to anybody."

CARL IWASA

PUBLISHERS GOULD & GOLDBERG
Better than adults.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

READINGS

Something to Write Home About

Dear Mother,

I'm sorry I haven't written, but it has taken me days to get over the wonderful thing that happened. Earlier this week, I saw Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton do a poetry reading at the Hunt-Fontanne Theater on Broadway. Mother, I *don't care what you* say about them, I want to *tell* you it was really beautiful.

A man at the office took me with him because *his* wife was *sick*. The reading was a *benefit* performance for the American Musical and Dramatic Academy, an acting school which is run by Mr. Philip Burton, the foster father who gave Richard Burton his name and trained him as an actor. We got in $50 seats. All the ones in front of us were worth $100. If that sounds like a lot of money to you, it sure does to me, too, but in retrospect, I guess it seems worth it. Not only *did* the theater academy get more *than* $30,000 out of it, but also *these* two really courageous *people really* proved themselves before everybody.

And I mean everybody. It was the classiest audience you could imagine. Everyone was tan and nifty, and half of them seemed to have put their evening clothes on over their bathing suits. I alone saw Dina Merrill, Carroll Baker, Lauren Bacall, Hume Cronyn, Red Buttons, Bea Lillie, Lee Remick, Montgomery Clift, and Kitty Carlisle with a man I didn't recognize, but I heard someone say it was Alan Jay Lerner. Carol Channing was there in a white stovepipe hat two feet high and an enormous pair of wrap-around sunglasses that would embarrass a Greyhound bus driver. I learned later that President Kennedy's sisters Pat and Jean were there, Anita Loos, Walter Wanger, Myrna Loy, Adolph Green, and Elizabeth Taylor's mother and father. Some of the other women there were really risqué in those new gowns that show so much.

The Burtons read verses alternately in a sort of ping-poem match (hah-hah!). Many of the items had apparently been selected for their meaning to the Burtons. Richard, for example, started off by reciting *To His Coy Mistress* by Andrew Marvell, and one of the poems Elizabeth read was Thomas Hardy's *The Ruined Maid:*

> *"And now you've gay bracelets and bright feathers three!"*
> *"Yes, that's how we dress when we're ruined," said she.*

Elizabeth read that one in a very accomplished cockney accent and showed herself to be more of an actress than I thought she was. She read William Butler Yeats's *Three Bushes,* about two women who loved the same man, and really belted out the line, "What could I do but drop down dead if I lost my chastity?" All evening, as she read, Richard's foster father sat behind her mouthing every word she said. He was just afraid she would make a mistake, but he looked like a ventriloquist.

Together, the Burtons read T. S. Eliot's *Portrait of a Lady,* which, in case you have forgotten, Mother, starts off with a quote from an Elizabethan play: "Thou has committed fornication, but that was in another country." You see what I mean about courage.

Very tenderly, Elizabeth read, "How do I love *thee*? Let me count the ways,"

HENRY GROSSMAN

THE BURTONS THREE
Ping-poem match.

by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Philip Sidney's beautiful sonnet which begins:

> *My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,*
> *By just exchange one for the other given.*

Richard was even better than she was. He did the "death of kings" speech from *Richard II* and the St. Crispin's Day speech from *Henry V,* and he really sounded like an orchestra, although he stumbled over an unbelievable number of lines. Oddly, he was at his best reading not Shakespeare but D. H. Lawrence—a poem called *Snake,* which is one of his favorites in all literature. But the high point of the evening came when he and Elizabeth read the 23rd Psalm. He would read a line in Welsh, then she would read a line in English, and they went through the whole psalm that way. The man with me said they sounded like a Paiute Indian and an acolyte, which surprised me, because I was really moved.

Elizabeth wore two gowns, both the same sort of Roman-matron style, one blue and the other white. She changed offstage. This was the first time she had ever faced a theater audience. She looks heavier than she does in movies but not nearly as old as she is. She is 32. She was beautiful, but not as beautiful as she is supposed to be, if you know what I mean. But how could *anybody* be that beautiful?

The evening was especially fun because there was so much pleasant banter between Richard and Elizabeth. Once she stopped a poem and said, "Sorry, may I start again? I got all screwed up."

"I could say that in *Hamlet* every night," said Richard.

After she finished reading one poem (near the beginning), he said, "I didn't know she was going to be this good." A little later, she said to the audience, "See—you did get something for your money." That said it for me, and it wasn't even my money.

Afterwards, outside in the street, the crowds were as big as they always are (the theater is the same one where Burton plays Hamlet), trying to glimpse Richard and Elizabeth. I read in the paper that Richard said it is a mystery to him why the crowds are there every night. "At first I thought the somewhat illicit quality of our relationship before we were married was bringing them," he told a reporter from the Times. "We assumed that once we were married it would stop."

At this point Elizabeth Taylor apparently popped in and said, "That doesn't have anything to do with it, darling. You're the one they're coming to see. You're the Frank Sinatra of Shakespeare."

"The what?" said Richard.

"I said the Frank Sinatra of Shakespeare," said Elizabeth.

"Oh come now," he said, "get ahold of yourself, luv."

All for now—
Agnes

P.S. I don't miss college one bit.

TELEVISION

Nielsen's Newest

CBS thinks Barbra Streisand is "the major star to come on the horizon in the last five years." So last week, after an arduous courtship of her and an all-out battle with rival suitors, the network was happy to announce a ten-year marriage contract.

To make her television appearances exclusively theirs, the network gave Barbra $5,000,000 and the longest-working contract in television history. She can do as little or as much as she likes, and she has that favorite clause—prized more in the concept than in the execution—giving her "artistic control."

Barbra, who will start out with three "specials" over the next two years, seemed faintly bored by it all. "It's O.K. I guess," she said. "But you can live just as well on $50,000 as on $300,000—you know what I mean? I mean how many cars can you have?" As of now, Barbra has none.

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

Auto-Intoxication in Los Angeles

For many a sun-worshiping Southern Californian, the thick, eye-irritating blanket that often covers Los Angeles and has already pushed past the mountains into the San Fernando Valley is almost a way of life. The acrid murk is concocted in the area's own natural pressure cooker. A pair of the state's most abundant resources, sunshine and automobiles, cooperate on the job.

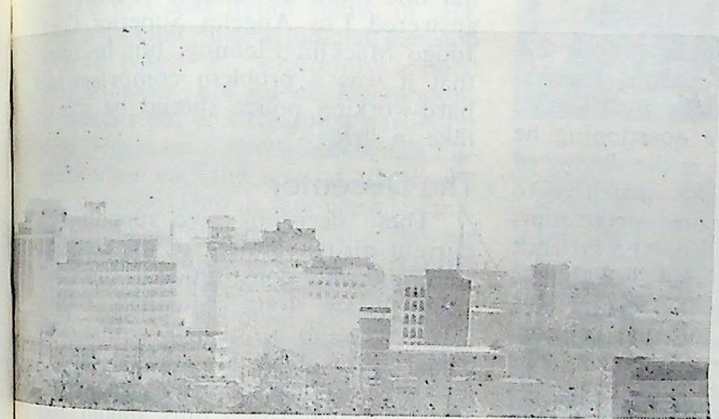
Daily, 10,000 tons of chemical compounds—hydrocarbons and nitrogen oxides—pour from 3.5 million exhaust pipes. When there is no breeze, and the exhaust-laden air is trapped in the mountain-rimmed Los Angeles basin, the bright Southern California sunshine, which could be expected to burn off a simple, old-fashioned fog, goes to work on the invisible gases until a giant photochemical reaction takes place. The pallid, evil-smelling vapor that results is known as smog.

New & Expensive. California has just taken a small but hopeful step toward bringing the blue back to its skies. The state Motor Vehicle Pollution Control Board approved four "afterburner" devices to help eliminate unburned hydrocarbons from auto exhausts. All 1966 cars sold next year in California must be equipped with one of the approved devices; later they will probably be mandatory for old cars as well. The prices will be enough to bring tears to the eyes of California car owners even on smog-free days: factory-installed jobs will add up to $120 to the cost of a new car, while installation on used cars may run as much as $81.50. In addition, it will probably cost as much as $42.50 a year to keep the afterburners tuned up and functioning efficiently. Even then, how well the devices will work is not certain. Smog officials point out that laboratory tests are not the same as everyday use in the public's poorly maintained and carelessly managed cars.

Los Angeles, California's smog capital, has been trying for years to get rid of its trapped pollution. Since 1957, the state Air Pollution Control District has prohibited the 1,500,000 backyard rubbish burners that produced 600 tons of acrid smoke a day. It extinguished dump fires, went after smoking factory chimneys, enforced a stiff set of regulations that kept oil refineries from letting more than a trickle of smoke and fumes escape into the air. These measures did some good. For one thing, they changed the color and character of the smog. Los Angeles smog is still maddeningly irritating to the eyes, but now, at least it is "clean," a glaring whitish color with practically no soot or smoke particles in it.

But in spite of the banishment of smoke and soot, Los Angeles smog has grown progressively worse, and the same kind of air pollution has appeared in other parts of California. Chemist Philip A. Leighton of Stanford University believes that unless something drastic is done, smog will soon shroud most of the inhabited parts of the state. Other even gloomier prophets foresee a California unfit for human life.

Smart & Switch. Somehow the state must learn how to get along while burning less smog-producing fuel. This could be accomplished by shifting to atomic energy for the generation of electric power and by setting up efficient public transportation to clear the clogged freeways. Radical smog fighters have even dared to suggest that Californians might some day soon be persuaded to drive smaller, less powerful and more practical cars. But big cars, like smog, are a big part of California living, and most Californians would rather smart than switch.



JULIAN WASS

LOS ANGELES, SMOG-BOUND & IN THE CLEAR
High in the sky, gigantic reaction

GENETICS

Radiation Won't Kill the Race

Mice had good news for men this week. Reporting on the results of a six-year study of the effects of radiation on mice, Dr. John Frederick Spalding, 44, of the University of California's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, said that radiation may not be the genetic bugaboo it has been made out. In a nuclear world, man may survive, and even continue to look like man—whatever the mistakes of soldiers and diplomats.

Starting with a brother-sister pair of mice in the "mouse house" at Los Alamos, Geneticist Spalding raised generation after generation of mice, the equivalent of 900 years of mankind. When the males of one line of Spalding's mice were about 26 days old, they were dosed with one-third the amount of X rays that would have been necessary to kill them—as much as they could take and still reproduce. Females were not irradiated since a similar dose would have left them sterile.

Once a male was irradiated, he was caged with his sisters; the resulting litters were carefully studied and the young males were irradiated before they were allowed to breed. Another line of mice, a control group, received no radiation at all. Then 32 generations of both radiated and non-radiated mice were carefully inbred to accumulate evidence of genetic damage as rapidly as possible. For all the obvious differences between mice and men, the genetic mechanics in all mammals are the same, and in humans and mice the genetic material is basically alike.

Spalding found that irradiated mice matured at a greater age, were fertile longer, had more conceptions and more litters than normal mice. But in the irradiated mice the litters were smaller, more babies were stillborn, and more were cannibalized by the parents. Except for a few cases of hydrocephalus, Spalding found no malformed offspring in 32 generations; on the other hand, the non-radiated control group developed a strain of bald mice that was a spontaneous mutation.

"I do not want to imply that irradiation does not cause genetic damage," says Spalding, "because it does. But the damage is eliminated through lethality and by natural genetic processes. Though there were more stillbirths and smaller litters, the fact that the irradiated mice remained productive over a longer period and actually produced more offspring is an apparent attempt by nature to compensate. If the human race is to eliminate itself genetically, it will probably have to look for a more effective method than radiation."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SUPREME COURT

ıssports for Communists

Editorial writers and columnists ross the nation echoed a familiar com- aint: the Supreme Court, they said, ıs being soft on Communists. By a te of 6 to 3 last week, the court ruled at Congress had exceeded its power forbidding passports to all U.S. Com- ınists. Disturbing as their *decision* was many Americans, the majority of the stices were *not* ruling on the nature of *ommunism* or *its* threat to the U.S.;

AP

PARTY CHAIRMAN FLYNN
Winning the right to travel.

hat bothered them was one single par- raph in the *Subversive Activities Con- ol Act of 1950.*

Severe Sanction. Section 6 of the act ovided that any member of a Com- unist-action, Communist-front, or ommunist-infiltrated organization who es a U.S. passport, or even applies r one, is guilty of a felony and pun- hable by a maximum $10,000 fine and e years in prison. In early 1962, sev- al months after Section 6 became law, e State Department revoked the pass- orts of leading American Communists, cluding those of Party Chairman Eliz- eth Gurley Flynn, 74, and Herbert ptheker, 48, editor of the Communist onthly *Political Affairs*. Miss Flynn nd Aptheker sued the State Depart- ent, charging an unconstitutional dep- vation of their rights. After a federal istrict court upheld State's action, they ppealed to the Supreme Court.

Speaking for the majority, Justice Ar- hur Goldberg found a great deal wrong ith Section 6. It penalized a person or his associations rather than for his cts, warned Justice Goldberg. And it ailed to consider that even a Commu- ist might want to travel abroad for no nore sinister purpose than "to read rare manuscripts in the Bodleian Library of Oxford University." So cautious is the court about reversing acts of Congress hat it has done so only nine times in he past 28 years. But because Section 6 "sweeps too widely and too indiscrimi- nately across the liberty guaranteed in the Fifth Amendment," the court in- voked its most powerful sanction and declared the section unconstitutional.

Bibliophile Alibi. Even as it swept away Section 6, the court intimated that Congress could write a new law which would pass constitutional muster. "The appellants in this case," said the court pointedly, "should not be required to assume the burden of demonstrating that Congress could have written a stat- ute which might constitutionally have prohibited their travel."

Justice Tom Clark, joined by Justices Harlan and White in dissenting, was puzzled. "Which Communist Party mem- ber is worthy of trust?" he asked. "Since the party is a secret, conspiratorial or- ganization subject to rigid discipline by Moscow, the Congress merely deter- mined that it was not wise to take the risk which foreign travel by Commu- nists entailed."

Confessions from Suspects

One January evening in 1960 a 22-year-old laborer named Danny Escobe- do was taken into custody by Chicago police. Under intensive questioning he confessed to complicity in the slaying of his brother-in-law. He was sentenced to 20 years in prison for first-degree mur- der. Escobedo appealed on the grounds that the police had refused his requests to allow him to consult his lawyer dur- ing the interrogation and that his con- fession had not been voluntary. The Illinois Supreme Court agreed that the confession was involuntary and reversed his conviction; then the state asked for a rehearing, persuaded the court to re- verse itself and uphold the sentence.

New Rules. Last week, in a ruling that will cause profound changes in American criminal procedures, the U.S. Supreme Court reversed Danny's con- viction. In last year's landmark *Gideon* v. *Wainwright* decision, the court held that every defendant in a state or fed- eral criminal trial is entitled to counsel. In Danny's case, the court extended the *Gideon* principle and ruled that a per- son is entitled to consult with counsel as soon as an investigation makes him a prime suspect.

Taking note of warnings that giving suspects such a right to counsel would greatly diminish the number of confes- sions obtained by police between arrest and formal indictment, Justice Gold- berg, who wrote the five-man majority opinion, said, "This argument cuts two ways. The fact that many confessions are obtained during this period points up its critical nature at a stage when legal aid and advice are surely needed." Law enforcement "which comes to de- pend on the confession," declared Jus- tice Goldberg, "will, in the long run, be less reliable and more subject to abuses than a system which depends on ex- trinsic evidence independently secured through skillful investigation. If the ex- ercise of constitutional rights will thwart the effectiveness of a system of law en- forcement, then there is something very wrong with that system."

Strong Dissents. The four dissenting justices felt very strongly that there was something wrong with the majority's reasoning. The new ruling is unwork- able, said Justice Byron White, "unless police cars are equipped with public de- fenders." Said Justice John Marshall Harlan: "I think the rule is most ill- conceived and that it seriously and un- justifiedly fetters perfectly legitimate methods of criminal law enforcement."

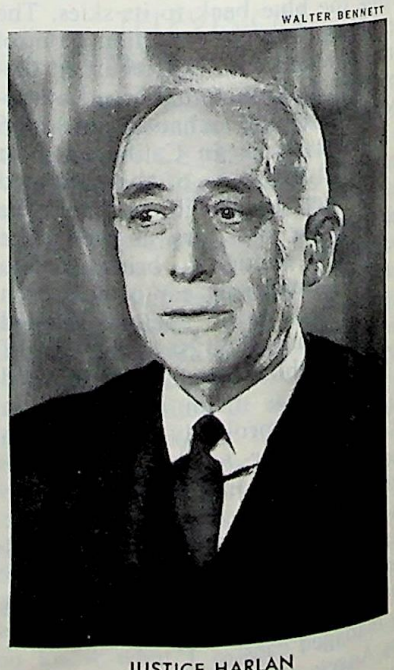
Across the country, the dissenters' worries were echoed by police and pros- ecutors alike. "Naturally we would like to talk to a person before his lawyer does," said Houston Police Chief Hob- son McGill, "because we know that many a lawyer is unscrupulous and will advise his client to say nothing, even when he knows that his client is guilty." The ruling, sighed Los Angeles County Counsel John Collins, "gives the crimi- nal one more advantage." Perhaps so, answered Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Macklin Fleming, but he added that it was a problem competent and hard-working police should be able to take in stride.

The Dissenter

"These decisions give support to a current mistaken view of the Constitu- tion and the constitutional function," said Justice John Marshall Harlan. "This view, in a nutshell, is that every major social ill in this country can find its cure in some constitutional 'princi- ple,' and that this Court should 'take the lead' in promoting reform when other branches fail to act.

"If the time comes when this Court is looked upon by well-meaning people —or, worse yet, by the Court itself— as the repository of all reforms, I think

WALTER BENNETT



JUSTICE HARLAN
Judge of judges.

Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

the seeds of trouble are being sown for this institution."

Justice Harlan, in this instance, was addressing himself to the court's redistricting ruling (TIME, June 26), but his scarcely concealed scorn could apply to much of the Court's recent activity.

Harlan's frequent dissents are his creed; he is the disciple of judicial restraint on a court that he finds increasingly willing to reshape just about everything that comes to its attention. In the judicial year that ended last week, Harlan wrote 20 dissenting opinions, twice as many as any other Justice. The year before, he wrote 22 dissents. Sometimes Harlan is supported in them by Justices White, Clark and Stewart, but he is regularly beaten by the five so-called "activists": Chief Justice Warren and Justices Douglas, Black, Brennan and Goldberg.

Harlan, now 65, might have come to his contrariness by inheritance; he is the grandson of the first Justice John Marshall Harlan (1833-1911), the Supreme Court's "Great Dissenter" (316 dissents in 33 years). But Harlan's opposition to Court trends stems, in fact, from his belief that a judicial decision must be based on "uniformly applied legal principle, not on *ad hoc* notions of what is right or wrong in a particular case." The main difference between Justice Harlan and the rest of the court, says a former Harlan law clerk, is that he "is confined by what he considers his limited role, which is to apply statutes as he thinks Congress meant them."

The role of the dissenter seems not to be a happy one. Court observers notice that Harlan reads his opinions in an increasingly snappish tone. But he has never yet let his displeasure with the majority's reasoning disturb his own judicious approach to cases he is considering. Last month when Harvard University honored him with a doctorate, it saluted him as "a judge's judge."

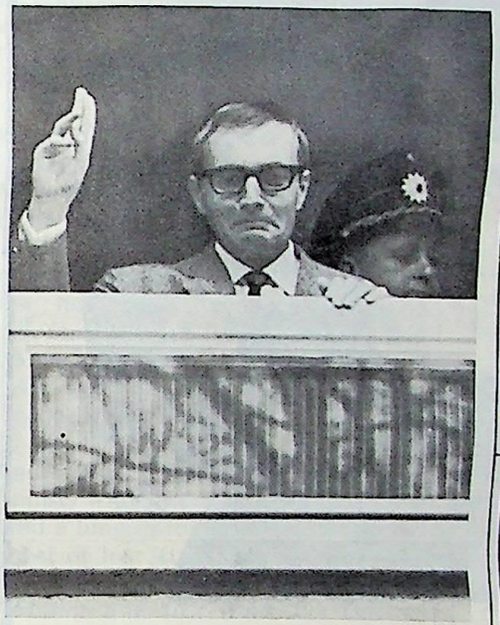
CRIMINAL PROCEDURE

Reform in West Germany

"No one wants to hinder the course of justice, but must it run amok?" The language of Hamburg's Welt am Sonntag was inordinately strong, but then the German press and public had taken an inordinately long time to get upset. The cause of the outcry was an old German legal custom called *Untersuchungshaft* (investigative arrest), which has its roots in Roman law and allows a prosecutor to jail a mere suspect for years—so long as he can convince a judge that the man might flee the country or tamper with evidence and witnesses.

Sensational Arrests. Germans are distressingly familiar with *Untersuchungshaft*; it inevitably became a favorite Gestapo tactic. But only recently, as the result of a number of sensational investigative arrests, has a reform movement been started. Half a dozen ranking executives of West Germany's big Henschel Werke (locomotives, trucks, land movers) have been jailed on suspicion of defrauding the West German Defense Ministry, including President Fritz-Aurel Goergen, who was hauled away from a banquet honoring Chancellor Ludwig Erhard (TIME, May 8). Germany's biggest clothing manufacturer, Alfons Müller-Wipperfürth, was grabbed from a hospital bed and jailed on suspicion of tax evasion. In 1962, after Germany's saucy newsmagazine *Der Spiegel* questioned West Germany's military preparedness, police jailed Publisher Rudolf Augstein and five other *Spiegel* staffers on suspicion of treason. Released within three months, they still have not been formally charged.

Executives are not the *only* ones arrested. Roughly *50,000* Germans are arrested *each* year for investigation, and each spends an average 71 days

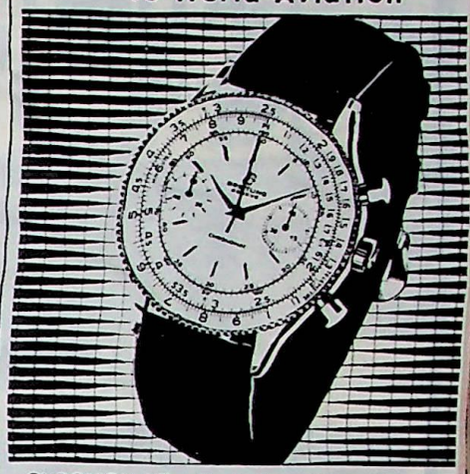


PUBLISHER AUGSTEIN UNDER ARREST
Curbing a favorite Gestapo tactic.

in jail. Less than 4% of those convicted are sentenced to terms longer than the time they have already served, yet there is no compensation for prisoners who have outserved their sentences. A suspect is usually jailed with convicts and may not see his lawyer alone.

Only the Beginning. In a unanimous gesture almost without parallel in postwar Germany, the Bundestag last week passed a bill that does not abolish investigative arrest but will certainly curb its abuses. The bill now goes to the Bundesrat (upper house), where it is certain to be quickly approved. Once the new law is in effect, before a judge may permit a suspect to be jailed the prosecutor must submit concrete factual evidence that the suspect intends to flee or tamper with testimony. A suspect will be guaranteed the right to refuse to testify against himself, the opportunity to refute the charges at the initial hearing, and the privilege of private consultation with his lawyer. More important, leading German legislators regard the bill as only the beginning in overhauling the country's archaic legal system.

BREITLING
Appointed Watch Manufactur
to World Aviation



CHRONOMAT. Exclusive slide rule chron graph; solves complicated mathematic and engineering problems; multiplicatio division, ratios, interest, percentages, spee averages, etc. Stainless steel, gold filled 18 ct. gold.

The BREITLING COSMONAUT NAV TIMER was used in the May 1962 orbit flight around the earth. This is the be testimonial for Breitling precision tim pieces.

WRITE FOR BROCHURE

Breitling Watch Co. (Far East
(H. CHEONG — LEEN & CO
310 Yu To Sang Building, Hong Ko

IF YOU DEMAND BETTER BANKING SERVICE

Our 66 years of banking service have contributed to the industrial development and economic growth of Japan. And we too have expanded and kept up with the trend of the times during this period. Today our worldwide network of 130 domestic branches, 3 overseas offices and 1200 overseas correspondents is ready to give you the benefits of our vast experience and complete facilities by providing you with the kind of efficient personalized better banking service *you* have been looking for.

NIPPON KANGYO BANK
Head Office: Hibiya, Tokyo

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Hari

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CATHAY PACIFIC
knows the Orient best!

HONG KONG

one of the 17 major cities served by CATHAY PACIFIC

The fabled cities of the Orient are but a few happy hours apart when you travel on board Cathay Pacific's mighty Convair jet and Electra prop-jet aircraft. Experienced pilots, gourmet food and wines, and charming Oriental hostesses combine to offer you the finest in Orient travel.

Serving: HONG KONG . BANGKOK . BRUNEI CALCUTTA . DJAKARTA . JESSELTON . KUALA LUMPUR . MANILA . OSAKA/KYOTO . PHNOM PENH . RANGOON . SAIGON . SEOUL SINGAPORE . TAIPEI . TOKYO . VIENTIANE

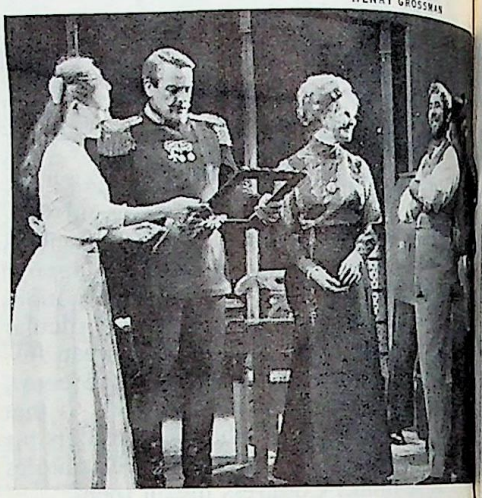
CATHAY PACIFIC

USA—128

Joyless in Purgatory

The Three Sisters. If the Hemingway hero was the man to whom things happened, the Chekhov hero and heroine are people to whom nothing happens. His *Sisters* exist in a sad purgatory of might-have-beens and never-will-bes. Masha (Kim Stanley), married at 18 to a bureaucratic clod, alternately tongue-lashes him as a clownish bore and lapses broodily into tears. Irina (Shirley Knight) has made a hysterical religion of work. Olga (Geraldine Page) is a kind of involuntary nun of duty, serving joylessly as the local school headmistress. The cultured, well-educated sis-

HENRY GROSSMAN



CAST OF "THREE SISTERS"*

Small sinners, great talkers.

ters are too weak to demand life on their own terms, too proud to beg for it, and too honorable to steal happiness on the sly. They dream of going to Moscow, the perennial illusion of the despairing that life is more real, rich and exciting somewhere else.

It is Chekhov's comic irony to show how sorry his characters feel for themselves. It is his genius for finding the human pulse to make playgoers feel sorry for them too. But if a masterpiece may have a flaw, it is perhaps that Chekhov tries to make pathos do the work of tragedy. If the sisters and the men around them draw their breath in pain, they rarely raise a finger against fate. They are small sinners and great talkers. Masha comes closest to making a breakthrough to life by falling in love with an unhappily married colonel (Kevin McCarthy).

This Actors Studio production attains a sense of loneliness, emptiness, inertia, and the parched, anguishing inability to enjoy life but only from moment to moment rather than continuously. Chekhov is the drama's Chopin, fragile, lyrical, nocturnal, romantic, ineffably sad. This mood music hovers in the air of this Broadway revival, but it does not permeate the play.

* Shirley Knight, Kevin McCarthy, Geraldine Page, Gerald Hiken and Kim Stanley.

CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

You read advertising news in these columns

So do millions of others.

If you have a product that is news...which people should be interested in, why not tell them about it here? Ask for information from...

TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o People's Stores Corp. (Ava House), 232 Sule Pagoda Road, Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1580, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$400; 3 yrs, NT$800; 5 yrs, NT$1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE (Int'l) Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, $11.25; 3 yrs, U.S.$22.50; 5 yrs, U.S.$33.75), TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

Time Inc. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Maurice L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, C. D. Jackson; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice Presidents and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Auer, Clay Buckhout, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar Poe Berdeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Arthur R. Murphy, Howard P. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Treasurer, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

MILESTONES

Married. Margaret Ann Goldwater, 20, younger of Barry's two girls; and Richard Arlen Holt, 26, junior executive with California's Wilshire Oil Co.; at Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Phoenix.

Married. Peter Duchin, 26, society bandleader, who inherited the low-keyed piano style and the high-toned following of his late father, Eddy Duchin; and Cheray Zauderer, 23, Manhattan socialite; she for the second time; in Manhattan.

Married. Stirling Moss, 34, peerless driver of racing cars until his near-fatal crack-up in 1962; and Elaine Barbarino, 24, pretty brunette daughter of a New York contractor, Moss's constant companion and helpmate since the accident; both for the second time; in Hertfordshire, England.

Married. Ethel Merman, 54, Broadway's *Gypsy*; and Ernest Borgnine, 47, Hollywood's *Marty*; she for the fourth time, he for the third; in Hollywood.

Married. Sir Frank Packer, 57, Australian newspaper tycoon, owner of *Gretel*, unsuccessful 1962 challenger for the America's Cup; and Florence Porges, 49, Australian socialite; both for the second time; in London.

Died. Frank Scully, 72, author and columnist, who lost a leg to osteomyelitis and a lung to tuberculosis but made the most of his 30 years in and out of hospitals by writing *Fun in Bed*, *Bedside Manna* and *Just What the Doctor Ordered*, three bestsellers of the '30s that combined puzzles, good-humored jokes and vignettes for bedsore patients; of a heart attack; in Palm Springs, Calif.

Died. John Donald Ferguson, 74, editor of the Milwaukee Journal from 1943 to 1961, who, with its late publisher Harry Grant, built the Journal into one of the Midwest's biggest, richest and most respected papers; of head injuries sustained in a fall; in Milwaukee. Ferguson believed that a paper should be responsible for every word it prints—and so he banned all syndicated columnists, snorting that they print "the yakety-yak that fills the room after the fourth dry martini."

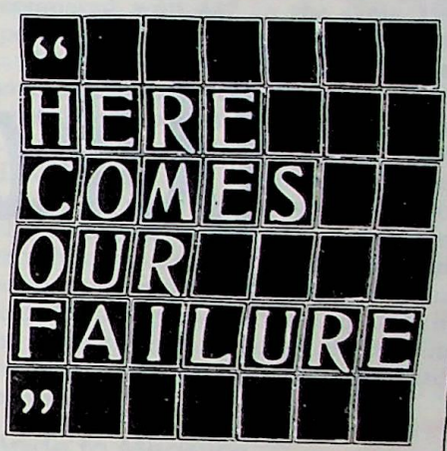
Died. Clarence Frederick Lea, 89, longtime (1916-1948) Democratic Congressman from northern California, an ardent believer in Government regulation of industry, who co-authored bills expanding the Pure Food and Drug Act and establishing the Civil Aeronautics Authority, won his greatest success in 1946 with a law, upheld by the Supreme Court, curbing Music Union Czar James C. Petrillo and his outrageously featherbedding musicians; in Santa Rosa, Calif.

Electronics / Telecommunications

NEC

Nippon Electric Company Limited

P.O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan



These words were once spoken of France's Jean Anouilh by a director of acknowledged ability—and doubtful foresight. TIME quoted him in a searching article on the playwright. Just such commentary gives TIME's features on famous people authenticity and bite. It's in evidence throughout the wide ranging Show Business section, which gleans theatrical news from every corner of the world. Small wonder millions of families around the world read TIME. It keeps them up-to-date on the very business there's no business like.

AN AMERICAN EDUCATION for Children Living Abroad

KINDERGARTEN — EIGHTH GRADE

Wherever you may be, you can give your child an American education in your own home! Approved Calvert Courses come to you by mail. Helpful step-by-step instructions guide your teaching. Children may start any time, transfer easily to American schools.

The courses are kept up to date by continuous pretesting in Calvert's laboratory-school in Baltimore. Emphasis is on the three R's and cultural subjects. Calvert Courses are ideal for enriching the educational experience of the above-average child. 59th year. Non-profit. Catalog.

The School That Comes to You

CALVERT SCHOOL

287 Tuscany Rd. Baltimore 10, Md.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

You have a copy of TIME in your hands right now, so you're sure of being informed of what the world is doing this week.

But what about *next* week?

If TIME doesn't come to your home each week addressed personally to you, there may be weeks when it's inconvenient—or impossible—to get a copy.

The most convenient way to assure TIME for yourself *every* week is to become a subscriber.

You needn't fill out any forms or send money abroad to get TIME by subscription. Your local subscription dealer will be pleased to handle all details for you.

He'll see to it that TIME with its wealth of news will come regularly each week to your home.

Or you may send your payment direct to TIME at the address shown for your country in the rate column which appears in a front page of this issue.

Jain Kangri Collection, Haridwar

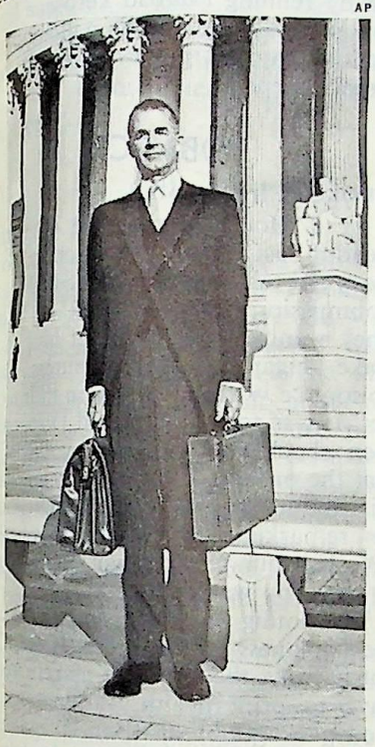
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MERGERS

New Powers for Trustbusters

Out of the competitive economics of baby food jars and beer cans, aluminum cable and sodium chlorate, the U.S. Supreme Court is fashioning a broad extension of the Government's trustbusting powers. In two decisions last week, and a third in the past month, the court looked sternly upon mergers, whether in the same or in rival industries; it also raised new barriers against the acquisition of smaller competitors or the form-

AP



SOLICITOR GENERAL COX
Making it hard to concentrate.

ing of joint ventures. In effect, it put corporate giants on notice that most future growth must come from within rather than by merger.

Main points of the court's rulings:

▶ *Major companies will find it tougher to initiate joint ventures.* Last week's case in point involved the Penn-Olin Chemical Co., set up on a fifty-fifty basis by Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp. and Pennsalt Chemicals in 1960 to make sodium chlorate for use in the pulp and paper industry. A lower court had dismissed a complaint against the creation of the firm. But the Supreme Court said, in effect, that companies cannot enter joint ventures if there was a "reasonable probability" that either would have gone into the line of business alone. While the case was sent back to the lower court for new evidence of that probability, Associate Justice Tom C. Clark declared for the 6-3 majority that "the same considerations apply to joint ventures as to mergers."

▶ *A major manufacturer cannot acquire the producer of a different but possibly competitive product.* Specifically, the court disapproved of the 1956 merger between Continental Can and Hazel-Atlas Glass, ruling 7-2 that Continental's cans and Hazel's bottles were not in separate industries but were all part of the "competitive overlap" in the packaging market.

▶ *In a highly concentrated industry, a large company may not acquire a relatively small competitor.* A month ago, the court held that Aluminum Co. of America violated antitrust laws by its 1959 acquisition of the Rome Cable Corp. Rome had only 1.3% of the aluminum cable market *v.* Alcoa's 27.8%. But Associate Justice William O. Douglas, writing the 6-3 majority opinion, applied a principle used in recent antimerger decisions: "If concentration is already great, the importance of preventing even slight increases in concentration is correspondingly great." Justice Department lawyers believe that the decision will help win similar cases against Kaiser Aluminum, which hopes to acquire U.S. Rubber's aluminum fabricating plant, and Kennecott Copper, which intends to merge with the cable-making Okonite Co.

The court's tougher line stems from the 1950 amendments to the Clayton Act, particularly to the broad and vaguely worded Section 7. It now prohibits a corporation from acquiring stock or assets of another "where in any line of commerce . . . the effect . . . may be substantially to lessen competition, or to tend to create a monopoly." In case after case, the trustbusters are applying Section 7 with success. It was the basis for the 1957 decision forcing Du Pont to sell its 23% of outstanding stock in General Motors; in the important 1962 Brown Shoe-Kinney case, the court used it to rule out a merger between a manufacturer and a retailer in the same line of business. During the past year, the court relied on Section 7 to break up bank mergers in Philadelphia and Lexington, Ky.

Justice Department lawyers boast that they have not lost any important antitrust case since 1953, and U.S. Solicitor General Archibald Cox has a string of 15 straight Supreme Court victories. "If I were in private practice," says a trustbusting lawyer, "I would advise my clients in concentrated industries that nearly any merger undertaken today is apt to be challenged successfully unless cleared with us beforehand."

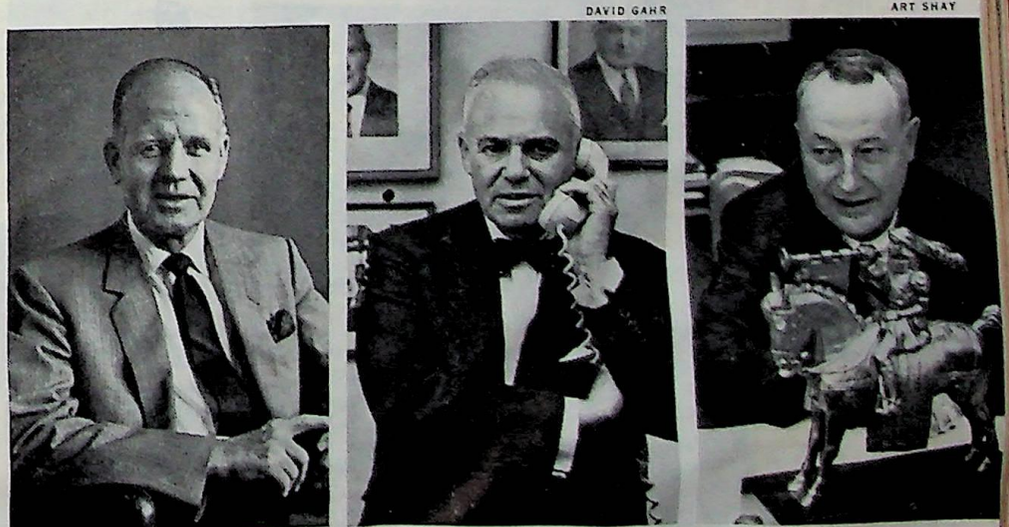
Nearly all businessmen do check first with the trustbusters, whose increased authority makes merging far more difficult but not impossible. There have been 667 mergers announced this year, compared with 482 in the same 1963 period, and every one has undergone at least preliminary Government scrutiny. In most cases, the trustbusters found that the companies were either too small or too diverse for them to take action. Instead, they zero in on bigger targets, where they feel that they have a good chance to win. Justice Department lawyers have a long list of investigations pending, have filed seven new suits this year, including several very big ones in the chemical and oil industries. Once in the Supreme Court, the busters are hard to beat.

Made to Measure

Fanciers of men's clothing may wonder who Hart, Schaffner and Marx really were. Well, late in the 19th century in Chicago, Max and Harry Hart, Joseph Schaffner and Marcus Marx pioneered as high-volume manufacturers of men's clothing ("One just price and just one price"). They brought out the first honest-to-goodness virgin-wool suits in 1900, and a tropical-weight suit in 1917. About the same time in Rochester, two other clothiers, Jeremiah Hickey and Jacob Freeman, were sewing up their own vested interests. Last week the two companies that these men founded joined hands across the rack in an

DAVID GAHR

ART SHAY



WALTER HICKEY — ALBERT FREEMAN — JOHN GRAY
Stitching together vested interests.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

$11 million stock-swapping merger deal.

The original Hart, Schaffner and Marx are long gone, but their publicly owned firm under President John D. Gray now does a $107 million manufacturing and retail business, has 101 stores in 43 cities, including Wallachs in Manhattan, Baskin in Chicago, and Stevens in New Orleans. Smaller Hickey-Freeman is still a private family firm, run by President Walter B. D. Hickey (son of Jeremiah) and Vice President Albert Freeman (nephew of *Jacob*).

As merger mates, the two companies are made to measure. While Hart Schaffner suits sell for $80 to $150, Hickey-Freeman specializes in the luxury brackets, with suits retailing at $150 to $235, sports coats at $110 to $215 and vicuna overcoats priced up to $550. Last year it sold $20 million worth of everything, including plenty in its own three stores—F. R. Tripler in Manhattan and Capper & Capper in Chicago and Detroit.

Now Hickey-Freeman will stitch on to Hart Schaffner as a subsidiary, get a drawerful of shares and some new outlets. Said Hart Schaffner's John Gray: "We have absolutely no plans for changing the product, distribution, policies or management of Hickey-Freeman." Certainly those familiar names on the labels will remain the same.

SERVICES

The Cleaner Cleans Up

One of the biggest cleanup operations in the world is run by Daniel Fraad Jr., 52, a onetime Brown University football standout and Columbia University anatomy instructor. He heads a company called Allied Maintenance, which, among other activities, sweeps and cleans offices, stores, auditoriums, airline terminals, ballparks. The 16,000 people who work for Fraad's publicly owned Allied do everything from tidying up Houston's Humble building to taking atomic waste away from the Yankee Electric plant at Rowe, Mass. "Minding other people's business" is the company's slogan, and in the fiscal year just past, its sales swept from $47 million to $60 million.

Fair Fight. Its most important contract, for an undisclosed sum in the millions, is to clean and maintain the grounds and many of the buildings at the New York World's Fair. Last week newspapers around the U.S. blossomed with stories about angry Fair exhibitors who charged that they were being taken to the cleaners by their cleaners. Some of them growled about exorbitant charges for such simple chores as unstopping a sink and emptying garbage. The most general complaint was against the high cost of temporary help, called in to perform specialized, emergency jobs. To get a carpenter on a short-term, hourly basis, exhibitors have to pay $11.51 an hour—and double time of $23.02 after 3:30 p.m.

Dan Fraad (rhymes with Claude) steadfastly denies the charges of overcharges. All his 3,885 workers at the Fair are paid the union-labor rates prevailing in New York, where costs might seem a bit steep to a foreigner or out-of-towner (sample: $93.40 a week for a porter). The only extraordinary charge is an 18% "idle-time fee" that Allied tacks on to the regular charges for its pool of 66 carpenters, mechanics and ironworkers who make hurry-up, emergency repairs. The extra is designed to compensate for the idle time between service calls. Fraad says that some of the displeased foreign exhibitors have their figures mixed; the Malaysian pavilion's director, for example, complained that he was paying $570 weekly for window washing—but the bill is actually $570 monthly. According to Fraad, Allied will make only fair profits on its Fair income: 2%.

Like Grandpa. All over the country, Allied is largely a middleman between companies that need maintenance help and the many unions that supply it; at the Fair alone, it deals with 35 unions. The company has been filling this unique need for three generations. It was started in 1888 by Danish Immigrant David Fraad, who contracted with the Pennsylvania Railroad to clean and fill lamps at its Jersey City terminal. Later, he and his four sons branched out, began cleaning offices, stores and the mansions of the Fricks, Rockefellers and Astors.

Grandson Dan Fraad started in the business at the end of a mop handle, is called "Junior" by his wife and friends. His chores are not all that different from Grandfather's, though on a much grander scale. The company that started out by refilling railroad kerosene lamps now pumps three million gallons of fuel per day into jet planes at major commercial airports.

TOBACCO

Smoke & Ire

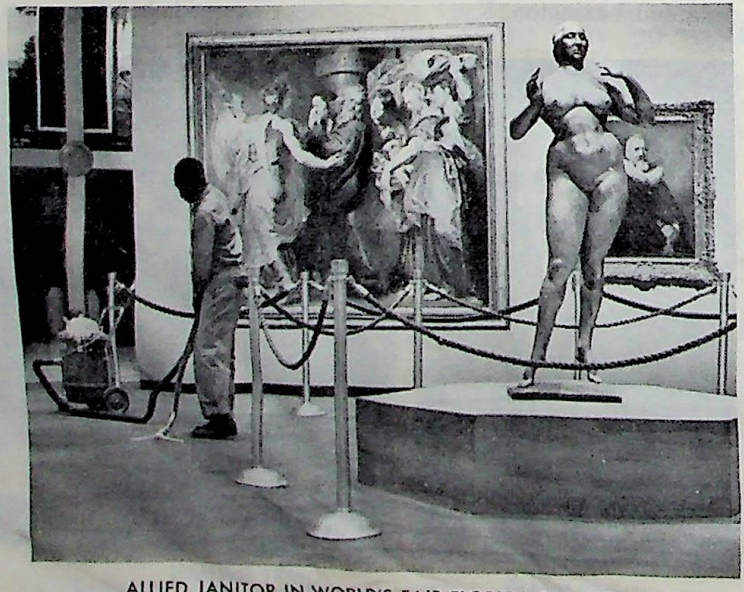
At a House Commerce Committee meeting last week, several critical Congressmen talked tough to Federal Trade Commission Chief Paul Rand Dixon. They wanted him to forget his plan to make cigarette manufacturers place poisonlike warning labels on their product. It was too late, replied Dixon, who then shocked everybody by disclosing that the order had already been written. Distributing copies to the Congressmen, he remarked somewhat sarcastically: "We had our printers working all night in case you wanted one."

The timing was surprising, and so was the harshness of the order. If the FTC got its way, the cigarette makers would have to print health warnings on all their packages by next Jan. 1, and write them into all advertisements by July 1, 1965. While the wording was left up to the companies, the FTC made clear that the messages would have to indicate clearly that "cigarette smoking is dangerous to health and may cause death from cancer and other diseases."

Speaking for the industry, Reynolds Tobacco Chairman Bowman Gray called the order "unwise, unwarranted." Tobacco men charged that the FTC had exceeded its authority, made plans to test the case in the courts. They got plenty of support from Southern Governors and Congressmen. Officials in the departments of Agriculture, Commerce and Health, Education and Welfare wondered whether they should have jurisdiction in the matter instead of the independent FTC—or whether any labeling rule should be enforced at all. Even some of the sharpest critics of the industry questioned the legality and propriety of the order. Surgeon General Luther Terry, whose fact-finding body triggered it all with the report last January on smoking and health, doubted that the FTC had jurisdiction, suggested that the matter be turned over to the Food and Drug Administration.

With a long dispute certain in the

DAVID GAHR



ALLIED JANITOR IN WORLD'S FAIR FLORIDA PAVILION
Proving neatness pays.

DANIEL FRAAD

Kanagri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LOVE BROWN LOEB MILLIGAN

Moving toward the big three questions.

courts and Congress, Dixon himself agreed that the FTC order would not take effect for years—if ever. Meanwhile, climbing sales of cigarettes showed that Americans may be enjoying it less now, but they are smoking more than before the Surgeon General's report.

OIL

A Lure for Pure

"We expect 1964 to be a difficult year," admitted Pure Oil Co. President Robert L. Milligan recently. He was more prescient than he suspected. Last week Pure Oil's board faced the difficult question of what to do about an attempt by a group of celebrated outsiders to buy the 50-year-old company for a walloping $700 million. Milligan and his managers are understandably apprehensive. The mechanics of the transaction are intricate, and how many of Pure Oil's present managers would stay on is uncertain.

High-Note Trio. For six months, reports of heavy secret purchases and an impending offer have swirled from Wall Street to Houston, pumped up Pure's stock from 41 to 54. Last week the identity of the bidders was finally disclosed when the offer was made to Pure Oil—without the usual advance sounding-out of the current management. Leading a syndicate of three major companies is Wall Street's Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co., which is headed by canny John Loeb Sr. The other two participants are: 1) Chairman George Love's profitably diversifying Consolidation Coal Co., which also owns a dominant 8% of Chrysler Corp., and 2) President Chester Brown's Allied Chemical Corp., the nation's fifth largest chemical producer. Having discreetly bought up almost 10% of Pure's scattered stock, Loeb, Rhoades is by far the biggest shareholder in the oil company, with an interest now worth $54 million.

The company that the syndicate is after has more promise than profit. Though Pure's sales in the last decade have almost doubled to $733 million, earnings have not kept pace with the general boom in the oil industry. Last year profits increased less than 3% to $30 million, and in this year's first quarter they were off 50% because of slow heating-oil sales and high charges for servicing the company's debt.

Crude Shortage. Pure Oil's problem has been too little production, too many gasoline wars. As old wells thinned out and not enough new ones were brought in to replace them, the company was forced to turn to competitors for two-thirds of the supplies for its gas stations. At the retail level, Pure also had to cut oil and gas prices to match competitors.

Chief Executive Milligan, 63, has been correcting the imbalances. In the last five years, Pure Oil has spent $230 million searching for oil from Beirut to Brisbane, has increased production 17%. Last year it brought in about two-thirds of the 137 wells it drilled. While building production, Milligan has been reducing costs. He has chopped Pure's marketing staff by 37%, shuttered or sold 1,800 unprofitable gas stations (leaving 16,300), and concentrated on selling such higher-profit products as premium gasoline and jet fuel.

Clever Plan. Now Milligan and his board are being asked to recommend that Pure's shareholders sell out. What the Loeb-Consolidation-Allied group hopes to bring off is a deal that is complex but fairly common in high finance. First, the group would buy Pure's assets for $700 million, using those same assets as collateral for loans to finance the transaction. Pure then would take the $700 million, use $90 million to pay off its funded debt, and distribute the rest to holders of its 10 million shares on a $60-per-share basis. Result: a form of liquidation. The Loeb group would set up a new company, with the shares divided equally among Loeb, Consolidation and Allied. By effecting the transfer of power in that way, Pure would not have to pay a corporate capital gains tax on the money it collects from the Loeb group.

Whether this clever deal will come off depends on the answers to three questions: Will stockholders bite? Will Milligan fight? If he does, how successful will he be? Waiting for the outcome, the bidders are bullish. "You know what they say about the oil business," grinned Joseph Oliver, a Consolidation vice president. "When it's good, it's great; and when it's lousy, it's still pretty darned good."

AVIATION

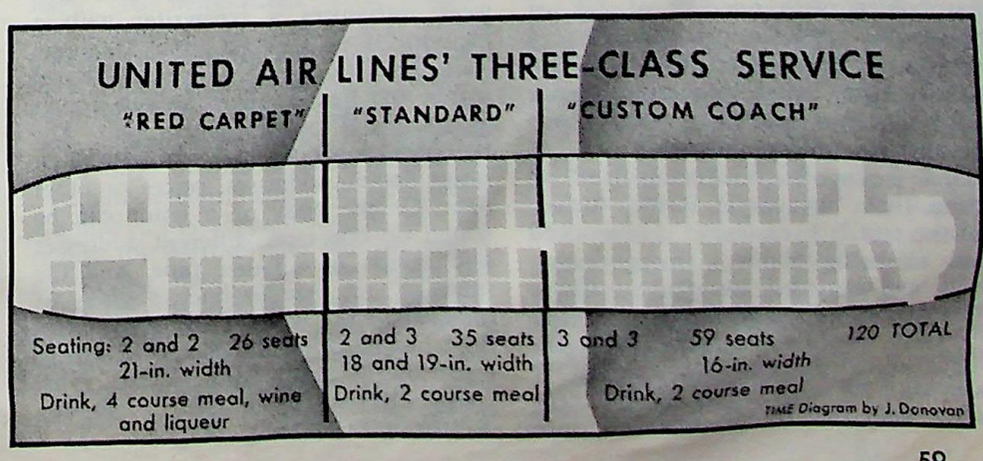
Lots of Class

Alas, the poor airline passenger. He has to choose from a bewildering array of fares that on New York to Miami flights alone spread out to hundreds of different price possibilities, including piston day coach, jet night coach (rear end), businessman's special and economy prop. Last week it became evident that the fare confusion would get cloudier before it gets clearer.

United Air Lines, which last year made a gallant try to bring order out of chaos by introducing "one-class," one-fare flights on many runs, reversed its thrust, asked the Civil Aeronautics Board for permission to begin three-class service in August. Should the CAB approve, as expected, United will become the first airline to offer first-class, "standard," and coach seats on transcontinental runs, will join TWA, American, and Continental Air Lines in three-class service on shorter flights.

United's one-class, which offered almost as much comfort but not as many frills as first-class, flew high at the start. But it leveled off after American and TWA were allowed to lower their first-class fares this year. From New York to Los Angeles, for example, the first-class fare including taxes dropped from $196.25 to $168.95 one-way, very close to the one-class $160.65.* On that coast-to-coast route in the future, the first-class fare will remain the same, United's one-class will become "standard," and coach will cost $152.36. With all that and many other fares to choose from, buying can be trying even if jetting is not upsetting.

* Despite some fare cuts, or more probably because they helped stimulate business, U.S. domestic trunk airlines earned $19 million in the first four months this year, *v.* a $10.5 million loss in the same span last year.



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CORPORATIONS

Spin at Sperry

Sperry Rand Corp. produces a range of goods from hay balers and electric shavers to gyroscopes and Univac computers, but lately it seems to be turning out people faster than anything else. The first notable exit was staged last fall by George M. Bunker, whose Martin Marietta Corp. had bought 800,000 Sperry shares with a view toward a merger that both companies appeared to want. Soon discovering that he could not get along with Sperry's top management, Bunker resigned as a director and sold off Martin's shares in what was the biggest single liquidation in Wall Street annals. A month ago, Sperry Executive Vice President Kenneth R. Herman retired and, in a rare move, sold all his 29,539 shares. This week Univac Division President Louis T. Rader leaves to become chief of the industrial electronics division at competing General Electric.

DAVID GAHR

HARRY VICKERS

What's wrong with better mousetraps?

This series of shifts and sales has focused attention on the man who has remained stolid and stationary, President Harry Vickers, 65. A self-made engineer, Vickers achieved success 40 years ago by inventing advanced hydraulic controls for trucks. He formed Vickers Manufacturing Co. and through a series of mergers ultimately came to the top of Sperry Rand. Today he controls the company because he is the largest shareholder, with one-half of 1% of the widely scattered stock, and has a permissive board that includes several friends. Even when General Douglas MacArthur was chairman, Vickers was the single-minded commander.

Luck & Layoffs. Vickers is fond of saying that "success is 92½% luck—and the rest is hard work." He worked hard to bring about a merger nine years ago between his Sperry Corp. and Remington Rand Corp., but the marriage has had uneven luck. Remington Rand attracted him because it was such an early leader in the computer field that its Univacs were once synonymous with computers. Like many companies, however, Sperry Rand found it easier to make than to market a good product. Cracks the departing Louis Rader: "Whoever said that if you build a better mousetrap the world will beat a path to your door was out of his cotton-picking mind."

Sperry has often been edged out by the superior selling drive of IBM, which has 75% of the market, and has paid Sperry $9,000,000 since 1956 for patent infringements. Though its late-model Univac IIIs and 1004s are rated among the best computers in the field, Sperry's Univac division trails in some key areas; General Electric, for example, is well ahead in the promising "process control" computers that can run pipeline systems or steel mills. Under Rader, Univac had made great progress toward closing the gaps, and thus his move to G.E. is a double blow.

At the same time, the company has been hit by the U.S.'s planned 10% reduction in defense orders. Sperry Rand counts on the Pentagon for half of its sales. In the past year its defense backlog has dropped 14% to $515 million, and it has laid off 300 engineers, as well as 1,300 production workers.

30% Drop. On the plus side, Sperry has made remarkable gains in its earnings by improving the servicing of its products and increasing business overseas. Vickers says that the company is now making money everywhere except in the brutally competitive typewriter and computer fields—but that Univac will be in the black by year's end. Recently the company announced that while last year's sales rose only fractionally to $1.28 billion, profits almost doubled to $26 million. That is still a lower rate of profit than competitors have, but the improvement might seem sufficient to please investors.

It has not. Gruff, slow-talking Harry Vickers charges that Wall Streeters have been knocking Sperry stock in hopes of buying it on the cheap. Wall Streeters, who think about as highly of Vickers as he does of them, reply that the stock has been hurt by the recent executive departures and divestitures. Last week Sperry stock closed at 14¾—off more than 30% since Jan. 1.

Typewriter with a Memory

The office-machine competition will become even hotter when IBM this week introduces a typewriter with a memory tape. Dubbed the "Magnetic Tape Selectric," it can store up typed words and figures, then tap out copies at up to 180 words per minute. The typewriter operator can also revise or insert names, addresses, prices or other data. Or the body of a letter can be stored on one tape, different addresses and inserts on another tape, and the machine can then produce a series of finished letters without the aid of human hands. Good for repetitive forms, legal briefs and contracts, the typewriter will rent for up to $233 a month, sell for up to $9,535.

PERSONALITIES

IN high school at Glen Clove, L.I., Samuel Riley Pierce Jr. wanted to be a songwriter: "It's one of those things you grow out of when you grow into others." He soon put away his unpublished scores, grew into law and government. Last week Lawyer Pierce, at 41, became the first Negro elected to the board of a major U.S. manufacturing company—U.S. Industries Inc., producer of automation equipment, with 1963 sales of $96 million. He is a partner in the Manhattan law firm that handles U.S. Industries' labor matters. A star halfback and Phi Beta Kappa student at Cornell, he later served as anti-trust counsel to the House Judiciary Committee, became a campaigning Republican, and in 1959 was appointed a judge in New York City. As trim as a college athlete, Pierce still finds time to teach a law course at New York University; last January he argued a civil rights case before the U.S. Supreme Court. A day after Pierce's election, the W. T. Grant chain also named a Negro as a director: Asa Spaulding, 61, president of the Negro-owned North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Co. (TIME, Feb. 7).

BEN MARTIN

SAMUEL PIERCE JR.

BOB BENYAS

PAUL LORENZ

FORD MOTOR CO.'s problem is to make the Mercury rise in Detroit's hotly competitive climate. Last week Henry Ford II picked a man for the job, promoting Paul Francis Lorenz, 47, from assistant general manager of the Lincoln-Mercury Division to vice president and chief of the whole division. He replaces Ben Mills, 49, one of the original Whiz Kids, who was moved up to vice president in charge of Ford Motor purchasing. A Phi Bete (Chicago, '41), Lorenz is a finance-trained protégé of former Ford President Robert McNamara, was his personal assistant for three years, even wears his hair slicked back like McNamara's. "I had the rare opportunity to see at first hand an unequaled standard of management excellence," says Lorenz, himself an articulate and analytical executive. Now that his division's Comet and luxury Lincoln are running smoothly, he will concentrate on tuning up the medium-priced Mercury. Hoping to emulate the success of competing Pontiac, he wants to give Mercury a distinctive "personality," offer a wider range of models.

Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WESTERN EUROPE

Bears on the Bourse

Western Europe at midyear is a sight to behold—especially through the eyes of the businessman. In the seventh straight year of boom, the Common Market is producing 11% more steel and 10% more autos than last year. Clamoring consumers have created shortages of such an everyday product as beefsteak. Almost everyone seems to be earning more and spending more than ever before. By most measures, Europe continues to expand faster than the U.S.

But one thing seems strange: while business snorts bullishly, Europe's stock markets are bearish. At the same time that the U.S. market set an alltime high last week, with the Dow-Jones industrials closing at 830.99, Europe's markets were in the doldrums. More and more businessmen found themselves in the position of France's Arnaud de Vogüé, president of the St. Gobain glassmaking giant, who reported that profits are up 45% for the year but that the company's stock has dropped 12.5% in the past eight months.

Political Fears. Since Jan. 1, the Zurich market has plunged more than 10%, the Paris Bourse 20%, the Milan Borsa 35%. West German stocks have dropped 10% in the last ten weeks. Why the decline? In many cases, investors have paid less heed to the bright business picture than to present or prospective problems in politics. Italy's stocks have fallen steadily since the government nationalized electric utilities two years ago. In Britain, fears of nationalization moves in the event of a Labor victory have depressed steel shares. New tax laws have also chipped at stocks. Belgium is now taxing all dividends, and West Germany has frightened many investors by proposing a 25% capital gains tax on stock sales by foreigners.

Another depressant is Europe's inflation, and government measures to curb it. De Gaulle's "Stabilization Plan" froze prices but not labor costs, thus pinched profits and further reduced industry's short supplies of expansion capital. In Italy the government has tightened credit to slow Europe's worst inflation. Says Fiat Vice Chairman Giovanni Agnelli: "There's such a shortage of investment capital now that many industrialists are selling shares at any price to get money."

Mutual Suspicion. Buyers are few, for European businessmen still have a royalist attitude toward broad public ownership by modest investors. A few Swiss chemical shares sell for $10,000 apiece, and no effort is made to split them to widen ownership. Hoping to keep out of the public eye, Belgium's biggest producers of chemicals, matches, beer and sugar do not even list their shares on the Brussels Bourse. The tradition of secrecy is stronger than the desire to attract mattress money; European companies commonly report only the skimpiest information about profits or forthcoming products. The suspicion is mutual. Many newcomers to Europe's almost affluent middle class prefer to put their money *into* tangible goods and real estate instead of stock certificates. Only one out of 40 Europeans owns common stock, compared with one in ten in the U.S.

The stock slump makes it difficult for European businessmen to raise cash by floating new issues. But except for the worried Italians, most business leaders do not think that the market situation will slow Europe's economy by much. More than a few welcome at least some decline from what they had thought were previously inflated prices.

WEST GERMANY

Hot Route in the Cold War

Flying some of the cold war's hottest routes, Pan American World Airways meets political turbulence as often as the natural kind. Pan Am hardly inaugurated its new thrice-weekly New York-Berlin service before Moscow thundered that the nine-hour jet flights violated four-power agreements on Berlin and warned darkly that it could not be responsible for any dire consequences. Predictably, the airline kept right on flying last week, and the Communists did nothing.

Although the Russians have long harassed Pan Am's flights from eight West German cities through the 110-mile air corridor to Berlin, its Berlin run has become one of the most traveled, most curious and most profitable air services in the world. Pan Am's internal German service is the biggest of three flown into Berlin by the Western allies (the West Germans are banned by the four-power treaty); British European Airways and Air France also operate into the divided city. The U.S. flag carrier gets 60% of the business, largely because it has the most flights. Currently, Pan Am has 44 round trips daily, hauls 2,000,000 passengers a year. The load factor is an airman's dream: 70%.

Tourists & Tinsel. Business generates itself. To demonstrate West Berlin's viability, the West German government encourages festivals and scientific seminars there; and to stimulate travel, it pays the airline subsidies up to 30% on each ticket. West Berlin businessmen, doing 80% of their business outside the city, shuttle continuously by air to West Germany. For foreign tourists in Germany, the Berlin Wall has become a sightseeing must. Pan Am, flying 15 older DC-6Bs that are more economical than Air France's Caravelles or BEA's Viscounts, profits handsomely on yearly revenues of around $15 million.

There are lumps in all that gravy.

WEST BERLIN CARTOON*

Some lumps in all that gravy.

Pilots descending toward Tempelhof airfield at night have been deliberately and dangerously blinded by East German spotlights. Their navigational aids, essential in a political corridor only 20 miles wide, have been knocked out by tinsel strewn from Russian planes. Worst of all, MIG fighters have buzzed the commercial planes or escorted them wing tip to wing tip in an effort to unnerve pilots. "Crisis," sighs one Pan Am executive, "is a way of life."

Beards & Banns. To keep morale flying high in that way of life, Pan Am operates its "airline within an airline" with reckoned informality and a tolerant disregard for some rules that bind most other air crews. The 166 flight crewmen, some of whom have flown the Berlin run for more than a decade, have a certain derring-do, and Pan Am even allows them to cultivate combat-veteran beards. The 109 German stewardesses are permitted to fly after they marry. Indeed, many are married to their own pilots.

* Khrushchev propping East German Boss Ulbricht, who holds "air control" net.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Cu

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Low & Inside

The Carpetbaggers, based on the baldly sleazy bestseller by Harold Robbins, is the kind of movie that you cannot put down. Like the book, it scores its cheap success as a swift, irresistibly vulgar compilation of all the racy stories anyone has ever heard about wicked old Hollywood of the '20s and '30s. The titillation is masked as the biography of a fresh young tycoon whose interests —airlines, moviemaking, starlets—bear certain obvious though wildly embellished parallels to the career of Howard Hughes.

When his father suffers a fatal stroke, Jonas Cord Jr. (George Peppard) rushes straight home from the factory to make a pass at daddy's flammable blonde wife, Carroll Baker. "You

BAKER & PEPPARD IN "CARPETBAGGERS"
After buffalo innards, pop psychology.

wouldn't dare!" she screams. But in a movie like this, a statement like that means let's dance. In no time at all, the lady appears in black chiffon to ask: "How d'ya like my widow's weeds?" As the girl eventually transformed into Rina Marlowe, a doomed Hollywood sex goddess, Actress Baker seems uncertain about which actress living or dead she is not supposed to resemble. Although her widely publicized nude scene has been disnuded, she wears costumes that thinly conceal the loss, and also delivers some of the film's funniest asides. Sinking into the horn-and-hide trappings of a limousine belonging to Western He-man Nevada Smith (Alan Ladd), she burbles in her best *Baby Doll* manner: "I feel like I've been swallowed by a buffalo."

Meanwhile Peppard bullishly amasses a fortune, exploiting "this new product —plastic," building up a transcontinental airline, and making lots of people miserable. His victims include Lew Ayres, Bob Cummings and Martha Hyer, a high-priced call girl who is summoned for stardom. To prevent all the plots and subplots from collapsing, Director Edward Dmytryk keeps a narrator warmed up to respond to the question, "How did it all happen?" with quick summaries of Robbins' lip-smacking prose. Thus Scenarist John Michael Hayes leaps 30 to 40 pages at a clip and distills the rest of it in dialogue that ranges from archly metaphoric repartee to raw one-line gags.

The only *Carpetbagger* exhaling unpolluted air is Broadway Actress Elizabeth Ashley. Given an insipid role as the cast-off wife who keeps stumbling over platinum blondes in Peppard's hotel suites, she turns her rough-velvet charm to advantage in a performance that bleach cannot beat. Peppard himself works manfully to conquer the handicaps of a script climaxed by preposterous revelations fraught with pop psychology, an excess that even the book avoided. Seems Peppard isn't such a bad sort, after all. He became rich, ruthless and depraved because his father had hated him ever since—ah, well. Presumably, after savoring nearly three hours of feisty smut, the audience will be delighted to learn that it couldn't have been dished out by a nicer fella.

A Man of 39 Needs His Sleep

Crazy Desire. "You look ten years younger when you laugh—you look fortyish," purrs the teen-ager. The man smiles grimly: "I'm 39," he says. As hero of this little-league Italian comedy that pits age against youth, Ugo Tognazzi plays a late-maturing young businessman who boasts that he can get by with only four hours' sleep, though his physician deflates him by insisting that he needs eight, plus a nap after lunch.

One weekend, while Tognazzi is en route to his son's boarding school, lissome Catherine Spaak flags down his car. He gives her and her friends gas for their jalopy, joins them at a beach house where they natter about Sammy Davis Jr., improvise hymns to Brigitte Bardot, and listen to the recorded speeches of Adolf Hitler. During a frenetic weekend, Tognazzi nearly drowns when he goes for a swim after eating raw peppers. He competes in a humiliating Mr. Universe contest against hoods half his age, all to win favor with Spaak—a French actress so dear to Italian hearts that she appears to go from film to film with scarcely enough time to put on her clothes.

Tognazzi proposes to the delectable nymphet, suggesting, "We'll honeymoon in Disneyland." But all the hopeless attempts to recapture his youth end when he wakes up on the beach in a cold dawn, wearing a wet blanket and an Indian headdress, and surrounded by a ring of torches, symbolically extinguished. Needless to say, he feels very old, tired, embarrassed, and drives off determined to forget the whole experience. Not a bad idea, since *Crazy Desire* is really just a compendium of childish whims.

Sicily with Garlic

Mafioso. Sicily is the Dead Man's Gulch of Europe. It's hot, it's dry, it's wild. Instead of good guys and bad guys, there are *carabinieri* and *mafiosi*. Instead of Hollywood moviemakers there are Italian moviemakers who scuttle about the landscape manufacturing folklore. Most of them produce ludicrously crude goat operas, but once in a while somebody really gets Sicily on acetate. Pietro Germi did it once (*Divorce—Italian Style*); Luchino Visconti did it twice (*La Terra Trema*, *The Leopard*); and now Alberto Lattuada serves up ten or a dozen small but gloriously garlicky slices of Sicilian village life.

Ignore the plot: something standard about a Sicilian boy (Alberto Sordi)

ALBERTO SORDI IN "MAFIOSO"
With feudal terrors, black spaghetti.

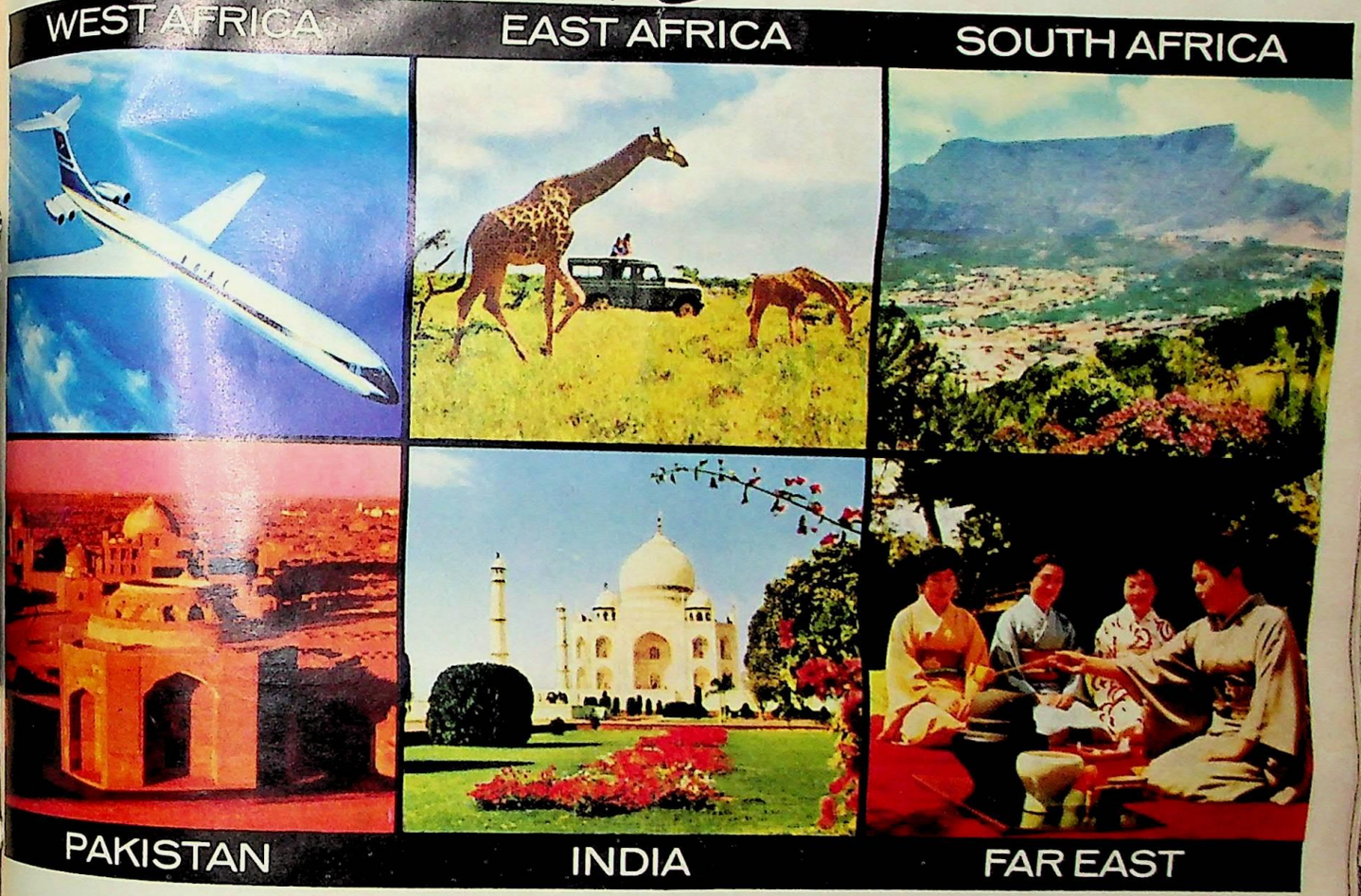
who makes good in Milan, comes home to visit the old folks, and suddenly finds himself, his pretty young wife and his two darling daughters involved in the insidious toils of *La Mafia*, the feudality of terror that for several centuries has ruled Sicily with poniard, pistol and poison. Smile a bit sadly when Sordi, a born comedian, tries to play the hero straight. And wink when the director, obviously afraid his customers will get sick of all that lumpy peasant *pasta*, slyly introduces a piece of smooth Brazilian cheesecake (Norma Bengell).

But don't miss a splotch of the local color: a massive bowl of sinister black spaghetti that turns out to be white spaghetti slathered with an old Sicilian specialty, squid-ink sauce; a battle-royal between two skinny, toothless, fierce old men who roll about the rocky landscape hissing and ripping and snapping at each other like a couple of scorpions; a statue of the Virgin held in particular veneration by the Mafia: she has big soft, sentimental eyes—and her hand supports a skull.

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Setting the pace around the world...



B·O·A·C VC10

triumphantly swift, silent, serene

Month by month on more and more routes BOAC introduce the VC10. You will find the VC10 the quietest, most serene airliner you have ever flown in. The thrust of the VC10 comes from four *rear-mounted* Rolls-Royce engines; you fly in the comfort and silence ahead of the power. The VC10 also brings new luxury to Economy class travel, with a completely new type of seating—seating that assures you a much more comfortable flight. You get extra legroom —better support—deeper cushioning—improved sleeping position—personal tables. With the VC10, BOAC moves a clear six years ahead of any other airline.

ALL OVER THE WORLD **B·O·A·C** TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LA NAPOULE

Any time ! Sunny mornings... lazy, lovely afternoon... golden cocktail hours. Have the time of your life and with it... Martini ! Chilled, with soda or on the rocks. Taste with every sip the expert blending of the very best wines and aromatic plants. And whatever you do, be sure to enjoy yourself with Martini vermouth

MARTINI

extra dry vermouth

In the *U. S. it's* **MARTINI and ROSSI,** in the rest of the *world it's simply* Martini, wherever you go it's the same superb *vermouth.*

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

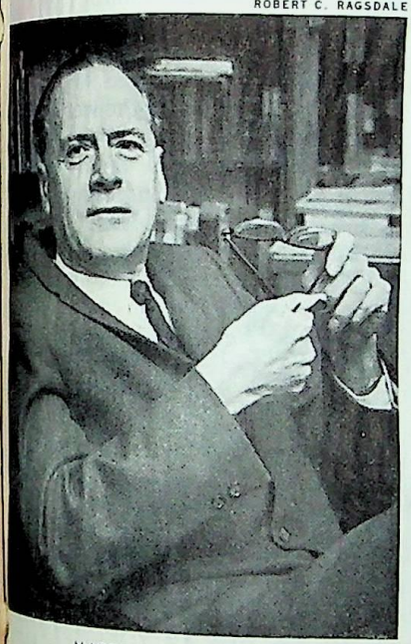
Blowing Hot & Cold

UNDERSTANDING MEDIA *by Marshall McLuhan.* 359 pages. *McGraw-Hill.* $7.50.

Every so often, the semi-intellectual communities at the fringes of the arts, the universities, and the communications industries are hit by a new book, which becomes a fad or a parlor game. This summer's possible candidate, with what may be just the right combination of intelligence, arrogance and pseudo science, is Marshall McLuhan's *Understanding Media.*

Seamless Web. Author McLuhan is a University of Toronto professor and literary critic, who writes books (first was *The Gutenberg Galaxy*) to prove that books are responsible for most of the ills of modern man. Nationalism, war, industrialization, population explosion, the breakdown of human relations in urbanized chaos—McLuhan blames them all on Gutenberg's invention of

ROBERT C. RAGSDALE



MARSHALL McLUHAN
Back to the tribe.

movable type, and the resulting growth of both the audience and the technology for communication-by-print.

The trouble is that print is what McLuhan calls a "hot" medium of communication: sharp in definition, filled with data, exclusively visual and verbal, and (a key and debatable point) psychologically damaging and low in audience participation. Other hot media by McLuhan's rules are photography, movies, competitive spectator sports and radio. Hot media make men think logically and independently, instead of tribally, "mythically" and communally. This is bad. What McLuhan likes are cool media. These are fuzzy, low in information, but richly demanding on the audience to fill in what is missing. The telephone, modern painting, but pre-eminently television are cool and good. Television and other "electric media" are oral-auditory, tactile, visceral, and involve the individual almost without volition. As a result McLuhan believes that the world is rapidly becoming a "global village," in which mankind communicates in a supermodern version of the way tribal societies were once related. In the coming overthrow of typographic and literate communications McLuhan expresses his grotesque hope that modern man can be put "back into the tribal or oral pattern with its seamless web of kinship and interdependence."

Pseudo Science. As an intellectual game called "cool and hot," the system has great possibilities for a chatty weekend at Big Sur or Martha's Vineyard. Clocks (hot), money (hot), clothes (getting cooler in the U.S.), nudity (very cool), and almost anything else can be interpreted as media by McLuhan's rules. "Backward countries are cool, and we are hot." Autos are hot. The "blurry, shaggy texture of Kennedy" was a natural for cool TV, which is why "sharp, intense" Nixon lost the debates. Private enterprise is hot; public debt is cool. Iago is cool, but Othello hot. Girls who wear glasses don't get passes—because they are hot.

Yet McLuhan is not playing games. He is in humorless earnest. And if the book is taken seriously, it must be judged as fuzzy-minded, lacking in perspective, low in definition and data, redundant, and contemptuous of logical sequence—which is to say that McLuhan has perfectly illustrated the cool qualities he most values in communications. McLuhan's solemn pseudo science at work: "What do we know about the social or psychic energies that develop by electric fusion or implosion when literate individuals are suddenly gripped by an electromagnetic field, such as occurs in the new Common Market pressure in Europe?" Or: "Had TV occurred on a large scale during Hitler's reign, he would have vanished quickly."

Better Left Unsaid

HARLOW *by Irving Shulman.* 408 pages. *Bernard Geis.* $5.95.

Jean Harlow, first sex goddess of the talkies, had a life that epitomized Thomas Hobbes's phrase for the life of the "natural" man: poor, nasty, brutish and short. Her mother was domineering and obsessed with sex; her stepfather was a sponging promoter of fake gold mines. Jean's second husband, Producer Paul Bern, shot himself two months after the wedding. She could not act, but her platinum hair, husky voice, and refusal to wear a brassière were enough to gross millions at the box office for Howard Hughes and Louis B. Mayer. She died in 1937, age 26, of a kidney infection, leaving less than $30,000.

Now all the scarlet detail of Harlow's

JEAN HARLOW
In search of the primal.

careening career, including much that was never hinted at in the gossip columns and some that is clearly imaginary, is revealed for the prurient-minded in this "intimate biography" by Irving Shulman (*The Amboy Dukes*). Shulman includes facts that Harlow's doctors evidently did not have—some not even her hairdresser could know for sure. He asserts that Harlow had bouts of nymphomania. He says that Paul Bern was impotent and a sadist whose beatings caused Harlow kidney injuries —which ultimately killed her because Jean's mother, a Christian Scientist, refused to allow the star to be treated in time.

The only seemingly sympathetic person in this thoroughly unpleasant book is Harlow's agent, Arthur Landau, who appears as the tormented girl's friend, confidant, moneylender, sometime savior and sole defender. Don't be fooled. Landau, now 76 and living in Hollywood, is the one who spilled all the dirt to Author Shulman. What they didn't know between them, they improvised.

Paris in the Fall

WITCHES' SABBATH *by Maurice Sachs.* 315 pages. *Stein & Day.* $7.50.

Maurice Sachs enjoys a curious underground notoriety in the French literary world. Although he died young (at 36, in 1943) and wrote little—a number of moderately successful plays and several volumes of middling poetry—he knew most of the Parisian literary lights of the late '20s and early '30s and became, by his own testimony, "an ear into which they dropped their most private avowals." More important, he recorded some of those avowals in his autobiography, which he called his "moral memo" to the world. Published posthumously in France in 1946 and now translated into English for the first time, *Witches' Sabbath* is a bizarre compound of self-pity, fantasy and

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Harid

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

braggadocio, relieved by occasional passages of honest self-appraisal and sound literary sense. It constitutes, as one French literary critic put it, an anecdotal "*chronique scandaleuse*" of Sachs's own place and time.

Sacred Bodies. Born into a family of wealthy Jewish diamond merchants, Sachs adopted the complete works of the Marquis de Sade as "the bible of my early youth." Armed with that perverse testament, he descended on Paris intent on a literary career. It was a time, Sachs recalls, when young men like himself sat on bar stools at Le Boeuf sur le Toit eying the great—Picasso, Cocteau, Milhaud, Satie, Radiguet—like "some Chinese under the Empire viewing the Emperor's sacred Body." Sachs got to know most of the sacred bodies. Cocteau gave him some secretarial work to do, and he repaid his benefactor by painting him as a kind of cultural public-relations man who took the "rediscovered imagery" of "tough, miserable men" like Apollinaire and Max Jacob and "vulgarized the knowledge of it." André Malraux, too, "was something of the charlatan," but Gide was the wholly incorruptible artist, a man with a face that "no fattening passion burdened" and with lips "straight as those of someone who has never lied."

Although Sachs never knew Proust, he knew several of his homosexual servants, including one who ran a house of male prostitution originally financed by the novelist. From the servants' recollections, Sachs draws a picture of "an unknown Marcel Proust of the great, terrible depths," whose sadism led him to butcher shops where he watched calves being slaughtered and who once had a rat brought to him so that he could stab it to death with a hatpin. Proust, says Sachs, was "a kind of monster child, whose mind had all the experiences of a man, and whose soul was ten years old."

Too Much Dung. The description will do for Sachs himself. At one time or another he was a prominent editor, a leading art dealer, a playwright and producer. But he was also consumed with self-loathing—and with sufficient reason ("I always," he writes, "had a little too much dung on my soul"). He drank prodigiously (he could down a full bottle of whisky before breakfast), swindled his friends indiscriminately, and records with obvious relish how he gulled the daughter of a Presbyterian minister into a marriage of convenience only to desert her two months later for a homosexual alliance with a boy he met in California. A collaborator with the Germans after the fall of France, he became a nightclub manager in Hamburg's notorious St. Pauli district and apparently died in Germany after he was arrested for black-marketeering.

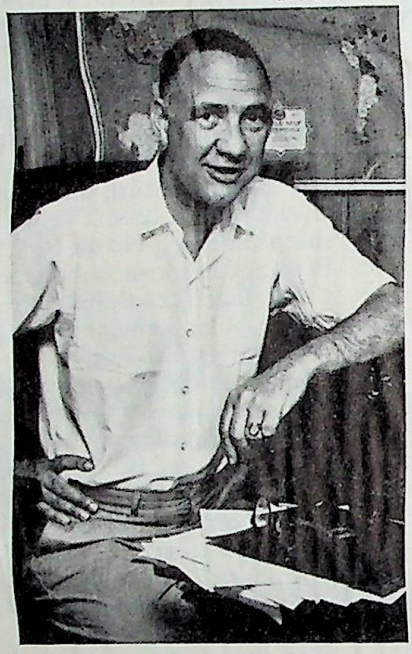
Cocteau, shortly after he met Sachs, made what was perhaps the kindest judgment of him. He was, he said, "a deep-sea fish, luminous but blind."

Also Current

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY by Tristram Coffin. 303 pages. Macmillan. $5.95.

Chief and most unbelievable character in this self-proclaimed "novel of the new American revolution" is Arkansas Representative Timotheus Denney, who is cast as the legislative wizard and bourbon-breathing Grand Dragon of all the sheetless Klansmen on Capitol Hill. This Ozark Ozymandias wants the Government to build him a $2 billion Denney Dam back in Yell County, Ark. But he faces an ironic choice: the dam will be voted out of committee only if Denney pledges support for a civil rights bill. Never, he yells, and threatens to touch off race war if the dam doesn't

WALTER BENNETT



TRISTRAM COFFIN
Unneeded champion.

go through. But before Denney can rouse his rabble, he learns that his son David (he has another son, but he is half-Negro and does not count) has been arrested with a bunch of freedom riders and beaten to sour mash in jail. It is enough to make a man get religion—and that is what old Tim Denney does. Before anyone could say John Brown, he votes for civil rights, gets his dam, retires from politics, and is named Best Christian of the Year. Author Coffin, who once put in time as a legman for Drew Pearson, is obviously sincere in his fictionalized pamphleteering. Fortunately, the cause of civil rights does not desperately need his help.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE CAUSE by Alexander Solzhenitsyn. 190 pages. Praeger. $3.95.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn is doubtless the least favorite novelist of Russia's remaining Stalinists: he always makes them the villains. In his much-publicized first novel, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, he catalogued the horrors of a Stalinist labor camp. His second novel (after a pair of anti-Stalinist short stories) is slighter and shorter, but the target is still recognizable. The concentration camps are no longer in evidence, but the Stalinist greasy-collared thugs have only turned into white-collar bureaucrats: bald, corpulent, obtuse paper shufflers. Their opponents are a dent provincial youths who scoff at party propaganda and joke about the Virgin Lands program—but who eagerly take direct action, in the old "Hero of Labor" tradition, to build themselves a new school. Just as they are fitting the final doorknob, word comes that the party plans to take over the new building to house a chemical-research institute. The youths protest, but the party district leader is a petty Stalin, and from his decision there is no appeal. Or rather, Author Solzhenitsyn implies, from this kind of implacable obstructionism there is only one appeal, and his novel is voicing it.

THRILLING CITIES by Ian Fleming. 246 pages. New American Library. $4.95.

Advertised as "a James Bond tour of the world's 14 most sinful cities," this book is, instead, possibly the year's most flagrant fake. Five years ago, the London Sunday Times asked Author Fleming to take a round-the-world tour to write some local-color travel pieces for the titillation of its family audience. Fleming did; the aging essays reprinted here are the result. About the closest Fleming got to sin was a $2 taxi dance in Macao and a $100 bet in Las Vegas. Most of the time he hardly troubled to conceal his boredom. Honolulu he found "just another reservation for the pensioners," which he left "without many regrets." Berlin's night life "is certainly not what it used to be." In New York, "I enjoyed myself least of all." As travel writing, the book is silly and vulgar; as a guidebook, hopelessly inadequate and out of date; as a promotion package, probably a moneymaker.

THE MORTAL WOUND by Raffaele La Capria. 191 pages. Farrar, Straus. $4.95.

This novel of decay, disillusion and a spurious *dolce vita* attracted a wide audience of Italian readers, and won the Strega literary prize in 1961. The nominal heroine is a girl with a blonde ponytail, a little boy's face and a woman's body, who exists as a fixation of love in the narrator's past; the real heroine, however, is the blowzy city of Naples, which either "mortally wounds you or puts you to sleep." The dialogue (in better-than-average translation) has a crisp, contemporary cadence, and the writing can be perceptive and well-tooled, but La Capria pushes his confusingly large cast on stage in the manner of a cinematographer who dabbles in impressionism. Though the satire shows talent and the technique is modishly modern, the mortal wounds of the characters emerge finally as that most difficult of subjects —futility.

CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Enough isn't enough!

Bread. The staff of life. But will today's harvests yield enough for tomorrow's added millions? Esso is working toward that goal. With high analysis fertilizers that can increase crop yields substantially. With efficient chemicals that make insecticides more effective. The future? Esso is testing a new petroleum mulch that may convert arid wasteland into productive soil. And developing a new food source that holds great promise for the future—a biological process to make protein and vitamin supplements from petroleum products. Intensive attention to pressing problems: another reason why Esso is the **World's First Choice!** Our local organization will gladly advise you on your petroleum and chemical product needs.

Esso

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Ha

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Secret of airline service unique in all the world

Wherever in the world Tomiko Tsuchida and her sister hostesses welcome you aboard Japan Air Lines, you discover Japan itself... its serene beauty and unmatched hospitality.

From first sight, every Jet Courier of Japan Air Lines is a promise of swift, dependable, modern-world travel. But step aboard, and discover the magic "extra" of flying JAL. Suddenly you are in the timeless, gracious world of classic Japan.

All around you are rich brocades, ancient designs, historic family crests...all a perfect setting for kimono-clad hostesses like Tomiko Tsuchida as they offer the graces of Japan. An *o-shibori* hot towel to refresh you. Warmed *sake* or your favorite beverage. JAL's superb continental cuisine. And always the warm, personal attention of a charming hostess trained since childhood in the art of pleasing others.

Her pride in perfect performance is matched by everyone at JAL. Your skilled flight captain... expert ground technicians who service every major airline to Tokyo... indeed by expert, courteous personnel at JAL facilities everywhere.

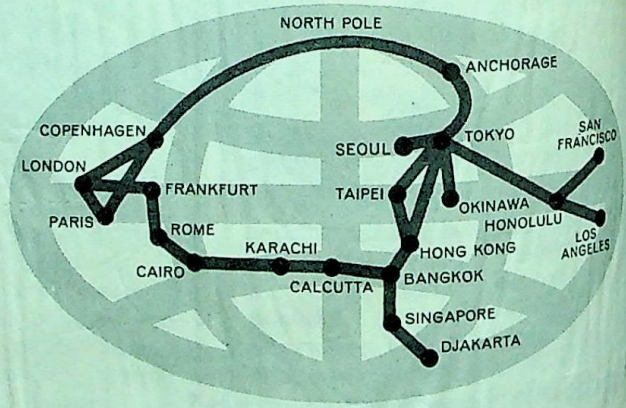
This unique JAL "extra" is now yours to enjoy the world around. In the Orient, JAL's swift Jet Couriers shuttle between Tokyo and Hong Kong—direct, or via Taipei—and between Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore, and Djakarta. JAL jets also link Tokyo with Okinawa and, now, Tokyo with Seoul. As Japan's largest domestic airline, JAL also offers over 50 flights a day between major Japanese cities.

The pleasures of JAL go far beyond the Orient. Now 14 JAL flights leave Tokyo every week for the U.S.A. —all via sunny Hawaii where you can stop over, if you wish, at no extra fare. Morning and evening Tokyo departures give you added flexibility in planning for convenient stopovers and fast connections.

If you're bound for Europe, you can choose from two JAL routes. Follow the course of ancient caravans on JAL's "Silk Road" through the Middle East via Calcutta and Karachi. Or, from Tokyo, fly to Europe direct, over the fast Polar route. Fly one way, return the other, with stopovers at any of the fascinating cities along the way.

Wherever you fly, enjoy the unique pleasures of flying JAL, "amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound." Your travel agent or your nearest JAL office can give you complete details.

The global services of JAL



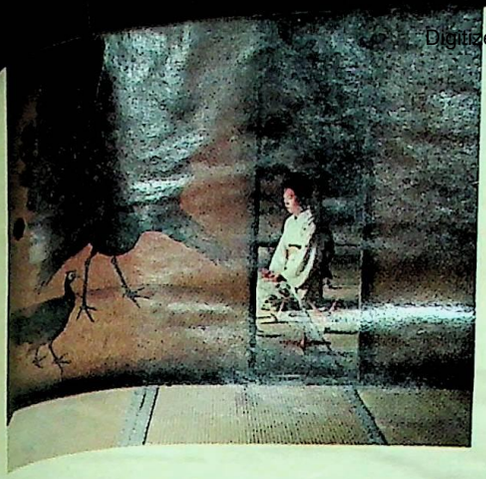
JAPAN AIR LINES

Now—four of JAL's fourteen transPacific jets originate in Hong Kong. No stopovers. The same plane, JAL's "Sunset Express," goes all the way.

JAL

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Aboard JAL, you feel the serenity of classic Japan.

JAL Hostess Tomiko Tsuchida... trained since childhood in the gracious arts

Discover the tranquil of a Japanese garden.

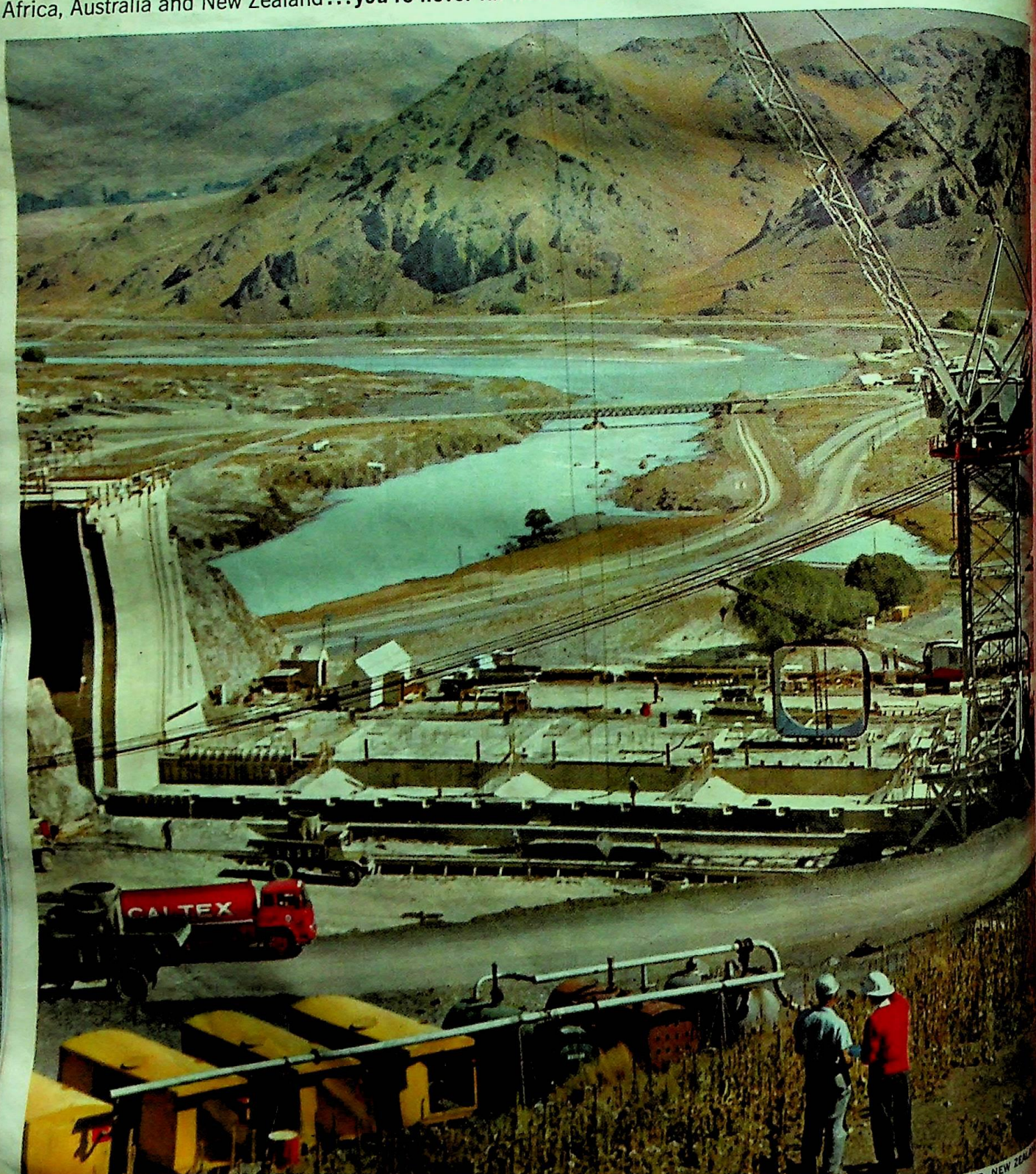
Japan's autumn finery, reflected in the decor of JAL Jet Couriers.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Satisfying industry's appetite for oil

...Caltex serves the petroleum needs of more than 70 countries in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and New Zealand... **you're never far from the Caltex Star.**



CALTEX ON THE JOB: NEW POWER PROJECT, WAITAKI RIVER, NEW ZEALAND

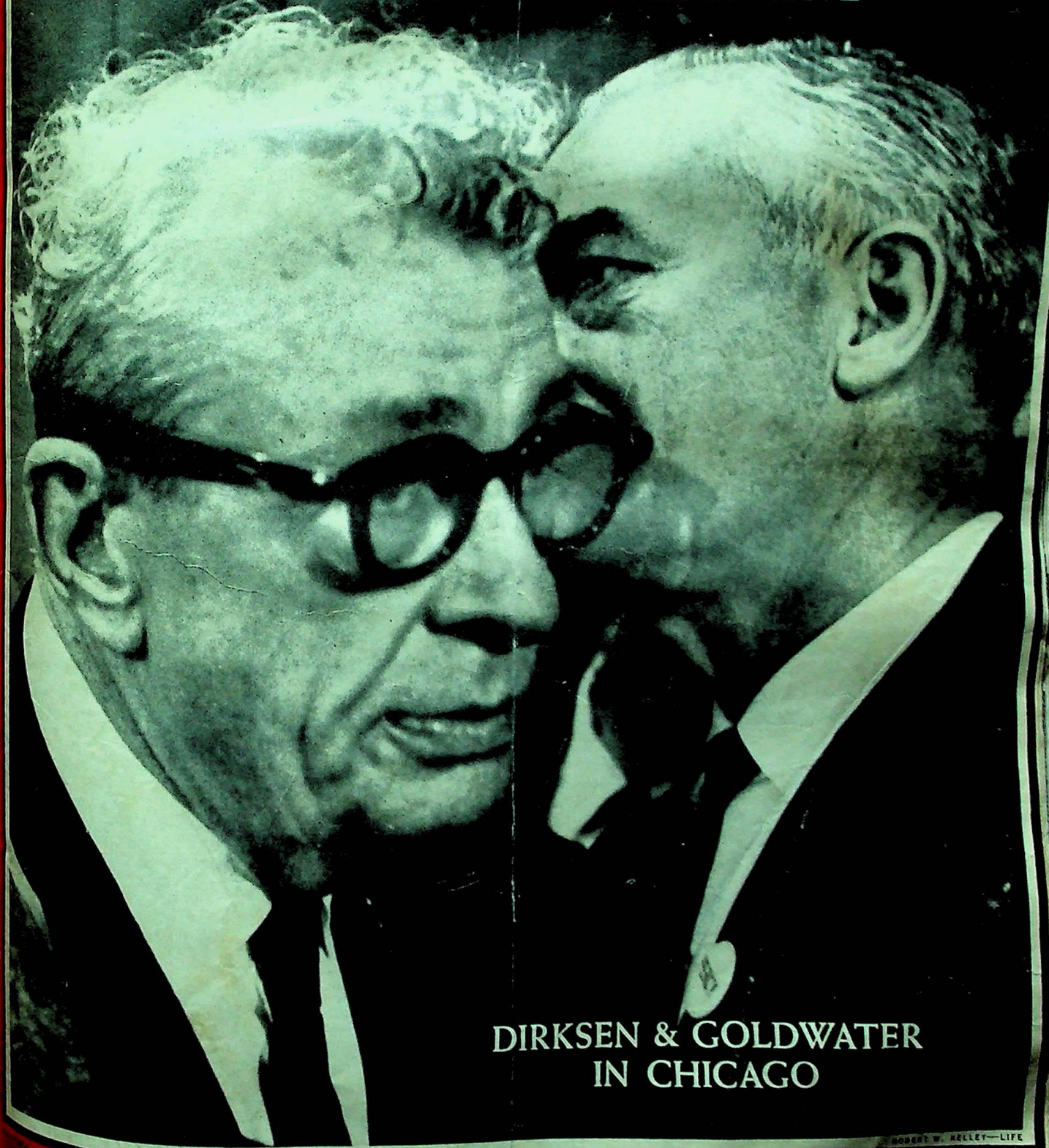
Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ASIA EDITION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



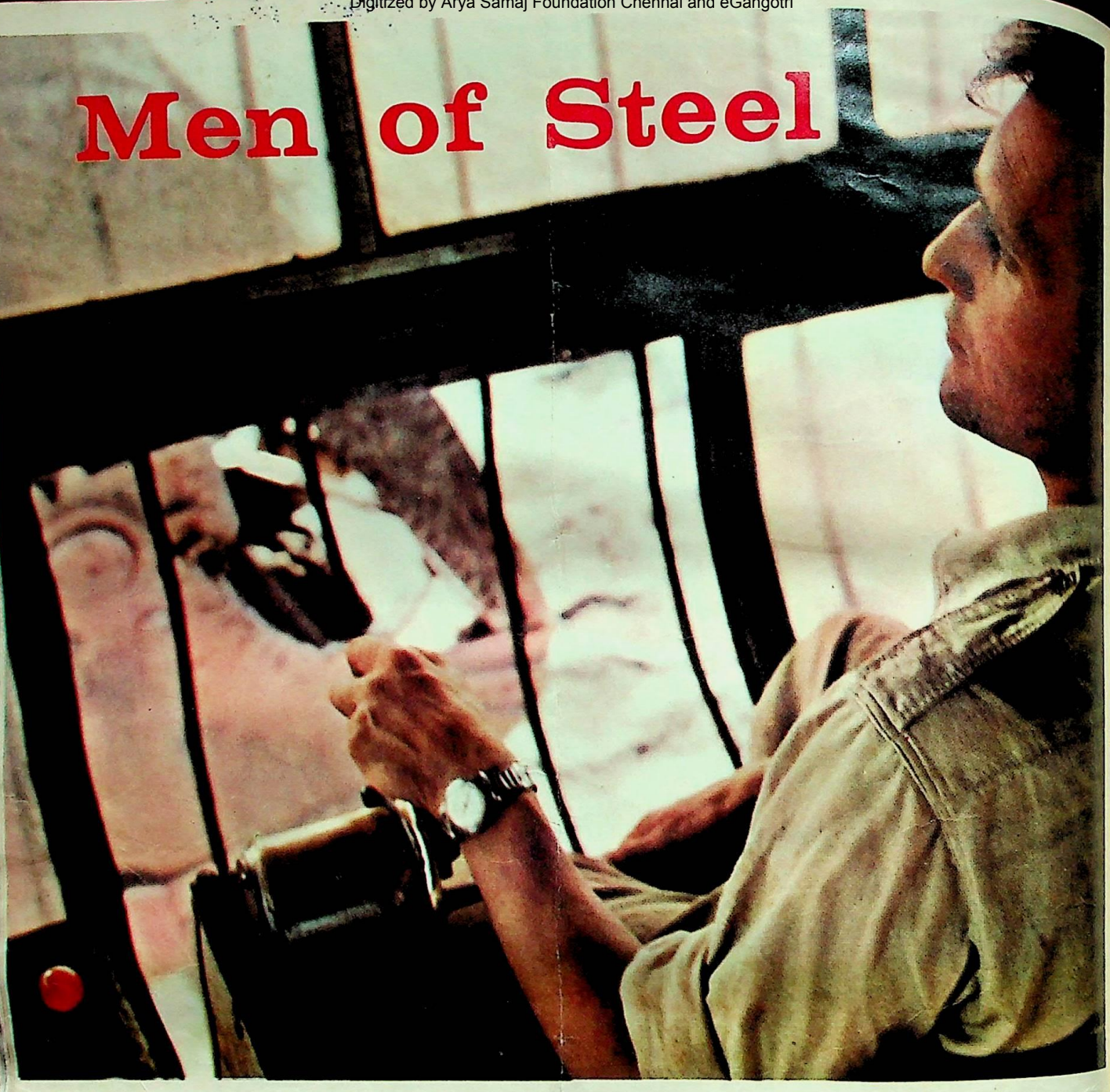
DIRKSEN & GOLDWATER IN CHICAGO

ROBERT W. KELLEY—LIFE

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Harid

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Men of Steel



Below him the man-made foothills of iron ore required to feed B.H.P.'s insatiable blast furnaces. Hematite of sixty-four per cent iron content. Eighteen tons of ore in every grab. Nine thousand tons every eight-hours shift — to make B.H.P. steel. 98 per cent of Australia's steel.

B.H.P. — a public company with forty-four thousand employees, is owned by some ninety-seven thousand shareholders. During 1963 the equivalent of almost one hundred million U.S. dollars was invested in new capital works.
Current output of B.H.P. steel is at the rate of five million long tons of steel ingots a year. And increasing.

The Broken Hill Proprietary Company Limited and subsidiaries: a group of companies engaged in a complete operation comprising mining and shipping of raw materials and the manufacture of iron and steel.

Look South for Steel

HEAD OFFICE: 500 Bourke Street, Melbourne, Australia. Resident representative for South East Asia located in Singapore, and distributors in Hong Kong, Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, and Thailand.

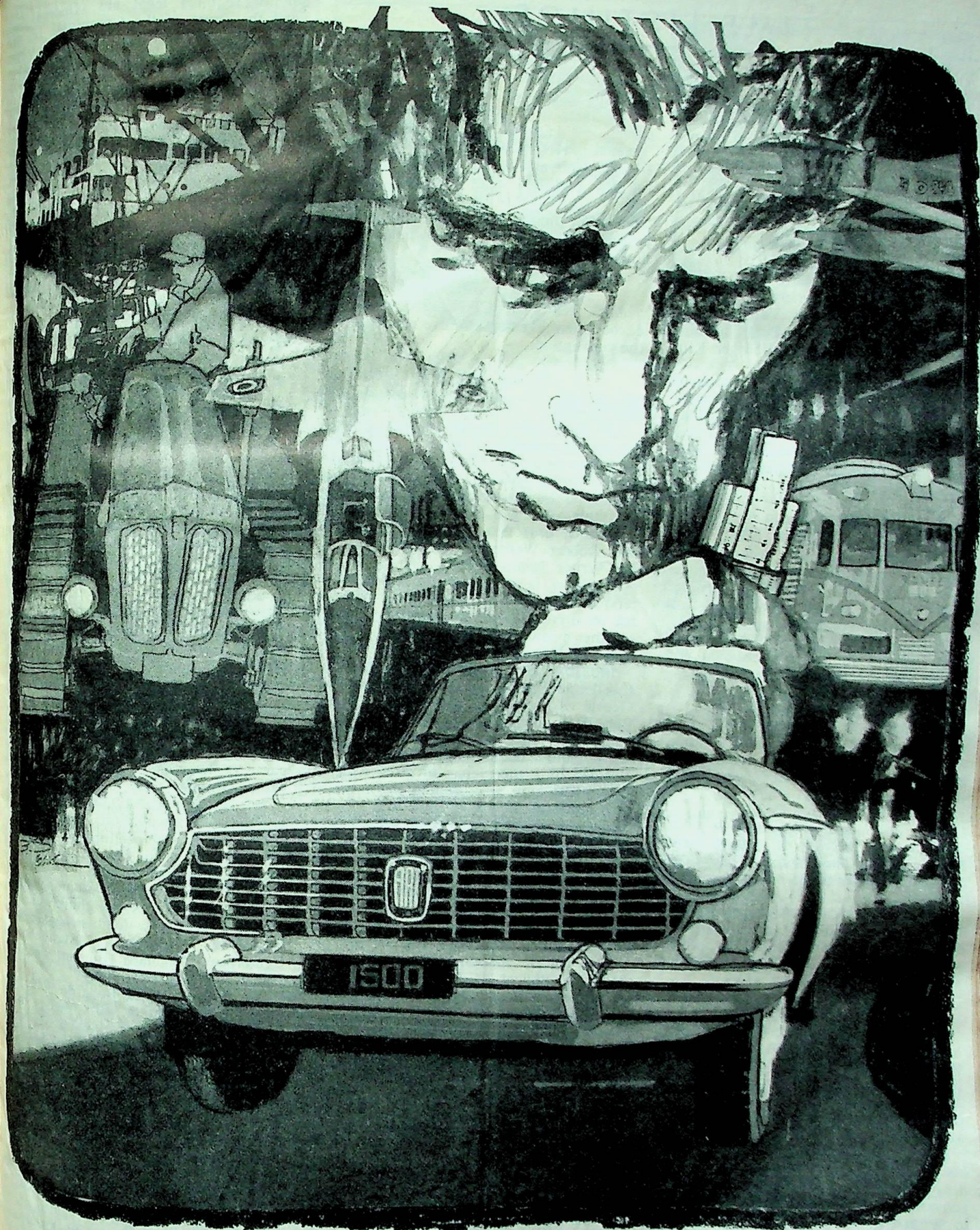
BHP STEEL

— a product of Australia

BHP/C830

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



PRIME MINISTER TO A GROWING WORLD

Throughout the world, the real long-term measure is the market. Not decrees. Not legislation. NO individual. ■ In empires, kingdoms, and republics, what works best sells best. Fiat learned this first by producing an automobile that now sells in 125 different countries. As Fiat's cars got around, Fiat became familiar with the transportation needs of all those nations. ■ Next to the need for transport was the need for agricultural mechanization, and advances in industrial and marine power. That is why Fiat cars, trains, trams, trucks, buses, tractors, diesel-powered ships, gas turbines, and jet aircraft operate under just about every flag. ■ No one appoints you to a post like this. You find yourself in it. You have to work hard to hold it. Everyone is watching you. ■ **FIAT S.p.A. Turin, Italy**

FIAT

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Programs devoted to the Republican National Convention dominate television this week, with leftover time filled by repeats. The highlights:

Wednesday, July 8

GREAT CONVENTIONS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* A study of the patterns of Republican politics, as reflected in conventions from 1920 to 1948.

ON BROADWAY TONIGHT (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Première of a variety show introducing young talent. Rudy Vallee is host, Paul Anka celebrity guest. Performers include Comic Rich Little and Singer Kitty Lester.

THE CAMPAIGN AND THE CANDIDATES (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Preliminary assessment of the convention.

POLITICS '64 (ABC, 11:15-11:30 p.m.). First of a series of pre-convention programs highlighting the important events of the day.

Thursday, July 9

KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATER (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Four scientists and a security guard trapped by an underground explosion calculate there is only enough oxygen left for four and proceed to conduct a death lottery. Color. Repeat.

POLITICS '64 (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). What happens to San Francisco at convention time.

Friday, July 10

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Repeat of Attorney General Robert Kennedy's guest appearance discussing the humorous side of his late brother, President Kennedy. Color.

Saturday, July 11

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The British Open Golf championship from St. Andrews, Scotland.

THE WOMAN'S TOUCH IN POLITICS (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Reporter Lisa Howard discusses women's contributions to politics with Senator Margaret Chase Smith and the Republican candidates' wives.

Sunday, July 12

LOOK UP AND LIVE (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). First of an eight-part series on the "Images of Man," including highlights from Ingmar Bergman's *Winter Light* and the recent off-Broadway adaptation of Friedrich Nietzsche's parable *The Madman*.

DISCOVERY (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). From his home in Gettysburg, former President Eisenhower discusses the role of conventions in the U.S. democratic process in a program aimed at explaining the proceedings to youngsters.

CBS SPORTS SPECTACULAR (CBS, 5-5:30 p.m.). The National Professional Grass Court Tennis championships, videotaped from the Longwood Cricket Club in Chestnut Hill, Mass.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 5:30-6:30 p.m.). Originating from convention headquarters, *Meet The Press* reporters will interview Governor William Scranton and other leading candidates.

* All times E.D.T.

Monday, July 13

TODAY (NBC, 7-9 a.m.). The show originates all week from San Francisco and features interviews with leading candidates and delegates.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION (ABC, 1-3:30 p.m. and 8 to midnight; NBC, 1-4 p.m. and 7-11 p.m.; CBS, 1-3:30 p.m. and 7:30 to 11 p.m.). Coverage from the convention floor. Appearing as cub reporters for ABC will be Dwight Eisenhower and James Hagerty.

Tuesday, July 14

ABC, NBC and CBS will continue to devote their evenings to live coverage of the convention.

THEATER

Straw Hat

The plays that summer theater rolls on are mostly retreads, but each year there are a few brand-new tires being tested to see if they're puncture-proof enough for Broadway. Some of the most promising and their scheduled stops:

DAYS OF DANCING, with Shelley Winters and Robert Walker *fils*, a new play by TV Writer James Bridges (*Alfred Hitchcock Show*), is about a fortuneteller (Winters) in Venice, Calif., who tries to teach the local rock-'n'-roll set (including Walker) the meaning of love. Milburn, N.J.; Mineola, L.I.

THURSDAY IS A GOOD NIGHT, with Tom Ewell and Sheree North and directed by George Abbott's daughter Judy, is by Broadway Propman Abe Einhorn and Freelance Writer Donald Segall. It's about a Manhattan bookie whose hotel room is invaded by a mixed bag of girls, Russian spies, FBI men, a crusading journalist, a nosy bellhop and a Chinese waiter. Paramus, N.J.; Corning, N.Y.; Mountainhome, Pa.; Dennis, Mass.; Toronto; East Rochester; Westport, Conn.; Latham, N.Y.

THE WAYWARD STORK, with Hal March and Marjorie Lord, is a comedy by TV Writer Harry Tugend (*Jack Benny Show*) about a childless couple who, in pursuit of parenthood, consult a doctor, get involved in a misconception. Falmouth, Mass.; Southfield, Mich.; Ivoryton, Conn.; Westport; Laconia, N.H.; Fitchburg, Mass.; and Charlotte, N.C.

A GIRL COULD GET LUCKY, with Betty Garrett and Pat Hingle, is a two-character play by Playwright Don Appell (*Milk and Honey*) about a secretary and a cab driver and the adjustments their courtship demands of them. Opens next week in Westport, then on to two-week stands in Milburn and Mineola.

WATCH THE BIRDIE, with Joan Blondell, Peggy Ann Garner and Alan (son of Robert) Alda, is a comedy by Norman Krasna about a divorce lawyer's secretary (Garner) who needs money to go to Europe and starts moonlighting by taking over for her boss's regular co-respondent (Blondell). Opens next week at Miami's Cocoanut Grove, then to Falmouth, Fayetteville, N.Y., and Paramus.

MATING DANCE, with Joan Hackett, Anthony George and John Conte, is a romantic comedy by Magazine Freelancer Eleanor Harris and Movie Actress Helen Mack. Joan Hackett plays a career girl whose romance with a TV personality (Conte) already married to a lady U.S. Senator requires legal aid (George) beyond the scope of the Committee on Interior Affairs. Opens next week in Vineland, Ont., then plays Syracuse, Falmouth and Skowhegan, Maine.

HEART'S DELIGHT, with Michael Rennie, Nan Marten and Hiram Sherman, a mystery by Broadway Playwright Charles Robinson (*Sailor Beware*), is about a college English professor (Rennie) who murders his wife because she won't abandon her garden to accompany him on his sabbatical. Opens early next month in Westport, then goes to Mineola and Milburn.

Only a fraction of the summer tryouts survive blowouts and make it to Broadway. But the smell of old rubber, however roadworthy, hangs so heavily over the straw-hat trail that the risk of seeing a new one go *pfft* seems worth taking.

CINEMA

THAT MAN FROM RIO. Poisoned darts and snappish Brazilian crocodiles are among the dangers faced by Jean-Paul Belmondo in Director Philippe de Broca's hilarious spoof of all the next-earthquake-please action pictures ever made.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. Playing stylish, often mordantly funny variations on *Room at the Top*, this cheeky British comedy studies a roguish climber (Alan Bates) who hires an upper-crust crumb to teach him the niceties of Establishment snobbery.

THE ORGANIZER. Director Mario Monicelli's vividly dramatic portrait of 19th century Italy has warmth, humor, and a superb performance by Marcello Mastroianni as a socialist Savonarola who leads a strike of textile workers in Turin.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. Mastroianni again, teamed with Sophia Loren in three frolicsome tales celebrating the game of love as though Italians had invented it out of pure mischief.

THE NIGHT WATCH. Using their jail cell as a base for excavations, five French losers dig up enough walloping suspense and bitter insight to make this prison thriller one of the best of its kind.

BECKET. This pungent, stunningly filmed spectacle dramatizes the church-state conflict that becomes a death struggle between England's 12th century Archbishop of Canterbury (Richard Burton) and King Henry II (Peter O'Toole).

THE SERVANT. Dirk Bogarde deftly combines good manners with menace in Director Joseph Losey's class-conscious melodrama about an evil London valet who attends mainly to his master's vice.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. In exotic Istanbul, Secret Agent 007, alias James Bond, alias Actor Sean Connery, sticks to a gourmet diet of sex, violence and other yeasty nonsense derived from Ian Fleming's fiction.

THE SILENCE. Two women and a child travel to a seemingly godforsaken city that is the geographical center of this dark allegory directed with breathtaking virtuosity by Ingmar Bergman.

BOOKS

Best Reading

TWO NOVELS, by Brigid Brophy. These short novels contain glittering prose, a variety of verbal tricks, and almost too many *tours de force* to digest at one reading. Already known as the most tart-tongued of British critics, Author Brophy has now hit a fictional stride that should

TIME, JULY 10, 1964

...and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, Sullivan 3, Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico. TIME Asia Edition ... at Chicago, Illinois and at

CC-0. Kapoor Collection, Panchkula.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

place her well up in the ranks of Britain's formidable array of lady novelists.

TO AN EARLY GRAVE, by Wallace Markfield. A funny, unpretentious novel about a small clutch of men who make their living in Greenwich Village by being "intellectual." Author Markfield has clearly read his Joyce very closely, but his style is lighter and his wit strictly 1964.

THE SCARPERER, by Brendan Behan. To "scarper" in Gaelic is to escape, and Behan runs off with some Dublin weirdos glorifying their past and dreaming their future. This short novel is vintage Behan (1953), when that bibulous writer wrote his most ebullient prose.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY, by John Le Carré. A reissue of the author's first two books in one volume. Admirers of *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* will be especially drawn to *A Murder for Quality*, which has its own suspenseful plot, but at the same time reads like a first draft for *Spy*—characters, Cold and all.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. This memoir of Paris, which the author suggested should be read as fiction, has a ghostly quality: it reads as if the author had written in the '20s what, in fact, he wrote in the '50s. All the famous writers are there: James Joyce, Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, the Fitzgeralds, characterized memorably, if sometimes nastily, in Hemingway style.

RAINER MARIA RILKE, THE YEARS IN SWITZERLAND, by J. R. von Salis. This biography covers Rilke's last seven years, when he wrote his greatest poetry—including most of his masterpiece, *The Duino Elegies*. Von Salis, who knew Rilke, conveys well Rilke's temperament, but he lacks perspective on his genius.

JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. In his fleeting reign as Emperor of Rome (A.D. 361-363), Julian crammed enough wars and grandiose plans almost to make Alexander the Great seem inert and unimaginative. Gore Vidal's novel records, with elegance and flourish, every last adventure, including the notorious attempt to abolish Christianity, but he does not quite capture his elusive subject.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (4)
4. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (3)
5. The Group, McCarthy (5)
6. Armageddon, Uris (6)
7. The Spire, Golding (7)
8. Julian, Vidal (9)
9. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever
10. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer (8)

NONFICTION

1. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (1)
2. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (2)
3. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross
4. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (3)
5. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, Bishop (4)
6. The Naked Society, Packard (6)
7. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (5)
8. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris (9)
9. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (10)
10. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (8)

which is a petrol-engine powered welding set with outstanding welding characteristics.

Generator • ESAB Type KB 250 Welding Generator with welding current continuously adjustable within eight subsidiary ranges from 20 to 265 A. Open-circuit voltage 60—75 V.

Engine • Wisconsin THD — a modern air-cooled engine of the two-cylinder, four-stroke type providing a maximum output of 17.5 h.p. at 3000 r.p.m.

Ancillary Power Supply • This is intended for electric hand tools, lighting units, etc. Max. output 1500 VA, 50 c/s A.C. Voltage 110 or 220 V.

Also produced is a wide range of welding sets and automatic welders. Literature available on request.

ESAB are manufacturers of the world-famous OK electrodes and fluxes.

ESAB

EXPORT DEPARTMENT • BOX 850, GÖTEBORG 8, SWEDEN
Tel. 177310 • Telegr. ESABEXPORT • Telex 20625
Factories in 12 countries • Represented in 58 countries

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o People's Stores Corp. (Ava House), 232 Sule Pagoda Road, Rangoon.

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$ 400; 3 yrs, NT$ 800; 5 yrs, NT$ 1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

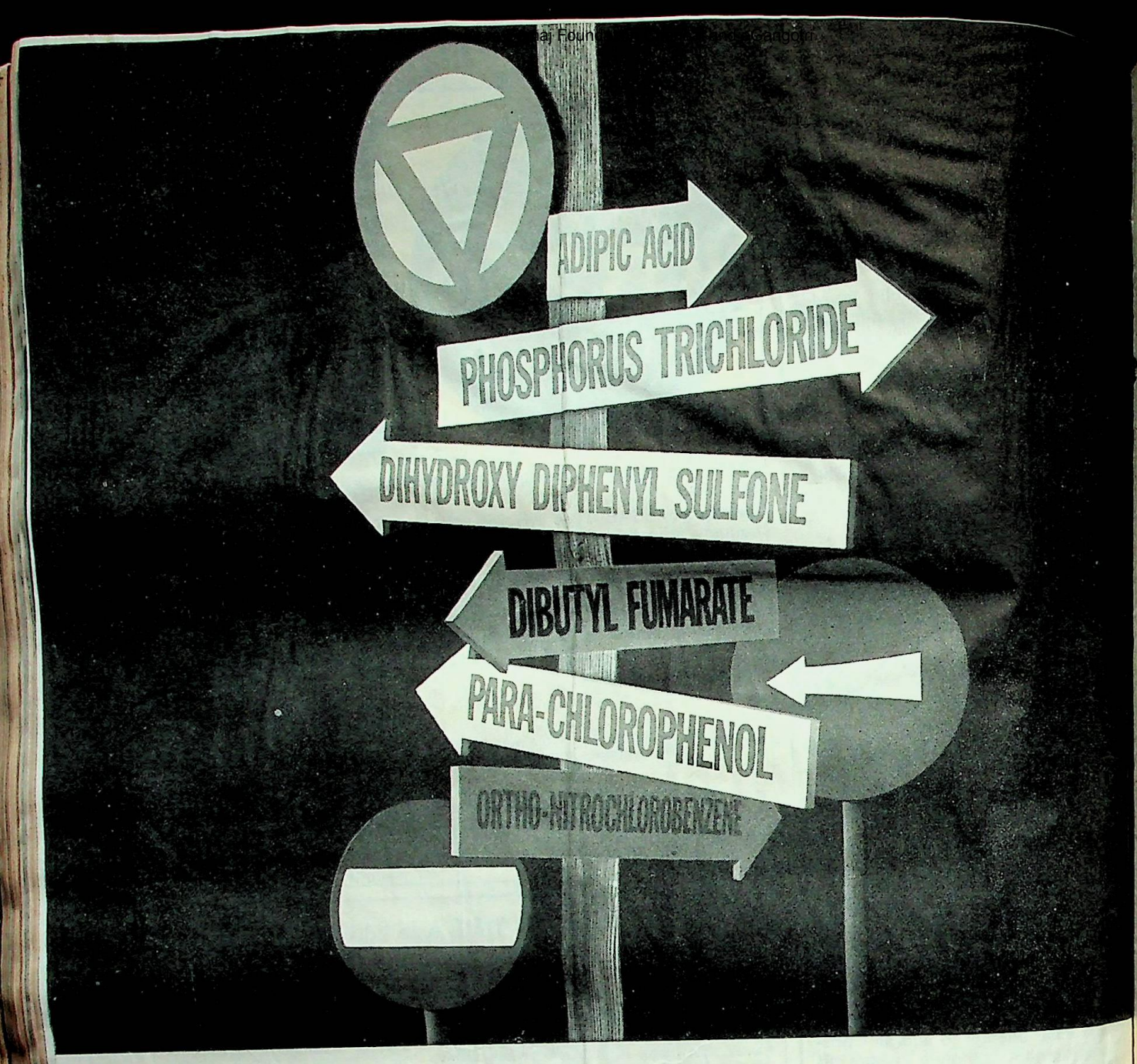
BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S. $11.25; 3 yrs, U.S. $22.50; 5 yrs, U.S. $33.75), TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, C. D. Jackson; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Arthur Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

...aj Foun... ...digitized by eGangotri



'e can show you many ways to get there

e can put you on the high yield road. · point out the low energy route.

onsanto has lots of interesting reac- ons. And the intermediates that ake them possible.

'e sell the intermediates. The reac- ons that go with them are enough · make anyone ecstatic.

ou might even say that "intermedi- es" is our middle name.

We're well-supplied in the basics, benzene, toluene and xylene; been experimenting around with aromatics for years. And you should see our bills for alcohols, methyl, ethyl, propyl and butyl, by the tankload, just for our research.

This is called research in depth. And it gets results.

We've got intermediates and reactions we haven't even used yet. And theoretical yields that are hard to believe.

But best of all is the way we make our intermediates.

They're so good that you'll be back to order more just to see if we can do it again.

We can.

Monsanto, St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.

Monsanto

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

The Downstretch

Sir: With Goldwater's pro-Americanism philosophy and Scranton's meaningful criticism of the present Administration, I hope to be able to vote for both men this November. Our country needs people who are willing to stand on their beliefs despite pressure from minority forces.

(A/3C) W. B. KOEHLER

McCoy A.F.B., Fla.

Sir: To this European, Senator Barry Goldwater appears not as a fascist ogre, but as perhaps the last hope of the American people to pull their country out of its headlong dive into that oblivion where everybody and everything, races, parties and states, shall be mongrelized into a drab grey uniformity, watched over, of course, by Big Daddy in the White House.

JACK O'HANLON

Dublin

Sir: If the Republican Convention defeats Goldwater and adopts another "liberal" platform, it will be through the coalition of jealous, selfish, incompetent kingmakers, who will ruin all unity.

LOUISE BRUNING CABLE, M.D.

Los Angeles

Sir: We had nothing but cowards in the past Administrations concerning foreign affairs. Any so-called American who fears Senator Goldwater because of his ideas in foreign affairs is not a true American.

C. ROBINSON

Attleboro, Mass.

Sir: In voting against the civil rights bill, Goldwater has upheld the Constitution of this country. The Communists hate him; they hate anyone who is against Communism. They also hate the John Birch Society, which is the only organization actively fighting Communism in this country.

HAROLD CIRIELLO

Belmont, Mass.

Sir: I find Senator Goldwater's candidacy for the G.O.P. nomination not unlike the topless bathing suit: scandalous and with no widespread support.

NEIL MELTON

Fresno, Calif.

Sir: Goldwater's victory in the California primary and his overwhelming support among G.O.P. delegates makes us realize that our doubts about America's political maturity are not completely groundless. It is a frightening idea for us who are so dependent on the U.S.A. that such a man could possibly become President.

PIETER J. BOELEN

Rotterdam

Sir: Recalling Dwight D. Eisenhower's pride in his own invention, "modern Republicanism," it seems to me utterly strange that he, being the one person who could decisively influence the Republican Party's development now, chooses to remain silent when the party seems to be marching straight toward the very opposite of modern Republicanism.

GUSTAF DONNER

Helsinki

Sir: Goldwater's statement that discrimination is morally wrong but constitutionally right ineluctably implies that our Constitution is immoral!

ROBERT HARARI

Los Angeles

Sir: As Goldwater says, he gives us a clear choice. If he is the Republican nominee, my choice—though I am a registered Republican—will be his opponent.

R. A. SEELIG

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Unless the Republican Party can come up with a strong but moderate candidate or can draft a platform for Goldwater, he will go down as a disaster in political history.

JOHN BROWNING

Troy, Ala.

Sir: Governor Scranton's favorite thumbnail self-description, "I am a liberal on civil rights, a conservative on fiscal policies and an internationalist on foreign affairs [June 19]," sounds mighty like Lyndon Johnson to me!

ROBERT B. FINNEY

Bartlesville, Okla.

One Vote Per Voter

Sir: One Ohio U.S. Senator still represents 4,900,000 citizens, while one U.S. Senator from Nevada represents only 143,000 citizens. This is gross voter discrimination. Perhaps somebody will start court action to force all U.S. Senators to run at large or, better still, to determine if the Constitution is still constitutional.

ROGER B. WILLIAMS

Columbus

Sir: Now that the Supreme Court has once again rewritten the Constitution, I demand that it apply the same principle on the federal level. It should give California 40 Senators to Nevada's 0 on the grounds that more than half the people in Nevada are Californians supporting the indigent natives with gambling losses—a monstrous form of taxation without representation.

JACK R. LOVETT

China Lake, Calif.

ICBM Program

Sir: In TIME, May 22, you quoted my December 1945 statement to the effect that accurate intercontinental ballistic missiles were a long period off, and that "I wish the American public would leave that out of their thinking." Your article went on to say that "because of the arguments—like Bush's—against it, it was not until May 1954 . . . that the Air Force launched a crash program to develop the Atlas ICBM."

At the time of my 1945 statement, some eminent generals were telling the Senate that intercontinental ballistic missiles would be available in a year or two. My statement should be read with this, and the following, in mind: a crash program meant hardware and large costs. Reasonable men in development work do not enter this phase until the central problems are solved. At the time there was no known means of guiding such a missile successfully. There were also large problems on re-entry and on fuels. The fact that I was interested, and was encouraging such research, is illustrated by one invention I myself made on guidance, and assigned the patent rights on it to the Navy. I did not oppose development of guided missiles.

VANNEVAR BUSH

Belmont, Mass.

▶ TIME *regrets giving an inaccurate impression of Dr. Bush's position on missile development, and is glad to have his correction of the record.*—ED.

Fleetfooted Victims

Sir: I have taken to heart the Baltimore cops' advice to run when attacked [June 26] and am now vigorously practicing wind sprints. However, one difficulty has arisen: my fiancée, who is addicted to wearing high heels, is hard pressed to comprehend that when trouble appears I shall be forced to abandon her.

PAUL H. RIMELSPACH

New York City

Power of Ideas

Sir: Re your comment that "economists collectively have far more influence than Keynes & Co. could ever have dreamed of [June 26]," Lord Keynes stated in 1935: "The ideas of economists and political philosophers are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed the world is ruled by little else. Practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back. I am sure that the power of vested interests is vastly exaggerated compared with the gradual encroachment of ideas."

MICHAEL G. DWORKIN
ALBERT M. KATZ

Wayne State University
Detroit

The Cardinal & the Priest

Sir: Although many lay Catholics have been chagrined by Cardinal McIntyre's reluctance to actively endorse civil rights as a fundamental moral issue [June 26], the views of the church are hardly so equivocal. As exemplified by Archbishop Rum-

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
Sullivan 31
Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

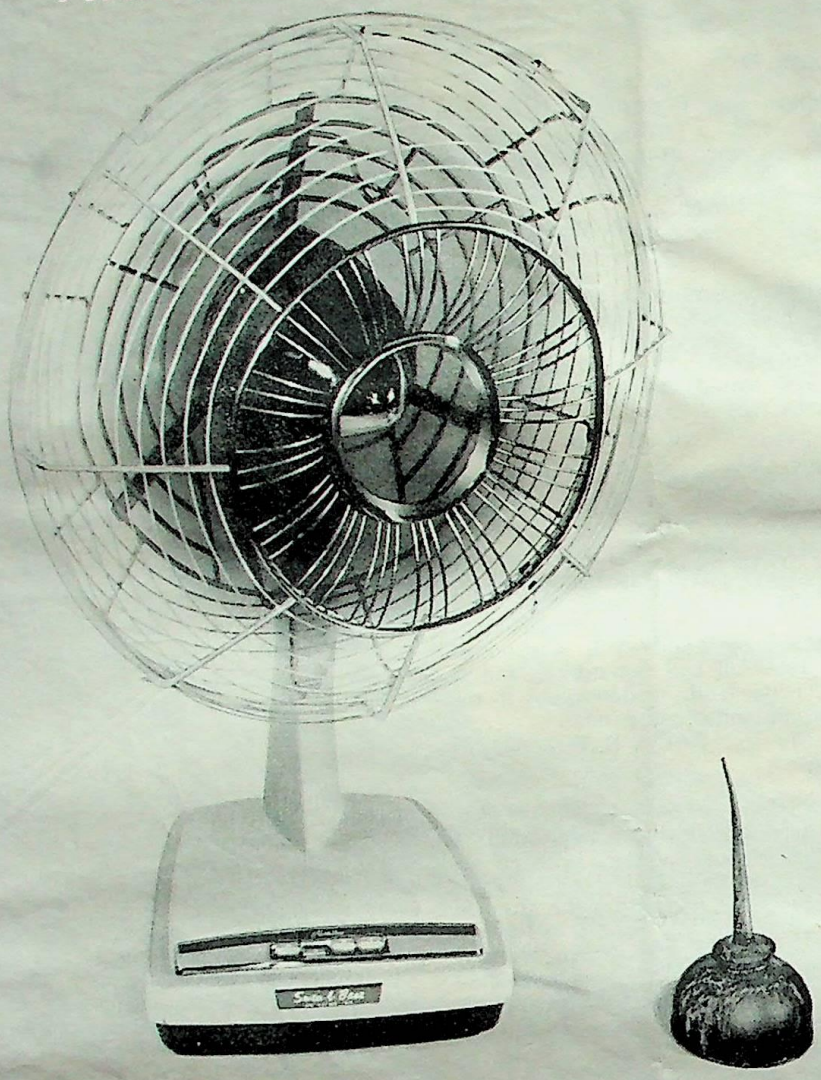
address

city state or province country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Thanks all the same...



Messy business, oiling. Ran 15,000 hours non-stop without it at the lab. GRAPHOIL, you know. Toshiba-patented alloy. Coats the old propeller shaft, acts like an oil-filled sponge.

What about Swiv-L-Base? Ever lifted an oscillating fan? Heavy... downright dangerous for children, if it's running. Swiv-L-Base rotates the whole shebang 360 degrees ... needs only the touch of a finger. You might say Toshiba did me a good turn.

And that's a three-speed pushbutton control, there. So simple a baby can work it. Where can you find me? At your Toshiba dealers—just ask for Toshiba Model EL-13B.

Escorted tours of Toshiba factories in the Tokyo area Monday through Friday PM mid-September through mid-November. Refreshments, Souvenirs. For reservations, call Toshiba International Division, 501-5411.

Tokyo Shibaura Electric Co., Ltd.

For information: TOSHIBA Foreign Trade Division
Hibiya Mitsui Bldg., Yurakucho, Tokyo

Toshiba
QUALITY SINCE 1875

mel in New Orleans, the church traditionally supports, often actively, the essential dignity of man.

ROBERT E. EDMANDS, M.D.

Westminster, Calif.

Sir: Cardinal McIntyre represents the best thinking of the 4th century.

MRS. DANIEL C. HOULIHAN

Pearl River, N.Y.

Sir: It is such policies and attitudes as those of Cardinal McIntyre that are driving the more thoughtful of the Catholic laity toward an anticlericalism that is too vehement to be healthy.

JAMES P. WARD

Wilmington, Del.

Sir: Cheers for Cardinal McIntyre. And pox on these so-called clergy who, under the guise of moral leadership, insinuate that they represent the majority and exert powerful pressures on our legislative bodies to pass minority legislation. Muzzle them or remove them. The clergy has no business meddling with politics or agitating violence.

HARLEY D. TAYLOR

Austin, Texas

Sir: We cannot legislate love—to accomplish this we look to our religious leaders. What we find is a system riddled with weak-kneed little men. Unfortunately, Cardinal McIntyre represents the majority of clergymen who do not serve God by teaching right but serve the cause of ignorance, either by remaining silent or by supplying twisted interpretations of the Bible to justify the prejudices of their congregations. My prayers and praises go to Father Du Bay and all clergymen who have recognized their responsibilities in this war against hate.

NANCY S. GRISSINO

Huntington, N.Y.

All Things Flow

Sir: Your article covering Dr. Hoyle's theory of gravitation [June 26] was very informative, but it seems to me that Dr. Hoyle was preceded by Lucretius, who in 70 B.C. said: No single thing abides, but all things flow. Fragment to fragment clings; the things thus grow until we know and name them. By degrees they melt and are no more the thing we know.

N. H. GHYST

St. Louis

What's up Front Counts

Sir: After seeing your picture of the topless bathing suit [June 26], I can easily guess what comes next: the gownless evening strap.

NORMAN D. NEXON

Glencoe, Ill.

Sir: I wouldn't even think of wearing a topless bathing suit. I believe the only reason for this fad is to lead men on. When and where will virginity go to?

DENISE PINCINA

Woonsocket, R.I.

Boo Who

Sir: Mme. Callas enjoyed a tremendous success in Paris as Norma [June 26]; the boos came from the anti-Callas faction in the gallery. They may boo her, but they really pay her the highest compliment by paying "Callas prices" at the box office. They may hate her, but they just can't stay away.

MALCOLM GORDON

Toronto

CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Digitized by eGangotri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ..... ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT ..... JAMES A. LINEN

EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ..... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ..... ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
A.T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George G. Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Anatole Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, Gilbert Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Marshall Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert McLaughlin, John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, Jon Borgzinner, Clell Bryant, Richard Bergheim, John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Dudley Dean, Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Grossman, Peri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, Leon Jaroff, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ray Kennedy, Ronald P. Kriss, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Mitchel R. Levitas, George Love, Richard Murphy, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, Jerrold L. Schecter, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Essie Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Berta Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Virginia Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Nancy Atkinson, Priscilla B. Badger, Reva Berger, Jean Bergerud, Karen B. Booth, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, Nicolette Caliendo, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian Cothead, S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall, Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Stanks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Lea Guyer, Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Anfra E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Kreezer, Judith Liersch, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Mamn, Shirley Monck, Deborah Hanson Murphy, Nancy Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Pampel, Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Pikul, Ruth Reed, Wendy Kupsick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Stadler, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Lynn Thomas, Fortunata Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanaman, Susanne S. Washburn, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Smith, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Jess Cook Jr., Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, Jon A. Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, William Rademaekers, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin H. Zim. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Clark, Christopher Porterfield, Miriam Rumwell, Arlie W. Schardt. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Robert W. Glasgow, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Kaiser, Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. McWhirter. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Israel Shenker, Christopher T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA-HOUSTON: Harry Johnston, Dudley E. Morris. BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Robert A. Ellis, John L. Wilson. DENVER: Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, Benjamin W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: Roger Stone, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.

LONDON: Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Charles Champlin, Donald S. Connery. PARIS: Curtis Prendergast, Barry Farrell, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Main, Friedel Ungeheuer, James Wilde. COMMON MARKET: Jason McManus. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel. ROME: Robert E. Jackson. MADRID: Piero Forbath. BEIRUT: George de Carvalho. HONG KONG: Giuliotti, Frank McCulloch, Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. NAIROBI: William E. Smith. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. TOKYO: Lee Griggs, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. OTTAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Martin Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed Ogle. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan, Roger M. Williams. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO DE JANEIRO: John Blashill, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Kevin Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Cunningham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ..... LAWRENCE E. LAYBOURNE
JOHN J. FREY
GENERAL MANAGER ..... JAMES A. THOMASON

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR ..... EDGAR R. BAKER
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR ..... DAVID W. BALLARD
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN ..... YASUO KITAOKA
INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... WILLIAM S. HONNEUS
EUROPEAN ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... STEPHEN S. LaRUE

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

We have always felt that the 19th century author Alexander Smith didn't say it quite right when he wrote, "It is not of so much consequence what you say, as how you say it." Shifting the emphasis, we believe that what you say is important but how you say it makes a whale of a difference. Some examples from this week's TIME:

Like a Polaris missile, the great fish roars out of the water, sometimes jumping twelve feet or more as he goes raging and tail-walking across the ocean.—*See* SPORT, **All Out for Banzai!**

•

For those who would savor the texture of the land and recover their sense of place, there are the shunpike and the minor road, a network of Indian trails and reconstructed canal routes: tortuous drives that skirt oceans below and wind around mountains, cross plains and valleys, run after rivers through national parks and state museums, ghost towns, rain forests and whaling ports. —*See* MODERN LIVING, **Sights on the Shunpike.**

•

The primary symbol of France today is an image, from the movie screen, of a young man slouching in a café chair, his socks sagging over broken shoelaces, his shirt open to the waist, his arms dangling to the floor, where his knuckles drag. A Gauloise rests in his gibbon lips and its smoke meanders from his attractively broken, *Z*-shaped nose.—*See* SHOW BUSINESS, **Breathless Man.**

•

Learning one step at a time, at their own pace, they become more self-reliant and confident. A three-year-old lies on a rubber mat, arranging a washbasin and cups; a five-year-old, blindfolded with a blue eye shade, feels a sphere, a cube, a cylinder, following out some blueprint in his mind.—*See* EDUCATION, **Montessori in the Slums.**

•

Like the Bard, pre-Bach music is not to be forgotten. Drawing from the works of Shakespeare's contemporaries—Thomas Morley, William Byrd, Tobias Hume, John Wilbye, John Dowland—Pro Musica shook the dust off a score of Elizabethan madrigals and lute songs, embellishing the rarefied melodies with a rhythmic liveliness and delicate twining of voices and instruments to produce, in Shakespeare's words, "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."—*See* MUSIC, **The Ancient's Mariner.**

•

To sit through the film is something like holding an elephant on your lap for two hours and 15 minutes. You can hardly measure what you have there, but it leaves a definite impression: it's big, it's warmhearted, and tons of fun for the kids.—*See* CINEMA, **Sawdust Spectacular.**

•

His tangled white curls were damp with perspiration, his face was pale. The pouches beneath his eyes were dark; his voice was hoarse but strong. —*See* THE U.S., **The Ev and Barry Show.**

•

Roar. Rattle. Bump-bump-bump. Bee-eep beep. Clang. Rat-tat-tat. The illuminated sign at a Nishi-Ginza intersection in downtown Tokyo blinks a tentative 80, then flashes to 82. Red light. Screech! North-south traffic stops. The number blinks: 8[illegible] 79, 78. Ready, east-west? Engine whine. Clutches out. Getaway! Flash goes the sign: 79, 81, 82—84!—*See* THE WORLD, **The Fresh Start.**

INDEX

Cover Story ... 10
Color: Route 5 Virginia ... 35

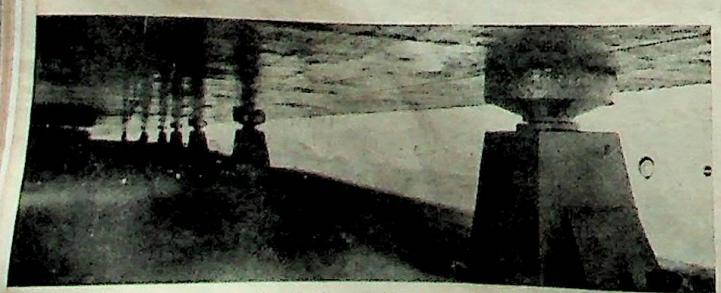
Art ... 42	Medicine ... 40	Show Business ... 49
Books ... 69	Milestones ... 51	Sport ... 56
Cinema ... 67	Modern Living ... 34	Time Listings ... 2
Education ... 52	Music ... 32	The U.S. ... 9
The Hemisphere 18	People ... 31	U.S. Business ... 59
The Law ... 47	Press ... 54	The World ... 20
Letters ... 5	Religion ... 45	World Business ... 64

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ICTURE OF A MAN SUPPORTING A 100,000-TON SHI

reyou ever heard of *jacking-* a ship? Not a normal mari- e term—as yet. But it may ll be soon, because that's t what this shipyard worker is doing. And he's doing it with air. For at Rotterdam's Verolme yard the method of dry docking is as unconventional as it is fast.



d for supporting vessels in dry dock, special shoring jacks with ball-jointed heads driven by compressed air.

Manhandling of blocks and timbers for shoring has given way to mechanization. Two rows of jacks are aligned in the dry dock to follow the form of the vessel to be lowered onto the keeling block. At the pull of a lever, Atlas Copco air motors drive the jacks upwards to support the vessel's hull.

Three men instead of five cut man-hours per docking by over 55 and time in dock by 11 to 12 hours. With some fifty dockings a year and, say, an 8-hour day, that can mean a gain of two months in time and nearly 3,000 man-hours in labour—which, in terms of cash, is progress.

Atlas Copco's job is, of course, help rationalise working metho with compressed air—not only ships in dock or at sea, but also every kind of industry the wo over. The end in view is always same—simply greater efficiency less cost.

Atlas Copc

puts **compressed** to work for the wo

OUP HEADQUARTERS · ATLAS COPCO AB · STOCKHOLM 1 · SWEDEN · SALES & SERVICE IN OVER 100 COUNTRIES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
July 10, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 2

THE U.S.

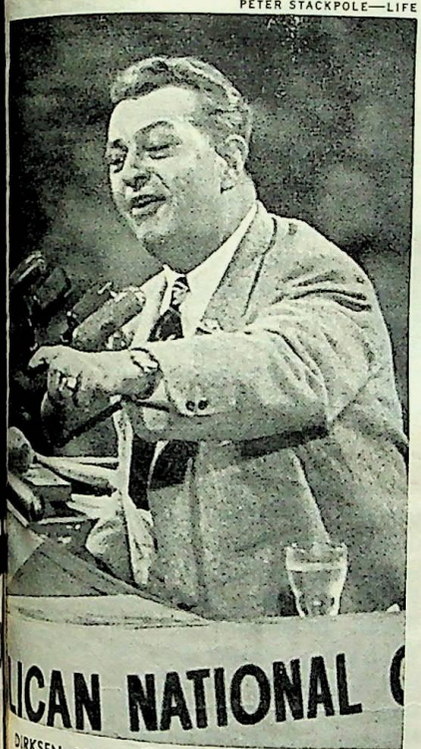
REPUBLICANS

Some Facts of History

History, as everyone knows, does not repeat itself. Yet the circumstances of history can, and often do, run in parallels. This may lead the careless, casual or wishful observer, spotting similar sets of circumstances, to jump to wrong conclusions.

The similarities between the 1952 and 1964 contests for the Republican presidential nomination seem striking in

PETER STACKPOLE—LIFE



DIRKSEN: 1952 NATIONAL CONVENTION
"Down the path to defeat."

many ways. Will history repeat itself? Can William Scranton do this year what Dwight Eisenhower did in '52? The answer, as of last week, was: almost certainly not.

The Similarities. Remember 1952? There was Bob Taft, Mr. Republican, idol of his party's conservative wing, career politician, leading member of the U.S. Senate, a Midwesterner through and through, an outspoken individualist, who had worked long and hard for the nomination, thought he had it won, and was convinced that he deserved it by reason of service to his party and championship of his cause.

And there was Dwight Eisenhower, a late and reluctant entry, the choice of the G.O.P.'s Northeastern kingmakers, of Tom Dewey and Herb Brownell and Cabot Lodge, the man who could take over the presidency of the U.S. for the Republicans, while, as the charge went, "Taft can't win."

Ike, of course, was an international hero, perhaps the most popular man of his day. But Taft had a head start, and he seemed to have the delegates. Eisenhower's backers desperately needed a new and spectacular issue—and they found it in the Taft backers' so-called "steal" of the Texas delegation. The strategy was successful, but it engendered a bitterness rare in the history of any political party. Thus the most memorable sight and sound of the '52 convention was Illinois' Senator Everett Dirksen, who, in pleading Taft's cause, pointed his finger at Tom Dewey and cried, in an anguish of anger and disappointment: "We followed you before, and you took us down the path to defeat."

The Differences. In many ways, the candidacies of Bill Scranton and Barry Goldwater are similar to those of Ike and Taft. But there are also decisive differences. It goes without saying that Goldwater is by no means a Taft—but then, neither has Scranton anything like the stature of an Eisenhower. In 1952, Republicans scented certain victory, if only they would pick the right candidate. In 1964, many Republicans despair of victory, no matter who the candidate.

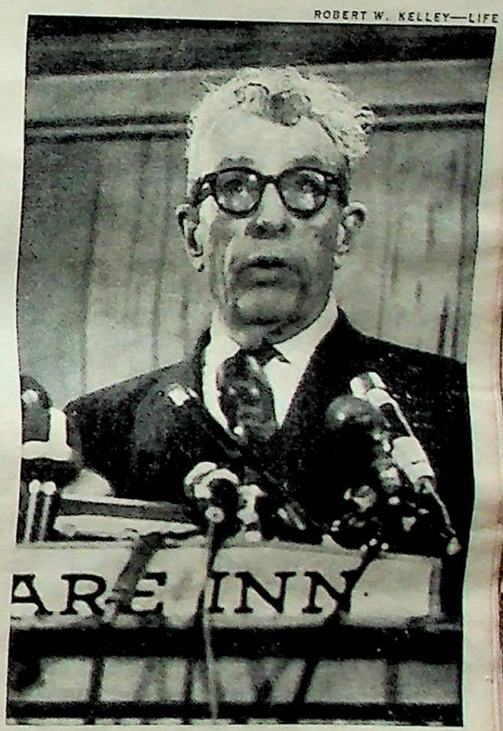
As he began his belated campaign, it was Scranton's major mission to convince such pessimistic Republicans that they are wrong—that he, Bill Scranton, could defeat Lyndon Johnson in November. Scranton did his best. His effort has been energetic and articulate. He dramatically demonstrated his own conviction that the 1964 G.O.P. nomination is worth fighting for, and worth fighting for on behalf of progressive Republicanism. He will continue doing his best until the last ballot is counted in San Francisco. But in the short time he chose to fight, his best has not been good enough.

The Disappointments. The facts were plain and simple. Goldwater got off to a long head start, showing poorly in the primaries but piling up delegate votes against little or no opposition in state conventions. At no time in 1952 did Taft have anything approaching Goldwater's delegate strength.

Scranton's entry made little, if any, dent in that Goldwater strength—a fact that politicians across the land were quick to realize. And since it is part of the profession of politics to stay off the losing side, Scranton has suffered one disappointment after another.

In highly urbanized New Jersey, for example, Scranton's brand of Republicanism is popular. Senator Clifford Case

ROBERT W. KELLEY—LIFE



DIRKSEN: 1964 ILLINOIS CAUCUS
"The grey ghost of me-tooism."

is a dedicated Scranton supporter, and many other delegates are known to favor the Pennsylvanian. Yet last week, after Goldwater appeared and spoke before the delegation, it voted to go to San Francisco uncommitted, thereby denying Scranton a breakthrough just when he needed one. In Delaware, Goldwater picked up a handful of delegates without lifting a finger; Senator John Williams, who had been set up as a favorite son in a holding action against Goldwater, announced for Barry and promised to release the delegation. In Michigan, Governor George Romney, who has been vociferous in his anti-Goldwater sentiments, warmly

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

welcomed Barry into his state, posed proudly with him, insisted that he couldn't pick a candidate until he saw what the G.O.P. platform had to say. What overriding problem did Romney want the Platform Committee to tackle first? Said Romney: "The breakup of family life, leading to increased juvenile delinquency and other social evils."

The biggest blow to Scranton's candidacy came in Illinois. There, old Ev Dirksen proved the truth of Santayana's maxim: "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." Dirksen may not read much Santayana, but he remembers his past political history, and he has no intention of repeating it. This time he fully intends to be on what he feels is the winning side.

The Ev & Barry Show

(See Cover)

His tangled white curls were damp with perspiration; his face was pale. The pouches beneath his eyes were dark; his voice was hoarse but strong. "Too long have we ridden the grey ghost of me-tooism," he said. "When the roll is called, I shall cast my vote for Barry Goldwater!"

So spoke Ev Dirksen at suburban Chicago's O'Hare Inn, where the 58-member Illinois delegation to the Republican National Convention met in caucus. Goldwater backers burst into wild applause, followed quickly with a roll call that produced 48 diamond-hard convention votes for Barry; the other ten delegates remained publicly committed to no one, but there was every possibility that Goldwater would wind up with at least 51.

ROBERT W. KELLEY—LIFE

UNSWITCHABLE GOLDWATER FANS
Better a black eye than a bright new face.

Being Consistent. That vote all but crushed Bill Scranton's chances for the G.O.P. nomination. He had gambled heavily on the possibility that he might steal some of Goldwater's delegate strength in Illinois, thereby giving his campaign a psychological lift that would have impact elsewhere. He had known for several days that Dirksen would probably vote for Barry. But, if only because of Goldwater's vote against the civil rights bill, of which Dirksen was the major architect, Scranton had hoped that Dirksen would be somewhat less than enthusiastic about Barry. As it turned out, Ev's strong and lengthy endorsement of Barry not only stunned the Scranton people but surprised the Goldwater forces.

Actually, Dirksen was being perfectly consistent. He is a Midwestern Republican—and one not notable for his admiration of the G.O.P.'s Northeastern "kingmakers." Moreover, Ev and Barry have long been warm Senate friends. Dirksen was instrumental in 1955 in making Goldwater chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, a job that put Barry into constant contact with Republicans all over the U.S. and gave him hundreds of far-flung pulpits from which to preach his views. Finally, Dirksen had said for months that he would back whichever candidate he thought would help the most Republican Senate nominees. He realized that Goldwater might hurt the chances of such Northeast Republican incumbents as New York's Ken Keating and Pennsylvania's Hugh Scott. But he also felt that the G.O.P.'s best chance this year for increasing its Senate membership was in the Midwest and Far West—where Barry is relatively strong.

Still, there were days of cautious Goldwater dickering to assure Dirksen's support. After his vote against the civil rights bill, Goldwater assiduously worked on Dirksen, visited the minority leader's office often, had drinks and dinner with him. Said one top Goldwater aide of Dirksen: "You never quite know what the old rascal is going to do, and it doesn't do to press him. But we were pretty sure he'd be with us when it came time to vote."

"A Rookie or a Patsy?" Ironically, one factor in solidifying Dirksen's stand for Goldwater came from Scranton himself. On June 22 Scranton flew to Washington, dropped in at Dirksen's office and tried to sell the Senator on becoming a favorite-son candidate in Illinois—an obvious ploy to withhold first-ballot votes from Goldwater. This annoyed Ev. When Scranton left, he phoned a friend and thundered: "What do they think I am? A rookie or a patsy? I certainly am not impressed."

Next morning Dirksen was on the phone again, this time trumpeting to a man in Illinois: "The whole world knows that I'm for Barry Goldwater." As a matter of fact, the whole world didn't. But to make certain that the world soon would, Goldwater staffers moved quickly that same day. Campaign Manager Denison Kitchel stopped in at Dirksen's office, said Barry had been wondering how Ev would feel about making the nomination speech for Goldwater at the convention. Dirksen did not quite say yes, but he certainly didn't say no. A few hours later, Barry himself buttonholed Dirksen on the Senate floor, asked him outright to make the nominating address. Dirksen agreed on the spot.

Thus Dirksen's starring role in last week's drama at the O'Hare Inn was written a week before the Illinois delegation actually met. To add to the irony, that meeting—which turned out so badly for Bill Scranton—was originally set up by Scranton himself. From the moment he became an avowed candidate on June 12, he knew he would have to make some spectacular inroads into what had been counted as a big Goldwater delegation. Illinois seemed to be the most likely possibility.

Most Important People. The day of the caucus, Goldwater got to the motel first. At his heels surged a crowd of rooters, many sporting blackened eyes and chest ribbons that proclaimed I WOULD RATHER FIGHT THAN SWITCH. They took over the lobby, seemed so excitable that when Scranton arrived, he went in the back door against the possibility that he might be bopped over the head by a placard. Dirksen, Goldwater and Republican Gubernatorial Candidate Charles H. Percy huddled for a while before the candidates addressed the delegation separately.

Shortly before 1 p.m., Dirksen and Percy escorted Barry to the Grecian Room, presented him to the delegates. Wearing a PERCY FOR GOVERNOR button, Goldwater rambled for a few minutes about the need for party unity and harmony, especially mentioned his civil rights vote, and said: "I will accept the civil rights plank of the platform, and as President will uphold and enforce the civil rights law. As President, I would want an Attorney General who would enforce the law. My Attorney General would uphold the law or I would get another one." He said that segregation is "foolishness in these times, just as anti-Semitism or anti-Catholicism are foolish. We just can't afford these prejudices at this time."

At midafternoon Bill Scranton made his pitch. "You are," he told the delegates, "the 58 most important people in the United States today." Conscious of the pro-Goldwater atmosphere, he downplayed his differences with Barry, elaborated at length about their po-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

sonal friendship, then said, "But I have a strong feeling we should win this election—in 1964 and not in 1968." He answered questions about his gubernatorial record in Pennsylvania and his voting record as a Congressman—which Goldwater literature had begun to attack as that of "a reluctant Republican who voted against his own party on 31 key issues." After 45 minutes, Scranton left. Behind him, the trap snapped shut —for Ev Dirksen rose to make his talk.

"You Know . . ." Dirksen poohpoohed the importance of Goldwater's vote against cloture on the Senate civil rights filibuster. "You've got to remember," Ev orated, "that a vote on cloture is a procedural matter. My own disposition generally is against cloture in the Senate." Arizona Senators, he told the caucus, traditionally vote against cloture. "I once asked my esteemed colleague, Carl Hayden, the president pro tempore of the Senate, about this. Senator Hayden said that if cloture had been invoked on the issue of admitting New Mexico to the Union, Arizona never would have entered the Union. The reason—it was proposed to admit New Mexico to the Union with Arizona included within its boundaries. Had that happened, there would be no Arizona today."

Soothing and smooth, Dirksen made Barry's vote against the bill sound like an act of statesmanship. "I urged Senator Goldwater several times to vote for the bill. But Senator Goldwater had reservations on two titles of the bill—the fair employment and accommodations sections. I was well aware of this," Dirksen said. "You know, it is not my business to quarrel with my fellow Senators. They have convictions. I wouldn't think much of a fellow who didn't have convictions and who didn't assert them."

That said, Dirksen allowed that he'd now like to talk a bit about opinion polls—to bring them "into a little better focus, just a little better focus." Goldwater has recently trailed Late Entry Bill Scranton in the sentiments of rank-and-file Republicans, but Ev recalled that when he won his Senate seat in 1950 from powerful Democrat Scott Lucas, polls showed him behind by as much as 10 to 1. "Why, some polls even showed me behind the eight ball in 1962!" Ev cried. Then, like a philosophical father, he assured the delegates they needn't fret about Barry's popularity. "I remember," pealed Ev, "a chap telling me last month that he was on his way to California to bet a bundle on Nelson Rockefeller. I told that chap that I would assume he knew what he was doing since the amount he was prepared to wager was not inconsiderable. But I also asked him where he got his information. He replied, 'From the best pollsters of all —the boys in Las Vegas.' Well, polls are polls, and at no time have the pollsters done well in 1964—and the best cure for polls is a strong, fighting candidate."

Because He Wanted To. Dirksen's words were still ringing in their ears when the delegates went through their pro-Goldwater roll call. Chuck Percy, as surprised as anyone by Ev's passion and vehemence, passed when his name was first called, recalled that during his primary campaign he had pledged to vote for the choice of a majority of the Illinois delegation. Said he last week: "I now instruct the secretary to cast my ballot as soon as a majority vote is cast for one candidate—for that same candidate." When the 30th Goldwater vote was registered, Percy—knowing that his chances of winning in November may be seriously hurt by a Goldwater presidential ticket—went on record for Barry.

ROBERT W. KELLEY—LIFE

DIRKSEN, PERCY & SCRANTON
Better go along with the majority.

As soon as the roll call was over, Dirksen hurried out to talk to waiting reporters. Said Ev: "We took care of all unfinished business. There was a motion to take a poll for the purpose of clearing the air and making some contribution to national thinking in this area." A reporter asked why Dirksen voted for Barry Goldwater, and the Senator boomed happily, "Well, because I wanted to."

Predictably, there were instant rumors that Ev Dirksen would become Goldwater's vice-presidential running mate. But Ev is 68 years old and ailing with an ulcer. More important, he loves his role in the Senate, and only hours after the Illinois caucus, Dirksen himself scotched the stories that he would like to be Vice President. "I'd have to dedicate roads and courthouses and bow to visiting princes and kings," he said in mock sadness. "I am not a candidate."

Barry, well aware of the enormous boost his candidacy had gotten, said confidently, "This just means that I have more delegates than I thought I did—maybe 690, something along in there. But I'd like a few more; then I'd say I was over the hump." Later Goldwater was even more confident. "Scranton just hadn't been moving," he said. "He needed a big break, and the only state where he could possibly get it would be Illinois. We had expected to get 40 of those delegates. We got 48. Three others we know we have, so that makes 51—and five of the remaining are leaning to us. So when Dirksen agreed to nominate me, I think that was it. After all, here's a party leader who says, 'You're going to win, and I want to be with you.' "

Still in There Fighting

Despite his setbacks, Bill Scranton kept up the fight. Said he to a newsman: "There isn't much time remaining, I know, but I have been told by professionals that I am further along at this time than Willkie and Eisenhower were before they were nominated."

Scranton even managed to put the best light on his Chicago defeat, saying calmly: "I came to Illinois with the calculation that 54 delegates would vote for my opponent. Our plan for the visit was to begin to demonstrate to the delegates at first hand that a vast majority of Republicans in Illinois, as elsewhere, prefer my candidacy. Dick Nixon said on television in Chicago last week that if ten Illinois delegates did not vote for Goldwater—watch out. This was what I was watching for also—then we would be on our way. Ten did not vote for him."

Out of Step. This week Scranton planned a second assault on Illinois. No matter what Ev Dirksen might say about polls, Scranton figured that he had some new ammunition in a statewide survey calculated to create second thoughts among delegates. According to Scranton, Illinois Republican and independent voters preferred Scranton over Goldwater, 65% to 35%. Moreover, when the two men were matched against Lyndon Johnson, the same voters picked Johnson over Goldwater, 38% to 25% (37% were undecided), while they favored Scranton over Johnson, 33% to 24% (43% were undecided). This was one of the first times since Lyndon took office that any Republican has beaten him in any poll. Scranton figured to barnstorm Illinois early in the week, hitting "as many

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Harid

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

places as possible," top his campaign off with a nationwide telecast, then head for San Francisco.

Last week, in a high-speed delegate-wooing tour, Scranton traveled 7,000 miles, visited ten cities in ten states. From North Carolina to North Dakota, he kept up a blistering attack on Goldwater's candidacy. In a nationally televised speech from his home near Scranton, Pa., he laced into Barry: "If a man marching in a parade discovers that his cadence is different from every other marcher, who is he to say that the rest are out of step? But despite all this—despite the knowledge across the country that he lacks public support—despite his reckless pronouncements in the area of war and peace—despite his unorthodox and unusual views of what the Republican Party stands for—despite all of this, Senator Goldwater today is the front runner in the contest for the Republican presidential nomination. This can be changed. For the sake of our party and of our nation, it must be changed!"

At the end of the telecast, he urged people to fire off telegrams supporting him, later reported happily that wires were piling up at the rate of 1,500 an hour.

"Reckless Proposals." Next morning he breakfasted with delegates in Charlotte, N.C., then flew to Atlanta, where he got a roaring welcome from a confetti-throwing crowd. Cried Scranton to Georgia's convention delegates: "Of course we Republicans believe that the states should exercise maximum responsibilities. But we also believe in federal responsibility. We believe that the honorable doctrine of states' rights should not be used to set South against North, to set East against West, to set black man against white man."

That afternoon he was in Knoxville, Tenn., where he blasted Barry for suggesting that the TVA should be sold. Snapped Scranton: "I cannot ascribe these views of my opponent, all placed firmly on the record, to malice. He is not that kind of man. I think that ignorance must be the explanation."

SCRANTON IN BALLOON OVER SIOUX FALLS
"For the sake of our party and nation."

After the affair in Chicago, Scranton flew to Salt Lake City, attacked Goldwater's foreign policy stands. "I know that my opponent in his heart wants peace. He is a gentle man. But isn't he playing the warmongers' game when he proposes authorizing field commanders to use tactical nuclear weapons on their own initiative, when he suggests sending the marines to capture the Guantánamo water supply? These are reckless proposals. They are the very opposite of the calm strength with which President Eisenhower for eight years maintained the world's peace."

After a session with delegates and a balloon ride in Sioux Falls, S. Dak. to dramatize his high-flying hopes, Scranton pushed on to Fargo, N. Dak., where he spoke of the potential reaction to Goldwater's civil rights bill vote. "When you arouse emotions in that very vital and human field," cried the Governor, "it can create disruptive disorder, even violence, which we all want to avoid."

Words with Ike. Among the hopes held by Scranton backers was the possibility that Dwight Eisenhower might yet be persuaded to endorse their candidate. Scranton was irked by Ike's refusal to move. Said he: "I wasn't able to stay neutral, and I feel very strongly about this, and if I were somebody else I would assume I'd act like myself—that is, get out and do something about it."

That was Backer Cabot Lodge's main assignment from Scranton headquarters—to get Ike to speak out for Scranton. Lodge had convinced Eisenhower that he should run in 1952, and he seemed a logical man for the job now. He made a stab at it last week at Washington's Walter Reed Hospital. The meeting did not go well.

When Ike arrived at the hospital Lodge was waiting inside. But outside on the steps were dozens of reporters. Ike flushed deeply when he saw them. He strode past, paused only when a reporter asked about the meeting with Lodge. At that, Ike whirled about, said angrily: "I'd just like to know how you knew about it. That's all!" Then he stomped inside.

The two men talked for 45 minutes and Lodge went all out, even urging Ike to nominate Scranton. When he left the hospital, Lodge described the meeting in cryptic terms. "You will probably not be surprised to hear that we talked politics," he said. "I can give no details on that. Events will disclose what took place." What had actually happened was very little: Eisenhower had budged hardly at all, agreeing only to meet with Lodge again, probably late this week in San Francisco.

One Platform for All

In one of his most eloquent statements, William Scranton last spring warned that the inability of his party to speak with one voice had made it appear as a negative force in U.S. life. Declared he: "All of that can change. Republicans should form a new coalition—with themselves."

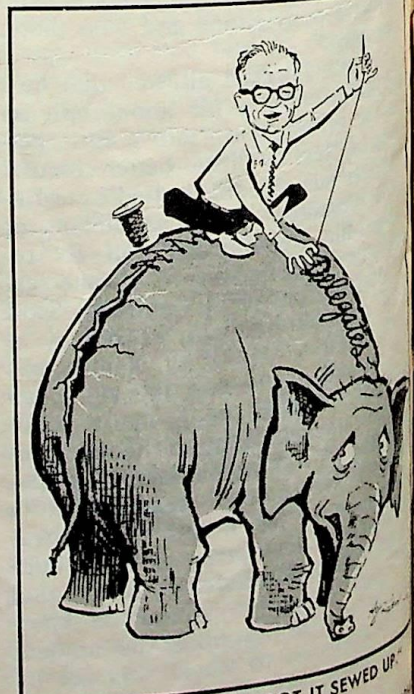
Few Republicans would agree more heartily with that sentiment than Melvin Laird, a bright, balding Congressman from Wisconsin, chairman of the 1964 Republican Platform Committee and a man who means to write a document acceptable to all G.O.P. factions. Says Laird: "We're not writing a Goldwater platform, a Rockefeller platform, a Scranton platform or a G.O.P. Governors platform—we're writing a Republican platform."

"The American Position." Laird describes himself as "a creative conservative"; he is tightfisted on fiscal matters

WARREN KING—N.Y. DAILY NEWS

"BUT, CABOT, IT'S LOW TIDE!"

HY ROSEN—ALBANY TIMES-UNION



"WHAT SPLIT? I'VE GOT IT SEWED UP."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

and extremely knowledgeable in foreign affairs. Although only 41, he is serving his sixth term from central Wisconsin's dairy-minded Seventh District, which contains Marshfield (pop. 14,600), his birthplace and still his home. He earned a B.A. from Minnesota's Carleton College, a Purple Heart in a kamikaze attack on his destroyer in World War II, entered politics through the Wisconsin state senate. Last year he wrote an introduction to a collection of scholarly essays known as *The Conservative Papers*, in which he expressed the hope that "the conservative position will come to be known more accurately as the American position."

In 1960 Laird was serving as vice chairman of the G.O.P. Platform Committee when Richard Nixon flew to Manhattan, huddled with Nelson Rockefeller, and arrived at the famed "Treaty of Fifth Avenue," which considerably liberalized a platform already drafted. Incumbent President Eisenhower was irked by its implied criticism of his defense policies. Conservatives on the platform went into open revolt, and the situation got so out of hand that Laird had to step in and take over the chairman's gavel from Illinois' inexperienced Charles Percy. Within 20 hours, acting both as cop and conciliator, Laird worked things out. Again, in 1962, he was the chief architect of a Declaration of Republican Principle and Policy, which has been endorsed both by Goldwater and his moderate Republican opponents.

Pinpointing the Principles. This year, to avoid a disruptive clash, Laird consulted frequently with Rockefeller and Goldwater, more recently with Scranton, to pinpoint principles upon which all can agree. He has pleaded with state leaders to name reasonable, rather than emotional delegates to the 106-member Platform Committee (each state selects one man and one woman, as does the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands). The committee will include 16 members of Congress—largest number in the party's history—and Laird is high on its overall competence.

The timetable for this week's public hearings calls for testimony from Rockefeller, Lodge, Scranton and Goldwater at morning sessions, and from some 150 representatives of special-interest groups in the afternoons. Each night an eleven-member drafting committee will digest the day's hearings, relating them to position papers already on hand from the candidates, from academic sources, Congressional Republicans, and the prestigious Critical Issues Council, which, under the direction of Milton Eisenhower, has issued eleven detailed papers on such topics as Cuba, civil rights and the Far East.

The Drafting Committee hopes to sit down in earnest Friday night. Its three principal writers are: Bryce Harlow, a former Eisenhower speechwriter; Malcolm Moos, another one-time Eisenhower speechwriter, who has been advising Scranton; Karl Hess, a former Washington newsman and one of Goldwater's key advisers. The drafting group will report to the full Platform Committee, hopefully on Saturday. If sharp disputes between Goldwater and moderates break out, Goldwater should be in excellent shape, since a hefty majority of the committee members favor his candidacy.

"Take the Platform." Actually, Goldwater will go to considerable lengths to avoid a platform fight, since a clash over an emotional issue seems to be the only thing that could blow the convention open and give Scranton a chance. Top Goldwater aides are likely to seek compromise rather than a fight, and to suggest: "You take the platform; we'll take the nomination."

From the preconvention campaign, the various position papers, the 1962 Declaration of Republican Principle and Policy, and the 1960 platform, the outlines of this year's platform discussions already seem clear. They include:

• CIVIL RIGHTS. Goldwater's vote against the civil rights bill set this up as the key issue. If there is to be a major platform battle, Laird believes that it will be between Goldwater delegates who insist that the party advocate repeal of parts of the new bill and moderates who may propose much tougher measures than are included in the bill. Already, Pennsylvania's Senator Hugh Scott, the Scranton spokesman on the Platform Committee, has urged a flat statement that the party considers the bill constitutional, which would go directly against Goldwater's declaration in the Senate that it is not. Laird hopes that all factions can get together on a simple statement pledging vigorous enforcement of the new bill. Goldwater has indicated that he can readily agree to that. Laird may also propose new measures to secure Negro voting rights in the South, another proposal that Goldwater would accept. Since it takes two to tangle, there may not be much of a fight.

• SCHOOL PRAYERS. Laird reports that he has had more requests to be heard by witnesses who want to condemn the 1963 Supreme Court decision banning a state-sponsored recitation of prayer in public schools than on any other issue in contention. He considers the issue a real "sleeper." Conservatives may seek blunt criticism of the decision. Laird himself is sympathetic to the complaints, has warned: "In this world, it is becoming more and more unpopular to be a Christian. Soon it may become dangerous."

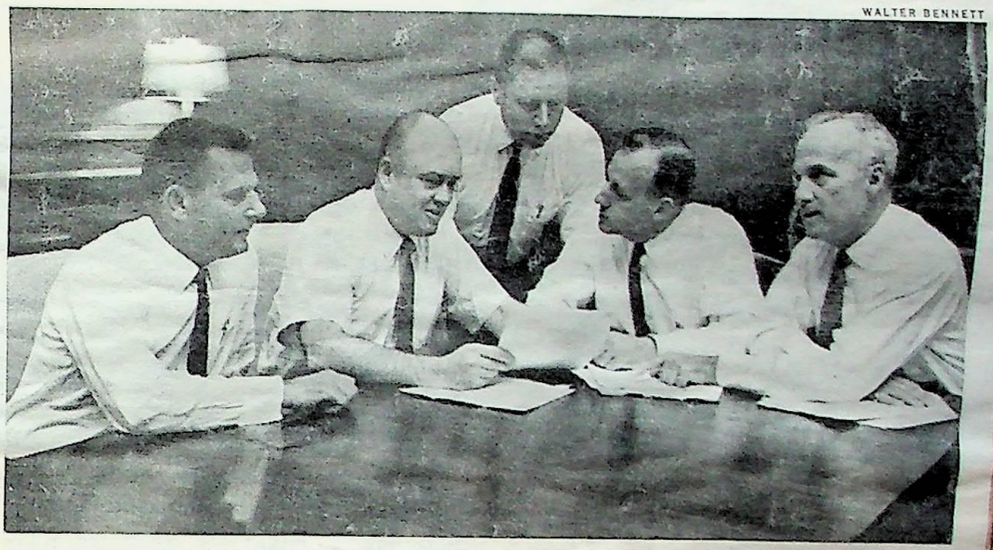
• SOUTHEAST ASIA. The platform will undoubtedly criticize the Democratic Administration for the deterioration in the U.S. position in Southeast Asia, and particularly for the worsening military situation in Viet Nam. Neither Henry Cabot Lodge's role as ambassador in Saigon nor his view that it is not a practical subject for partisan debate is likely to deter the delegates. Republicans most likely will advocate a tougher prosecution of that war, or at the least, urge that a basic decision be made either to win the war or pull out.

• MEDICARE. If liberal Republicans are looking for a scrap, they could easily get one by proposing that the G.O.P. endorse a social security-financed system of medical care for the aged. "We'd be bound to resist that," says Goldwater's top platform spokesman, Arizona Congressman John Rhodes. The 1960 platform insisted that any such program must be voluntary so that private medical groups and commercial insurance companies could expand their coverage.

• ETHICS IN GOVERNMENT. One point upon which all delegates will agree is that the platform should roundly condemn the Democrats for failure to investigate fully all ramifications of the Bobby Baker case.

• CUBA. All factions of the party are eager to blast the Democrats for allowing Fidel Castro to maintain a Communist stranglehold on Cuba. More positively, the party seems likely to endorse steps recommended by the Critical Is-

WALTER BENNETT



MELVIN LAIRD (SECOND FROM LEFT) AND G.O.P. COMMITTEEMEN*

Not Goldwater, not Rockefeller, not Scranton—but Republican.

* California Representative Glenard Lipscomb, Laird, New York Representative Charles Goodell, New Jersey Representative Peter Frelinghuysen. Standing, Arizona Representative John Rhodes.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Cunda

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

sues Council. They include a U.S. declaration that the U.S. is prepared to use military power "as a last resort" to free Cuba from Communism, the creation and support of a free Cuban government-in-exile, non-intervention with exile raids on Cuba, and the enlistment of allies in tightening the economic boycott of the island.

Laird rejects a proposal made by Goldwater last spring that the platform be limited to a 250-word statement of general principles, but hopes to keep it under 7,000 words. (The 1960 G.O.P. platform ran to some 15,000 words, the Democratic, 21,000.) Laird wants it to include a statement of principles, a section on domestic problems, another on foreign affairs and national security. His major innovation is to lump all of the criticisms of the Democrats into one section.

Welcome to Daly City

From the north wall of the Cow Palace jutted a $250,000 broadcast booth, newly completed for three TV networks. In the south wing, office cubicles for radio, newspaper and magazine reporters took shape. Telephone men installed 36,000 miles of wire, 3,000 phones. Overhead, a 40-ft.-by-100-ft. banner swung into place, bearing a likeness of Lincoln and the legend "Of the people, by the people, and for the people."

"This convention will be a record breaker—no doubt about it," said John Laxalt, a Nevada lawyer, who is a member of the convention's housing committee.

Laxalt was not glowing: as a matter of fact, he sounded pretty apprehensive. For, as usual, the convention promises plenty of headaches. Until the 1,200-room San Francisco Hilton was completed this year, only two major hotels had risen in San Francisco since the Sir Francis Drake went up in 1928. Moreover, many of the facilities are inadequate. The famed Mark Hopkins, for instance, has only three elevators to service its 23 floors; at the 1956 Republican Convention, patrons had to wait for as long as 1½ hours to catch a ride. There are still only three elevators, and with a bigger crowd expected, the wait could be even longer.

Despite (or perhaps because of) its "sophistication," San Francisco can be a gouge town—a fact to which many a World War II serviceman can attest. Thus many homeowners are moving out for convention week, asking $100 a day and more for three-bedroom digs. Under the best of circumstances, parking places are virtually nonexistent. Fleets of rental cars are streaming into the city. A brigade of some 500 chartered buses will be shuttling constantly between downtown San Francisco and the Cow Palace, 6½ miles away.

Still, San Francisco is popular, if only because of its peculiarities. The old cable cars still rattle up 45-degree hills. There is Chinatown, which these days sells Japanese-made trinkets. There is Fisherman's Wharf, for abalone and prawns. There are some of the best restaurants in the U.S. There are the swinging nightspots of North Beach, where the most popular dance is that variation of the twist called "the Swim," which, until last week at least, was taught at The Condor by an instructress in a topless swimming suit atop the piano.

San Francisco is happy to be host, and well it might be. By conservative estimate, the conventioners will generate $5,000,000 in new business. One who is nonetheless disgruntled is Micheal DeBernardi, 38, the publicity-conscious mayor of Daly City (pop. 57,200) outside San Francisco. Daly City recently annexed the unincorporated area on which the Cow Palace stands. And whatever the handouts say, insists DeBernardi, the Republican Convention is not really being held in San Francisco at all. Welcome to Daly City.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Tourist

At times, Attorney General Bobby Kennedy seemed more like an eager office hunter on the hustings than a tourist in Poland. As thousands of Poles cheered him on a half-day visit to Cracow, Kennedy turned to the city's mayor and joked, "I am going to announce my candidacy for the mayoralty of Cracow."

Building Bridges. Fresh from Germany, where he had unveiled a memorial plaque to President Kennedy on the façade of the West Berlin City Hall,

SAN FRANCISCO FROM THE BAY
The Gate is open wide and solid Golden.

Bobby was mobbed by enthusiastic Poles from the moment he landed at Warsaw airport. Despite press silence on the visit, a throng of several hundred was on hand to meet him and to be reminded of "a kind of historic harmony between our two countries, a rhythm of events that causes our destinies to march together." When Kennedy, his wife Ethel and their three oldest children went to Sunday Mass at Warsaw's St. John's Cathedral, they emerged to find a crowd of 5,000 waiting for a glimpse of them. The Kennedys clambered atop Ambassador John Moors Cabot's limousine, and were serenaded with a chorus of *Sto Lat*, a sort of Polish version of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. Kennedy asked how many there had relatives in the U.S. About one-third raised their hands.

Throughout his four-day visit, Kennedy stressed the traditional and bloody ties between Poland and the U.S., asking for help in building the "bridges of reconciliation" between eastern and western Europe. The spontaneous approval roared back by the crowds predictably ruffled official Polish feelings. At a dinner given by Ambassador Cabot, Deputy Foreign Minister Jozef Winiewicz proposed a toast reminding Kennedy of "the strict political reali-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

of our links with Socialism and with the Soviet Union."

"Misfit." Before leaving for London on his way back to the U.S., Kennedy visited with Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, Primate of Poland and symbol of the Roman Catholic Church's opposition to the Communist government. Polish officials urged him not to see the cardinal, insisting it would be against the best interests of U.S.-Polish relations. Kennedy disagreed, pointed out he was a Catholic on a private trip to Poland. He and the cardinal talked for an hour at the Jasna Gora monastery in southern Poland.

Bobby also expressed a few views on U.S. domestic matters and his own future. The head of the Polish Student Union at the university city of Cracow wanted to know about his brother's assassination. "I believe it was done by a man with the name of Oswald," Kennedy replied, "who was a misfit in society. There is no question that he did it on his own and by himself." He said, for the dozenth time, that he would step down as Attorney General after the November elections. Later, still musing about the possibilities, he said he just might spend a year in England.

The Homecoming

"All I've done since I came home," said Henry Cabot Lodge, "is to talk." And when he wasn't talking Republican politics, he was talking foreign policy —in a way that made fellow Republicans, who intend to use the Vietnamese war as a campaign issue, wince.

"On the Right Track." In his defense of Administration policy in South Viet Nam, Lodge told reporters: "If we persist, there isn't any question that this pacification effort can succeed, and I think we will persist. I think the thing is well organized now. I think the doctrines are very clear. The means are at hand to do it. There is a very fine understanding between the Vietnamese and the Americans, and I believe that the whole thing is on the right track."

There are, said Lodge, "a whole range of things, a range of many things, that can be done in the future, which I think we're going to do and which can be quite effective." Among other things, Lodge said, he had recommended that "very politically mature" Americans be sent with their families into each of the four Army corps areas of South Viet Nam to advise the Vietnamese on how to build a viable political system. If such measures are taken, Lodge said, "I think you can clean up the provinces around Saigon maybe in two years, and if you did that you would have gone a long way toward breaking the back of the snake."

Lodge scoffed at Barry Goldwater's suggestion that low-yield atomic weapons might be used to defoliate jungle supply trails. Said he: "We defoliate every day. Using an atomic bomb to defoliate is like using an atomic bomb to light a cigarette. We use weed killer." Lodge also clashed head on with the report of a committee of 13 Republican Congressmen, led by Michigan's Gerald Ford, which scored the Kennedy Administration for actively aiding the overthrow of the Diem regime. Lodge angrily denied that the Administration had been involved in any way. Ford advised that American officers now be given direct command of Vietnamese troops, instead of remaining merely as advisers. To that, Lodge retorted: "If we do that, we become a colonial power. I think it is pretty well established that colonialism is over."

One Trouble. His round of press conferences over, Lodge and his wife Emily headed for a long weekend at their home in Beverly, Mass., with their two sons and ten grandchildren. With them went two Tibetan pups named Buster Brown and Rover Boy, gifts to Mrs. Lodge from an orphanage she aided in Saigon. The Lodges couldn't spell the breed name of the pups—Lhasa Apso. But a quick look at their genealogy showed they had the makings of ideal companions in such uncertain spots as Saigon. The intelligent, sharp-eared dogs were bred in the lamaseries around the sacred city of Lhasa, teamed with the fierce Tibetan mastiff as watchdogs. The mastiffs were chained outside while the small dogs were indoor sentinels. Only trouble is, neither Buster Brown nor Rover Boy is housebroken.

GENERAL & MRS. MAXWELL TAYLOR
With no illusions, off to a great, hard task.

The Leavetaking

"I believe," said Montana's Mike Mansfield to the Senate shortly after noon one day last week, "that in this statesman-soldier we have a man of extraordinary ability and integrity who well understands the situation in that area, and who will represent us with great patriotism and great devotion. I believe this is a truly outstanding appointment for which this country can be proud."

Majority Leader Mansfield was speaking of General Maxwell Davenport Taylor, 62, whose nomination as U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam, succeeding Henry Cabot Lodge, had just been unanimously confirmed.

Next day, with a precision born of 40 years as a soldier, Taylor strode out of the Pentagon's river entrance exactly at 10 a.m., escorted by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Lined up before him was an honor guard of ceremonial units from each service and the U.S. Army band. Three 105-mm. howitzers roared a 19-gun salute over the muggy Potomac.

Max Taylor was retiring from the Army for the second time. The first time was in 1959. Taylor, then Army Chief of Staff and bitter over President Eisenhower's defense policies, quit three years before reaching the normal re-

AP

MRS. LODGE & TIBETAN PUPS
With persistence, success.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

tirement age of 60. Two years later, John Kennedy brought him back to Washington as his military adviser, afterward named him chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

As part of the full-honors retirement ceremony, Taylor reviewed the troops, stopping occasionally to talk with a soldier, inspected some howitzers and found them spotless. That done, he received from McNamara his third oak-leaf cluster in lieu of a fourth Distinguished Service Medal. Said McNamara, borrowing the title of Taylor's *The Uncertain Trumpet*, his post-retirement analysis of U.S. defense ills: "Maxwell Taylor has never sounded an uncertain trumpet. He will always be one of the first to whom we turn with the hard tasks, the great challenges."

That afternoon President Johnson echoed that same sentiment at a Rose Garden swearing-in ceremony for the new ambassador. Said Johnson of Max Taylor's new job: "There are no illusions about the difficulty of the challenge. There are, likewise, no illusions about the responsibility or the importance of the assignment."

Taylor ordered his wife, mother, son and daughter-in-law "front and center" for pictures with the President, went back to the Pentagon to clean out his desk before flying to Saigon on July 5.

THE PRESIDENCY

Doin' the Bird

Lyndon Johnson, it is well known, likes dancing parties. But in Washington these sweltering days, even the two-step is hot work. Thus, after a state dinner for visiting Costa Rican President Francisco Orlich and his wife Marita, President Johnson took his guests out onto the low-lying rooftop adjoining the east wing, only a few hundred feet from the street, where they danced under Japanese lanterns that swayed in the cooling breeze.

Jimmy Durante was there. So was Evangelist Billy Graham, Author John Dos Passos, Banker David Rockefeller, Senator Hubert Humphrey, Under Secretary of Commerce Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., and onetime Vice President Henry A. Wallace. Luci Baines Johnson, two days before her 17th birthday, had 25 of her teen-age friends in tow.

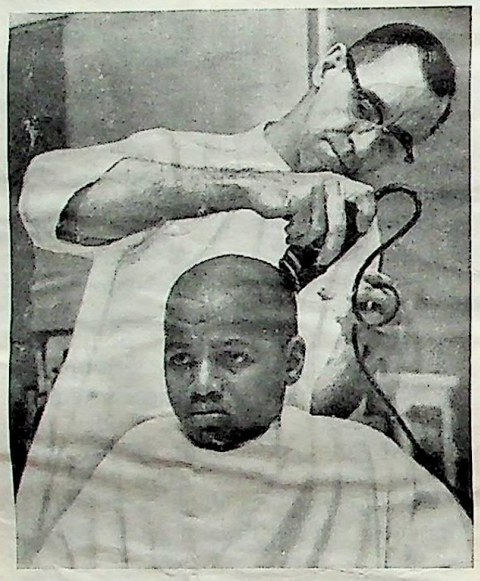
Artificial grass carpeting and cabaret tables ringed the dance floor. To the distress of Secret Service men, tourists strolling along Pennsylvania Avenue had what amounted to ringside seats. The evergreens set out as a screen at the last minute were too skimpy to block the view. As it turned out, it was quite a show.

Humphrey and his partner got applause for their performance of the "Humphrey special" to *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Luci and her friends gyrated through the twist and the frug; then the President himself came on with a stomp of uncertain origin that might have been a presidential version of a step teen-agers have dubbed the "bird." To the racy tune of the old Edith Piaf favorite *Milord*, Lyndon took Luci in a modified bear hug and whirled her around while flapping time to the music with his elbows.

That was about all the dancing Lyndon did. He had caught a cold in California, he said, and didn't want to spread it around.

In the mansion home of the chief of state, it somehow seemed a remarkable affair. But for Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson it all fit easily and naturally as a woodsman's felt crusher. In seven months in the White House they have put on at least 25 major wingdings, including eight state dinners—each with a minimum of preening, a maximum of fun and easy conviviality. After all, who else in the world could comfortably mix Jimmy Durante, John Dos Passos and David Rockefeller with a teen-age twist party?

AP



HAIRCUT IN KANSAS CITY
End of a sorry era.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Time of Testing

In the barbershop of Kansas City's Muehlebach Hotel, a 13-year-old Negro boy, Eugene Young, hopped into a chair, opened his fist to display two $1 bills, and ordered a haircut. Without hesitating, Barber Lloyd Soper covered the lad with a white apron, took out his clippers and went to work.

Only the day before, Eugene had been refused service in the same shop. But in the intervening 24 hours, the most far-reaching civil rights bill in U.S. history had become the law of the land—and, as the Negro boy climbed into the chair, the time of testing had begun.

Fitful Doodling. During its 118¼-day legislative voyage from the House to the Senate and then back to the House again, the bill had been desperately fought all the way. Among its final foes was wily old Virginia Democrat Howard Smith, chairman of the House Rules Committee. At a 6½-hour session last week, Smith used every parliamentary trick to delay committee approval of the Senate-amended measure.

The hearing's first witness was Brooklyn Democrat Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee which wrote the original version of the bill. Celler read the bill section by section while Smith doodled fitfully. When Celler began enumerating the Attorney General's powers, Smith scribbled cryptically on his note pad: "Atty. Gen. —Czar." When Celler had finished, Mississippi's William Colmer blew up. "If it's not politics," he cried, "then what is behind all this rape of the constitutional and legislative processes? God pity this young republic!"

But the segregationists' battle was lost, and they knew it. The committee voted 10 to 5—with California Republican H. Allen Smith joining four Democrats in opposition—to send the bill to the House floor with a recommendation for approval. And next day, by a lopsided 289 to 126 (with 153 Democrats and 136 Republicans voting aye, 91 Democrats and 35 Republicans voting nay), a cheering House of Representatives gave final and historic approval.

A Reassuring Note. Four and a half hours later, the civil rights bill lay on President Johnson's desk. Staring deep into the eyes of television cameras, Johnson spoke slowly and somberly to the nation. Millions of Americans have been denied equal opportunity because of their color, said the President, "but it cannot continue. Our Constitution, the foundation of our Republic, forbids it; the principles of our freedom forbid it, and the law I will sign tonight forbids it."

"The purpose of this law," he said, "is simple. It does not restrict the freedom of any American, so long as he respects the rights of others. It does not give special treatment to any citizen. It does say the only limit to a man's hope for happiness, and for the future of his children, shall be his own ability. It does say that those who are equal before God shall now also be equal in the polling booths, in the classroom, in the factories, and in hotels, restaurants, movie theaters, and other places that provide service to the public." To help communities over hurdles in implementing the new law, Johnson said, he was naming LeRoy Collins, former Florida Governor and now president of the National Association of Broadcasters, to head the Community Relations Service established by the bill.

Not all of the upcoming tests of the civil rights bill would be as trouble-free as young Eugene Young's haircut. But a reassuring note was struck by Georgia's Representative Charles Weltner, who turned to his Southern colleagues on the House floor and said: "I would urge that we now move on to the unfinished task of building a new South. We must not remain forever bound to another lost cause."

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The Search

Gripping heavy wooden clubs to fend off water moccasins and rattlesnakes, 400 sailors sludged through eastern Mississippi swampland last week, poking and peering. From 14-ft. aluminum skiffs, equipped with walkie-talkies, search teams dipped grappling hooks into the sluggish, brown Pearl River. State highway patrolmen went back to knocking on doors, searching for a clue they might have missed. For the fourth time President Johnson dispatched new contingents of FBI agents, who set about quizzing every employee at the two principal manufacturing plants in nearby Philadelphia, Miss. But still there was no trace of the three young civil rights workers whose station wagon had been found charred and abandoned a week earlier.

For a time, attention turned to Sheriff Lawrence Rainey of Neshoba County, where the car was found. Rainey, it was learned, had killed two Negroes in the county in the past four years. Explaining it, he said: "The first had me down choking me, and the second was shooting at me." Rainey still had not joined in the search.

There was a flurry of excitement when the mutilated body of a young white man was found at Oakland, Miss., about 100 miles from the search area. At first it appeared that it might be the body of Michael Schwerner, one of the missing trio. It was later identified as that of a carnival worker run over in a highway accident.

During the week, some 300 more volunteer civil rights workers—most of them white students—poured into Mississippi, and violence continued. In Hattiesburg, two white men fired shotgun blasts into student automobiles parked outside a civil rights headquarters. From rural southwestern Mississippi came muttered reports of militant white segregationists arming with automatic weapons and hand grenades.

Increasingly fearful, civil rights leaders in Mississippi got off letters to the parents of students already in the state, warning them of the potential danger. Then they announced that planned forays into rural areas had been delayed and, finally, that no more volunteers would be accepted for this summer's "Mississippi project."

TROOPERS GUARDING ST. AUGUSTINE WADE-IN
Hours of uneasy peace.

This Time, Things Changed

At week's end St. Augustine was once more a sleepy seashore city. But its peace was uneasy, and behind lay a pattern of racial violence that could erupt again at any time.

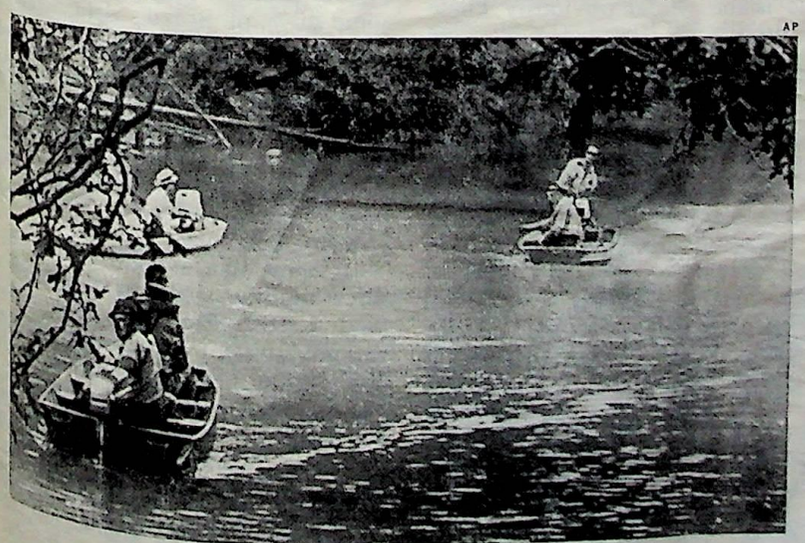
Since mid-June, Negro and white demonstrators under the guidance of Martin Luther King Jr. had staged daily wade-ins at the predominantly white beach, paraded nightly through historic Slave Market park. One night two weeks ago, some 400 whites were whipped to a frenzy by a California rabble-rouser named Connie Lynch, who cried: "I favor violence to preserve the white race any time, any place, anywhere. Now I grant you, some niggers are gonna get killed in the process, but when war's on, that's what happens." The mob surged forth, threw itself at 250 civil rights demonstrators. For 15 minutes, a pitched battle was waged. Police tried to stop it but were overwhelmed by the mob. Finally the Negroes retreated, taking along 40 wounded.

Stalking at Night. In the nights that followed, shotgun-toting whites and Negroes stalked each other. White youths in a pickup truck fired into a Negro home; a Negro blasted a carload of whites with a shotgun, hitting one man in both legs; rifle shots from the darkness wounded a Negro riding in a car.

At the same time, another victim of St. Augustine's racial hatred, the Rev. Charles M. Seymour Jr., was fighting a different battle—to stay in his pulpit. Father Seymour, for 15 years rector of St. Augustine's Trinity Episcopal Church, had admitted Negroes to services a week before, now was under attack by the church's vestry, who were pressuring him to resign. Last week Florida's Episcopal bishop, the Right Rev. Edward Hamilton West, gave Father Seymour his "absolute support." Said Seymour: "The doors of the Episcopal Church are open to anyone, any time."

Whites at Bay. As last week began, Negroes staged their usual march to the beach. This time things were different. State troopers, part of a 230-man contingent ordered into the city by Florida's Governor Farris Bryant, waded into the water with the demonstrators, formed a ring around them and kept angry whites at bay with police dogs. That night, the Negroes marched on the Slave Market. Whites were waiting, but again the troopers kept the peace.

Next day Governor Bryant announced that a biracial committee had been formed to try to talk out St. Augustine's conflict. King called off further demonstrations, told his followers: "Every 1,000-mile journey begins with a first step. This is the first step on our journey here in St. Augustine."



AP

DRAGGING PEARL RIVER FOR MISSING TRIO
Two weeks without a clue.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CUBA

The Bitter Family

The passenger manifest on Cubana Airlines' twice-weekly Flight 464 from Havana to Mexico City included the usual Communist Chinese businessmen, returning Latin American "students," and privileged Cubans permitted to travel abroad. Among them was a chubby young woman with a Cuban diplomatic passport. "I came to see my sister Emma," she told the Mexican immigration man. He nodded idly and passed her through. He knew her by sight, and so did Mexican reporters. Fidel Castro's sister Juanita had made the trip before. "It looked to me like she had watery eyes, as if she was ready to cry or to say something," a newsman told his city editor that night. "Those Cubans," snorted the editor. "You never know what they are going to do."

Ten days later, Juanita Castro Ruz called a press conference and tearfully announced that she had defected from Cuba. "I cannot longer remain indifferent to what is happening in my country," she said. "My brothers Fidel and Raúl have made it an enormous prison surrounded by water. The people are nailed to a cross of torment imposed by international Communism."

Never Close. The news caused an instant, shocked sensation in Latin America, where by tradition, if not always in fact, middle-class families are large, close-knit—and tight-lipped. But the Castros of Birán (pop. 2,000), in eastern Oriente province were never very close. Cubans who remember them in the 1920s and '30s paint a picture of a hard, avaricious father, Angel Castro, and his bitter, complaining, common-law wife, Lina Ruz. Angel started by selling railroad ties to United Fruit Co., soon bought into a sugar-cane property, expanded into cattle, built himself a general store, and by various, sometimes shady deals had amassed more than $500,000 at his death in 1958.

There were seven children—Angelita, 40, Ramón, 39, Fidel, 37, Raúl, 33, Juanita, 31, Emma, 29, Agustina, 25—and two others fathered by Angel during a first marriage, Pedro Emilio and Lidia, both fortyish. That first marriage was not ended by divorce until Lina had already borne Angel five children. Then, finally, Angel married her, despite his loud-spoken accusations that Raúl had been sired by one of Lina's many other lovers. Neighbors remember that this gnawing suspicion later brought Angel to file, then cancel, a divorce suit. In the midst of such braying accusations and inconstancy, Fidel soon grew indifferent to the family—all except his worshipful brother Raúl. Nevertheless, when Fidel and Raúl went into the Sierra Maestra, most of the family rallied to their cause, sending food and supplies, raising money, going up in the hills to help organize his guerrilla camps. In 1958 Juanita, then 24, even traveled to the U.S., to plead for funds.

Disaffection set in soon after Fidel came to power. When the two revolutionaries insisted on imposing "agrarian reform" on some of the family estates, Ramón, who had worked hard maintaining the property, angrily exploded: "Raúl is a dirty little Communist. Some day I am going to kill him." Emma, only mildly involved to begin with, met and married a Mexican, then moved out of the country. Next, the bearded Fidel's antireligious measures infuriated his mother. When Castro declared himself a true Marxist-Leninist, Juanita too threw up her hands in despair.

Angry Scenes. Quietly, she turned her Havana home into an underground refuge. She protected anti-Castro rebels fleeing the police, slipped out bits of intelligence information, and is credited with helping at least 200 people to escape the island. Fidel obviously knew much of what was going on. Yet to arrest the Maximum Leader's own sister would stir a major scandal. His agents kept her under surveillance, but she came and went as she pleased. Last August, after the mother died, there was a violent episode when Fidel decided to expropriate the family land once and for all. Juanita started selling the cattle; Fidel flew into a rage, denounced her as a "counterrevolutionary worm," and rushed to the Oriente farm.

On that occasion, her protector was Raúl, who was still fond of her, and warned her in time to flee into hiding in nearby Camagüey province until Fidel simmered down. It was probably Raúl who also cleared the way for her final trip to Mexico. Her ruse of making a "visit" was far too flimsy to fool anyone. She took along 21 bags.

Fidel may not have known. "This incident for me is personally very bitter," he told reporters with controlled fury last week, charging that "her statements were written in the United States Embassy in Mexico City." He then ordered the press never to ask him about the matter again.

BOHEMIA

FIDEL'S MAMA LINA RUZ

ALEMAN

SISTER JUANITA

UPI

SISTER EMMA

The worm turned.

BRAZIL

Help from Abroad

Few countries are deeper in debt than Brazil. It owes the U.S. $1.2 billion, Europe and Japan $711 million, various international lending agencies $437 million—then there's another $1 billion in short-term debts and interest. The total comes to $3.4 billion, of which $892 million falls due this year, another $554 million next year.

Last week Brazil's major creditors met in Paris to see what they could do about saving the nation from bankruptcy—and give President Castello Branco's revolutionary government a chance to work some sorely needed reforms. At U.S. urging, the economists agreed to recommend to their governments that some 40% of Brazil's debt, which normally would fall due in the next two years, be carried over until 1967 and then paid off during the next five years. As an added boost, the U.S. has also just approved a $90 million Food-for-Peace program for Brazil, along with a new $50 million loan to help brace the cruzeiro currency.

It seems like a good gamble. In the three months since Brazil's army toppled Leftist President João Goulart, the government has pushed through a 30,000-unit low-cost housing program and is now steering broad agrarian and banking reforms toward a vote in Congress. Businessmen are beginning to regain their confidence in the country, and the cruzeiro, which snapped back from 1,700 to the dollar just before the revolution to 1,300 on the day of Goulart's ouster, has remained steady ever since.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Then There Were None

In the three years since Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo was assassinated, the Dominican Republic has been governed by one interim President (forced to resign), one seven-man provisional Council (which held elections), one constitutional President (toppled by military coup), and one civilian triumvirate of which not a single original member remains. The last of the three men who took over administration of the unhappy little Caribbean nation ten months ago resigned last week. He was Manuel Tavares Espaillat, 40, a cultured, U.S.-educated (Yale) scholar and the only real administrator and planner in the original triumvirate. He quit because he was disgusted with the endless bickering and backbiting that keeps the country from making any real recovery after more than 30 years of dictatorship.

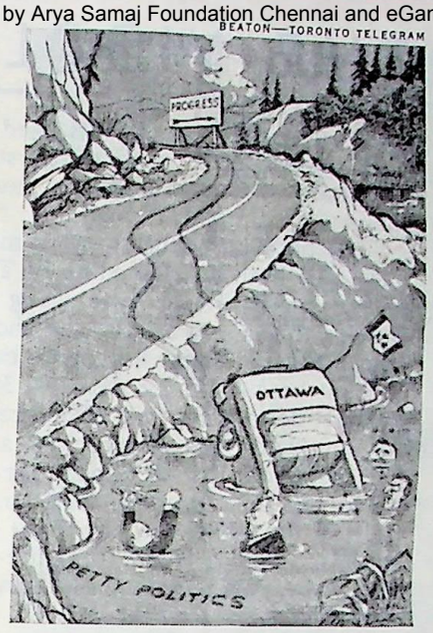
"Politics," said Tavares, "seeps into everything that is done in the Dominican Republic today, so that even if one is interested in the administrative and economic side of government, one can't avoid it. And I just wasn't cut out for politics." While in office, Tavares helped get an international economic mission in the Dominican Republic, restored the ailing sugar industry to private enterprise (under Trujillo, it was almost a personal monopoly), created an industrial-incentive program with lower taxes to encourage foreign investment, and promoted a student-credit institute to help his countrymen get an education. But at every turn, he found himself hampered by squabbling generals and politicians.

Tavares' resignation leaves Donald Reid Cabral, 41, who joined the triumvirate last December, as the man completely in charge. A shrewd, tough-minded onetime auto dealer, Reid is trying to lead the country into new elections by mid-1965. Six political parties have ratified a plan for two elections—for the Constituent Assembly and the presidency. But deposed President Juan Bosch's supporters and two other parties are withholding their support. Bosch followers are demanding full political freedom for their exiled leader; the other holdouts want more guarantees that a free election will be held. Not until the three parties agree to the plan will it go into effect.

CANADA

Mr. Pearson's Troubles

"We all need a holiday, I guess," sighed Canada's Prime Minister last week. Mike Pearson had reason to feel weary. Since taking office early last year, his minority Liberal government has weathered no fewer than 25 votes of confidence; its defenses are often weak and clumsy in the uncontrolled parliamentary debates, its legislative program is making only the slowest progress. And like Pearson, Canada's politicians, its press and public are beginning to get tired of the game.



CANADIAN CARTOONS
Often weak, and less than candid.

The one man who seems to enjoy it all immensely is old John Diefenbaker, the ex-Prime Minister who suffered the same wasp-stinging from Pearson and now leads the Conservative opposition. When Diefenbaker was under attack, there were major issues at stake such as Canada's nuclear commitment to the U.S. Now the rough and tumble in the House of Commons often sounds more like a schoolyard squabble. Diefenbaker makes the most of it to bedevil Pearson and ridicule him before the splinter parties on which he depends for support.

Kites & Flags. When Pearson's government recently hinted that "the realities of the situation" might force Canada to depart from its policy of nonrecognition of Red China, Diefenbaker rose in Commons to demand "whether this was just a case of kite flying, or does it represent a change of viewpoint on the part of the government?" Replied Pearson: "It does not represent a change of viewpoint." "So it is kite flying," snapped Diefenbaker. When Pearson revealed in the House that the government is making a study of the growing secessionist pressures in French Quebec and how secession would affect Canada economically, Diefenbaker all but accused him of plotting secession and forced embarrassed attempts to "clarify." The loudest and longest hassle erupted last May when Pearson proposed a new maple leaf national flag to replace the Red Ensign. "Flags," roared Diefenbaker, "cannot be imposed on the Canadian people by the simple, capricious personal choice of the Prime Minister! His personal choice will divide the nation." And with help from Diefenbaker, it did.

Even so seemingly minor a matter as a Canadian Broadcasting Co. TV film of a day in the life of the Prime Minister threw Parliament into a tizzy. Conservatives charged that Pearson had first tried to censor the film, then persuaded CBC to kill it altogether—meanwhile "deliberately misinforming" Commons about the incident. Pearson's unnecessarily hesitant replies (he had seen an early version but not the final version) left Canadians with the vaguely uneasy feeling that perhaps there was something to the fuss after all. Said an exasperated member of the Pearson-supporting New Democrats: "Here we have a situation that could have been cleared up right off by a candid, complete statement of about 200 words by the Prime Minister. But instead he backed away and backed away. Ever since they got in, the Liberals have flubbed on point after point."

"Grey, Quiet Failure." After more than 90 working days this year, Parliament has passed only five relatively minor bills. Completely neglected in the leaderless confusion were such major items as a new pension plan for Canada, armed forces unification, a federal student aid program, and a twelve-mile fishing limit. In Ottawa's press gallery, newsmen long endeared to Pearson are starting to make the same acid wisecracks they once leveled at Diefenbaker ("Well, fellows, we've got a government to overthrow"). Wrote Diefenbaker Biographer Peter Newman (*Renegade in Power: The Diefenbaker Years*) in the current issue of *Maclean's* magazine: "Although there have been almost none of the brass-band disasters of the Diefenbaker years, the domestic policies of the Liberals have been a grey, quiet failure."

One way for Pearson to cut the parliamentary Gordian knot and reassert his flagging leadership would be to call an election, in hopes of producing a clear Liberal majority. But the polls are discouraging; the Liberals would probably win, yet only enough to form another fragile minority government. "Canadians do not want another election," said Pearson. "I do not want an election. The Cabinet and caucus do not want an election. Though it is getting harder and harder, we remain determined to carry on as if we had a clear majority."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

JAPAN

The Fresh Start

Roar. Rattle. Bump-bump-bump. Beeeep beep. Clang. Rat-tat-tat. The illuminated sign at a Nishi-Ginza intersection in downtown Tokyo blinks a tentative 80, then flashes to 82.

Red light. Screech! North-south traffic stops. The number blinks: 81, 79, 78. Ready, east-west? Engines whine. Clutches out. Getaway! Flash goes the sign: 79, 81, 82—84!

Tokyo being Tokyo and gadget-minded Japanese being gadget-minded Japanese, some campaigner for municipal quiet has dreamed up the idea of erecting an electronic billboard to measure Nishi-Ginza's sound level, translate it into phons (decibels), and transmit it in illuminated numbers to a populace presumably shamed into silence. There it stands, beside a bold sign proclaiming BE MORE QUIET! THE NOISE AT THIS MOMENT: 78 PHONS. STANDARD FOR RESIDENTIAL AREA: 50 PHONS. BUSY CORNERS: 70 PHONS.

Bedrooms and Highways. Nowadays, as Japan prepares for the XVIII Olympiad in October, Metropolitan Tokyo's 10 million-plus citizens don't even look up at the noise-measuring machine. It remains for the newcomer to stand, dazed and deafened, gazing at the measurement of the world's biggest city tearing itself down, building itself up, air-hammering its streets into rubble, ripping out its innards, and riveting itself into ever-more-sprawling, ever-more-ugly bigness.

The tumult and the clamor have been going on ever since Tokyo began rebuilding the wreckage of World War II. But the phons intensified as the Olympics neared. The problem was the low-slung nature of Tokyo itself: a megalopolis covering a radius of about 65 miles, with sidewalkless streets barely broad enough for two rickshas to pass cautiously, most of them lined with open-fronted shoe stores, rice stores, restaurants, confectionaries, raw-fish shops.

Superhighways worth $470 million had to be built over 58 miles of Tokyo to cut the traveling time along vital arteries to Haneda airport and the outlying Olympic sites. Bedrooms had to be built for part of the expected 30,000 visitors; dormitories had to be prepared for 7,000 athletes to sleep in, a pool for them to swim in, arenas for them to wrestle in, ranges for them to shoot on. All the while, the city raced ahead with its normal frenzy of office-building, subway-building, sewer-laying and department-store erecting.

Bear with Us. The result is a pace of life twice as dizzying as New York, thrice as noisy as Chicago. Each evening, out of nowhere, a mob of workmen materializes on a downtown street. Looking for all the world like shrunken Erich von Stroheims in yellow hard hats, puttees and jodhpur-like work pants, they throw up signs reading: FOR THE SAKE OF THE OLYMPICS, PLEASE BEAR WITH US. With that, work lights burst into brilliant glare, diesel compressors roar into life, air hammers rip into the pavement, and dust begins to rise. Comes the dawn. Trucks rumble up loaded with thick lengths of timber. Racing against the clock, the workmen literally pave the torn-up street with the square logs—just in time to let the morning torrent of traffic flood through.

Can Tokyo possibly finish the building job by October? There have been doubters. Workmen are still scrambling all over the swooping, tent-shaped roof of the vast Olympic swimming pool and the upward-spiraling conch-shell roof of the Olympic basketball court. A fleet of five truck-trailer, mobile public rest rooms is still under construction for the Olympic games area (nobody seemed to have included enough public toilets in the original building pl and in the hope of stopping a pra that might offend foreign guests, po are going up in the subways, plea "Let's refrain from urinating in pu The $19.4 million Shiba Prince H and the $38 million Otani Hotel racing to join the already fini Tokyo Hilton and Okura.

Lure of Wheels. But at least s of the halls, arenas and playing fi are ready for the athletes and crowds. Last gaps in the new $55 mi monorail from refurbished Haneda port to downtown Tokyo Station being closed. Partially completed vated highways have cut the road t from airport to city to 40 minutes so. The high-speed railway that carry passengers the 300 miles fr Tokyo to Osaka in three hours is rea to run—but company officials must fi ure out how to curb suicide-minde Nipponese who want to be among t first to fling themselves under the fa cinating wheels.

So clear has the rebuilding goal be come that a new song, *Fresh Tok* has been recorded by Pop Singer Sayu Yoshinaga:

Fresh morning comes.
Oh, fresh morning!
Why is Tokyo so appealing and a tractive?
Why does it make one dream?
Because, with all its flowery stree
Tokyo marks a fresh start as
A new Tokyo this year.

"The American Crime"

Seven daring but inept Tokyo th planned a kidnaping that would s the nation. Their intended victim: E peror Hirohito's youngest daughter former Princess Suga. She was t held for $138,888, the biggest ran in Japanese history. Disguised as a ter reader, one plotter entered and c the princess' house. The gang moved

YOMIURI SHIMBUN

ROAD CONSTRUCTION NEAR IMPERIAL PALACE

OLYMPIC GYMNASIUM ABUILDING

A roar of rending innards at 84 phons.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

for the snatch three times, only to have something go awry. Before they could make a fourth try, the police were tipped off and collared the gang, building an airtight case with full confessions. Yet last spring the accused were convicted only of trespassing and illegal possession of weapons. They got mild sentences of eight months to three years.

Unlike the U.S., where the sentence might be death, Japan is so lighthearted about kidnaping that sentences for the most successful snatches (unless they involve murder) seldom exceed six months. Japanese law is modeled on the German criminal code of 1907, which viewed kidnaping as a minor crime because it was so rare. But in postwar Japan, the soft law and a yen for yen have sharply increased what the French call "the American crime." Over a ten-year period, Japan recorded 4,728 kidnap cases, and the maximum penalty of ten years was given only 2% of the perpetrators.

For a while, it all seemed an unpleasant but harmless game, since the vast majority of the victims got home unscathed. But in two grisly cases last year, one victim was raped and murdered, and no trace has ever been found of the other. Clumsy police work encouraged cries for reform. One of the judges in the Suga case lamented, "Our criminal-code statutes are sadly out of line with our sense of values."

The Diet last week approved far stiffer laws, including a kidnap penalty of three years to life, and the country's first kidnap-conspiracy rap (one month to two years). But if kidnapers give their victim a break, they will still get a break from the law: those who surrender and do not harm their victims will have their sentences halved. With time off for good behavior, a kidnaper sentenced to life may be sprung in seven years.

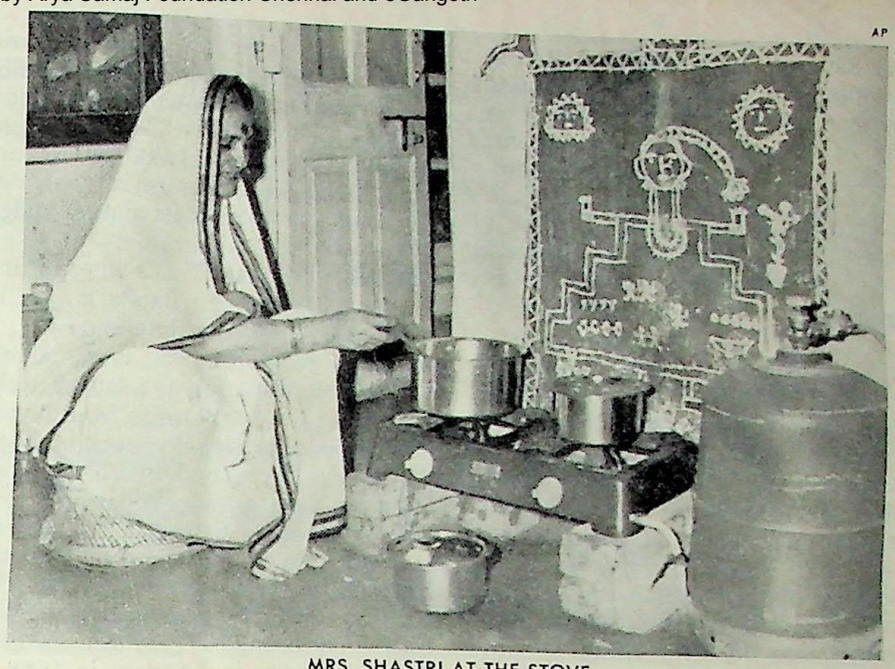
INDIA

After Shastri, Who?

For years, the question in New Delhi was, "After Nehru, who?" It was answered on Nehru's death by the unanimous election of tiny, humble Lal Bahadur Shastri as Prime Minister. Last week, after only 24 days in office, worried Indians were already asking, "After Shastri, who?"

With shy, childlike excitement, Shastri had been preparing for this week's London meeting of the Commonwealth heads of state. The trip was vitally important, since Shastri was to confer personally with Pakistan's President Ayub Khan in hopes of finding a solution to the Kashmir dispute that has so long divided their countries. Shastri, who has only once in his life been beyond India's borders, and then only to neighboring Nepal, was especially looking forward to spending a night at Chequers, the country estate of Britain's Prime Ministers.

Suddenly, Shastri fell ill. At first Indians feared it might be a heart attack



AP

MRS. SHASTRI AT THE STOVE

Soothing bulletins, a gently chiding press.

similar to the one he suffered in 1959. But the doctors put the blame on inoculations for cholera and typhoid, in preparation for the London trip. As soothing medical bulletins continued to be issued, the Indian newspapers did not press for details, and editorial comment gently chided Shastri for his 18-hour working days.

Then, last week, in the midst of a blistering heat wave that made New Delhi a furnace, it was abruptly announced that Shastri would not go to London after all, but would be represented there by Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari and Nehru's daughter, Information Minister Indira Gandhi. Shastri's statement said he was bowing to the wish of his doctors and added, "I myself feel well enough, but they are unyielding."

Shastri's comfortable, old-shoe quality was best shown by his insistence that he convalesce in his bungalow in New Delhi, where his retiring wife, Lalita Devi, does all the cooking, not only for her husband but for more than a dozen relatives and all the servants and secretaries. "Don't they all belong to one family?" she asks, and seems unperturbed by the stream of visitors who come to commiserate with Shastri, rub his back or simply exchange with him the palms-together *namaste* salute.

At week's end Indians were disturbed by an authoritative leak that the trip was canceled because Shastri had indeed had a heart attack and must rest for at least six weeks and cut down on his tireless pace if he hopes to lead a normal life. With the shadow of Nehru's death still hanging over the country, India was unnerved at the prospect of so soon again having to search for a leader. If Shastri is incapacitated and must resign, candidates for the prime ministership would be legion, ranging from ex-Finance Minister Morarji Desai, who had been eager to run against Shastri, to Indira Gandhi and Home Minister Gulzari Lal Nanda, currently the No. 2 man in the Cabinet.

Downing the *Daos*

The most warlike Baptists in the world can probably be found among the Naga tribesmen in the northeastern corner of India. From the protective cover of their primeval forests and rocky hills, the Nagas have fought a twelve-year guerrilla war and withstood air raids by Indian planes and ground attacks by about 40,000 Indian troops. Though they started out armed only with some old Japanese rifles and their traditional *dao*, a long knife shaped like a meat ax, the estimated 5,000 rebels now have relatively modern weapons, some captured from the Indians, but most supplied by India's subcontinental rival, Pakistan. Last week, with the Baptist Church serving as mediator, the Naga rebels agreed to lay down their *daos* for a month-long armistice and an official peace conference.

The quarrel dates back to 1947, when the Nagas expected to get their independence at the same time as India. Instead, the 370,000 Nagas were incorporated into the Indian state of Assam. Fighting began in 1952, when the Assam Rifles tried to enforce Indian rule. Under the British raj, the Nagas were left more or less alone. Their chief contact with the outside world came through U.S. and British Baptist missionaries, who built schools and clinics and tried to put clothes on the Naga, which in Sanskrit means "naked." A vigorous and intelligent people, thought to be distantly related to the Indonesians, the Nagas are avid for education, skilled at terrace farming, and use dogs for eating as well as hunting. Naga men, like Americans, always turn to look at the back of a girl's leg—a well-shaped calf is the epitome of beauty in Nagaland.

India has always felt somewhat guilty about its Naga war, especially since Gandhi himself had promised the hill people independence if they wanted it. Last year Nehru gave in to the extent of creating Nagaland state, with its cap-

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ital at Kohima. In February, a Baptist convention proposed that a three-man committee consisting of two Indians and Britain's champion of the underdog, the Rev. Michael Scott, explore the prospects of talks with the rebels. The Naga leader, Angami Zapu Phizo, who is known to his followers as "The One," and who lives in exile in London, was promised immunity if he returned to India.

In New Delhi last week the Indian government confirmed that the Naga armistice will begin on July 26. During that period the Indian government will suspend military operations, reconnaissance flights, imposition of fines on villages that misbehave, and restrict patrolling to a thousand yards from the perimeters of army defense posts. For their part, the Naga rebels will suspend ambushes, sniping, kidnaping of hostages and attacking army posts and administrative centers.

MALAWI

Nation No. 35

With dozens of former African colonies and territories declaring their independence since World War II, the ceremony has become more or less ritualized. And so it was last week in Malawi, formerly the British central African protectorate of Nyasaland, now African nation No. 35. At the stroke of midnight, as fireworks lit the sky over Blantyre's Central Stadium, the Union Jack was hauled down in the presence of Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. In its place rose the black, red and green banner of the newly sovereign nation of Malawi.

The new nation's credentials for sovereignty are typically African. Landlocked Malawi is small, poor and mainly agricultural. Its potential is mainly untapped; its 9,000 whites are vastly outnumbered by its 11,000 Asians and 3,900,000 blacks. It must rely on outside help even to meet its annual budget deficit of $12.6 million.

WILLIAM FARNWORTH

PRIME MINISTER BANDA
The doctor held the spades.

Jail & a Promise. That's where Prime Minister H. Kamuzu Banda comes in, and that's where the difference lies. A compact gnome of a man, Banda showed determination as a lad of twelve by walking the 1,000 miles from Nyasaland to South Africa, by working in the gold mines there and by saving some of his earnings to pay his passage to the U.S. Methodists helped get him to the U.S. and put him through high school; he went on to the University of Chicago and Meharry Medical College in Nashville, Tenn. He practiced medicine for seven years in London, in 1958 returned home to try and pull Nyasaland out of the Central African Federation controlled by white-dominated Southern Rhodesia. He battled Federation Prime Minister Roy Welensky at home and in London and went to jail as a result. But with his people behind him, Banda held the spades; finally he won a promise of independence from Britain.

Looking Outward. Something of a demagogue, natty little Kamuzu Banda, nevertheless, is wise enough to know where his country's wherewithal must come from. He has asked for and received a large and immensely popular contingent from the U.S. Peace Corps. He has persuaded the British to make up budget deficits of Malawi for its first five years of nationhood. He has established friendly relations with the Portuguese, who control his only outlet to the sea. He has persuaded London's Colonial Development Corporation to advance the bulk of the cash needed for a Shire River power project now abuilding. He is negotiating a loan from West Germany, has received technical assistance from the U.S.

When Malawi takes its seat at the U.N., says Banda, it will be "on the side of the nation which is right in international disputes. It so happens that the West is right most of the time."

THE CONGO

Reluctant to Reconcile

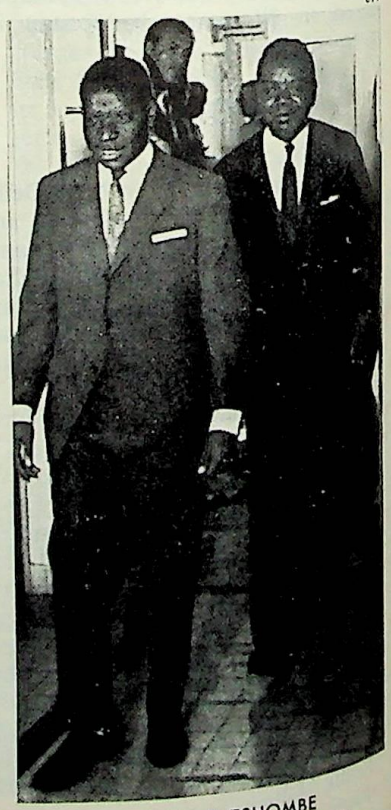
As the last 143 United Nations troops pulled out of the Congo last week, a departing Nigerian captain sniffed: "It's high time the Congolese put on their thinking caps for themselves." Actually, there were plenty of thinking caps being worn in that chaotic nation, but the thoughts they generated had little to do with one another. Everybody was certainly thinking the same question: Who could and/or would finally lead the Congo to stability?

Premier Cyrille Adoula hardly seemed the man. His government had been unable to suppress the vicious Communist-encouraged rebellions in Kwilu, Kivu and North Katanga provinces that threaten total tribal anarchy. Indeed, Adoula resigned his premiership last week on the fourth anniversary of Congolese independence. And who was now touted to succeed him? None but that onetime renegade Moise Tshombe of Katanga fame.

Wooed back to the Congo, Tshombe claimed the allegiance of every major faction. Wheeling and dealing as if every card were a wild deuce, Tshombe seemed to hold a royal flush ranging from Kasai's rightist "King" Albert Kalonji through such "moderate" face cards as Army Boss Joseph Mobutu and Justice Minister Justin Bomboko to the Communist-backed National Liberation Committee's André Lubaya. But the N.L.C. could still prove a joker in Tshombe's hand: Leftist Antoine Gizenga still languished in forced exile last week on an island at the mouth of the Congo River. Not until the conditions of his freedom are established can any new government count on genuine reconciliation.

Reluctantly recognizing Tshombe's claims for broad-based support, President Joseph Kasavubu appointed him *informateur*—the man charged with sounding out all political parties on the possibilities of forming a new government. Such an appointment might only be an attempt to provide Tshombe with enough political rope to hang himself. One could not really say that the promises of allegiance that Tshombe was getting would remain firmly in his control. But even if he fails in his search for reconciliation, he still has his political base of Katanga to fall back upon. And mineral-rich Katanga is the linchpin on which the Congo's economy hangs.

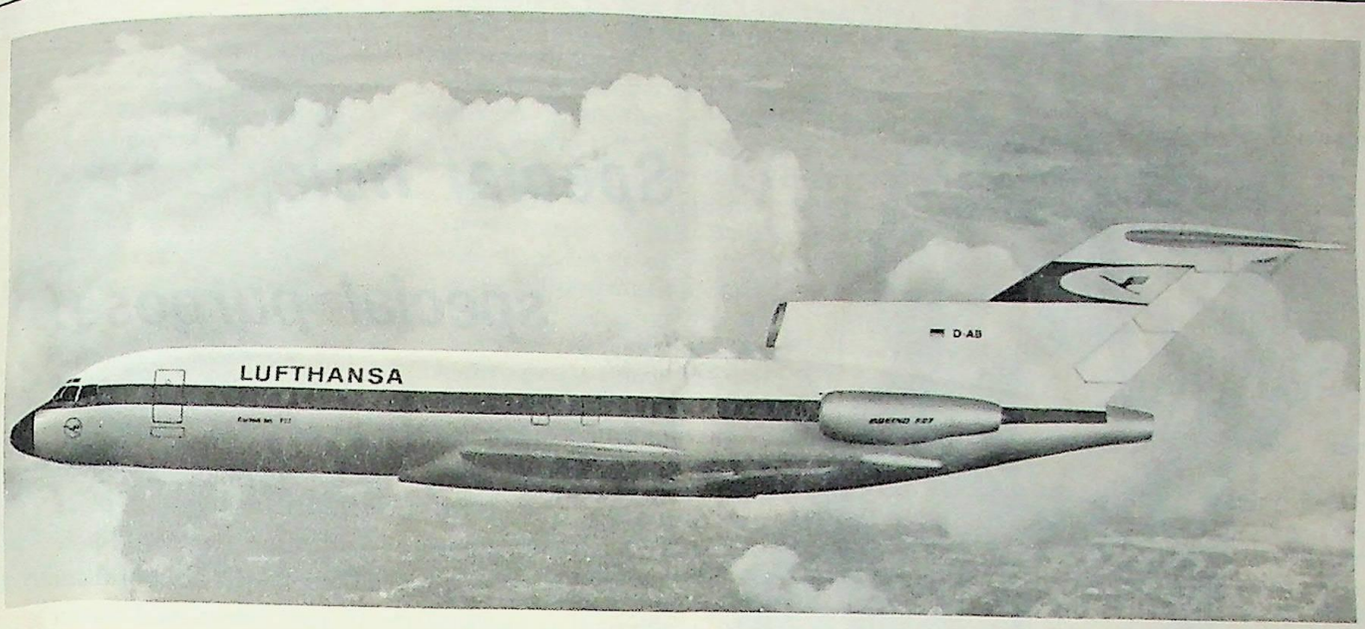
UPI

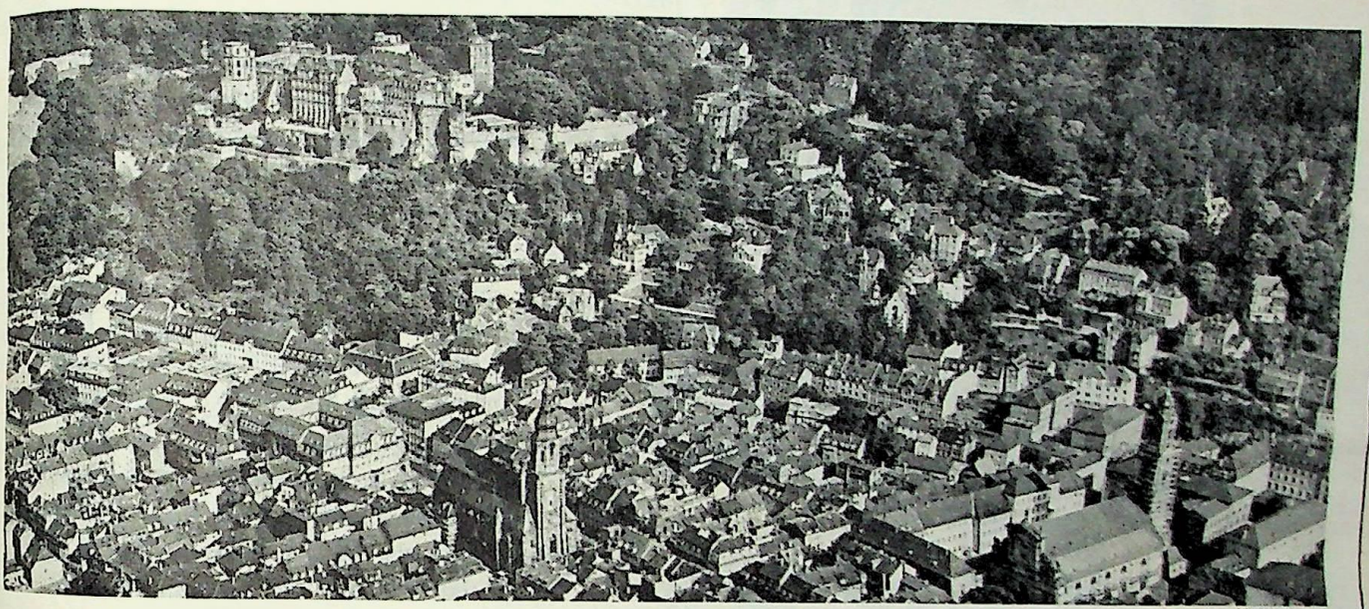


ADOULA & TSHOMBE
But were the jokers wild?

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



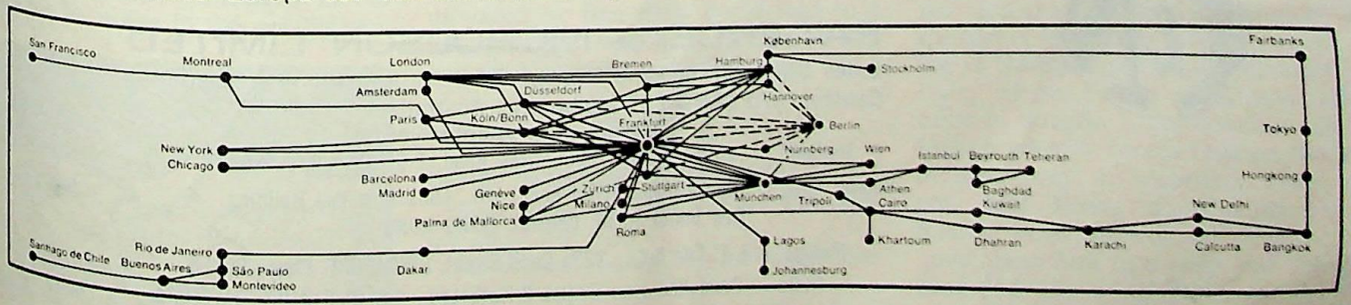


Heidelberg

Only Lufthansa's 'Europa Jet' cruises at 600 mph without putting its nose outside Europe

Touching 600 mph is just cruising to the 'Europa Jet', Lufthansa's name for the Boeing 727. Yet Lufthansa will use this new, fast medium-range aircraft on short-hop flights – from Germany to Madrid, Barcelona, London, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Milan, Rome and the Near East. Why? Because you get all the speed, power and importance of a big intercontinental flight, even when you're going only a short distance.

In just 12 minutes 'Europa Jet' can set down and pick up its passengers or cargo. Built-in passenger steps emerge immediately after the arrival. Electric starters speed the jet into flight. The three jet engines have a reserve power unique among passenger-carrying aircraft. Thanks to Lufthansa's 'Europa Jet', intercontinental standards will now apply to air travel from one European city to another. You'll sink back into the cushioned luxury of spacious cabins, and measure in minutes the flying time to Madrid, Milan, Stockholm or London.



Lufthansa
German Airlines

DLK 4117

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Special hole, special purpose!

Man's best friend doesn't need to be told that his bone must fit inside that hole! That hole is the hiding-place for tomorrow's lunch . . . a special hole with a special purpose! The moral for engineers? If your bread and butter depends on special holes, make a good job of it by using a drill that's tailor-made for the purpose. You'll find it in the P&N range. P&N make a wide variety of special-purpose drills . . . step, sub-land, taper and straight shank; slow and quick spiral, and stub drills, all in right or left-hand spirals . . . to name just a few of them. If the drill you want isn't in our range we'll make it for you. And naturally, every drill by P&N has been made to the highest standards, the finest tolerances, from only the best materials. For that special hole, use the specialised drill, Australian-made by Patience & Nicholson Limited.

Available in Black Jet or Silver Jet precision finish by P&N, holders of sole Australian rights to the Rohde & Dorrenberg roll forging process . . . for maximum economy and longer drill life.

For further details of R & D processed drills ask for P&N Tool Data Sheet No. 115.

PATIENCE & NICHOLSON LIMITED

Sales Office: 477 Hoddle Street, Clifton Hill, Melbourne, Australia
Cables: "TAPSANDIES" Melbourne, Australia

Local Representatives:

Thailand	Jardine Waugh, 226 Nares Road, P.O. Box 40, BANGKOK
Hong Kong	Rieckermann (Hong Kong) Ltd., 1001 Man Yee Building, Des Voeux Road, Central, HONG KONG
Malaya	J. E. Tan & Co., 123a Cecil Street, SINGAPORE. Phone 95856
India	Ganeshnarayan Brijlal Private Ltd., P.O. Box 2109, CALCUTTA
Ceylon	Estates Supplies Division, Brown & Co., P.O. Box 200 COLOMBO
Philippines	Mr. A. Merx, Solex Tool Corporation, 355 Barracca Street, MANILA

ONLY MANUFACTURER OF A COMPLETE RANGE OF TWIST DRILLS, SCREW EXTRACTORS, TAPS AND DIES, STOCKS, TAP WRENCHES AND CHASERS IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

AFP-PICTORIA Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

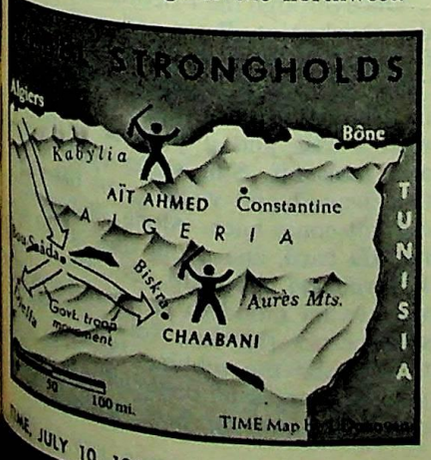
COLONEL CHAABANI
Resistance, rebellion or death.

ALGERIA

The Man on the Mountain

Into the Saharan oasis town of Biskra rolled a cautious column of halftracks loaded with olive-uniformed Algerian troops. Spears of sunlight flashed from the lenses of binoculars as nervous officers searched the streets for signs of the enemy. But the town was empty of armed opposition, and all eyes lifted to the sere, sawback massif that reared beyond. Up there, among the blue defiles of the Aurès Mountains, waited the latest defector from Premier Ahmed Ben Bella's socialist paradise, and with him were 9,000 well-armed veterans ready for resistance, rebellion or death.

"Historic Chief." The man on the mountain was Colonel Mohammed Chaabani, 32, onetime member of Ben Bella's ruling Politburo and the Algerian army's general staff. A tough, capable guerrilla leader during Algeria's 7½-year war with France, Chaabani had turned the Aurès and part of the Sahara south of the range into his personal fief. His men—historically mutinous Chaouïa tribesmen whose ancestors had rebelled against Romans, Byzantines and Arabs alike—are equipped with armored cars, tanks and artillery, thus representing a more serious military threat to Ben Bella than the 2,000 Berber rebels under Hocine Aït Ahmed's command in the Great Kabylia range to the northwest.



Chaabani's rebellion grew from his resentment of Ben Bella's Defense Minister Houari Boumedienne, who after independence was won two years ago removed combat-hardened but unschooled officers from the army and replaced them with French-trained officers, many of whom had spent the war in exile. Chaabani was also opposed to the Marxist extremes of Ben Bella's regime, a sentiment he shared with former Party Bigwig Mohammed Khider.

Khider, one of the nine "historic chiefs" of the National Liberation Front, had shared a prison cell with Ben Bella during the dark days of the Algerian revolution, and lent his considerable political skills to Ben Bella in his rise to power in the F.L.N. Breaking with Ben Bella at the cataclysmic party congress of April 1963, Khider went into intermittent exile, but until this week was reluctant to endorse armed rebellion against the regime. At a Paris press conference held in an abandoned classroom on the Rue de Babylone, Khider broke once and for all with Ben Bella.

"Criminal Adventure." "The regime is now moving irresistibly down the dangerous path toward fascism and totalitarian rule," he said. "Such a regime must be abolished." Khider sided openly with the armed rebellions of Aït Ahmed and Chaabani.

Ben Bella himself was quick to react. Going on television, he damned Chaabani for undertaking a "criminal adventure" and drummed him *in absentia* out of the army, the Politburo and the Central Committee. At the same time, a police roundup of other critics of the regime seemed imminent. Missing from their homes last week were Ferhat Abbas, onetime F.L.N. chief and former president of the National Assembly, and Mohammed Boudiaf, a former Politburo member. Another former Ben Bella prison mate, ex-Vice Premier Rabah Bitat, was reported under house arrest.

But tough as he was in the cities, Ben Bella faced a much more difficult prospect in the mountains. At week's end, as government troops sat nervously in Biskra, and occupied the isolated towns of Bou-Saâda and Djelfa as well, it was clear that Chaabani is as safe in the Aurès heights as Aït Ahmed is in the Kabylia. Both know their high redoubts inside out. And a punitive expedition mounted by Ben Bella could lead to a long guerrilla war like the very one that gained Algeria its independence.

FRANCE

Better than the Firing Squad

Take that, and that. If all this will not do,
I'll drown you in the malmsey butt within.
—Richard III

In the square, oak-paneled courtroom in Paris' ornate Palais de Justice, the light from four wrought-iron chandeliers set shadows flickering across the defendant's face. A fleshy six-footer with rimless glasses and a bushy black pompadour, he sat impassively as five judges discussed his crimes. Jean-Marie Curutchet, 33, former paratroop captain in the French army and a top terrorist of the Secret Army Organization, stood indicted on 50 counts ranging from desertion through plastic bombings and machine-gunning of police stations. But grisliest of all was a crime for which he could not be tried: in 1957 Curutchet was responsible for the deaths of 41 Algerian rebel suspects in the village of Ain-Isser. The mode of execution was worthy of Shakespeare's Richard III:* they were stuffed overnight in wine storage rooms and allowed to suffocate.

Feeling Heat. Curutchet beat that rap in a court-martial whitewash during the Algerian war, but the Paris tribunal had plenty of evidence pointing to assorted other assassinations as he came to trial last week. The prosecutor droned out the dreary list, explaining that in September 1961 Curutchet deserted to join the underground S.A.O. network in France and soon rose to become one of the leaders. By the fall of 1962, the French security forces had smashed the S.A.O. network in France and Curutchet had taken refuge abroad, living in Switzerland, West Germany and Italy, where Paris' extradition efforts came to nought. Like bloodhounds, the French security forces kept on the heels of their prey. In February 1963, they got their hands on Curutchet's old S.A.O. boss, ex-Colonel Antoine Argoud, beat him to a pulp and delivered him tied like a rib roast, for the trial and conviction that earned him a life sentence.

ARGOUD & CURUTCHET IN MUNICH (1962)
Bombing, shooting and suffocation.

Feeling the heat, Curutchet made

* Malmsey butt: a cask of sweet aromatic wine.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

hat he thought was a deal with his ursuers last November. He agreed to o from Rome to far-off Uruguay, here he would presumably be harmss, in return for a French passport nd an all-expenses-paid trip for himelf and his family. But barely had his litalia jet touched down in Dakar, in rdently Gaullist Senegal, than a dechment of gendarmes boarded the lane, grabbed Curutchet and dragged im off. Within 24 hours Curutchet was ehind bars in Paris, and last week the idges filed out to ponder the evience. It took them three hours to find urutchet guilty and to decide on life nprisonment. The terrorist's wife, hav-ng feared death by firing squad, wept ith joy.

SWEDEN

he Princess & the Trucker

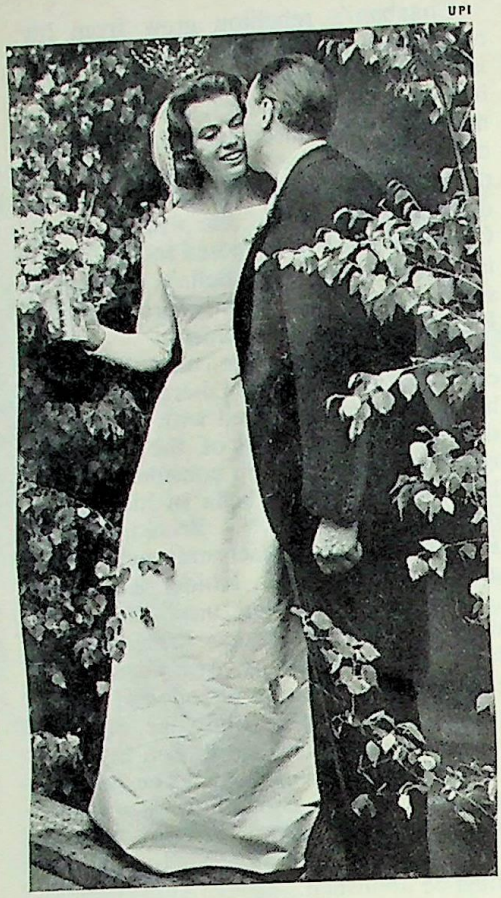
The marrying season of Scandinaian princesses rolled on last week with rainy ceremony on Öland island, 145 iles south of Stockholm. As King Gusaf VI Adolf of Sweden led his eldst granddaughter, Princess Margaretha, 9, down the aisle of the 13th cenury church of Gärdslosa, the pink-faced room, British Trucking Executive John mbler, 40, waited beside an altar rimmed with wild flowers and flanked ith birch trees. Television lights leamed on the bride's golden crown nd her simple wedding dress and veil f Brussels lace. Standing before Luheran Archbishop Gunnar Hultgren, Margaretha answered the traditional uestion with a soft *"Ja."* Ambler said, I will."

Although his valet, Miles, was among he wedding guests, none of Ambler's amily was present. He had explained hat his 68-year-old mother was too aged and frail to make the journey. The groom's uncle, Norman Ambler, who reeds dogs at Cap d'Antibes on the French Riviera and was also uninvited, scoffed at the story. He described his sister-in-law as spry and active, but added, "However, she is something of a religious fanatic—she is liable to start quoting the Scriptures at everyone. That may be one of the reasons John didn't invite her."

There were enough relatives of the bride to make up for any lack, ranging from her sister, Princess Désirée, who last month married a Swedish nobleman, to Denmark's Queen Ingrid, whose daughter Princess Anne-Marie weds King Constantine of Greece in September. Also on hand: a U.S. housewife from California who had won her invitation to the wedding on ABC-TV's *Queen for a Day* program.

The bride was serene until she reached the church vestibule, when she broke down and had a good cry. Margaretha then joined 150 guests at a reception under a domed, plastic tent. "Typical English weather," muttered Ambler, eyeing the falling rain. Then the newlyweds dashed for their car, which had been

UPI



THE AMBLERS
"I feel like a wounded pheasant."

decorated with a sheaf of wheat, symbol of fertility. As they drove away, Ambler caught a handful of rice in the face, remarked, "It makes me feel like a wounded pheasant." After honeymooning in Sardinia, Mr. and Mrs. John Ambler will be at home at Wilton Crescent in London's Belgravia. As compensation for having stayed put in Britain and watched the wedding on TV, the groom's family will meet the bride at a party next fall.

NORWAY

Reverse Response

The Norwegians had had enough of Nikita Khrushchev even before he arrived. Television had shown the Russian Premier touring Sweden and Denmark, had reported his boorish belittling of Danish farming and his sneering remarks on Swedish defenses. When he clambered onto the quay in Oslo, a ragged cheer broke out from assembled Iron Curtain diplomats—but not from the 3,000 curious Norwegians who had gathered to examine the visitor. One little old lady was moved to waggle her umbrella at Khrushchev and shout "Murderer" until a manners-minded policeman placed his white-gloved hand firmly over her mouth.

But, as always, Khrushchev on tour turned out to be part frolicking peasant, part common scold. In his lighter moments, he was engagingly frank. With half a glass of beer inside him, he was asked at an after-dinner party whether the Russians had ever solved their succession problem. Khrushchev's response was a jocular account of the 1957 attempt by Bulganin, Molotov, Malenkov and Kaganovich to depose him. "Bulganin," said Khrushchev, "was and is a very good bookkeeper. He was even being a bookkeeper during the anti-party revolt. He thought that four was bigger than seven. He knows better now." Malenkov was "a weak man who could not make decisions. But we've solved that. That power plant he supervises is fully automated."

At Bergen's famed fish market, there was more heavy-handed fun. Khrushchev greeted an aquarium-housed Volga beluga as a fellow countryman, saw a market stall collapse and a photographer topple into a pile of fish, roared with laughter when the owner of another stall chased off a newsman by wildly swinging a fish as a weapon.

But in more serious moments, Khrushchev threw his hosts into a wintry Norwegian chill. On Cuba, he gave the impression that he would approve if Castro shot down an overflying U.S. reconnaissance plane, and would come to his aid if the U.S. retaliated. He denounced recent NATO maneuvers near the Russian-Norway border, and, as he had the Danes, advised Norwegians to get out of the Atlantic Pact altogether. The Norwegians neither needed nor wanted the advice—and their response was just the reverse of what Khrushchev was suggesting. The Russian, said an outraged Norwegian government official, succeeded only in "solidifying all of our ministers in favor of NATO. If anyone had been wavering—and I don't think they were—then they are now totally determined."

BERLIN

The Cad Who Came In from the Cold

It was love at first sight, or so it seemed. Dashing, suave Peter Hansen, 25, a construction engineer, swept curvaceous Dorothea Voss, 17, off her feet with dancing by candlelight, dinners for two and sweet talk of marriage. Then off they motored from the West German town of Heide to West Berlin for a day's outing, with the blessing of the girl's parents. After lingering in sidewalk cafés, Peter suggested they go over to Communist East Berlin. "It'll be really interesting, darling," he whispered, tenderly pressing her hand.

Once through the Friedrichstrasse border checkpoint, Peter collected his girl friend's West German identity card to "keep her from losing it," parked her in a gloomy café on Karl Marx Allee with a kiss and a promise to return, and took off. Still starry-eyed, Dorothea waited and waited, but her Peter did not come back. Alone, and without her ID card, she could only go to the *Volkspolizei* for help. But the Vopos were in no mood to give courteous assistance to the lost traveler. Instead they tossed the sobbing Dorothea into jail on charges of complicity in an escape, for half an hour earlier, Peter

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

तीन वर्ष के अध्यन के बाद भारत ने "पैन्टाकान्टा" नामक स्वयँचालक टैलीफोन यँत्र को चुना.*

and we can't tell you how pleased we are.

******After three years of study India chooses Pentaconta† automatic telephone switching equipment.*

The Government of India left nothing to chance. Every aspect of our equipment and competence was challenged.

With the selection of Pentaconta from ITT's Bell Telephone Mfg. Co., India has provided for a modern system for generations to come. A system that's low in cost and maintenance, that's flexible, easily expanded and well-suited to handle heavy traffic. This ITT System company will provide six local exchanges totaling 48,000 lines and four trunk exchanges with 6500 junctions.

The exchanges will be installed in Bombay, Delhi and Madras with another trunk exchange in Kanpur.

India will also build a plant to manufacture its own Pentaconta equipment. ITT, with its successful history in establishing many Pentaconta manufacturing facilities, will provide machinery, tools and production know-how. ITT will also assist India with the training of technical personnel for their new factory.

Pentaconta—made by the world's largest international supplier of electronic and telecommunication equipment. For information, contact your ITT representative or write: ITT Far East and Pacific, Inc., 24 Des Voeux Road, Central, Hong Kong. World Headquarters: International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Ave., New York, New York 10022.

†Trademark of ITT System

ITT SYSTEM REPRESENTATIVES AND ASSOCIATES:

AUSTRALIA Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Sydney / BURMA Fairweather Richards & Co., Rangoon / CAMBODIA Ets. Denis Freres, Phnom Penh / CEYLON Brown & Co., Ltd., Colombo / HONG KONG AND MACAO Shewan Tomes (Traders) Ltd., Hong Kong / INDIA Standard Telephones & Cables, Ltd., New Delhi / INDONESIA ITT System Representative, Djakarta / KOREA Hae Nin Commerce Company, Inc., Seoul / MALAYSIA Paterson, Simons & Co., Kuala Lumpur; Paterson, Simons & Co., Ltd., Singapore / NEW ZEALAND Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Wellington / OKINAWA Williams International Inc., Naha / PAKISTAN Interhom Trades and Constructions, Ltd., Lahore / PHILIPPINES ITT Philippines Inc., Manila / TAIWAN Taiwan Trading Corp., Taipei / THAILAND International Engineering Co., Ltd., Bangkok / VIETNAM S. A. pour le Riz et l'Industrie, Saigon.

worldwide electronics and telecommunications **ITT**

CC-0. In Public Domain. G

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Hansen had passed through the Berlin wall with quite another Dorothea Voss.

Actually Hansen was an already happily married East German escapee named Peter Selle. Upon leaving the real Dorothea, he had dashed to an East Berlin rendezvous with his wife Barbara, whom he had left behind when he fled to West Germany a year ago. Pondering various schemes to get Barbara out, he had hit on the idea of finding a West German girl who resembled her closely, luring the girl to East Berlin and then filching her documents. Winsome Dorothea Voss seemed to fit the bill, and the scheme worked perfectly. Once in West Berlin the reunited couple sped to Tempelhof Airport and winged their way to West Germany.

Their bliss was only temporary, for by now West German police had been alerted by Dorothea's parents. Catching up with Selle, the cops threw the cad into the Flensburg jail, then appealed to the East German authorities on Dorothea's behalf. For once, Red Boss Walter Ulbricht's stern Vopos listened sympathetically, last week released a sadder but wiser Dorothea after six weeks behind bars.

SOUTH VIET NAM

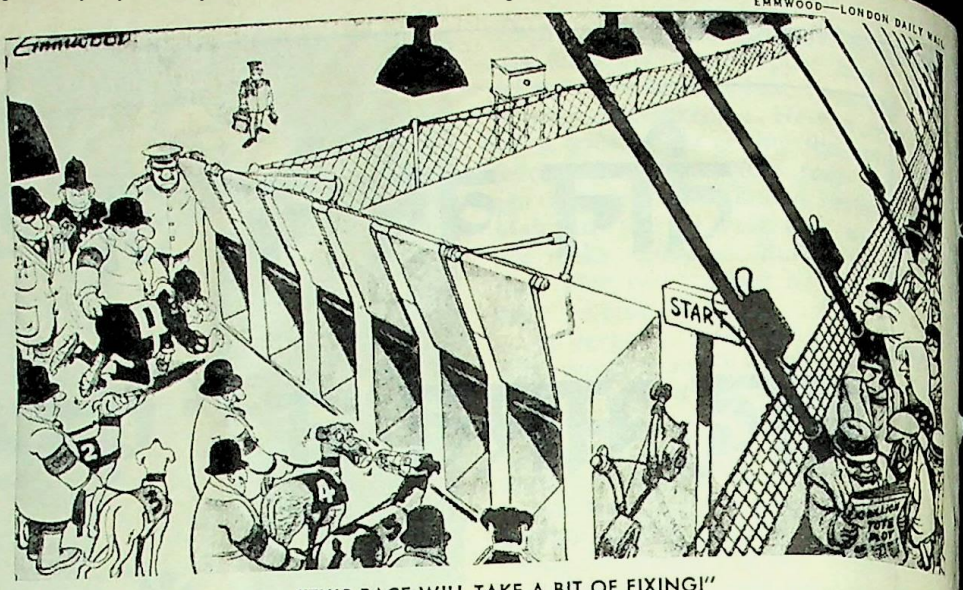
One Mission Too Many

His name was Kelly—Major Charles Kelly, of Sylvania, Ga.—but in the manner of combat soldiers the world over, his men seldom called him by anything but his nicknames. One was "Little Napoleon," because he was only a shade over 5 ft. 6 in. tall, had intense blue eyes and a shock of unruly black hair. They also called him "Madman Kelly," for during his six months in the South Viet Nam war, he flew more helicopter missions than any of the men he led.

As commanding officer of the U.S. Army's 57th Medical Detachment, Kelly insisted on rotating his men on dangerous night rescue missions, but kept his own name at the top of every flight roster. Of the 1,600 casualties his five UH-1B choppers had lifted from the paddies of the Mekong Delta this year, more than 500 were carried by Kelly himself. "He worked day and night, seven days a week," said one of his lieutenants. "He wouldn't even take a beer in the evening for fear it might affect his flying. He had only one purpose: to get wounded men under medical care."

One day last week a familiar message came over the field radio in Kelly's headquarters: five Vietnamese and one American soldier had been shot in a fire fight near Cantho. As usual, Madman Kelly led the flight. As his "Huey" fluttered loudly into the paddyfield, the big red crosses on its side shone brightly in the high noon sun. Twenty feet away, the survivors and the wounded lay pinned down in their foxholes as Viet Cong ground fire crackled from a nearby wood line. So Kelly calmly lifted the Huey off the ground and began to "walk" it sideways toward the wounded men.

Now the Viet Cong shifted their sights, began socking bullets into the helicopter. A steel-jacketed slug snapped through the Plexiglas, and Kelly slumped over the controls. The Huey crashed and rolled over, injuring the rest of the crewmen. Somehow they managed to pull the major from the wreckage, and went to work on Kelly's wound. It was in vain, for he was shot through the heart—the 149th American to die in action.



"THIS RACE WILL TAKE A BIT OF FIXING!"

GREAT BRITAIN

Operation Sandpaper

In London last week, one bookmaker phoned another and said, "Something's up at Dagenham today. I don't know what it is or what race, but something's up." It was indeed. At the Greyhound Stadium in London's thriving industrial suburb of Dagenham, a determined band of bettors was about to attempt one of the greatest coups in the history of gambling.

Before the sixth race of the day, which had an entry of six greyhounds, innocent dog players at the track also began to notice that something was up: they found it impossible to get to any of the 31 betting windows. Already ahead of them in line were tough characters who were taking their own sweet time placing two-shilling (28¢) bets, counting out the sums in small coins and brushing off protests with a snarl. The insiders were placing all their money on "forecast combinations" on the three dogs most likely to lose, thereby running up the odds on the three favorites. A forecast bet is similar to a quinella in the U.S., that is, picking the first two finishers in order. They did their job so well that only a single ticket was sold on the winning combination of Buckwheat and Handsome Lass, and the pari-mutuel payoff came to nearly $2,800 for a 28¢ bet.

Busy Signal. Meanwhile, other insiders were flooding London's legal bookmakers with bets on the winning dogs. The bookies, who pay track odds, frantically tried to lay off some of the money at Dagenham itself. But the telephone circuits serving the tote at the track were blocked and busy for a crucial ten minutes before race time.*

When the tote payoff was announced at the staggering odds of 9,872 to 1, the stunned bookmakers realized they were on the hook for a possible $28 million. Gleeful gamblers were already calling the caper "Operation Sandpaper" because it rubbed the bookmakers the wrong way. Fifty of the biggest bookies in England—from Joe Coral and Ladbroke's to Jack Swift and William Hill—gathered that evening at London's Victoria Club. The bookies agreed to call the betting on that particular race null and void. All money wagered on the race would be refunded.

Noisy Protest. London's Daily Express claimed that Operation Sandpaper had been masterminded by "a retired army officer, now a Midlands businessman," and said the team that had tied up Dagenham's betting windows numbered 170 men. The coup had taken three months to prepare, and the bankroll was £6,000 ($16,800)—"£4,000 for betting, £2,000 for expenses."

Can the bookies legally avoid payment? Britons argued the pros and cons in bus queues and on commuter trains. Under Britain's Gaming Act legislation, a bettor cannot sue a bookmaker and vice versa. The police indicated that they saw no grounds for action against anybody, but the bettors' bible, *The Sporting Life*, warned that in refusing to pay, the bookmakers "have done themselves and their calling the greatest disservice possible." Besides loss of public confidence, the bookies might have to face a protest when their licenses come up for renewals in February.

* U.S. bookmakers labeled the Dagenham caper a "builder play," and have occasionally taken a licking from the same technique. The most notable builder play took place in 1932 at Agua Caliente race track in Mexico. Staged by West Coast Gamblers Baron Long and Harry Fink, it boosted the odds on a horse called Linden Tree from a logical 7 to 10 to almost 10 to 1. By betting Linden Tree heavily with U.S. bookmakers, Long and Fink made a killing.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Mathematicolour

MATHEMATICS is the study of patterns, real and abstract. Now, in a world of electronic computation, the structure and relation of numbers has been harnessed to the formulation of colour in paint.

Today, the Berger, Jenson & Nicholson Group use an analogue computer to eliminate the possibility of human error in the art of defining and matching colours. Their new Colourant Mixture Computer is one of the few yet made. It is programmed by B.J.N. technical operators and solves sixteen mathematical equations, simultaneously. The results of these establish the exact amount of colourant required to produce any given colour, ensuring that every batch of paint precisely matches the agreed colour standard.

B.J.N. invest hundreds of thousands of pounds annually in paint science and research. The Colourant Mixture Computer is just one of many recent B.J.N. paint technology advances. Ford, Kodak, B.M.C., Jaguar, Singer, Hoover, Triang, Electrolux, Tasman Pulp and Paper, Sen-Raleigh are some famous names in world industry served by B.J.N. The resources and products of the B.J.N. Group are serving industry in Great Britain, Ireland, India, Pakistan, West Indies, France, Australia, New Zealand, Portugal and East Africa.

BJN PAINT GROUP

BERGER, JENSON & NICHOLSON GROUP OF PAINT COMPANIES

Berger House, Berkeley S

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

How many ways to more efficient transport?

This is the rugged chassis of a L 405/407. On it you can build any number of bodystyles to carry almost any kind of load. It's a vehicle that can save money, because it's not only flexible and fast, but remarkably economical to run, too.

You can buy the Mercedes-Benz Transporter L 405/407 with diesel or petrol engine. You can buy it as a van, a platform truck, a low loader or just as a chassis for special bodies. You can get a wheelbase of up to 3,6 metres and platforms between 3 and 4 metres long.

MERCEDES-BENZ

L 405/407
55/78 HP SAE

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PEOPLE

When *le Chef* greeted **Princess Bopha Devi**, 21, star of the visiting Royal Cambodian Ballet at the Paris Opera, with "You have a very beautiful costume, Mademoiselle," the daughter of Prince Norodom Sihanouk tittered prettily. Proud Papa, however, smiled, "My daughter has two children!" "Mademoiselle" was not *le mot juste*, but De Gaulle was right about the costume, which weighed 35 lbs., mostly in gold and precious jewels, with a 6th century headdress valued at $200,000.

. . .

The London Times ran it as an obit that black July 4, 1914, when the Harvard junior varsity became the first American crew to win the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. But the Empire survived, and so did the eight stout oarsmen, captained by a wiry Yankee who became Massachusetts Senator **Leverett Saltonstall**, 72. And back to Henley they all went to celebrate their 50th anniversary with a row on the Thames and to donate a new Grand Challenge Cup to replace the leaky 125-year-old original. For Salty, it was enough just to be back, sipping champagne with strawberries and watching the English "Old Boys" and the ladies in their impossible hats. "It doesn't seem to have changed very much," he mused. "More motorboats and less punts, but still the same Henley."

. . .

A slimy 99° in Manhattan is strictly for lizards, but 2,500 hot-blooded types ...less turned out for the $100-...e of *Night of the Iguana* ... The ...tics ...to ..., ...

PARIS-MATCH

BOPHA DEVI
Me?

in star-spangled blue, presided until Dickie showed up after curtains at *Hamlet*. But honors for the evening went to **Ava Gardner**, 41, in aqua satin, looking generations lovelier than the blowsy harridan she played on-screen. With the hordes outside hollering "We want Ava," she could hardly wait until after supper to flee to the peace of a Broadway jazz house.

. . .

In a local TV interview, Boston's **Richard Cardinal Cushing**, 68, let it be known that "eight years ago" (actually, it was 1954), he was operated on for the removal of a cancerous kidney, an area in which malignancy is fatal 63% of the time. "They gave me eight months to live," he said. "Somehow I survived. The Lord chooses the foolish to confound the wise."

. . .

On crisis mission or courtesy call, U.N. Secretary-General **U Thant**, 55, has flown to a dozen capitals in the past three years, but never to his home ...wn, Rangoon. Between July 25 and ...however, he plans a small detour ...ute to a visit to Moscow. He wants ... his mother, now well past 80, ... the first time, the grave of his ... Tin Maung (Timmy), who was ... years ago at 21 in a Rangoon ...t.

. . .

...attendants swarmed all over ... pulled into a Norwich, ...tation. Battery checked? ...ld wiped? And wiped. ...And wiped. Seems the ...er had on one of those ...suits, and while Yo- ...ops were fine for kids, ...mmer madness does ... to weed the men ...cemen, politicians, ...ir views, from the ...ore that "no nice ... them" (25 suits ...cal store racks) ...who announced ... his beach, "I ...turally." The ...ry, Dr. Mi- ... asked if a Christian should express disgust, replied, "A Christian should express disgust at anything indecent, but short of that, the less disapproval the better."

. . .

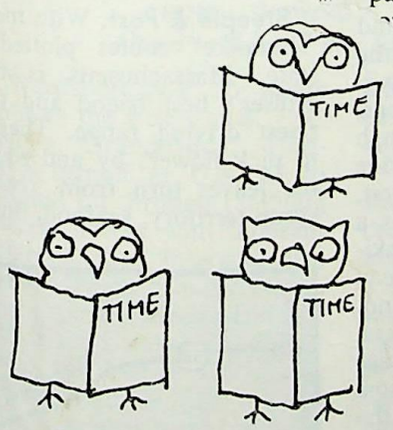
Just like any other middle-aged couple seeing the U.S.A. in a Chevrolet, Soviet Ambassador **Anatoly Dobrynin**, 44, and his wife Irina ate hot dogs, stayed at motels, and plotted their way on A.A.A. maps for a 1,366-mile Western drive-it-yourself tour in a rented Chevy. Well, maybe there were a few small differences, home being where the heart is, and all. "It's a beautiful country," said Dobrynin. "Very much like Russia." The Rockies reminded him of the Caucasus, Wyoming of the Steppes, and Yellowstone's panhandling bears "are from Siberia." When it came to civilization, of course, the U.S. was outclassed by the masses. Vodka martinis, said Mrs. Dobrynin, "are the perfect way to ruin good vodka."

. . .

Poor girl. She would like to pass as all grown up, but when she was born, on May 9, 1946, her father and his monocled friend were wisecracking at the top of the air waves, and news of her arrival splashed over the tabs. Now her age can be looked up, and reporters are starting to, because while Charlie McCarthy never got past eighth grade, **Candice Bergen**, Edgar's real-life daughter, grew up to be a living doll. Candice wants to earn enough modeling to study photography. "I am interested in the intellectual side of the camera," says she. But she may find the other end of the lens hard to leave. In the two months since she arrived in Manhattan from California, she has posed for the covers of *Mademoiselle*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Glamour*, earned $1,800 in May alone.

KEN REGAN

CANDICE BERGEN
Whee!



8 out

TIME readers are highly qualified for their present positions. Most of them have had some technical or formal training, hold a university or post-graduate degree. They have attained important positions in business, government and the professions. They are the key people who wield influence and buying

TIME

TIME Atlantic. TIME Canada. TIME Latin America. TIME Asia

CC-0. In Public Domain. Cu...

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ENSEMBLES

The Ancient's Mariner

"At sea," says Noah Greenberg, "you have a great deal of time to think —and I thought." What he thought about during his five years as machinist-messboy with the merchant marine was forming a group of professional musicians and singers to revive the all but forgotten music composed and played during the five centuries before the birth of Bach.

The group he formed was the New York Pro Musica. In a performance last week of Elizabethan music in honor of Shakespeare's 400th birthday at Tanglewood in Lenox, Mass., the six singers and four instrumentalists served eloquent notice that pre-Bach music was not to be forgotten. Drawing from the works of Shakespeare's contemporaries—Thomas Morley, William Byrd, Tobias Hume, John Wilbye, John Dowland—Pro Musica shook the dust off a score of Elizabethan madrigals and lute songs, embellishing the rarefied melodies with a rhythmic liveliness and delicate twining of voices and instruments to produce, in Shakespeare's words, "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

Hit Unearthed. Pre-Bach compositions, Greenberg insists, are "not little delicate museum pieces. This was music of an exciting time, full of violent contrasts." The Tanglewood program presented by Pro Musica ranged from the solemn *Lamentations of Jeremiah* to the sprightly "hey ding a ding" of *It Was a Lover and His Lass*, an exquisitely chiseled duologue for recorder and flute, a blatantly comic *Tobacco Is Like Love*, and a spirited *London Street Cries*, alive with the calls of street vendors and town criers.

Since its founding in 1952, Pro Musica has introduced a steadily growing audience to the curious delights of a long and varied line-up of forgotten composers, such as the polyphonic wizardry of Ludwig Senfl, composer to the court of Maximilian I, the mystical motets of Martin de Rivaflecha, chapelmaster at the Cathedral of Valencia, and the Rabelaisian merriment of Adriano Banchieri, abbot of an Olivetan monastery. Its most ambitious undertaking was *The Play of Daniel*, a 12th century music-drama that was unearthed in the British Museum. Elegantly staged in medieval setting and dress in a Manhattan church, *Daniel* was a solid off-Broadway hit of the 1959 season, won further acclaim during a 40-performance tour of Europe. Today Pro Musica can boast a season of some concerts in New York and 16 y on tour. In September the ensemb barks on a seven-week State ment trip to Yugoslavia and Ru an increased complement of si and 13 instrumentalists.

Exotic Wildlife. The pr pre-Bach music, explains G that "you're never certain scoring the composer has the notes are there, but very rarely put down w or play them." To the of determining the and instrumentation scores, Greenberg br skill, a musicologist and instinctive goo for clues to instru through such obsc purchasing order English town ba

To come as texture of the has amassed strange med names sound zinke, rebec, shawm, sackbut, reg krummhorn, *Rauschpfeife*.* In ad tion, Greenberg's Renaissance ense ble, which in costume looks as if it h just stepped out of a Fra Angel painting, comes armed with a medie bagpipe, hurdy-gurdy, viola da gam harpsichord, dulcian, portative orga psaltery, and a family of recorders. but a few of the pieces are reproc tions made by European craftsmen fr museum originals or copied from inst ments depicted in paintings.

Dark Corners. A native New York Greenberg, 45, studied piano as a ch first became intrigued with anti sounds while learning composition a conducting from a Renaissance-min teacher. While in the merchant mari (1944-49), he spent his off-duty ho on board ship poring over armfuls old manuscripts and tomes covering

JEAN MARQUIS

PRO MUSICA IN "DANIEL"

CONDUCTOR GR

From sackbut and krummhorn, sweet airs that give del

Hov
tran
This
On it
body
load.
beca
but r

L 405
55/78

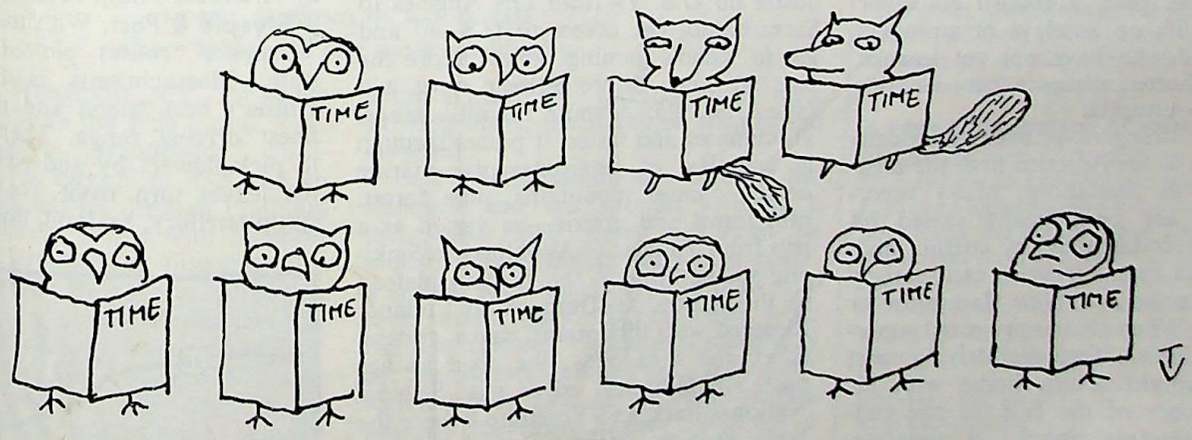
MERCEDES-BENZ

ransporter
ngine.
rm truck,
is for
a wheelbase
forms between

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

How many TIME International readers attended college or university?



8 out of 10.

TIME readers are highly qualified for their present positions. Most of them have had some technical or formal training, hold a university or post-graduate degree. They have attained important positions in business, government and the professions. They are the key people who wield influence and buying power vastly out of proportion to their numbers. To them, TIME Magazine's weekly reports and evaluations of world business and international affairs are a necessity. To you, TIME is equally necessary in *any* selective marketing plan in *any* world market. *Talk to the right people in the right place... in TIME.*

TIME

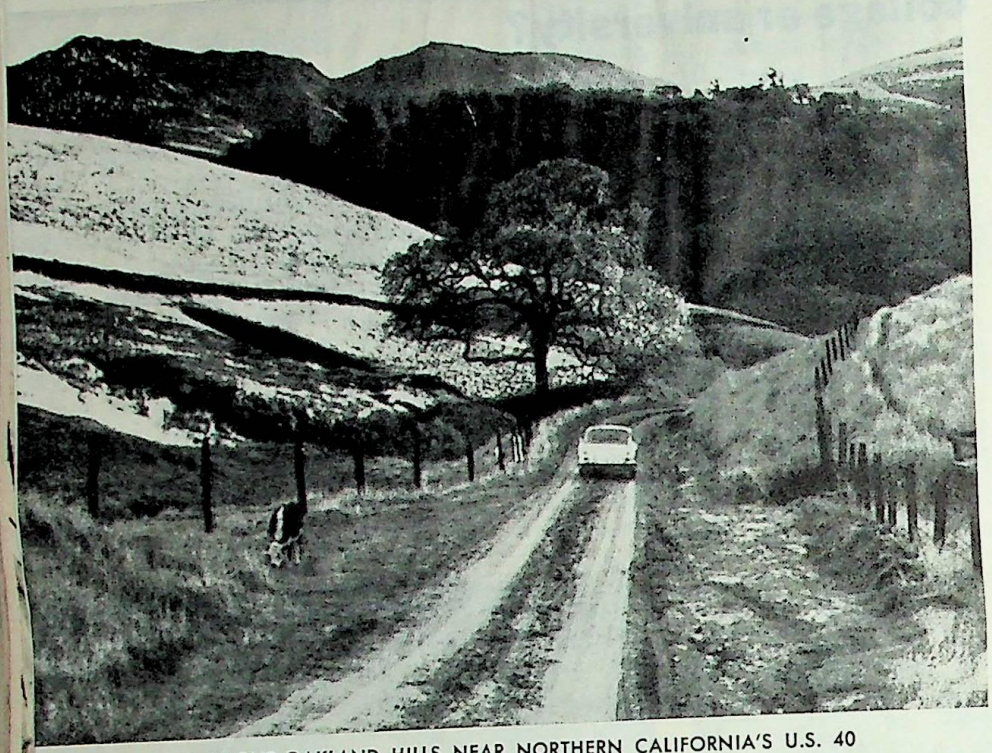
TIME Atlantic. TIME Canada. TIME Latin America. TIME Asia. TIME South Pacific. And their regionals.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MODERN LIVING

FRANCES COLEBERD—BEAUTIFUL CALIFORNIA, SUNSET BOOKS



RICHMOND-OAKLAND HILLS NEAR NORTHERN CALIFORNIA'S U.S. 40

Along routes through the past, roots for today.

TRAVEL

Sights on the Shunpikes

Modern man may have mapped the unknown, ridden higher than the wind and lower than the seas, had a look through the heavens at earth and caught the moon's underbelly on film. But the average American is most apt to boast not of what he saw or where he went but of how quickly he made the trip. More people more on the move, in more cars and on more roads, have made pleasure driving seem a thing of the past, a foolish endeavor for old ladies on Sundays or strangers to the land who have not yet learned that the shortest distance between two points is a turnpike.

But for strangers, or even Americans who want to see America first, the turnpike has its limitations. Many superhighways are hermetically sealed off from the countryside by artful landscaping, so that a traveler can scarcely tell whether he is in New Hampshire or Alabama. When all the projected superroads are built, a foreigner driving coast to coast might return home with his chief memory of the U.S. as one endlessly unwinding ribbon of concrete, punctuated by three hurried meals a day at nearly identical roadside restaurants, and a late night stop at a motel. And at superhighway speed, what scenery there is has to be the kind you can see without turning your head.

Slow Beauty. This need not be. For those who would savor the texture of the land and recover their sense of place, there are the shunpike and the minor road, a network of Indian trails and reconstructed canal routes: tortuous drives that skirt oceans below and wind around mountains, cross plains and valleys, run after rivers through national parks and state museums, ghost towns, rain forests and whaling ports. Some end with a vista at a canyon, a watering hole or a battlefield. Some lead nowhere at all, trail off in a thicket or stop short at the sea. Some, like Virginia's Route 5 (*see color*), put the past in perspective with a slow panorama, a relic here and there, and beauty all around. Every one is worth the trip.

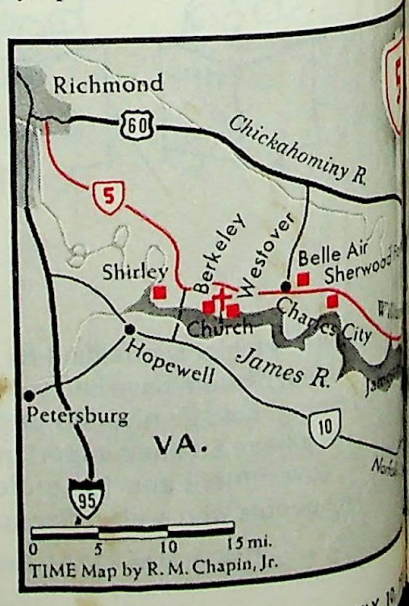
In the West, would-be gamblers can hustle up U.S. 99 from Los Angeles to Sacramento, cut across to U.S. 40 and get to Reno's gaming tables before the bets go down. More esthetic types will take U.S. 395. A route for all seasons, all climates and tastes, it passes through a complex of environments—marine desert, coastal mountains, pine forest, rain forest and prairie—as varied as a trip from Tangier to Andalusia to Sinkiang to the Alps to the Iranian plateau to the Australian Outback to Finland. Rimmed with mountains, caves, craters, lakes and lava beds, the road swings past Mt. Whitney, edges past Sequoia National Park and Yosemite, where the huge granitic upthrust of the Sierra bursts from the desert floor.

Perilous Loneliness. Even in the bustling San Francisco Bay Area, the pristine, almost deserted Richmond-Oakland hills are only a few minutes away from the roar of U.S. 40. Motorists driving from Los Angeles to San Francisco can turn off U.S. 101 and, at the price of a few extra hours, follow California Route 1 along the coast from San Luis Obispo to Monterey. Most spectacular is the 102-mile stretch from William Randolph Hearst's San Simeon estate through the Big Sur country to Carmel: with bare, steep cliffs on one side and a dizzying drop to the sea on the other, the narrow ribbon loops and spirals like a drunk. Subject to landslides and often shrouded in fog, it is closed at the first hint of rain, infrequently traveled, perilous and lonely, yet exhilarating as a first trip to Chartres.

U.S. 85 takes travelers most briskly from Denver to Albuquerque, but at Raton, U.S. 64 offers a detour into Taos for a look at the Pueblo cliff homes, which were America's first apartment houses, then jogs on down the Rio Grande Canyon to Santa Fe. Colorado's Million-Dollar Highway, a 25-mile stretch along U.S. 550, skirts Mt. Wilson past plunging canyons, leaping waterfalls, and the reproachful nostalgia of abandoned mining camps.

Minnesota's U.S. 61 clings close to the Mississippi River from Minneapolis to New Orleans, spanning swamps and lowlands to hug the shore. Illinois' U.S. 20 crosses the bridge when it comes to it, rolls on past Ulysses Grant's home and Savanna's white pines. Motorists in northern Wisconsin can bid farewell to U.S. 51 near Woodruff and meander along State Highway 70 through country so studded with lakes that the road seems a bridge, and so rich in woods that they spill right up to the road's edge until the turnoff at Eagle River onto U.S. 45. U.S. 460 in Indiana meanders over hills only a step away from Kentucky to the Lincoln Boyhood National Memorial, which includes the site of the log cabin where the young Lincoln studied by candlelight, and the grave of his mother, Nancy Hanks. Farther along is the New Harmony settlement, a 19th century Utopian experiment that has been memorialized by a garden shrine designed by Architect Philip Johnson.

Steeple & Post. With more than [illegible] "shunpike" routes plotted across the state, Massachusetts is the pleasure cruiser's best friend and the country's finest driving range. There are roads to pick flowers by and roads to watch the leaves turn from, roads to maple syrup territory, seafood, flower and



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

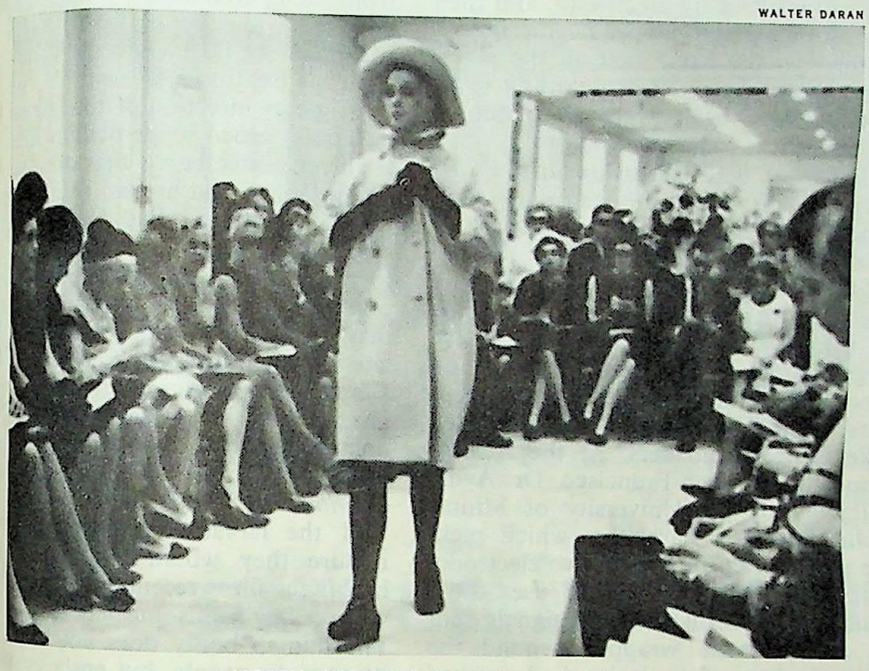
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

festivals, a road for the Thanksgiving dash straight to Plymouth Rock. There is the original Mohawk Trail from Boston to the Berkshire Hills, brought up to date and dubbed Mass. Route 2. An alternate, Route 2A, links Revolutionary landmarks from Battle Green at Lexington to Concord's Minutemen monument. Route 20 shadows the Massachusetts Turnpike, navigates the Berkshires to the Tanglewood Music Festival at Lenox. Sturbridge Village, a few miles off the highway, is an early 19th century town beautifully re-created from steeple to hitching post, complete with craftsmen who duplicate antique pewter spoons and horse-drawn wagons for kids to ride in.

The northern end of the New York turnpike can be abandoned at any point from Albany to Buffalo for U.S. 20, which wanders through the Finger Lakes region, or at Weedsport, N.Y., for Route 31, which follows the Erie Canal.

Pennsylvania's "Granddaddy" Turnpike affords a turnoff at U.S. 23 to Valley Forge and on through rambling fields and decent towns with indecent names like Bareville and Intercourse in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, whose Amish farmers scorn electricity, never cut their beards, and travel when they must by horse and buggy. For them, perhaps, the beaten path holds adventure. Even the turnpikes might prove a treat.

WALTER DARAN



NORELL SHOWING IN MANHATTAN

Also a sable muff any sable would envy.

FASHION

Norman the Conqueror

Wearing baubles, bangles and basic black, the guests seemed a chain of paper dolls, cut out along dotted lines and attached by tabs to the proper gilt chair. Chums for an instant, they crossed their silken legs as one, juggled cigarettes and sipped champagne. Rivals in fact, the 145 department store executives, buyers and fashion journalists who jammed the salon were on hand for the showing of Norman Norell's fall collection. The last of Manhattan's month-long season, it was also, as nearly always, the best.

Outside the trade, not everyone has heard his name. For Norell is concerned with style, not the spotlight, and with grace, not gimmicks. Never fussy without purpose, his talent lies in taste and a discriminating eye, in a flair for fabric and a sense of color, in a subtle bit of seamwork, an intricate set of pleats, a bead, a button, some spangles, a feather. Norell is neither set in his ways, like Mainbocher, nor out to amaze like Rudi Gernreich (of the topless-suit Gernreichs). He is a fashion moderate in step with the day, inventive but practical, inspired but patient. His virtues have paid off in a long line of fashion hits: the evening shirtwaist, the empire look, the chemise, the wool evening dress, the sequined sheath and culottes.

Last week's collection combined the standard and the special: a coat, a dress, and long jersey stockings to match; quilted linings for storm coats; a smock over tights; a sable muff any sable would envy. Biggest news were the new culottes, tighter and more hippy, and a spate of long pants, from grey flannel trousers for day to bugle-beaded pajamas for play. Prices: $900 for a suit, $850 for a coat.

A mild-mannered man, Norell, 64, collects French antiques, steers clear of the jet set, counts Lady Bird Johnson, Lena Horne and Dinah Shore as steady patrons, Lauren Bacall, Carol Channing and Lee Remick as friends as well. Less dramatic than Balenciaga and less subtle than Givenchy, he is the only U.S. designer Paris couturiers admit to their league. Some go so far as to rank him with Dior. No other U.S. designer, in Paris' view, can make that claim.

After Movado's spectacular launching of the new model, Kingmatic «S»

Scientists now believe in the future of the flat automatic watch

Only yesterday they believed that, to make an automatic model slimmer, the mechanism had to be miniaturized thus becoming more delicate and complicated. Today the new Movado Kingmatic «S» has convinced them of the contrary: it is flatter, slimmer yet sturdier, simpler and more accurate than its predecessors.

A rare combination of new solutions

During the years of research on the Kingmatic «S», the Movado engineers have registered an impressive number of patents, both Swiss and international. Combined, they reveal the many secrets of an admirable construction which, to make best use of the available space has introduced a new arrangement, for certain organs of the watch, which is both logical and highly efficient.

KINGMATIC «S»
with ball-bearing
"Fire Disk" Model (see illustr.)
A superbly styled Kingmatic «S», with super-waterproof "Sub-Sea" case.
Gold 18 K, goldcap, steel or rolled gold 40 microns steel back.
Other automatic models in the "Kingmatic" series, with or without date.

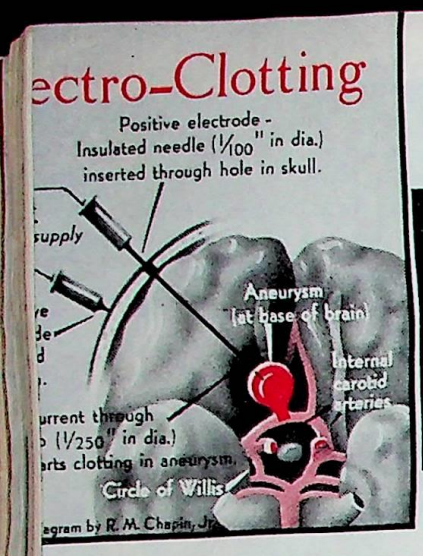
See the Movado exhibit at the New York World's Fair !

MOVADO
Kingmatic «S»

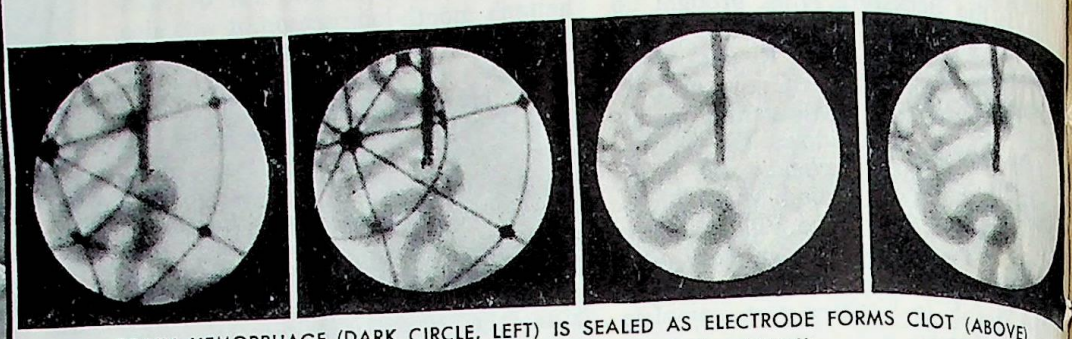
Sold and serviced all over the world.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



MEDICINE



BRAIN HEMORRHAGE (DARK CIRCLE, LEFT) IS SEALED AS ELECTRODE FORMS CLOT (ABOVE)

Needlework in the cerebral Circle of Willis.

SURGERY

Wired for Health

Physicians and surgeons have long used innumerable electrical gadgets in diagnosis and treatment, but they have usually kept the current outside the patient's body. Now they are developing new and daring ways to use electricity inside the body—and, in some cases, to make the electrical gadget a permanent implant with rechargeable batteries.

For Brain Hemorrhages. A weak electrical current, suggests Irish-born Dr. Sean F. Mullan of the University of Chicago, may be the answer to an age-old problem: how to stop bleeding in a brain artery. These hemorrhages, usually at a spot where a cerebral artery has ballooned out and leaked or burst, are notoriously hard to shut off promptly. The most obvious plug for a burst artery is a blood clot, but with a clot the problem is how to make it and how to keep it from traveling and causing still more brain damage. Dr. Mullan and fellow workers noted that not only does electricity promote clotting, but also, unaccountably, so does a piece of copper, cadmium or beryllium, even without an electric current to help the process.

The Chicago doctors have stopped bleeding from aneurysms (ballooned-out arteries) in the brain's arterial roundabout, the Circle of Willis, by drilling a hole in the patient's skull under a local anesthetic and inserting a stainless steel needle (*see diagram*). This has a hairlike electrode tip only 1/250 in. in diameter, which is positioned precisely by a double-grid system of X rays (*see photos*). The tip is the positive electrode for a minute current. The negative electrode is attached outside the skull. Within half an hour the iron in the electrode is "plated off" (in effect, dissolved), and much of it goes into the electrically induced blood clot that seals the artery.

With electrodes of steel, the electrocoagulation method offers the advantage of forming a clot quickly. This constitutes a sort of neurosurgical first aid for the aneurysm patient, enough to tide him over the first and most dangerous days after a hemorrhage. But clots formed in this way are apt not to be permanent, whereas if a piece of copper is implanted in the aneurysm and left there for a week, without an electric current, it forms a more permanent clot. So Dr. Mullan's team is now combining the two methods: forming a quick clot by electricity, and then leaving in place a copper needle inserted through the same hole in the skull. The two forms of electro-clotting technique have worked well in 16 out of 19 patients.

For High Blood Pressure. In the vast majority of cases, the cause of high blood pressure is unknown. The one thing certain is that the pressure can be influenced by the carotid nerves and the carotid nerve sinuses on each side of the neck. Two research teams have begun work almost simultaneously on electrical control of these "baroreceptors" with "baropacers" to be implanted like heart pacemakers. At the A.M.A. convention in San Francisco, Dr. Aydin Bilgutay of the University of Minnesota showed a baropacer which picks up pulses of current from two electrodes implanted in the heart and uses those pulses to control electrical signals sent to an electrode wrapped around the carotid sinus. The device had worked well in dogs and he was ready to try it in man.

Then Dr. Seymour Schwartz of the University of Rochester reported that he had already implanted similar devices in two human patients. The major difference is that the Rochester pressure pacer uses no electrodes in the heart, but relies on its own battery pack, which can be recharged from outside the skin. A man with blood pressure running 220/120, despite drug treatment, had a pacer implanted on the right side of his neck two months ago, and is now reading 150/100 or lower. A woman patient who got the implant a month ago is doing equally well.

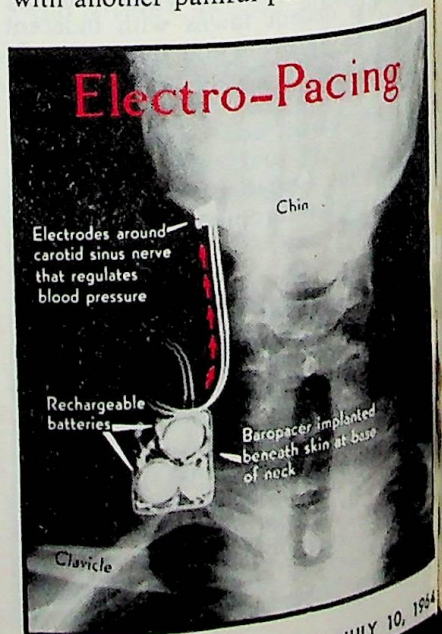
PARASITOLOGY

The Human Botfly

Horses are the victims of a botfly that lays its eggs on their legs, and sheep are the prey of another kind of botfly that lays its eggs in their noses. The eggs hatch into maggots which mature in the animals' bodies causing severe illness and sometimes death. So far, the U.S. has been spared the activities of yet another botfly, still more repulsive that makes man its unwilling and miserable host. But in this week's A.M.A. *Journal*, a Florida doctor reports that the U.S. has just had a narrow escape from being colonized by the unpleasant critters.

Dr. Harry D. L. Kaye of Coral Gables was treating a 54-year-old engineer for a messy infection of the left ear that had not yielded to penicillin. Then the engineer remembered that on a hunting trip in Venezuela he had been bitten on the ear, and later had felt a wriggling sensation inside it. Surgeon Kaye set to work to clean out what seemed like a purulent cyst, and in it he found a white maggot, almost an inch long. Two days later, he removed another maggot. The Department of Agriculture's Entomologist Richard P. Higgins identified the doctor's find as larvae of the human botfly, known to scientists as *Dermatobia hominis*.

If the larvae had been allowed to mature they would have turned into half-inch flies resembling bluebottles, with yellow heads and blue-grey bodies. The human botfly does not bite or lay its eggs on people, but enslaves smaller flies and mosquitoes by gluing its eggs to their bodies. When the slave bites a victim, the eggs hatch into larvae which bore into him. And, says Dr. Kaye, two of them might have been enough to start a general infestation of the U.S. with another painful pest.

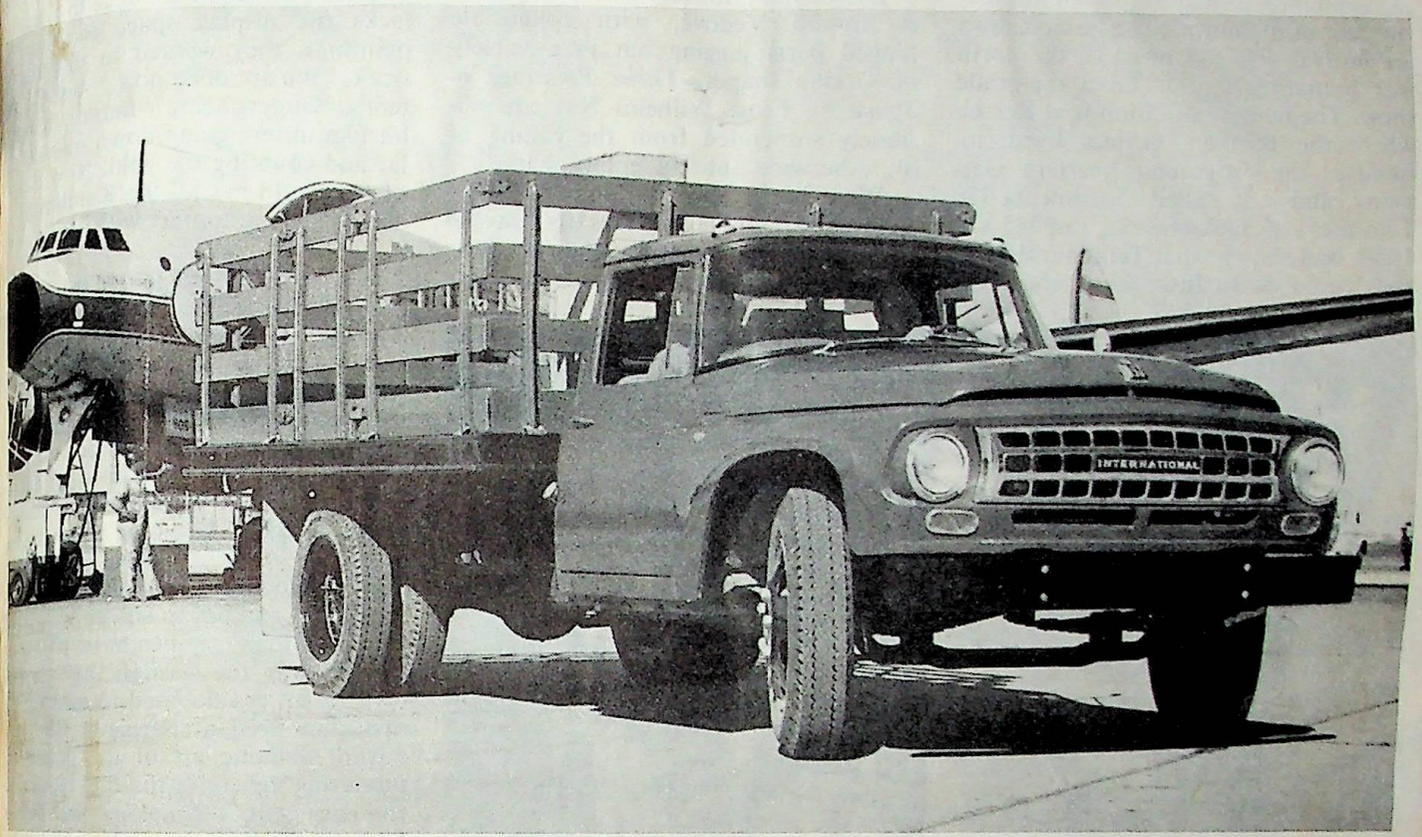


CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Like their looks?

You must drive one!



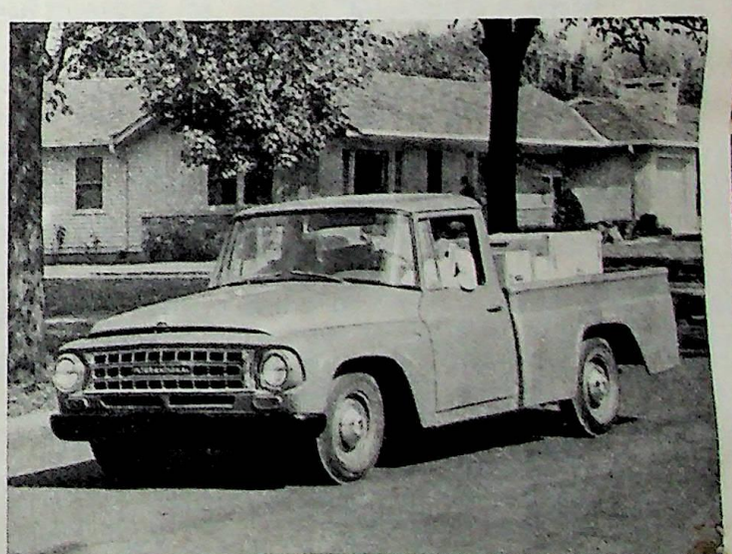
This rugged new stake body features a welded steel platform in your choice of 6 or 7-foot widths and in lengths of 8 or 9 feet.

NEW! SERIES 1000-1500 INTERNATIONAL® TRUCKS!

Here's heavyweight construction in light-duty trucks that are ALL TRUCK with *no* passenger-car components! They're engineered to last and to run at low cost under full loads—*bigger* loads than you ever thought possible in trucks this size!

★ New alternators keep batteries fully charged ★ Choice of all-new economy 6-cylinder engine or two different sizes in V-8's ★ New 3-speed Synchromesh transmissions are quieter, smoother ★ Heavy-duty channel frames ★ Gauges instead of lights for ammeter and oil pressure ★ Positive crankcase ventilation largely eliminates sludge-forming vapors.

SEVEN GREAT NEW MODELS from 4200 to 15,000 lbs. GVW—including dump, panel and 6-man-cab models—in 2 or 4-wheel drive. See them at your IH Truck Distributor now!



New bonus-load pick-up body gives you load space that's six feet wide from side to side—choice of 7 or 8½-foot lengths.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

International Trucks

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER EXPORT CO., 180 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 1, ILL., U.S.A.

CC-0. In Public Domain. G

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EXHIBITIONS

Rosetta Stone at Kassel

Over the revelry at the Venice Biennale fortnight ago hung the disconcerting possibility that even as this famed old exhibition displayed its own mediocrity and disorganization, a lesser-known art festival 400-odd miles to the north was preparing to put on a top-grade show. The newer exhibition is at Kassel, where the Brothers Grimm lived, located at the geographic heart of Germany, and it is called Dokumenta III. Two previous Dokumentas, in 1955 and 1959, had shown what Teutonic seriousness could do to fuse, focus and interpret significant modern art trends. The new show, which will go on for 100 days, may be the most important European art exhibition of the decade.

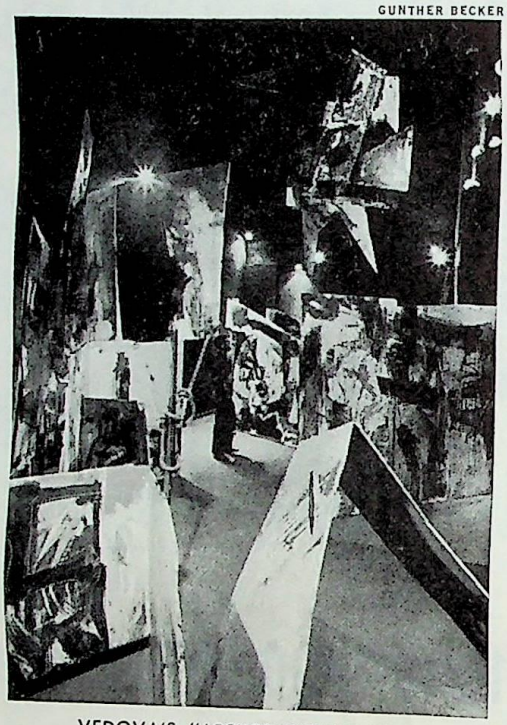
Housed in the Graustarkian palace ruins of the pomp-crazed nobles of Hesse, Dokumenta III features 1,500 intelligently selected paintings, sculptures and drawings from 250 artists who are either the acknowledged masters or the exploratory frontiersmen of modern art. The shaping hand behind it and the earlier Dokumentas belongs to Professor Arnold Bode, 60, an erudite man with Napoleonic looks and energy who rules Kassel with scrupulous esthetic integrity. A jury of 15 members (four non-Germans, including Peter Selz from Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art) aided Bode in choosing the entries, but shunned awarding prizes. Qualitative excellence is the aim at Kassel, and the one fixed premise is unconditional internationalism. Says Bode: "Valid art must be supranational."

Dokumenta III ranges supranationally from Arp to Wols, from Braque to Giacometti, from Cézanne to Soutine, from an early Picasso to the latest Henry Moore, on such a scale that no museum or private collection in the world can match it. An enormous black two-story hall houses a kind of cabinet of Dr. Caligari, the *Absurd Berlin Diary* of Emilio Vedova, with collapsible hinged parts jagging out in a variety of Gothic shapes. *Three Paintings in Space* by Ernst Wilhelm Nay are obliquely suspended from the ceiling of an otherwise entirely empty hall.

What begins as a subliminal feeling at Kassel gradually forces its way to consciousness: the sense of a unifying modern vision and temper that link seemingly disparate and dissonant works of art. The bewildering array of influences and counterinfluences in contemporary art, from the School of Paris to the New York School, from abstract expressionism to symbolic African primitivism, from the revival of *art nouveau* to the revival of Dadaism, all seem to call for a Rosetta stone, a hieroglyphic key to release meaning from mystery. Dokumenta III comes close to being that Rosetta stone.

GUNTHER BECKER

NAY'S "THREE PAINTINGS IN SPACE"



VEDOVA'S "ABSURD BERLIN DIARY"

From ceiling subliminal to neo-Caligari.

THE MARKET

Record Price for Abstracts

That moment in 1910 when Vasily Kandinsky laid down his brush upon finishing a certain watercolor represents what is often regarded as the birth of abstract painting. Last week Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum put the pioneer abstractionist's modern-day reputation to a bold test: at the London art auction house of Sotheby & Co., the museum offered for sale no less than 50 of its 170 Kandinskys. Fears that such a mass sale might depress the ... proved unwarranted. For it wa... ing from Kandinsky's early abs... ist period that brought the top ... $140,000 for one *Improvisatio*... ord auction price for abstra... anybody. Total take: $1,502,20...

On a believe-it-or-not basis, ... officials, including President Har... genheim, insisted that since the ... lacks the display space to s... paintings, they wanted to disp... work. "We are done now," said ... tented Guggenheim. "Before, ... bit like misers going down into ... lar and counting the gold. Now ... of the world has all the Kandin... are ever going to part with."

REPRODUCTIONS

La Belle Epoque

If it was not the best of time... sians did not know it. Girls in l... climbed excitedly into the fir... matic automobiles. Bearded, ... eyed Edward VII took his cigar ... carnation to the Moulin Rouge ... Folies Bergère. Donning top ha... turesome souls climbed nonch... into a balloon and blithely sipped ... pagne, up and up, to shiver in th... collars at the dizzy height of 10,...

This was the gaslight age, ... *époque*, an era doomed to end w... first shot fired at Sarajevo. Th... boyant demotic art of the poste... tured this society in the first blus... romance with technology and t... flush of its well-fed, self-confid... mance with itself. Brimful of ret... tion, a Paris exhibit covering tha... 1914 flowering of poster art is n... Frenchmen misty-eyed with n... over the good, inexpensive, unc... cated, sensuous old days.

In a way, poster artists were ... admen. Toulouse-Lautrec glorifi... bicycle as well as the *poules* of ... martre. Lesser artists painted ... big new department stores with ... prices indicated in plain figures" ... tomatic baby bottles, "the only on... a pump imitating the breast."

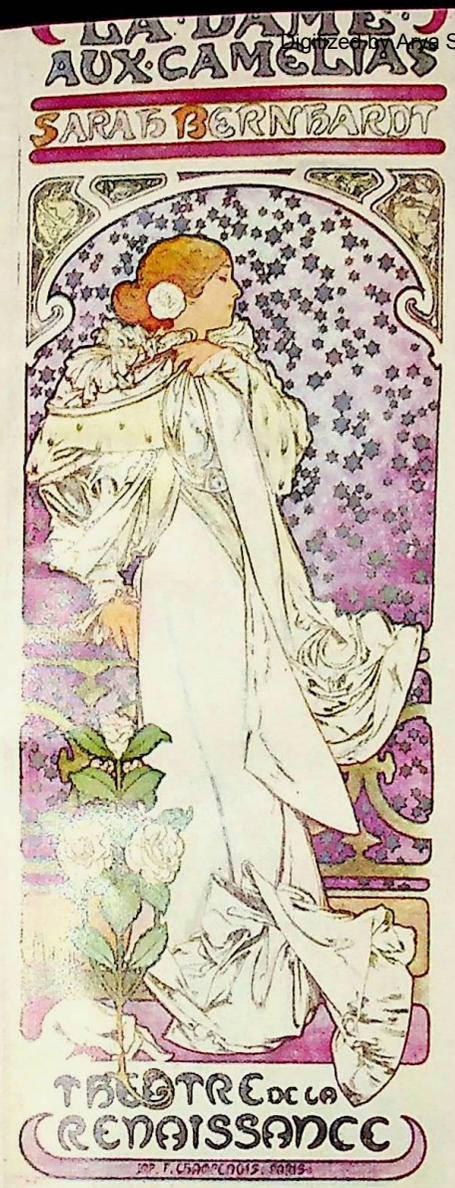
But poster art would not have ... art history if it had not been for ... bellious group of impressionist p... who wanted to get more light a... into their work and to reach a ... public. With painters such as ... net, Bonnard, Villon, Toulouse-La... Steinlen and Forain doing the ... art work, the posters rapidly bec... collectors' items and more valuable ... the products advertised.

At the height of the collecting b... dealers advised clients to sell their R... brandts and buy posters. Paris was ... plastered with posters that the Nati... Assembly felt forced to pass the fa... *"Défense d'afficher loi du 29 ju... 1881."* But after World War I, poste... fell off sadly in artistic repute and p... larity. Nowadays the posters on ... walls of Paris are scarcely more remar... able than the signs prohibiting them.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE PEACOCK EPOCH OF FRENCH POSTERS



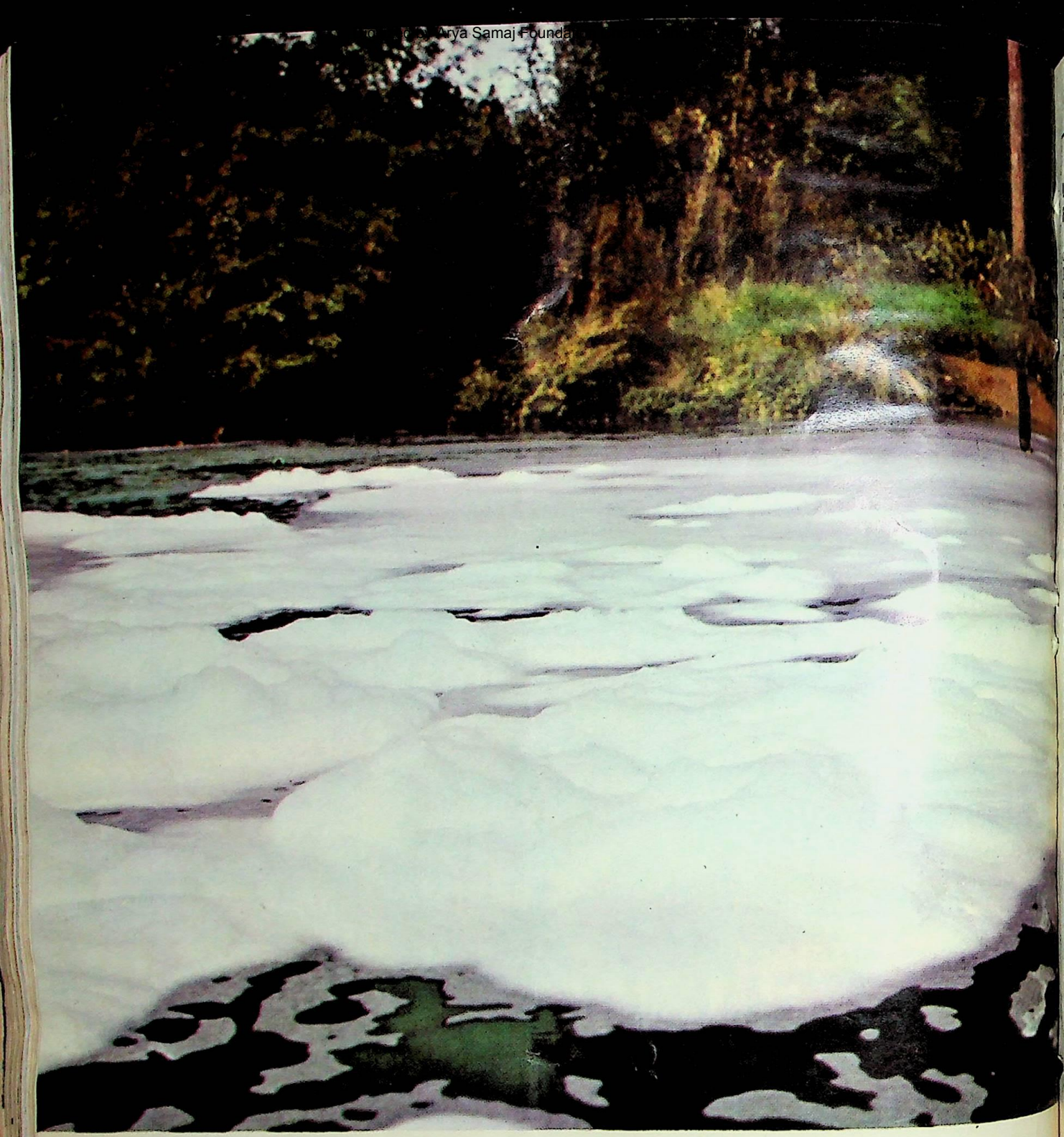
MAUVE as color and mood marks Alphonse Mucha's *art nouveau* work for Sarah Bernhardt.

BALLYHOO for music-hall girl of 1904 presages *Les Fauves*' clangorous, crazy-quilt color.

SPEED fascinated *fin-de-siècle* French in the dawning age of the airplane and the auto. This 1904 ad shows racer that won Gordon Bennett Cup with the assistance of a muscular muse.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

CC-0. Arya Samaj Founda



S THERE A DETERGENT TO DETER THIS FOAM? YES!

ke alarm clocks, fire and strong drink, foam is both friend and ight. Devouring a basket of dirty laundry, it is friend. Scumming ver the unspoiled beauty of stream and river it is a frightful eye- ore that everyone wants wiped out.

Britain, Shell are helping to do just that with Dobane JN, a 'soft' kylate—and the first available in commercial quantities.

etergents made with Dobane JN give you the best of all worlds. the washing machine they provide super-charged cleansing power. the septic tank and sewage farm their potency is effortlessly roken up.

o far as foam goes, detergents made with Dobane JN are helping to olve a particularly dirty problem.

DOBANE JN

Shell Chemicals SHELL

he range of Shell chemical products is wide and diversified. In industry nd agriculture, in almost every country of the world, they are contributing greater efficiency. Shell are eager to give you all the help they can. If chem- als can solve your problem, contact the Shell company in your country.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THEOLOGY

Linguistic Analysis: A Way For Some to Affirm Their Faith

In the Middle Ages, philosophy was dubbed the handmaiden of theology. The servant rebelled during the 17th century, and most of the time since then, the two disciplines have gone their separate, sometimes hostile ways. But during this century, philosophy and theology have been groping toward a new and nonsubservient dialogue. The German disciples of Biblical Theologian Rudolf Bultmann found in existentialism a way to rephrase the eternal Christian message. In Britain and the U.S., other theologians are enthusiastically exploring a different direction—applying the philosophic method known as linguistic analysis to the clarification of religious thought.

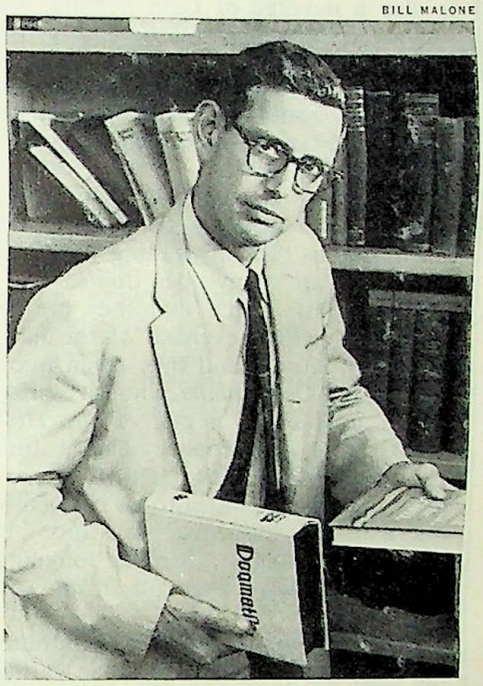
A technique rather than a metaphysic, analysis rejects the traditional approach to such philosophic questions as the nature of being or the meaning of life, which they say cannot be studied in such universal terms at all. Instead, analysis limits itself to a modest but possibly more productive intellectual task: discovering the meaning of words and sentences by examining how they are ordinarily used, and by classifying different kinds of statements. Linguistic analysis grew out of a philosophic movement which had no use for theology: logical positivism. Such philosophers as A. J. Ayer of Oxford and Vienna's Rudolf Carnap, now a professor emeritus at U.C.L.A., argued that the only meaningful propositions were the analytic statements of logic and mathematics, or statements that could be verified by empirical procedures—which meant that the ethereal language of theology was literally meaningless.

Language Games. Many philosophers —including Ayer himself—have now backed away from that dogmatic view, thanks in large part to the influence of an eccentric Austrian-born Cambridge don named Ludwig Wittgenstein, who died in 1951. Wittgenstein, perhaps the century's most important philosopher, believed that there was a wide variety of discourse—ranging from jokes to the "God-talk" of theologians —that could not be empirically verified, but nevertheless was useful and in some ways meaningful to man. Instead of dismissing this nonempirical discourse as nonsense, Philosophy should treat it as a "language game" and—without passing on its value—clarify the rules and make it more intelligible.

Many philosophers still regard theology as illogical nonsense; but within the past decade, a number of British theologians have increasingly found linguistic analysis to be a helpful tool in interpreting the religion "games." It has dissolved some of the old conflicts between science and theology, by making it clear, for example, that pastors speaking of God the Creator and cosmologists talking of the "continuous creation" of the universe refer to different and nonparallel propositions. It has made analytically minded theologians suspicious of the cloudy speculation that sometimes wafts out of German seminaries. More important, analysis has provided the theologians with a method of thinking that will help them make a fresh approach to such vital religious terms as soul, creation and mystery.

The Convert. In many U.S. seminaries, linguistic analysis is still treated as a foe of faith, although there is a growing band of theologians who strongly disagree. One young religious thinker converted to this new method is Paul van Buren of Texas' Episcopal Theological Seminary of the Southwest, whose recent *The Secular Meaning of the Gospel* (Macmillan; $4.95) is a radical and controversial effort to translate a major theological issue into language that would pass the scrutiny of the philosophical analysts.

BILL MALONE



PAUL VAN BUREN
Blik.

Van Buren's study focuses on the declaration of the Council of Chalcedon (A.D. 451) that Jesus was both man and the divine Son of God. Since secular-minded modern man does not understand or accept the notion of "divine," he argues, the church must find a logical but nonsupernatural equivalent of what the Chalcedonian Fathers were trying to express. Van Buren suggests that one persuasive way of referring to Jesus today is as a "remarkably free man." This description capitalizes on an adjective that is a touchstone of contemporary aspirations, but it concurs with the Gospel testimony. The Evangelists constantly refer to the personal authority of Jesus' teaching, his freedom from claims made upon him by parents and brethren, his departure from rabbinical teaching and disregard of the Jewish law.

After the Resurrection, the Apostles proclaimed Jesus the man as the Risen Lord and the Son of God. These words, says van Buren, were an attempt to describe their new understanding of Jesus in language appropriate to an age that saw God in every tree. In a technical term used by some linguistic analysts, the Apostles' expression of this faith was a *blik*—a statement that is not subject to empirical proof but has its own validity as an individual's interpretation of existence.

"Contagious" Freedom. How should the Christian church translate the Easter *blik* into contemporary language? Van Buren suggests that after the Resurrection the Disciples suddenly possessed some of the unique and "contagious" freedom that Jesus had. "In telling the story of Jesus of Nazareth, therefore, they told it as the story of the free man who had set them free. This was the story which they proclaimed as the Gospel for all men." Down through history, millions of others have been called by faith in Christ—which means, in van Buren's translation: "He who says, 'Jesus is Lord,' says that Jesus' freedom has been contagious and has become the criterion for his life, public and private."

Van Buren concludes that Christianity will have to strip itself of its supernatural elements to become believable again, just as alchemy had to abandon its mystical overtones to become the useful science of chemistry. Many Christians firmly disagree, and van Buren has been roundly charged with clarifying Christian doctrine to the point where there is hardly anything left of it. But even some theologians who disagree with van Buren's conclusions admit that Christian thinkers can no longer dismiss the linguistic approach as invalid or irrelevant. Professor Ian Ramsey of Oxford, a pioneer in relating linguistic philosophy to theology, goes so far as to argue that some analytical religious thinkers "are on the threshold of a theological revolution which might prove to be more significant than the relationship of Aristotelianism to scholasticism."

LUTHERANS

Taming the Tongues

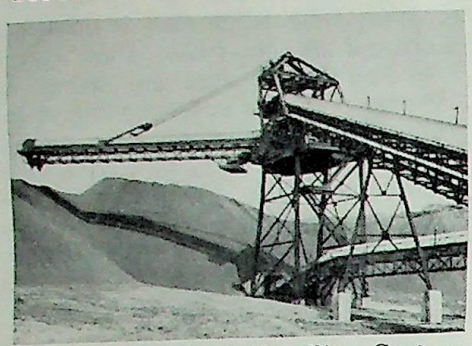
In Minneapolis last week, the 47-member American Lutheran Church Council voted to throw the Rev. A. Herbert Mjorud off the church's evangelical staff. His offense was one that appalls, embarrasses and deeply worries church leaders: promoting glossolalia, the practice of praying in "gibberish."

Without question, glossolalia is the fastest-growing fad in U.S. Protestant churches. Once a peculiarity of Pentecostals, "speaking in tongues" has caught on with Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, and there is now

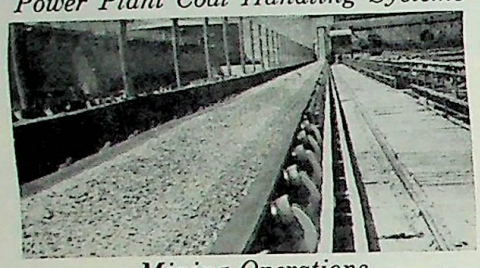
CC-0. In Public Domain. G

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

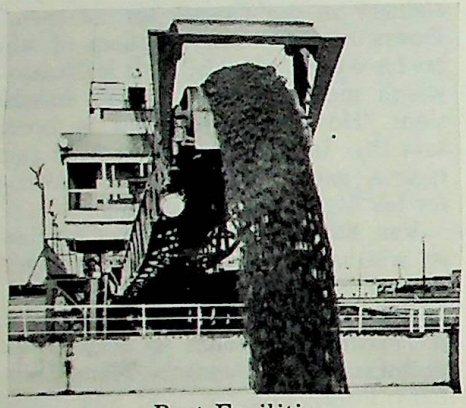
BULK MATERIAL HANDLING SYSTEMS



Power Plant Coal Handling Systems



Mining Operations



Port Facilities

ENGINEERED AND BUILT BY

STEPHENS-ADAMSON

Experience, engineering excellence and expertly crafted products are the ingredients of Stephens-Adamson's success as engineers and builders of some of the world's finest conveyor systems. Sugar, ore, and coal are just a few of the materials being handled, by the hundreds of tons daily, in ports and mines from India to the Philippines by Stephens-Adamson bulk material handling conveying systems. For full information on these systems contact:

Recipient of Presidential "E"-for-Export award for outstanding export expansion

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION

STEPHENS-ADAMSON MFG. CO.

General Office & Main Plant

129 Ridgeway Avenue, Aurora, Illinois, U.S.A.

FAR EAST REGIONAL OFFICE:

Stephens-Adamson International S.A., Manila, Philippines

DISTRIBUTORS AND REPRESENTATIVES IN 50 COUNTRIES

a national association of glossolalists, the Blessed Trinity Society in Van Nuys, Calif. At least 260 of the 5,239 American Lutheran churches have glossolalia cells; many of them took up the practice after Pastor Mjorud stopped by to preach at revival meetings.

Open Doors. Born in Minnesota to Lutheran parents, Mjorud, 54, grew up in Alaska, and was converted from agnosticism back to his childhood faith in 1942. He gave up the practice of law to enter the ministry, and two years ago attended his first glossolalia service at an Episcopal church in Seattle. After several months of prayer, Mjorud began speaking in tongues himself, started trying it out on interested Lutherans during his mission trips. Mjorud, who is also a devotee of faith healing, was warned several times by the Evangelism Commission, and only the intervention of A.L.C. President Fredrik Schiotz saved him from dismissal last year. Although fired as a traveling evangelist, Mjorud is still free to accept a call by any congregation that wants him, and he intends to keep on speaking as the Spirit directs. "It's my calling," he says, "and there are many open doors."

Glossolalists argue that they are reviving a spiritual exercise of the early Christian church, and they often quote St. Paul in *I Corinthians*, who lists speaking in tongues as a gift of the Holy Spirit, along with prophecy and healing. They hoot at skeptics. "It's pretty hard for a man with an idea to go up against one with an experience," says one self-satisfied glossolalist. Sample tonguing: *"Ulla, ulla, unga, unga garah, atta alla ungaraze."*

Spiritual Need. An A.L.C. committee investigating glossolalia last year warned that it has led to "divisions and tensions" in many congregations; tongues advocates often tend to slight regular worship services, force the practice on doubters, and develop into an ecstatic spiritual elite. But Lutheran leaders have little hope that the tongues will now be silent. Admits Dr. Schiotz: "Perhaps it is a reaction against the tendency to overintellectualize the Christian faith. Speaking seems to fill a spiritual need for simplicity and emotional attachment."

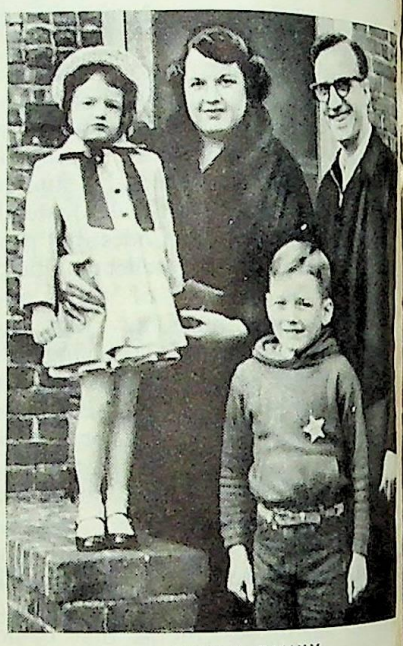
ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Married Priest

With his son serving as acolyte, a Detroit man named Ernest Adam Beck was ordained a fortnight ago in Germany as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. A former Lutheran minister, Father Beck, 42, is married and has two children. He is the first American among a handful of Latin Rite Catholic priests who have received dispensations from the Pope to take holy orders without a vow of celibacy.

Canon law has insisted on priestly celibacy since the Middle Ages, although Eastern-Rite Catholic priests may marry before their ordination. But within the past 13 years, Popes have from time to time approved the ordination of a few convert Protestant ministers for whom leaving their families would be a heartless cruelty.

Such dispensations are not easy to get —as Father Beck's experience shows. Born and raised a Lutheran, he studied at Concordia Seminary in St. Louis, served a parish in Teaneck, N.J., for seven years. In 1954, Beck and his wife became Catholics. Convinced that he had a vocation to the priesthood, Beck went to Germany and in 1956 received permission to enter the seminary at Mainz. But before he could be ordained, Pope Pius XII told Beck in a 1957 interview, he would have to find a bishop who would promise to support him. Bishop Mark Carroll of Wichita, Kans., stepped in with an offer shortly before Pius died, but Pope John subsequently decided that there would be too much



BECK & FAMILY

First find a bishop.

danger of scandal if Beck served in the U.S., suggested that he find a bishop somewhere else.

Beck gave up his studies for three years, worked in advertising, teaching and sales to support his family while trying to find another prelate who would accept him. At one point, Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing put in a bid—but, like Carroll, was turned down by the Vatican. Last year Bishop Hermann Volk of Mainz agreed to provide Beck, who speaks German, with an assignment, and Rome finally agreed.

Several other Protestant converts are currently studying for ordination in German seminaries, but no one foresees that there will be any drastic revision of the church's general prohibition against priests with wives. Most American bishops oppose the idea of married priests, and the Vatican has made it clear that none are likely to serve in the U.S. soon. But last week Cardinal Cushing indicated that "we should accept at least topflight men," predicted that a change in the church's attitude "will come in the future."

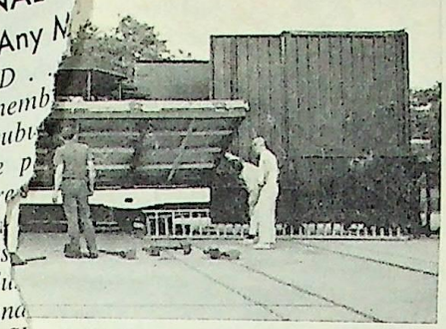
CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

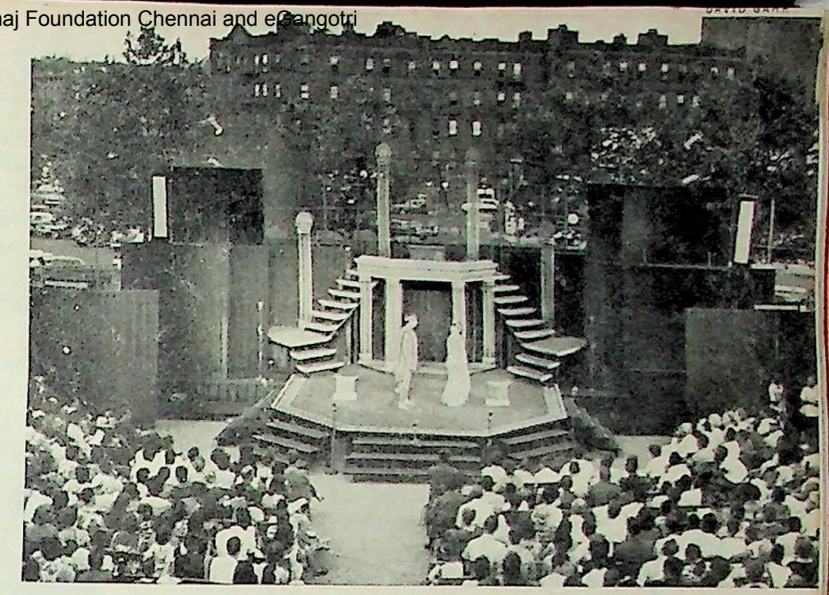
CONSTITUTIONAL L

Nothing Obscene Any M

PROBLEMS IN BED . . .
problems at all to the memb
ople's highly secret subt
ch. Who could have p
ght beautiful, differe
ose from? For that
ish man in this fantas
up. They lived a lu
ne-last, terrifying ana
GAME OF WIFE Sh



G ON THE ROAD
h pageantry and plastic cowslips.



PERFORMANCE IN MANHATTAN

GE

Under Kansas' anti-obs
state attorney general w
cizing 1,715 such "nigh
from a paperback dealer
City. Last month, howev
Supreme Court ruled the
constitutional. Also voided
ban against an allegedly obs
movie, *The Lovers*, and Flo
against Henry Miller's scatalo
ed. *The Tropic of Cancer*. The
between the court and the states
a puzzling question: To what ext
are there any more enforceable
laws against obscenity?

Proof Needed. Answers are not easy. Although the First and 14th Amendments guarantee freedom of speech and press, the Supreme Court has cast obscenity outside these rights, just as it does incitement to violence or publication of military secrets. But one trouble is that many cities and states have tried to suppress smut even before it reaches the public. This the court calls "prior restraint," meaning that a state invades freedom of expression if it bans obscenity on such vague grounds as "objectionable" before proving its case in a legal hearing.

In last month's Kansas case, the court did not feel it even had to decide whether the seized books were actually obscene. Speaking for the court, Justice Brennan merely declared: "If seizure of books precedes an adversary determination of their obscenity, there is danger of abridgment of the right of the public in a free society to unobstructed circulation of nonobscene books."

The Roth Case. But what if a proper legal hearing does find obscenity, as did the Ohio Supreme Court with *The Lovers*? By what standard does the U.S. Supreme Court test the finding?

Precisely because the court has shorn obscenity of constitutional protection, it feels duty-bound to deal individually with all such cases that reach it. And however objective it tries to be, the court is mired in what Justice Brennan calls "a difficult, recurring and unpleasant task"—setting a national moral criterion for a people of widely diverse standards.

The court's current obscenity doctrine rests on a 1957 decision (*Roth-Alberts*) which upheld the conviction of two mail-order smut peddlers. At that time, the court explained that obscenity is not to be found merely because it offends some people. Rather, it must be "utterly without redeeming social importance." Nor can a book be judged obscene unless it is "taken as a whole" and found to violate "contemporary community standards."

Since then, the court has tried to refine the definition. In 1959 it ruled that a bookseller cannot be convicted for selling an obscene book unless he knows of its contents. In 1962 it held that a motion picture cannot be judged obscene unless it is "utterly without redeeming social importance." In 1963 it ruled that a book cannot be judged obscene unless it is "utterly without redeeming social importance."

Found. Light towers rose like periscopes out of the next truck, to be fed by generators in another truck. At either flank of the main stage, trucks pulled up and opened for business as dressing rooms. Still another truck pulled out and positioned in front of the apron. The *Roth* test is applied neatly packed flats, stairs, person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest," and whether, in addition, the material "goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor."

Roth failed to satisfy dissenting Justice Douglas, who argued that prurience is no sure test for sending errants to jail. "The arousing of sexual thoughts and desires happens every day in normal life in dozens of ways," said Douglas, citing stimulants from music to a woman's sight of a man. The court nonetheless retained its *Roth* rule last month as it brushed aside the ban on *The Lovers*, saying that the film contained merely one "explicit love scene in the last reel." In his dissent, Chief Justice Warren argued that local obscenity standards should still prevail because "there is no provable 'national standard.'" But the majority ruled: "It is, after all, a national Constitution we are expounding."

Resistance & Surrender. Local diversities are likely to remain. Just before the court summarily reversed Florida's ban on *The Tropic of Cancer* last month, for example, the Illinois Supreme Court (disagreeing with Wisconsin, California and Massachusetts) ruled the book obscene under the *Roth* test. Chicago prosecutors next week will spend several days reading *Fanny Hill* aloud to jurors hearing the case of a book dealer arrested for selling those 18th century "memoirs."

Illinois courts generally take a straitlaced view of such literature, but the probable test of *Fanny Hill* in the U.S. Supreme Court would be whether it is "hard-core pornography," which is unquestionably illegal. But what is hard-core? Justice Potter Stewart says only, "I know it when I see it." One expert

tialist conception, standing for everything and nothing at 738 m.p.h.

All this may suggest why the film that first established him was called *Breathless*. Since then he has played [illegible] of roles—an ine[illegible] criterion.

Morin, Prê[illegible] it "a succession of increas-*Two W[illegible]*otic scenes without distracting No[illegible]otic passages." In the *Roth* case, the U.S. Solicitor General described the "worst" of hard-core pornography as movies showing "people of both sexes engaged in orgies" that include "every form of sexual activity known."

In the Kansas book case, Justices Black and Douglas nonetheless implied that all censorship of any sort is unconstitutional. So too argues Los Angeles Lawyer Stanley Fleishman, who won the case. As he sees it, all obscenity laws are doomed because the Supreme Court has now passed such books as *Tropic*. "To be obscene," says Fleishman, "a book has to go significantly beyond what has already been declared not obscene, and that is impossible. You can't talk about sex any more frankly than is being done now."

See Here, General Kennedy

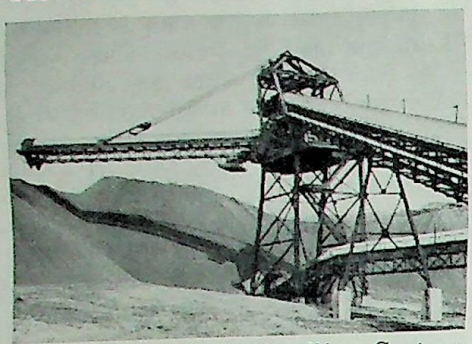
When the N.A.A.C.P. urged President Johnson to consider "taking over" race-torn Mississippi, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy replied that the federal-state relationship forbids "preventive police action." Last week General Kennedy (Virginia Law, '51) was given a failing grade on his answer by 29 law professors at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, N.Y.U., Pennsylvania and Boston College. Whatever Kennedy's political motives, said they in an open letter rebutting his "facile pronouncement," the legal facts are clear. The Federal Government has been fully empowered since Reconstruction to "take protective action in the circumstances that now prevail in Mississippi."

▶ Section 332 of Title 10 of the U.S. Code authorizes the President to use state militia and federal troops "whenever he considers that unlawful obstructions, combinations or assemblages, or rebellions against the authority of the United States, make it impracticable to

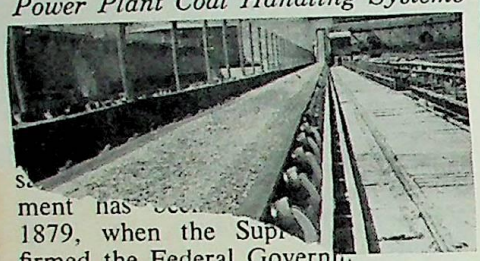
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul K[illegible]

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BULK MATERIAL HANDLING SYSTEMS



Power Plant Coal Handling Systems



ment has ... 1879, when the Supr... firmed the Federal Governm... er to command obedience to ... "on every foot of American soil. dence may curb this power in Mississippi, noted Kennedy's critics. But it is "disappointing and ironic that the Department of Justice, which has been bold beyond precedent in successfully urging the Supreme Court that the judiciary possesses the broadest powers to enforce the constitutional assurances of equality, should now discover nonexistent barriers to executive action."

COURTS

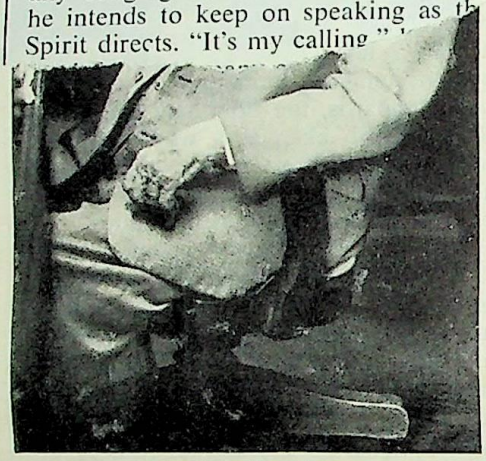
Getting the Feds to Pay

As the cost of living continues to rise, the price of a good lawyer continues to soar—so much that equal justice is still an empty platitude for the 60% of criminal defendants who cannot afford even a bad counsel. State courts are now trying the remedy of paid public defendants. But federal courts are still without the means to pay even court-appointed lawyers. Last week a U.S. district judge in Oregon blasted this anomaly with a broad-gauged decision that may not only cost Washington a great deal of money, but may be the neatest constitutional argument of the year.

A U.S. Appeals Court in San Francisco ordered Judge William G. East in Portland to hear alleged Bank Robber Edward J. Dillon's claim that he had been sentenced to 18 years without benefit of a lawyer. Enthusiastically complying, last spring Judge East ordered crack Portland Lawyer Manley D. Strayer to represent Dillon, and the lawyer, toiling in Dillon's behalf, spent 108 hours of his usually high-priced time during a rehearing at which Dillon was resentenced. Federal rules being what they are, Strayer did not expect a penny.

Judge East had other ideas. Petition a national association of glossolalists, the Blessed Trinity Society in Van Nuys, Calif. At least 260 of the 5,239 American Lutheran churches have glossolalia cells; many of them took up the practice after Pastor Mjorud stopped by to preach at revival meetings.

Open Doors. Born in Minnesota to Lutheran parents, Mjorud, 54, grew up in Alaska, and was converted from agnosticism back to his childhood faith in 1942. He gave up the practice of law to enter the ministry, and two years ago attended his first glossolalia service at an Episcopal church in Seattle. After several months of prayer, Mjorud began speaking in tongues himself, started trying it out on interested Lutherans during his mission trips. Mjorud, who is also a devotee of faith healing, was warned several times by the Evangelism Commission, and only the intervention of A.L.C. President Fredrik Schiotz saved him from dismissal last year. Although fired as a traveling evangelist, Mjorud is still free to accept a call by any congregation that wants him, and he intends to keep on speaking as the Spirit directs. "It's my calling."



ROSCOE POUND
For lichens, Lucretius and liberty.

LAWYERS

Paragon of Principle

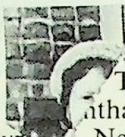
"Law must be stable, and yet it cannot stand still," said Roscoe Pound. It was a principle that the renowned dean of Harvard Law School first began teaching the U.S. in 1906, when at 35 and still an obscure Nebraska lawyer, he stepped before the American Bar Association and blasted U.S. courts for archaic adherence to fixed rules.* Thereafter famed as "The Schoolmaster of the A.B.A.," he followed the same principle in helping to shift the focus of U.S. law to social needs. Later, in his complaints about the resulting tendency of U.S. courts to become quasilegislatures, he was faithful as ever to his point. Last week, when Pound died at 93, a paragon of principle passed from U.S. law.

Massive, mustachioed, cigar-chomp-

* Given in St. Paul, Minn., Pound's speech is considered so historic that last month the American Judicature Society, celebrating its golden anniversary, memorialized Pound's words with a bronze plaque in the Minnesota state capitol building.

...oe Pound was the precocious ... local judge in Lincoln, Neb. ... from time to ...led memory," he used to say, ... tion of a ...hotographic that as a boy he ... isters for w... Sunday school classes by rat... would be a ... chapter of the Bible after ... —as Father ... Nebraska, at 17, emerged ... Born and rais... botanist, and between ... at Concordia ... practicing the law, he ... served a pari... seven years. In ...arn a Ph.D. in botany ... became Catholic... anical survey of Ne... had a vocation t... boasts a rare lichen ... went to Germany ...lia.

... permission to ... It took Professor Pound ... Mainz. But befo... after he came to the ... Pope Pius XII t... ome dean of Harvard ... view, he would ... his two decades in the ... who would p... were the school's golden ... Bishop Mark ... combustible faculty ran a ... stepped in wi... amut from the conserva... Pius died, bu... d H. ("Bull") Warren to ... decided that ... lism of Felix Frankfurter.



... were so high that one- ... students failed to win de... ... se who did, including Dean ... Thomas Corcoran and David ... thal, often plunged straight into ... New Deal legislation. Himself ... an early Roosevelt Republican, Pound later became disillusioned with executive pressure on the courts and supported the G.O.P.'s Alf Landon in 1936.

After resigning as dean that same year, Pound became Harvard's first "roving professor"—entitled to teach throughout the university—and for eleven years he expounded on everything from sociology to Lucretius. Prime founder of the pioneering American Law Institute, he wrote 44 books, ranging from *Readings In Roman Law* to *The Spirit of the Common Law*. At 76, already a master of French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, Latin, Sanskrit and Spanish, he took up Chinese in order to reorganize Nationalist China's judicial system. When the Communists took over the mainland before he could finish, Pound lambasted the State Department for having abandoned Chiang Kai-shek.

Service State. Peering out from under his inevitable green eyeshade, Pound spent the rest of his years at Harvard endlessly writing and watchdogging the "service state"—welfarist Big Government that "undertakes to perform for us every service short of looking after our immortal souls." The service state's threat to law, Pound fretted, was its tendency to use the courts to back its policies rather than allowing the courts to restrain power. Government without judicial restraint, he warned, meant "a mere preachment bill of rights, a hierarchy of superman administrative officials who ex-officio know what is good for us, and ultimately a super-superman to give directions to the hierarchy."

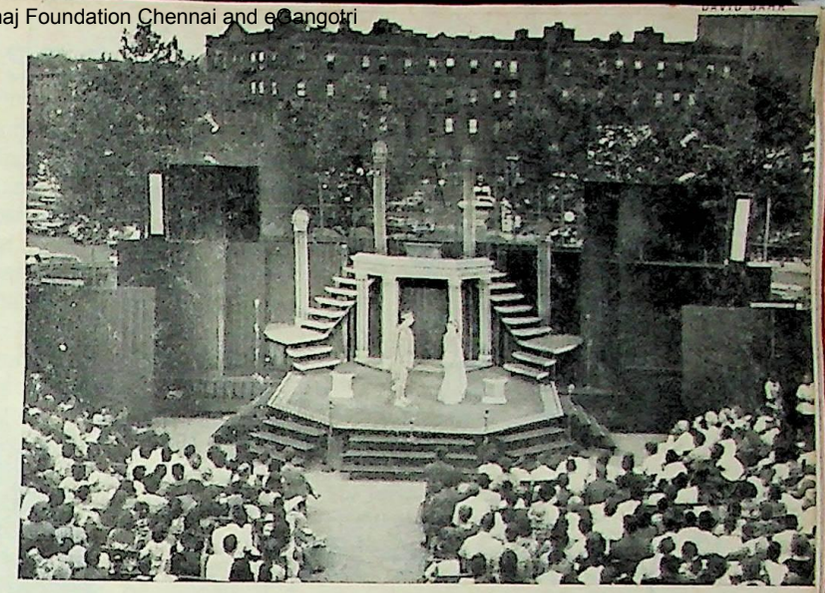
Pound's remedy—a zealously independent judiciary—is now avidly sought by every U.S. lawyer worthy of the name. It is his monument that he saw the danger early, and alerted less prescient men.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

UNPACKING ON THE ROAD

Midsummer dreams with pageantry and plastic cowslips.



PERFORMANCE IN MANHATTAN

THE STAGE

Stratford-on-Firestones

In the Middle Ages, plays in England were sometimes performed from Pageant Waggons, which traveled around the ancient cities stopping at key spots —such as "ye Abbaye gates" and "ye high crosse before ye Mayor"—where the actors would strut and fret their hour upon the unsteady stages.

New York now has its pageant waggons too—set to perform everywhere from ye Bronx to ye Staten Island, and even before ye Bobby Wagner, the mayor. Belonging to Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival, they are not quaint old tumbrels. They are a caravan of six trucks, led by a big, behemoth trailer truck that disassembles like a Chinese puzzle. In four hours, they collectively become a fully lighted, handsomely equipped Elizabethan theater. In addition to the free, summerlong Shakespeare that the festival group offers in its stationary theater in Central Park, the new road company is taking *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to 34 parks and playgrounds in all five of the city's boroughs.

Lost. The show opened last week, playing six Manhattan locations in six nights, first in Mount Morris Park in Harlem, a neighborhood where the wail of police sirens is a part of the constant atmosphere. There all the big trucks staged an incongruous arrival, grunting and respirating into position on a baseball field while crowds gathered. Soon a rehearsing actor was standing in a tunic and sandals before a gaping group of Harlem youths. He tried to explain to them that in the play he is a character called Demetrius, who gets lost in the woods.

"You look like you're lost already," said a kid.

Meanwhile, a crew of 16 unpacked. Off came the top and sides of the principal truck. Its bed, with six decorative pillars and two staircases permanently mounted upon it, became the main stage. At the push of a button, an apron stage hydraulically unfolded itself into position. Still a third stage level was pulled out and positioned in front of the apron.

Found. Light towers rose like periscopes out of the next truck, to be fed by generators in another truck. At either flank of the main stage, trucks pulled up and opened for business as dressing rooms. Still another truck spewed out neatly packed flats, stairs, props, scenery and more lights. The last truck contained enough collapsible bleachers and folding chairs for something over 1,500 people.

Nicely acted and broadly directed, with colorful costumes and plastic cowslips that stood upright on their stems when tossed to the stage, the performance was full of life, and it found an audience. Almost no one walked away. One young boy who did leave had nothing against Shakespeare. "Man, it's getting dark," he said, "and you can get killed in this park."

. . .

Two Broadway set designers and one Broadway lighting designer were recently given a $75,800 Ford Foundation grant to develop a mobile theater similar to Papp's on an even more compact scale—that is, on one truck only. The foundation is trying to help the State Department find a way to present American theater from town to town anywhere in the world. Arena stage, dressing rooms, props, generators, lights —everything but the emotion—would roll in one unit.

ACTORS

Breathless Man

The Tricolor, a snifter of cognac, a flaring hem, a tilted skylight—these have been demoted to secondary symbols of France. The primary symbol is an image of a young man slouching in a café chair, his socks sagging over broken shoelaces, his shirt open to the waist, his arms dangling to the floor, where his knuckles drag. A Gauloise rests in his gibbon lips, and its smoke meanders from his attractively broken, Z-shaped nose. Out of the Left Bank by the New Wave, he is Jean-Paul Belmondo—the natural son of the Existentialist conception, standing for everything and nothing at 738 m.p.h.

All this may suggest why the film that first established him was called *Breathless*. Since then he has played all kinds of roles—an inspiring priest in *Léon Morin, Prêtre*, an introverted teacher in *Two Women*—but he has become the No. 1 box office draw in France because the indelible *Breathless* image lingers on. He feels that he does not resemble that public image of himself—or so he says over cognac and smoke, slouching in a café chair, his socks sagging over broken shoelaces, his shirt open to the waist, arms dangling to the floor, where his knuckles drag.

Never Doubled. All France calls him Bébel (pronounced Bay-*bell*), and the French press has recorded that his nose was broken in the prize ring. "I let this story go through because it has added to my legend," he confesses. His nose was actually disassembled in a fight in high school. But if such embellishments exist here and there, the private Belmondo still rides point to the legend. He does box, but only as an amateur. He is indeed a fearless, reckless fellow.

He loved making his new picture, *That Man from Rio*, a protracted comic strip in motion that rams into two hours every cliché of the classic cinema chase pictures. On location in Brazil, he never used a double. He walked along a ten-story ledge and hung from a wire 70 ft. high. Once he was warned that a stream was too dangerous to swim in, being chock full of poisonous serpents, carnivorous disease-carrying insects and razor-teethed fish. Belmondo tossed a chunk of corned beef into the water. When nothing happened to it, he dove in, saying: "What the hell, if they're not going to chew on that they're certainly not going to eat me."

His charm with scaly creatures did not confine itself to working hours. In a steamy Amazon town, Jean-Paul went out into the jungle one night and came back to the hotel with a dozen baby crocodiles, crept into rooms late at night and put a baby croc into everyone's bidet. Soon he had two baby leopards, four macaws, several adolescent

CC-0. In Public Domain. Cu

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SIEMENS

If you ask us: "What's your strong point?"

An electrical system is more than the sum of its individual parts: it is a highly coordinated organism. As such it should be planned in one piece and built in one piece. Thus the optimum solution is invariably to let the same firm handle the entire project, from planning to post-installation servicing.

If you wish us to build you, say, a power station, we will not only supply the turboset and instrumentation, but are also in a position to conduct all the necessary preliminary studies, from location surveying, soil analysis to architectural planning. Or if you wish us to instrumentate a chemical plant or a steel mill, we will not only offer proposals covering any desired degree of automation but also tell you whether any of your country's industrial products can be drawn upon.

In other words, we prefer to solve a technical problem in one piece and to accept full responsibility. The more complex a task, the greater is the incentive for us tc tackle it. For over a century, this form of engineering enterprise has always been our strong point.

***The Siemens Group* — your experienced partner in all electrical engineering projects**

CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Haridwar

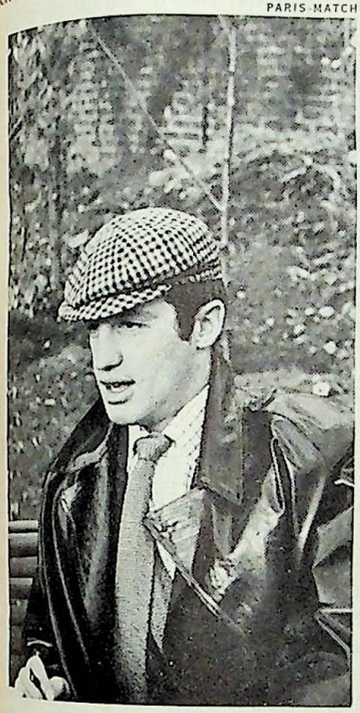
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

crocodiles, a parrot and three snakes in his own room. Remembers the film's producer: "The crocodiles ate the birds. The leopards ate the crocodiles. The snakes died of starvation. The room stank like the bottom of some Amazonian cesspool."

Much Experience. Bébel was born in Neuilly-sur-Seine, a fairly expensive Paris suburb, but he grew up on the Left Bank, and his colloquial language could have been swept up off the cobblestones of St.-Germain-des-Prés and Montparnasse. His father was a sculptor who taught at the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

Though Belmondo is so natural on the screen that he appears to be the sort of actor who was discovered rather

PARIS MATCH



JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO
Riding point to a legend at 738 m.p.h.

than trained, he had ten years of experience behind him by the time he made *Breathless*. Most of it he acquired at the Conservatoire, the French equivalent of Britain's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Bébel got experience of all kinds there. "In spite of my mug, it would be stupid to deny that I've always had a certain success with girls," he says.

Eventually he married a dancer named Renée, whose attractions were blurred only by her name, which he couldn't stand. So he renamed her Elodie. Belmondo is devoted to her and to his three children. "I love my Elodie," he rhapsodizes, "because after I come home from a hard day between the sheets with Jeanne Moreau, Sophia Loren or Claudia Cardinale, she's bound to ask an insidious question like 'Well now, how was it in bed with Claudia today, dear?' Jealousy—that's what saves the household from conjugal routine. Is there anything in the world more icy, more disagreeable than a woman who never suspects that you're betraying her?"

MILESTONES

Born. To Malcolm X, 39, former No. 2 man for the Black Muslims, who split with the "too peaceful" Muslims to start his own Organization of Afro-American Unity, and Sister Betty X: their fourth child, fourth daughter; in New York. Name: Lumumbah.

Married. Princess Margaretha, 29, granddaughter of Sweden's King Gustaf VI Adolf; and John Kenneth Ambler, 40, well-to-do British commoner; in a Lutheran ceremony witnessed by 7,000,000 Swedes on TV; on Öland Island, Sweden (*see* THE WORLD).

Married. Dorian Leigh, 44, queen of U.S. fashion models until she passed the scepter to her younger sister, Suzy Parker; and Iddo Ben-Gurion, sometime playwright, no kin to Israel's former Premier; she for the fifth time, he for the first; in Paris.

Married. Veronica ("Rocky") Balfe Cooper, 51, blonde and still beautiful socialite widow of Hollywood's Gary Cooper; and Dr. John Marquis Converse, 51, Manhattan plastic surgeon, whom she met when she moved back East after Coop's death in 1961; both for the second time; in a civil ceremony in Westport, Conn.

Married. Mahalia Jackson, 52, high priestess of Negro gospel songs; and Minters Sigmond Galloway, 47, salesman for a Gary, Ind., building contractor; both for the second time; in Chicago.

Died. Edward Glenn ("Fireball") Roberts, 33, champion U.S. stock car racer, a fierce and flashing veteran of the high-banked ovals who, in 15 years of driving everything from midgets to 410-h.p. Fords, won close to $400,000 and all the big races except the World 600 in Charlotte, N.C., which he tried for again on May 24 only to wind up in the middle of a flaming, three-car crash that left him with third-degree burns over 45% of his body; of complications resulting from his burns; at Charlotte Memorial Hospital.

Died. Pierre Monteux, 89, French-born conductor whose portly figure graced virtually all the major podiums —the Boston symphony (1919-24), Amsterdam (1924-34), San Francisco (1935-52), London (from 1961 on), guest conductor of close to 100 more—a maestro with a calm, precise technique that generally brought out the best both in the musicians and music; of a brain hemorrhage following a fall; at his home near Hancock, Me.

Died. Roscoe Pound, 93, Harvard's renowned student and teacher of law; after a long illness; in Cambridge, Mass. (*see* THE LAW).

For further information apply to our Distribution Companies and Agencies in Asia

Siemens Afghanistan Ltd.
Djade Maiwand 67—68
Kabul

Siemens Resident Engineer
91, Sparks Street
Rangoon

Jebsen & Co.
12, Pedder Street
Hong Kong

Siemens Engineering & Manufacturing Co. of India Ltd.
81/83, Veer Nariman Road
Bombay-1

Siemens Indonesia Office
Kebon Sirih 4
Djakarta

Siemens Iraq Co. W.L.L.
Sa'adoon Street
Baghdad

Siemens Iran Sherkate Sahami
Kh. Takhte Djamshid No. 32
Teheran

Siemens Liaison Office
Marunouchi 2-chome 8
Naka 10th Bldg., Annex
Tokyo

F.A. Kettaneh & Co. Ltd.
King Hussein Street
Amman

Eisenberg & Co., Inc.
Bando Building
Seoul

Abdulmajeed Al-Gharabally & Co.
Gharabally Street
Kuwait

Ets. F.A. Kettaneh S.A.
Rue du Port
Beyrouth

Joachim Scheye
Al-Hussein Street
Beyrouth

Siemens Pakistan Engineering Co. Ltd.
Victoria Road
Karachi

Machinery and Engineering Supplies Inc.
Ayala Blvd. Corner Camagong
Makati, Rizal
Manila

E.A. Juffali & Bros.
King Abdul Aziz Street
Djeddah

Syrian Import Export & Distribution Co., S.A.S.
Port Saïd Street
Damas

B. Grimm & Co.
63, Nakorn Sawan Road
Bangkok

Groupement d'Achats Mines Industries
94, Boul. Hai-Ba-Trung
Saigon

SIEMENS & HALSKE AG
SIEMENS-SCHUCKERTWERKE AG
Berlin · München · Erlangen

34

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EDUCATION ABROAD

Breaking the *Bachot*

From the moment a French baby opens his little Gallic eyes, his ruling purpose in life becomes preparing for the *bachot*, the grueling baccalaureate exam that decides who shall enter universities and the *grandes écoles*, and thus automatically become the elite that will some day rule the nation. The exam was over last week, and in Paris and Marseille milling, delirious teenage students overturned cars, pelted passers-by with flour, bombarded police with eggs, set bonfires on the sidewalks. They were celebrating the end of the pretest tension—and a lot of them were celebrating the fact that this year they knew the questions in advance.

PIERRE DOMENECH

SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS* WHOOPING IT UP IN MARSEILLE
Charles de Gaulle also wanted the answers.

Is Perception Proof? The *bachot*, or "*bac*," is drawn up by 30 eminent French professors, who submit it to the Education Ministry. Then the exam goes to the National Printing Office, where no printer sets more than a single line of type. The printed copies are kept in safes until three days before exam time, when envelopes containing the dreaded test are distributed to regional centers. At the same hour throughout the country, the seals are broken to start the trial that every French youth has worked toward for 16 to 18 years.

But in Marseille this time, someone —possibly in the city's famed underworld—had cracked the secrecy. For at least a week before the *bachot*, parents and children happily paid as much as $300 for the three tough questions on the philosophy section of the test, which turned out to be: "Does perception provide proof of the reality of an object? Is it correct to speak of the lessons of the past? Is liberty of judgment compatible with the necessity of truth?" As word spread to 80% of the local students and to Nice, Corsica, Toulon and Paris, the price dropped to $30. Many Frenchmen found the questions more interesting than the scandal, and abstruse discussions could be heard all over town.

Busy Signal. Police got proof of the fraud only on exam day, but bureaucracy made it impossible to switch to a standby *bachot*. The decision to change, explained an official of the Marseille test center, could be made only by the Minister of Education in Paris, "and all the telephone lines were busy."

Rather than require all students to take the *bac* a second time, Education Minister Christian Fouchet ordered the exam results to be compared with a student's regular work. Those scoring suspiciously well will get an oral grilling. President Charles de Gaulle was so peeved by the inglorious mess that at a Cabinet meeting he asked his Education Minister: "*Alors*, Fouchet, and about this *bac*?" Replied Fouchet, with grumpy high-score logic: "The whole thing would never have happened if Marseille weren't in France."

* That's a mask in the center.

TEACHING

Montessori in the Slums

Founding the first modern Montessori school in the U.S. turned red-haired Nancy McCormick Rambusch from a housewife into a stormy prophetess. Her success in setting up the Whitby School in Greenwich, Conn., led to so much demand for her advice that she went on to start the American Montessori Society. "I'm sort of the Mary Baker Eddy of this organization," she remarks, a little ruefully. But Nancy Rambusch is proud that beginning with Whitby in 1958, the Montessori movement in the U.S. has grown to 1,[illegible] private schools (38 of them belonging to her A.M.S.), and the method may be on the verge of filling a big new role in big-city slums.

Heresy. The Whitby School was chartered from Amsterdam, headquarters of the international Montessori movement. There, Mario Montessori, natural son of the Italian woman who worked out the method, has carried on since her death in 1952 at 81. But when Headmistress Rambusch insisted on relaxing the strict discipline of the original Montessori dogma, Mario called her a heretic and withdrew the charter. "My task has been to create a society for the maintenance of the 'pure' Montessori," he explains with a sigh.

Then Nancy Rambusch quit the Whitby School, after a disagreement with the board of directors. At the same time, an ex-actor named Tom Laughlin founded a Montessori school in Santa Monica, quickly made it the biggest in the U.S., and brought in an authentically European Montessorian couple to run a teacher-training program. Orthodox Montessorian Laughlin scorns Nancy Rambusch, confidently expects that the A.M.S. will die within three years.

Despite such bickering, the movement thrives. Thousands of well-off U.S. couples, many of them Roman Catholics, accept the Montessori principle that a child's mind, far from being a clean slate, contains a blueprint of self-civilization; the school and teachers need only provide conditions for the child to follow the blueprint. Kids who are able to follow often learn to read, write and do binomial theorems at six—which is why Montessori schools rise faster than competent teachers can be found.

Hands Unlike Hands. Yet only now is the Montessori method being tried on the gravest problem facing big-city educators in the U.S. Recalling that Maria Montessori formed her educational concepts teaching 60 slum children in Rome almost 60 years ago, some Chicago experimenters are running a Montessori school that tackles the job of preparing preschool kids from racial ghettos for the strange world of middle-class public schools.

The children live in Chicago's Cabrini slum-clearance project. They are mostly fatherless Negroes and Puerto Ricans whose mothers work or are on relief. "Some of the older ones have hands that didn't even operate like hands," says the school's director, Marcella Morrison, who taught in Chicago public schools before she went to Greenwich for a year of Montessori training at Nancy Rambusch's Whitby School. "They had never been given anything to handle." At first they were a reserved, hostile bunch, and Director Morrison

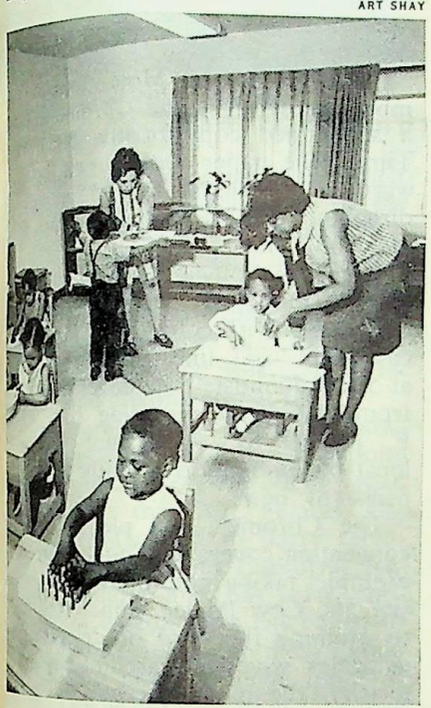
CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

found that she could barely even talk with them. Now the Cabrini kids fondly call her "the tall lady," and follow her through the grounds of the project as though she were the Pied Piper.

Learning one step at a time, at their own pace, they become more self-reliant and confident. A three-year-old lies on a rubber mat, arranging a washbasin and cups; a five-year-old, blindfolded with a blue eyeshade, feels a sphere, a cube, a cylinder, following out some blueprint in his mind. Ordinary progressive schools have similar equipment, since U.S. toy manufacturers have stolen many of Maria Montessori's original designs and ideas. But where progressive schools use the tools as one of many activities in which the teacher plays a major role, Montessori schools put the

ART SHAY



CABRINI TEACHERS & STUDENTS
Each has a blueprint for self-civilization.

teacher in the background while the didactic teaching materials do much of the work.

Profound Change? Some educators, such as Columbia Teachers College Professor Miriam Goldberg, think the Montessori boom will collapse, just as it did early in the century when John Dewey's brand of progressive education won out. On the other hand, others are just as sure that the current Montessori revival, coinciding with national concern for preschool education in general and for slum kids in particular, will profoundly change U.S. education.

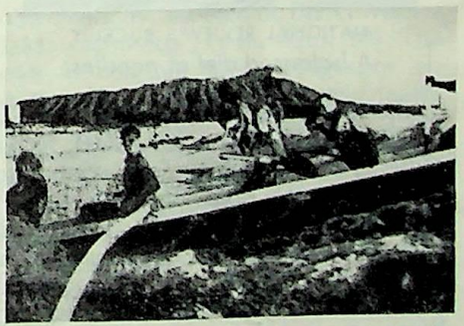
"The big push at the moment," predicts John Henry Martin, superintendent of schools in Freeport, L.I., "will eventually force the public school system into running nursery schools. And the only thing on the horizon with the theoretical base and the classroom hardware for a modern nursery is the Montessori system." Adds Nancy Rambusch: "We've come full circle. We're back with the slum kids Maria Montessori started with."

These 3 tests prove First National City Travelers Checks are "Better Than Money"®

National City Travelers Checks are the best way to carry money. Actual tests, shown below, demonstrate three specific reasons: *ready availability ...immediate acceptability...on-the-spot refundability*. In case of loss, there are thousands of refund points throughout the world...leading hotels can direct you to the nearest one.

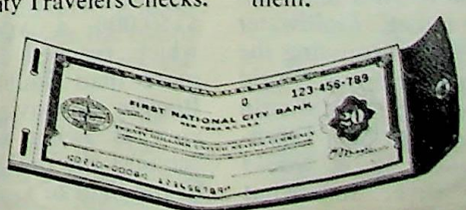
In the United States, no Travelers Check is more spendable, more readily available than these famous checks backed by First National City Bank. And, in case of loss, there are many thousands of U.S. refund points... easily located simply by calling Western Union Operator 25.

Test No. 1—Refundability—in Washington, D. C.
In this test, vacationing Mr. and Mrs. David Jalbert, of Brooklyn Hgts., N. Y., burned $220 of National City Travelers Checks; called Western Union Operator 25. Directed to Riggs National Bank, they received an immediate on-the-spot refund.



Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Waikiki
The S. Joseph Gores of Florissant, Mo., enjoy a ride in one of Hawaii's famous outriggers. They paid for this fun, as for all travel expenses, with National City Travelers Checks.

Test No. 3—Availability—in Mexico City
Dom Algieri, of Nutley, N.J., used additional cash to purchase more National City Travelers Checks. Banks everywhere carry them.



OFFICIAL TRAVELERS CHECK NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1964-65
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MAGAZINES

Spokesman for Conservatism

"This magazine," said William F. Buckley Jr. in his prospectus for the first issue of the *National Review*, "will forthrightly oppose the prevailing trend of public opinion; its purpose, indeed, is to *change* the nation's intellectual and political climate." Only five years out of Yale, Buckley had already made a national name for himself with his first book, *God and Man at Yale*, which accused his Alma Mater of preaching liberalism and secularism to the exclusion of almost everything else. And in that fall of 1955, the articulate young conservative found the political weather parlous. "Clever intriguers are reshaping both parties in the image of Babbitt gone Social-Democrat," he wrote. The press, he said, was a mess of "New Deal journalism"; conformity, fabricated by "Social Engineers," loomed as "the largest cultural menace in America."

From the start, *National Review's* polemic spirit, bolstered by its editor's intellectual bravura, was a rallying point for those who subscribed to the Buckley brand of "radical conservatism." In its pages, such conservative spokesmen as Russell (*Conservative Mind*) Kirk, Cornell University's Clinton Rossiter (*Conservatism in America*) and James Jackson Kilpatrick Jr., editor of the Richmond News Leader, spelled out the philosophy of their politics. Sometimes even outsiders were permitted aboard, among them Liberal Columnist Murray Kempton and Steve Allen, whose occupation as a TV comedian allows time for the espousal of liberal causes.

If there were occasional exercises in doctrinaire pedantry, there was always a balance of nicely aimed journalistic needling. Neither liberals nor middle-of-the-roaders were spared the *Review's* witty and often savage prose. There was also a leaven of practical politics. And it was hardly surprising that, when the intellectuals of conservatism spotted a proper champion, they announced his candidacy before he got around to doing it himself. In April 1963, *National Review* began its Barry Goldwater for President campaign.

Goldwater & Eisenhower. "I have never importuned Mr. Goldwater to run," Buckley wrote then, "but I am for him, and I do believe that if he would declare himself, and go to the people, in no time at all he'd dispose them to say, 'Yes, Mr. President.'" By August 1963, *National Review* had filled out its Republican ticket: Goldwater and Eisenhower. "Before dismissing the idea as inherently preposterous," said Buckley, who thought it up, "one should consider that the strength Mr. Eisenhower could give to the ticket would almost surely be conclusive." Somewhat later, Buckley added: "It is quite irrelevant that *I don't like Ike.*"

Now that the Goldwater bandwagon has picked up a full head of steam, *National Review* is already looking beyond the election. This week it publishes a 16,000-word *A Program for a Goldwater Administration*. Sample advice: Goldwater should man the battlements of states' rights ("within the federal harem, the states today are merely eunuchs"), invade Cuba if necessary, insist that Russia dismantle its "world revolutionary apparatus" and retire to its borders of 1939.

"Venture in Triviality." "We burnish the truths of Society as we see them," says Buckley. *National Review* has held that racial segregation is "not intrinsically immoral," and it opposed the civil rights bill on the grounds that it ceded

DON CRAVENS

NATIONAL REVIEW'S BUCKLEY
A balanced diet of needles.

to the White House "the powers of a despot." When Pope John XXIII, in his *Mater et Magistra* encyclical, seemed to be saying that a little socialism was not necessarily bad, Buckley, a Roman Catholic, attacked the encyclical as "a venture in triviality." He also objected to last summer's Freedom March on Washington: "Mob-deployment in circumstances that call for thought and discussion is a dangerous resort."

The magazine is still not self-supporting (annual loss between $100,000 and $150,000 a year). But circulation, which reached 30,000 by 1960, has more than doubled since. Today Bill Buckley is convinced that *National Review* is living up to its promise to "change the political face of America." In the light of Goldwater's growing successes, that conviction seems to carry more weight than it did in 1955.

NEWSPAPERS

What to Read in the Cow Palace

As the site of a national political convention, San Francisco offers many advantages—which may be why the Republican Party has chosen it twice in eight years. Its precipitous hills produce women long and firm of limb. It abounds with good hotels, fine restaurants and postcard vistas. It also fields three dailies favorably disposed to the Republican cause: Hearst's morning Examiner, the morning Chronicle, and Hearst's evening News Call Bulletin. To this triad must be added a fourth: the Oakland Tribune, published just across the bay by former Republican U.S. Senator William Knowland. But if delegates to next week's convention depend on the four dailies for comprehensive accounts of their activities, they may be disappointed.

Hearty Cheers. Most popular and most successful is the Chronicle. Once a sobersided copy of the New York Times, the paper took a new tack toward entertainment in 1955 under the direction of Executive Editor Scott Newhall and Publisher Charles de Young Thieriot, a descendant of the paper's founders. The two men filled their pages with columnists, both syndicated and local, until the census peaked at 53. Columnists now cover everything from veterinary medicine (Dr. Frank E. Miller) to sex (Count Marco, a local beautician), frequently at the expense of news.

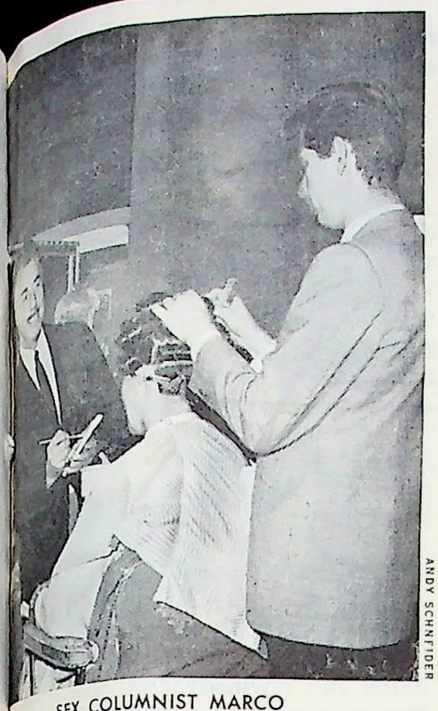
The Chronicle has pledged blanket convention coverage: Count Marco, for example, taking note of the convention site, the Cow Palace, announced plans to examine the herd of delegates and delegates' wives in search of cows. Editorially, the paper greeted Bill Scranton's entry with hearty cheers.

Decent & Dull. Second-ranking daily is the Examiner, which was William Randolph Hearst's pedestal paper, and which still styles itself, somewhat anachronistically, as "Monarch of the Dailies." Having surrendered its circulation lead to the Chronicle in 1961, the Examiner now lags far behind, 293,000 to 330,000, and has lost spirit. Successive waves of new editorial management, all rolling in from Hearst headquarters in New York, seem to have improved nothing but the Examiner's morals: the paper no longer prints cheesecake, and its trucks now proclaim: "Decency—A Family Newspaper." The Examiner's editorial policy is set in New York, where Editor in Chief William Randolph Hearst Jr. has displayed a preference neither for Goldwater nor for Scranton but for Henry Cabot Lodge: "Don't be surprised if many delegates turn to the handsome and experienced politician-diplomat."

Hearst's other San Francisco paper, the evening News Call Bulletin, is a blend of unprofitable competitors. Despite its monopoly of the afternoon field, the News Call Bulletin has slipped in circu-

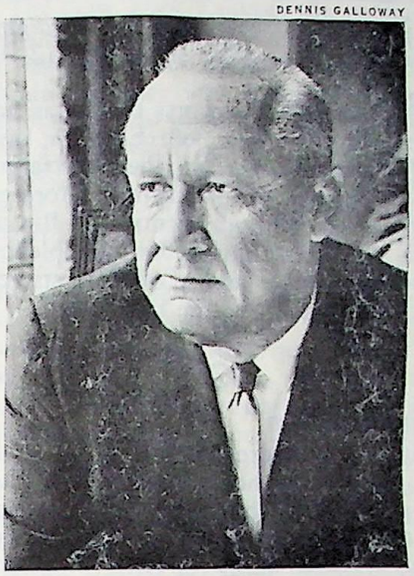
CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



ANDY SCHNEIDER

SEX COLUMNIST MARCO



DENNIS GALLOWAY

OAKLAND BOOSTER KNOWLAND

A passion for civic issues, a pledge of blanket coverage.

lation until it is not appreciably larger than the Pacific Coast Edition of the Wall Street Journal. Nevertheless, Editor Thomas Eastham plans to deploy a convention force of 25—some 18 more than the Examiner—by drafting his TV critic, a reporter whose normal assignment is the Parks and Recreation Department, and anyone else at hand.

Little Interest. It is William Knowland's Oakland Tribune that may quite possibly be the most thoroughly read local paper in the Cow Palace. The Tribune gave its heart to Barry Goldwater months before the California Republican primary, and has since published scores of editorials calculated to make pleasant reading for the 700-odd delegates who plan to arrive more or less in Goldwater's pocket. Sample Tribune comment: "Because Senator Goldwater is the one candidate who can capture large chunks of Democratic votes without conceding to the Democrats more than a handful of GOP votes, he is the obvious choice for the minority party." Goldwater has remained the Tribune's choice through thick and thin. It classified Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton's last-minute arrival onstage as "a late and vain challenge" and "an exercise in futility." Outside of that, the Tribune should offer little of interest to political tourists; it is preoccupied with local bond issues, civic development and a current crusade to get Oakland a professional football team.

Covering St. Augustine

It is almost an axiom of the integration struggle in the South: wherever a city's newspapers have pitched in to help, wherever editors and publishers have worked to stretch the limits of local tolerance, there has been a minimum of violence. In St. Augustine, Fla., the Record is a modest little daily (circ. 7,000) with more modest ambitions. It has tried to ignore the South's biggest story, on the hopeful assumption that if nobody pays any attention, the race problem just might go away.

After a fashion, this policy worked for years. St. Augustine had no race trouble to speak of, and when it did, the Record barely spoke of it: last October, when the first lunch counters were integrated in St. Johns County, of which St. Augustine is the seat, the Record gave the incident 1½ in. on an inside page. But last April the South's biggest story also became the biggest story in St. Augustine. That was the month that the civil rights movement enveloped the city.

Leaning Backward. Demonstrations, riots and violence have been the order of the day ever since. But "for a long time we didn't even mention the situation," says Record Editor Harvey Lopez. This posture proved unworkable, especially after one of the arrested picketers turned out to be Mrs. Malcolm Peabody, mother of the Governor of Massachusetts (TIME, April 10). The news flashed out of St. Augustine on all the national wires, and reluctantly the Record played the story on Page One—but beneath a studiously uninformative headline: MORE ARRESTS MADE AS DEMONSTRATIONS CONTINUE HERE.

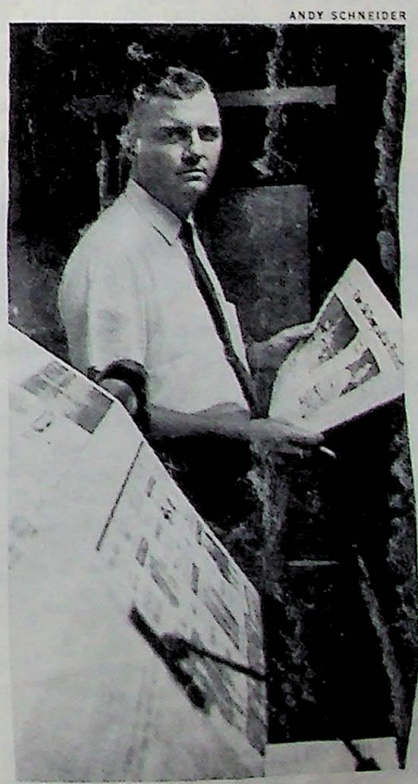
That headline symbolizes the Record's dilemma. As a newspaper, it has begun at last to give St. Augustine's civil rights movement the news prominence it deserves. Record accounts of local violence now appear where they belong: on the front page. But as a newspaper with segregationist sympathies, the Record bends over backward to accommodate what it considers the right side.

Negroes are generally referred to as "Negro demonstrators"; the St. Augustinians who swing clubs against them are called "white citizens." Mayor Joseph Shelley's press conferences are covered in full; the press conferences of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., leader of the demonstrators, are not reported at all. After whites and Negroes fought bloodily with clubs and fists in a local motel pool, the Record dusted off the same headline that it had used on the arrest of Mrs. Peabody: MORE ARRESTS MADE AS DEMONSTRATIONS CONTINUE.

Keeping Silence. "Rumors are persistent," the paper reported recently, "that local Negro citizens and leaders do not approve of racial demonstrations here." After a Florida Beverage Department official had the temerity to beat up a white man who was beating up a Negro, and then got away before infuriated rednecks identified him, the Record obligingly printed his badge number. State police, fearing reprisals, hustled the man out of town.

To preserve neutrality, the paper has embargoed such coverage as action photographs ("showing pictures of violence just adds fuel to the fire") and does not run copy that is considered inflammatory. Says A. H. ("Hoop") Tebault Jr., 29, who took over the paper after his father's death last year: "We are in favor of local problems being solved locally."

Editorially, the Record has hammered on this theme: that trouble would subside if only the agitators would get out of town. "We have no intention of taking an active hand in the situation," Tebault says. "First, because there is no single solution. Second, because for a paper to become committed, it would have to take a stand that could be interpreted as favoring one side over another." Adds Editor Lopez: "The only way this thing can be settled is for Dr. King to withdraw and let us work it out among ourselves."



ANDY SCHNEIDER

PUBLISHER TEBAULT

For the Record, a daily dilemma.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TENNIS

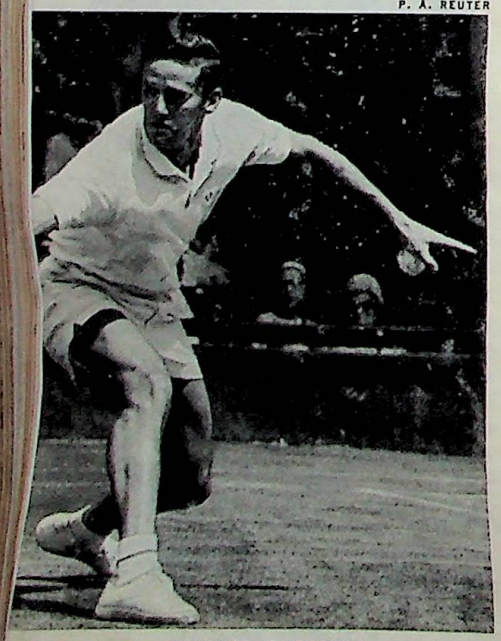
Pingpong, Anyone?

Any ballboy could tell that American tennis fortunes were certainly looking up. Why, any one of three Yanks had a good shot at Wimbledon last week. First there was the defending champion: chunky Chuck McKinley, 23, the acrobatic Texan who breezed to victory in 1963 without even losing a set. Then came Frank Froehling, 22, a finalist in last summer's U.S. championships at Forest Hills. And finally there was Dennis Ralston, 21, who teamed with McKinley just last December to beat Australia for the Davis Cup.

In 88 years storied old Wimbledon has seen a lot of bad performances, but few as shocking as last week's U.S. collapse. In the first round, Ralston lost to Tony Pickard, a 29-year-old Englishman who had virtually retired from competitive tennis; Ralston romped through the first two sets, then collapsed to lose in five. Froehling also fell in the first round—to Nicky Kalogeropoulos, a 19-year-old, Costa Rican-born Greek who had just graduated from the juniors. Froehling's problem was double faults. By the semifinals, McKinley was the only American left in the tournament. He took care of that, dropping a four-set match to Australia's Fred Stolle—the same man he whipped for the title last year. Stolle's forehand used to be his weakness. No longer.

That made it an All-Aussie final, the sixth in nine years. Stolle's opponent: Roy Emerson, 28, the world's No. 1-ranked amateur, but always before an also-ran at Wimbledon—in eight tries, he had never reached the finals. This time, Emerson went all the way. Despite intermittent showers that forced officials to stop the match three times, he polished off Stolle in four straightforward, serve-volley sets, 6-4, 12-10, 4-6, 6-3.

P. A. REUTER



WINNER EMERSON

Sudden as the showers.

For the U.S. the worst blow was yet to come. Last May both Emerson and Stolle were booted off the Australian Davis Cup squad for playing in foreign tournaments without permission. But as soon as the results from Wimbledon were in, Aussie tennis officials started talking about lifting the ban.

GOLF

Brinkmanship

It was the merest formality, the *coup de grâce*, and then everyone could adjourn to the clubhouse for the popping of the corks. There stood "Champagne Tony" Lema at last week's Cleveland Open, 15 under par, with just a one-foot putt between him and $20,000—and everybody knows that golf pros do not miss one-foot putts. But there was a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. Ever so casually, Tony stepped up to the ball. Ever so casually, he pushed it right around the hole.

That put Tony in a sudden-death playoff with Arnold Palmer, a beer man. Sudden death is hardly the word. Suicide is a better term: out of 19 playoffs in his career, Palmer has won twelve. But Tony is a brinkman too: it makes the bubbly taste all the better. On the first hole, a 398-yard par-four, he watched Palmer smack his drive over a creek all the way to the base of the elevated green. Briefly, Lema fingered the "safe" club—a No. 4 iron. Then he reached for a driver too. "I might as well go out in style," he sighed.

He almost did: the ball was headed straight for the water when it clipped a footbridge and kicked across. A No. 9 iron put Tony on, 15 feet from the pin—and when Arnie left his wedge short of the green, Lema suddenly had another chance to win. This time he took a deep breath and stroked the ball neatly into the center of the cup. Birdie, hole and match for Lema's third victory in four weeks. His 1964 winnings now totaled $60,561, only $1,090 behind King Palmer himself.

FISHING

All Out for Banzai!

Somebody once said that the man who fishes for black marlin probably wears a size 44 coat and a size 4 hat. That is libel, of course. But the idea is that it takes brawn to catch one—and a kind of lunacy to try.

Not that the black marlin is the biggest game fish around; some sharks grow bigger. The black is just the fastest, strongest, smartest and meanest—and big enough too. The record for rod and reel is 1,560 lbs., and even the babies—meaning 200 lbs. or so—have bills like baseball bats. Golfer Sam

WINNER LEMA

Safe as suicide.

Snead, who would rather catch a marlin than lick Ben Hogan, says that going after blacks is "like hunting elephants." Another expert big game fisherman, S. Kip Farrington Jr., calls the black "the glamour boy of all fishes—and the most difficult to catch." Farrington should know: he once held the world record (a 1,135-pounder), and he has also spent 94 consecutive fishing days without boating a single marlin.

More of Everything. He should have gone to Piñas Bay. An isolated jungle inlet, 150 miles southeast of Panama City, Piñas (or Pineapple) Bay is the world's hottest marlin ground, better than Peru, better than New Zealand, Hawaii or the Bahamas. There, swarming around a bait-packed barrier reef seven miles offshore, are more different kinds of billfish, and more of each, than anybody has ever seen before: big Pacific sailfish in such profusion that fishermen consider them a nuisance, literally thousands of blue marlin, silver marlin, striped marlin and the lordly blacks.

Canal Zone fishermen have known about Piñas for years. The trip from Panama City took two days by boat, and it was camping out all the way. But that was until Ray Smith came along. A homespun Texas oil millionaire, Smith, 51, spent close to $1,000,000 carving his Club de Pesca de Panama out of the rain forest and equipping it with all the comforts of home: his own amphibian plane service, air conditioning, plenty of ice and quinine water. He bought a fleet of ten sport fishing boats, hired captains and crews from as far away as Jamaica. In the two years since Smith opened shop, hundreds of marlin have been pulled from Piñas Bay's waters, and Smith himself has one of five world records: a 186-lb. 8-oz. beauty, caught on 12-lb. test line—the equivalent, perhaps, of a 1,900-pounder on standard 130-lb. test. In one twelve-day span at Piñas last year, a marlin-mad Virginia couple ac-

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

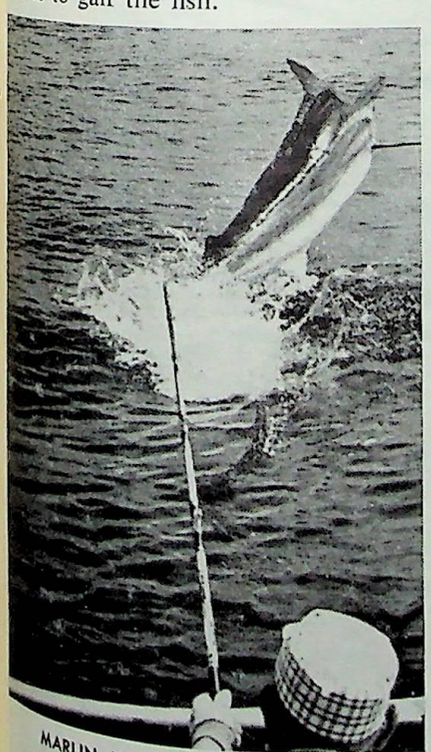
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

usually boated 47 blacks, and Smith can prove that six out of every ten visitors land the marlin they came to catch.

Both Kneecaps. But they work for their prize. Not even a trout has a more jaundiced opinion of hooks. Blacks like live bait (a 5-lb. bonito does nicely), and they want it practically spoonfed to them. Some marlin will tail a bait for half an hour, only to decide that it isn't fishy enough; others give fishermen heart failure by enthusiastically grabbing the bait, then sourly spitting it out. But when the captain finally yells, "Sock him!", it's Katy bar the door. A few weeks ago at Piñas, an unprepared angler was yanked right over the stern of his boat, so hard that he broke both kneecaps.

Like a Polaris missile, the great fish roars out of the water, sometimes jumping 12 ft. or more, as he goes raging and tail-walking across the ocean. The hook usually pulls clear at this point, or the rod breaks, or the line pops with a crack like a .38 pistol. If the marlin does decide to stay and dance awhile, he rolls in the wire leader, smashes away at it with his bill, swims off on long curving runs to get a slack "belly" in the line. If that fails, in shallow water he will sometimes jam his bill tightly into the sand or cut himself off on a reef; in deep water he sounds, staying down until he dies—and not even a size 44 can reel a 1,000-lb. carcass up from 150 fathoms.

As a last resort, if the marlin is angry enough, he will even launch a banzai attack; virtually every boat in the Club de Pesca's fleet carries chunks of marlin bill embedded in its hull. Or the big black may simply outlast his tormentor. At Piñas Bay recently, a little lady from California battled a 900-lb. black marlin for nine solid hours, only to lose when darkness fell and crewmen were unable to gaff the fish.



MARLIN JUMPING AT PINAS BAY

BASEBALL

Matter of Psychology

The New York Yankees win pennants because they generally scare everyone to death. But if the Baltimore Orioles should win the 1964 American League pennant, it will undoubtedly be because they are scared to death themselves.

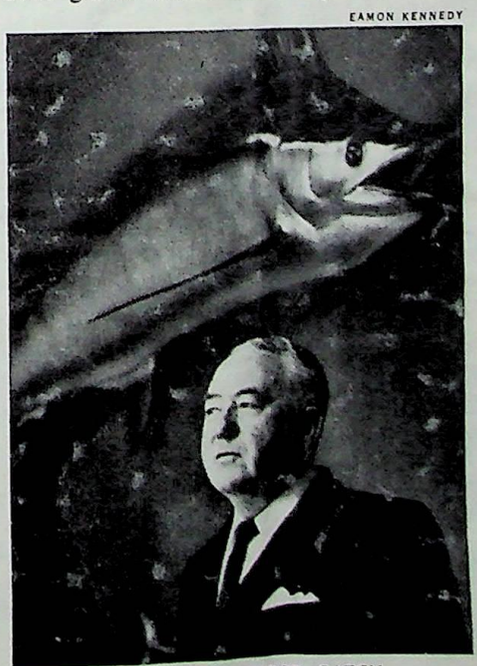
Even at 41, Baltimore Manager Hank Bauer is the sort of man who gives people pause. He stands 6 ft., weighs 190 lbs., has a face like a clenched fist and a voice that starts out tenderly—like an avalanche. He carries shrapnel scars, two Bronze Stars, and a card in the steam fitters' union, has done his share of knocking around—places like Guadalcanal, New Georgia, Guam, Okinawa. And when he played rightfield for the Yankees from 1949 to 1959, his specialty was knocking down double-play-minded second basemen.

Bauer wasted no time whipping the Orioles into line when he took over the club this spring. Baltimore had not won a major-league pennant since 1896, and the Orioles, under easygoing ex-Manager Billy Hitchcock, had a reputation for playing their best ball off the job. The first thing Bauer did was fine Outfielder Willie Kirkland $300 for being three days late getting to camp. ("Whew!" said Kirkland, and it sounded suspiciously like relief.) Then, just like Yankee Manager Yogi Berra, Hank announced that his team would observe a midnight curfew, would wear shirts and ties on the road, and would not be allowed to drink at the bar in the hotel where they were staying. "That privilege belongs to the manager," he said. Unlike Berra, he wasn't kidding.

Bauer's get-tough tactics are paying off handsomely. The Orioles started the season by taking four straight from the Yanks and the Chicago White Sox. Two weeks ago, they swept three in a row from New York. Now it is July 4—and they are coasting along in first place, four games ahead of the pack. For a team that wound up seventh in 1962 and fourth last year, the Orioles seem too good to be true. Third Baseman Brooks Robinson (a .251-hitter in 1963), is batting a lusty .314. Outfielder Boog Powell has 20 homers. Rookie Pitcher Wally Bunker, 19, won his first six straight. And Shortstop Luis Aparicio, no longer bothered by the mysterious leg pains that slowed him down last year, has already stolen 31 bases—tops in either league.

Bauer is shocked that the Orioles surprise anyone. After all, it is a simple matter of psychology. "Some guys respond only when you crack down on them," he says. "Others you might have to pat on the tail. Still others do best if you first give them some bull and then lower the boom."

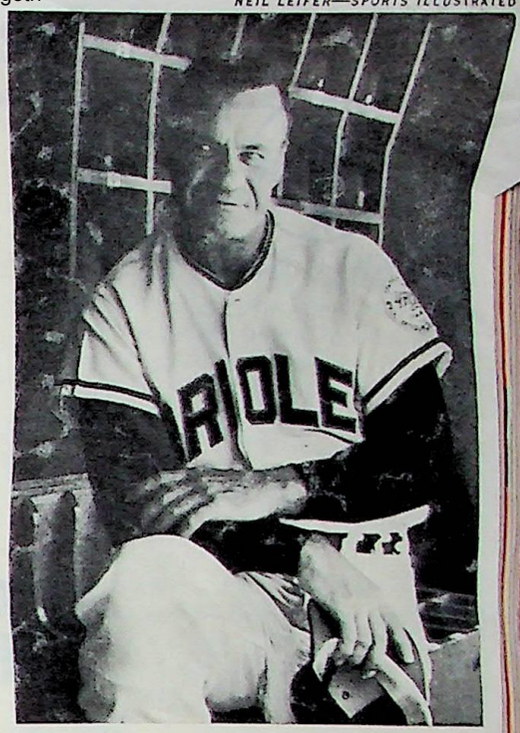
EAMON KENNEDY



SMITH WITH RECORD CATCH

A glamour boy, but mean as a Polaris.

NEIL LEIFER—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



MANAGER BAUER

Tender as an avalanche.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▶ Mickey Wright, 29: the Waldemar Open, her sixth victory in eleven tournaments; at Brookville, L.I. Tied for the lead after 36 holes, Mickey fired a last-round 71, two under par, collected $1,350 (bringing her season's winnings to $13,130) and talked wistfully about joining the men's pro tour. "I could wear a hood or some disguise so they wouldn't recognize me," she said.

▶ Dan Gurney, 33: the Grand Prix de France, averaging 108.7 m.p.h. in his green, Climax-powered Brabham, to beat Britain's Graham Hill by 41 sec.; at Rouen-Les Essarts. The Californian's victory was overshadowed, however, by the magnificent performance of Scotland's Jimmy Clark, the 1963 Grand Prix champion whose Lotus blew a piston on the pre-race practice lap. Running on only seven cylinders, Clark still leaped into the lead at the start, broke the track record four times, was 16½ sec. ahead of Gurney when he had to quit after 30 of the 57 laps.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

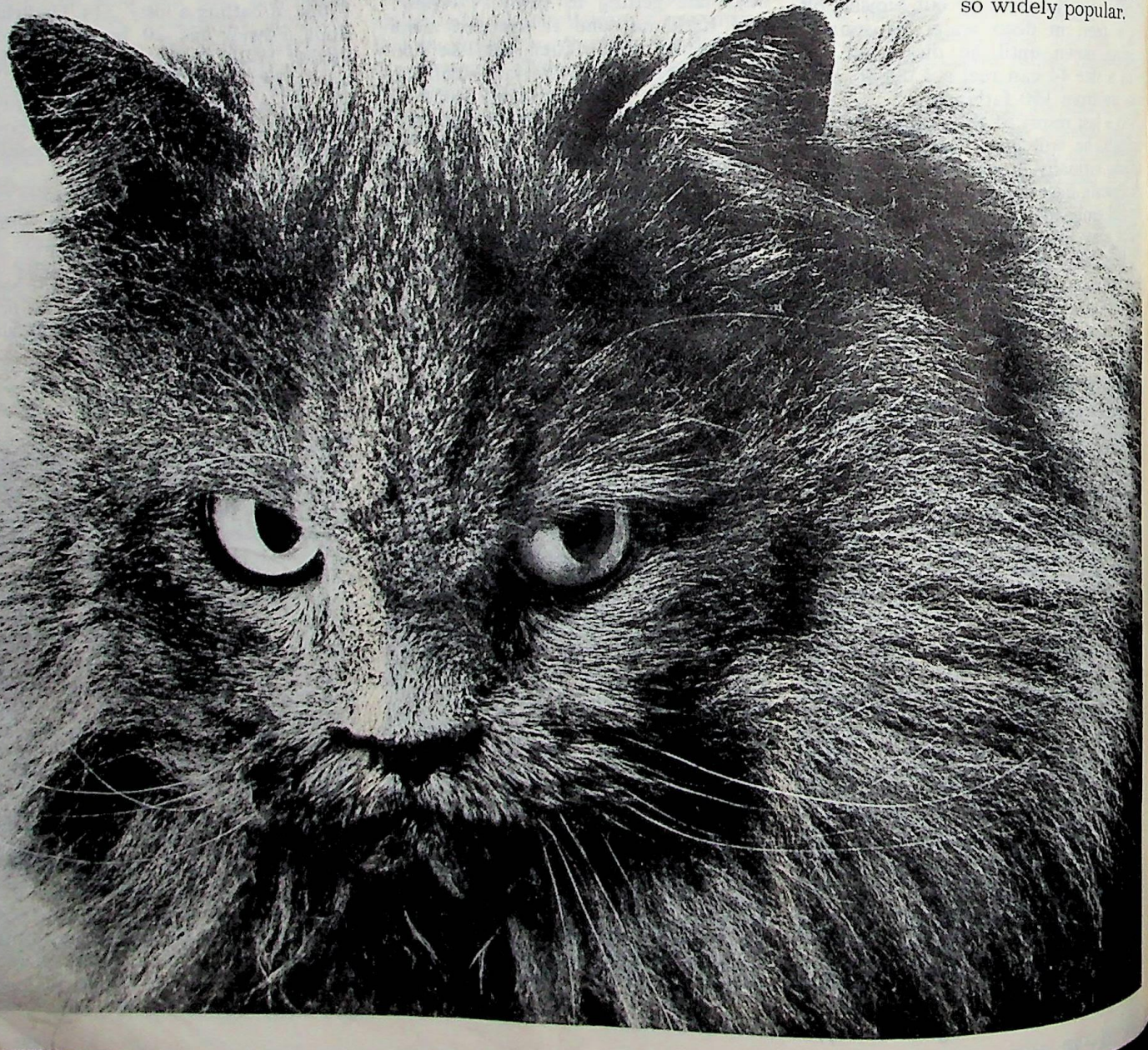
Bayer Leverkusen · Man-Made Fibres · Chemicals · Dyestuffs · Pharmaceuticals · Crop Protection Products · Photographic Products

BAYER

The Hallmark of Reliability

Green-eyed with envy

Why should Puss sulk, just because Bayer Dralon(R) is as soft and caressing as her own silky fur? Science has discovered many other secrets of Nature. More and more people need more and more new materials specially suited for clothing and home. Small wonder those versatile, easy-wear and easy-care textiles made from Bayer fibres are so widely popular.



CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Digitized by eGangotri

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WALL STREET

1066 & All That

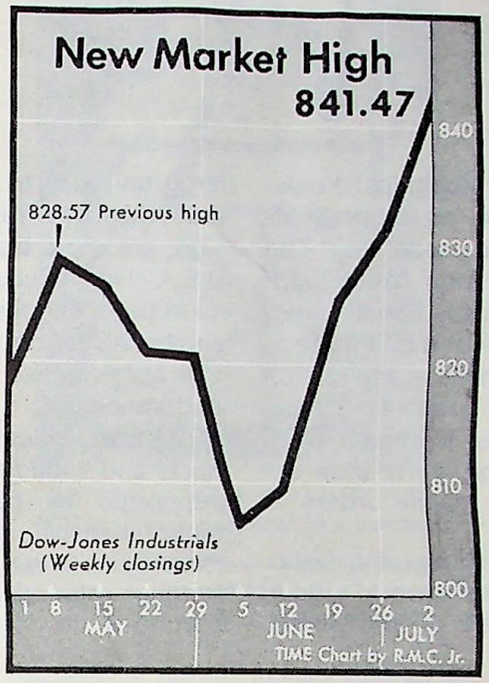
Wall Street greeted the July 4 weekend with a bang. After going nowhere for six puzzling weeks, the Dow-Jones index of industrial shares reached new records in four out of five trading sessions, climbed 10½ points for the week to close at an alltime high of 841.47. The gain was all the more impressive because the market is usually sluggish just before a warm-weather holiday. By crossing the 840 mark, which brokers had viewed as a psychological hurdle, the market appeared well poised for further advance.

Whether they called it "the Johnson Market" or "the Blue Chip Market," most Wall Streeters thought that the averages were healthy, substantial and well based. Small investors are coming back; during the past fortnight, about 7% more purchases than sales of odd lots—fewer than 100 shares—have been made. Other bright signs: four stocks rose for every three that fell, and the whole market was led up by the shares of the nation's biggest, most broadly owned companies.

The Leaders. Nine issues in particular have spurred the 30 stocks that make up the Dow-Jones average. The greatest upward momentum was provided by American Telephone & Telegraph, whose shares have moved from 69⅜ to 74⅛ since they were split a fortnight ago. Chrysler and General Motors have also been front runners, helped by last week's report that U.S. automakers built 13% more cars in June than in the same month last year. All those cars sent up demand for gas and oil, buoying the shares of Texaco, Jersey Standard and California Standard. The other significant gainers in the Dow-Jones have been Du Pont, International Harvester and Sears, Roebuck—the latter lifted by the upswing in retail sales since the tax cut.

The rise in consumer spending has also given new luster to grocery chains, department store groups and clothing producers. In addition, brokers now favor the rails, utilities and steels, whose production is expected to meet or exceed the 1955 record of 117 million tons. There is declining enthusiasm for the recently popular airlines, which are leveling out after a sharp climb, and the cement companies, which have suffered from trouble signs in the construction market.

Higher Earnings. Some brokers look for a brief slump before the next surge, but few think that the market is overpriced. Two-thirds of the Dow-Jones stocks are selling below their 1956-61 bull market high, although profits are now much higher. The Dow-Jones shares



are selling on average for only 19½ times earnings, well down from 23 times earnings in early 1962.

The market has climbed 300 points in the past two years, and most Wall Streeters expect the trend to continue. Brokers still expect the Dow-Jones to reach 880 or 900 by year's end. And Arthur Wiesenberger of Wiesenberger & Co., a bull with one of the best forecasting records, predicts that the Dow-Jones will reach a neat 1066 by 1966.

AVIATION

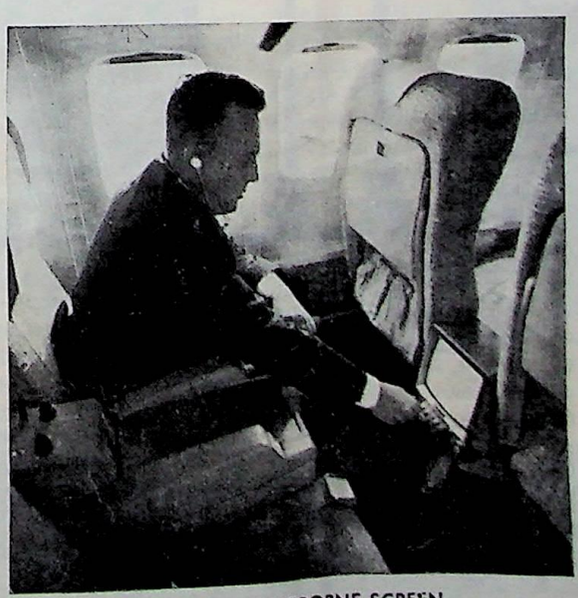
The High See

Sitting idly aboard an airliner one day in 1956, a Tennessee theater-chain owner named David Flexer was struck by how much the cabin resembled a screening room. Flexer's brainstorm: Why not show movies in flight? He formed a company called Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc., spent five years developing a compact, shock-resistant projector and screen with the help of Trans World Airlines.

TWA began showing movies on its overseas flights in 1961, has remained the only U.S. airline to show movies in the air, largely because of an exclusive contract it made with Inflight. The line has steadily expanded its movies to U.S. transcontinental flights, has found them a popular drawing card that has helped increase its passenger load 24% since 1961. Now TWA's days of exclusivity are nearly over, and the U.S. public is about to be served movies as commonly as meals in flight. Last week American Airlines announced that it will put on its own show for passengers, thus ensuring that other airlines will soon join the trend to movies in the air.

Tapes in the Cockpit. American plans quite a variety-show offering: closed-circuit TV pictures of takeoffs, landings and scenery below, full-length movies, local TV shows while waiting on the ground and stereophonic music for traditionalists. After convincing itself with a public opinion survey, American got Sony Corp. to make special equipment for its theater in the air. Whereas TWA's films are flashed on the screen at the front of the cabin from a projector hidden high above the aisle, Sony is equipping American's planes with a series of 9-in. TV sets—one for each two passengers in first class and one for each nine in coach—with individual headsets and controls. Movies will be transmitted from tapes in the cockpit. The first screenings will be on the Chicago-Los Angeles run, but by the end of September all 45 of American's Astrojets will be fitted for airborne entertainment.

Also on Ships & Buses. Airline schedules may soon read like movie guides. Pan American this week is running a test flight with the Sony system. California's Ampex Corp. has developed a similar system, called "Travelvision" for showing movies and television on planes, ships, buses and trains, and within two months will install the first system in a U.S. airline. Flexer's Inflight has 35 systems working aloft for TWA, another four for Pakistan International Airlines; it has also obtained a waiver of its exclusive TWA contract so that it can service non-competing routes, is presently negotiating with one international and four domestic lines. With all this competition ahead, pioneering TWA is thinking of offering half-hour movies on its shorter-distance flights. Hollywood has clearly invaded the heavens: its problem now is to tailor its products to flying times.



AMERICAN'S AIRBORNE SCREEN
New flicks to fly by.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Cu

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"let's see what ASEA can do"

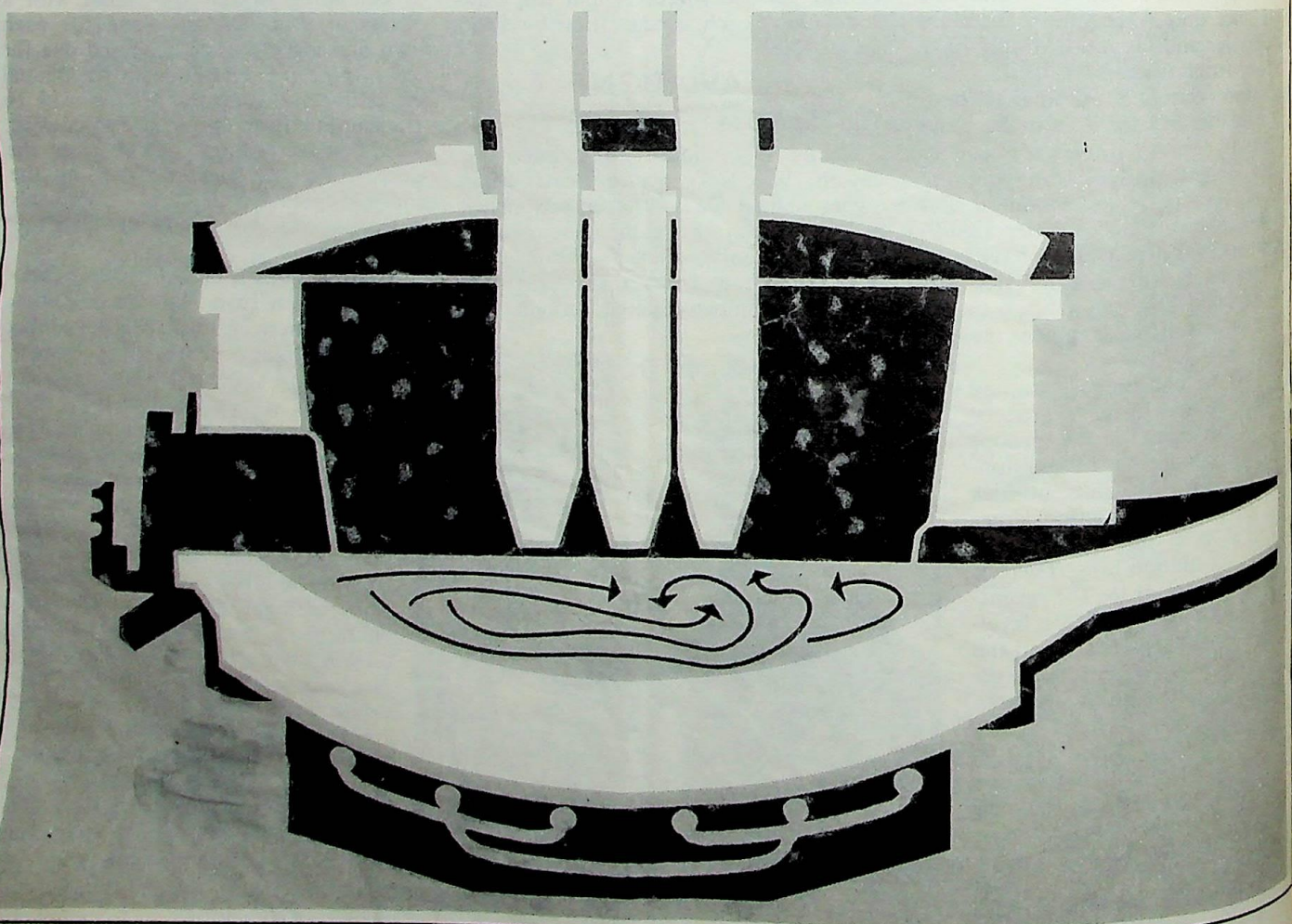
in METALLURGY. Electrotechnical know-how has a big share in the rapid present-day development of metallurgical processing. The ASEA induction stirrer is a striking example. It works on the same principle as the simple electric induction motor, rotating the melt in a furnace instead of the rotor of the machine – see sketch below. The stirrer reduces the processing time, improves the product and makes for better overall furnace economy. It has won world-wide acceptance and the number of repeat orders is significant.

And ASEA serves metallurgy in many other ways. For decades now, ASEA has been a world leader in developing induction furnaces of sufficiently large unit size to give rational and economic operation; mains-frequency furnaces of ASEA's design are now being built under licence in the U.S.A. High-vacuum furnaces of impressive size have been supplied to the U.S.A. and Great Britain by ASEA, facilitating the production of special alloys called for in aircraft, nuclear reactors and spacecraft.

ASEA's activities cover every aspect of arc-furnace and induction-furnace technology and are supported by reliable practical experience in comprehensive steelworks and foundries within the ASEA Group. Whatever your problem is – melting, refining, heat treatment – you will find it worth-while to see what ASEA can do.

a creative force in the electrical field **ASEA**

Head Office Västerås, Sweden. Represented in 65 countries.



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

INDUSTRY

Top Money

What the Indianapolis 500 means to U.S. auto racing, FORTUNE's 500 means to U.S. industry. Last week the magazine's tenth annual rating of the nation's leading corporations showed that American business really went off to the races in 1963.

Profits of the 500 biggest industrial firms jumped more than 10% to $14.8 billion, accounting for 55% of the 1963 earnings of all 1,200,000 U.S. corporations. The two largest firms brought home more than one-sixth of the 500's earnings: General Motors earned $1.6 billion on sales of $16.5 billion, and Standard Oil (N.J.) became the only other U.S. manufacturer to join the billionaires' circle by earning $1.02 billion on sales of $10.3 billion.*

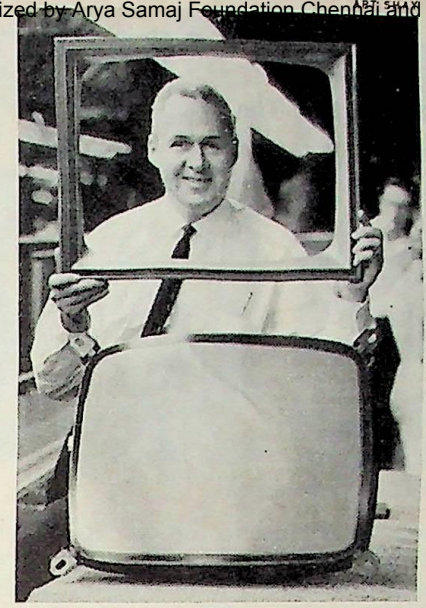
The same six companies led the sales list as in the previous two years. After G.M. and Jersey Standard came Ford with $8.7 billion, General Electric $4.9 billion, Socony Mobil $4.4 billion, U.S. Steel $3.6 billion. Chrysler, the only newcomer to the top ten, sped from twelfth place to seventh as sales increased from $2.4 billion to $3.5 billion. The laggard among the leaders was Swift, off from tenth to twelfth on a slight sales decline.

Several of the also-rans did impressively well. The fastest sales increases were made by American Petrofina, up 114.8%, and by Iowa Beef Packers, whose 114.6% gain was due largely to increased capacity. Amerada Petroleum, in 355th place, had the highest profit margin for the sixth consecutive year—30.2% of sales—thanks largely to its low overhead. When it came to return on invested capital, Avon led with 34.3%, followed closely by Gillette's 34.1%, General Dynamics 32.2%, Smith Kline & French's 30.9%. On the average, the 500 earned better than 6% on sales and 9% on invested capital, both slightly higher than in 1962.

CORPORATIONS

The Boss's Son

The youthful chairman of Motorola, Inc. acknowledges stem-winding introductions with a stock joke: "The most important reason for my rapid rise is that my dad owned the joint." At Motorola, the success of Robert W. Galvin is no joke. When he took over from his father Paul, the company's crusty, autocratic founder, Motorola had long been largely a one-man, one-product corporation. Galvin might have rested on his father's laurels, but he elected to be his own man. In the five years since his father's death, Bob, now 41, has made Motorola a decentralized giant. Its projected $400 million in sales this year covers such a broad range of products and aptitudes that Motorola last week 1) won a contract to equip an eight-mile stretch of New York's crime-beleaguered subway system with an experimental two-way radio hookup for policemen, and 2) announced a new line of electronic circuits that will sell for as much as 77% less than present manufactured units.



MOTOROLA'S GALVIN WITH TV TUBE
Making managers feel like owners.

Space & Speedometers. Motorola was founded in 1928 in a one-room Chicago loft, made mostly car radios until World War II, when it developed the walkie-talkies that became almost as universal as the Jeep. It still outsells all competitors in two-way radios for police cars, fire trucks, taxicabs and other vehicles, is also developing sophisticated models for space that will carry voices across 250,000 miles.

On top of this, Bob Galvin skillfully built the broad diversification begun by his father. The company pioneered the transistor radio, now also manufactures auto alternators and ignitions, electronic speedometers, hi-fi consoles, and exotic semi-conductors and solid state devices used to measure and control industrial operations. Last year it introduced a 23-in. rectangular color-TV tube, slimmer and more compact than previous round tubes; it expects to sell 100,000 this year, has jumped to third place in dollar volume of TV sales. "Once we identify ourselves with a field," says Galvin, "we make a determined effort to be dominant in that field."

Significant Decisions. Motorola has managed its mix of products by internal growth rather than by acquisition, financing expansion largely from corporate funds; last year it spent a lavish $48 million on research and capital investment. The company also makes a practice of promoting from within. When Galvin two months ago moved up to chairman to concentrate on long-range planning (he remains chief executive), he was succeeded as president by Elmer Wavering, 57, who, like many other Motorola executives, joined the company in the early car-radio days.

ELECTRONICS CENTER IN PHOENIX

Galvin works easily with his executives, most of whom are much older than he. At Motorola's shiny Franklin Park, Ill., headquarters, where even the chairman works in shirtsleeves, he sees division heads intermittently, allows them full rein to handle engineering, production and sales and make significant decisions. "The most important factor motivating a manager," says Galvin, "is his sense of proprietorship. The man who is given the greatest hand to determine his own destiny will try the hardest. It is fair to say that this is a rather different approach to management." It is also fair to say that Bob Galvin is a different sort of boss's son.

THE ECONOMY

Those Static Statistics

Major Government and business forecasts of the nation's year-to-year growth have been wrong by 30% to 40% since 1947. Reason: shaky projections based on shoddy statistics. This disconcerting report came last week from the privately financed National Bureau of Economic Research, and it further darkened the shadow of doubt that hovers over many of the indicators used by businessmen to reach their decisions to spend, lend or cut back.

The Government spends $100 million a year to find and refine the modern statistics that measure where U.S. business stands and is likely to move next, and industry and private economic groups spend millions more. But the U.S. economy has changed so quickly in recent years that many statistical standbys have become insensitive, inaccurate or downright misleading.

Some long-revered statistics that U.S. businessmen would do well to treat with caution:

• DEPARTMENT STORE SALES: Last week businessmen were cheered by reports of rising department stores sales for June

* The world's biggest company in terms of assets, American Telephone & Telegraph, is not in this industrial group, will be listed in next month's directory of the 50 leading utilities. Last year it earned $1.5 billion on sales of $10 billion.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Cu

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

To: KLM, Royal Dutch Airlines, PO Box 121, The Hague, Netherlands. Please send me a copy of **Europe on $ 5 a day.** If I have not returned the book to you after one month, you may bill me the equivalent of US $ 1.95.

Name: .....

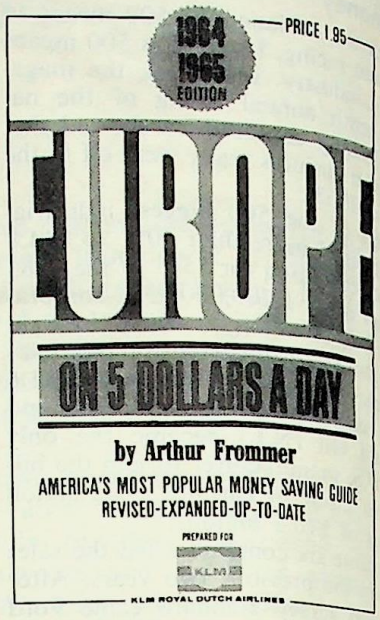
.....

Address: .....

.....

Country: .....

.....



T.A.

KLM offers you the chance to own a copy of America's most popular money-saving guide to Europe

This is a book for tourists who *a*) own no oil wells in Texas, *b*) are unrelated to the Aga Khan, *c*) have never struck it rich in Las Vegas... This is also a book for tourists who would like to see Europe and Europeans and not simply other tourists. **It can save you the equivalent of many hundreds of dollars** on your next trip to Europe. Here is a sample of what it has to offer: "The restaurant v. d. Steen, at Leidsestraat 98, Amsterdam offers typical Dutch cooking in clean surroundings, with price-fixed meals from $ 1 to $ 1.28. On Thursday and Friday they serve a dinner of sole, cod or trout for $ 1.25 - freshly-caught that morning, cooked as you like it..." This is typical of the bargains you will find in **Europe on $ 5 a day** - over 400 pages packed with information on where to stay, what to do and how to eat cheaply in London, Paris, Copenhagen, Vienna, Rome, Nice, Athens, Madrid and many other European cities.

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BEN MARTIN

DAVID GAHR

BRITISH SECRETARIES AT WORK IN MANHATTAN

the telltale New York City area. his statistic, like many commonly used ics, ignores some recent and signifi- ant changes in the economy, since it ils to measure the growth of discount oses and other fast-expanding stores at have no index of their own. Says ove L. Lowry, executive secretary of e Federal Statistics Users' Confer- ce: "Considering that drugstores now ll pots and pans and that supermar- ts sell clothes and fertilizer, the fig- es on department store sales really n't tell very much." Much more eaningful as an indicator is the over- ll figure for retail sales, which has een showing gains that are steady— ut less spectacular than those of de- partment store sales.

• FREIGHT CARLOADINGS: Bernard Ba- uch is reputed to have said long ago hat the surest way to gauge the whole economy is to "watch freight carload- ings." That was long before trucks and planes captured such a large share of the changing cargo market, and also before freight cars were built bigger to carry more cargo. Result: freight load- ings often go down—as they have for four of the past ten weeks—at the same time that total cargo tonnage goes up. For such reasons, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the nation's largest, last week announced that it will no longer issue carloading figures to the public.

• UNEMPLOYMENT: The problem is seri- us—the unemployment rate in June rose from 5.1% to 5.3%—but it is not as bad as the figures indicate. In its overly broad definition of "unemploy- ment," the Government counts among the jobless such people as fulltime stu- dents looking for part-time work, and the job-seeking wives and children of laid-off workers. What if other coun- tries did the same? Sweden, celebrated land of low unemployment, not long ago adopted the U.S. system; to their chagrin, the Swedes soon found that their national unemployment rate was four times higher than under their old, looser standards.

• WHOLESALE PRICES: The U.S. whole- sale price index, table-flat for more than six years, is weighted heavily with food and farm goods, which have been fall- ing because of the agricultural glut. But the much broader index kept by the National Bureau of Economic Research, which measures more manufactured goods, has been showing what worried officials call "fairly dramatic rises" for the past six months. The danger of infla- tion is thus greater than the Govern- ment's price index shows.

• HOUSING: Statistics on housing starts often rise or fall 10% a month, much more sharply than the overall construc- tion market or the economy as a whole. They are the product of a tangled series of estimates, hunches and guesses. To get a housing figure, Government ana- lysts 1) count the number of building permits, 2) guess at the number of houses that might be planned in areas that require no permits, 3) hunch the number of "permit houses" and "non- permit houses" that are actually started. "Then," sighs Chase Manhattan Bank Vice President William Butler, "you take the time of the year into consid- eration, and you seasonally adjust the whole mess."

Disturbed by such unreliable statis- tics, both the National Bureau and the U.S. Census Bureau are combing through 150 of the most widely used statistics, will recommend by year's end which of them should be revised or dropped entirely. Meanwhile, Washing- ton's wisest economists ignore such sta- tistics in favor of about five reliable indicators used to assess the here and now economy, and another five to pre- dict what is likely to happen next. For current performance, they look to the Federal Reserve Board's industrial pro- duction index, the number of Ameri- cans at work, personal income, total retail sales and new consumer credit. To get a feel for the future, they study the average number of hours in the working week, the prices of industrial materials, businessmen's plans for capi- tal spending, inventory movements and new orders for durable goods. Fortu- nately for the U.S. economy, nine of these ten reliable indicators—all except industrial materials prices—are now moving in the right direction.

LABOR

Reverse English

One of the most prized fixtures in many a U.S. executive suite is a British secretary. In Manhattan, her impec- cable manners, cool good looks, clipped telephone accent and considerable sec- retarial skills are greeted with more than ordinary hands-across-the-sea en- thusiasm. Through friends or enterpris- ing employment agencies, some 700 young English girls enter the U.S. each year to work for a while as secretaries. New York used to get most of them— but not any longer, by Gregg. The U.S. Labor Department, looking out for American girls who might be deprived of jobs, has specifically barred the entry of any more foreign secretaries to New York City.

U.S. "LEPER LAW" BANS OUR GIRLS, headlined London's Daily Mirror, in wry reference to the fact that the re-

ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS

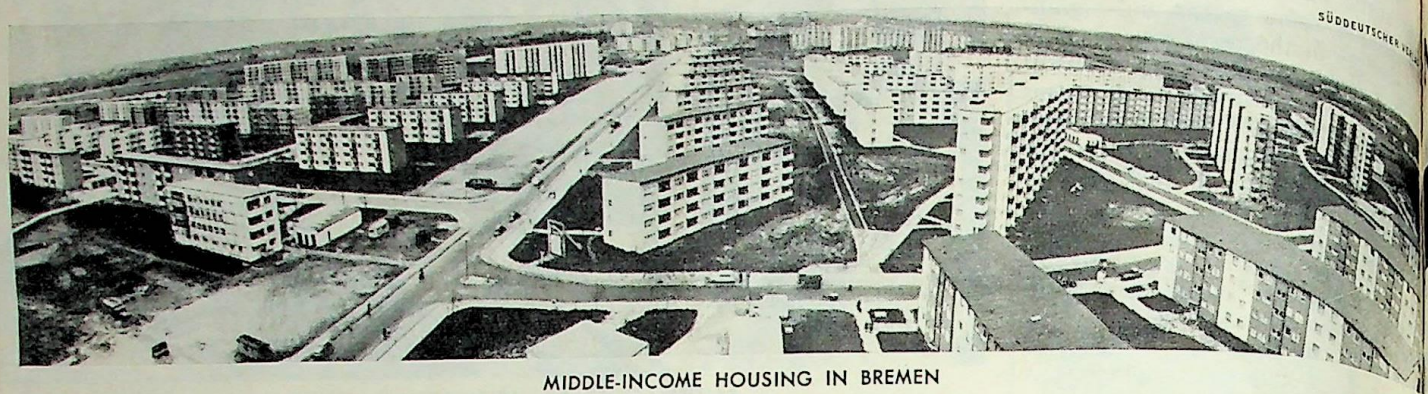
INTERVIEWED IN LONDON
Some lepers.

striction on visas was ordered under a section of the U.S. immigration law that prohibits entry of aliens who are "afflicted with leprosy, who advocate polygamy, and whose employment will adversely affect wages and working con- ditions" of Americans. Despite the pres- ence of an estimated 3,500 English sec- retaries in New York, the city actually has a shortage of typists and steno- graphers. But the U.S. Government, sus- pecting sharp practices by some em- ployment agencies, grew worried as visa applications began piling up at the Lon- don embassy.

Nonetheless, there'll always be an English secretary. In London and New York, employment agencies are still processing the eager young things by the score, placing them at typewriters in Boston, Chicago and San Francisco— from where they may eventually move to New York if they wish. They do not work for coolie wages either; they may start for less than Americans when they are new to the country, but soon make $80 to $110 a week. Last week the government heard pleas to reconsider its New York ban, conceded that there may have been a misunderstanding, and promised to restudy the matter within two weeks. Meanwhile, by some reverse English, a number of American girls are getting a fine welcome in Lon- don executive suites. British bosses think they make jolly good secretaries —breezy, informal and that sort of thing.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Cu

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



MIDDLE-INCOME HOUSING IN BREMEN

WESTERN EUROPE

Room Shortage

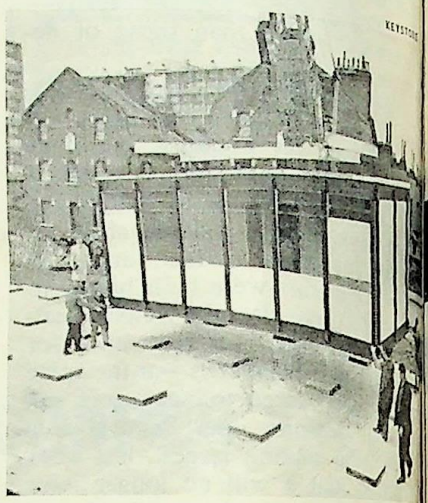
A space race is on in Western Europe, but the goal is not some distant planet: it is a down-to-earth place to live. Europeans are suffering from the tightest housing squeeze since the immediate postwar days. Rentals have soared, and the price of private houses has shot out of reach for millions of people. Last week, as government officials everywhere stewed over what to do, France's overbuilt bureaucracy took a few steps to ease its *Crise du Logement*. It freed some state lands for housing development, announced a major slum-razing and rebuilding program, and sliced back the paperwork that now stymies building permits for up to two years.

Halfhearted Efforts. A recent Common Market survey shows that the monthly rent for a three-room apartment in a lower-middle-class district averages $65 in Düsseldorf, $70 in Brussels and a skyscraping $180 in Paris, Europe's toughest town for housing. In Italy's cities, unskilled workers have a hard time finding one-room flats for $50, which represents one-half of their monthly income. The co-op apartment is also a high-level proposition; a two-bedroom flat in a middle-class district markets for $12,000 in Amsterdam, $14,000 in Hamburg, and $30,000 to $40,000 in Paris—not counting monthly maintenance payments. Costs for private houses commonly run much higher than in the U.S. A typical two-bedroom bungalow in Germany sells for $15,000, exclusive of extra charges for the land it is built on and for such simple amenities as built-in closets. Trying to deflate prices, municipal authorities in Britain and other European countries are helping to promote the sale of prefab houses that can be erected in an hour or less.

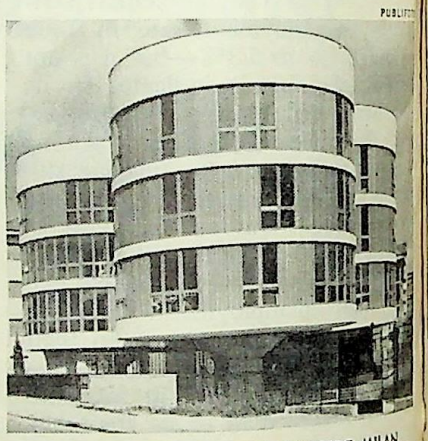
There are plenty of reasons for the overall scarcity. Wartime bombers destroyed much of Europe's housing, and most of what was left was not much good. At least 12% of the houses in France, Germany and Britain were built more than a century ago, and are without indoor plumbing. The shortage has been worsened by massive movements of people to the cities: Eastern refugees into West Germany, dispossessed Algerians into France, and job-seeking Southern Italians into the industrial hubs up north. Instead of constructing moderately priced housing, builders have catered to the lucrative luxury markets, putting up Miami-style apartments that now command as much as $125,000 in Rome. National governments have made halfhearted efforts to create space for the middle class, but have been snarled by endless red tape, inadequate budgets, and a shortage of private capital that has lifted the common mortgage interest rate to 10% to 15% a year.

Upper Levitt. The incredible demand for space has permitted fly-by-night entrepreneurs to debase Europe's reputation for quality craftsmanship. Many new houses and apartments have cracker-thin walls, minimum soundproofing, unpainted interiors. On a recent tour of Europe, 20 top U.S. construction experts were shocked by the high prices and lack of standards. Said Tacoma's Daniel Brown, research director of the Douglas Fir Plywood Association: "There's no comparing quality here with the U.S."

Some U.S. builders are beginning to take advantage of this remarkable seller's market. The most famous U.S. builder, William Levitt, has won preliminary approval from the French government to construct a Levittown of 500 houses near Versailles. For a three-bedroom house, he will charge $20,000 to $25,000—which is 25% to 50% more than the price of the same Levitt house in the U.S.



ONE-HOUR HOUSE IN LONDON



LUXURY APARTMENTS OUTSIDE MILAN

Out of reach for millions.

CANADA

One Way to Run a Railroad

Toronto's usually crusty Royal York hotel has hired leotard-clad waitresses to serve customers in a new "Black Knight" room, and Quebec's courtly Château Frontenac has replaced some Victorian parlors with a smart new cocktail lounge. Is that any way to run a railroad? It seems to be, because these two changes are symbolic of a great transformation that is sweeping the owner of the hotels: the Canadian Pacific Railway.

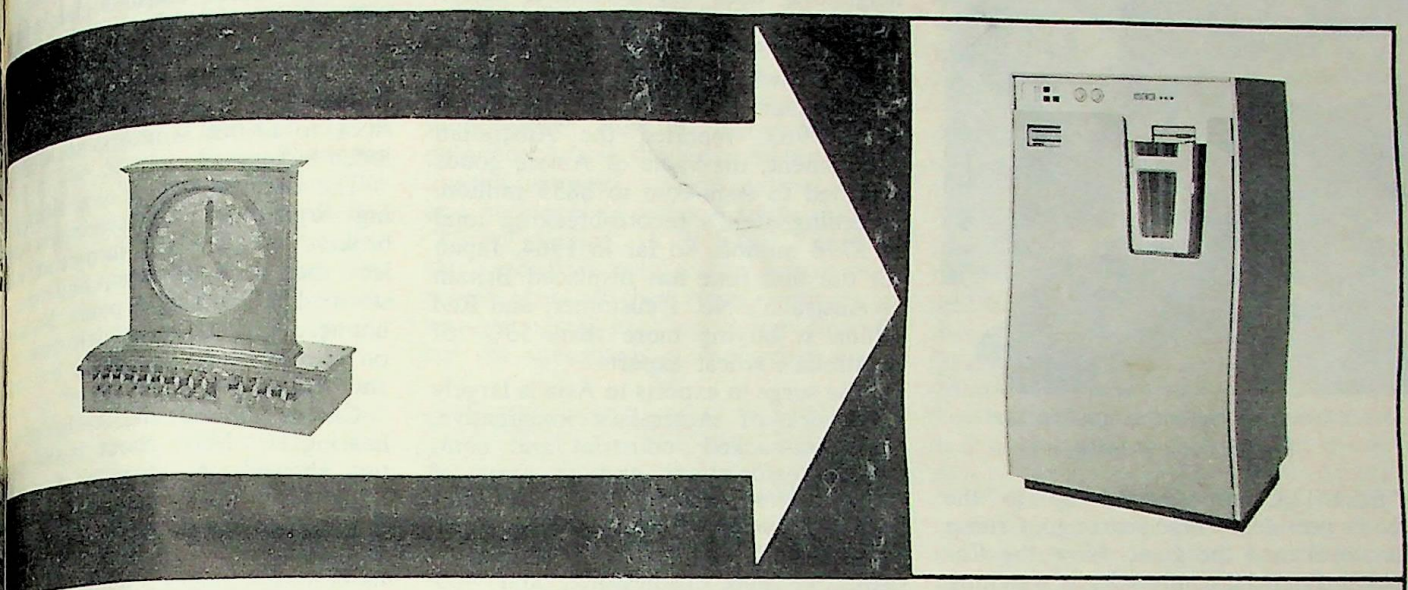
A vital force in opening up the Canadian West, the investor-owned C.P.R. was long the slumbering giant of Canadian business. It took pride in being the "world's most complete transportation system," with $2.9 billion in assets, including its own 17,000-mile railroad network, a steamship company, an airline and even a chain of hotels to serve them. But until recently, it got a very small profit return on these vast assets; it allowed its operations to become antiquated, competing air and highway traffic to steal away earnings and its ships, hotels and airline to slip into the red. Even worse, it sold off or leased much of its 25 million acres of valuable oil, gas and mineral and timber land, largely because it was reluctant to compete directly with some of its own freight customers.

The Awakening. Such was the direction of the road when a veteran Canadian Pacific railman named Norris Ro

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NCR . . . 80 years of progress in Automation



NCR's job for the past 80 years has been to make things easier and more profitable for businesses of all kinds and sizes. How? By producing the most complete and efficient line of record keeping and data processing equipment obtainable. We began 80 years ago by marketing the first cash register—the first automated system for handling sales and cash! Today NCR continues to make things easier for government, industry, business and banking with a full line of 43 types of equipment to handle every kind of input and data processing. NCR provides completely automated record keeping and processing from original entry to final report.

Equally as important as the development of the total system concept of record keeping are the many research and development programs which NCR has in progress. Important advances in encapsulation, photochromism, thin-film and laser technology have contributed greatly to progress. NCR welcomes your inquiries about its systems and research and development programs. For complete information on any of these subjects, write today to your nearest office of The National Cash Register Company or to NCR, Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A. 45409.

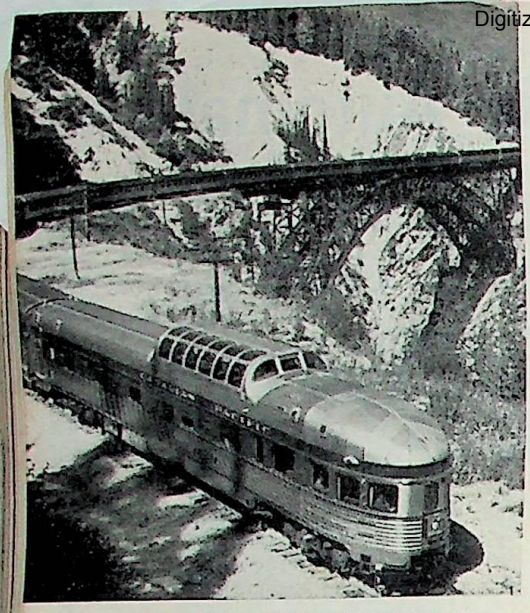
NCR

BE SURE TO VISIT THE NCR PAVILION AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



CANADIAN PACIFIC'S "CANADIAN"
Profits from striplings.

("Buck") Crump moved up to the road's presidency nine years ago. Crump has awakened the giant. Now the Canadian financial community is watching its performance—and its potential—with deep interest.

The new president moved slowly at first, was accused of copycat management because he adopted many innovations of the government-owned Canadian National. But Crump steadily picked up momentum, has become a hard man to brake. He has entirely dieselized the road, shorn off many of its unprofitable branch lines and short-haul passenger trains, aggressively adopted piggybacking and bought the world's largest railroad-owned computer to direct freight and handle accounting. Result: in 1963's expanding economy, after a monotonous downgrade run, C.P.R.'s earnings rose 24% to $40.1 million, the highest since 1957. Canadian Pacific Airlines also broke through the profit barrier to earn $350,000 in 1963 largely because of a wise investment in five *DC-8 jets; even Canadian Pacific's hotels earned $1,100,000.*

Spinning Markets. Under Crump, C.P.R. also rounded out its transportation empire by absorbing Smith Transport, Canada's biggest trucking firm. This fall it will begin construction of a new hotel in Montreal, has faced up to the motor age by taking on the management of motels. But its greatest growth could come from its considerable remaining land holdings, whose rich resources the road has now begun to exploit. The newly formed Canadian Pacific Oil and Gas, Ltd., earned $5,600,000 for C.P.R. in 1963, and another stripling subsidiary, Pacific Logging, contributed $253,000. A 51% interest in Consolidated Mining and Smelting, the road's biggest subsidiary, last year brought in $11 million in profits. With the Canadian stock markets spinning as a result of mining finds at Timmins and the search for new finds, the railroad that opened up the West now hopes to find new sources of wealth under some of its land.

AUSTRALIA

The Hustlers

Australia's policy of excluding Asians, which has long irritated its up over neighbors, does not extend to Asian currency. With Australian exports to Asia up by 300% since 1959, money is flowing down under where immigration cannot. During the first ten months of fiscal 1963, reported the Australian government, the value of Aussie goods exported to Asia rose to $855 million, exceeding 1962's record-breaking total of $778 million. So far in 1964, Japan for the first time has displaced Britain as Australia's No. 1 customer, and Red China is buying more than 53% of Australia's wheat exports.

The surge in exports to Asia is largely the work of Australia's imaginative, Canberra-backed industrial and commercial associations and an army of tropical-suited Australian salesmen, who tout their goods in every Asian bazaar. This spring a "floating trade fair," consisting of 100 businessmen and 400 trade exhibits aboard the merchant ship *Centaur,* dropped anchor in Hong Kong, Manila, Bangkok, Osaka, Tokyo and Singapore, piped 90,000 visitors aboard and transacted $1,125,000 worth of business right on deck. Australia's enterprising businessmen miss few opportunities to mold their exports to their customers' specific habits and needs: in a wily and woolly coup in Thailand, they recently landed a large order for plastic sneakers by producing them in a shade of orange that matched the robes worn by the country's innumerable Buddhist monks.

ARGENTINA

Bankruptcy by Ballot

One grey morning in Buenos Aires last week a milling throng of 3,000 massed in front of the River Plate Club. Shuffling and shivering in the cold of the South American winter, they waited neither for soccer nor for revolution, but for a court of law to convene. No ordinary courtroom could have held all the clamoring creditors of Alberto Abraham Natín, 55, a dapper, moon-faced real-estate wheeler-dealer who was charged with fraud and faced with bankruptcy. Before the crowd, seated at a stand draped in dark red felt, was a stern-faced federal judge. After months of delays and postponements, the time of decision had finally come in one of Argentina's most notorious financial scandals.

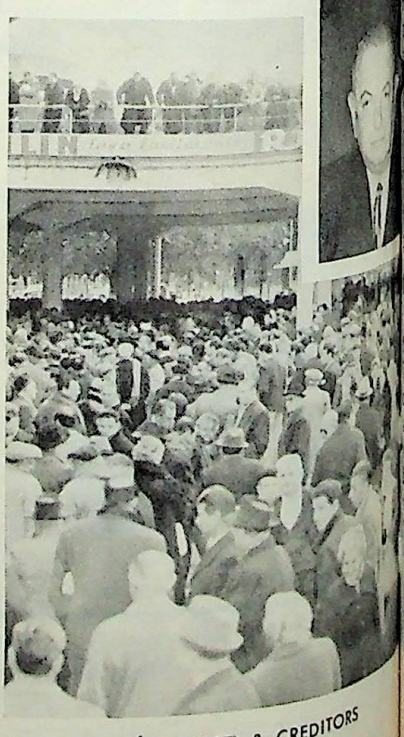
Flamboyant Stock Hawking. In Argentina's inflation-plagued economy, businessmen know bankruptcy almost as well as success. The commerce courts are clogged with tangled litigation; 1,780 bankruptcies were declared in 1962. But no other financial empire has fallen with as resounding a crash as Natín's. Only four years ago, Natín was the owner of a small company with the long name of Organization for Trade, Administration, Property and Real Estate Representation—or simply ONAPRI.

Then in a flamboyant, stock-hawking promotion, Natín held out promises of fantastic future profits in construction and real estate, enlisted glamorous TV and movie celebrities as initial backers. ONAPRI became the hottest piece of paper in the country, and Natín had little trouble selling $16 million worth of stock to 13,000 workers, socialites and laden ladies.

The disenchantment was swift. During Argentina's 1962 recession, stock brokers hauled Natín into court to collect their commissions, and investors stormed the courts in panic. Natín was bounced in and out of jail three times on various charges of fraud, bad checks and "economic delinquency."

Cheers & Handcuffs. At the first major hearing last May, about 10,000 creditors showed up, as much to see the pudgy operator as to hear a report on ONAPRI's financial plight. When he appeared, handcuffed to two policemen, his creditors cheered loudly. Natín, the court determined, had liabilities of $17 million, and only $4,900,000 in assets. But the court agreed to call another meeting to let the stockholders decide by a vote whether he should be given a chance to settle his debts or be declared bankrupt.

Natín figured he had a chance. At the meeting last week, he made one last plea for a *concordato*—an agreement to withhold bankruptcy proceedings. He asked for two years: "ONAPRI can recover its position if it is permitted to continue operating." In secret balloting, some 7,600 creditors favored giving Natín his time, but the margin was short of the required two-thirds. Natín's empire was declared bankrupt, and Natín went back to jail.



PEDRO UZAL

NATÍN (INSET) & CREDITORS
Loot from laden ladies.

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

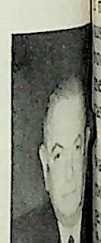
lers of the Sûreté

A Shot in the Dark. Four shots, in A police car roars up to the e-cochere of a château and out s—*sacrebleu!*—it is the terror of tmartre, the Napoleon of criminol- It is Inspector Clouseau (Peter ers) of the Sûreté. Fresh from his ing exploits in *The Pink Panther*, the ector is a model of sangfroid. Be- h the vigorous mustache, the lips ironical; beneath the snap-brim felt, darting eyes see everything—well, ything except the goldfish pond.

Sopping but unstoppable, Clouseau iciously sniffs at a jar of cold am, moves away with a big white b on the end of his nose. He re- tively sucks on a ballpoint pen, re- mes the interrogation with a bright e tongue. He nervously lights the garette of a seductive suspect (Elke mmer), forgets to extinguish the ter before he puts it back in his cket. "Eeeeeeeeek," Elke squeals a ment later. "You're on fire!"

Flaming but unflappable, Clouseau s off his trench coat, strides to the dow and—wham! The chief inspec- r (Herbert Lom) bursts through the droom door, the bedroom door clouts ouseau in the suffix, Clouseau takes f as though there were lead as well as pper in his alloy. When next seen he digging himself out of a gravel drive- ay two stories below and cringing as e chief inspector scornfully adds in- lt to injury. "Clouseau!" the old brute llows. "You're off the case."

Obviously, Inspector Clouseau never es solve his case, but he manages, in manner of speaking, to dissolve it: the spects are all blown to bits by a mb. Long before that hilarious mo- ent—even though the inspector oc- sionally palls, and the one-joke script much less amusing than the Broad- ay farce it is broadly adapted from—ost customers will have reinforced a neral conviction and a popular hope: at Peter Sellers is one of the funniest en alive and that the dear fellow will ease get well quick.

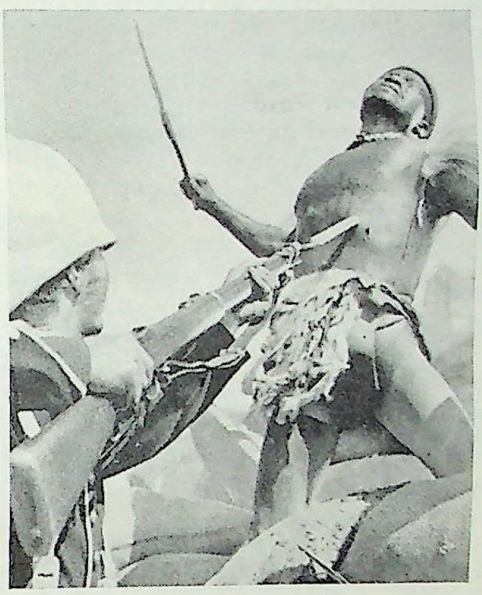


rand & Gory

Zulu vividly re-creates an episode om the British conquest of Zululand n 1879. Its heroes were some 130 red- ats who made a blood-and-guts stand against 4,000 proud Zulu warriors be- ging the mission outpost at Rorke's ift, Natal. Eleven of the survivors ere later awarded Britain's coveted ictoria Cross, the most ever given aft- r a single military action.

Improving on history, Director Cy ndfield has made a battle film in the grand carry-on-lads tradition of *Four Feathers* and *Gunga Din*. His characters re swiftly etched stereotypes, a draw- ack easily overlooked once the action begins to surge against the eye-filling sweep of Natal's brooding, beautifully photographed Drakensberg Mountains.

Soon an insidious clacking sound echoes through the surrounding hills. It is the primitive, awful din of short-stabbing spears hammered against rawhide shields. Now the threat becomes palpable. Across the horizon stretches a line of warriors clad in animal skins and necklaces of baboon teeth, wailing *"Usuto! Usuto!"* (Kill! Kill!) The first wave sacrifices itself to test British firepower; then on they come, wave after wave, lunging, hacking, dying. For all but the squeamish, it is a grisly good



BATTLE IN "ZULU"
For blood and guts, a warrior's salute.

show, and the film's climax is visually and dramatically stunning—when the fierce Zulus, some 18 hours later, roar acknowledgment of their enemy's die-hard courage and withdraw, shields raised in tribute.

That moment alone explains, perhaps, why *Zulu* is currently raking in more pounds sterling than any other film in the history of British cinema. After a spate of "kitchen dramas" filled with whining social protest, *Zulu's* bloodbath refreshes the spirit with its straightforward celebration of valor, tenacity and honor among men.

Reynolds to the Rescue

The Unsinkable Molly Brown is a massive song-and-dancer derived from Meredith Willson's also-ran Broadway musical of 1960. Defying the laws of levity, it follows an ebullient, money-grubbing Irish lass who marries a miner and gets rich so she can sashay in Denver's high society. When the bluebloods snub her, she flounces off to Yurrup to bring home some dukes and duchesses, finally earns her place among the snobs and saves her marriage—for reasons clear only to musical comedy authors—by surviving the *Titanic* disaster.

Plot, though vaguely based on reality, is only one of *Molly's* handicaps. The sound track seems to amplify every commonplace tune into a fugue for trip hammers. The red plush trappings of old Colorado, as Hollywood sees them, produce instant antipathy. And Broadway Leading Man Harve Presnell repeats his stage role with little more than stiff, strong-lunged precision.

But despite this freight of handicaps, *Molly* does not go under—mainly because of Debbie Reynolds. Having browbeaten M-G-M's executives into letting her play the part—a plum better suited, they thought, to Shirley MacLaine—Debbie *Molly*fies the audience with all the raucous charm and irrepressible high spirits of a girl who is out to win the Derby astride a dead horse. As a comedienne, she spurns subtlety but makes the shortcoming seem a solid gold asset in a character who boasts: "I'm a vulgar, extravagant *nouveau riche* American!" She even works slick, if slightly unnerving, pathos into a moment of pining over her wedding ring, a jewel-encrusted cigar band bearing the fond inscription: "Always Remember Two Things—That I Love You, and the Name of the Bank."

Sawdust Spectacular

Circus World. Still doggedly reproducing the collected epics of Cecil B. DeMille, Producer Samuel Bronston has launched a three-ring *Circus*. Though likable enough, this least pretentious of Bronston spectaculars cannot compare with *The Greatest Show on Earth*. It is just a minor romantic tearjerker, a *Stella Dallas* with sawdust.

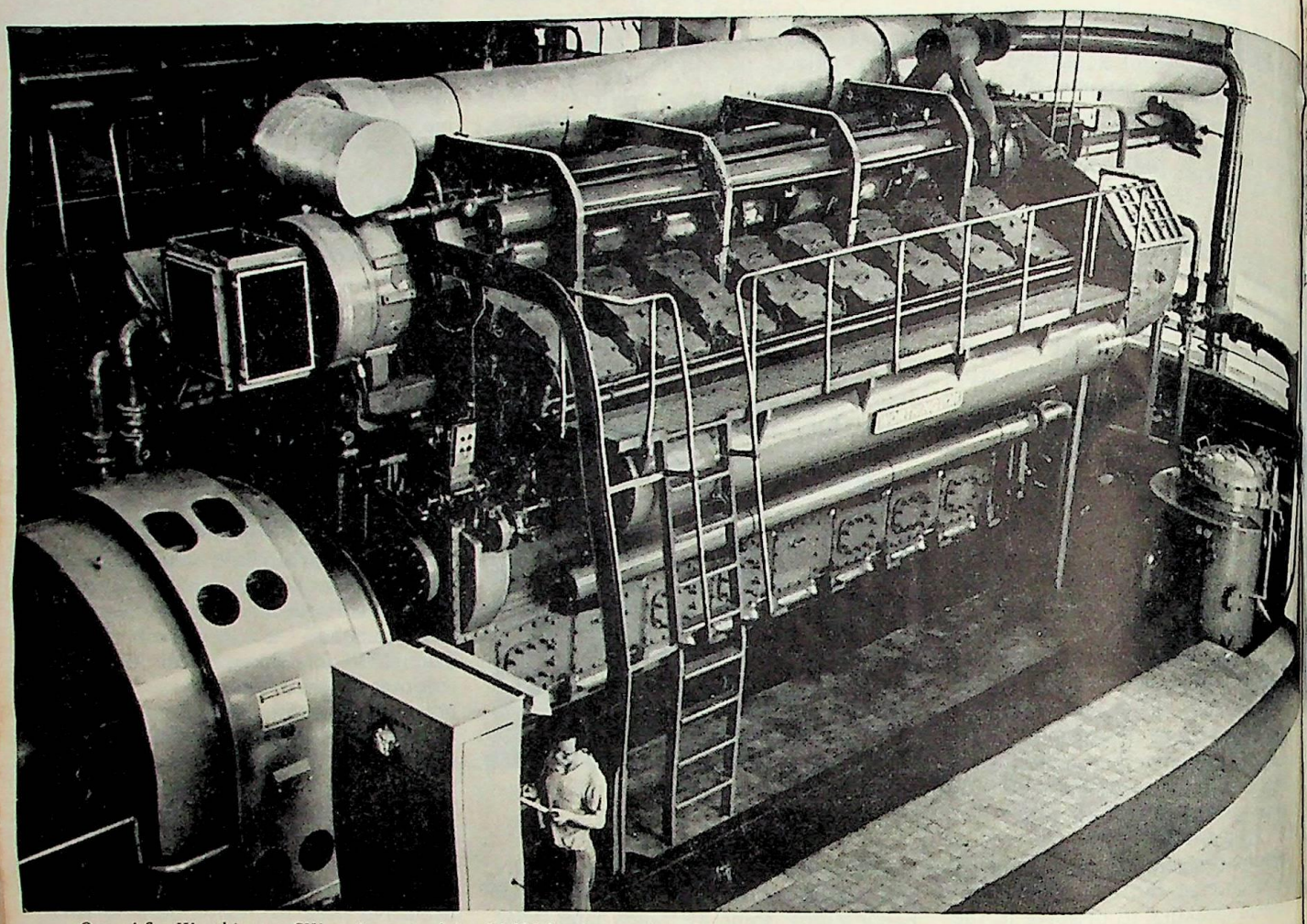
When Big Top Impresario Matt Masters (John Wayne) takes his show to Spain, he has never told his ward (Claudia Cardinale) that her mother (Rita Hayworth) was the woman he once loved. No need to, really, because Rita has been missing for 14 years—guilt-ridden since the suicide of her aerialist husband after he discovered that her heart had been doing triple somersaults with the wrong man. Of course Rita reappears in Europe, and poignant revelations spring up faster than acrobatic midgets. Claudia ultimately overcomes her bitterness toward the older folk, which leaves her free to concentrate on a Wild West rider (John Smith).

While both love affairs develop innocuously, the gaps in the story line are filled by some delightful European circus acts and other diversions. A 4,000-ton ship keels over at the pier in Barcelona, and one exciting scene has Hayworth, Cardinale and Wayne all dangling from the rigging of a burning tent. The only serious mishap to befall *Circus World* is Cinerama, which magnifies a meager tale beyond all reasonable proportions. To sit through the film is something like holding an elephant on your lap for two hours and 15 minutes. You can hardly measure what you have there, but it leaves a definite impression: it's big, it's warmhearted, and tons of fun for the kids.

CC-0. In Public Domain. G

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

When you need continuous reliable power...
When peak power loads are increasing...
When additional power is required quickly...



One of five Worthington SW engines supplying 14,325 kw for municipal power in a major Far Eastern city.

...our diesel engines supply that power most economically

We are talking about Worthington diesel engines. They provide low cost power in units of 1,000 to 3,500 kw. You can use them as individual power plants or fit them into your present generating system. Simply add units as the power load increases, keeping plant expansion costs to a minimum.

The SW diesel is specifically designed for continuous duty power generation. It is *not* adapted from some other engine application, an important factor to consider when choosing diesel power equipment. Another factor is the SW's moderate running speed—450 rpm. At this speed parts wear is at a minimum. In fact, one Worthington power engine ran for 13 years on its original pistons and liners. Maintenance is also low—generally 25,000 hours or more between scheduled overhauls.

Fuel consumption is the lowest possible. Why? Because the SW is the only diesel originally designed for high pressure turbocharging above 200 bmep. With turbocharging normally wasted exhaust gas energy is recaptured and used. This makes a typical Worthington turbocharged unit 15%-20% more efficient than the best naturally aspirated unit.

Over-all thermal efficiency is much higher too. With special engine jacketing you can use both jacket heat and lube oil heat and boost thermal efficiency to 58%. If you also use recoverable exhaust heat you can raise this efficiency to 76%. This is nearly double what the efficiency would be if measured by crankshaft alone... thus nearly double the fuel economy.

Worthington SW engines are proving themselves in power installations throughout the world. For more information on how they can boost your power output economically, write for Bulletin 4314-B1 to Worthington Corporation, Dept. 108-87E, Harrison, New Jersey, U.S.A.

WORTHINGTON

WORTHINGTON ASSOCIATED COMPANIES: ARGENTINA—Worthington Argentina S.A.I.C., Buenos Aires • AUSTRALIA—Worthington Australia Pty. Ltd., Sydney • AUSTRIA—Worthington Gesellschaft m.b.H., Vienna • BRAZIL—Worthington S.A. (Máquinas), Rio de Janeiro • CANADA—Worthington (Canada) Ltd., Brantford, Ont. • COLOMBIA—Worthington Limitada, Bogota • ENGLAND—Worthington-Simpson, Ltd., London • FRANCE—Société Worthington, Paris • GERMANY—Deutsche Worthington G.m.b.H., Hamburg • INDIA—Blue Star Worthington Ltd., Bombay • ITALY—Worthington Società Italiana Pompe e Compressori, Milan; Worthington International S.p.A., Naples • JAPAN—Niigata Worthington Co., Ltd., Tokyo • MEXICO—Worthington de México, S.A., Mexico, D.F. • SPAIN—Worthington S.A., Madrid

CC-0. Prof. Satya Vrat Shastri Collection. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

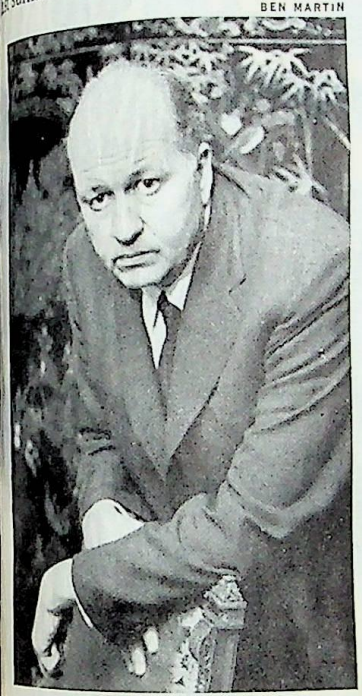
...st Poems

THE FAR FIELD by Theodore Roethke. 95 pages. Doubleday. $3.50.

"What I love is near at hand, / Always, in earth and air," Theodore ...ethke wrote in the title poem of this ...collection. What he loved was growing things (no important U.S. poet since ...reau has been less citified) and their ...tures. What he celebrated was his ...e for his young wife (now 38, she ...d been his student at Bennington Col...ge, where he taught English). And ...at he feared was death.

And as death approached (he died ...t summer, aged 55, of a heart attack),

BEN MARTIN



THEODORE ROETHKE
In love with finite things.

...s poems seem to have taken on a new ...arity of line and image, a new depth ...f tone. In these poems, written in the ...st seven years of his life, he loving...y and lingeringly catalogues objects: ...ef and "the falling of small waters," ...elds and abandoned farms, vireos, ...arblers and "the heron's hieratic fish...g," the greenhouses and roses of his ...rist father remembered from his ...Michigan boyhood. Musical in themselves, these flashing descriptions are ...presented almost brusquely, so that they ...ay seem at first to be curiously opaque ...nd lacking in resonance.

But the resonances somehow develop ...with rereading. Then Roethke's driest ...nes can blossom as unexpectedly as the ...desert cactus. One of his repeated, even ...self-conscious influences in such pas...sages is Walt Whitman ("Be with me, ...Whitman, maker of catalogues / . . . the ...terrible hunger for objects quails me"). ...But for Roethke, "all finite things reveal ...infinitude," and

. . . if we wait, unafraid, beyond the fearful instant,
The burning lake turns into a forest pool,
The fire subsides into rings of water,
A sunlit silence.

Beyond Whitman, the poems poignantly betray Roethke's consciousness, like Andrew Marvell's, of "Time's winged chariot hurrying near," and Roethke cannot even playfully think of love without remembering death. The *Wish for a Young Wife* is characteristic:

My lizard, my lively writher,
May your limbs never wither,
May the eyes in your face
Survive the green ice
Of envy's mean gaze;
May you live out your life
Without hate, without grief,
And your hair ever blaze,
In the sun, in the sun,
When I am undone,
When I am no one.

In a concluding sequence, which he frankly labeled "sometimes metaphysical," Roethke was on fire with God. "What shakes the eye but the invisible/ Running from God's the longest race of all," he wrote. And in a voice of anguish and protesting confrontation rarely heard in poetry since Donne called on his deity to "batter my heart, three person'd God," Roethke cries:

Godhead above my God, are you there still? . . .
From me to Thee's a long and terrible way.
I was flung back from suffering and love
When light divided on a storm-tossed tree.
Yea, I have slain my will, and still I live;
I would be near; I shut my eyes to see;
I bleed my bones, their marrow to bestow
Upon that God who knows what I would know.

The Conscientious Objectors

BUT WILL IT SELL? by Marya Mannes. 240 pages. Lippincott. $4.50.

WHAT CAN A MAN DO? by Milton Mayer. 310 pages. Chicago. $5.

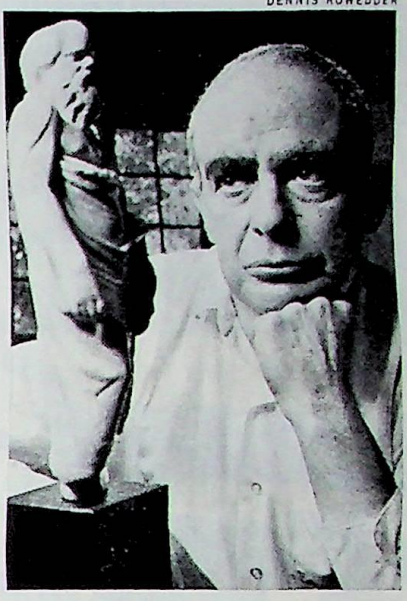
Gadflying is an honorable calling, but it has its pitfalls. The truly conscientious gadfly is apt to run out of material at around age 33 and find himself in the embarrassing position of gadding at the same old targets. The less conscientious gadfly may even invent new subjects to gad about.

Marya Mannes, 59, and Milton Mayer, 55, are two of the more durable gadflies of U.S. letters—lifelong, card-carrying conscientious objectors. Between them, they provide a sort of check list of the more hoary clichés of Instant Social Criticism.

Public Slugging. Of the two, Mayer is both the more messianic and the more corrosive. A wisecracking, easy-going chap, he was a protégé of the University of Chicago's Robert Maynard Hutchins, taught in Mortimer Adler's Great Books program before launching a career as a freelance writer and fulltime polemicist. He has been flailing away at his chosen targets—war, racial prejudice, big government—for something close to a quarter of a century. The secret of the art, he understands, is to avoid the complicating thought and the qualifying phrase; indeed, few writers have his knack for reducing problems of considerable complexity to aboriginal simplicity.

U.S. society, he declares in this collection of magazine articles, has "a record of private and public shooting, slugging, mayhem, assault, battery, contusions, abrasions, lynching and vigilantism unmatched by any people who come readily to mind, except, perhaps, the ancient Cossacks." With that vision of the violent society in mind, he

DENNIS ROWEDDER



MILTON MAYER
At odds with conformity.

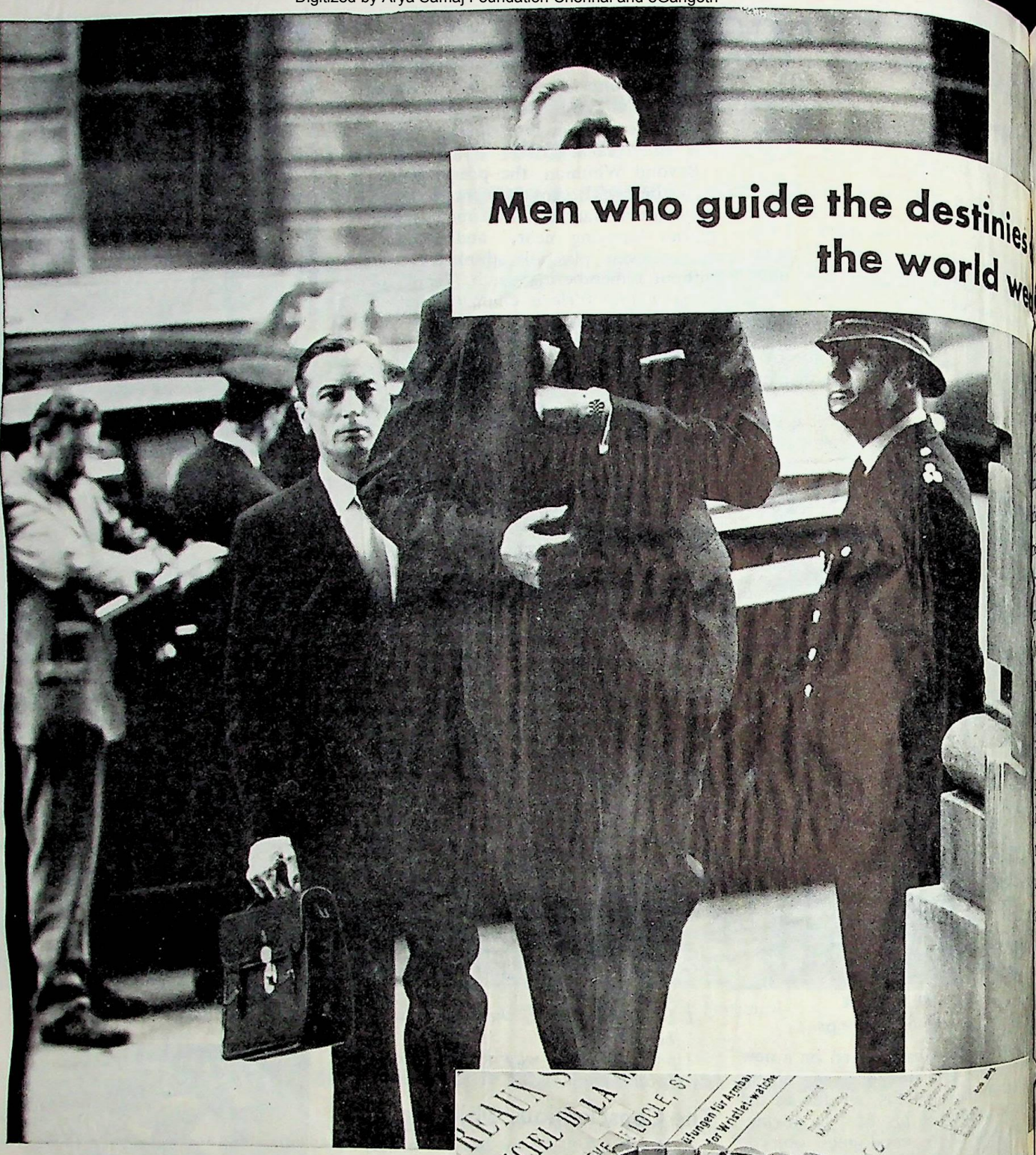
STEVE SCHAPIRO—BLACK STAR

MARYA MANNES
Against her hosts.

CC-0. In Public Domain. G...

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Men who guide the destinies
the world we



THE ROLEX "DAY-DATE"

Most remarkable achievement in watch-making, the Rolex Oyster Perpetual "Day-Date." Available only in 18-ct. gold or platinum, with matching "President" bracelet.

Like all Rolex chronometers, every "Day-Date" is now awarded the highest distinction of the Swiss Institutes for Official Chronometer Tests, the mention 'Especially good results.'

Its superlative accuracy is protected by the famous Rolex Oyster case, made in Geneva by Swiss craftsmen and guaranteed 100% waterproof, and its movement is selfwound by the Perpetual rotor. The date and the day of the week, written in full, change instantaneously every midnight.

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (*Founder: H. Wilsdorf*), GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

BANGKOK: S.A.B. BANGKOK **HONG KONG:** UNION HOUSE, CHATER RD **SINGAPORE:** CROSBY HOUSE **TOKYO:** ROLEX WATCH DIVISION, SHIN-TOKIWABASHI
SYDNEY: WILLIS & SONS LTD., 71 YORK STREET

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

stinies
rld we
lex watches
know their names as you know
rown. You know their faces
m a thousand newspaper and
gazine articles. You have seen
em and heard their voices on
wsreels and on your television
reen. Their actions and decisions
fluence the pattern of our lives.
e cannot mention their names,
show pictures of them. It would
t be fitting to do so, for they
clude royalty, the heads of states,
great service commanders. But we
vite you to look carefully at the
xt pictures that you see of them,
t their wrists as well as their faces
d clothes. You will notice that
almost every case they wear a
rist-watch. That watch will
ost likely have been made by
olex of Geneva.
e are proud of the service given
y Rolex watches to so many
minent men throughout the
orld. It is scarcely necessary to
oint out that the performance of
ese watches is, in the highest
egree, accurate and dependable.
ROLEX
A landmark in the history of
Time measurement

goes on to argue that the U.S. gives away a little bit more of its "liberty" every time it yields to its fatal impulse to "horn into every war within reach." In fact, says Mayer, after two world wars, both of which he regards as U.S. defeats, "freedom is less well preserved than it was before those two wars began." He has no doubt that "Hitler indeed imposed Prussianism on us, but he was dead when he did it." Americans, says Mayer, "love war so much that we are willing to lie to our young men in order to persuade them to be killers."

Conformity is the U.S.'s worst social evil. In "The Case Against the Jew," Mayer argues not that the Jew has failed to become assimilated but that he has assimilated too much, placing his faith in "the grand fallacy of adjustment." The most insidious ally of conformity is the "Giant Economy-Size" government, which, "as it fends every evil from us, will end by fending every virtue from us, too."

The Old & Rich. Marya Mannes is a stately, handsome, sharp-tongued woman who enjoys nothing more than rising at a banquet table and flailing the bejesus out of her hosts. She once told the Women's National Press Club that, in most cities in America, the public "buys your papers to hold up at breakfast or to line the trash can or to light a fire, but not to learn."

The villains in U.S. life are "the old and the rich, who have come to think of our way of life as the only way." The advertisers, particularly television advertisers, play so insidiously on the emotions of America "that they must bear a large part of the responsibility for the deep feelings of inadequacy that drive women to psychiatrists, pills or the bottle." They have foisted on women a vision of themselves as homemakers that has crippled large numbers of them intellectually as well as emotionally.

Concludes Feminist Mannes: "We are neither accessories, instruments, nor objects, although in the wide range from housekeeper to whore we have for a very long time been used as such."

Fold, Spindle & Mutilate

THE 480 *by Eugene Burdick.* 313 pages. *McGraw-Hill.* $5.

Science fiction has all but expired, trampled to death by onrushing reality. Its successor is what might be called political-science fiction. Its practitioners aspire to write tomes that seem just like historical novels, but in the future tense. *Seven Days in May, Fail-Safe, On the Beach*—they have gone from *Ugly* to worse and from *ad hoc* to pure hokum. Right along with them has gone Eugene Burdick, co-author (with different partners) of both *The Ugly American* and *Fail-Safe*, and he now tries it solo.

Burdick's new gimmick—true to their science-fiction ancestry, these novels usually require a gimmick—is the ominous threat to democracy posed by computers, which, he maintains, can tell politicians exactly how to manipulate the inertness of voters to win national elections for sure.

With the Republicans currently most in need of such help, Burdick imagines the real control of that party falling under the influence of two young behavioral scientists, the male named Madison Curver and the beautiful female known only as Dr. Devlin. These two are so brilliant that they talk only in footnotes:

She: A study by Thorndike and Muscatine indicates that professionals are very limited in their span of knowledge.

He: You mean the *other* Thorndike.

Updating computer techniques that were tried out on a small scale by the Kennedy forces in 1960, Mad and Dev set out to win the G.O.P. nomination

BEN MARTIN

EUGENE BURDICK
From ad hoc to pure hokum.

for someone who can beat Lyndon Johnson in 1964.

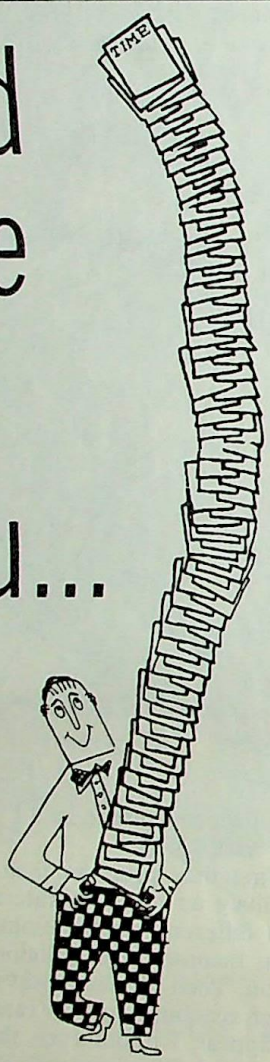
First they program their IBM 7094 to divvy up the electorate according to 480 different combinations of occupation, income, race, religion, class, and so on. Then the computer can simulate voter reactions to any candidate, issue or appeal, without even the trouble of opinion polling and all those confusing "undecideds." Mad, Dev and the 7094 are on their way to the unbeatable propaganda mix. All they need is a possible candidate. They find him in John Thatch, an unknown American engineer who is completing a bridge across a jungle ravine on the border between India and Pakistan. He is clear-eyed, jut-jawed, sensible, intelligent, brave, independent, a superb exponent of do-it-yourself (or *Ugly*) diplomacy, and altogether a leader any computer could love. Can Thatch perhaps be persuaded to run? Author Burdick takes 313 pages of whirring, humming, and blowing of tubes to come up with an answer and makes next week's real-life drama at the Cow Palace seem, by comparison,

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Electronics / Telecommunications
NEC
Nippon Electric Company Limited
P.O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

and one for you...



Each week TIME speeds to busy people around the world whose education, position and variety of interests demand the complete news coverage that TIME brings.

You can insure a personal copy of TIME for yourself every week by subscribing. See your local newsagent, bookseller or subscription dealer. Or send your payment direct to TIME at the address shown for your country in the rate column which appears in a front page of this issue.

as orderly and rational as a convention of geometry teachers.

But in a book where the rest of the characters are punched out of IBM cardboard, the dialogue is Early Superman and the sex Late Mary Worth ("Someone was patting her hand in this comforting protective way . . . She wanted the patting to go on and on"), Candidate Thatch looks almost real.

Lenin Landslide

THE LIFE OF LENIN *by Louis Fischer.* 703 pages. *Harper & Row.* $10.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LENIN *by Robert Payne.* 672 pages. *Simon & Schuster.* $8.50.

LENIN: THE COMPULSIVE REVOLUTIONARY *by Stefan Possony.* 418 pages. *Regnery.* $7.95.

IMPRESSIONS OF LENIN *by Angelica Balabanoff.* 152 pages. *University of Michigan.* $5.

Since there has never been a really good biography of Lenin in English, the idea of doing something about it came more or less simultaneously to three authors. As soon as each heard the others were at work, the race to get published was on. Stefan Possony won it, but Authors Payne and Fischer were close behind.

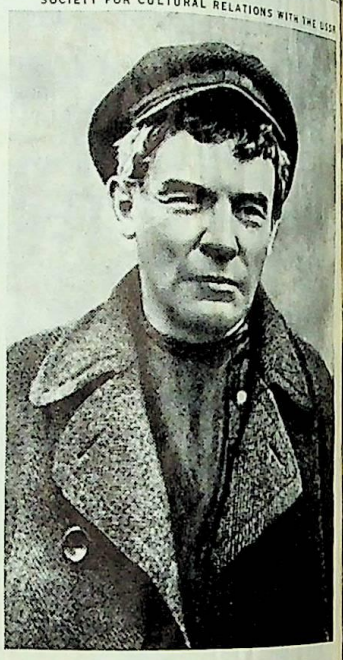
Each biography seems tailored to a specific audience. Robert (*The Terrorists, Forever China*) Payne, a prolific as well as a catholic writer, has produced a Book-of-the-Month selection aimed at romantics. Stefan Possony, political studies director at Stanford's Hoover Institution, will appeal most obviously to believers in the conspiratorial view of history, since his research comes largely from police and foreign office files, ranging from Japan to France, and covering mostly Lenin's life as a fugitive conspirator.

Fed Suspicion. On balance, Louis Fischer's is the best of the three biographies. Fischer has devoted much of his long lifetime to the study of Russia (*The Soviets in World Affairs; Russia, America, and the World*), and he soberly weighs those episodes that the other two biographers sometimes accept as fact, offering the pros and cons of each argument. There is, for example, a genuine riddle about Lenin's racial background. Author Payne insists "there was not a drop of Russian blood" in Lenin, and claims his ancestry was German, Swedish and Chuvash (a Tatar tribe living along the Volga), and that it shaped his personality. Without citing any evidence, Author Possony argues that the "evidence indicates" Lenin's grandfather "was born a Jew." Fischer places the responsibility where it belongs, on the Soviet government. "The records were undoubtedly available in Russia's bulging archives," he writes, "but the Bolsheviks saw fit to suppress them. This feeds the suspicion that there is something to conceal."

What emerges most strikingly from all three biographies is the awesome power of a single and single-minded man to change the course of history. If the Kaiser had flatly refused to let Lenin cross wartime Germany and enter Russia, if the Kerensky government had succeeded in arresting and executing Lenin (as he fully expected it to try to do), would the Bolsheviks now be merely a footnote to history? One of the least of the paradoxes is the fact that Communism, which teaches the inevitability of historical forces and the impotence of the individual in shaping them, owes its conquest of Russia to the energy and confident thrust of Lenin alone.

Refused Axiom. But it is in the memoir of Angelica Balabanoff that the most human—and in some ways the most terrifying—portrait of Lenin emerges. Memoirist Balabanoff is now

SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH THE USSR



BEARDLESS LENIN IN DISGUISE
The awesome power to change.

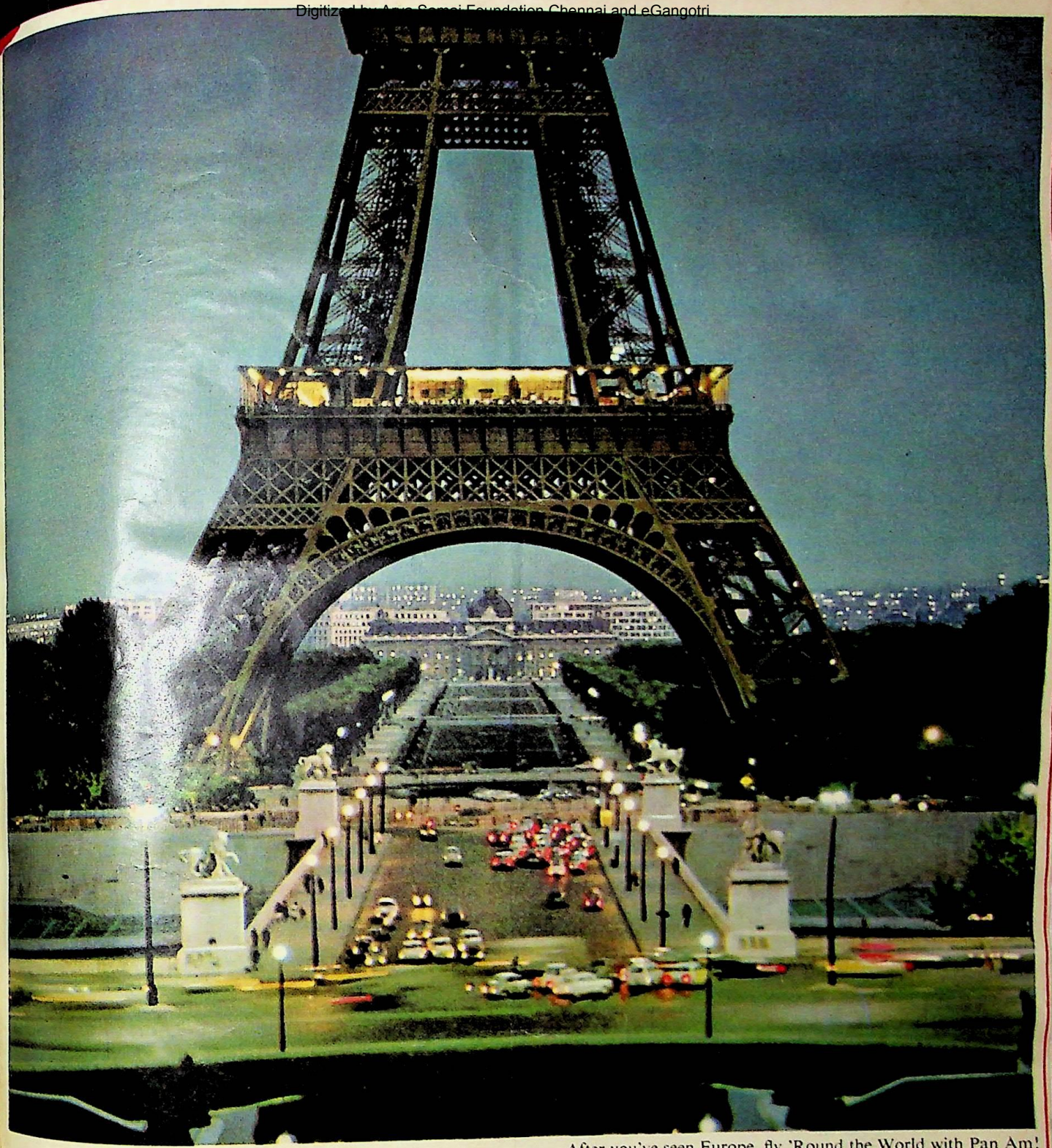
86 and lives in Rome. The daughter of a wealthy Russian family, she eagerly and early espoused Lenin and his cause. But she always preferred to be "a victim of power rather than a holder of it," and has spent half a century defending the downtrodden in a variety of furnished rooms from Moscow and Paris to New York and Vienna. Both naive and deeply ethical, Angelica Balabanoff had obviously no place in the Soviet power setup, but Lenin wanted her there, and she tried her best to please him.

Refusing the axiom Lenin lived by, "everything that is done in the interest of the proletarian cause is honest," Angelica repeatedly carried her complaints to Lenin until he finally said in despair, "Comrade Balabanoff, what use can I find for you?"

Her incorruptibility of spirit seems to have touched even his amoral heart. At their last interview, Angelica said sadly to Lenin, "Perhaps Russia does not need people like me." Prophetically, Lenin replied, "She needs them but does not have them."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



After you've seen Europe, fly 'Round the World with Pan Am!

Europe every day of the week—on Pan Am!

Only Pan Am flies direct to major European cities, and on 'Round the World, with jets every day of the week. How could your trip planning be made easier?

But there's even more than convenience to Pan Am's schedule to Europe. On Pan Am you can choose from an array of magical cities to visit along the way—at no extra fare. Hong Kong. Bangkok. New Delhi. Karachi. Beirut. To name just a few.

So the choice is up to you:

Any day, fly fast and direct jets to Frankfurt or London (or, with a single, fast connection, to Rome or Paris). Frequent direct flights to Istanbul, Belgrade, Vienna and Munich, too.

Or—go to Europe the leisurely way. Enjoy all those fascinating Orient and Middle East holiday stopovers.

Any way you do it, you'll like being a Pan Am Traveler. Generous, relaxing service by expert, bilingual cabin attendants. Cuisine by world-famed *Maxim's of Paris*. Best of all: the *sure* feeling you have, flying with Pan Am's *Priceless Extra of Experience*.

FIRST ON THE PACIFIC . . .
FIRST ON THE ATLANTIC . . .
FIRST IN LATIN AMERICA . . .
FIRST 'ROUND THE WORLD

PAN AM

YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITH PAN AM—
WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THREE FIRSTS

Everyone knows Mt. Fuji, the highest peak in Japan. The new railway bridge spanning the Fuji River nearby is Japan's longest, and will carry the super-expresses of the new Tokaido Line, the world's fastest.

Fuji Steel supplied all the steel for this modern, 1,374-meter bridge. Fuji products are in high demand for similar projects attesting to Asian progress. Look to Fuji for the best in steel.

FUJI IRON & STEEL CO., LTD.

Head Office: Marunouchi, Tokyo, Japan
Los Angeles Office: 612 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, Calif.
New York Office: 80 Pine St., New York 5, N.Y.
European Office: Berliner Allee 61, Duesseldorf, Germany

PRODUCTS: Bars · Wide Flange Beams · Shapes · Sheet Piling · Wire Rods · Rails · Skelp · Plates · Hot Rolled Sheets and Coils · Cold Rolled Sheets and Coils · Galvanized Sheets · Tinplate · Corrugated Metal Pipe · Light Gauge Shapes · Chemical By-Products

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ASIA EDITION

TIME

THE SOUTH: View from Within

WILLIAM FAULKNER

ROBERT VICKREY

CC-0. In Public Domain. G

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Manila's Jones Bridge spans the Pasig River—just five minutes from a Bank of America branch

Man-on-the-spot...in Manila. Need financing in the Philippines? We can help arrange it for you. Marketing data from Denmark? Our man in Copenhagen can get the facts you need. East or West, in the U.S.A. and around the world, BANK OF AMERICA can put a man-on-the-spot to work for you today. Why not profit from his personal touch in your transactions? At home or abroad, call on Bank of America—first in banking.

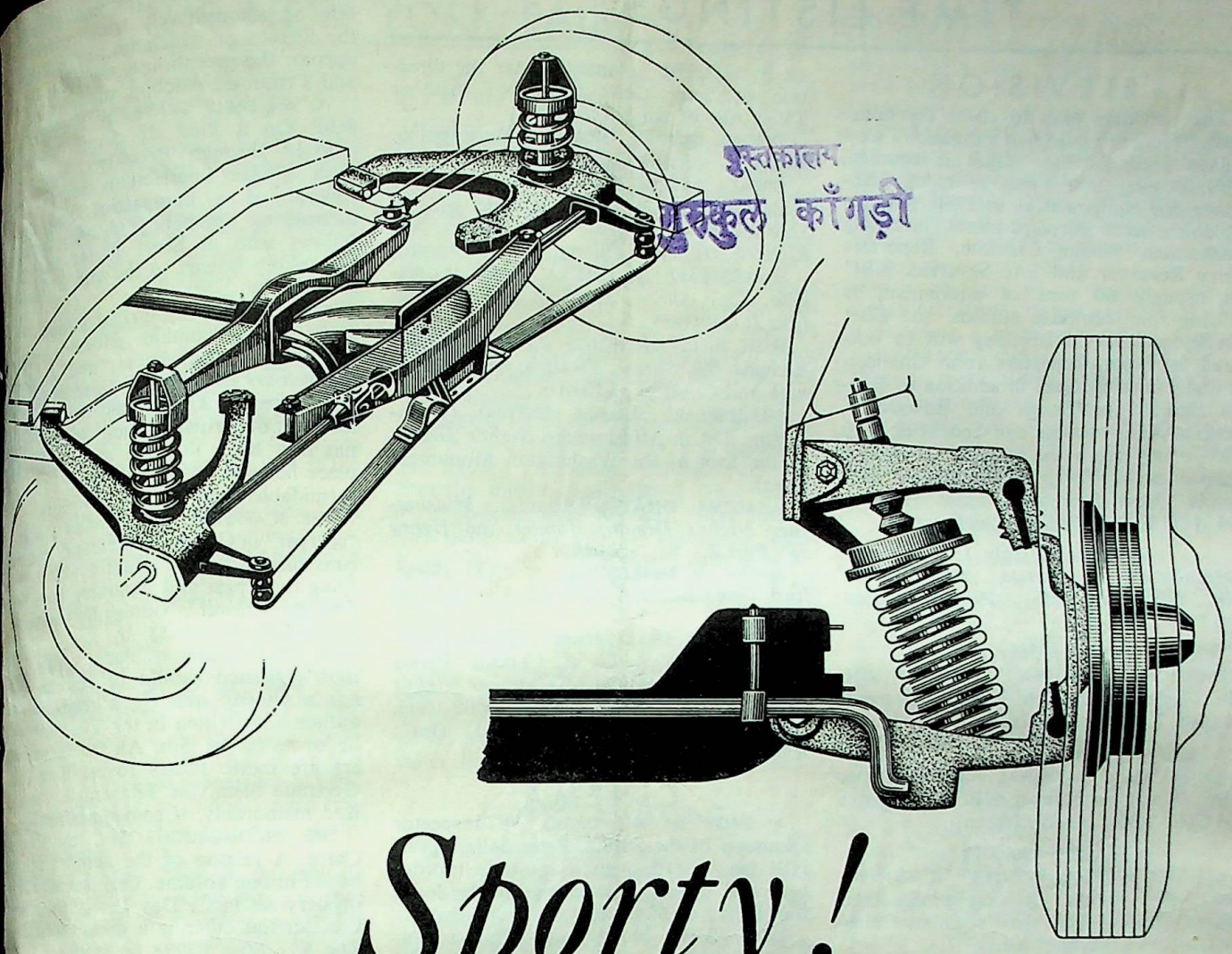
BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST & SAVINGS ASSOCIATION•—San Francisco, Los Angeles / BANK OF AMERICA (INTERNATIONAL)—New York: Amsterdam • Bangkok • Bombay • Buenos Aires • Caracas • Chicago • Copenhagen • Dakar • Duesseldorf • Frankfurt/Main • Guam • Guatemala City • Hong Kong • Karachi • Kobe • Kuala Lumpur • London • Madrid • Manila • Mexico City • Milan • New Delhi • New York City • Okinawa • Osaka • Paris • Rio de Janeiro • Singapore • Tokyo • Washington, D.C. • Yokohama • Zurich; BANCA D'AMERICA E D'ITALIA: over 80 offices throughout Italy; CORRESPONDENTS WORLD-WIDE (•Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation)

CARRY BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES—KNOWN AND ACCEPTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

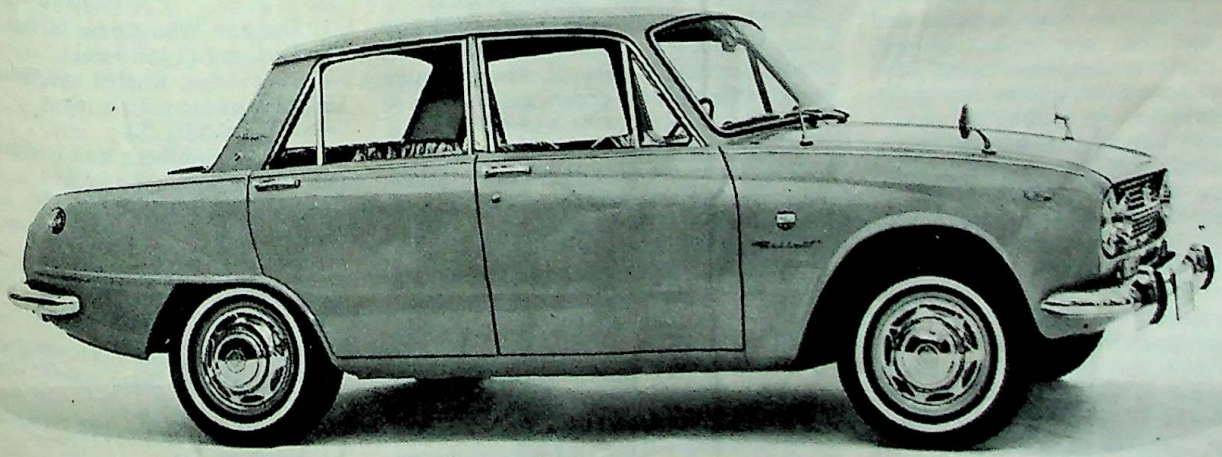
पुस्तकालय
गुरुकुल काँगड़ी



Sporty!

What is it that gives the new BELLETT such exceptional roadability? Independent four-wheel suspension! Because each wheel is sprung independently your Bellett steps lightly over bumpy roads, gives you reassuring stability at high speeds, and reduces sway and roll when turning. It is competition-bred ideas like independent suspension that set this lively performer apart from the rest of the compact crowd.

BELLETT strikes a satisfying balance between sporty performance and family car practicality. Its four-door body provides ample room for the whole family. The 1500cc powerplant delivers its maximum torque at low rpm for consistent economy and low upkeep. Yes, here's more than "just another compact." We call it a **family sports sedan.** Why not see it soon at your Isuzu dealer. Test-drive it. Be a sport!



ISUZU Bellett

ISUZU MOTORS LIMITED Shinagawa-ku, Tokyo, Japan
Cable Address: ISUZU TOKYO

Distributors & Dealers in Asia : **Korea** YOUNG POONG TRADING CO., LTD. Seoul. **Okinawa** OKINAWA ISUZU MOTOR CO., LTD. Naha-shi. **Taiwan** INTERNATIONAL AUTO CO., LTD. Taipei. **Hong Kong** NICHIMEN CO., LTD. Hong Kong Branch. **Thailand** MITSUBISHI CO., (THAILAND) LTD., Bangkok. **Malaysia** SING HOE MOTOR CO., LTD. Kuala Lumpur. **Philippines** FAR EAST MOTOR CORPORATION Manila. **Indonesia** P. N. TRI BHAKTI Djakarta. **Ceylon** THE CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT Colombo. **Goa, India** KRISHNA RAGHUNATH SHETYE Bicholim. **West Pakistan** ASIAN AUTOMOBILES LIMITED Karachi.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

The networks plan to cover the nominating proceedings at San Francisco's Cow Palace until the last ballot is counted. CBS is using four times as much manpower and equipment as in 1960, features 22 on-the-scene correspondents, including Anchorman Walter Cronkite, Reporters Harry Reasoner and Eric Sevareid. NBC has brought 60 tons of equipment, is building four complete studios, and Chet Huntley and David Brinkley will be bolstered by Floor Reporters John Chancellor and Frank McGee. In addition to Pundits Howard K. Smith and Edward P. Morgan, ABC viewers can benefit at least twice a day from the insights of Special Commentators Dwight Eisenhower, Ike's former Press Secretary James Hagerty, and ABC Editor William Lawrence.

Wednesday, July 15

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION (ABC, NBC, and CBS, 4:30 p.m.-conclusion).*

Thursday, July 16

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION (ABC, 7 p.m.-conclusion; NBC, 7-11 p.m.; and CBS, 7:30 p.m.-conclusion).

Friday, July 17

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION (ABC, 7 p.m.-conclusion; NBC, 7-11 p.m.; and CBS, 7:30 p.m.-conclusion).

Saturday, July 18

46th P.G.A. CHAMPIONSHIP (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). The nation's leading professional golfers compete from the Columbus Country Club, in Columbus, Ohio.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Dana Wynter and Richard Egan star in *The View from Pompey's Head*. Color.

Sunday, July 19

P.G.A. CHAMPIONSHIP (CBS, 4:30-6 p.m.). Final holes of the championship.

EISENHOWER REVIEWS THE G.O.P. CONVENTION (ABC, 5-6 p.m.).

THEATER

Straw Hat

There has always been some question as to whether American actors can successfully get themselves up in tights and doublets, flick the old rapiers around, and spew forth Shakespeare. Some have shown they can indeed, and in ever growing numbers others are getting the chance to try, most importantly in the Shakespeare festivals and rep companies that have sprung up from coast to coast, indoors and out, even in reproductions of Elizabethan theaters. Several cities have free performances in parks. And one outdoor theater has imported an entire British rep company.

Notable offerings include:

OREGON SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (Ashland): *Merchant of Venice, Lear, Twelfth Night* and *Henry VI, Part 1*.

OLD GLOBE THEATER (San Diego): *Macbeth, Much Ado About Nothing* and *Measure for Measure*.

PILGRIMAGE THEATER (Hollywood Hills): John Houseman's U.C.L.A. production of *Lear*, starring Morris Carnovsky.

RAVINIA FESTIVAL (Highland Park, Ill.): *Henry V, Twelfth Night* and *Hamlet*, put on by a British company under the direction of Peter Dews (who put together TV's "Age of Kings" series).

TYRONE GUTHRIE THEATER (Minneapolis): *Henry V*, starring George Grizzard.

GREAT LAKES SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (Lakewood, Ohio): *The Taming of the Shrew, Hamlet, Much Ado, Henry VI, Richard III* and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

SHAKESPEARE IN CENTRAL PARK (Louisville, Ky.): *Shrew, Macbeth* and *As You Like It* (all free).

IRISH HILLS PLAYHOUSE (Onsted, Mich.): *Richard III, Shrew, Twelfth Night, Macbeth* and *Comedy of Errors*.

SHAKESPEARE SUMMER FESTIVAL (Washington, D.C.): *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the foot of the Washington Monument (free).

ACADEMY THEATER (Atlanta): *Midsummer Night's Dream, Hamlet* and *Henry IV, Part 2*.

AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (Stratford, Conn.): *Much Ado, Richard III* and *Hamlet*.

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (New York City): *Othello* at Central Park's Delacorte Theater and *Midsummer Night's Dream* touring the boroughs (both free).

STRATFORD FESTIVAL (Stratford, Ont.): *Richard II* and *Lear*.

CINEMA

A SHOT IN THE DARK. As Inspector Clouseau of the Sûreté, Peter Sellers pratfalls his way through a multiple murder case and proves beyond reasonable doubt that he is one of the funniest men alive.

ZULU. Brisk, bloody, eye-filling adventure inspired by the heroism of 130 British soldiers who fought off 4,000 Zulu warriors at Rorke's Drift, Natal, in 1879.

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN. This massive song-and-dancer based on Meredith Willson's also-ran Broadway musical owes nearly all its buoyancy to a raucous, winning, free-style performance by Debbie Reynolds as the rich mountain gal who yearns to make a splash in Denver society.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. Poisoned darts and snappish Brazilian crocodiles are among the dangers faced by Jean-Paul Belmondo in hilarious spoof of all the next-earthquake-please action pictures.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. A mordantly funny variation on *Room at the Top*, this British comedy studies a climber (Alan Bates) who hires an upper-crust crumb to teach him the niceties of snobbery.

THE ORGANIZER. In this vivid, beautiful account of a 19th century strike in Turin, Marcello Mastroianni fascinatingly portrays the early labor leader as a kind of holy hoodlum.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. The ubiquitous Mastroianni, evenly matched against one of Italy's great natural wonders, Sophia Loren, in three racy modern fables directed by Vittorio De Sica.

BECKET. A stunningly filmed dramatization of the church-state conflict that becomes a death struggle between 12th century Archbishop of Canterbury (Richard Burton) and King Henry II (Peter O'Toole).

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE FAR FIELD, by Theodore Roethke. These poems, written in the last two years before Roethke died of a heart attack, are beautiful in themselves and provide for him an astonishingly true memorial. All the themes of which he was a master re- appear: the greenhouse, the root, the flower and a troubled reaching toward God.

TO AN EARLY GRAVE, by Wallace Markfield. On a kind of comic Volkswagen odyssey through Brooklyn, four Greenwich Village intellectuals search for the funeral of a compatriot and discover themselves: pathetic, rather pretentious fellows who at heart prefer the cult of Humphrey Bogart to the cult of the Port-*san Review*.

TWO NOVELS, by Brigid Brophy. These short novels contain glittering prose, a variety of verbal tricks, and almost too many *tours de force* to digest at one reading. Already known as the most tongued of British critics, Author Brophy has now hit a fictional stride that should place her well up in the ranks of Britain's formidable array of lady novelists.

THE SCARPERER, by Brendan Behan. To "scarper" in Gaelic is to escape, and Behan runs off with some Dublin weirdos glorifying their past and dreaming their future. This short novel is vintage Behan (1953).

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. This memoir of Paris, which the author suggested should be read as fiction, has a ghostly quality: it reads as if the author had written in the '20s what in fact he wrote in the '50s. All the famous writers are there: James Joyce, Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, the Fitzgeralds, characterized memorably, if sometimes nastily.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY, by John le Carré. A reissue of the author's first two books in one volume. One is a slightly fey mystery set in C. Day Lewis' social set at Oxford; the other is a dress rehearsal for *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*—with all the props, some of the characters and bleak tone. Both plots are exciting.

JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. Into his fleeting reign as Emperor of Rome (A.D. 361-363) Julian crammed enough wars and grandiose plans to make Alexander the Great seem inert. With elegance and flourish, Vidal's novel records every last adventure, including Julian's attempt to abolish Christianity, but it does not quite capture its elusive subject.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. Armageddon, Uris (6)
4. Julian, Vidal (8)
5. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (3)
6. The Spire, Golding (7)
7. The Group, McCarthy (5)
8. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (4)
9. The 480, Burdick
10. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer (10)

NONFICTION

1. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (1)
2. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (3)
3. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (2)
4. Crisis in Black and White, Silberman
5. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris (8)
6. Harlow, Schulman
7. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy
8. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (4) Bishop (5)
9. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (9)
10. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (10)

* All times E.D.T.

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME, Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., and at additional mailing offices. Subscription

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE NEW YORK FAIR

The fair is fun, in hundreds of pavilions, ...sements and restaurants sprawled over ...area almost as large as Central Park. ...see it with pleasure calls for some ...ming. Herewith some highlights.

PAVILIONS

SPAIN'S pavilion is a gentle interlacing ...courtyards and corridors filled with ...less surprises of light and shadow. Its ...ractions include priceless paintings of ...d modern masters, an impressive ...wing of its young avant-garde artists, ...k dancers who perform in a garden ...ded with red geraniums and, in the ...arket Plaza, hot *churros* and cold *hor-...ta*. It alone is easily worth a day at the ...r.

JAPAN juxtaposes its ancient arts with ...s modern technological achievements: ...e delicacy of flower arranging and a ...odel of the world's fastest train, wood-...ock printing and powerful microscopes. ...ominating the three-building complex is ...e of the finest works of art created for ...e fair—Masayuki Nagare's thunderous ...one wall, carved out of lava rock.

JOHNSON'S WAX has a fine film totally ...nocent of commercial or waxy intent. ...little boy stares at the city through a ...ism that changes boredom to beauty. ...r the viewer the film does much the ...me thing. *To Be Alive!* is one of the ...w events worth a wait.

GENERAL ELECTRIC. Part of the outside ...ll revolves, taking six auditoriums full ...f people around Walt Disney's puppet ...ma of domestic electricity. In the ...ilding's core, there is a show about the ...iverse on the dome and a display of ...om fusion in the basement.

IBM. A huge hydraulic mechanism ...grinds away and whisks you 53 ft. up into ...IBM's huge egg nesting in steel trees. ...There you can peek 90 ft. down to the ...ground or settle back and be assaulted by ...a plethora of images flipping onto nine ...screens faster than you can blink.

COCA-COLA. In this delightful walk-...through exhibit, Coke turns up in the ...damedest places: hidden in a Hong Kong ...fish market, along the Taj Mahal's jas-...mine-scented promenade, tucked in a Ba-...varian snowbank, cooling in a Cambodian ...rain forest, or gracing the captain's table ...on a cruise ship to Rio.

PROTESTANT AND ORTHODOX CENTER. For ...an eloquent little film called *Parable*, ...writer-Director Rolf Forsberg chose a ...setting much like the fair itself. A sad-...faced clown in whiteface trails behind a ...circus troupe, collects a host of friends ...and a slew of enemies. Finally, when he ...frees some human puppets from their cruel ...manipulator, he is symbolically crucified.

FINE ARTS. The former Argentine pavil-...ion makes a splendid, spacious showcase ...for "American Art Today"—250 paint-...ings, prints and sculptures from as many ...contemporary artists. Most modern mas-...ters are represented, but a certain homo-...geneity makes the exhibition less exciting ...than it could have been.

ILLINOIS. Honest Abe sits somber and ...silent in a high-back chair, rises, bows, ...and delivers a 10-min. oration. Disney's ...Lincoln is a little stolid, but then he is ...stuffed with things like steel, air tubes and ...hydraulic valves.

FLORIDA has pink flamingos nuzzling in a garden, porpoises prancing in a pool, and a little gem of an art show. The 13 paintings and three sculptures, all master-works, include a Rubens, a Veronese, one of Monet's wavery *Water Lilies*, a smooth Brancusi bronze, a stark Soulages and Gaston Lachaise's *Elevation*.

VATICAN. Some 78,000 people daily have been viewing the *Pietà*. That its monumental tenderness manages to penetrate the frigid atmosphere is a tribute to Michelangelo's genius. In the chapel upstairs is *The Good Shepherd*, a magnificent early Roman sculpture, also from the Vatican's vast collection.

GENERAL MOTORS' Futurama ride glides past floating space stations and aquacopters touring the ocean's depths. What excites the imagination most is what seems most possible (and needed): three dream cars designed to run on automatic highways where the driver would push a route-programmed punch card into a slot, turn over all controls for the trip to an electronic system.

FORD. New cars carry fairgoers into a Disney version of the prehistoric past; the rest of the place seems filled with Fords —new, old, antique, and even parked in ponds around the pavilion like, well, like water lilies.

ENTERTAINMENT

OREGON. A logger jubilee on the banks of the Flushing River. Husky lumberjacks like "Big Bad John" Miller saw and chop through giant timber in jig time, logrollers joust each other into the amber waters, and a death-defying treetopper climbs a towering Douglas fir to do the Charleston 110 ft. up—without a net.

CARIBBEAN. At night torches blaze in the breeze, couples congregate at thatched-roof tables, while brown-skinned babes in tighter-than-skin pants gyrate to the hot blasts and calypso beat of bongo drums and steel bands. There is no place to dance, but the itchy-footed shake or shuffle outside on the sidewalk. It is, perhaps, better not to mention the food, but there is a $3 minimum after 6 p.m.

HELICOPTER TOUR. From the air, the riotous array of bubble-tops, fluted roofs and rainbow-colored domes make the fair look like a toyland tucked along Flushing Bay. Choppers lift off every eight minutes from the Port Authority heliport, make a figure 8 before plumping back down.

THE AFRICAN PAVILION is the swingingest —and the noisiest—place at the fair. For $1 you can walk past monkeys, giraffes, and native *objets d'art* into a gravel clearing surrounded by African hus flying the flags of 24 small nations, there watch red-robed Royal Burundi drummers, Olatunji and his passion drums, and gaily garbed Watusi warrior dancers.

CHILDREN & TEENAGERS

U.S. RUBBER. A giant rubber tire, six stories tall, frames a newfangled Ferris wheel popular with youngsters. After loading up, the swinging bucket seats go for a two-trip spin over the top.

HALL OF SCIENCE. Atomsville, U.S.A., is strictly for small fry. So that parents will take the hint, the entrance is only 5-ft. high. The little visitors can pospect for uranium on a world map, produce electricity by riding bicycles, shoot ' at "uranium atoms" on a *pinball* and measure their weight in atom seem to have plenty of fun, whet not they learn very much about ato

TIVOLI GARDENS PLAYGROUND. The Da are adept at entertaining children, a they take it seriously. Created by 13 of Denmark's top artists and architects, the playground is modeled after Copenhagen's. Kids can sail paper boats in shallow canals or swoop down a slippery slide into a sandbox, sit at tiny-tot tables and watch fireflies flit in the trees or play hide-and-seek in a maze with magic mirrors.

MINNESOTA brings a bit of the Big Woods to Flushing Meadow. Through winding waters and twisting tunnels, you can paddle your own canoe or, from a wooden bridge, fish for well-fed trout that will outfox the most dexterous angler.

RESTAURANTS

FESTIVAL OF GAS. Its blue and green color scheme is one of the coolest sights in the industrial area. From the glass-walled room, the diner can look out over a flower-sprinkled moat while enjoying such entrées as compote of squab, tenderloin flared in bourbon or baked country ham. $6-$12.*

TOLEDO, in the Spanish pavilion. "French cuisine is the best in the world," says Spanish Chef Francisco Gonzalez, "that is, the way I do it." The way he does it is just fine, and so is the service by a small armada of trim, bolero-jacketed waiters. $5-$25. The pavilion's No. 2 restaurant, the Granada, serves an all-Spanish menu that features *gazpacho* and *paella* at slightly lower prices.

THE MILLSTONE. From the colonial atmosphere of the New England pavilion's restaurant, you can look out onto a millpond while enjoying down East specialties like johnnycakes with hot maple syrup, clam chowder, giant breaded lobster, blueberry slump and apple grunt. $5-$9.

MOULTRAY'S POLYNESIAN. The Polynesian punch, served in an earthen vessel that looks like a tiny totem pole, is garnished with fruits and flowers and little lantern. Egg rolls are stuffed with tangy tidbits, and steak and shrimp are served on small bamboo spears. $3-$12.

FOCOLARE, in the Mexican pavilion, is one of the handsomest dining rooms at the fair. It serves good Mexican food (chicken, tacos and enchiladas) while *mariachis* serenade the cocktail crowd in the Café Alameda below. $4-$15.

MARYLAND'S restaurant overlooks a fisherman's wharf with eel pots dangling in the water, is a favorite for those who like down-home cooking. On the menu: terrapin, shad roe and, of course, Southern-style fried chicken. $3-$10.

DENMARK. The modern Danish restaurant has a sumptuous cold table that includes herring, lobster, salmon and eight different meats. The akvavit comes packed in ice, and packs a wallop of its own. $6.

SWEDEN, too, has a smorgasbord, but here you help yourself. $6.

INDONESIA. The royal-looking pavilion shaped like a crown houses a favorite feeding spot for potentates and VIPs. An Indonesian feast is served, while on a center stage Sumatran and Balinese beauties oscillate to the contrapuntal gongs of the gamelan. $7.

* Dinner prices per person.

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

Party in San Francisco

Sir: How can anyone blame Ike for refusing to endorse a G.O.P. nominee for President? After all, it was he who recommended our present Chief Justice. Such a horrible blunder should keep him silent for the rest of his life.

V. C. SILER

Ramona, Calif.

Sir: President Johnson is selling this country short by his refusal to tell the American people the truth about the dangers we face with Red China and Russia. Senator Goldwater is a true American who wants to defend the rights of every American. When Goldwater becomes President, the White House will become a place of truth and sincerity.

NICHOLAS KLIROS

Lowell, Mass.

Sir: I am disturbed by the large number of letters in your column that imply that if one is not for Goldwater, one's patriotism is somehow suspect. I hope that such a basically undemocratic way of thinking represents only a small number of the Goldwater supporters.

HOWARD C. WOLFE

New York City

Sir: If Goldwater wins the nomination, Lyndon Johnson gets my vote, and the Democratic Party gets my registration. My Republican Party will be defunct, and I cannot support a party remade and rewritten to conform with a man who is not a Republican. My duty is to my country first and party second.

C. G. CAMPBELL

Annapolis

Sir: Barry Goldwater represents the first major breakthrough in "political conservatism" since the days of Teddy Roosevelt. Let's rid ourselves of this clique of liberals, Commie lovers, "intellectuals" and spendnuts; let's extinguish the eternal flame of mediocrity and move up to greatness.

C. RAND

Boston

Sir: It is a downright pity to see great Americans like Romney, Ike and Dirksen refuse to speak against Barry. Instead of doing what they know is morally right, they jump on Barry's bandwagon for personal rewards. As a Democrat, I congratulate Scranton and Lodge for giving Goldwater a fight.

RICHARD CONSOLA

Boston

Sir: Goldwater's views do not disturb me so much as the fact that his views apparently do not represent the majority of Republicans in this country. I hope that the system by which we nominate a candidate for the presidency has not degenerated to the point where the candidate is chosen irrespective of the wishes of the people who make up the party whose label he wears.

RICHARD SELDEN EATON

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Senator Dirksen's nimble leap aboard the Goldwater bandwagon [July 10] is a sad exercise in a politician's descent from statesmanship. We are fortunate that he cannot take back the civil rights bill and the test ban treaty even as he forfeits our confidence and trust.

DAVID L. PASSMAN

Chicago

Sir: It is difficult for me, or any other Republican, to believe that Senator Dirksen "fully intends to be on what he feels is the winning side." It is more factual to say that Senator Dirksen is on the side that he feels is the right side—win, lose, or draw.

KURT BAYMILLER

Watertown, S. Dak.

Missing in Mississippi

Sir: I am outraged and disgusted that members of our U.S. Navy are used for the purpose of trying to locate three no-good rabblerousers in the South. Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman went to Mississippi looking for trouble, and if they got it, they deserved it.

MRS. ROBERT W. LISTER

Lawton, Okla.

Sir: Would not the people in the North react violently to an equal number of Southern students entering Harlem with a similar purpose? Human nature being what it is, I believe they would. It is time for the Northern press and civil rights groups to take care of their own problems before interfering in those of the South. When will the hypocrisy end?

J. DAVID KELLEY

Wayne, N.J.

Sir: Your statement that "despite its high purpose, the Negro revolution breeds violence and death" [July 3] must have been welcomed in the South. If the three young men had chosen to spend a less dedicated, more relaxed summer, if Postman William Moore had stayed off the highways, if the Negro girls had slept late and not attended their Birmingham church, and if Medgar Evers had never joined the N.A.A.C.P., there would still be violence and death in the South. There always has been.

ANITA ZELMO

Los Angeles

Relentless Ice

Sir: Your fine, factual account of the dramatic rescue from Antarctica was well done [July 3]. Only those of us who have wintered over on the ice and can "see" the lights of Scott Base can appreciate the awesomeness of Lieut. Mason's task. I feel sure that he was watched over not only by "the Man upstairs" but by the spirits of Scott, Wilson and Bowers, whose bodies still lie encased in the relentless ice only a few miles from where the aircraft set down.

JOHN WALTER KELSEY, Jr.
Commander, U.S. Navy

Fort Amador, Canal Zone

Key to Defeat?

Sir: The warm and enthusiastic reception that Attorney General Robert Kennedy received from the people of "Communist" Poland [July 10] clearly shows that the key to the defeat of Communism lies in Eastern Europe. If handled correctly, the affection that the satellite countries have for Western democracy will spread into the Soviet Union itself.

JOHN J. NEUBERT

Yonkers, N.Y.

Scanning Scandinavia

Sir: Your writers managed to bring the whole world of Scandinavia concisely and fully into the pages of TIME [July 3]. You have pinpointed the reasons why the number of North American visitors to Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden have increased more than three times over in the last ten years: they go, not only for pleasure, but also to observe and study the exciting and, on the whole, remarkably successful Scandinavian solutions to so many of the problems that face our societies.

TORE H. NILERT
President

Scandinavian Airlines System, Inc.
New York City

Sir: I would guess that your picture of the "craggy Scandinavian coast" must be from the wild west of Norway, but precisely where?

REIDAR F. SOGNNAES, D.M.D.

Los Angeles

▶ *Wrong guess. It's the western coast of Suderø, one of the Færøerne Islands belonging to Denmark.*—ED.

Sir: I am here on holiday visiting American relatives, and read your Scandinavia article. Why do you deceive your readers into thinking we Swedes are capitalists? We have been Socialist for many years. As for having a living standard higher than yours, I never see at home the poverty, filth and lack of hope I see here in the U.S.

BERIT ENGSTROM

St. Louis

Sir: Although I have always been sharply critical of TIME, I must admit you have made an honest and objective presentation of the subject of Scandinavia. You did not spice the story with distortions on Scandinavian welfare schemes, suicide rates, divorce rates, etc. I was amazed at

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
Sullivan 31
Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city state or province country

CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Digitized by eGangotri

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...treatment of sexual mores. It's good ...know that it is possible for the nation's ...est newsmagazine to report objectively.

ROGER RAPOPORT

...orth Muskegon, Mich.

...Having been a regular visitor to ...candinavia for 15 years, I am appre... ...ative of your article on Scandinavia. ...owever, the article failed to give due ...ognition to Norway, the country that ...as been our closest ally from a military ...andpoint—as well as a land offering ...ore cultural, scenic and commercial at... ...ractions than were depicted. You failed to ...ention that Norway's unemployed totals ...out 2,700, or about 1/15 of 1% of the ...tal population. Also, Norway gives ben... ...its to its workers as yet unheard of in ...e U.S., but industry still competes in ...orld markets.

D. F. NUGENT JR.

...ellesley, Mass.

...crupulous Advice

...r. Houston Police Chief McGill's ...ocking statement that "naturally we ...ould like to talk to a person before his ...wyer does, because we know that many ...lawyer is unscrupulous and will advise ...is client to say nothing" [July 3], dis... ...lays so egregious an ignorance of the ...ndamental concepts of Anglo-American ...iminal law and the constitutional safe... ...ards underlying our accusatorial system ...at I would not have believed it possible ...r a man in his position.

LEO KEARNEY O'DRUDY JR.

...earsley, Heap & O'Drudy ...rstow, Calif.

...ets of Persia

...r: Ghalib and Mîr [June 26] are to ...e Urdu language what Shakespeare and ...ton are to English. They are names ...conjure with in the Urdu-knowing ...untries of India and Pakistan. Describ... ...ing them as "minor Persian poets" is a ...rank inexactitude.

M. AKRAM KHAN

...yderabad, India

...nes on the Burtons

...r: I was there at the Burtons' poetry ...ading (but not with my bathing suit ...der my dinner gown), and I felt exactly ...e Agnes [July 3]. Poor, fat Elizabeth ...ylor trying desperately to be an actress! ...e belongs in films but surely not in ...ont of an audience. She just doesn't have ...t. Richard Burton's voice is truly great ...d he is a great actor. But please do tell ...izabeth to stay off the stage and remain ...those big color extravaganza movies ...ere she looks so much better and ...esn't have to act.

HELEN MOORE

...rden City, N.Y.

Dear Agnes: Gosh, I'll bet your school ...per thought your letter was the coolest, ...al TW3. But gee, Agnes, to us alumni ...was dullsville, collegiate, bah, bah, bah. ...ke when I shell out jack for a news ...ag, I want to know what's really going ...n, see? I mean like I just want the facts ...t a Hedda Hopper field report. So turn ...e column back to Daddy, baby, and ...joy your vacation. Love,

JORDAN NELSON

...w York City

We Think We've Got It

...r: An axiom in show business seems ...be that it doesn't matter what they say ...out you as long as they spell your name ...ght—or, as in my case, as long as they ...ell your father's name right. In spelling ...y father's name A-a-r-o-n C-o-p-l-a-n-d [July 3], you were slightly off the mark. Actually my father spells his name I-s-i-d-o-r-e M-i-l-l-e-r, and he sired not only me, Joan, but a brother (a playwright), who spells his name A-r-t-h-u-r M-i-l-l-e-r. Miller is our family name, and Copeland is simply a name I chose upon deciding on a theatrical career. I would be most grateful if you would make note of the above correction, both to quiet Mr. Copland's nerves, and to set my dear father's suspicions at rest.

JOAN M. COPELAND

New York City

Harlow the Actress

Sir: So Jean Harlow [July 3] "could not act," eh? I wonder if your book reviewer ever saw *Bombshell* or *Redheaded Woman* or *Dinner at Eight* or *The Girl from Missouri* or *Red Dust* or *Beast of the City* or *China Seas* or *The Public Enemy* or even *Hell's Angels*? I wonder, in fact, if your reviewer has ever seen any Hollywood films made in the '20s and early '30s; if he had, he would not have singled out Jean Harlow for "refusal to wear a brassière." That was standard practice. Nor is he up on his clinical psychology. Nymphomania is not something girls have "bouts" of. You either got it, or you ain't. The details of Jean Harlow's short, unhappy life may not be savory, but that is no cause to sully her image as it remains to us on the screen: that of a vibrant and beautiful woman with more temperament and talent than a carload of today's pneumatic wonders.

DAN M. MORGENSTERN

New York City

Poster Art

Sir: I was astonished that the article *La Belle Epoque* [July 10] made no reference to the exhibition of posters at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Palais du Louvre. The exhibition will continue until Oct. 5.

RENÉ SALANON
Chief Curator

Musée des Arts Décoratifs
Paris

Maids in America

Sir: As an English secretary, I cannot agree that we are overpaid or that we take jobs away from American girls [July 10]. I have found that here in New York you can only earn what you are worth and not a penny more, that you must be prepared to cater to your boss's every whim, make the coffee, order the lunch, wipe the catchup off his tie, sew the buttons on his jacket, and generally be the head cook and bottle-washer and be "personable" at all times. My dear editor, in England they do not call this a "secretary"—this is a "maid." American girls don't want these jobs, and I don't blame them.

DORIS HURST

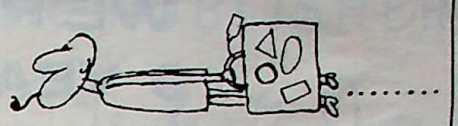
New York City

Detecting Diabetes

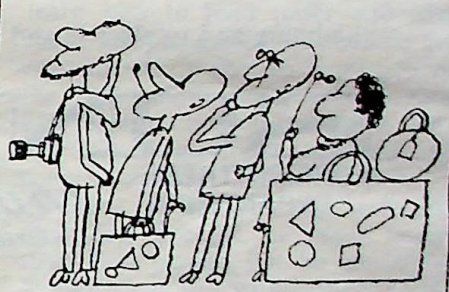
Sir: You are to be commended for alerting the public to the opportunities now available for earlier detection of diabetes mellitus [June 26]. The technique used by the Diabetes Association of Greater Cleveland is an excellent method. It is difficult to screen large numbers in this manner. The Michigan Diabetes Detection Program has been able to screen almost 100,000 persons per year through the wholehearted cooperation of the Michigan State Medical Society, other medical associations, and the local physicians and health officers of the community.

JOHN B. BRYAN, M.D.
President

Michigan Diabetes Association
Detroit



How to avoid the rush at exchange counters

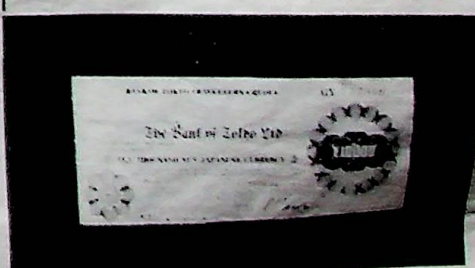


Literally thousands of visitors are expected for the Olympic Games in Tokyo this year.

The best way to avoid the rush at exchange counters is to convert your money before leaving your country. Bank of Tokyo has outlets all over the world where you can purchase Yen Travellers Cheques. As the saying goes, one shouldn't go anywhere in Japan without Bank of Tokyo Yen Travellers Cheques.

BANK OF TOKYO

Head Office: Tokyo, Japan



CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WE'RE ONLY 9 YEARS OLD

(and already we have a reputation) Not many companies brag about how *young* they are. We do for a reason. In only nine years Sunwave products have found their way into 28 countries in North, Central and South America, Europe and throughout the Far East. This kind of world-wide attention is a tribute to the quality you'll find in any Sunwave product. It's an example of what can be accomplished when you try hard to make the best.

We try hard in six huge factories, 101 domestic offices and branches overseas in Paris and New York. You can test the quality of our efforts in a wide range of appliances for the home and in electric and electronic components for industry.

SUNWAVE
FOREIGN TRADE DEPARTMENT *industrial co., ltd.*
5, 4-chome, Yaesu, Chuo-ku, Tokyo, Japan

CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Digitized by eGangotri

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

.....HEDLEY DONOVAN
IEF.....ANDREW HEISKELL
OF THE BOARD.....JAMES A. LINEN
.....HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.....ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. John Koffend, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Mar- Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert Laughlin, John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Bachman, Jon Borgzinner, Clell Bryant, Richard Cavanagh, John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene Davidson, Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Dudley Arnold, Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Grossman, Hall, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, Leon Jaroff, Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ray Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ray Kennedy, Ronald P. Kriss, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Levitas, George Love, Richard Murphy, Philip Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, Jerrold Silverter, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Nancy Atkinson, B. Badger, Reva Berger, Jean Bergerud, Karen Bath, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Nicolette Caliendo, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Lea Guyer, Deborah Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Marguerite Johnson, Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Klehan, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Krieger, Judith Liersch, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Mann, Shirley Monck, Deborah Hanson Murphy, Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia Pantel, Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Pikul, Ruth Reed, Kupsick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Shuler, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Thomas, Fortunata Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Wareman, Susanne S. Washburn, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Smith, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Hunter Cook Jr., Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, Peter A. Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, William Oldmakers, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin Zeis. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Berger, Christopher Porterfield, Miriam Rumwell, Arlie Schardt. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Robert W. Sharrow, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Porter, Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. Richarter NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Israel Shenker, Christopher T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. CORPUS CHRISTI-HOUSTON: Harry Johnston, Dudley E. Morris Jr., Dallas: Ruth Mehrtens, Robert A. Ellis, John L. Wilhelm. DENVER: Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, Benjamin W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: Roger Stone, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.
LONDON: Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Charles Champlin, Donald S. Connery. PARIS: Curtis Prendergast, Barry Farrell, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Main, Friedel Ungeheuer, James Wilde. COMMON MARKET: Jason McManus. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, Peter Forbath. ROME: Robert E. Jackson. MADRID: Piero Morosini. BEIRUT: George de Carvalho. HONG KONG: Frank McCulloch, Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. TOKYO: William E. Smith. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. SAIGON: Lee Griggs, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. OTTAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Austin Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Peter Ogle. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan, Roger M. Williams. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO DE JANEIRO: John Blashill, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Andrew Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Cunningham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS.....LAWRENCE E. LAYBOURNE
GENERAL MANAGER.....JOHN J. FREY
.....JAMES A. THOMASON

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR.....Edgar R. Baker
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR.....David W. Ballard
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN.....Yasuo Kitaoka
TIME ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....William S. Honneus
LIFE ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THE civil rights issue was close to the top of the news almost every place one looked in the U.S. last week—in Washington, throughout the South, and amid the political sound and maneuver in San Francisco. How the U.S. reacted in the first week of the new law is reported and analyzed in THE U.S. and THE LAW. To complete the perspective on this historic turning point in the relations between the races in the U.S., the editors of TIME decided they should present a deeper analysis of the traditions, emotions and psychological factors that lie at the roots of the problem and the progress. As the subject for that study, they chose the late great novelist William Faulkner, whose perceptive view from within the U.S. South illumined the crisis of conscience in race relations long before it worked its way out of the shadows.

This is Faulkner's second appearance on TIME's cover. The first (Jan. 23, 1939) preceded his Nobel Prize by eleven years and was based on TIME's judgment that he was the "central figure" in Southern literary life. Reaching back to that point and beyond, the raw material for this week's Faulkner story was considerably different from that for most cover stories. Although Senior Editor A. T. Baker, Writer Horace Judson and Researcher Martha McDowell had at hand some 70 pages of current reporting from TIME correspondents covering the civil rights front and a wealth of other background from TIME's library, the bulk of their material came from Faulkner's writings. In ten days of preparing for the story, Judson read or reread from cover to cover some 13 volumes of Faulkner's works.

Judson is especially equipped for an assignment that calls for such concentrated reading. A native New Yorker who graduated from the University of Chicago (A.B.) at 17, Judson at 21 wrote *The Techniques of Reading*, a widely used textbook for college freshmen who want to learn how to read faster and with more comprehension. A onetime bureaucrat (as a civilian employee of the U.S. military in Berlin), reading teacher, book manuscript editor, advertising copywriter and account executive, Judson is now a mainstay of TIME's BOOKS staff. As might be expected, he reads faster than most people, but he considers himself slow as a writer, spent some 70 hours at the typewriter on the Faulkner story.

For the cover portrait, Artist Robert Vickrey did his pen-and-ink drawing from photographs taken not long before Faulkner's death.

WALTER DARAN

HORACE JUDSON

FAULKNER: JAN. 23, 1939

INDEX

Cover Story...28

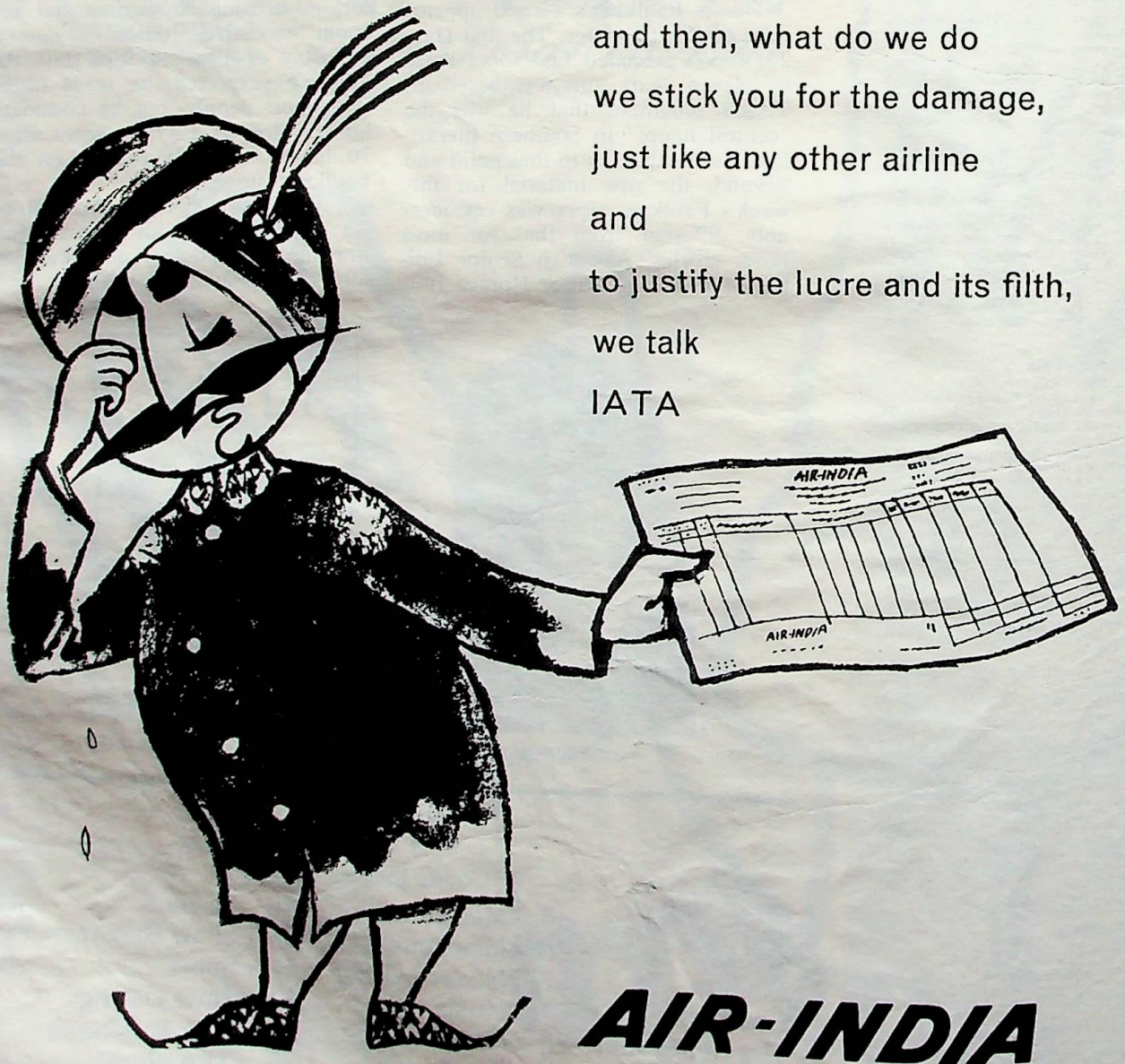
Art.....44	Medicine.....36	Science.....42
Books.....28	Milestones.....56	Show Business.49
Cinema.....67	Modern Living...34	Sport.....54
Education.....27	Music.....47	Time Listings.....2
The Hemisphere 25	People.....26	U.S. Business...58
The Law.....52	Press.....35	The World.....18
Letters.....4	Religion.....40	World Business..64
	The U.S.....9	

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

fakes—like all the rest

long and loud
we talk
of treating you like a Maharajah.
our 'copy' oozes silken talk of
sari-clad hostesses, their gentle charm,
their place of work—your palace in the sky.
we keep reminding you
that service comes
but naturally to us
hallowed by tradition.
and then, what do we do
we stick you for the damage,
just like any other airline
and
to justify the lucre and its filth,
we talk
IATA



AIR-INDIA

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
July 17, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 3

THE U.S.

REPUBLICANS

The Cinched Nomination

In its main order of business, the 1964 Republican National Convention was all but over before it began. Barry Goldwater's presidential nomination was as close to a cinch as anything in politics can be.

But that conclusion did very little concluding. Still stretching ahead was the steep, stone-stubbled campaign road to November. And in their anger and anguish at Goldwater's imminent nomination, Barry's Republican critics seized on battle cries that will echo hither and yon—and be picked up by the Democrats—throughout the coming campaign.

When Forthrightness Is Wrong. Candidate William Scranton put it one way. He told the sparse airport audience that greeted his arrival in San Francisco that he would continue his anti-Goldwater fight to keep the G.O.P. from becoming "another name for some ultra-rightist society."

Nelson Rockefeller avowed to the convention Platform Committee that the party cannot expect to win if it seeks to serve "the narrow interests of a minority within a minority"—that is, the Goldwater interests. Henry Cabot Lodge said: "We must never countenance such a thing as a trigger-happy foreign policy which would negate everything we stand for and destroy everything we hope for—including life itself. Many times in foreign relations the thing to do is not to be forthright." Michigan's Governor George Romney asked that the G.O.P. "unequivocally repudiate extremism of the right and the left and reject their efforts to infiltrate or attach themselves to our party or its candidates."

Suicide in Full View? What all this strong talk added up to was the proposition that Goldwater's nomination would cause an irreparable party split, that by nominating Barry, the G.O.P., in effect, would be committing suicide in full public view.

But would it? Though many Democrats might desire it, the answer was no. If Goldwater, by some miracle of political chemistry, were to be denied the nomination, there would indeed be a split, even the possibility of a third party formed by his followers. But with Barry on the very brink of victory, there was no evidence whatever that his Republican critics had enough cohesiveness to make 1964 a Bull Moose year.

Goldwater's nomination may cause some professional Republicans, for their own particular and perhaps understandable reasons, to stray from the national party fold. Among these is New York's Senator Kenneth Keating, up for re-election this year in a northeastern industrial state where Barry has little appeal. Keating has decided to wage his Senate campaign as an "independent" Republican if Goldwater is nominated, and last week he hinted that he might even vote for Lyndon Johnson in November. "I'm a good Republican," said Keating, "but not a hidebound Republican."

Next Step. As for all the talk that Goldwater represents only a small segment of the Republican spectrum, that he would be the nominee of "a minority within a minority," Barry had his own facts and figures to point at. After all, the overwhelming delegate strength that he brought to San Francisco came from all sections of the U.S., and could by no means be narrowly categorized as a mere handful of "extremists."

None of this means that Goldwater is going to have anything but a desperately difficult time trying to beat President Johnson. His party, if not split, is deeply divided. Having surged to the nomination as the G.O.P.'s Mr. Conservative, he must next conciliate and corral his party's more liberal members if he is to have a chance of election. In other words, his theme from now on must be party unity.

He made a good start in San Francisco. Warnings went out to his workers, who were thronging into the city, not to be too obstreperous in their enthusiasm. When the anti-Goldwater forces tried to pick a fight over the party platform, Barry was all sweet reason. He could and would, he said, heartily endorse almost any document the Platform Committee chose to write, and in the unlikely event that the committee were to produce a platform upon which he could not stand, he would "do

AP

GOLDWATER & ELEPHANT SIGN AT SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT
When candor is a virtue instead of a vice.

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

the only honest thing; I would withdraw from the race."

All for One & One for All. More than anything else, Barry preached party unity in his appearance before the Platform Committee, which furnished some of the few dramatic moments of the pre-convention week. At times his harsh, hoarse voice took on a quality that seemed to electrify his audience, which interrupted him 35 times with cheers and hand clapping.

In that statement, Goldwater spoke less of the arguments that divide Republicans than of "the great base of principle" that unites them. "It is urgent," he said, "that we revitalize our constitutional principles in all branches of government, that we reverse the accelerating drift into arbitrary and distant power by reclaiming our legacy of checks and balances."

Goldwater said he was startled by the few times that previous speakers had mentioned Communism. But he was quite willing to make it an issue. "The standard we raise at home is one to which men can repair around the world," he said. "In our reluctance to impose our own ways upon others, we must not be blind to the fact that the world, whether we like it or not, is in a time of choosing . . . When we speak of peace today, and the threats to it, we must, whether we like it or not, speak of Communism.

"We cannot condone the foreign policy of this Administration. This Administration pretends that Communism has so changed that we can now accommodate it. Our party cannot go the final and fatal step and pretend that it doesn't even exist. Your party and mine can responsibly remind all free men that Communism is the enemy—not a friend, and certainly not a fiction."

As a party, Goldwater concluded, the Republicans should identify the central issues of the times and declare the fundamental principles upon which they claim the right of leadership. It is principle, he said, principle and purpose that mark the path of Republican philosophy.

And it is principle and purpose, convincingly displayed during the campaign, that could reunite the Republican Party and give their nominee a chance to beat Johnson.

Back with the Old Barry

Now the Goldwater bandwagon came rolling into the convention city. And behind the wheel, breezy and relaxed as a one-arm driver who is supremely confident of conquest in his courtship, sat Barry Goldwater.

During many of the months of his campaign for the G.O.P. nomination, Goldwater had seemed irritable, withdrawn, genuinely reluctant to fare forth to meet we-the-people, a reckless popoff in his informal pronouncements, and a wooden soldier while reading his formal speeches.

All this dismayed friends and followers who had come to know him as a charming companion, a bluff, gruff-spoken man whose candor was a virtue rather than a vice, a candidate with deep convictions, if not the learnedness or the lingo of a political scientist, about a particular philosophy of government.

AP

GOLDWATER AT HOME IN PHOENIX
For the house in the Elks Club bar.

"Win We Will!" For a while, something had happened to that old Barry. But last week, in the full expectation of victory, he was back. He started out in his own Arizona, riding a palomino in a Prescott parade and looking as though he had been born to the saddle, bellying up to an Elks club bar and buying drinks for the house, hosing the vegetation (which consists in considerable part of cactus) on his Phoenix spread. Then, after a brief trip to Washington, it was on to San Francisco in that same relaxed mood.

Arriving at International Airport, Barry threw off the cloak of professional pessimism about his prospects. "The chances are excellent," he cried, "that we will win on the first ballot!" His audience shouted its approval as Barry continued: "But first ballot or not—win we will!"

Just in case there was any remaining doubt about Goldwater's nomination, it was dispelled a scant five hours after his arrival when word came that Ohio's Governor James Rhodes had given up his favorite-son candidacy, thereby freeing about two-thirds of his state's 58-member delegation to vote for Goldwater on the first ballot.

That Interview. By then, about the only cloud—and it was little more than a speck—left on Goldwater's horizon was the publication of a June 30 interview with a reporter from *Der Spiegel*, a West German weekly newsmagazine. In that interview, Goldwater was asked if he thought that he could defeat Lyndon Johnson. He replied: "If you ask that question as of now—and I also like to answer political questions as of now—no. I don't think any Republican can, as of now . . . I don't think I'd be rash enough to say I could beat Johnson in the South as of now. But come Election Day, there's going to be another horse race, I believe."

Defending his vote against the civil rights bill, Barry stuck by his guns, insisting: "If they could have locked the doors to the Senate and turned the lights off, you wouldn't have gotten 25 votes." And on the question of what he would do about Southeast Asia, Goldwater said: "I would make it abundantly clear—and I think President Johnson is moving in that direction—that we aren't going to pull out of Southeast Asia. I think that we are going to win, in fact. Now the next decision becomes based on military decisions. I don't think that's up to a presidential candidate, or even a President. I would turn to my Joint Chiefs of Staff and say, 'Fellows, we made the decision to win, now it's your problem.' "

As Goldwater himself later pointed out, there was nothing in his [illegible] interview that he had not said [illegible]. But as he did not point out, such statements had landed him in political trouble before, and the timing of his latest remarks seemed singularly unpropitious. At any rate, Bill Scranton and other anti-Goldwater Republican leaders grasped at the interview as though at a life belt tossed into a raging sea. "Barry Goldwater has now decided to defoliate the Republican Party," cried Scranton. "How could delegates nominate someone who says he can't win?" Of Goldwater's civil rights views and his Senate vote against the civil rights bill, Scranton said: "We must ask ourselves what events the Senator is looking forward to before November to improve his chances in the South. Tragically, there can be but one explanation. He or those close to him hope to gain by racial unrest in this nation." As for Goldwater's proposed Southeast Asia policy, Scranton snapped: "This is another example of his failure to comprehend that being President of the United States is not the same as being a benevolent chairman of the board—letting others decide when nuclear destruction should be unleashed."

The Needles. Even though Goldwater may again have been indiscreet in his *Spiegel* statements, Scranton's assault did not add up to the Pennsylvanian's finest hour, and Barry largely negated its effect during his appearance before the Platform Committee next day.

After his strong, sometimes stirring plea for party unity, Goldwater [illegible]

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...e the committee to answer ques-
...—which came mostly in the form
...ndling from Scrantonites.
...hat was Goldwater's thinking as to
...er control of the use of nuclear
...ons should be in hands other than
...President's? Patiently, Barry said
...e had been misquoted, that U.S.
...llows no one but the President to
...horize the use of nuclear weapons,
..."I can't change that law." Anyhow,
...continued, he would favor giving
...the Supreme Allied Commander,
...e—presently General Lyman
...mpitzer—a degree of authority about
...lear weapons. He carefully ex-
...ned that he was not talking about
...-range, strategic missiles, but rath-
...bout the low-yield, tactical weapons
...und which Western Europe's de-
...se is now built—"ones small enough
...e carried on the shoulder, small
...gh to be launched from aircraft.
...fearful of the day if it ever comes
...nd I hope it doesn't—when Russia
...ght attack our bases with these tac-
...al nuclear weapons and we would
...e to reply with conventional weap-
... I would hope that something could
...worked out in the case of NATO,
...NATO alone."

...Barry's vote against the civil rights
...—and his argument that some of its
...visions were unconstitutional—also
...e under attack. Would he, as Presi-
...t, work to have the law repealed?
..."That's not in my opinion the duty
...a President," said Goldwater. "I
...ink the legislative branch has now
...en for the majority of the party—
...e majority of the American people—
...d while I didn't agree and I repre-
...nted the minority, I stand with the
...jority, and just as Harry Truman
...d when he vetoed the Taft-Hartley
...t he later used it six times even
...gh he didn't like it."

The only Negro member of the Plat-
...m Committee, George A. Parker
...m the District of Columbia, was
...t satisfied. He doubted that Gold-
...er could "consistently, conscien-
...sly and in good faith use the powers
..."prestige" of the presidency to carry
...the civil rights law. Goldwater
rushed, but held his temper. "When you use that argument," he said, "you are questioning my honesty, and I should resent it but I won't." Parker insisted that he was doing no such thing. Said Goldwater: "Well, you are, sir. I will uphold that law because it is the voice of the majority. And if I'm your President, I will do something about this in more ways than the law."

Thus, during his Platform Committee appearance, and indeed throughout his entire performance in San Francisco last week, Goldwater was the old Barry, the one who behaves best when he is relaxed and confident. No one can say how he would act if he were to lose the Republican nomination. But he was surely showing himself to be a good winner.

The Last Calls

By the time he got to San Francisco, Bill Scranton's machine was in full gear. In 48 rooms on three floors of the Mark Hopkins Hotel, scores of eager workers performed their appointed tasks—from drafting speeches to ordering cookie and fruit between-meals snacks for the candidate. A complex communications network had been installed—including a 15-circuit phone switchboard, and a special "hot line" system linking hotel headquarters to the Cow Palace convention floor and to two communications trailers parked outside. Code words were used in telephone conversations to confuse possible eavesdroppers, and the whole headquarters area had been combed for electronic bugs that Goldwater gumshoes might have concealed.

Guards stood outside the locked door of Room 1202—"The Delegate Control Center"—where trusted Scranton aides worked diligently by phone to shake out new delegate strength. At their disposal were three separate and expertly cross-referenced filing systems, including boxes of index cards, fat black notebooks and large manila envelopes, all packed with vital information on each of 1,308 delegates, 1,308 alternates, and dozens of key politicians. Inherited from Nelson Rockefeller, the files contained names, ages, financial background, marital status, business contacts, clubs, fraternities, presidential preference, and the names of friends or associates who might put pro-Scranton pressure on the delegates. So precious were these files that Scranton's men had divided them into six sections for the trip from Harrisburg to San Francisco, packed a guard along with each segment on a different train or plane so no single railroad wreck or air crash could destroy the whole package.

All told, Scranton's San Francisco operation would cost some $200,000. But all the money and effort somehow seemed wasted. In the brief four weeks of his campaign, Scranton had covered some 20,000 miles, visited 25 states—including a second trip last week to Illinois, where he boarded a five-car Illinois Central Railroad train for an old-fashioned whistle-stop tour through cornfield country. But he made no notable impact, and in Springfield, Mayor Nelson Howarth sadly summed up the situation when he said to the Governor: "Why didn't you come here in April, when the prevailing wind was out of the East, instead of July when a hot wind is blowing from the Southwest?"

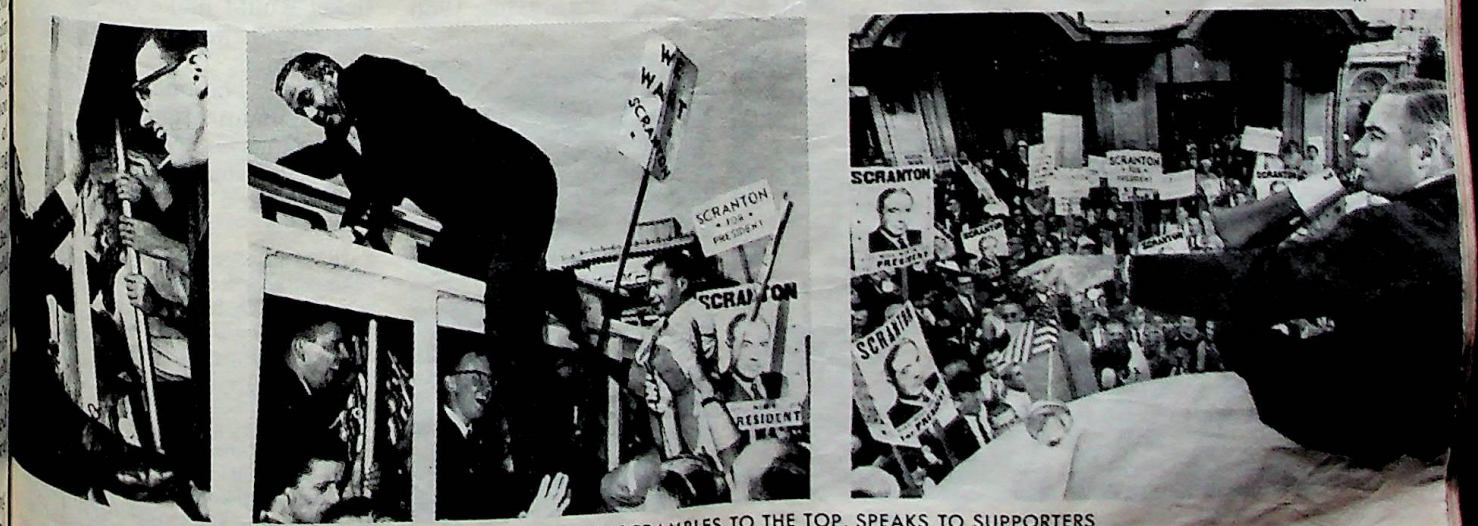
And so, despite all his elaborate machinery, at week's end Bill Scranton was reduced to performing the most disheartening chore that can come to any candidate: making personal phone calls to delegates and pleading for help that he must have known would not be forthcoming.

Shuffling the Planks

Most of the Platform Committee hoopla came over the appearances of the presidential candidates and their top supporters. But during its pre-convention week the committee, chaired by Wisconsin's Representative Melvin Laird, also took testimony from spokesmen for some 170 organizations, ranging from Americans for Democratic Action to the Izaak Walton League and the American Committee for the Independence of Armenia.

There was, for example, a full after-

AP



SCRANTON BOARDS CABLE CAR, SCRAMBLES TO THE TOP, SPEAKS TO SUPPORTERS
Up the hill and down the hill, a long, hard way.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

noon devoted to hearing the representatives of civil rights organizations. The N.A.A.C.P.'s Roy Wilkins, a Democrat, praised Republicans in Congress for their part in passage of the Civil Rights Act, but, in a plain dig at Goldwater, deplored the doubts about the measure's constitutionality as expressed "by aspirants to public office."

"A Cruel Jest." Martin Luther King Jr. pleaded for a "G.I. Bill" for Negroes, explaining: "Negroes must not only have the right to go into any establishment open to the public, but they must also be absorbed into our economic system so they can afford to exercise that right. Giving a pair of shoes to a man who has not learned to walk is a cruel jest." King also urged that the Federal Government take stronger steps toward stopping civil rights violence in the South before it happens. Said he: "If our Government is capable of gathering intelligence information in a matter of hours from all parts of the world and has been able to maintain a constant surveillance of the U.S. Communist Party, is it not also capable of maintaining a surveillance of terroristic groups and persons subverting the Constitution of the United States by arson, bombings and murder of civil rights workers?"

A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany sharply attacked U.S. trade with Communist countries. "A generation ago we were bitterly opposed to doing business as usual with Hitler," he said. "Half a generation ago we were bitterly opposed to doing business as usual with Stalin. Today we are equally opposed to doing business as usual with Stalin's de-Stalinized successors." W. P. Gullander, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, urged another tax cut. Said he: "A further tax reduction during the 1960s is not only feasible, but it is also well within the bounds of responsible fiscal policy."

"White-Sneakered Amateurs." But even as the torrent of testimony continued to flow in public, the real shaping and shuffling of the platform planks took place in the nighttime privacy of hotel rooms, where drafting subcommittees worked till dawn. Frustrated by the Goldwater forces' kill-'em-with-kindness strategy, anti-Goldwater leaders fell to squabbling among themselves. Scranton-supporting committee members, led by Pennsylvania's Senator Hugh Scott, wrote 31 different drafts of a proposed civil rights plank before they could agree on one.

After one such session in a ninth-floor suite of the St. Francis Hotel, Massachusetts' fiery Congressman Silvio Conte fumed at the ineffectiveness of his fellow Scrantonites. They were, he cried, a bunch of "white-sneakered amateurs," and he added: "I'm ready to pack up and go home."

With the Scranton platform advisers so disorganized, the Platform Committee heavily pro-Goldwater and a majority of the key Drafting Committee also for Barry, the final product obviously would be a platform upon which Goldwater could run. So, for that matter, could most any other Republican.

The Working List

Veep guessing is perhaps the least profitable of political pastimes. But the guessers keep guessing and, more important, prospective presidential nominees encourage the game for all it's worth.

John F. Kennedy, during his 1960 pre-convention campaign, turned playing from an inexact art into a science; he had everyone from Hen Loveless (Iowa) to George Do (Kansas) to Edmund ("Pat") B (California) to Henry M. ("Sc Jackson (Washington) thinking might be his running mate. And promoting the possibilities, he w fair number of delegate votes their states.

Last week it appeared that Goldwater might have taken a pa two from Kennedy's book. At a his San Francisco forces were around a "working list" of five to presidential prospects—even wi sisting that it was highly tentativ that the candidate himself had n made up his mind and was "com to nobody."

The list:

▶ Pennsylvania's Scranton, whose ence on the ticket would pro G.O.P. unity and help Barry in th dustrial Northeast. Scranton ha peatedly said he does not want the presidential nomination, and last Goldwater said: "I don't think e of us would be comfortable run with the other." Still, there are str arguments that a Goldwater-Scra ticket would make the best of pol sense, and the possibility should n ruled out.*

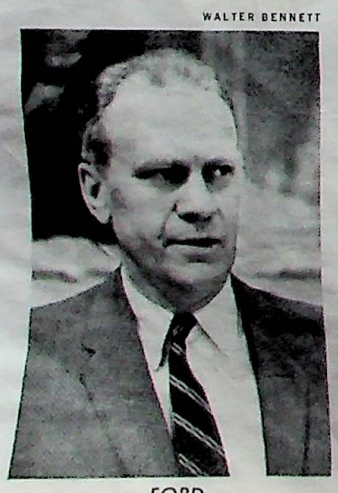
▶ G.O.P. National Committee C man William Miller, a New York C gressman who could also give the a Northeastern tinge, a Catholic orator with a gift for tough-talking

* In 1960, Senate Majority Leader L Johnson scorned the suggestion that he accept the Democratic vice-presidential nation, saying it would be "trading a vo a gavel." Before the reconciliation, he refer to Kennedy as "young Jack," said nedy had rolled up primary victories "Jack was out kissing babies while I was ing bills." In the heat of battle, Johnson above rattling the long-closeted skeleto Old Joe Kennedy's days as U.S. Ambass to England: "I wasn't any Chamberlain brella policy man. I never thought Hitle right."

MILLER WITH DAUGHTERS ELIZABETH ANN, 20, MARY KAREN, 17, & WIFE STEPHANIE

A family is an asset in anybody's campaign.

WALTER BENNETT



FORD

ARTHUR SIEGEL

JUDD

HENRY GROSSMAN

MORTON

Nominees encourage the game.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...-cut looking 50-year-old with a ...some wife and four attractive chil... who would be an asset in any... campaign. But he is a relatively ...own politician who is not even ...ing for re-election this year from ...up state New York congressional ...

...Representative Gerald ...Michigan's ...ranking Republican on the House ...se Appropriations Subcommittee, ...e views favoring an ever stronger ...defense posture generally coincide ...Barry's, a husky 51-year-old who ...campaign aggressively. He is little ...n nationally, although (who ...ow) some voters might mistake ...for kith or kin to *the* Ford family ...Michigan.

...ntucky's Senator Thruston Mor... an old State Department hand un... Ike, who has served in both branches ...Congress, a former National Com... the chairman, a national figure who ...e even better known after his TV ...earances this week as the permanent ...rman of the convention.

...nnesota's Walter Judd, a former ...ressman and the 1960 convention's ...ote speaker, as eloquent and able ...anti-Communist foreign policy ...esman as the G.O.P. has to offer, ...a loser in his 1962 campaign for re...tion in his own Minneapolis district.

Head Honchos

...st of Barry Goldwater's top po...sides are hardy types who can ...a Navajo or quaff bourbon with ...best of them. Among these, Deni... Kitchel, 56, a wispy, introverted, ...d-of-hearing mining-industry lawyer ...ms as out of place as a Boy Scout ...a bronco. Yet Kitchel served as ...dwater's pre-convention campaign ...ager and will undoubtedly continue ...e, in Barry's own words, "my head ...ho."

...ense & Judgment. The son of a ...gerous lawyer, Kitchel was born ...Bronxville, a New York City suburb, ...educated at St. Paul's, Yale and Har... Law School, set up practice in Ari... in 1934. At first, the young lawyer ..."every intention" of returning to ...hattan. "But every time I did," he ..., "I rode the subway for five ...utes and was confirmed in my de... to stay in Arizona." In Phoenix ...et Goldwater, then general man... of the family department store, ...by the time Barry was elected to ...Senate in 1952 the two were fast ...ds.

"For a long time," says Kitchel, "I'd ...interested in what he stood for—...ping the centralization of federal ...er and firming up our foreign poli... When he got to the Senate, we be... working together quite a bit. I'd ...to give him advice on legislative ...lems he was facing." In May 1963 ...chel left his lucrative Phoenix law ...ctice to join the Goldwater staff, ...set up in a small Washington office ...Barry's manager. Many of Candi...

WALTER BENNETT

ADVISER KITCHEL
The friend who counsels.

date Goldwater's backers were aghast at the appointment of a political amateur whose sole experience had been as counsel to the Arizona state Republican committee. Says Kitchel of such criticism: "I'm inclined to think that the term 'professional' in politics has been a little misunderstood, or misused. As I see it, this is mostly a matter of common sense and judgment."

Ready to Resign. In his exercise of common sense and judgment, Kitchel's sensitivities are sometimes staggered by the folkways of American politics. During Barry's New Hampshire primary campaign, Kitchel watched disgustedly as an eager mother pushed her baby into the candidate's arms. He murmured: "If he kisses that baby, I resign." (Barry didn't kiss and Kitchel didn't resign.) He has also developed a simple expedient for avoiding political arguments that offend him; he simply tunes down his hearing aid.

When Goldwater's campaign seemed to be going badly, Kitchel received much of the blame. He readily admits that he is not much of a political administrator, that much of Goldwater's grass-roots organization sprang up and operated with little help or coordination from his office. But it was Kitchel who made the decisive campaign decision that Goldwater should stop sloshing around like a candidate for alderman, devote his major energies and funds to major appearances, thereby lessen the opportunity for the off-the-cuff remarks that were landing Barry in trouble.

Kitchel is also one of the few men who exercise sufficient intellectual sway over Goldwater to shape his opinions or persuade him to change his mind. It was Kitchel who convinced Goldwater of the crucial value of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (now one of Barry's main pitches) and who argued Goldwater into reversing his stand against the use of federal troops to enforce the Supreme Court's 1954 school-desegregation decision. In his own quiet way, Kitchel downgrades his importance in the Goldwater line-up. "My position," he says, "has been that of a friend who counsels." This week's convention results should show that he has counseled well.

Among the other leading Goldwater lieutenants:

▶ Richard G. Kleindienst, 40, director of campaign field operations. As extraverted as Kitchel is introverted, Kleindienst rose through the G.O.P. ranks in Arizona to become state party chairman and, as one friend puts it, "a full-fledged political animal." As Goldwater's advance man, Kleindienst has displayed a tendency to whirl off handshaking and backslapping in all directions. When he first barnstormed into Chicago, complains one Goldwater man, he rushed about making deals only to find he had missed the real party leaders, later had to do some fancy backpedaling. Kleindienst also finds time to promote his own political fortunes, has announced as a candidate for Governor of Arizona in November, hoping to succeed Paul Fannin, who plans to run for Goldwater's Senate seat should Barry win the nomination. At a state G.O.P. rally in Arizona recently, the band of Kleindienst's straw hat carried a slogan for his own campaign, not Barry's.

▶ F. Clifton White, 45, co-director of field operations, who has shared with Kleindienst the job of beating the bush

STEPHEN FRISCH

WHITE

KLEINDIENST

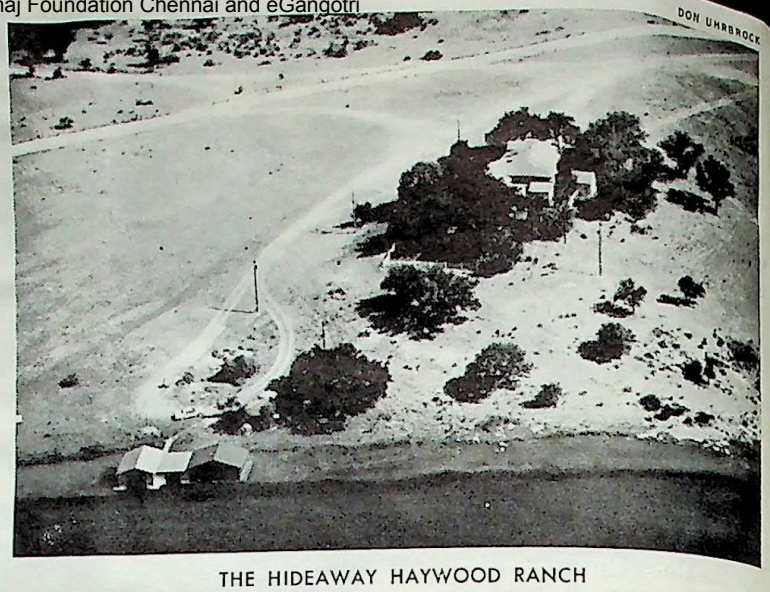
BURCH

Some can cuss in Navajo.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

L.B.J. BOATING



DON UHRBROCK

THE HIDEAWAY HAYWOOD RANCH

If nothing else, time to go on a diet.

for delegates. A New Yorker who enlisted in the Air Force as a private and emerged in 1945 as a captain with the Distinguished Flying Cross, White is the tenacious kind of fighter who draws the natural respect of Barry Goldwater. Co-founder of a Manhattan firm called Public Affairs Counselors, Inc., which offers corporation employees advice about how to make their muscle felt in the political world, White was also a founder of the "Draft Goldwater" movement. Since then he has put his special talents for cajolery—and political arm twisting—to work at G.O.P. state conventions. Persistent rumors have it that White's reward if Goldwater is nominated will be the chairmanship of the G.O.P. National Committee, succeeding fellow New Yorker William Miller.

▶ Dean Burch, 36, deputy campaign director. A Goldwater booster since undergraduate days at the University of Arizona, Burch joined the Senator's Washington staff in 1955, became a close personal friend, and even got his flying license after lessons from Old Pilot Goldwater. The youngest of Goldwater's top aides, Burch plunged into the thankless job of scheduling campaign appearances, aided Kitchel in a notable job of offending the fewest possible Republicans despite the candidate's disturbing penchant for last-minute cancellations.

THE PRESIDENCY

Just Storing Up Energy?

Lyndon Johnson a retiring sort? Lyndon Johnson dodging publicity? Perish the thought. But there he was—ducking reporters, scurrying to secret hideaways and acting for all the world like some latter-day Greta Garbo.

Off to Texas for a long July 4 weekend, the President all but said, "I *vant to be* alone." The L.B.J. ranch was declared off limits to reporters, who played pinochle and poker in Austin, 65 miles away. Persistent prodding of Presidential Press Secretary George Reedy got them nowhere. At one point, Reedy snapped: "As to what he did today, I do not go into matters of social or personal activities. The President regards going to church or various types of ranch activities, or boating—which I know is going to be raised somewhere along the line—as a purely personal affair."

Cruise in the Sun. At that, Lyndon spent little time at the L.B.J. ranch, slipping off to a smaller, more secluded spread called Haywood Ranch, which he owns along with A. W. Moursund, a Johnson City lawyer and a trustee of the L.B.J. business interests. Built on a knoll between the Llano River and a 1,620-ft. hill called Packsaddle Mountain, some 25 miles from the L.B.J. ranch, Haywood is a working spread. The one-story white house is neatly fenced to keep out grazing cattle.

But these days some changes have been made. A new boathouse rises from the Llano River's edge just as it begins broadening to become Granite Shoals Lake. There, a recently acquired 28-ft. cabin cruiser and a snappy black runabout are moored. With a handful of family, close friends and White House staff, the President cruised the choppy water sunning himself. At least once, the President took the controls of the runabout to give Lynda Bird some water-skiing practice. After several spills, Lynda gave up.

Back in Washington, it was much the same story as the President spent another curiously quiet week with no more than a handful of ceremonial greetings for White House visitors and a routine ceremony to sign the $375 million mass-transit bill into law.

Perfect but Paunchy. This was far from the whirlwind Lyndon that Washington had come to know so well. And the rumor swiftly spread through the capital and its environs that Johnson, who suffered a massive heart attack in 1955, was ailing again. His aides vehemently denied such stories, insisted that the President is in perfect health. Still, the merest glance at photographs of him in swim trunks while bo in Texas would indicate that, if ing else, he ought to go on a diet.

At week's end, perhaps now fe that he had overcompensated and back too far, the President called first press conference since June He opened with glowing projection the economy, then ranged from tential running mate (he will make lic no choice until the August co tion) to civil rights (50 new FBI will be assigned permanently to office in Mississippi). The con lasted a dreary 30 minutes. It ly added up to the old Lyndon but maybe he is just storing up for the campaign to come.

DEFENSE

Down to the Dog Tags

When John F. Kennedy ap his Defense Secretary in 1960, he him a paradox: 1) meet U.S. requirements without worrying arbitrary budget ceilings, and 2) at the lowest possible cost. Since in Robert McNamara's 3½ years o job, military spending has soare nearly $10 billion, now hovers the $50 billion mark.

But McNamara still sees no con tion between greater expenditures more economy. Thus, it was with pride that he last week announced results of the cost-reduction pro that he has pushed relentlessly. In 1964, which just ended, the Pen had saved $2.5 billion. "We even begun to scratch the surf McNamara claimed, estimated of $4.6 billion by fiscal 1968.

Homely Principles. Lest anyone such penny pinching had jeopar the nation's military strength, Mc mara ticked off some impressive of his stewardship:

▶ Nuclear warheads in the alert forces—up 150%.

▶ Combat-ready Army divisions 45%.

▶ Airlift capability—up 75%.

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

And the Walls Came Tumbling Down

Throughout the South, from Charleston to Dallas, from Memphis to Tallahassee, segregation walls that had stood for several generations began to tumble in the first full week under the new civil rights law.

In Birmingham, Negro Chauffeur J. L. Meadows, 70, strolled into the Dinkler-Tutwiler Hotel's Town and Country Restaurant, sat down amid a roomful of staring white diners, ordered, and was served without incident. Said he later: "I've been driving white folks down here for 21 years, and now I'm going to eat where I've been taking these white folks." At least nine other Birmingham restaurants and four movie houses also accepted Negroes for the first time. In Montgomery, Ala., the state capital, most restaurants and lunch counters, along with two theaters, were peacefully desegregated.

Even in Mississippi. Similarly, Negroes were admitted to previously all-white hotels and eating places in Savannah, Thomasville and Warner Robins, Ga. In Texas, Dallas' Piccadilly Cafeteria, a motel and lunch counter in Longview, restaurants in Palestine, and Austin, and a Beaumont drive-in were integrated. Thirty-three Memphis restaurants, including one of the city's largest downtown cafeterias, opened their doors to Negroes. Kemmons Wilson, chairman of the Memphis-based Holiday Inns motel chain, noting that he had instructed his motels to obey the new law, said: "The alternative is eventually anarchy, chaos and destruction." And in Charleston, Columbia, Florence and Greenville, S.C., integration proceeded without major trouble. In Greenville, a young Negro was sipping tea in the Jack Tar Poinsett Hotel dining room when South Carolina's Democratic Senator Strom Thurmond, one of the rights bill's bitterest foes, walked in. Apparently unaware of the Negro's presence, Thurmond sat down in another part of the room and quietly ate breakfast.

Even in Mississippi, land of violence, there was quiet compliance. Negroes played golf on Jackson's municipal course, ate at a Vicksburg whites-only lunch counter, and, drawing scarcely a disapproving glance, checked into and ate at Jackson's two leading hotels and a motel. In Jackson, the way had been paved by a Chamber of Commerce policy statement urging local businessmen to "comply with the law, pending tests of its constitutionality in court."

The Holdouts. Choosing not to comply was Stewart Gammill Jr., proprietor of the city's third largest hotel, the Robert E. Lee, who ordered the hotel's Confederate flag struck and put up a sign: CLOSED IN DESPAIR. CIVIL RIGHTS BILL UNCONSTITUTIONAL. Two days later, Gammill announced that henceforth the Robert E. Lee was a private club open to members only. A Richmond, Va., steakhouse also turned private, and restaurants in Charlottesville, Va., and Durham, N.C., and a Williamston, N.C., theater closed their doors for good rather than comply.

Inevitably, there were some trouble spots, such as Laurel, Miss., and Americus and Albany, Ga. In Baton Rouge, La., a white state employee punched a Negro minister in the jaw as he and two Negro women left the state capitol cafeteria after eating. Fifteen Negroes were arrested in Slidell, La., when they sought service at a restaurant. At a variety-store lunch counter in Bessemer, Ala., a steel town near Birmingham, six Negro youths were beaten by whites wielding 24-in. baseball bats. Near Texarkana, Texas, a white man and three Negroes were wounded when another white man opened fire with a shotgun during a Negro wade-in at Lake Texarkana.

In Atlanta, perhaps the most moderate of the South's big cities, some of the worst flare-ups took place. One occurred when three Negro ministerial students sought to test a fried-chicken joint owned by Lester Maddox, an un-

WAYNE WILSON, LEVITON-ATLANTA

NEWLY INTEGRATED ATLANTA RESTAURANT

TED POLUMBAUM

HATTIESBURG, MISS., LUNCH COUNTER

If she'd bet, one civil rights worker would have lost every penny.

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

successful Georgia office seeker and a loud racist. Maddox was waiting for them in the parking lot of his place, waving a snub-nosed pistol. "You ain't never gonna eat here!" he shouted, shoving against the car door as the Negroes started to get out. When the students persisted, Maddox and another white man grabbed ax handles from a stockpile Maddox had laid in for just such an occasion. "Git, git," Maddox ordered. The Negroes did, with a crowd of angry Maddox patrons at their heels. Among them was a small boy dragging a 3-ft. ax handle and squealing: "I'm gonna kill me a nigger!"

Next day, at a Fourth of July segregationist rally at Atlanta's fairgrounds, three Negro youths were beaten with metal chairs in a melee that began when the Negroes and a white girl civil rights worker entered the grandstand. Forty whites chased the Negroes into a fenced corner, pommeled them until cops broke it up.

The Ugliness. In Tuscaloosa, Ala., one of the most bizarre incidents took place—indicating, if nothing else, how civil rights tensions may lead to ugly misunderstandings. Actor Jack Palance, his wife Virginia, and their three children, in Tuscaloosa to visit relatives, had a narrow escape from a mob when they went to a movie. Earlier in the day, Palance had signed autographs for both whites and blacks. When he and his family entered the newly desegregated Druid Theater, a rumor spread that a Negro woman had accompanied them. As it turned out, there were no Negroes in the theater at the time, but a crowd of nearly 1,000 whites gathered, pelted the cashier's cage and the marquee with rocks and bottles, shattered the windows and slashed the tires on Palance's rented car. Local cops took the Palances to the police station for protection.

Finally, in a mysterious incident on a north Georgia highway, Lemuel A. Penn, 49, director of vocational high schools in Washington, D.C., was killed when two shotgun blasts, fired from a passing car, ripped into the car he was driving while returning to Washington from Army Reserve duty at Fort Benning, Ga.

Despite such incidents, the South's initial compliance with the new civil rights law was by any standard encouraging. Perhaps Mrs. Constance Baker Motley, a Negro lawyer for the N.A.A.C.P. who has spent 18 years fighting for Negro rights, summed it up best. Said she: "Voluntary compliance has been unexpectedly good. I would have lost every penny I've got if I had made a bet."

How Silly Can You Get?

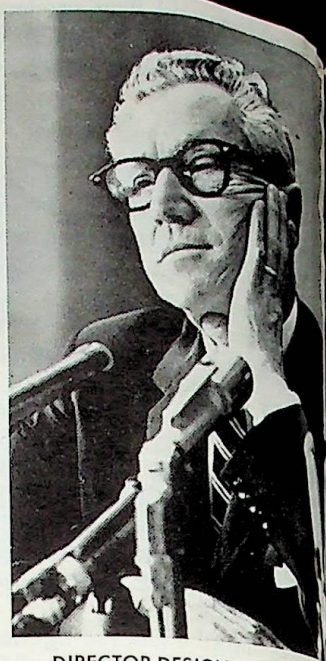
Among other things, the civil rights bill created some new Government jobs —among them the directorship of the Federal Community Relations Service, which will offer Southern communities help in ironing out their integration problems.

Who should the director be? Ideally, he ought to be someone acceptable to the South with a good record on integration. Such men are hard to find, and President Johnson was perplexed. Then Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges, an ex-Governor of North Carolina, suggested LeRoy Collins, 55, an ex-Governor of Florida. During six years in office (1955-60) in Tallahassee, his native city, Collins had talked a fair-to-middlin' civil rights game while doing little to implement it.

Some Soothers. Lyndon liked Luther's idea, and so did LeRoy—up to a point. Trouble was, the director of the Community Relations Service will receive only $22,500 a year, while Collins, as president of the National Association of Broadcasters since 1961, has been getting $75,000 in annual salary plus a $12,500-a-year living allowance. Loath to give up such a job, Collins suggested

AP

GLADIATORS THURMOND & YARBOROUGH (AFTER THE BATTLE)
Just a friendly rasslin' match.



DIRECTOR-DESIGNATE COLLINS
Some friendly financing helped

that he merely take a year's leave of sence from the N.A.B., with some pensatory financial arrangement. happens, Collins has not been a ularly popular N.A.B. president cent motion to oust him lost only 25-18 vote of the association's boa directors), and the organization him down cold on his proposition.

Now re-enter Lyndon Johnson summoned the N.A.B. board me to the White House for a little ch vinced them that they should easy for Collins to go. They 1) $60,000 in severance pay, 2 tion of the 1964 Cadillac, whic one of his perquisites of the N.A fice, 3) a color TV set, 4) a radi 5) a set of the *Encyclopaedia Brit*

That did it, as far as Collins wa cerned, and President Johnson, television speech immediately pre his signing of the civil rights b able to announce that he was app the Floridian to the new commi directorship.

But both Johnson and Collins reckoned without South Caro Strom Thurmond, the Dixiecrat c date for President in 1948 and now longest-winded, strongest-muscled the U.S. Senate's Democratic se tionists. In Collins' confirmation h ings before the Senate Commerce C mittee, Thurmond needled his fe Southern Democrat mercilessly. mated that he was a traitor to his section of the country. Collins fle and retorted: "Senator Thurmond, said, "I love the South, and I am you must have sensed that. Don't challenge my deep feelings about South."

That was by no means the end of and two days later, Thurmond's hos toward Collins brought on one of silliest episodes in the Senate's hist

Suddenly Serious. As Senators he toward the committee room for a on Collins' confirmation, Thurm posted himself outside. Up came T

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ATE COLLINS
ncing helped
year's leave
., with some
rrangement.
not been a p
president
im lost only
ociation's bo
rganization
s proposition
don Johnson
3. board m
r a little ch
y should
o. They
nce pay, 2
dillac, whi
of the NA
t, 4) a radi
paedia Brit
s Collins wa
t Johnson,
ediately pre
il rights b
he was appo
new commi
and Collins
South Caro
Dixiecrat
1948 and no
est-muscled
mocratic se
onfirmation
Commerce
eedled his f
mercilessly.
raitor to his
y. Collins flu
r Thurmond
h, and I am
that. Don't
eelings about
ans the end o
urmond's hos
nt on one o
Senate's hist
s Senators be
room for a
tion, Thur
. Up came T

...crat Ralph Yarborough, who fa... Collins' confirmation. He gently ...d Thurmond toward the door, say... "Come on in, Strom." Thurmond ...d Yarborough back, not roughly, ...t playfully either. "I'll make an ...ement with you, Ralph," he said. ...I can keep you out, you won't go in; ...if you can drag me in, I'll stay."

...ll of a sudden it became a deadly ...ess matter, and the two Senators, ...a 61, peeled off their coats, handed ...m to aides, and huffed and puffed ...a way into what turned out to be a ...minute rasslin' match.

...hurmond had all the best of it: a ...a 170-pounder, he is the Senate's ...l physical fitness bug, does not ...ke or drink (not even carbonated ...erages), just that morning had done ...ush-ups on his office carpet. Yar...ough is a fairly flabby 200-pounder. ...runt, groan, wheeze—and down ...Yarborough, with Thurmond atop ...

"Tell me to release you, Ralph, ...I will," said Thurmond. Yarborough ...ked bravely up from his position on ...terrazzo floor and averred: "I'm ...ing for my second wind."

...hio's Democratic Senator Frank ...oche came rushing up, warned both ...kers that they were running the risk ...heart attacks. Said Thurmond: "I'll ...se him if he wants to be released." ...borough allowed as how he was still ...ng for that second wind.

...Finally, Washington's Democratic ...or Warren Magnuson, the Com...ce Committee chairman, heard of ...t was happening and hurried out of ...committee room. Cried he: "Let's ...k this up." At that point Thurmond, ...parently tired of sitting on Yarbor...gh, said with characteristic gallantry: ...will have to yield to the order of ...chairman."

...Thereupon he arose, and all the Sen...rs went into the committee room to ...e 16 to 1, for confirming Collins. ...e lone dissenter was—guess who?

HISTORICAL NOTES

...ers from "Constant"

...t was 1920. Woodrow Wilson was ...his way out, and the Republicans ...ed certain to take over the White ...se. Their triumph would be ...ved through the candidacy of Sen... Warren Gamaliel Harding, the ...some Babbitt from Marion, Ohio. ...Republicans all over the nation were ...ing for him, and in his own home ...n on the day that Harding, 54, ...ed his campaign, every storefront ...the community was ablaze with ...ing.

...Every storefront but one, that is. It ...the Uhler-Phillips department store, ...as William Allen White wrote ...r later, "when the reporters asked ...t it, they heard one of those stories ...t a primrose detour from Main ...et." According to the gossip, Nom... Harding, long since married to a ...neering, unattractive woman, had been treading the primrose path with Mrs. Carrie Phillips, wife of one of the owners of the store. She was a tall, willowy redhead, the best-looking woman in town, and about a dozen years Harding's junior—but the less said about it the better.

And so nothing was said. Harding, of course, was elected, and presided for three years over the most scandal-scarred Administration in U.S. history. After his death in 1923, another woman, Nan Britton, wrote a book describing a long love affair with Harding, one that began in 1917. She had borne his daughter, Nan claimed, and had continued her clandestine affair with Harding through the years of his presidency.

"Darling Sweetheart Adorable." Carrie Phillips was forgotten—until last week, when Historical Writer Francis Russell announced that he had seen and read more than 250 love letters that Harding had written to her between 1909 and 1920. Carrie kept the letters. After she died a recluse in 1960, the letters were found by Marion Attorney Don Williamson, who had been Carrie's guardian.

The letters, says Russell, who plans to detail them in an *American Heritage* magazine article, portray Harding as a devout lover and Mrs. Phillips as something of a moneygrubber. Many of the missives were written on Senate stationery, some on postcards bearing Harding's photograph. Some of them ran to 35 or 40 pages. Some of the letters he signed "Warren," some with his full name, and others with a code name, "Constant."

One letter, dated only "Easter Morning," bore the salutation, "Carrie Darling Sweetheart Adorable." Many more were strewn with homemade poetry. Inspired by a musical play, *The Wedding Trip*, which he saw in New York City in 1912, he penned an epic of 20 stanzas, including one memorable line, "I love you garb'd but naked, *more!*" At Christmastime 1914 he dashed off another poem:

I love you more than all the world,
Possession wholly imploring
Mid passion I am oftimes whirled
Oftimes admire—adoring.
Oh, God! If fate would only give
Us privilege to love and live!

Slow Boat. The love affair was a stormy one, so it was no surprise that it began to fade in 1920. When Harding was summoned to the historic smoke-filled room at Chicago's Blackstone Hotel during the 1920 G.O.P. presidential convention, he was asked pointedly if he knew of any embarrassing family skeletons that might hurt the party's chances. Harding asked for time to think, ten minutes later announced that he was as clean as a hound's tooth.

Harding apparently tried to extricate himself from his love affair, and there is some evidence to show that Carrie put a price tag on it. In one of his last letters, he wrote that he could not "secure you the larger competence you have so frequently mentioned. I can pay with life or reputation, but I can't command such a sum. To avoid disgrace, I will, if you demand it as the price, return to Marion to reside . . . If you think I can be more helpful by having a public position and influence, I will pay you $5,000 per year in March each year, so long as I am in that public service."

As it turned out, the problem was resolved when, following Harding's nomination, a party official visited Mrs. Phillips, gave her a reported $25,000-$50,000 and suggested that she take a little vacation—say for six months. Soon afterwards, Carrie and her husband James took a slow boat to the Far East to look into conditions in the raw-silk market.

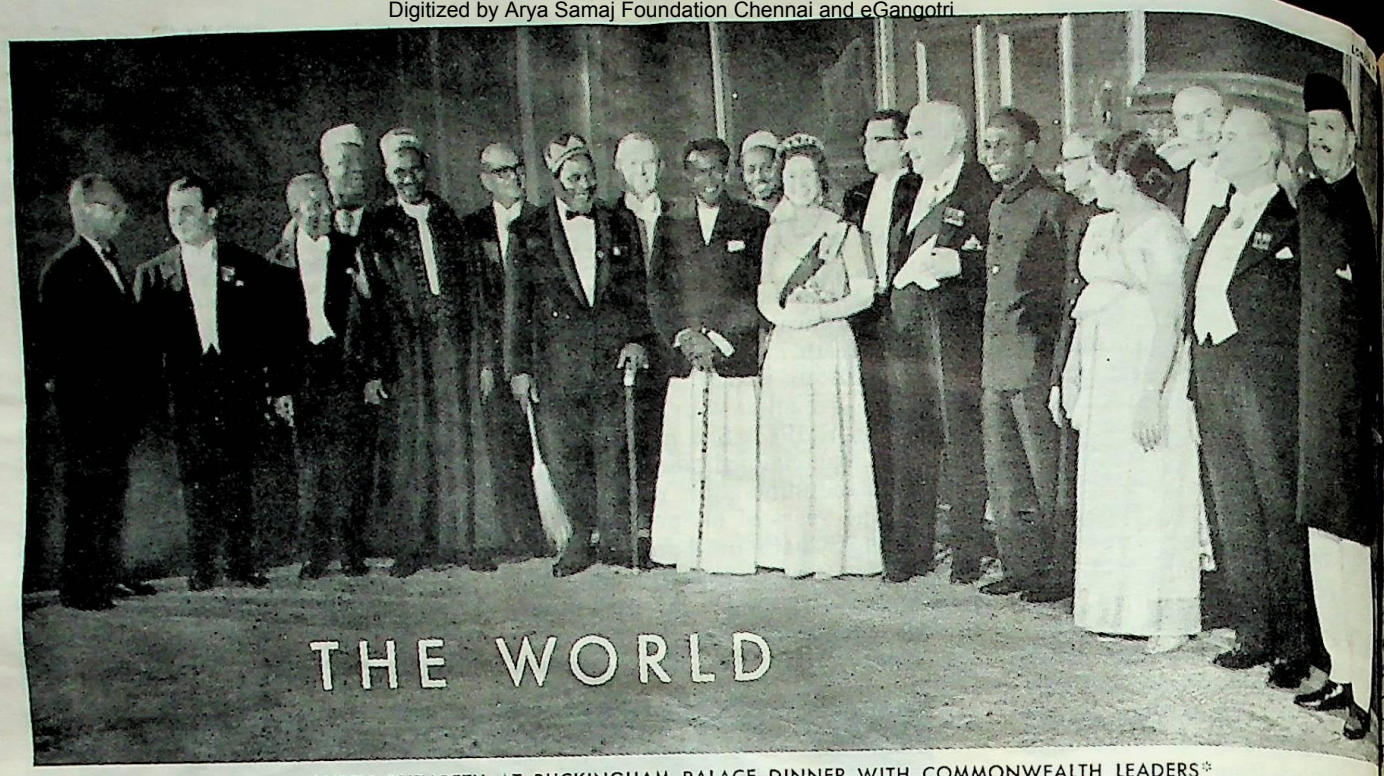
Carrie Phillips, however, was not always so cooperative. Time and time again, Warren Harding had admonished her: "Destroy these letters!"

UPI

PRESIDENT HARDING & WIFE AT 1922 BASEBALL GAME
A primrose detour from Main Street.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



QUEEN ELIZABETH AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE DINNER WITH COMMONWEALTH LEADERS*

Around the table and around the globe, they have yet to find global goals.

THE COMMONWEALTH

Who Needs Mother?

Leaders of 18 nations on five continents gathered last week in the red-walled, blue-carpeted conference room of London's Marlborough House. More than ever before, the faces around the oval table at this year's Commonwealth Prime Ministers' meeting reflected the divergent interests and cultures represented in the network of free nations that has evolved from the British Empire: only five were white, and the other 13 represented every shade of skin from ivory-yellow through burnt umber to the blue-black of Africa's heartland.

There were those who wondered whether Britain could much longer dominate an association with such widely differing political and economic systems. London's respected *Economist* had a remedy: "It is high time that Britain and the Commonwealth shed the 'mother country' fixation and made their relationship one of real as well as constitutional equality."

Whatever the merits of this argument, the Commonwealth nations last week showed that they are still preoccupied less with global goals than with regional and racial issues close to home. All seven African leaders at the conference were insistent that Britain use force, if necessary, to ensure that Southern Rhodesia's white-supremacist government grants full constitutional equality to the African population before achieving its independence. But militant white Southern Rhodesians have many sympathizers in England. And in an election year, the government of Sir Alec Douglas-Home is deeply reluctant to make any move that might encourage the self-governing "colony" to seize independence this year as it has threatened to do. Nonetheless, the African statesmen who were to wind up the speeches this week left no doubt that, in their eyes, Britain's resolution of Southern Rhodesia's impasse will be the crucial test of the Commonwealth's need and ability to survive.

THE CONGO

Premier No. 4

The new ministers filed awkwardly into the palatial reception room overlooking the rapids of the Congo River, then raised their right arms stiffly as they took the oath of office. Some of them got the phrase backward, but that didn't seem to matter. Premier Moise Tshombe grinned, clapped his new government on the back, and capered with flailing fists in a mad jig down the bright green lawn as his admirers screamed their approval: "Down with Adoula and *vive* Tshombe." Thus the Congo's fourth Premier in as many years began his rule.

"Public Salvation." It had been a masterful performance so far. When Katanga's bulky ex-President returned to the Congo last month, it seemed incredible that he could hope to form a government. Cursed as a tool of Belgium's copper-producing Union Minière, accused by some of the murder of Patrice Lumumba, and driven out of the country by the force of United Nations arms, Tshombe appeared to have nothing in his favor.

But he still had Katanga, and without the political support of that ore-packed province the Congo is just another bleak, hopeless stretch of African bush. It was clear that Cyrille Adoula's government could not repress the Communist-backed revolts flaming in three provinces when Tshombe finally returned. Why not let him take a crack at forming a "government of national reconciliation"?

But the government he produced week was hardly reconciled. Ts himself described it as one of "public salvation," and the few recognizable within it were more torious than noteworthy: as Ag ture Minister he chose Kasai's M (god-emperor) Albert Kalonji, cessionist right-winger who is ti mally charged by Adoula's gover with torturing political prisoners new Health Minister is none other André Lubaya, a key official in Communist-backed National Libera Committee, which runs the Congo demic provincial rebellions. Reco ing the dangers of giving more folios to potential enemies, Ts took the ministries of Foreign T Planning, Information and Foreig fairs for himself, named his old Ka henchman Godefroid Munongo to t the Interior and Civil Service minist

Woman Trouble. The remaining en Cabinet posts—with the excep of Defense, which President Joseph savubu wisely retained—were tu over to nonentities. In fact, w Tshombe introduced his Cabinet to public, he stared blankly for a ing moments at Youth and Sports M ister Joseph Ndanu, unable to re his name.

* Left to right: Trinidad-Tobago's Eric liams, Cyprus' Spyros Kyprianou, Malay H. Kamuzu Banda, Sierra Leone's Sir Margai, Nigeria's Sir Abubakar Tafa Balewa, Malaysia's Tunku Abdul Rah Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta, Canada's Le Pearson, Uganda's Dr. Milton Obote ganyika-Zanzibar's Julius Nyerere, Ja Donald Sangster, Australia's Sir Robert zies, Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, India's Krishnamachari (representing ailing Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri), Ceylon's Sirimaro Bandaranaike, Britain's Sir Douglas-Home, New Zealand's Keith oake, Pakistan's Ayub Khan.

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Tshombe's eagerly awaited announcement of a government had been delayed by a full 24 hours when Adoula tried to force a woman into his Cabinet. She was Catherine Tshibamba, attractive young wife of the Congo's first vice premier. Though women do not have the vote in the Congo under the new constitution, they may well get it before the next elections nine months from now. Adoula wanted to win a few votes, embarrass Tshombe, and prove that Catherine was at least as qualified to sit in the Cabinet as God-Emperor Kalonji. Only a nighttime call from Tshombe himself convinced Premier Adoula to drop Catherine.

At his first Cabinet meeting, Tshombe served champagne and Simba beer, and took three steps toward appeasing the N.L.C. and other dissident leftwingers. He ordered all political prisoners—including Leftist Antoine Gizenga —released immediately; he lifted the highly unpopular 5 p.m. curfew in Leopoldville; he abolished the post of Resident Minister in Stanleyville, thus ending the state of emergency in that Lumumbist stronghold. All of this was intended to change Tshombe's image from that of a white-hearted "sellout" to a true black African leader. But just in case it didn't work, the Congo's new Premier took out a little insurance. Tshombe ordered his 2,000 tough Katangese gendarmes and their white mercenary officers back from their sanctuary in Angola. For a while at least, they should tide him over the rough spots that certainly lie ahead.

BURMA

Asians v. Asians

In the 17 years since the end of the British Raj, the Indian subcontinent has repeatedly echoed to the thunder of populations on the move. More than 7 million Hindus and Moslems fled across the borders of India and Pakistan in the wake of partition and religious strife in 1947. Since last January, 900,000 more have poured over the frontiers to escape a new wave of religious persecution. Last week still another mass migration was underway as thousands of India's newest dispossessed flocked home from neighboring Burma.

Road to Socialism. There are more than 500,000 Indians in Burma, and a staggering 200,000 of them are expected to leave before the current flood ends. Next week the first of 60 shiploads of Indians will begin docking at the southern ports of Madras and Visakhapatnam. Half a dozen refugee flights from Rangoon are already arriving at Calcutta's Dum Dum airport each day, and the waiting rooms are piled high with the pitiful possessions of the uprooted—lumpy bundles of bedding, cheap suitcases, bright plastic pails stuffed with children's toys and kitchen utensils.

Behind the exodus is the fact that strongman Premier Ne Win, driving pell-mell along his "Burmese road to Socialism," has nationalized all small businesses, banks and warehouses, denied trading licenses to aliens, and prohibited non-Burmese from taking government jobs. Ne Win's edicts struck particularly hard at the Indians, who have become the nation's sharpest shopkeepers, but have been reluctant to take out Burmese citizenship.

As a result, many Indian merchants are now serving as $1-a-day clerks in the shops they once owned, and find themselves constantly being reprimanded by Burmese overseers. Their former employees are even worse off. Some 100,000 poorer Indians, who had worked for Indian storekeepers before nationalization, not only found themselves out of jobs but also out on the street as well, for most of them had lived above the shops in which they worked.

Nothing of Value. Having made it clear that Indians were less than welcome, Ne Win next made it impossible for them to take anything of value when they left. Large-denomination banknotes were abruptly declared invalid, and even after that, adults were allowed to take only 75 rupees ($15.75) out of the country with them. Though Indian women traditionally convert their cash into gold jewelry and even decorate their children with bangles and bracelets, the Burmese stripped departing Indians of all their jewelry. Many Hindu women were forced to give up the gold and black *mangal sutra* necklaces that they wear as a symbol of marriage.

A few departing refugees were able to slip some money out of Burma before Ne Win plugged all the loopholes. But Indian officials are bitter, nonetheless, privately describe Ne Win's nationalization measures as a shabby trick to strip the Indian community of its property with no compensation at all. Nor is Burma's treatment of its Indian minority an isolated case. In Ceylon, where nearly 700,000 Indian plantation workers and tradesmen live as "stateless persons," the regime has launched a "Ceylonization of trade" campaign. And what that might very well mean is yet another mass exodus of Indians.

JAPAN

Narrow Shave

After a couple of two-year terms of competent but colorless rule, Japan's Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda, 64, was supposed by custom to make way for a successor. But when the ruling Liberal-Democratic Party met in Tokyo last week to choose a new president—and hence a new Prime Minister—Ikeda upset tradition by bidding for a third term.*

Square-jawed and obstinate, Ikeda decided that a third term was precisely what he needed to carry out some "unfinished business," although he never said exactly what that business might be. Two formidable rivals challenged him: 1) Eisaku Sato, 63, Minister of State under Ikeda and the obvious heir apparent, who attacked Ikeda's policy of "patience and tolerance," promised a dynamic regime that

* Tough old Shigeru Yoshida, now 85, is the only man to have served three consecutive terms as Prime Minister in postwar Japan. That was largely because his premiership from 1948 to 1954 spanned the transition from Allied occupation to Japanese independence.

STATESMAN

REFUGEES DISEMBARKING AT CALCUTTA AIRPORT
Across pitiless borders stream the endlessly dispossessed

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

would fight for the return of the Kuril Islands from Russia and the Ryukyus (which include Okinawa) from the U.S.; and 2) Aiichiro Fujiyama, a silver-haired sugar baron who had served as former Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi's Foreign Minister and as party coordinator under Ikeda.

But the two fell short of victory in the closest party leadership election in Japan's postwar history. Ikeda emerged with 242 votes for the party presidency to 160 for Sato, 72 for Fujiyama. In a pithy acceptance speech of 55 seconds, Ikeda pledged to seek "greater cooperation for the purpose of solidifying our great party."

THAILAND

The Marshal's Minor Wives & Major Tickel

On his deathbed in a Bangkok hospital, Thailand's Premier Sarit Thanarat held his comely wife in his arms and sang to her the old Thai ballad that begins: "The love of 100 mistresses could not be compared to the love one has for his own wife." Sarit may have been altogether too modest. After his death last December (of cirrhosis and other ailments of hard living), Bangkok papers carried the names of more than a hundred women who claimed publicly to have enjoyed his favors and hoped to get a piece of his estate. Among an inner circle of 51 mistresses, whom the old-school Thais delicately call "minor wives," Marshal Sarit had generously scattered villas, autos and other largesse, and fathered at least nine children. Many minor wives actually filed court claims for a share of Sarit's tickels, or baht, as Thais call their money.

Indeed, thanks to the energetic strongman's flair for financial wheeling-dealing, his fortune turned out to be even more spectacular than his dalliance balance. Contesting Widow Thanpuying Vichitra's claim to the marshal's estate, Sarit's two sons by a previous wife estimated that their father was worth at least 2.8 billion tickels, or $143 million. That seemed a lot of baht for a career soldier. So, before allowing his estate to be distributed, Sarit's successor, Thanom Kittikachorn, appointed a five-man committee to see if any government funds had lodged in Sarit's pocket.

JOHN LAUNOIS—BLACK STAR

PREMIER SARIT & VICHITRA

A dalliance balance of a hundred, plus baht by the billion.

Last week the investigating committee published an interim report disclosing that it had unearthed 400 million tickels ($20 million) in various bank accounts maintained by the late strongman. Even that was peanuts compared with the total value of his nationwide commercial empire, which included a controlling interest—mostly in the names of Sarit's relatives—in at least 15 specially privileged companies. Among them: the only merchant bank allowed to import gold; the only sales agency for the government plywood monopoly; a brewery with a heady share of the government beer monopoly; two companies with concessions to print and sell tickets for the national lottery; a construction firm with major government contracts. Sarit also owned a commercial fishing boat, some 50 autos, 30 Bangkok villas and a 3,000-acre farm.

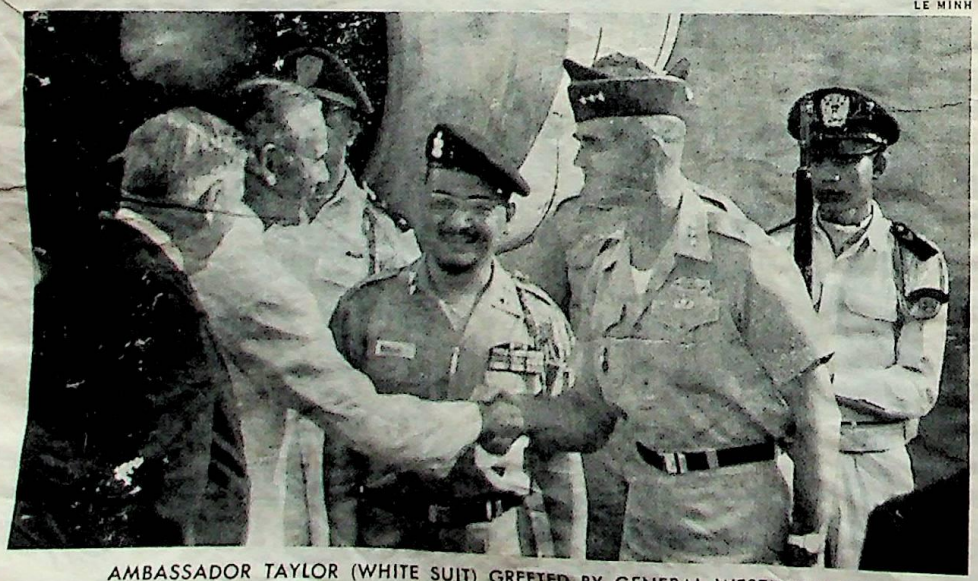
As to whether Sarit had actually dipped into the till, the committee said that to date it had traced $17.8 million of government money to Sarit's estate. Committee Chairman Phra Manu Vimolmath said that part of a secret fund of 12 million tickels ($600,000) had gone exclusively to Sarit's minor wives. The money, he said, came from a special government account known as the Funds for Secret Work.

SOUTH VIET NAM

No Time Limit

Hundreds of nervous cops jam Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport as a U.S. Air Force jetliner swept in under flight escort. As the plane swung sharply to a halt, out stepped the new U.S. ambassador, General Maxwell D. Taylor, fresh in shining sharkskin and a brisk resolve. The Viet Cong had sworn to kill him, and indeed a terrorist carrying a homemade grenade in a loaf of bread had been captured just yards from the U.S. embassy the day before. But Max Taylor figured to stick around a while —at least until after the U.S. election. "I'm here to assure you of our unstinting support," he told the Vietnamese officials who greeted him. "There is no time limit in that commitment."

LE MINH



AMBASSADOR TAYLOR (WHITE SUIT) GREETED BY GENERAL WESTMORELAND

A tight schedule, and an eye for the 1,002nd solution.

Dawn Rise. To South Viet Nam's leaders, this must have come as a pleasant surprise. Only eight months ago General Taylor and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara had been talking of withdrawing all U.S. troops by 1965. This served only to inspire the Viet Cong, hardly helped morale in Saigon.

From the very start, Taylor set a no-nonsense pace. He huddled immediately with U.S. Forces Commander Lieut. General William Westmoreland. Wasted on the new arrival were the talents of former Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge's superb cook "Can." Taylor eats quickly and sparingly for scheduled "working lunches" for weeks ahead. Accompanied by Deputy Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson, also new

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

rived, Taylor embarked on a series of
eetings, briefing and protocol sessions
his first day. He was up with the
n next morning to pay a call on
reeted Premier Nguyen Khanh.
Then he flew off to the seaside town
Da Nang to celebrate South Viet
's Air Force Day. Trim F-100s lined
e runway as several score of Viet-
nese pilots plus three U.S. aviators
re decorated with the Medal of Gal-
ry with Gold Wings. At the nearby
e hospital, Taylor passed out Purple
arts to two wounded Americans and
opped to chat with a sergeant who
d jumped with him over Normandy
D-day 20 years ago.

Phosphorus Barrage. From the 16,-
0 U.S. military men stationed in
outh Viet Nam, Taylor demanded an
creased effort. "We're already aiding
e Vietnamese in a thousand and one
ays," he told them. "But let's not be
tisfied when it might prove that the
housand and second way is the decisive
ne." Just how seriously that exhorta-
on was taken was proved during one
f three Viet Cong raids last week on
S. Special Forces camps. When two
iet Cong battalions hit the camp near
am Dong with a predawn barrage of
hite phosphorus mortar shells, U.S.
ister Sergeant Gabriel Alamo and an
ustralian warrant officer fought their
y to a weapons pit, fired parachute
res that illuminated the whole battle
ea—themselves included. They kept
eflares burning even as the Viet Cong
owed in on them. When the shooting
opped, Alamo, the Australian and 48
efenders were dead. But so were 107
Viet Cong raiders.

FRANCE

The Killer of Little Luc

Leaping from four police cars in a
ersailles square last week, a wedge of
ops hustled their handcuffed prisoner
ward the doors of St. Pierre jail. Be-
re they could make it, a screaming
b burst through police lines and
eted the prisoner with blows. "Give
m to us!" they cried. "Kill the mon-
r!" Their target was the confessed
er of little Jean-Luc Taron (TIME,
ne 19), and he seemed elated at the
mmotion. Turning to the *flics*, he
ted above the uproar: "They're right!
m a monster!"

In truth, Lucien Léger, 27, looked
ppointingly unlike most Parisians'
ne-tingling image of *l'étrangleur*, the
yll-and-Hyde strangler who had
ged the headlines and taunted the
ce for 40 days. "The Machiavelli of
me," as France-Soir had dubbed him,
rned out to be a colorless, bespecta-
ed little (5 ft. 4 in., 130 lbs.) male
dent nurse from the shabby suburb
f Villejuif. His hobby was writing ba-
verse, which he set to borrowed mu-
corded and issued in a jacket flatter-
gly decorated with his face and name.
Trapped by the last bizarre stunt in

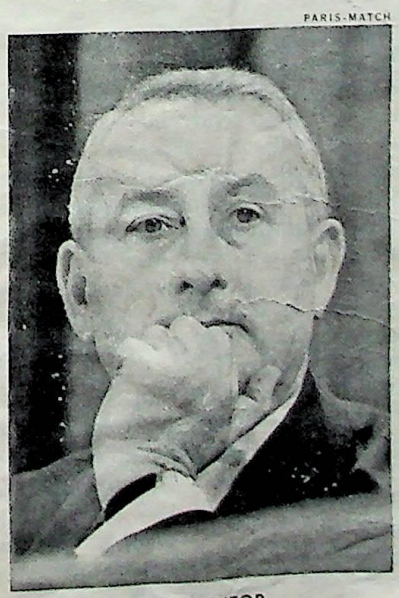
THE RECORD
Songs to strangle by.

his succession of bragging phone calls and letters to the police and press, Léger sat chatting with detectives at police headquarters as a squad from the Sûreté's First Mobile Brigade searched his apartment; in it they found the lined rose-tinted pad on which all 58 of the strangler's messages had been written. After 24 hours of grilling, Léger burst into tears and admitted: "*Oui, je suis bien l'assassin du petit Luc.*" He was drawn to the little boy, he explained, because "he seemed as unhappy as I was when I was his age."

An Undercover Talleyrand

The road to espionage is rarely paved with good intentions. Most of the "agents" working the dark corners of the cold war were lured there by simple greed or forced there by blackmail. But in the case of French Spy Georges Pâques, the motive was sheer do-goodism, complicated by a dash of intellectual vanity.

Since the Sûreté blew his cover last year (TIME, Oct. 4), the chubby, urbane French press attaché to NATO had been busy preparing his rationale. Last week, at his trial before a state security court in Paris, he unveiled it. Posed imperiously in the box, with one hand resting lightly on a thick dossier and a thin smile playing across his face, Pâques took six hours to tell his tale of misguided intelligence. His 19-year career as an agent in the pay of the Soviet Union, Pâques argued, had been nothing more than a clandestine political seminar, an effort to explain the intricacies of French policy. By filling the Russians in on Western military strength, he also felt he could countervail the "excess of weight" of the Anglo-Saxons—particularly the U.S.—in Europe and Africa, and perhaps prevent war based on miscalculation.



THE TRAITOR
Seminar of spying.

A Bit Choosy. Pâques believed he was ideally suited for this role. After all, he was a *normalien*—a graduate, like French Premier Georges Pompidou and Philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, of the prestigious Ecole Normale Supérieure, and thus a "certified intellectual." So, first in Algiers in 1944, later in Paris, where he served in a succession of government departments, Pâques began a series of "political conversations" with a changing list of Soviet embassy personnel.

The Russians were eager to learn, gladly put up with Pâques' innocuous profiles of government ministers and long-winded explanations of French diplomatic thinking until their instructor could provide them with more valuable information. For his part, Pâques insisted that his pupils at least be apt. When an embassy official named Lysenko became his contact in 1959, Pâques complained crabbily about the Russian's "lesser intellectual capacity" and Lysenko's banal insistence on teaching him how to use a microcamera.

A Message from Garcia. In 1962 the Russians found an ideal student for their French teacher. Vasily Vlasov, first secretary in the Soviet embassy, clucked sympathetically at Pâques' revelations of "the aggressive intentions of the United States," urged Pâques to turn down a job in French counterespionage in favor of one on NATO's information staff. "He thought I had neither the character nor the temperament for counterespionage work," Pâques told the court. "He was interested in my fate."

Now Russian patience paid off. Using the code name Garcia, Pâques set up meetings with Vlasov in Métro stations, cafés, the Bois de Meudon and a suburban church. During the ten months he served as NATO information officer, he handed over the Allied military contingency plans for the defense of Berlin, a document of NATO's military-force needs from 1958 to 1963, a top-secret military plan named Fallex, many NATO studies on the political situation in Soviet satellites, psychological warfare plans, and regularly briefed Vlasov on the NATO ministerial conferences he attended. It was all good, hard intelligence, for Pâques had a "cosmic" clearance—the classification in NATO sec-

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ond only to "cabale," the top status.

Pâques would have gone undetected except for a Russian defector who early last summer told the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency that Moscow had obtained the Allied contingency plans for Berlin from sources in Paris. The Sûreté immediately began tailing Pâques and 15 other suspects, rapidly narrowed the field to him. The charge against him was treason, which under the French penal code carries the death penalty. But as the court listened openmouthed to Pâques' naive self-justification last week, a spark of sympathy was struck. As his defense counsel put it: "He was a *normalien*, a man who thought he was capable of maintaining his own permanent summit conference with the Russians, a sort of undercover Talleyrand." For that reason they sentenced Georges Pâques to life imprisonment.

WEST GERMANY

Adenaullism

When Konrad Adenauer stepped down as West Germany's Chancellor last October, the Christian Democrats who took over hoped that he would fade into political oblivion. Not a prayer. *Der Alte* has not hesitated to snipe at the policies of his successor. Last week he bounced right back into center stage. In the first open challenge to Ludwig Erhard's leadership, Adenauer berated his successor for rejecting the "complete union" of France and West Germany that Charles de Gaulle had proffered in Bonn earlier in the month.

Backed by other powerful "Gaullists" in the ruling Christian Democratic Union, Adenauer urged support for a loose association of sovereign states, the European Third Force that De Gaulle envisions, rather than the Atlantic-oriented federal union advocated by Erhard and most other European leaders. Echoing this line, former Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss challenged the Chancellor's constitutional right to determine foreign policy.

Word of the new Adenaullism reached Erhard while he was paying a visit to Denmark. On his return to Bonn, Erhard growled: "In Denmark I did more for the consolidation and cohesion of Europe than was achieved by some of the talk back here."

Then, with a forcefulness that has often been lacking in his chancellorship, Ludwig Erhard angrily told a Cabinet meeting that De Gaulle had specifically "tried to place before us the alternative of choosing between Paris and Washington." As a top government official summarized Erhard's position: "A Europe that consists of two states is not the Europe that the federal government has in mind. Close cooperation between France and West Germany is a precondition for the creation of Europe. But it is not an end in itself."

ULLSTEIN—BILDERDIENST

ACROSS THE FIELD & INTO THE WIRE

The crop was high, but so was the Grepo's eye.

BERLIN

They Keep Coming

Two East German brothers, aged 19 and 21, crept silently into a grain field at the East-West border one recent summer afternoon and flattened themselves amidst the billowing green stalks. Looming above them were two 30-ft.-high wooden guard towers manned by grim East German Grepos toting machine pistols, and between the towers stretched three rows of ugly barbed wire.

For six hours the brothers lay still. Then, just before 7 p.m., West Berliners strolling on the other side of the field stopped in their tracks, aghast, as they saw the two young men rise to make their break. Wearing heavy gloves to protect their hands, the brothers vaulted one row of wire, then another, *finally the third. Luckily, the guards' backs were turned. Only one shot was fired—and that by a young West Berlin woman who excitedly snapped her camera (see cut) just as the two successfully hurdled the final barrier to freedom in the West.*

GREECE

Slap for the Center

Prime Minister George Papandreou's lure for leftist support in last Feb... ary's national elections was a pledge to repeal anti-Communist legislation enacted between 1946 and 1949 when Communist guerrillas tried to seize power. Sure enough, Papandreou's Center Union, having garnered 173 seats in Greece's 300-member Parliament, rammed through a bill to free most Communist prisoners convicted of sedition and murder, abolish political deportations, and deprive the police of power to withhold work permits on political grounds.

In municipal elections last week, Papandreou's more liberal policies toward the left were put to the test, and the ruling Center Union emerged the principal loser. Leftist and pro-Communist candidates running under the banner of the United Democratic Left Party or as independents won more than half of the 230 mayoralty races. And it was most at the expense of Papandreou's followers. Most embarrassing to the government was the balloting in Athens, where 1,850,000 of Greece's 9,000,000 people live. There Pausanias Katsotas, a minister in Papandreou's Cabinet who resigned to run for mayor, polled only 25% of the vote, trailing both leftists and rightists.

ALGERIA

Still in the Saddle

Treachery last week ended the short-lived revolt of Colonel Mohammed Chaabani, 32. Guided by informers to an oasis where Chaabani and 87 followers were resting, government troops surrounded the overconfident rebels and forced them to surrender without firing a shot. It was one up for Ahmed ben Bella, Algeria's harassed Premier and President, who clings uneasily to control of his ragtag nation.

Arrests, dismissals and resignations were becoming a habit; hardly a day went by without some new police swoop. One victim was Abderrahman Farès, a foe of the regime, who was interim President when Ben Bella first came to power in 1962. Disaffection reached into the Cabinet and was ruthlessly dealt with by Ben Bella. One went the Minister of Interior, who resigned in protest against a decree creating regional governors to bypass the ministry and report directly to the President. In Switzerland, Ben Bella moved swiftly against Mohammed Khider, a former revolutionary comrade who had fled into exile with a reported $1,200,000 in party funds. At Algeria's request, Swiss officials blocked Khider's bank accounts.

All this demonstrated that, though he is increasingly isolated, Ben Bella is in the saddle and means to stay there. As long as the army remains loyal to the regime, he probably will.

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Rambler Classic 770 4-door sedan

RAMBLER: ALWAYS SEEN IN THE COMPANY OF IMPORTANT PEOPLE

Important people everywhere are discovering the true automobile value that Rambler offers. They appreciate Rambler's unique combination of luxury . . . spacious, rich luxury . . . with America's most advanced engineering features: the rattle-free solidity of one-piece body construction . . . outstanding fuel economy . . . the sensible dimensions that make Rambler easy to handle and to park. Plus the Rambler Double-Safety brake system that employs tandem master cylinders (one for front brakes, the other for rear. If one set is damaged, the other still works). Rambler is an important car, well worth the modest investment it may cost. See your Rambler dealer today.

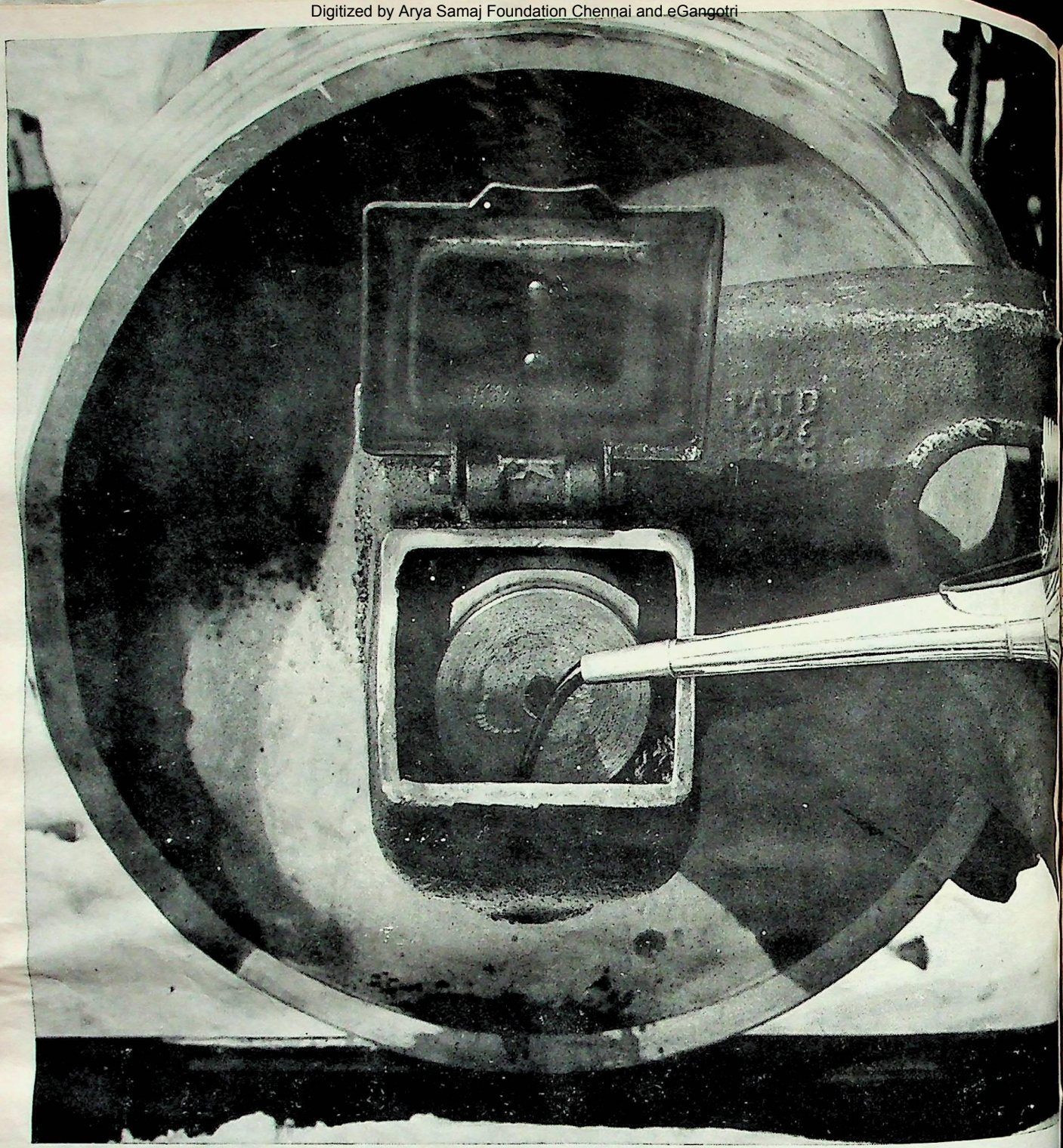
Rambler

DEDICATED TO EXCELLENCE

American Motors Corporation, Detroit 32, Mich., U.S.A.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



A better way to run a railroad

Higher speeds and lower maintenance costs are made possible by the improved lubrication provided by oil-soaked, foam rubber lubricators for railroad journal boxes. The improved lubrication is a direct result of the better oil-holding properties of oil resistant foam rubber made from POLYSAR Latex 761. This is just one of the many practical benefits of continuing Polymer research. By concentrating on the improvement of existing products and the development of new ones, Polymer research has helped to find a better way of running a railroad and to suggest better methods of processing in many different fields. Polymer research and the products it creates are near you, no matter where in the world you do business. For more specific information, let us put you in touch with the Polysar technical service representative or distributor nearest you. Write: Polysar International, S.A. Fribourg, Switzerland.

POLYSAR®

ONE OF THE WORLD'S MAJOR SOURCES OF RUBBER

POLYSAR INTERNATIONAL, S.A., FRIBOURG, SWITZERLAND

POLYSAR, KRYNOL, KRYMIX, KRYNAC, KRYFLEX, KRYLENE, TAKTENE, SS-250, TRANS-PIP, ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF POLYMER CORPORATION LIMITED, SARNIA, CANADA · MANUFACTURING FACILITIES: SARNIA, CANADA; STRASBOURG, FRANCE; ANTWERP

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CUBA

Friendly Fidel

Fidel Castro generally is inclined to thumb his nose at the U.S. and at any other country that disagrees with him. Last week he changed his style and seemed to be waving and grinning all around. In a flurry of interviews with old invitations to U.S. newsmen, he sought to convince everybody that Cuba wanted nothing but peace and good fellowship with its neighbors—particularly the U.S.

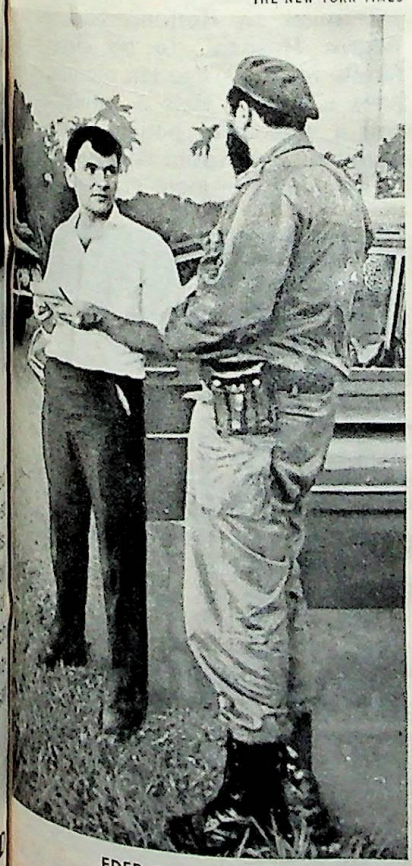
Sugar, Anyone? For an opener Castro sought out the New York Times, which shares with the Associated Press the distinction of operating the only U.S. news bureaus in Havana. In 18 hours of talk, Castro laid it on thick for Times Correspondent Richard Eder—and the Times, in its characteristic fashion, gave Castro its front page for a forum. The bearded Cuban talked about reconciliation with the U.S., smoothly suggested that now was the time to normalize trade relations—meaning his vast sugar sales—and mused about the possibility of resuming diplomatic relations. He even admitted that he had supplied aid to guerrillas in other parts of Latin America, and airily offered to cease and desist if the U.S. would end its own subversive activity inside Cuba. "We do not hate you," said Castro magnanimously. "If the U.S. is ready to live with us, then we would feel the same obligation."

No sooner was the Times interview in print than Castro wired 25 U.S. newspapers and magazines, "cordially" inviting them to send representatives to Cuba to witness the country's July 26th anniversary celebration in Santiago in eastern Oriente province. Most of the big-city papers were included, from the San Francisco Chronicle to Boston's Christian Science Monitor. TIME and *Newsweek* were invited. But no Miami or Scripps-Howard papers were on the guest list, nor were any of the television networks.

Trouble. What was behind Castro's sudden image-polishing? Washington's Castrologists put it in a word: trouble. Though Castro remains in ironfisted control of his island, the economy is just barely bumping along, cut off from any real trade with the West and without enough help from Moscow to make a go of it. Abroad, Castro's image has been severely tarnished by the spectacular defection of his sister Juanita (TIME, July 10). And next week the 20 foreign ministers of the Organization of American States will meet in Washington to vote on sanctions against Cuba for shipping arms to Communist terrorists in Venezuela. The prospect is for a clear two-thirds majority branding Castro an "aggressor." The OAS is expected to ask all hemisphere nations to break their remaining economic ties with Cuba.

Aside from the New York Times, which thought that Fidel's friendly new look "deserves serious scrutiny and thorough exploration," the reaction was generally cool. The State Department regarded the Cuban overture as an attempt to buy time and take some of the steam out of the OAS, advised Castro to back his words with evidence. Said a spokesman: "We have consistently maintained that there are two elements that are not negotiable—Castro's ties of dependency with the Soviet Union, which are tantamount to Soviet domination, and the continuance of Castro's promotion of subversion elsewhere in the hemisphere."

THE NEW YORK TIMES

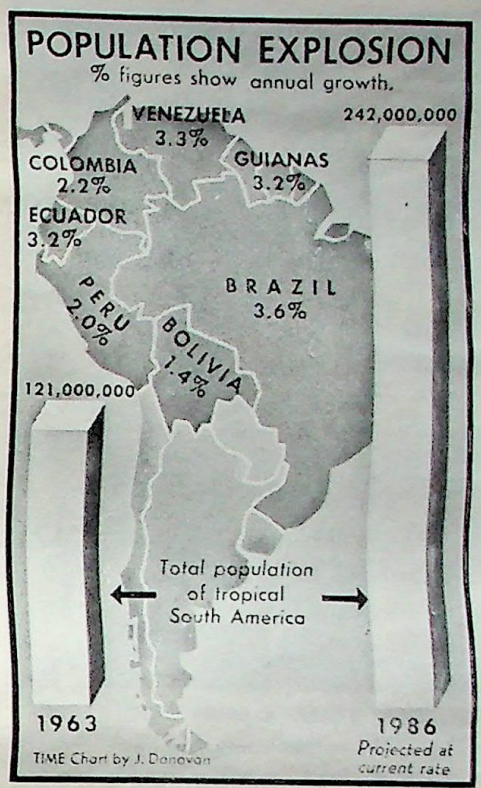


EDER & CASTRO
Buying some time.

POPULATION

Double by 1986

What part of the world has the fastest growing population? Not India and not Communist China. The population explosion is strongest in tropical South America—a 5,300,000-sq.-mi. area encompassing Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Venezuela, and the three Guianas, British, Dutch and French (*see map*). According to the Population Reference Bureau, an independent, nonprofit organization based in Washington, D.C., these nine countries are growing at an average rate of 3.2% each year, compared with about 2% for India and Red China. At current rates, their 121 million population will double by 1986; in 100 years something like 3.8 billion people will be fighting for survival in the area's inhospitable mountain ranges, jungles and deserts.



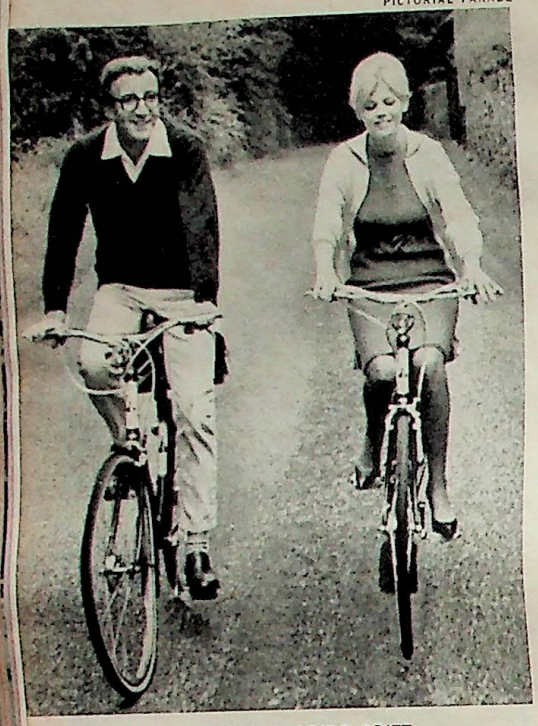
High birth rates of 40 to 50 per 1,000 annually have long been a fact of Latin American life. Since World War II, modern medicine has reduced the death rate to less than 20 per 1,000 in most countries. Brazil, whose 78 million people are increasing by 3.6% each year, is growing the fastest; next comes Venezuela, with 8,100,000 and a growth rate of 3.3%. Tiny Ecuador, whose 4,700,000 people stand 43 to the square mile, already has the highest population density of any South American country, and is compounding the matter with a 3.2% growth rate. Only in mountainous Bolivia, where 2,400,000 Indians struggle to exist in the thin Andean air, do the deaths start approaching the births.

The human explosion poses staggering problems for the nine nations—and for the U.S. as their Alianza partner. Almost half of the region's population are under 15 years of age, children who must be educated and trained for jobs, which must then be found for them. In Brazil, despite all efforts to build more schools, only half the children are getting a grade school education, only 6% high school training. Concludes the Population Reference Bureau: "Until a new 'vital balance' is achieved—a low birth rate balancing a low death rate—economic progress and better living conditions for each citizen will be very difficult to attain, if not impossible."

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PICTORIAL PARADE



SELLERS & BRIDE BRITT
The wheel came full cycle.

"I suffer from a prolonged mechanical adolescence," says **Peter Sellers**, 38, who loves nothing better than a spin in his 83rd car, a $19,600 Ferrari, which makes a nice change of pace from his 82nd, a $14,000 Lincoln Continental. But 100 m.p.h. can be hard on the heart, and an April cardiac seizure made Peter feel like a very old man, so the wheel has come full cycle, and it's back to puberty down an English country lane for the convalescent comedian and his bride Britt Eklund.

. . .

Mary Ann, 10 mos., **Mary Magdalene**, 10 mos., **Mary Catherine**, 10 mos., **Mary Margaret**, 10 mos., **James Andrew Fischer**, 10 mos., and their five older siblings take the giant economy-size carton. What's more, says Mother Mary Ann, they have a new brother and/or sister due in September. One company that that's strictly milk and honey to is Borden's, which has just lined up the quints and their family to boost everything it sells from gum to beans, but mainly guess what. Elsie, move over.

. . .

The memories were still strong, and gawking sightseers made N Street all but impassable, so **Jacqueline Kennedy**, 34, decided that next fall she, Caroline and John Jr. will move to impersonal Manhattan and put their twelve-room Georgetown house up for sale.

. . .

It was too early for Bastille Day, too late for the Fourth of July, but **Frank Sinatra**, 46, is so big for independence that he started his own revolution in Paris. During a wild night on the barricades, tossing firecrackers and four-letter sizzlers, Frank and his Hollywood citizens led French photographers to hot spots from the Left Bank to the Champs Elysées. As a cherry bomb burst in the air outside one *boîte*, a French newspoule asked, "Is that a game for middle-aged men?", to which Frankie glared redly, "Say that again and I'll smash your face in." She didn't, but the pack routed the rabble anyway with drawn knives, a gin bottle and a couple of clubs, leaving some Frenchmen thinking wistfully: *Quel dommage* the Bastille was ever torn down.

. . .

In Washington, D.C., the estate of Builder **Morris Cafritz**, who died last month at 77, was tidily appraised at $24 million, of which the feds will get $3,000,000, his widow, sometime Party Giver Gwen, $6,000,000, his three sons and charity the rest.

. . .

Bounding triumphantly from the grueling examinations that won him his *lycée's* coveted *bachot*, **Charles de Gaulle**, 15, *mon général's* oldest and favorite grandchild, reported that as his examination code name he had used *"L'état, c'est moi."* Despite dark suspicions that "certain professors are intimidated by my name," he nevertheless flunked Latin, pulled through on the strength of his French and history, which surprised few of his fellow students, among whom he is already famous for his imitations of Grandpa. "I am a Gaullist," he explains, grandly. "But if I were in Grandfather's place, I would be much more intransigent."

. . .

Oregon's Senator **Maurine Neuberger**, 57, who succeeded her husband Richard after his death in 1960, will be married "some time this year" to Dr. Philip Solomon, 50, a divorced Boston psychiatrist.

. . .

As it must to practically anyone who parks in Rio de Janeiro nowadays, *pffft* came to **Lincoln Gordon**, 50, U.S. Ambassador to Brazil. The official Cadillac (license: CD3) was parked in a forbidden zone across from the embassy, whereupon a Rio cop breezily whiffled the air from its front tires, preparatory to having it hauled away as part of the city's enthusiastic traffic improvement campaign. A hard-pumping attaché soon got things rolling again, however, and there was one consolation. Gordon got dozens of sympathetic phone calls from fellow flatties. Said he: "This is the first time in three years I've had such unanimous support."

. . .

Well, the candidate was a Dodger, a well-known Dodger, and he was dodging the accusations made by Vermont Bricklayer Rene Morin, 51, that he, **Leo Durocher**, 57, had stolen the heart of Morin's wife Anna, 51. The original Lip was curled up on the witness stand in Middlebury, Vt., during Morin's $150,000 alienation-of-affections suit. "I respect and admire Mrs. Morin," grated Leo, giving the ump his side of the story. But the girl "I am very, very much in love with" is Morin's daughter Carolyn, 26, a leggy actress-model [illegible] the coach's onetime secretary, whom [illegible] has dated since his marriage to Actress Laraine Day was rained out in 19[illegible]. He gave mother and daughter gifts, [illegible] agreed, but to persuade Carolyn to [illegible] come Mrs. D. Said she: "If the offer [illegible] still open, I might reconsider."

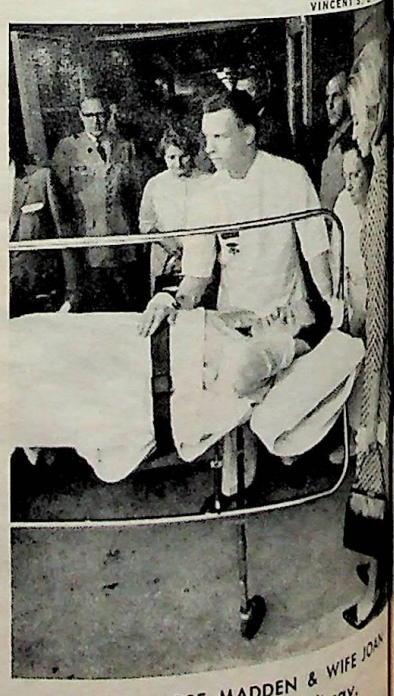
. . .

Foreign devils do it. Even Moscow revisionists do it. But for **Mao Tse-tung**, 70, leader of the glorious Chinese People's Republic, to indulge in such bourgeois barbarian ostentation as a limousine was hardly thinkable. Nonetheless, Mao has apparently decided to make the great leap forward in style. Peking has placed an order with Britain's decadent Rolls-Royce Ltd., for a $12,726 Silver Cloud III Mark III and a $20,454 Phantom V. They should do a lot for his image. At the Gate of Heavenly Peace, since with a little friendly assistance even the cleric in a Rolls can be persuaded not to [illegible]

. . .

Kelly's Law states that if you bring your umbrella to work, it won't rain. It also decrees that if a Democratic Senator breaks his back in western Massachusetts, he will wind up with a Republican town committeewoman for day nurse. To be sure, it made some stimulating discussion at Northampton's Cooley Dickinson Hospital, but **Teddy Kennedy**, 32, failed to [illegible] Mrs. Esther Madden on either the merits of Barry Goldwater or the demerits of the civil rights law before he was strapped onto a stretcher and driven 100 miles to Boston's New England Baptist Hospital, to be close to his family for the six to ten months he will have to stay. "He's a wonderful man and a wonderful patient," said Nurse Madden. But would she vote for him? "I wouldn't comment on that."

VINCENT S. D[illegible]



KENNEDY, NURSE MADDEN & WIFE JOAN
But the lady wouldn't say.

TIME, JULY 17, [illegible]

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGan

CAMPUSES

Advice from a Wise Old Computer

The typical junior college for 4,500 students requires 142 classrooms, but the junior college soon to be built in St. Louis will do the same job with 80. The savings will be $3,000,000, and all the credit goes to a wise old computer. Using techniques followed by aerospace engineers to simulate the performance of the Gemini space capsule, technicians at St. Louis' McDonnell Automation Center fed an IBM 7094 computer a fact of data that included the college's projected curriculum, the expected line-up of courses for the students, the size of classrooms, labs, lecture halls and shops, the size of the faculty, and time patterns for classes. In less than 30 minutes, the computer produced a schedule that would keep the instructional areas in use for 80% of the college's 45-hour week—as compared with an average utilization rate of from 30% to 50%.

Following the computer's advice, 100,000 sq. ft. were lopped off the building plans for the new campus. Two additional colleges are planned, and by 1970 a student body of 16,000 is expected for the three superefficient campuses. Said a grateful taxpayer: "How do you give an honorary degree to a computer?"

TEACHERS

Nuns for the 21st Century

From Columbia University last year, a Roman Catholic nun working for her M.A. in Russian flew off to the Soviet Union to do interviews on the 1917 Revolution. At the University of California in Berkeley, one of the nation's best centers for Hispanic studies, another nun, expert in Spanish, has just been offered a job as a teaching fellow. In New York, sisters attending Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart quietly study the sometimes shocking works of Samuel Beckett, and other nuns press curiously into a Second Avenue loft to take in the blasphemous black mass of Jean Genet's *The Blacks*.

Many such horizon-widening studies for U.S. nuns are planned and sponsored by the Sister Formation Conference, an organization successfully dedicated to raising the educational standards of the nation's 104,000 teaching nuns. Says Sister Bertrande Meyers of Missouri's Marillac College, which runs a year-round training program for the conference: "We prepare nuns for the 21st century."

How Many Hail Marys? Until recently, most U.S. sisters were barely prepared for the 19th. In 1952, one survey showed that only 13 out of the 255 religious communities had training programs to provide their nuns with bachelor's degrees, while 118 had no educational facilities of their own. So heavy was pressure from bishops to get nuns, even if badly trained, into expanding parochial-school systems that thousands of sisters were sent out to teach after two years of a spiritual novitiate. By secular standards, few were qualified to do much more than keep order in class and provide a "one Hail Mary and two Hail Marys make three Hail Marys" level of instruction.

Sister Formation has helped change that. Founded in 1954 by the National Catholic Education Association and superiors of the principal U.S. sisterhoods, the conference has set up four fulltime accredited centers for nuns at Catholic women's colleges, organized dozens of summer courses for sisters already committed to parochial-school teaching. It has persuaded well-fixed orders to open their facilities to less affluent sisterhoods, and to Episcopal nuns as well. About nine-tenths of the nation's sisterhoods have added in whole or part a standard five-year curriculum for nuns —heavy on liberal arts, light on professional education courses. Sister Formation's summer courses, and its monthly bulletin edited by Sister Ritamary of Washington, sometimes offer more avant-garde theology than most seminaries for priests allow.

A Wider Mission. The aims of Sister Formation are not narrowly professional or narrowly Catholic. According to Sister Annette Walters, the Minnesota psychologist who has been its executive director since 1960, the conference seeks to integrate a nun's spiritual and educational training. One current debate within the conference involves this spiritual training; some religious superiors, like Mother Regina of the Sisters of Mercy, believe that the conference should take its norms from the zealous Better World Movement, founded by Italian Jesuit Riccardo Lombardi.

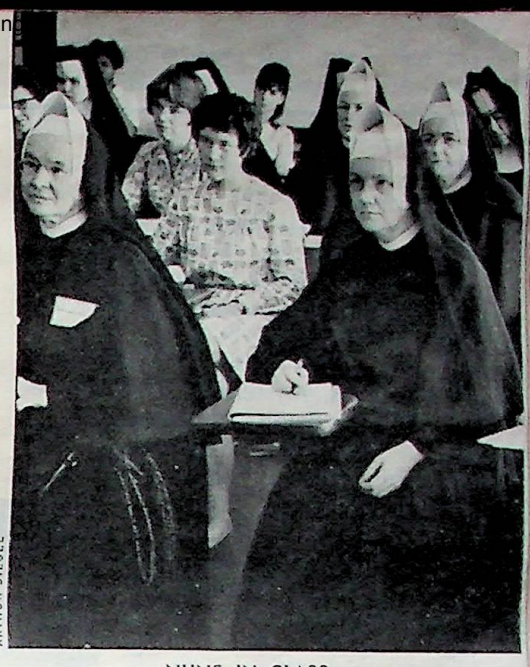
Sister Formation believes that nuns should take a wider and more active mission role in the world. Thus nuns majoring in sociology at Marillac spend long hours in St. Louis courts learning how the law operates, and those at Mundelein study civil rights and the psychology of poverty. In pursuit of higher education, nuns sometimes exchange their habits for dresses (as did the Columbia student who toured Russia) or get ecclesiastical permission to study writers, such as Sartre and Gide, whose works are on Rome's Index of Forbidden Books. And when nuns go on to graduate school, says Sister Mary Ann Ida of Mundelein, "the best type of university is often a state or large private university, and not necessarily a Catholic one."

"We must be dedicated to being the best-prepared teachers possible," says Sister Mary Emil of Detroit's Marygrove College, who believes that "we are within ten to 15 years of establishing the sisterhoods as the best-trained teachers on the American scene." Since one-tenth of the nation's children attend Catholic parochial schools, Sister Formation represents a national asset that will pay off not just in better-educated sister-teachers but also in better-educated Americans.

DAVID GAHR

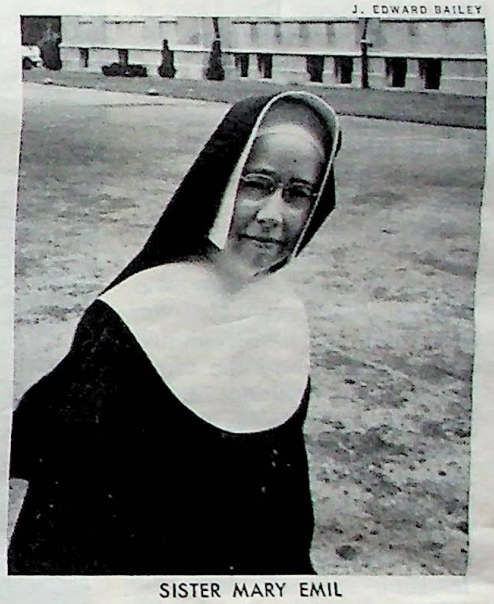
SISTER ANNETTE

ARTHUR SIEGEL



NUNS IN CLASS

J. EDWARD BAILEY



SISTER MARY EMIL

Keeping order to expanding horizons.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The Curse & The Hope

(See Cover)

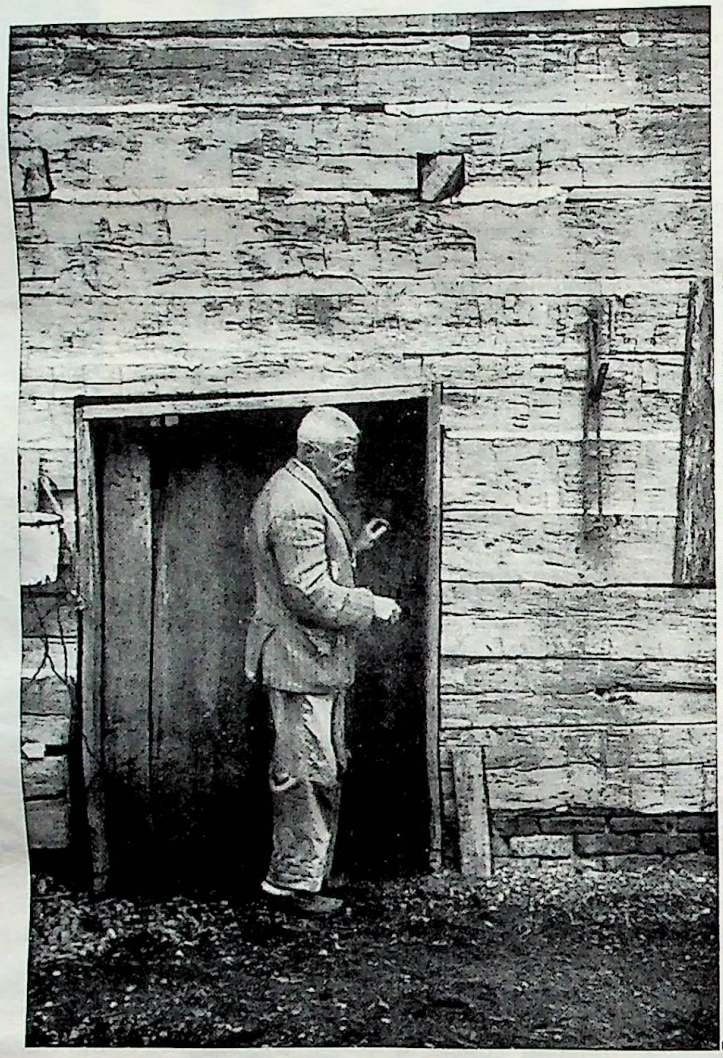
Tell about the South. What's it like there. What do they do there. Why do they live there. Why do they live at all?

You can't understand it. You would have to be born there.

—Absalom, Absalom!

The myths, mysteries, and hard realities of the South are the preoccupation of Presidents, the puzzlement of foreigners, the daily grist of newsmen, and the astonishment of the entire nation. Is the South a war camp of church bombings and station-wagon burnings, or is it a region earnestly attempting peaceful compliance with a hated civil rights law? Does it ask for "understanding" merely to delay the inevitable? Or is there a wound so deep that it will not heal for generations to come? Is poverty too prevalent? Is sex too obsessive? What sets Southerners apart —what lies at the root of their beliefs and behavior?

One man who knew was William Faulkner. He was born there, in Mississippi, heir to and prisoner of the crinoline-and-lace tradition; he died there in 1962. In writing 19 novels and 80 short stories, almost all about the South, he won through to an understanding that in its richness, scope and completeness, tragic vision and comic invention, will not soon be equaled. At his best he penetrated the magnolia curtain of Southern illusions to the secret springs of motive and action. He said, in effect, "This is the way it feels to be Southern"—something the North needs to know and the South may even need to be reminded of.



© 1963 MARTIN J. DAIN "FAULKNER'S COUNTY: YOKNAPATAWPHA" TO BE PUBLISHED BY RANDOM HOUSE

FAULKNER INSPECTING HAND-HEWN LOG BARN

Back to native roots.

Faulkner's vision has little to do with sit-ins and registration drives. His is a vision of history and the heart. It begins with the land in its original wildness and its taming and spoliation by the first settlers and their slaves. For him the crime of the South was chattel slavery, and the white man's denial of the Negro's equal humanity was an ineradicable curse on the land and its people. Ever since, Faulkner argues, the white Southerner has been burdened by a crippling, unacknowledged guilt, as intimate and inescapable as if taken in with the milk of his mother—or of his Negro wet nurse.

Slavery brought the disaster of the Civil War, which united the South, gave it legends, but impoverished it. Reconstruction, by attempting to impose revolutionary change, created the South's implacable resistance to change, and thus put off for a century any real hope of racial equality and the working-out of the Southerners' guilt on their own initiative—which is the only way guilt can be worked out.

The defeated whites clung to the past when Mississippi had been one of the richest states in the Union and Jefferson Davis the rebel President. They were scared because they felt that they were few and the Negroes myriad; they were stubborn because only by convincing themselves that the Negro was somehow inferior, like a pet or a horse, could they justify their long crime of refusing to recognize him as an equal human being; they were violent, partly from the strain of sustaining this myth, partly from fear that if the myth was once cracked, at any point or in any context, the whole perilously maintained social structure would collapse.

Gropings & Costs. Thus Faulkner's stories know the moment when a Southern child first hates, and what happens to men who use other men as tools. Faulkner brings alive the Southern preoccupation with the past and the sickness of living in memories. He teaches again and again the fear and the reality of miscegenation, and he makes comprehensive the sexual hysteria behind the myth of Southern white womanhood. He can extort reluctant understanding for a code of grim and instant violence.

Faulkner also knew the gropings and costs of conciliation, and the difficulty and urgency of arousing men of good will to action. He spoke of the future not as a social scientist with a blueprint and a program, but as a novelist of "the human heart in conflict with itself"—as he said when he received the Nobel Prize. Thus his hopes are implicit in the psychology of the characters he created and in the moral judgments he requires the reader to make. And what he seemed to hope was that out of the heart in conflict, out of the crisis of conscience, could come a new reverence for the land and for its people, and a voluntary recognition by the individual white Southerner of the humanity of the individual Negro. He put his faith in the generation now coming to maturity to go much farther than its fathers.

For those who had ears to hear, Faulkner was offering these things more than a quarter-century ago, back when the public that was embracing *Gone With the Wind* could dismiss the South's sporadic violence (119 lynchings in the '30s) and constant racial repression as merely a peculiar regional problem. Faulkner himself was often treated as a strictly regional writer. In 1945, just five years before he won the Nobel Prize, nearly all his novels were out of print. Many white Southerners still turn away from him as difficult, gothic and horror-ridden, loaded down with guilt they claim they do not feel. Yet today William Faulkner is the one writer—sociologist, historian or novelist, Southerner or Northerner, white or Negro—who is inescapably relevant to a compassionate understanding of the Southern crisis.

Born & Bred. Halfway through the writing of his third novel, *Sartoris*, he had a vision: "I discovered that my own little postage stamp of native soil was worth writing about and that I would never live long enough to exhaust it. I created a cosmos of my own." He called it Yoknapatawpha County and set it down in the rolling pine hills and cotton-rich valley bottoms of northeastern Mississippi, 80 miles from Memphis, Tenn., named its county seat Jef-

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...erson, and peopled its 2,400 sq. mi. ...with 15,611 residents—"Whites, 6,298; ...Negroes, 9,313. William Faulkner, sole ...wner and proprietor."

Faulkner set 15 of his 19 novels in ...Yoknapatawpha County. He drew its ...maps, crisscrossed its landscape in his ...stories, plotted the intricate genealogies ...of some of its families for four and five ...generations, told and retold its legends, ...and searched out its history back to its ...original Indian inhabitants.

So real was the world of Yoknapatawpha to Faulkner that he sometimes ...gave the impression of living the life of ...the county almost day by day.

...during a bibulous all-afternoon lunch in New York with ...the last Random House editor, Albert Erskine, Faulkner ...might ask: "By the way, did ...you hear what happened to ...Barry Snopes?" and then ...launch into anecdotes (some ...of them never published) just ...as if Erskine had lived in the ...same town but had not been ...back for a spell. Faulkner ...once remarked to a friend that ...Yoknapatawpha Lawyer Gavin Stevens " was a good man, ...but he didn't succeed in living ...up to his ideal. But his nephew, the boy [Chick Mallison, ...the young hero of *Intruder in the Dust*], I think he may ...grow up to be a better man ...than his uncle; I think he may ...succeed as a human being."

Looking Glass. Yoknapatawpha County and the town of Jefferson resemble closely the Oxford, Miss., area where Faulkner was born in 1897. (Yoknapatawpha was the original Indian name of the river that runs past Oxford.) Many of its inhabitants, including most of the principal characters of his novels, are closely drawn from his family, his acquaintances, his ancestors. His great-grandfather (the novelist added the *'u'*) was a Confederate colonel and a fiery leader of irregular cavalry; he later turned railroad builder and politician, killed two men in gun fights, was himself finally shot dead in the street by a former business partner. In each larger-than-life detail he has long been recognized as the model for Faulkner's Colonel John Sartoris, progenitor of the Sartoris family, whose family legends, falling fortunes and declining vigor the novelist traced through four generations in eleven novels (principally *Sartoris* and *The Unvanquished*). Oxford friends of Faulkner can tentatively identify the real-life sources of several dozen other characters and incidents, including some of the most decadent and grotesque.

But Yoknapatawpha County is far more than antiquarianism and an exercise in skirting the law of libel: it is a looking glass of magical power to enable the patient viewer to see the South whole.

Faulkner was first of all a social historian of matchless accuracy and sweep in capturing the detail of the way life in the Deep South was, and often still is, for whites and Negroes, rednecks and aristocrats, farmers and townspeople. He was also a raconteur of hallucinatory splendor and sudden mirth. But primarily, Faulkner chronicled and explicated the mind and conscience—and something deeper than conscience or even consciousness—of the white Southerner. In effect, his exploration was an exploration of himself. This is one of the most difficult things to do honestly, and one of the most significant if done well.

Black Shadow. For no man could have been more wholly in the South and of the South. William Faulkner was deeply, almost mystically, attached to the land. He was the great-grandson of a man who had owned slaves; his father ran only a livery stable. But Faulkner's concern was spiritual, not economic. His obsession was the region's deepest secret, what he called the curse on the land.

He put it most passionately in *Light in August*, as the tormented Joanna Burden remembers the time when her abolitionist father took her to the family graves and told her: "Your grandfather and brother are lying there, murdered not by one white man but by the curse which God put on a whole race before your grandfather or your brother or me or you were even thought of. A race doomed and cursed to be forever and ever a part of the white race's doom and curse for its sins. Remember that. His doom and his curse. Forever and ever. Mine. Your mother's. Yours, even though you are a child. The curse of every white child that ever was born and that ever will be born. None can escape it."

And Joanna remembers: "I had seen and known Negroes since I could remember. I just looked at them as I did at rain, or furniture, or food or sleep. But after that I seemed to see them for the first time not as people, but as a thing, a shadow in which I lived, we lived, all white people, all other people. I thought of all the children coming forever and ever into the world, white, with black shadow already falling upon them before they drew breath."

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

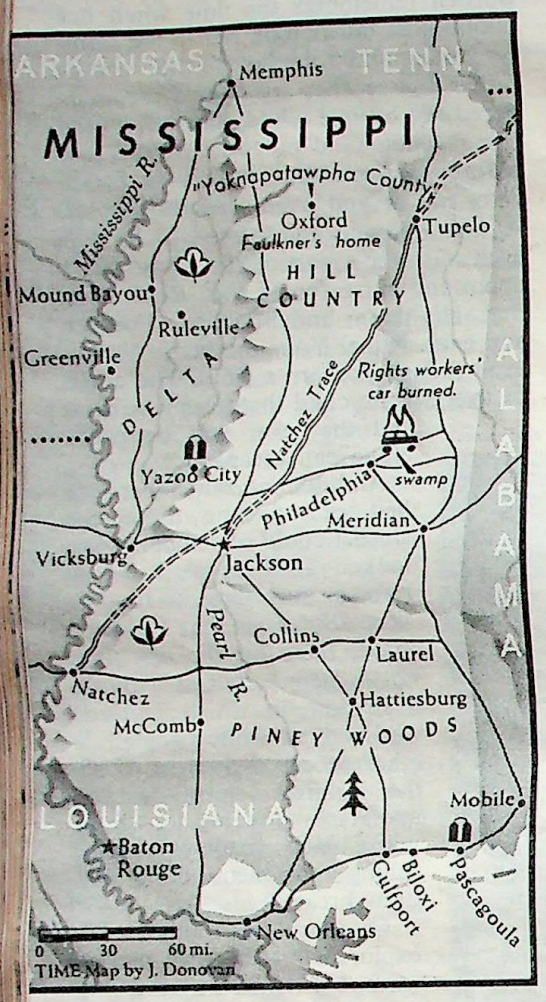
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE LEAVING APPOMATTOX (BY WAUD)
Out of the memory of defeat.

On the Floor. Faulkner has explored this thesis in myriad ways, but none is more touching, or echoes the experiences of more Southerners, than the story of seven-year-old Roth Edmonds in *Go Down, Moses*. In all Roth's young life, his constant companion has been a Negro boy named Henry, son of a nearby Negro farmer. They have played and fished together, eaten the same meals and often slept in the same bed. "Then one day the old curse of his fathers, the old haughty ancestral pride based not on any value but on an accident of geography stemmed not from courage and honor but from wrong and shame, descended to him." Roth decrees that Henry must sleep on a pallet on the floor. This primal wrong and first denial of equality leaves Roth in "a rigid fury of the grief he could not explain, the shame he would not admit."

Just how far Mississippi's troubles extend back into history is examined in *Absalom, Absalom!* That history is inexorably racial. The novel mercilessly strips away the romantic Southern mythology to reveal the brutal repression of slavery, the arrogance of plantation owners who could summon Negro girls to their beds as if they were ordering the carriage brought around to the door, the guilt behind the Southern obsession with "purity of blood," and the consequences down through the generations of the white man's refusal ever to recognize his Negro offspring, his in-

CC-0. In Public Domain. G...

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



ability ever to say "my son, my son," to his dark-born child.

In a panting, difficult prose, the several 20th century narrators of *Absalom, Absalom!* pursue the story of Thomas Sutpen, who came to Mississippi with wagonloads of savage blacks in 1832 determined to change a 100-sq.-mi. piece of virgin forest into a plantation. Sutpen is a creature of high-flown words and naked will—and perhaps the closest to a tragic hero in the classical Greek sense that U.S. literature has produced.

His fierce dream of Sutpen's Hundred at first succeeds. But disaster overtakes him and his dream of a dynasty. His grown son Henry brings home a friend, Charles Bon, who courts Sutpen's grown daughter Judith—but who turns out to be Sutpen's never-acknowledged child by his first wife, whom he put aside when he discovered that the aristocratic Creole girl had a trace of Negro blood. The Civil War interrupts, and the men go off to fight. But when the weary combatants return and meet at the gate of the ruined plantation, young Henry Sutpen shoots down his half-brother Charles Bon. Why? Was it because of a fear that Judith would commit incest? Or miscegenation?

Thus the plot of *Absalom, Absalom!* sums up the fundamental Southern anxiety: to the racist's question, "would you want your sister to marry one," Faulkner adds "when he may be your brother?" This, Faulkner seems to say, lies at the heart of the almost paranoiac fear of the "mixing of bloods," which would call in question the belief in a difference between the races on which white dominance was founded, and which, as the owner of one of Mississippi's largest plantations said last week, is still "very real for many whites today."

Crisis of Identity. In *Light in August*, Faulkner demonstrated how the preoccupation with race can make it tragically impossible for a man to know who he really is, and dramatized the mindless virulence of white reaction to miscegenation. Joe Christmas, the book's hell-ridden hero, is a remarkably modern figure: in the psychological cant phrase of 1964, he suffers an "identity crisis" because he thinks he is part Negro successfully passing for white. Compounding his agonizing psychological fracture, Joe Christmas takes for his mistress a woman who embodies the Southerner's hated notion of the "outside agitator." Joanna Burden is a spinster, a Northerner, dedicated to helping Negroes. Her failure is that she is not able to know Negroes as individuals, but only as an abstract mass or a brooding presence. One day Joanna is found brutally murdered in her bedroom. Obviously Joe has killed her. But this would not have excited the town until an acquaintance of Joe Christmas says that he has always thought Joe was a nigger. That sets off the mob. In his description of Joe's lynching, Faulkner makes clear that vengeance does not expunge guilt, and expiation is nigh to impossible.

"When they saw what Grimm was doing one of the men gave a choked cry and stumbled back into the wall and began to vomit. Then Grimm too sprang back, flinging behind him the bloody butcher knife. 'Now you'll let white women alone, even in hell,' he said. But the man on the floor had not moved . . . From out the slashed garments about his hips and loins the pent black blood seemed to rush like a released breath . . . upon that black blast the man seemed to rise soaring into their memories forever and ever. They are not to lose it, in whatever peaceful valleys, beside whatever placid and reassuring streams of old age, in the mirroring faces of whatever children they will contemplate old disasters and newer hopes."

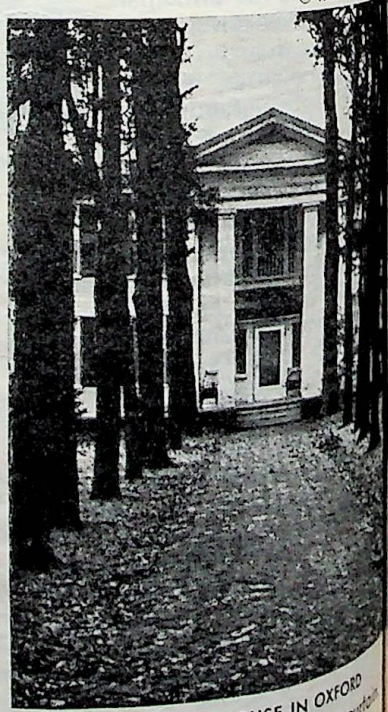
Renunciation. In the series of novellas and short stories brought together in *Go Down, Moses*, Faulkner expressed most explicitly his hope that some day reconciliation may be found in an end to exploitation of one race by another. More than any other Faulkner character, Ike McCaslin grapples with and points the way to the moral and emotional resolution of the white man's guilt. Faulkner begins again at the beginning, where Ike McCaslin's ancestors with their slaves took the land from the Indians and tamed it to cotton. He then tells how Ike himself as a boy grows up in the town of Jefferson, learns to hunt deer and bear, and is initiated into a manly love for the wilderness and all the creatures in it.

Ostensibly, Ike McCaslin's life is a series of hunting stories. As that, they are fine entertainment, often anthologized. But beyond that the stories make up a mystical, and for Faulkner truly religious, statement of man's holy relation to the wild land. What Ike McCaslin learns is that he can have peace only at the price of renouncing his claim to his father's slave-won, sharecropper-run plantation, "founded upon injustice and erected by ruthless rapacity and carried on even yet with at times downright savagery not only to the human beings but the valuable animals too." But after this his wife rejects him, and Ike thereby loses the right to found a family of his own. The price of reconciliation is terribly high, Faulkner says—and even then it may not be enough.

Told by an Idiot. In *The Sound and the Fury*, which many critics call his greatest book, Faulkner examined the aimlessness, moral impotence and sense of doom that he saw afflicting many of the old established Southern families in the first third of this century. The events are simple enough, though the stream-of-consciousness telling makes them often difficult to follow. Of the four children in the aristocratic Compson family, the boy Benjy is an idiot, the girl Caddy gets pregnant, marries the wrong man, and goes away, the boy Quentin commits suicide in an infirmary, rejection of his sister's dishonor, and the boy Jason grows into a man constantly lashing himself with hate, frustration and repressed violence.

Only the old Negro servant of the family, Dilsey Gibson, can be seen as whole and fully human. Some critics found Dilsey heroically simple to the point of sentimental caricature of the "black mammy." Faulkner clearly

© 1963 MARTIN



FAULKNER'S HOUSE IN OXFORD
A view through the magnolia curtain

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...ed her as a celebration of the qual... of Negro endurance that survives ...h dignity in the Deep South. She ...lso the book's moral norm, against ...ich the reader measures the decline ... the Compsons into drunkenness, ...ychondria, idiocy, promiscuity and ...icide. Through the three decades ...mined by the novel, Dilsey Gibson, ...h her strength, patience and honesty, ... the only one who keeps the family ...ether at all.

Crisis in the Flesh. Faulkner's devel... alarm over the grim daily realities ...ace in the present-day South was ...r demonstrated in three notable char... portraits (one Negro, two white) ... painted in *Intruder in the Dust*, ...ch was his first novel in seven years ...en it was published in 1948. Lucas ...champ (rhymes with reach 'em) is ...a "damned high-nosed impudent Ne... " As the book opens, he is about ...e lynched for murdering a white ...n. He proves himself a model of ...perturbable courage that any civil ...hts leader should envy.

Lawyer Gavin Stevens, whom Beau... ...mp calls on to defend him, is the ...y picture of the well-meaning but ...ffectual white moderate who is re... ...ant to act on his convictions. Faulk... ...r's belief that the coming generation ...ries the burden and opportunity of ...nciliation is personified in Chick ...llison, the white lad who digs up the ...ence that clears Beauchamp. Chick ...rn between the tradition that ex... ...cts him to hate Beauchamp for his ...rideful independence, and his own ...rudging, slowly growing respect for ...ucas as a man. More explicitly than ...y other of Faulkner's books, *Intruder ...the Dust* is the South's racial crisis ...en flesh.

Walked Off the Page. But Faulkner ...finally relevant not narrowly to the ...egro problem in the South but to the ...an problem—the ills of the entire ...ciety and way of life he writes about. ...this Snopes trilogy, starting with *The ...mlet*, he turned to another aspect ...f that society, telling of the grimly ...dependent small white farmers and ...e rise of that perfectly unprincipled ...an Flem Snopes.

Flem Snopes and his rootless clan are ...Faulkner creation that rose up and ...alked off the page. Throughout the ...outh today, "Snopes" is a derisive epi... ...et for men ranging from leading dem... ...agogic politicians down to the Klans... ...an next door. Snopeses pop up early ...Yoknapatawpha County, but unlike ...st other Faulkner characters they ...em to have no ancestors—at least not ...om Mississippi. Flem's father, the vi... ...ous Ab Snopes, wore neither blue uni... ...orm nor grey, but was a carrion crow ...m Civil War battlefields.

Flem rises because he has no humani... ...y to blur the cold, hyper-rational clarity ...th which he uses other people's weak... ...sses. When he outgrows the back country and moves to Jefferson (in *The Town* and *The Mansion*), his tribe begins to infiltrate and increase. There is Montgomery Ward Snopes the pornographer, Wat Snopes the carpenter, Virgil Snopes the barber and brothel athlete, and a score of others. When Flem takes over the Sartoris Bank, his success is proof of the loosened grip of the older, principled families.

Agonized Search. All of these novels have a jolting brilliance and precision of characterization. Jason Compson, bitter, narrow and enraged by personal failings, is a merciless rendering of the type of Southerner who constantly vents his frustration with lines such as "What this country needs is white labor. Let these damn trifling niggers starve for a couple of years, then they'd see what a soft thing they have." Negro Novelist Ralph Ellison says that the enduring Dilsey Gibson reminds him of the real-life Rosa Parks, who touched off the Birmingham, Ala., bus boycott one day in 1955 when she refused to stand up for a white passenger because her feet hurt. Lucas Beauchamp catches to perfection the abrasive, unbending independence of a man like James Meredith, who integrated the University of Mississippi three months after Faulkner's death.

The novels also share another trait that seizes and deeply involves the reader: each is an extended and agonized search for truth. Faulkner at his best thus belongs with novelists like Proust or Dostoevsky. This trait in part explains Faulkner's enormous popularity abroad, particularly in such places as Japan and France, where the state of the soul is considered far more absorbing than sociology—least of all the sociology of a remote region such as the U.S. South. There they have viewed Faulkner's work as a series of morality tales, and long before the U.S. did, they understood his novels as dramatizations of a U.S. crisis of conscience that most Americans irritably denied existed.

Visible Conflict. Faulkner's overt, publicly voiced views on the Southern crisis are relatively rare and ambiguous. He was a writer above all, and perhaps he did not know what he thought until he had written it. His novels are a kind of diary of his own tormented inner struggle, an inadvertent self-portrait of a man making visible his own conflict of loyalties and good will.

Faulkner also kept himself one of the least public of writers. He rarely gave interviews, and when he did he was frequently gruff and uncooperative. He secluded himself in a classical South-

© 1963 MARTIN J. DAIN

MISSISSIPPI SHARECROPPER, MULES & CABIN

The price of reconciliation is terribly high, and yet may not be enough.

ern house that was an almost defiant backward clutch toward a lost way of life. He often refused to answer the phone. When the movie made from *Intruder in the Dust* was given its world première in Oxford, he announced, to the producers' horror, that he would not attend. He finally did appear at the theater only because someone had reached an aunt of his in Memphis, who thereupon told Faulkner that she was going to the première and expected him to escort her. With the negligent indifference of an aristocrat, he did not bother to wear a tie or shave off a three-day stubble.

Shooting in the Streets. After receiving the Nobel Prize in 1950, Faulkner reluctantly began to develop a sense of responsibility to his audience, and also as a spokesman for the South, though he could still be unpredictable and self-contradictory. His most notorious statement on the racial crisis came in the course of a rambling, angry Oxford interview in February 1956 with British Newsman Russell Warren Howe, who reported Faulkner as saying: "If it came to fighting I'd fight for Mississippi against the United States even if it meant going out into the street and shooting Negroes."

CC-0. In Public Domain. G...

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PHIL MULLEN

FAULKNER & DEER-HUNTING CRONIES (1952)
One of them, but not all the stores were open.

In that same interview, Faulkner insisted repeatedly that "the Negroes are right—make sure you've got that—they're right," and that Southern white racists "are wrong and their position untenable." But ripped from context, shooting in the streets made headlines. Negro Author James Baldwin condemned Faulkner, in large part for that statement, as "guilty of great emotional and intellectual dishonesty."

Faulkner himself followed up the headlines with letters to many newspapers insisting that he had been misquoted by Howe. What the letters naturally did not mention was the fact that at the time of the interview Faulkner had spent several days working his way through a demijohn of bourbon, a bout set off by a running quarrel about the racial question with his brother John Faulkner, who was a die-hard segregationist.

Stop a While. Not a call to arms for the South, but a plea to the North to "stop for a moment," to hold off forcible desegregation until the South had "a little time" to come to its senses and voluntarily grant the Negro's inevitable equality—this was Faulkner's concern in articles he wrote for LIFE and *Ebony* that same year. As early as 1948, Faulkner had put a similar plea in the mouth of Lawyer Stevens in *Intruder in the Dust*. And in a letter to a white student at the University of Alabama at the time of the riots over Autherine Lucy's admission, he wrote: "I vote that we ourselves choose to abolish [segregation], if for no other reason than, by voluntarily giving the Negro the chance for whatever equality he is capable of, we will stay on top; he will owe us gratitude; where, if his equality is forced on us by law, compulsion from the outside, he will be on top from being the victor, the winner against opposition. And no tyrant is more ruthless than he who was only yesterday the oppressed, the slave."

Such views hardly make a man a radical from the Northern point of view. But in Mississippi, Hodding Carter recalls, people who had always vaguely thought that "Bill Faulkner is one of us" by the mid-'50s were calling him "small-minded Willie, the nigger lover." He was the target of abusive mail and crank phone calls. Around Oxford there were stores and filling stations that refused to serve him.

They were wrong. No man was more fiercely loyal to his land and his people. But he wanted and demanded that the South cure itself. In the words of the rebellious Chick Mallison, looking at his relatives with sudden pride: "That was part of it too, that fierce desire that they should be perfect because they were his and he was theirs, that furious intolerance of any one single jot or tittle less than absolute perfection —that furious almost instinctive [illegible] and spring to defend them from anyone anywhere so that he might excoriate them himself without mercy since they were his own and he wanted no more save to stand with them unalterable and impregnable: one shame if shame must be, one expiation must surely be but above all one unalterable durable impregnable one: one people one heart one land."

For Every American. Faulkner did not know everything about the South, at least about the new South. He knew few Negroes well, and no civil rights leaders at all, except in briefest acquaintance. He never understood (or anyway portrayed) the urban and educated Negroes that have been the spearhead of the civil rights fight. He saw federal action on civil rights through a haze of fact and legend about the Reconstruction imposed from the North. He never appreciated the imperative need for legal sanction of a Negro's right to sit at a bar, get a haircut, swim in a pool. He only vaguely realized that civil rights legislation provides many a Southerner of good will the excuse to accept—quietly, if not graciously—what cannot be avoided.

Faulkner understood not the legal but the human facts. He understood that the crisis between white and black was not only a crisis for the South but for every American, however many miles may separate him from Mississippi. He understood that legal sanction was one thing, but emotional acceptance was another.

And in the long range of two races' memories or one nation's vision, Faulkner's difficult proposal is the only one that works. He desperately urged on his fellow Southerners—and himself—a change of heart. He never, on the evidence, quite managed that change himself. But if he left a message and a legacy, it was to urge upon his fellow Southerners and the nation the imperative necessity for that change.

© 1963 MARTIN J. DAIN

NEGRO AND WHITE BOYS AT PLAY NEAR OXFORD
Not the legal but the human fact.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Bayer Leverkusen · Dyestuffs · Chemicals · Pharmaceuticals · Man-made Fibres · Crop Protection Products · Photographic Products

BAYER

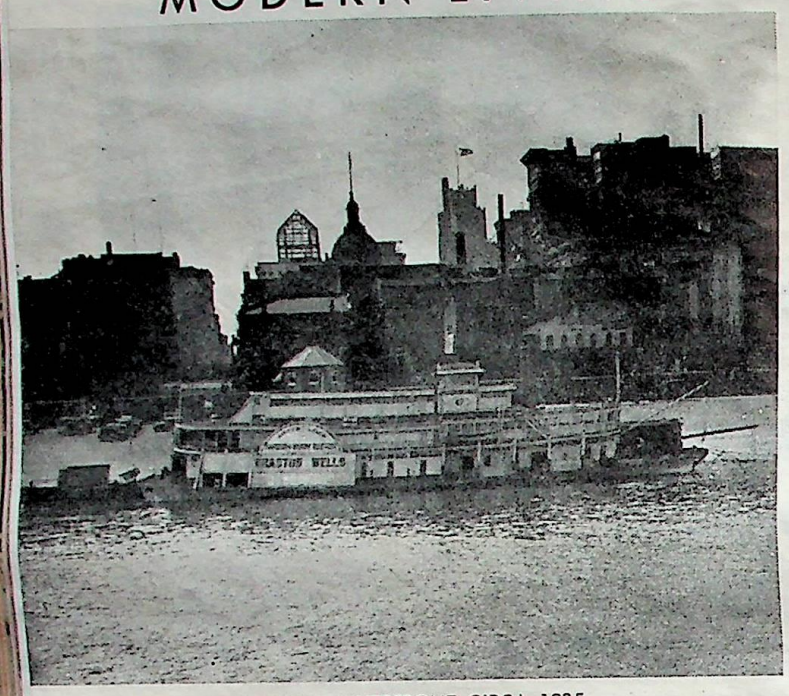
The Hallmark of Reliability

"Don't hedge me in!..."

Why should he worry? He'll always find plenty of insects to feed on. In fact, these crop pests multiply so rapidly that mankind would have starved long ago, despite the efforts of hedgehogs to combat insects, had not science found effective pest control agents. Bayer crop protection products have been saving plants and crops in all parts of the world for many decades. Bayer research helps to make sure that we shall always have enough to eat.

CC-0. In Public Domain. C

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



ST. LOUIS RIVERFRONT CIRCA 1935

ED MEYER—ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

JEFFERSON MEMORIAL PARK TODAY

Out of the skids and on to a renaissance.

CITIES

To the Brink & Back

Sprawled along the banks of the Mississippi, St. Louis funneled the emigration of half a nation toward the Western reaches of the U.S. Paragon of productive diversity, the city turns out candy and caskets, chemicals and containers, animal feed and jet aircraft. Its International Shoe Co. is the nation's biggest shoemaker, Budweiser the biggest brewer. It is the nation's second largest rail center. It served the first hot dog and the first ice-cream cone, was the site of the first balloon race. The corncob pipe was invented there. The first operation to remove a man's lung was performed there.

But more important for modern St. Louis are still two other facts of its past and present: seldom has a U.S. city come closer to the brink of civic disaster, and seldom has a city worked harder or more successfully to recover.

"Such a Dump." "After World War I," wrote Ernest Kirschten in his book *Catfish and Crystal*, "St. Louis dozed off. Maybe it was tired. Maybe Prohibition was not only a shock but also a sedative to this beer city. Depression was no stimulant. More than ever, St. Louis turned in on itself, contemplated its communal navel."

A wave of immigrants swept into the city while disgruntled middle- and high-income burghers fled into the surrounding county suburbs. Gracious mansions became tenements. By 1952, the city was one-quarter slum, another quarter near slum. No new office buildings had been put up in 25 years. Industry pulled out in wholesale lots. Property values and business activity plunged. "You might ask," wrote English Author Geoffrey Grigson in 1951, "why anyone would be proud of such a dump."

In 1952, business leaders, alarmed at the city's skid, formed a nonprofit organization called Civic Progress, Inc. It backed Engineer Raymond Roche Tucker, for mayor. Back in the late 1930s, Tucker had come up with a plan to eliminate the city's then notorious smog cover by cutting down the amount of volatile fuel used by industry. He later was named chairman of the department of mechanical engineering at St. Louis' Washington University. Democrat Tucker gave up his $20,000-a-year job for the $10,000-a-year mayor's post.

Recruits for Resurgence. Tucker recruited the city's business leaders to help work on problems ranging from slum clearance to the downtown traffic tangle. To fight blight while bringing the city budget back from the red, Tucker pushed through a $110 million public-improvements bond issue, lured in federal and private capital to help.

On the Fourth of July, nearly half a million people flocked to the St. Louis riverfront and, amid bursts of fireworks and patriotic oratory, celebrated the 200th anniversary of the year a group of French fur traders came ashore to found the city. But as much as anything, it really was a celebration of a "notable civic renaissance," as the St. Louis Post-Dispatch has called it.

In all, some $2 billion worth of major construction is under way or planned in the metropolitan area. A 454-acre midtown tract of slums called Mill Creek Valley, filled with slum housing that cried out for rebuilding in 1954, is now one of the largest urban-renewal areas in the U.S. A substantial section of it will be set aside for an expressway to link downtown with the major expressways leading out of the city. The long neglected riverfront has been cleared for the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial Park; scheduled for completion there next year is a soar stainless-steel arch 630 ft. high, signed by the late Eero Saarinen monument to St. Louis as Gatew the West. A seven-block pedestria shaded by trees and flanked by is abuilding. Ground has been for a 1,100-car parking garag step in construction of a dow sports stadium, designed by E Stone, that will seat 50,000, cos million.

The program has its critics. The Creek slums were bulldozed in but redevelopment has been so that the area is locally dubbed shima Flats." The New York T Ada Louise Huxtable charged that rebuilders had razed "the heart history" of the city by clearing riverfront. Defenders point out that storied waterfront had long deter rated into a grimy morass of dilapi warehouses, buildings and resid Developers have been scrupulous in serving the architectural monument the area—the old courthouse and cathedral—and have stored the best amples of cast-iron storefronts to be on display in the new Museum of W ward Expansion.

Beyond a doubt, St. Louis is from the brink. In many ways, its ple have changed little. They still their suds at the rate of 28 gal year per person, root for the Car nals, thrive on sauerbraten, like t member that their town produced Eliot as well as Stan Musial, and pronounce Gravois Street as "Grav Men like Mayor Ray Tucker brought a new awakening. Says "This is a warm, stable community people here are conservative and tious. But I have yet to see them respond to a program for civic ment when it is explained to them."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NEWSPAPERS

...g Kind to the Competition

...ven on the dullest day of the mid-...mer doldrums, the Dallas morning ...s would not be expected to report ...e fact that its evening competitor, ...Times-Herald, planned to cover bas-...ball games next winter. But that was ...y what the Dallas News did, in ...s for ABC-TV. SPORTS COVERAGE ...DED, announced the News, over ...y reporting ABC's plans to televise ...sketball games come January 1965. ...r could the New York Herald Trib-...e matching plans to cover the current ...troubles in the South, expect its ...prise to rate a news spread in the ...York Daily News. Nevertheless, a ...ad in the Daily News was just what ...e other News competition got. TV ...S MISSISSIPPI, read the Daily ...s's headline, above a report that ...C was programing on-the-spot re-...s from Philadelphia, Miss.

Fan-Club Fidelity. These were not ...ted examples of a U.S. newspaper ...ency to treat television news cov-...ge as if the coverage itself were ...s. Jack Gould, the New York ...s's TV critic, systematically lumps ...ewscasts in with Dr. Kildare, and ...s both the same sort of critical ...-over. After last month's confer-...of state governors in Cleveland, ...Dealer TV Columnist Bert J. ...ng praised the city's radio and TV ...ons for "an exemplary piece of ...k." But the Plain Dealer had noth-...to say, one way or another, about ...performance of its own reporters—...for that matter, of those on Cleve-...'s other daily, the Press.

...e appearances and disappearances ...TV newscasters are logged by the ...s with a fan-club fidelity usually re-served for grease paint performers—which perhaps they are. Thus when NBC, eying San Francisco, decided to backstop its top news team of Chet Huntley and Dave Brinkley with another duo, the New York Times duly recorded their names: Ray Scherer and Nancy Dickerson. And when Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. signed Novelist-Playwright Gore Vidal to report both the Republican and Democratic national conventions, the Times gave Vidal's assignment headline prominence—meanwhile leaving unmentioned the names of several dozen experienced Timesmen who are likely to do a better job at San Francisco.

Generous Attention. It was not as if the country's press needed any reminder that television is a fiercely competitive news medium. "I like the nationwide audience and all that," said Allan Rusten, press chief for the G.O.P.'s Platform Committee, "but I feel like I'm being strangled in TV cables." TV sound trucks ringed San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel like enemy tanks, and such was the TV-induced congestion that one city cop had to borrow a TV crane to regulate traffic (*see cut*). But the moral was apparently lost on the country's newspapers, where page after gift-page reflected TV's ambition to hog the San Francisco show.

The Chicago News devoted twelve column inches to NBC's plan to use ultraviolet-light transmitters in the Cow Palace. THE BATTLE OF COMPUTERS: A TV THRILLER, headlined the Detroit Free Press. In New York, under a no-surprise headline—NETWORK CARAVANS CARRY TV GADGETS AND MEN TO COAST G.O.P. RALLY—the Times totted up the logistics of the move: 1,500 TV hands, nearly 50 miles of cable for NBC alone.

Newspapers justify such generous attention to TV's news function on rather curious grounds. "A news event on TV is just another TV program," says Detroit News TV Columnist Frank Judge, who thinks more televiewers should watch the news and encourages News readers to do just that. Los Angeles Times Publisher Otis Chandler is even more unselfish. "I'm the first to admit that TV news is very good here," says Chandler. "But just because television is a good competitor is no reason for reducing your coverage."

Being Catty to Columnists

Pamela Mason, the all-but-divorced wife of Actor James Mason, is an English-born, middle-aged chatterbox whose very conversation is constructed like a Hollywood gossip column. Mostly, she has confined her monologues to parties and daily appearances on radio and TV, but neither medium was just the right setting for a woman with Pamela's natural dagger-turn of phrase. Last week she announced that she was about to be put in her proper place at last. Soon, she said, she will begin writing a Hollywood column just like Hedda and Lolly. Columnist Mason's paper: The Chicago Sun-Times.

"If they ever have another filibuster in Washington, Pamela should lead it," says Groucho Marx. "She's the steadiest-talking woman I ever encountered. It's invariably about sex—but that's an interesting subject to me."

"I don't want to do gossip," Pamela says defensively. "I do opinion. Movie-

JULIAN WASSER

PAMELA MASON
No grouches from Groucho.

star gossip isn't interesting unless you're having an affair with Richard Burton."

Her opinions are as trim and sharp as she is. Her two-word review of Irving Shulman's biography of Jean Harlow was: "Shocking puce." Her general code is: "You should be vicious only if you have something to be vicious about." And—regardless of whether it is called gossip or opinion—she sees no reason not to be vicious about actors if she wants to be. "I don't think actors have any right to private lives," she says. "If they want to have privacy, they shouldn't be actors. I don't like cowards who stick their necks out and then scream and run. You can't have it both ways."

As for Hedda and Louella, she says: "I challenge them, because they're passé. Louella has a gushing attitude toward the whole industry and neither she nor Hedda writes her own column. Hedda's not a *writer*. I am. I've written books and novels." She has, at that. One work in progress: *Woman of the Worldmanship*, originally titled *Hollywood Be Thy Name*.

Headline of the Week

LORDS IMPOTENT IN FACE OF FECUNDITY

In the London Times, above a story reporting that the House of Lords had resumed, after two years and more than 100 million new births, its debate on the world population explosion.

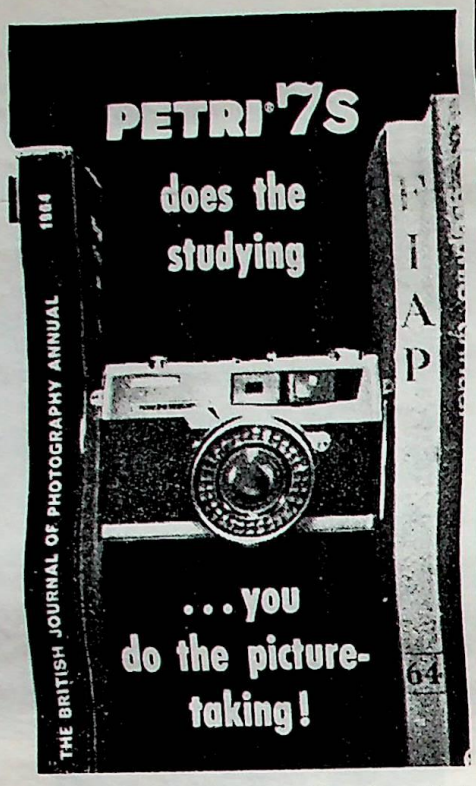
CBS

...N FRANCISCO COP ON TV CHERRY PICKER
Plugs for the opposition.

...E, JULY 17, 1964

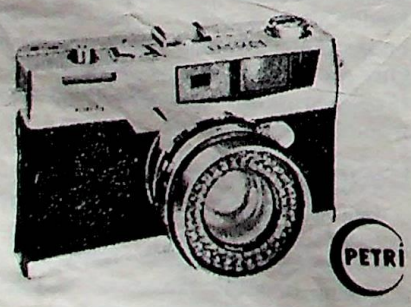
CC-0. In Public Domain. G...

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



It's an unbeatable combination that assures better and more enjoyable photography. Long years of research and development have prepared the Petri 7S to serve you with the quality, dependability and durability you demand — and deserve. A precision exposure system fully coupled with the Petri invented circle-eye lens gives proper exposure every time. You just sight and shoot! Then a super-fast color-corrected lens does the rest. With one flick of the thumb on the newly-designed film advance lever you advance one frame of film and cock the shutter at the same time. You're ready to shoot again!

PETRI® 7S



PETRI CAMERA COMPANY, INC.
Tokyo, Japan

DIAGNOSIS

Scanning the Lungs For Blood Clots

Whenever a large blood clot blocks the artery leading from the heart to the lungs, the result is so dramatic and catastrophic—in many cases, fatal—that doctors find the difficulty relatively easy to diagnose. But small clots that block some of the smaller arterial branches are far more common than

SHEEDY & LONG

RADIOLOGIST TAPLIN
Light up the roadblocks.

such massive pulmonary embolisms. The trouble is, they are so hard to detect that the true nature of the illness is often missed. Patients complain of shortness of breath, they faint frequently, and they may collapse after exertion, leaving their doctors baffled. Now, atomic medicine is coming to the aid of chest physicians and embolism patients with an ingenious and relatively simple diagnostic procedure.

The clots do not show clearly on X rays, and neither do the dead areas of lung surface beyond them. But Dr. George V. Taplin of U.C.L.A. figured that he could spot them with a radioactive substance, which after injection into the veins would pile up at the arterial roadblocks while flowing freely through normal blood vessels. The next problem was to find a radioactive chemical that would do the job, and then disappear harmlessly—preferably a substance that occurs naturally in the human body.

24-Hour Flush. Working with the radiopharmaceutical division of E. R. Squibb & Sons, Dr. Taplin found what he wanted: human albumin, but in a special form made up of large molecules too big to pass through the lungs' blood filters, and laced with radioactive iodine. Dr. Taplin proved in dogs that these macro-molecules would jam up in the clot-closed arteries, stay there long enough to take their own picture on an X-ray plate, then break up into the normal, small-molecule form of albumin and pass into the bloodstream.

Dr. Henry N. Wagner Jr. of Johns Hopkins Hospital became the first man guinea pig to try the "Albutope" injection on himself. He has used it, with iodine 131, to get revealing scintillation-scan pictures of 225 patients, with no ill effects. Dr. Taplin himself has now used the technique on more than 150 patients. He employs iodine 125. The safety of the method is attested by the fact that the radiation dose each patient receives is much less than he would get from specific chest X rays for this purpose. And the minute amount of radioactive iodine is flushed out of his body within 24 hours.

What to Do. Once they have an accurate diagnosis, doctors can decide what the patient needs. In the severest cases, surgery with the heart-lung machine is called for; in others, oxygen to tide patients over a crisis. But for most victims drugs are enough: heparin to guard against the formation of new clots, repinephrine to keep up the blood pressure. Dr. Wagner has high hopes for a new enzyme to dissolve old clots.

TRANSPLANTS

Questions of the Heart

History's first transplant of a heart from a chimpanzee to a dying man (TIME, Jan. 31), was a significant surgical achievement. But the difficulties that surrounded the operation, say University of Mississippi Surgeon James Hardy and his colleagues, were more than problems of cutting and suturing. What bothered the doctors as much as anything else, they report in the A.M.A. *Journal*, were matters of timing and questions of ethics.

The doctors knew well in advance that they wanted a human heart for the transplant. They figured that one would be taken from a relatively young patient dying of brain damage, and that it could be placed in a man dying of incurable heart-muscle failure. But what were they to find the proper brain patient dying just when the proper heart patient was waiting?

Kill a Patient? The doctors thought that in their small hospital they were likely to have many more suitable recipients than donors. But they were wrong. Three men were admitted to the medical center in Jackson with irreparable brain injuries—one from a tumor, one from a suicidal gunshot wound. Each of the doomed men was kept alive for a while by artificial breathing apparatus, and any one of them might have been a suitable donor if there had been an equally suitable recipient handy, even if they had had a dying heart.

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

on whom to try a transplant, Dr. and his team felt that switching artificial respiration to let a man before removing his heart seemed much like killing a patient. Say Dr. and his colleagues: "We were able to conclude that we would be to do this."

the selection of a patient to re- a heart transplant brought prob- The doctors planned to pick a whose heart failure had progressed point where they considered it sible, so that nothing could save just a new heart. But they had un- mated the amazing powers of re- that even a damaged heart pos- About the time they were ready a transplant, a man was admitted hospital, apparently dying after attack. He astonished the doc- by getting well enough to go home. ly, it would have been wrong to a transplant in his case—but this ame evident only after his recovery. rn to the Chimp. Eventually, the eons and physicians decided that es they were willing to take the ion of life or death in their own s and shut off the artificial breath- of a potential donor, it was "ex- ingly unlikely" that such a man ld die at just the right time, while ting heart patient was being kept on the heart-lung machine.

hen they finally got a patient un- nably in need of a heart trans- they turned to the chimpanzee source. The chimp's heart proved mall for the patient, who was a man, and the transplant failed after uple of hours. The Mississippi doc- say they learned enough about the ical techniques involved to convince that "this operation may some day ears of life to many patients." But rocess of learning has only pointed e problems that are still far from —the ethical questions and the r of timing.

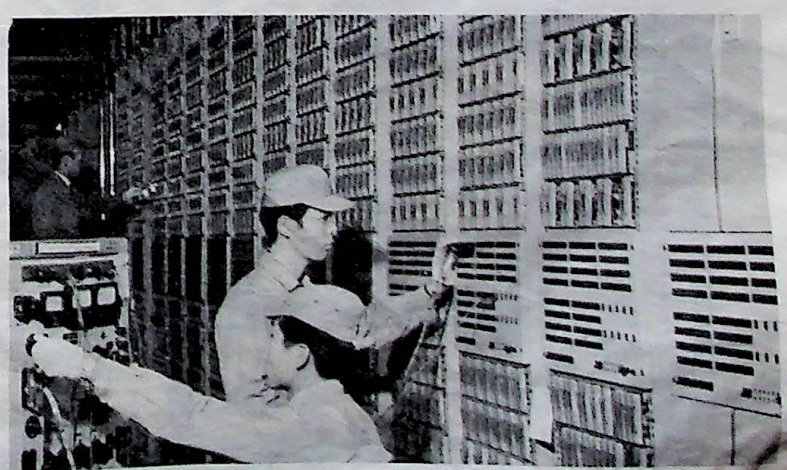
JOYCE R. WILSON

SURGEON HARDY
Switch off the machine?

"No fire means no smoke signals—and the message is urgent!" Such was the predicament facing the Indian—for him communication was dependent on the elements being favorable. Not so with modern communication; it is reliable, speedy and conclusive.

FUJITSU proudly proclaims its reputation internationally as one of the leading exponents in the manufacture of advanced telecommunication and electronics equipment.

FUJITSU computer FACOM 231, recommended by the Japanese Government, is now on display at the N.Y. World's Fair.



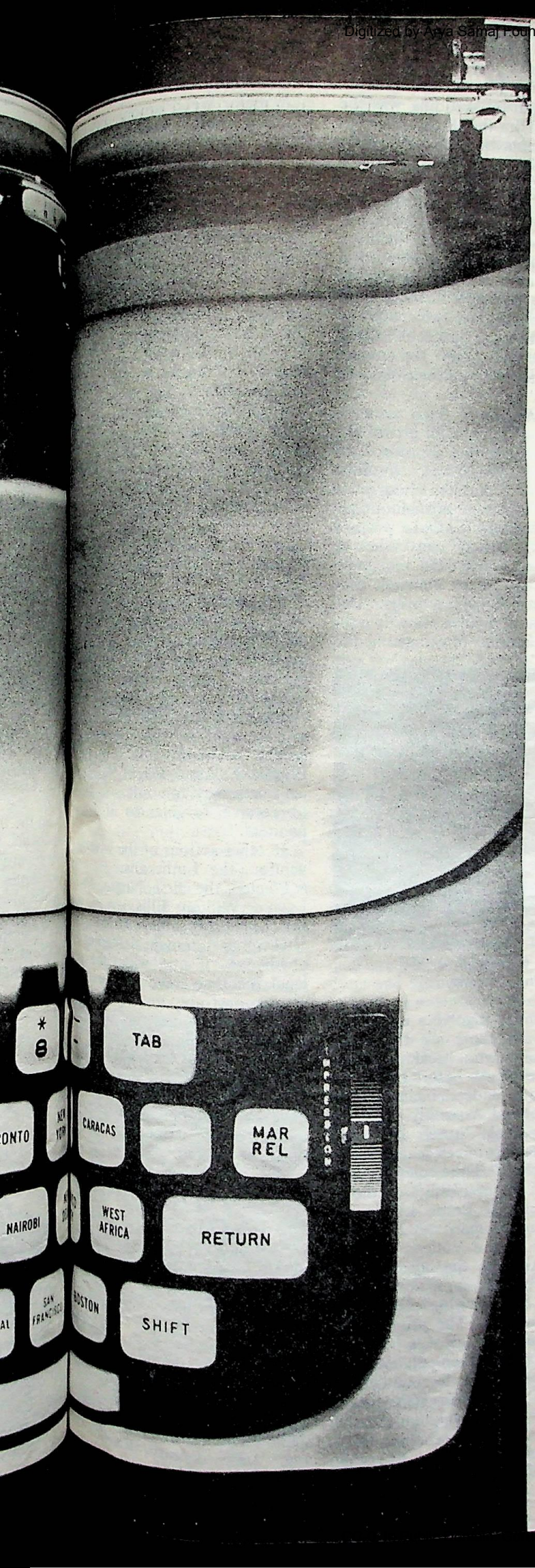
TF-600E₁ channel modulator bay for radio relay link system

FUJITSU LIMITED
Communications and Electronics
Tokyo, Japan

CC-0. In Public Domain. C

Digitized by eGangotri

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



This magazine was written with this typewriter.

TIME LIFE News Service

These are key news centers around the world—the 32 news bureaus of Time-Life News Service. They are the original sources that fill the news pages of this magazine and other Time Inc. publications.

Time-Life News Service employs one of the world's largest newsgathering staffs. A competent, seasoned corps of correspondents who cover the world's news where it takes place; who seek it out where it is likely to take place; who leave no question unanswered and no answer unquestioned.

Each week, The News Service files nearly one million words in New York where they are organized, evaluated and edited by the various editorial staffs of Time Inc. For sake of conciseness, and to report the most significant in the news, only a small part of these words are used.

Because of this world scope and depth of Time-Life News Service, and its extensive Reference Bureau, the news reports and analyses that appear in Time Inc. publications are thoroughly researched and accurately reported.

Time-Life News Service is an example of how Time Incorporated, through such international enterprises, endeavors to bring information and understanding to people everywhere.

TIME/LIFE INTERNATIONAL

Time • Life • Time International • Life International • Life en Español • Fortune • Sports Illustrated • Panorama • President • Time-Life Books • Time-Life News Service • Silver Burdett Co. • Time-Life Broadcast • Printing Developments, Inc. • East Texas Pulp & Paper Co.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ECUMENISM

Toward Easier Mixed Marriage

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," intoned the Rev. Claudius Miller, an Episcopal minister, at the wedding last month of Susan Ekberg, an Episcopalian, and Patrick C. Barker, a Roman Catholic. The words were from the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, and the wedding took place at St. Genevieve du Bois Catholic Church near St. Louis. A Catholic priest officiated jointly with Father Miller, and Susan promised that she would bring her children up as Catholics.

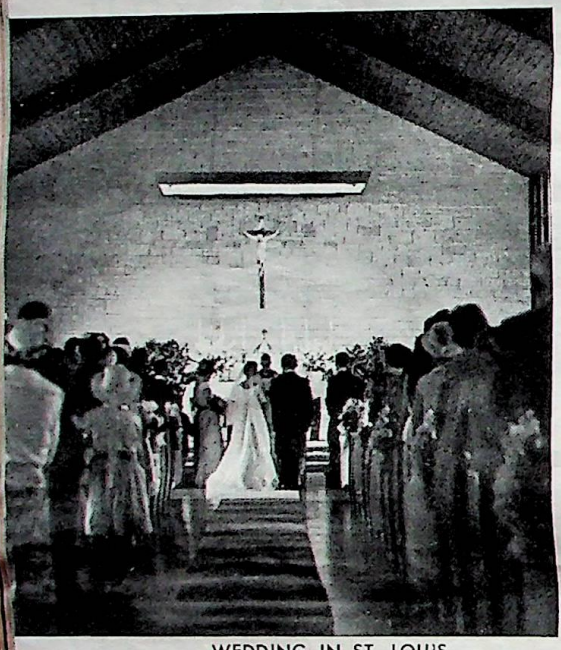
This unique marriage took place with the blessing and approval of St. Louis' Joseph Cardinal Ritter and his good friend, Missouri's Episcopal Bishop George Cadigan. Bishop Cadigan, who is close to the Ekberg family, interceded with the cardinal when Susan insisted on having a priest of her faith at the ceremony, and Father Miller helped work out a ceremony that used prayers from both the Catholic and Episcopal rites. At the wedding the Catholic priest, the Rev. Dom T. Leonard Jackson of St. Louis' Benedictine Priory, read the exhortation from the Roman ritual, blessed the ring, and officiated during the exchange of vows according to the Episcopal rite. Father Miller delivered an invocation, pronounced the couple man and wife, and recited over them the Prayer Book blessing.

Sarum Ceremony. All this was legal in Catholic eyes because Father Jackson was the official witness of the sacrament. And there was no problem about using the Prayer Book form of marriage: it in fact derives from the Sarum rite used in the pre-Reformation English church.

The Ekberg-Barker wedding was the first of its kind in the U.S., although similar experiments in ecumenical marriage ceremonies have taken place in the methodically unity-seeking Netherlands. Last April in Amsterdam, for example, a Dutch Jesuit and a Lutheran minister presided over the wedding of the minister's daughter to a Catholic boy in a Lutheran church. Dutch Catholic Bishop Willem Bekkers of 's-Hertogenbosch has twice allowed Reformed pastors to assist Catholic priests at mixed marriages; the couples promised only to bring up their children as "Christians."

Protestant Warnings. Such ecumenical experiments may well prove one way to end a continuing source of Catholic-Protestant conflict. Catholic canon law requires that the children of all mixed marriages be brought up as Catholics and that the Catholic partner work "prudently" for the conversion of his spouse. It does not even recognize the validity of any mixed marriage that is not celebrated before a priest. Despite such off-putting rules, roughly one-fourth of all Catholic marriages in the U.S. and Germany involve a non-Catholic partner—and there are thousands of other Catholics who, breaking canon law, marry Protestants before ministers. Many Protestant leaders, including the Church of Scotland Assembly and Germany's Evangelical Church hierarchy have warned against mixed marriages so long as the strict Catholic rules prevail.

A number of progressive Catholic bishops have asked Rome to change the rules on mixed marriages, and the fourth session of the Vatican Council will probably outline the norms to be allowed a pontifical commission of cardinals that is now revising canon law, last codified in 1918. The progressives argue that the marriage rules involve ecclesiastical rather than divine law, and that the sacrament is actually administered by the couple rather than the priest, who is merely an official witness. Thus there is no Catholic doctrinal bar against Catholics' marrying Protestants before non-Catholic clergy.



WEDDING IN ST. LOUIS

BOB WALSH

SUSAN & PATRICK BARKER

Officiating: an Episcopal minister and a Catholic priest.

LUTHERANS

A Glass, Not a Chalice

A major trend among Protestants a denomination-crossing liturgical newal that has restored much cer ny to Sunday services, and is ele the sacrament toward equality wi preaching word. But to many ch goers, the idea of candles, vest and more frequent Communion smacks of Romanism, and last we Pittsburgh the nation's largest Lu church resolutely voted in favor o low road in liturgy.

One key issue facing the 670 gates to the biennial convention o Lutheran Church in America (1 000 members) was a proposed uniform order of worship drawn eight of the nation's top Lutheran gists. They favored Holy Comm services at least every Sunday a use of the chalice rather than p individual Communion glasses. also recommended that every c should have facilities for private fessions, and that Lutherans sho "increasingly urged to avail them of this spiritual habit."

All this was just too high chur the delegates, who resolved to stic hygienically superior individual munion glasses, changed all refe to the minister as "celebrant" o Communion to "officiant," and to encourage private confession taught that confession is to G Florida Layman Edgar Armstr isn't necessary to confess to any to receive forgiveness if I am penitent."

In other actions of the week-lo vention, the Lutherans:

▶ Elected the first Negro, New Lawyer William Ellis, ever to ser the church's executive council, ha civil rights statement defending c obedience "if and when the mea legal recourse have been exhaus are demonstrably inadequate."

▶ Grimly accepted the Supreme C decisions banning school prayer an ble reading, but warned that "the an era in which Christianity is kept arate from the state in a way that have been repugnant to the min our ancestors at the time the Con tion was written."

PROTESTANTS

The Third Man

"Ah God! If only Adam had eat pear!" So wrote the young Swiss R Ulrich Zwingli in the margin of a c of St. Augustine's *City of God*. I the half-quizzical, wholly anguished of a man bothered by the myster evil and man's sinfulness. Like Lu before him and Calvin after Zwingli discovered his solution i unadorned Word of God, and not papal teachings of the corrupt, co ing, 16th century Roman C Zwingli thus became the archite

Jain Kosha Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

wiss Reformation. But he remains
ost known of the great Protestant
. His story has now been told with
hy and scholarship by Genevan
r-Historian Jean Rilliet, in *Zwingli*
Third Man of the Reformation
minster; $6.)

n 1484, Zwingli studied at the
ities of Basel and Vienna before
dination. In an age of semiliterate
s he managed to combine his du-
a country pastor at Glarus with
e scholarship: he had a library
volumes, studied the Scriptures
ek and Hebrew, corresponded
the great Renaissance humanist

s.

n the first, Zwingli found celi-
fficult. In 1515, nine years after
dination, he took a private vow
stity—which he kept for only a
nd a day. But in the casual at-
here of the Swiss Church, Zwing-
was no bar to advancement, and
519 the canons of Zurich Minster
ed him preacher of the cathe-
his chief rival for the post was a
an priest who admitted to father-
r children.

volt of the Sausages. Luther's Ref-
ion began with a protest against
e of indulgences. The Swiss re-
broke into the open over two sau-
Zwingli attacked the "unscrip-
practice of fasting after some
-minded friends were denounced
e Zurich magistrates for eating
during Lent. Later, Zwingli
ed against other Roman disci-
—celibacy, the doctrine of purga-
invocation of saints—on grounds
they are not authorized by the
. In 1524 the town council me-
cally began to put into effect
gli's reformation, outlined in his
ses. Statues and crucifixes were
ed from the churches, and by
his German service of the Lord's
e had replaced the Latin Mass.
th the zeal of a Savonarola, Zwing-

CULVER PICTURES

ZWINGLI'S DEATH AT KAPPEL
Captured, quartered and smeared.

li tried to legislate Zurich into a facsimile of God's kingdom on earth. The town council passed stern laws against adultery and fornication and made attendance at Sunday services compulsory. But Zurich was an ideal community only for those who saw things Zwingli's way. Catholics were fined and were forbidden to run for elective offices, and Zwingli approved exile and execution for Anabaptist heretics who wanted a more radical reformation than he allowed.

Zwingli's followers spread his Reformation doctrines through northern Switzerland and into Germany, where they came into contact and conflict with Lutheranism. With Luther, Zwingli believed in justification by faith, the supremacy of Scripture, and predestination of the elect, but the two quarreled bitterly over the meaning of the Eucharist. Luther believed in the real presence of Christ in the bread and wine of Communion; Zwingli argued that the Lord's Supper was only a memorial to the Saviour's redeeming sacrifice. In 1529, friends brought the two men together for a confrontation at Marburg. It did little good. "Your arguments are weak," thundered Luther. "Abandon them and give glory to God." Answered Zwingli: "We too ask you to give glory to God and abandon your begging of the question." Later, Luther declared that Zwingli was in league with the devil.

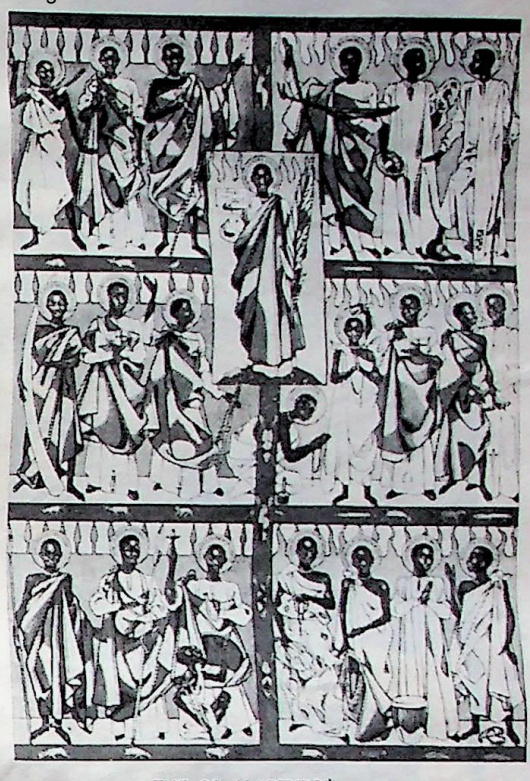
Fighting Prophet. As Zurich's spiritual dictator, Zwingli matured into a shrewd, power-conscious diplomat who tried to forge an international alliance against the Catholic Swiss cantons. When their armies attacked the Zurich forces in 1531, he buckled on sword and armor to serve as a fighting chaplain at the battle of Kappel. There, mortally wounded, he was captured and killed by the Catholics. His body was quartered by a hangman, smeared with dung and burned.

More a polemicist than a systematic theologian, Zwingli wrote an earthy, lucid prose that is rarely read today except by scholars. But his influence is nonetheless wide. He helped create the Reformed Church doctrine ultimately perfected by John Calvin, who imitated Zwingli in attempting to set up a theocratic city of God at Geneva. "Zwingli was no stained-glass-window saint," writes Pastor Rilliet, but he made "the unremitted search for God the ruling motive of his life."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Uganda's Black Saints

Saints may live and die for the love of God, but the Roman Catholic Church sometimes canonizes them to reward the Christian loyalty of a country's faithful or to make some moral point. Last week the Vatican expressed its interest in the African church and its opposition to racism by announcing that in October, Pope Paul VI would proclaim as saints



THE 22 MARTYRS*
Speared, beheaded and burned.

22 Bantu converts from Uganda who were martyred between 1885 and 1887.

The Uganda martyrs are the largest group of lay saints ever canonized by the Catholic Church at one time and the first Bantu Africans publicly honored by the church.† About half of the martyrs —some known only by their first names —were youthful pages in the court of Buganda's pagan King Mwanga, and were speared to death after they refused his homosexual advances. The other saints include Bugandan nobles, a potter and a shipbuilder, who were burned or beheaded when they refused to revert from Christianity to spirit-worship. In all, about 200 Catholic and Protestant converts died for Christianity during Mwanga's persecution; the missionary order of White Fathers, who converted the Ugandans to Catholicism, promoted the cause of only those whose martyrdom was unquestionably due to religion.

The Uganda martyrs were beatified by Pope Benedict XV in 1920, achieved elevation to sainthood when the Sacred Congregation of Rites accepted as miraculous two cures from pulmonary plague attributed to their intercession. A shrine has been erected at Namugongo, near the site of their martyrdom, and Uganda today has become one of the strongest outposts in Africa. About 2,000,000 Ugandans are Roman Catholic, and three of the country's eight dioceses are governed by black bishops, one a descendant of an Uganda martyr.

* Painted in Uganda in 1962 by Swiss Artist Albert Wilder.

† Among other black saints: a 4th century Ethiopian bishop named Moses; Benedict the Moor, a 16th century Franciscan whose parents were African slaves; and the Dominican lay brother Martin de Porres (1569-1639), a Peruvian mulatto canonized in 1962.

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CATHAY PACIFIC

knows the Orient best!

JAPAN

one of the many countries served by CATHAY PACIFIC

The fabled cities of the Orient are but a few happy hours apart when you travel on board Cathay Pacific's mighty Convair jet and Electra prop-jet aircraft. Experienced pilots, gourmet food and wines, and charming Oriental hostesses combine to offer you the finest in Orient travel.

Serving: HONG KONG BANGKOK . BRUNEI CALCUTTA.DJAKARTA JESSELTON . KUALA LUMPUR . MANILA OSAKA/KYOTO.PHNOM PENH . RANGOON SAIGON . SEOUL SINGAPORE . TAIPEI TOKYO . VIENTIANE

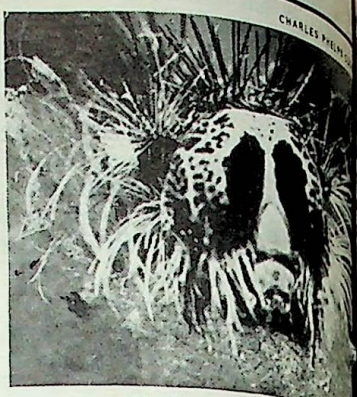
CATHAY PACIFIC

ECOLOGY

Death Scent for Gypsies

The sight of a horde of gypsy-moth larvae defoliating a forest is one of the most urgent arguments for the use of modern pesticides. The ugly, hairy, 2-in. caterpillars eat every leaf in their path; the rustle of their ill-smelling droppings sounds like falling rain. But public apprehension about the possible dangers of chemical insect killers is now shielding the hungry worms from DDT and other long-lasting poisons. State and federal authorities are turning with some misgivings to less controversial means of protecting the forests.

This summer's anti-gypsy-moth campaign in New Jersey has sprayed 41,000 acres of infested forest with carbaryl, an insecticide that takes only hours to turn into inert residue. Carbaryl is therefore less effective than DDT, which stays on the foliage and kills caterpillars for weeks or months. Lest the cautious chemical fail to save the forests, New Jersey's moth fighters also plan to drop by airplane 100,000 cardboard traps baited with a synthetic sex scent to attract male gypsy moths. New Jersey conservationists hope that when caterpillars that survive spraying turn into mature moths the males will be seduced by the scented traps and taken out of circulation. The females will then go unfertilized, and there will be no new generation of Jersey gypsy moths.



GYPSY MOTH HEAD-ON

DEFOLIATED BRANCH

With the sound of falling r

ZOOLOGY

How the Camel Conquers Thirst

Myths about the camel and its thirst-resistance are older than the Sphinx—and almost as durable. Well into the modern age of science, men accepted the notion that the evil-tempered animal could store a two-week supply of water in its hump or in a great, cistern-like stomach. The hump theory was the first to be discarded as so much humph. What the camel carries on its back is a reserve of fatty tissue to be consumed when the rest of the camel runs out of fuel. The story about the parched Bedouin who slaughtered his favorite camel to drink the water in its stomach was far more tenacious. Not until the 1950s did zoologists puncture it as a romantic mirage.

Albumin in the Plasma. But for all the debunking dissections, the camel's thirst-quenching secret remained hidden. Then, a young Israeli veterinarian went to work on the ship of the desert. The answer, says Dr. Kalman Perk, 34, of Rehovot's Hebrew University, is in the camel's bloodstream. The plasma has an extraordinary high content of a kind of albumin, which enables the blood to retain its water and maintain its volume and fluidity even when the water in the camel's tissues has been markedly depleted.

When most animals are exp... heat, they keep cool by swea... panting. Not the camel. Its nap... insulates it against external ... tures, and it can withstand bod... peratures of up to 104.9°F. be... sweat glands begin to function. ... camel is cooled by its evap... sweat, it can lose up to 30% of ... tal body weight without harm ... the water content in the blood ... stays close to normal, permitting ... blood to circulate freely. Camels ... in after a two-week journey across ... sands are often in an extremely ... cated condition; once the thir... mals reach water they may ... much as 30 gallons in ten minu... they take in the water, the red ... their bloodstream swell to as ... 240% of their normal size. In ... animals, the cells hemolyze, or ... causing death if their total volu... increased to more than 130%. ... the danger level is 165%.

Injected Rabbits. Dr. Perk ha... that other animals that are ... hot, dry environments, such as ... Damascene cattle, share the ... secret of survival and have high ... min levels than other breeds. H... carried out successful experiments ... rabbits in an effort to give ... camel's water-retaining capacity ... bits injected with camel albumin ... kept for seven days without w... 104°F. heat, and lost only 3% of ... their body water; control rab...

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation

the injections lost from 5% to
and were close to death.
hope of finding a way to make
more immune to desert heat, Dr.
plans to begin experimenting on
volunteers next summer. Mean-
there is evidence that some hu-
may already have some of the
's thirst-conquering equipment. A
Aviv researcher has collected data
ing that Yemenite Jews, tradition-
sert dwellers, have a significantly
blood-albumin level than Jews
ropean lineage.

by Sedimentation

e scientists learned the technique
icial insemination in both animals
umans, they seemed within possi-
ach of an exciting goal: selection
e sex of an infant before concep-
But how to separate sperm that
ce female offspring from those
produce males? Various methods,
as the use of electric fields or care-
emperature control, produced only
mal results. Then, in India, Zoolo-
Bhairab Chandra Bhattacharya no-
that the upper portion of a sperm
e tended to breed more bulls; the
portion gave more cows. Appar-
this was because the sperm that
ce female offspring are heavier
those that produce males and sank
e bottom of the solution.

improve the process, Bhattacharya
to the Max Planck Institute for
Breeding at Hagen, Germany,
e went to work under the direc-
of Zoologist Gham Gottschewski.
g rabbits, which are not only cheap-
than cattle but much quicker to
d, he inseminated thousands of does
sperm that had been allowed to
e under varying conditions. His ear-
sults were not promising, but after
years of experimentation he hit on
ing combination. He mixed rabbit
n with egg yolk and glycol, and
ed the solution for twelve hours in a
erator at slightly above the freez-
nt to keep the sperm from swim-
and allow them to separate by
entation. Then he used the sample
eminate 176 rabbits. Those that
e upper portion produced 77.4%
offspring, while those impregnated
the lower portion produced 72%
es. The middle portion gave a
normal result: 55% males and
females. A control group of 182
s inseminated with unsedimented
produced the standard fifty-fifty
tage of males and females.

one except a rabbit cares much
er rabbits are male or female, but
dairy cattle, bred for their milk-
cing ability, sex is a vital differ-
Bhattacharya has now moved to
s cattle-breeding establishment in
ewig-Holstein to find out whether
mple system can reduce the num-
of low-value male calves born to
an dairy cows. Theoretically it
d work the same for all mammals,
ding humans.

Zoom from wide angle to tight telephoto.

Focus as close as 5 feet.

stop taking amateur movies
[*and start filming professionally*]

If you are really serious about your home movies, you want every scene with perfect light values, colors that come alive whether you shoot indoors or outdoors — movies that are exciting to look at *more* than once. Here is how the new Minolta Zoom 8 makes a technician out of you:

A powerful CdS light meter is built in. It's highly sensitive, measures candlelight to bright outdoors, and is every bit as accurate as the hand-held meters the professionals use. The meter automatically calculates the available light and sets correct exposure for you. You sight and shoot. That's all.

Zoom from wide angle to tight telephoto, pan from dark shadows to bright light. Use slow motion, fast motion or conventional speeds. Focus as close as 5 feet. Zoom 8 acts like a computer automatically adjusting to any situation.

Here is a perfectly balanced 8mm movie camera — light, compact and truly automatic in every respect — equipped with the world-famous F1.8/10-30mm Rokkor lens.

Compare Zoom 8 with any other 8mm movie camera made. Then compare the price.

Minolta
MINOLTA CAMERA CO., LTD.

TIME ~
Name dropping is news when it's done by TIME. Each issue is full of the week's most important names. TIME tells you why they're important, and how they made news in lively, concise reports. Week after week, people in the know keep up with people in the news through TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine.

DROPS NAMES

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE MARKET

Goodbye Paris, Hello New York

For a fortnight, French newspapers and art journals have been sputtering with rage. The ostensible rub, as summed up in the Paris newspaper Libération, is that "a clique of dealers from overseas has, with the delicacy of a bulldozer and the discretion of an atomic bomb, given the Venice Biennale's most authoritative prize to the 'made-in-U.S.A.' stuff one calls 'pop art.' France won not a single prize of any importance. So much the better. French art has nothing in common with this trash." Hotheadlined *Les Lettres Françaises:* AMERICAN OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—

MUSEES DES BEAUX-ARTS DE ROUEN

SOCIETY AT ART SHOW, 1911 (BY GRÜN)
From heyday to holiday resort.

THE FAKE DADAIST ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG CROWNED IN TITIAN'S HOMELAND. *Le Figaro* held its nose at THE GREAT POP ART MANEUVER; AN ATMOSPHERE OF THE APOCALYPSE.

So much heat, obviously, had to come from more than a mere biennale. And although it may have been indiscreet of him, the U.S.'s commissioner to the Venice festival, Alan Solomon, diagnosed the real embarrassment: "The fact that the world art center has shifted from Paris to New York is acknowledged on every hand."

A Place of Entertainment. To have an American say that was infuriating to the French—and to have a Paris art dealer agree raised the chilling probability that it is true. As he closed down his Paris gallery permanently on July 1, Daniel Cordier circulated a letter that scathingly measured Paris' decline. "The dimensions of this city," he wrote, "are not compatible with the scale of modern civilization; it has become a holiday resort, a place of entertainment, and is becoming less and less a center of creative activity. In order to interpret our period, an artist has to be familiar with its realities, its sensibility. These can be felt better and more intensely in New York."

The gradual shift of world art centers from Paris to New York is not new; only the angry French cultural double take is. The shift began in 1956, when Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art sent abroad a show that introduced Pollock, De Kooning, Kline and abstract expressionism to England and the Continent. European critics at once recognized that the postwar New York school had the innovative strength, technical skill and independent-minded vision to go its own way without regard for the school of Paris—which, since the cubism, surrealism and dadaism of the first quarter of the 20th century, has contributed nothing conspicuously new.

Anxiety & Affluence. Not only has Paris slipped creatively, but it has also declined as a market. Play-safe French collectors never bought modern art, even French impressionists, on a big scale; and Paris art dealers always counted on Americans to buy moderns. Now that first-rate moderns are created in New York, Americans—and many Europeans—buy them in New York.* Moreover, as Cordier says, "the art market is particularly sensitive to fluctuations in the stock market," and the Paris Bourse failed to recover from the 1962 slump as strongly as the New York stock market.

"Although the French congratulate themselves on carrying the torch of civilization, there is a lack of interest in art," says Lawrence Alloway, curator of the Guggenheim Museum. "The attendance for the entire run of the recent Dubuffet show in Paris—granted that it was not at the height of the season—was 8,000 to 9,000. Here at the Guggenheim, we have that many people on a single Sunday." Alloway believes that "schools of painting flourish under anxiety and affluence," and New York has both. But Manhattan Critic Harold Rosenberg argues that on balance, "the concept of a world art capital is obsolete. Art flourishes in New York because New York is a kind of global city, a kind of momentary focus of global art which exists everywhere. There are historical analogies to show that there have been places where everything was working and suddenly all the life went out of it. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth.' We can't make predictions about inner qualities."

* But London tenaciously holds first place as the big-money auction market. Sotheby's of London, long intent on extending to New York its primacy in art sales, is this week trying to acquire Manhattan's top-ranking Parke-Bernet Galleries. Christie's, London's other major house, plans to stage what will probably be the biggest auction ever (estimated proceeds: up to $5,600,000) when it sells off the late Captain George Spencer-Churchill's fabulous Northwick art collection of 500 old masters next December.

EXHIBITIONS

7 Millenniums Under One Roof

"The last 6,000 years of human history are *most* interesting," Alfred North Whitehead once remarked to a companion. If the philosopher could have attended the current exhibition at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., he would have had to increase his span by a millennium. The Archaeological Museum of Tehran has lent a major private Iranian collection that has been spilled open to provide the show with a show of 735 objects, many of them only recently discovered, from 7,000 years of Persian art.

The thriving cities where the art was fashioned—Marlik, Shapur, Ray, Nishapur, Tepe Hissar—have crumbled into oblivion. The fabled rulers and scourges of Persia—Cyrus the Great, Darius the Great, Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan—are dust. But a Persian's bronze bracelet, a golden cup, a statue of an ibex with circlet of horns remain to testify to the enduring power that art wins over time.

Totemic Alliances. The earliest millenniums are dominated by goldsmiths, silversmiths, pottery makers and bronze-casters, the later by weavers and glass. Many of the objects glow with elegance and beauty, partly because they were intended for royal use, but partly because the Iranian artists knew the value of refracting light from curved and slanted surfaces. They could make a gold drinking cup glint and dazzle from every angle.

One motif of the show is the interplay between man and beast in myth and daily life. The winged bulls and lions on vases and breastplates often represent totemic alliances by which early man sought to acquire the power of the strongest beasts to fend off the dark forces around him. But in their glittering regality, these beasts bear themselves like demigods, not mere animals.

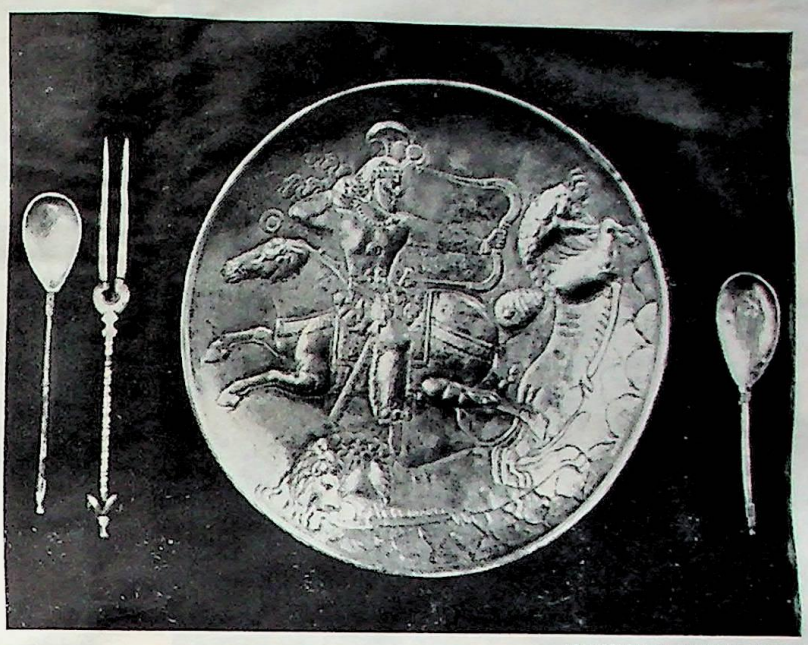
Also a Rug. Sometimes the artists aimed at subtler, more evocative effects. A pitcher will have a graceful elongated spout that suggests the head and neck of a crane. Undulating lines represent water, the perennial need in hot, parched lands. While the Persian artists frequently represented animals naturalistically, they occasionally moved to a kind of symbolic shorthand that foreshadows the geometric forms of modern art, using circles for eyes, U-shaped mouths and heart-shaped ears. The millennial parade culminates fittingly if inevitably, with a stunning 16th century Persian rug, the art form that has been one of the world's glories and holds words in all recent centuries.

The show at the National Gallery runs to July 19, but Washington is sharing the Iranian treasures with seven other cities. First stop will be Denver, starting August 8; then the show will go to Kansas City, Houston, Cleveland, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles, spending six weeks in each city.

Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

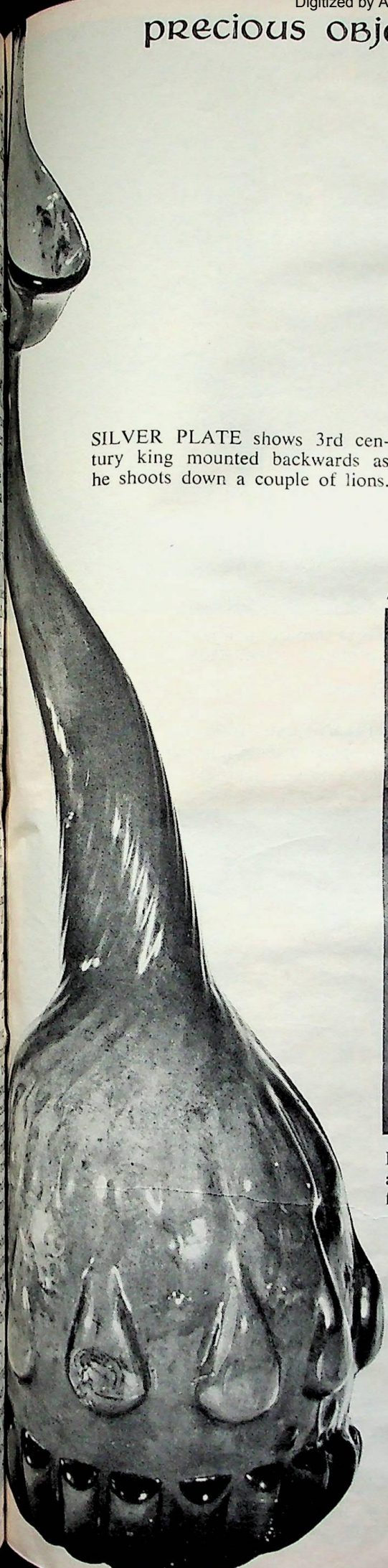
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PRECIOUS OBJECTS FROM PERSIA'S PAST

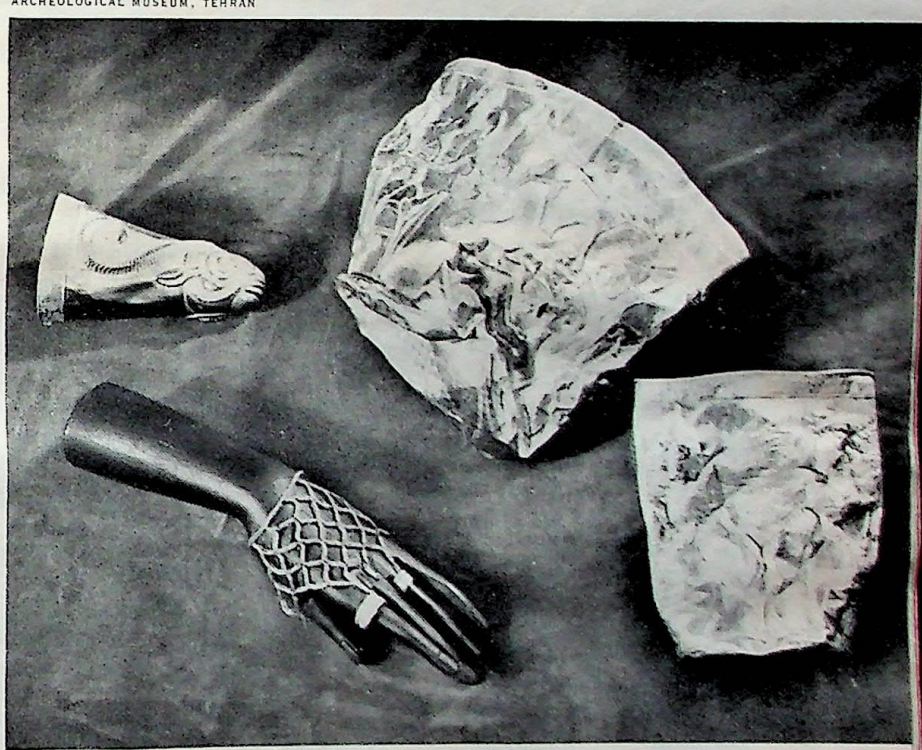


SILVER PLATE shows 3rd century king mounted backwards as he shoots down a couple of lions.

ARCHEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, TEHRAN



ARCHEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, TEHRAN



BULLS, a favored Persian image, and gods in chariots rise in relief from 3,000-year-old gold bowl and beaker. Gazelle-head goblet and rings with gold-mesh hand jewelry are from later periods.

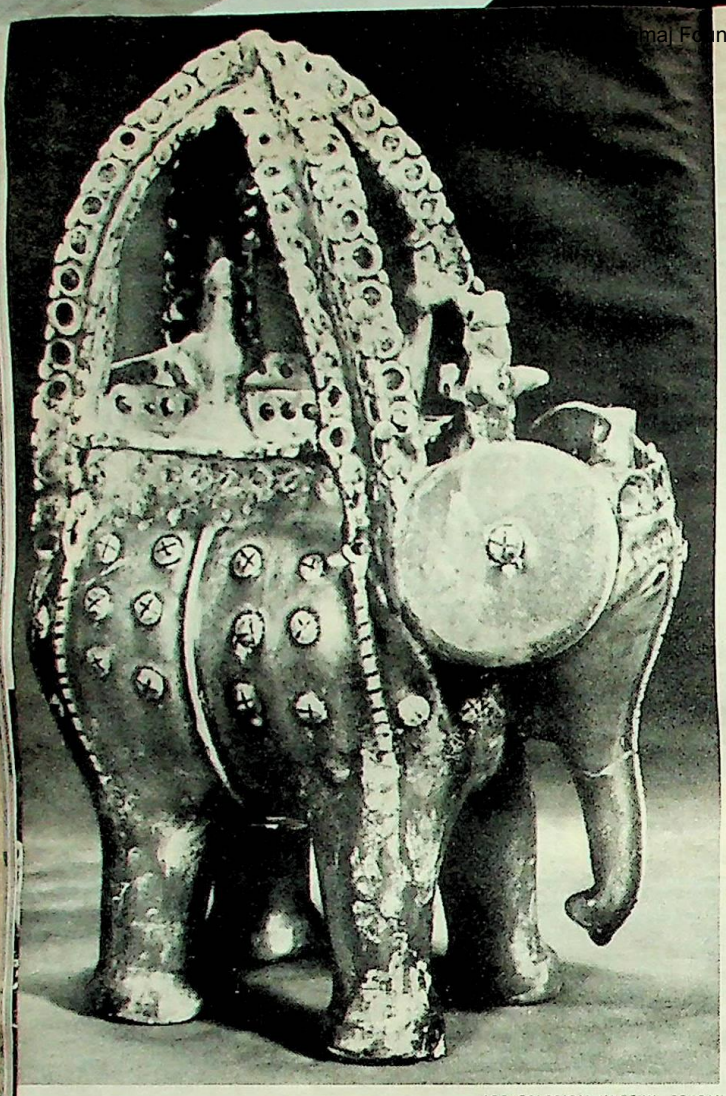
BLUE GLASS VASE in legend caught tears of ladies; more likely it held rose water in an 18th century palace boudoir.

COLLECTION FOROUGHI, TEHRAN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY HENRY BEVILLE

CC-0. In Public Domain. G

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

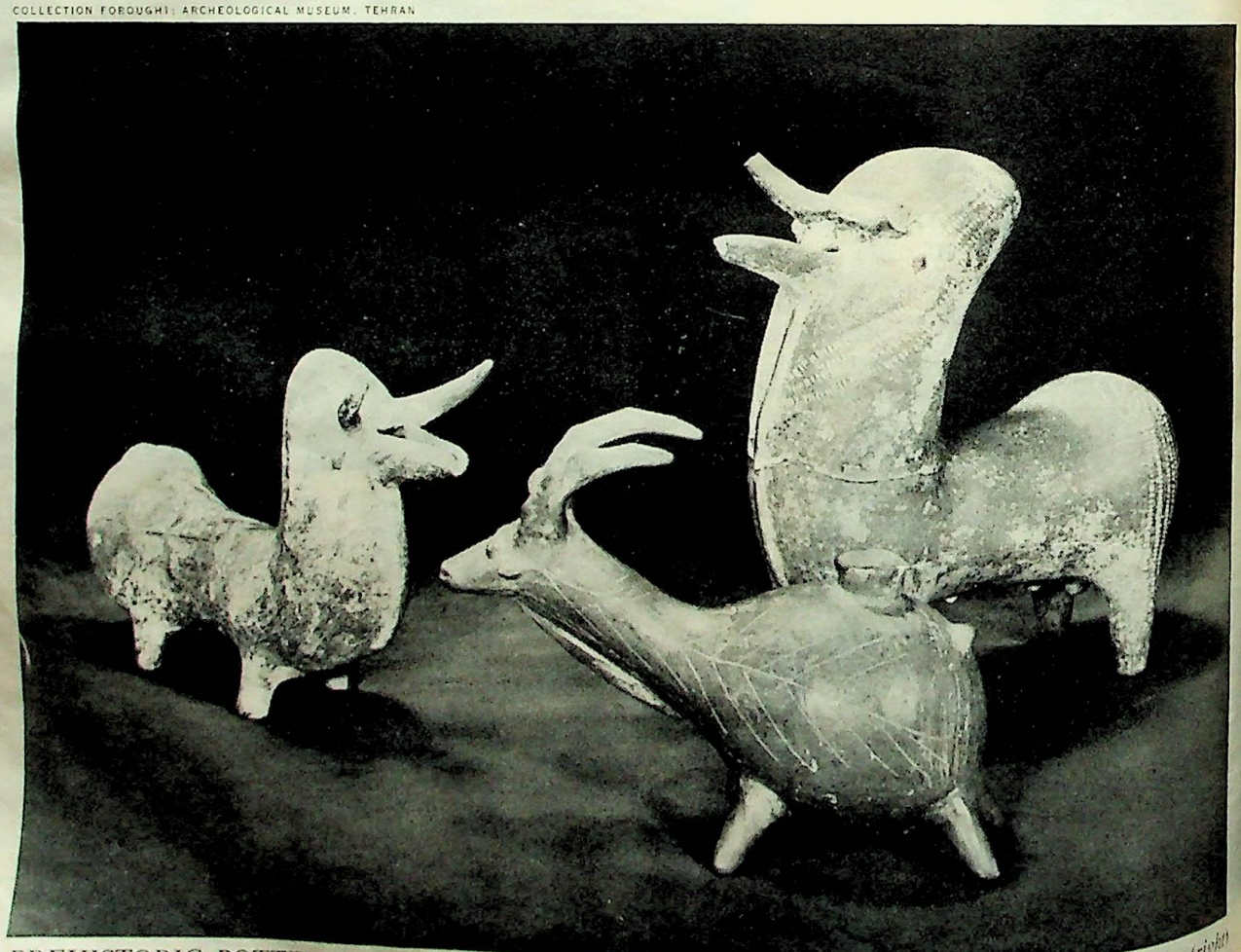


ARCHEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, TEHRAN

LION-HEADED bronze animal was used as incense burner, has profusely etched detail among perforations.

GLAZED ELEPHANT dates from rule of the Baghdad caliphs, sports mahout and musicians.

COLLECTION FOROUGHI; ARCHEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, TEHRAN



PREHISTORIC POTTERY made in shape of animals was widely used in everyday life. Spouts formed by mouths of humped ox (*left*) and buffalo (*right*) and in back of goat indicate vessels held liquids.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MUSIC

SINGERS

Greatest Pretender

...e Under: Wilson, Female Vocal" ...the fine print on Nancy Wilson's ...album, *Today, Tomorrow, For-* ...A timely cross reference might ...ded: "See Fitzgerald, Ella, Heir ...ent To."

...files under Female Vocal are ...with singers who were once ...pretenders to the "First Lady of ...title held these many years by ...comparable Ella. At 27, with ...LPs high on the bestseller charts ...rapidly burgeoning following, ...Wilson figures to be the greatest ...er for a long time to come. At ...pening at Los Angeles' Coconut ...last week, the crowd of 1,000 ...ber everything but the deed and ...to the place.

...the "great tradition" of blues, ...and jazz singers that began with ...Holiday, Nancy Wilson leans to- ...the left wing, where pop meets ...a translator of popular standards ...the jazz idiom. Her repertory is a ...e on variety and taste, spun by a ...of agile grace and knowing jazz ...ion and phrasing. Yet heard in ...she poses a problem. Willowy, ...perfectly featured and some- ...kissed by ice, she seems sometimes ...autiful for the consistently fey ...ntation she gives to the lyrics of ...ngs.

...t she has come a long way in a ...short time, and very likely will be ...pareil in a few more years. The ...ter of a factory worker, she was ...in Chillicothe, Ohio, had her own ...television program in Columbus ...the time she was 15, singing pop ...by telephone request. Four years later, she joined Rusty Bryant's band, toured with it for 2½ years. But it was not until Saxophonist Cannonball Adderley introduced her to the New York jazz scene that she scrapped her scooby-dooing gimmickry for her present artfully derivative jazz style. She is, all at once, both cool and sweet, both singer and storyteller. These attributes should be enough to sustain her to the day when, if ever, the First Lady decides to step down.

JULIAN WASSER

NANCY WILSON
Both cool and sweet.

VICTOR'S ORIGINAL "SCHEHERAZADE"

VICTROLA'S REISSUE

Good and some better.

RECORDS

Cut-Rate Classics

In the modern supermarket, the hapless shopper is besieged at every turn by labels of BARGAIN BONANZA! slapped on everything from brussels sprouts to lawnmowers—and, of late, records. In the past, the quality-cautious shopper could rightfully assume that those cut-rate LPs racked next to the vegetable bins were, from a musical standpoint, about as choice a bargain as last week's Bibb lettuce. Recently, however, several giants of the recording industry have launched new lines of low-cost (from $1.98 to $3) classical records that are honest-to-goodness bargains. Designed for distribution in supermarkets and drugstores as well as record shops, many of these cut-rate classics are as good as and in some cases better than albums being peddled at two and three times the price.

Freshly Pressed. Although the catalogues and record jackets discreetly avoid mentioning the fact, these new records "for budget-conscious connoisseurs" are mostly freshly pressed reissues of classical standards cut before 1960. In a fiercely competitive market where the consumer is conditioned to demanding the newest rather than the best Beethoven *Fifth*, say, the life expectancy of many a first-rate classical LP has been growing shorter every year. Fifteen years ago, Schwann's LP catalogue listed 489 classical titles offered by eleven recording companies. Today there are some 14,000 classical titles available from 118 companies, which are spinning out 300 or more new releases each month. In the avalanche, touched off in part by the boom of stereo, close to 6,000 classical LPs have been discontinued and swept into oblivion in the past four years.

London Records was the first to exhume a number of its buried treasures, reissuing under the Richmond label such gems as George Szell conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra in Brahms's *Third Symphony* and the Mozart *Requiem* conducted by Josef Krips at the bargain-basement price of just $1.98 per record (formerly $4.98). Sales were brisk, so London reissued ten operas, including Renata Tebaldi in *La Bohème* and *Madama Butterfly*. Mercury followed London's lead, establishing its Wing label, featuring such surefire favorites as suites from Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty*, *Nutcracker* and *Swan Lake* ($1.98 for mono, $2.98 for stereo), ably rendered by Antal Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony.

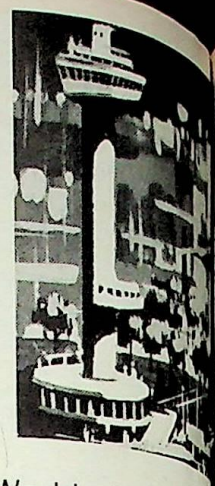
Since then, Capitol, Victor and Vanguard have charged into the market. Capitol dubbed its revivals Paperback Classics ($1.98 for mono, $2.98 for stereo). Among the highlights are a rousing Brahms *First Symphony* with William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony, and a brace of Beethoven piano sonatas, the "*Appassionata*" and "*Waldstein*," masterfully played by Pianists John Browning and Rudolf Firkusny respectively.

Just the Answer. Victor, which hauled out its venerable old Victrola label to kick off its new line, offers a rich lode of glittering bargains ($2.50 for each mono LP, $3 for stereo). Among them: Puccini's *Tosca* with Soprano Zinka Milanov; Tchaikovsky's "*Pathétique*" with Pierre Monteux and the Boston Symphony; and Brahms's *Concerto No. 2* with Russian Pianist Emil Gilels backed by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony. Vanguard Records' new line, Everyman, includes a fine performance of Haydn's *Creation*, conducted by Mogens Wöldike.

While a few audio purists might quibble over the fidelity of some of the vintage vinyls, the quality is more than satisfactory for the average listener. For the man with a new hi-fi rig who is looking to build the nucleus of a good standard record library without having to hock his children, the 200-plus selections available in cut-rate classics are just the answer.

CC-0. In Public Domain. C

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



What does the Restaurant Euromast in Rotterdam have in common with the Bank Kar Building in Tehran?

Carrier air conditioning! Carrier air conditions more important installations, offices, shops and homes around the world than all other brands combined. Only Carrier Distributors can offer the experience, equipment and engineering skill to air condition anything, anywhere. World-wide sales service, from Oslo to Melbourne, from Bu Aires to Bombay. For specific informa on your needs, contact your Carrier Distr tor, or write Carrier International Ltd., Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., U.S

Carrier ***First Name in Air Conditioning***

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

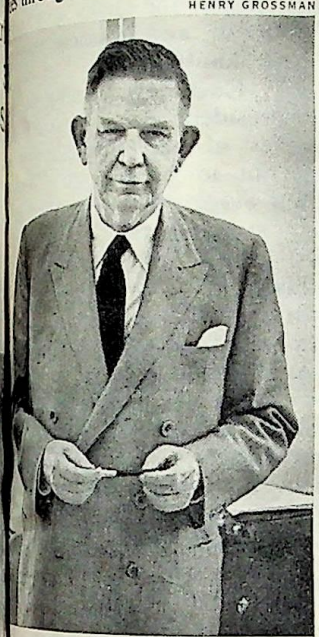
BROADWAY

Icemen Melteth

On the night that *My Fair Lady* opened, Lyricist Alan Jay Lerner waited nervously in the 21 Club for news of the critics' reactions. The telephone rang at last. Lerner listened silently for a few minutes, then turned to Composer Fritz Loewe and said softly: "The show cometh."

Few theatergoing children are now sophisticated enough to understand Lerner's remark, which, in his case, was made only in jest. For non-theatre children, ice can be defined as Broadway's term for the great sums of money made by various theater employees through the scalping of tickets.

HENRY GROSSMAN



LAWYER WHARTON
For long tongs, a new code.

The past winter and spring, follow-up investigations by New York State Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz, whose has been all over the theatrical page of newspapers, and the corruption growing out of Broadway abuses have fully been illuminated.

Under the Pot. Ice exists, of course, because when fat cats want theater tickets the price does not matter. So $20, $50, sometimes $100 is paid for a single ticket. The annual take in ice has been estimated at more than $10 million. Among major icemen, box office employees have always had the edge. Tongs, which goes a long way toward explaining why they have always behaved with such freezing contempt toward the wretched public that has to buy ice-free tickets at the box office. Brokers testified that they regularly delivered envelopes to box offices containing checks covering the list price of tickets plus agreed amounts of extra money, usually about $5 to $7 for an orchestra seat.

Beyond the scalping stories, rats were seen on one another all over Lefkowitz' hearing room. Tales were told, for example, of one producer who cleared $52,000 from a play whose investors lost $32,000, and of another producer who sadly watched a sick production fail, costing its investors $180,000 but somehow netting him $11,000. Producers also own theaters and rent them to themselves. They hire themselves as "pressagent" or "stage director" at fat salaries out of the basic investment. They sometimes make speculative investments of their own with investors' money. One producer even used part of the nut to buy himself a lobster boat.

Thou Shalt Not. The New York state legislature last April passed two bills making it a misdemeanor to take ice and requiring standard accounting procedures for all productions. Then last week the League of New York Theaters —which includes theater owners and producers—announced its own new codes of ethics covering ticket sales and production practices. In many instances the rules were more rigid than the state legislation.

The League has asked Lawyer John F. Wharton to serve as its commissioner, enforcing the new codes. The production code is a long list of thou-shalt-nots that inferentially describes all the sleazy habits of producers at the moment: it forbids them to commingle investors' money with their own personal funds; it requires them to keep books; it forbids them to take kickbacks; it says they have to notify investors if they rent their own property to the production.

The code on ice is simpler. In sum it says: no ice. Beyond the printed price of the ticket, $1.50 is the legal maximum broker's fee. The code requires all brokers to make available to the league all records of sales, and brokers caught taking ice will lose their future ticket allocations. Of course, if all those fat-cat buyers from the plains insist on waving $50 bills at ticket sellers, no one is likely to tattle on them, and some violations of the code can be expected. But if a cold-eyed broker tries to shake down a customer by demanding sums like that, the victim now has a commissioner to complain to.

Comediva

Off-Broadway's 41st Street Theater is about 25 ft. underground and is closer to Broadway than many so-called Broadway theaters. Hold on there, Ripley, don't go away. You should see the show that is currently playing there.

One woman—middle-aged, with a look that suggests the principal of a girls' day school—performs by herself for two hours. Her name is Anna Russell. Her show is called *All by Myself*, and the box office is selling tickets into August. She is a musical parodist and jokeratura who mocks every conceiv-

You read advertising news in these columns

So do millions of others.

If you have a product that is news...which people should be interested in, why not tell them about it here? Ask for information from... **TIME** The Weekly Newsmagazine

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o People's Stores Corp. (Ava House), 232 Sule Pagoda Road, Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$400; 3 yrs, NT$800; 5 yrs, NT$1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S.$11.25; 3 yrs, U.S.$22.50; 5 yrs, U.S.$33.75), TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, C. D. Jackson; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Henry Luce III, Arthur R. Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

CC-0. In Public Domain. C

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"His Paintings May Treat of Age-Old Wisdom. His Life Speaks of Free-Spirited Youth"

In these words and others a TIME *cover story captured both Andrew Wyeths—the wise painter and the free spirit.* TIME*'s talent for capturing the essence of a famous person or an important event makes it valued reading worldwide for millions of families each week. They expect vivid and concise reporting throughout, depth and variety in cover stories. They aren't disappointed.* TIME*'s cover subjects range from athletes to authors, from high-flying astronauts to earthbound archaeologists. They all made news. And news—in the widest possible sense—is the business of* TIME.

SOLOIST RUSSELL
From the sect, a welderful

able kind of composer, singer
ing style. Her audience com
varieties—devoted sectarie
howl, giggle, and shake with
lable mirth, and innocent the
who sit dumfounded.

Sexy Castanets. Posing a
club president, Anna Russell
a series of performers, all
turn out to be herself. "De
within every one of us there
thing stagnant that is dorm
says. Across the footlights,
guffaws. "I do want you to
artist a welderful wuncum,"
The sect shrieks.

As the artist, Russell puts
boy's cape and sings a mad
death with her eyes crossed
later she is a torch singer
about *That Man* she loves:

He comes home such
When he's been on a spre
Yet the eye in the mid
forehead
Is beautiful to me.

With a plastic rose in her
is suddenly Carmen, doing
nera as an English patter song
castanets. "I have to get these
she says of the castanets. "On
and the other female. To me,
much alike, but perhaps you
discerning than I am."

Warrior Hair. A strong w
battlement bones and swept-b
rior hair, Anna was born in
1911. Her family was a cog
phalanx of British army offic
that stratum, "you resigned
ment if you wanted to marry
she says. No one wanted
daughter either, so Anna
as a serious musician. She did
to comedy and show business
was 31.

She writes all her own mat
the people who are attracted
are very often serious musicia
cellists and fat sopranos sit in
ences and variously twang and
In London recently, after a
ance in which she parodied
of the Nibelung, the massed
of Covent Garden went
stage and presented her
of Wagner.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

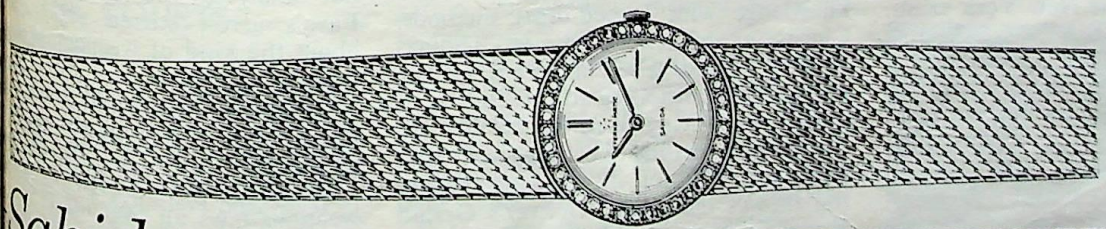
DIST RUSSELL
a welderful
nposer, singer
audience
ed sectarian
d shake with
innocent
nded.
ets. Posing
Anna Russell
formers, all
herself. "D
e of us there
that is dorm
he footlights.
want you to
l wuncum,"
Russell puts
sings a mad
eyes crossed
torch singer
she loves.
ome such
en on a spr
in the mic
me.
rose in her
men, doing
h patter song
to get these
astanets. "On
nale. To me,
perhaps you
am."
A strong
and swept-
vas born in
y was a
sh army
ou resigned
d to marry
he wanted
so Anna
cian. She
how business

her own
re attracted
rious musi
pranos sit
ly twang
tly, after
e parodied
the massed
n went
ed her

TIME, JU

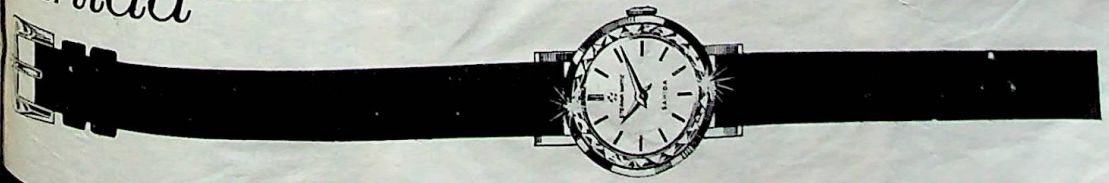
lly automated elegance! Enchanting «Sahida» - the very timepiece women have always craved. And now, for the first time, she can wear a divine combination of extravagant beauty and unrivalled self-winding Eterna · Matic precision.

What a joy! to own a lasting piece of precious watch jewellry and an exact timekeeper well. So thin too! Thanks to the unique ultra-thin Eterna · Matic movement, «Sahida» is one-fifth slimmer than the thinnest ladies' automatic until now.



806 LE/125-1446
Sahida, extra-thin, automatic, 18 ct. gold, 36 diamonds with heavy 18 ct. gold bracelet No. 119

Sahida



706 VS-1446
Sahida, extra-thin, automatic, 18 ct. gold with diamond-cut sapphire crystal

ETERNA·MATIC

ETERNA S.A., GRENCHEN (SWITZERLAND)

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LAWYERS

Cram, Cram, Cram

The law's last vestige of ordeal by fire is a legal torture called the bar exam. In New York, for example, it is a 14-hour grind that requires coping with 40,000 facts in order to solve 192 legal conundrums of which the simplest might be: Is a promise made by A to B and C, to induce them not to rescind their contract, enforceable by B and C against A?*

Mastering the particular rules of a particular state has habitually been the key of admission to the bar of that state. Yet most U.S. law schools shun rote rule learning in favor of broad theory and legal reasoning. The great schools are the most detached. Bright Harvardmen, steeped though they are in constitutional law, do not necessarily do any better on bar exams than graduates of less prestigious schools that teach more local law. Last summer 73% of Harvard's candidates (and 65% of all candidates) passed the New York exam, as did 73% from Fordham.

JULIAN WASSER

CALIFORNIA BAR REVIEW CLASS IN LOS ANGELES
To aid the confused, a Pacific cat.

50 Lbs. of Law. This is the situation that sparks the law graduate's summer mania: weeks of rule-stuffing at cram schools in preparation for the twice-yearly bar exams typically given in late summer and winter. Run by lawyers, judges and professors, cram schools are often big business. Before becoming a federal judge, New York Lawyer Harold Medina crammed 800 students for $28,000 a year. Medina's heir, New York's nonprofit Practising Law Institute, is now the biggest cram school, with three yearly sessions enrolling 1,800. At $75 tuition, it is also one of the cheapest. By contrast, the California Bar Review Course charges $175 and grosses more than $400,000 a year.

Started ten years ago in Los Angeles by U.S.C. Law Professor G. Richard Wicks, the California Bar Review (or "Wicks Course") is now attended by 1,200 of the 1,600 law graduates cramming for next month's California bar exam—a three-day inquisition spanning 16 subjects, some of them not taught in top law schools. The ten-man Wicks faculty claims to cover the equivalent of an entire law-school year in eleven taut weeks, during which students plod through 50 lbs. of course outlines. In addition to these labors, worried crammers often spend Sunday supplementing Wicks with a $125 exam-writing course run by a Los Angeles lawyer named Beverly Rubens, who soothes her charges by chirping that after they pass the exam, "you'll have your new briefcase and dark blue suit, and who will I be to you? Just another woman lawyer."

IRAC & Preachers. Unlike law schools, which minimize memorizing in order to stir thought, cram schools are devoted to organizing the student's knowledge with forced-draft methods. Chicago's ebullient crammer, Thomas J. Harty, spends seven hours a day firing off questions, listening to the class consensus, then firing back the correct answers. The method works so well that one year 92% of his students passed the Illinois bar exam. Denver's Gerald Kopel, a former newsman-turned-lawyer, crams his students by simulating actual exams and blasting bad spellers for such barbarisms as *adultary, devorse, drunkedness*. Austin Lawyer Arthur ("The Garrulous Greek") Mitchell, who claims to have crammed half the lawyers in Texas, dramatizes the "life" in the law. "I tell them the law is comical, the law is tragic, the law is real," says Mitchell. "The things that happen in law are things that happen to people."

Acronyms are favorite cramming tools. Wicks students use IRAC (*I*ssue, *R*ule, *A*pplication, Conclusion) to [illegible] almost any exam question. A [illegible] year's law-school course in contr[illegible] reduced to PACIFIC CAT DID, e[illegible] ter standing for a critical legal f[illegible] P for parties, A for assent, C f[illegible] sideration, and so forth. At New [illegible] Practising Law Institute, cases in [illegible] a published and mailed notice [illegible] to get service in a civil suit, are [illegible] up in MINISTER—*M*atrimonial [illegible] *I*n rem property actions, *N*onre[illegible] *I*ncompetents and infants, Stock[illegible] *T*raveling residents, *E*xtended st[illegible] limitations and *R*esident fraud.

Necessary Evil. None of this [illegible] ration prevents some exam taker[illegible] ludicrous answers. But in most [illegible] schools serve the bar examiners' [illegible] ing demand—what one Tenness[illegible] dean calls "a Pavlov dog re[illegible] Says he: "It would be horrible [illegible] versities taught people how to p[illegible] exams. We should teach peopl[illegible] to think and act like lawyers, n[illegible] to memorize cases." Many bar exa[illegible] are now steering toward that st[illegible] But most law schools and bar exa[illegible] are still so far apart that the o[illegible] for law students to travel from [illegible] the other is via the "necessary [illegible] cram schools.

PUBLIC SAFETY

Are Hatpins Enough?

Worried about muggers a[illegible] molesters, a pretty Manhattan [illegible] named Arlene Del Fava arme[illegible] with a switchblade knife. She [illegible] in time. While walking hom[illegible] night ago, she was attacked b[illegible] who, she suspected, was a ra[illegible] she fought him off with her k[illegible] sult: the police arrested him—[illegible] Reason: New York's stiff Sulliv[illegible] bans switchblade knives. Up f[illegible] this week, Victim Del Fava, 27, [illegible] maximum penalty of seven years [illegible] and a $1,000 fine.

Whatever her fate—and in [illegible] warmly sympathetic to her pli[illegible] not likely to be harsh—Ar[illegible] Fava's arrest stirred angry [illegible] about the kind of weapons, if a[illegible] ordinary citizens may carry f[illegible] protection. Quite apart from w[illegible] most efforts at self-defense are e[illegible] gal (TIME, June 26), the answe[illegible] pend on a wide variety of co[illegible] weapons laws all over the U.S.

In Miami, Los Angeles and Wa[illegible] ton, D.C., any law-abiding citize[illegible] freely buy a pistol and stash it at [illegible] But carrying it on one's person, [illegible] openly in a holster, requires a p[illegible] that police rarely issue. Not more [illegible] 20 Washingtonians are so lu[illegible] Many states ban almost any "conce[illegible] weapon, including blackjacks, [illegible] knuckles and even slingshots. A[illegible] tear-gas Penguns are legal in [illegible] states, the notable exceptions of [illegible] York, Illinois and California co[illegible] nation's biggest, most perilous c[illegible] is often illegal to carry even a [illegible]

* *Answer: Of course.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

N.Y. DAILY NEWS

SELF-DEFENDER DEL FAVA
For the victim, arrest.

...l loaded with some eye-stinging ...ical like ammonia.

...dly enough, Arlene Del Fava ...d have gone scot free had she ...ed a hunting, carving or penknife ...y type other than a switchblade or ...ry knife, which snap open at the ... of a wrist. If the owner can prove ... of illegal intent, New York's Sul... Law allows possession of dirks, ...ers, razors or stilettos. But the law, ...has no visible effects on criminals, ...es hard-to-get police permits for ...s, even when they are kept at ...e. Flatly forbidden is the mere pos...sion of any billy, blackjack, bludgeon, ...ob, bombshell, firearm silencer, ma...e gun, metal knuckles, sandbag, ...sclub or "slungshot" (slingshot). The ...al is so well-stocked that choice is ...ably confusing. Arlene Del Fava, ...s with many another New Yorker, ...decided that from now on there is ...by one side arm that will keep her safe ...m both cops and robbers—"a hatpin ...grandmother used to carry."

THE COURTS

...e of Illinois

...ing "carefully and delicately" ...Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, ...llinois Supreme Court last month ...ed the book obscene—"a series of ...ing sexual encounters described in ...most filthy and obscene language ...nable." The court also gave the ... of its hand to Nightclub Come... Lenny Bruce, upholding an ob... charge on the grounds of his ...bid interest in sex." Last week the ... said oops, and in a rare move ...ew both opinions. Reason: the ... Supreme Court had meanwhile re... a Florida ban against *Tropic* ...narrowed its view of what con...utes obscenity (TIME, July 10). So ...all good judges, whatever their per... opinion, those in Illinois followed ...ation's legal leaders.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

How to Change Laws You Don't Like

"It is the law," said Louisiana's Democratic Senator Allen J. Ellender of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 that he had opposed so stubbornly. Any Southern resistance, Ellender warned, "must be within the framework of the orderly processes established by law." Any other course "is foolhardy and indefensible," including the doctrine of civil disobedience, which has "no more credence now than it did before."

From a longtime segregationist, that was a statement of stunning reasonableness. Every thoughtful lawyer, whatever his stand on the race problem, is disquieted by civil disobedience, even in the name of what Martin Luther King calls "the moral law or the law of God." To lawyers, divine code is too vague for the earthly task of preserving peace and good order here and now. Were all men free to act out their individual "consciences"—as diehard segregationists still insist—victory would simply go to those with the most power, the most guns. By contrast, the rule of law provides enforceable standards—and machinery to change them.

Guerrilla Warfare. Those lawyers who condone civil disobedience do so on very narrow grounds. Civil disobedience is "just" only when all legal redress has been closed—a position taken last week by the Lutheran Church in America at its biennial convention in Pittsburgh. "If and when the means of legal recourse have been exhausted or have been demonstrably inadequate," resolved the church, "Christians may then choose to serve the cause of racial justice by disobeying a law that clearly involves the violation of their obligations as Christians."

Even so, the burden of moral proof is heavily on the disobedient to show good faith by nonviolence, meaningful protest and willingness to accept the penalty for their actions. And the basic aim is always the same as regular litigation—to get the challenged law tested by the orderly processes of law.

It is one thing to hold such meaningful protests as restaurant sit-ins, challenging laws that may never be tested in court until they are violated. It is quite another thing to hold indiscriminate demonstrations, such as highway stall-ins, that merely protest grievances in general. Such actions are simply guerrilla warfare. Alabama's Governor Wallace, when he "stood in the schoolhouse door" at Tuscaloosa, was acting not only in defiance of a court order, but after the validity of desegregation orders had already been thoroughly established in the courts.

Standing & Ripeness. Getting unjust laws repealed in the legislature is infinitely more desirable than "just" civil disobedience. But if political persuasion fails, how to change a law in the courts? Article III of the Constitution empowers the federal judiciary to hear "cases" and "controversies," and though the courts can reject many kinds of cases, they are unlikely to turn down any genuine conflicts involving practical consequences that demand constitutional interpretation.

Those who challenge a law must have "standing" or personal involvement in the conflict. If a man disputes public school prayers, for example, he has standing only if his own children are affected. If his children are not yet involved in the prayers, or have already left the school, his standing is insufficient to build a case. Further, his case must have "ripeness," meaning that he must be able to show real injury at the time he sues. If the school board is only thinking about starting prayers, the case is not yet ripe.

$11 Million Loss. In the first major test of the new Civil Rights Act, the lily-white Heart of Atlanta Motel has just sued the U.S. and Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy with a claim that probably has sufficient conflict, standing and ripeness. Along with seeking a declaratory judgment (court opinion on the law's validity), the motel's lawyer-president, Moreton Rolleston Jr., asked for an injunction to prevent Kennedy from enforcing the act on the ground that it violates the Fifth Amendment's guarantees of due process and just compensation for private property taken for public use. Claimed damages: $1,000,000 for deprivation of property rights (lost business if Negroes register) and $10 million for Rolleston's alleged loss of "liberty" to refuse service.

Rolleston's prospects of winning seem slight. For one thing, he is fighting a law that got the most painstaking constitutional examination by a lawyer-dominated Congress sworn to uphold the Constitution just as fervently as the Supreme Court. What is nonetheless admirable is Rolleston's decision to test the law in court rather than to break it simply because he dislikes it. If his action sets a new tone for Southern resistance, it is good news for U.S. law.

UPI

SELF-CHAINED PICKETS IN NEW YORK
For discrimination, indiscrimination.

CC-0. In Public Domain. C...

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CREW

One for the Alumni

The first thing most athletes do when they get out of college is to order a heavy meal, wash it down with a cold beer, take a deep drag on a cigarette—and gleefully go to pot. But not if they live in Philadelphia and know how to pull an oar. Philadelphia's 99-year-old Vesper Boat Club awards no letters or athletic scholarships; its members work out six days a week, row as much as six miles each practice session. Why? "Because we like it," says Secretary-Treasurer John B. Kelly Jr., onetime Olympic sculler and brother of Monaco's Princess Grace. "We even like it enough to go out and be good at it." Very good, even.

Last week at New York's Orchard Beach Lagoon, the smooth-stroking Vesper eight trounced 15 of the country's finest crews—and thereby became the first club crew to represent the U.S. at the Olympics since another Vesper crew did it in 1904.

Vesper almost did not get into the trials at all, thanks to a mix-up in the mails. Their registration arrived after the deadline; only a last-minute decision by the U.S. Olympic Committee allowed them to compete. Seeded fourth, behind California, Harvard and Washington, Vesper did not figure to offer much competition to the younger college crews. Their average age was 26, and only the presence of two undergraduate ringers from La Salle College kept it that low. The part-time coach, Allan Rosenberg, is a Philadelphia lawyer. The coxswain, Robert Zimonyi, is a 46-year-old Hungarian refugee. The captain, Bill Knecht, is 34, a plumbing contractor, the father of six. But in the semifinals, Vesper shocked the experts by beating Harvard, the undefeated Eastern champion, by two lengths and 7.5 sec.

That was nothing compared to the surprise Vesper pulled in the finals. California was now the heavy favorite; the high-stroking Bears had rattled off seven straight victories. At the starting gun, Cal spurted into the lead, stroking at a phenomenal 44. Harvard was second, Yale third—and Vesper was left at the line. But then Harvard sliced out in front of Cal, and Vesper began to move up. At the 800-meter mark, with 1,200 meters to go, the Philadelphians drew even with Harvard, edged ahead—and never looked back. Eight tulip-shaped oars swinging as one, they took the stroke up to 40 at the end, swept to a one-length victory in 6 min. 1.3 sec.—fastest time of the entire Olympic trials.

KEN REGAN

VESPER'S OLYMPIC CREW

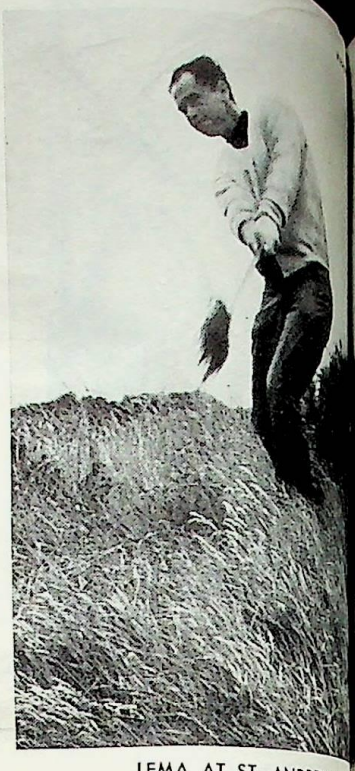
A lawyer, a refugee, and a father of six.

GOLF

"A Humbling Game"

Short of sending him out blindfolded on a moonless night with a black-painted ball, there doesn't seem to be much that anybody can do to stop Tony Lema from winning golf tournaments. Last week they tried the next best thing: they sicked St. Andrews onto him—and all Tony did was to win the British Open, for his fourth victory in the last six weeks.

St. Andrews purports to be the "birthplace of modern golf," but that is open to debate. (Some historians claim that the Dutch invented the game, not the Scotch.) It also purports to be the toughest championship course in the world—and about that, there is no debate at all. The fishhook-shaped Old Course at the Royal and Ancient Golf Club is only 6,926 yds. long—practically puny by American standards. But



LEMA AT ST. ANDREWS

Gorse, heather, sand, and polo

it is an un-American course. The stone walls to play over, tiered the size of polo fields, and acre acre of prickly gorse, heather Nicknames are enough for the "The Twin Fangs of the Lady "The Valley of Sin," "Hell For a topper, there is the weat word "links," after all, origi Scotland. It means "golf cours sea," and in the case of St. that means the North Sea.

Slick as Ice. If Tony Lema served on convoy duty in W II, he might have known wha pect. At 30, he was far too yo what's more, he had never even Old Course before. Neither Nicklaus, 24, whose $24,000 the week before in the Wh Open put him back on top of money-winning list (with $ demonstrated that he was one at the peak of his game—and suaded British bookies to install the favorite, at 7 to 2. The o Lema: 7 to 1.

On the first day, a cruel wind across the open fairways at 6 "I couldn't keep my footing plained Nicklaus, who at 20 one of golf's best-anchored p three-putted six greens, settled Lema, who weighs in at 180 lbs one-over-par 73, two strokes pace set by Ireland's Christy O and France's Jean Garaialde. nounced himself satisfied. nothing comparable to putting wind," he said. "Let me tell you thing about golf—it's a humbling about the second day was that was only 45 m.p.h. But along the way, Lema lost his Normally one of the best wedge

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

This airplane lands on pastures as well as on paved runways

Whether it's a pasture — or a hacked-out jungle landing strip — or a section of hot desert sand — or ice or snow Hercules works close to the action. In fact, the big turbojet transport can get in and out of places that seem better suited to a little bush plane.

Throughout the free world, C-130 Hercules airlifters are becoming as famous for their increasing number of peace-time functions as for their vital military airlift missions.

True airlifter design continues to stand Hercules in good stead wherever it flies. Straight-in rear-loading on a truckbed-height floor — plus rear-door, in-flight, outsize paradrops — and overall ruggedness, reliability, and rough-field landing and takeoff capability — continue to make it possible for Hercules to perform more and more different kinds of airlift work.

Today, nearly 700 Hercules airlifters — twenty-one different versions — are in service.

And more are on the way.

Lockheed Hercules

LOCKHEED-GEORGIA COMPANY: Marietta, Georgia, U.S.A. — A Division of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation

CC-0. In Public Domain. G

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

in the game, he changed his tactics, switched to a No. 7 iron, and ran the ball up to the pin. At the turn, Lema was one under par, and he picked up another two strokes on the 312-yd. twelfth hole—driving the green from the tee, sinking a 30-ft. putt for an eagle 2. "They've got to come and catch me now," said Tony, whose 68 gave him a two-stroke lead.

Safe from Sin. Only Nicklaus came close. Nine strokes back of Lema on the third day's start, he birdied four out of the first nine holes, went on to tie the St. Andrews course record with a sizzling six-under-par 66—and finished out his day with a final-round 68. But it was too late. Lema shot a morning-round 68, finally stepped up on the last tee needing only a triple-bogey seven to win. Playing it safe, he dumped his drive short of "The Valley of Sin," a gully just in front of the 18th green. Trying to line up his approach, Lema was surrounded by 10,000 swarming Scottish fans. Bobbies struggled to force the crowd back, and Lema waited patiently. Then he picked up his trusty No. 7 iron, swung gently and dropped the ball perfectly on the green, 18 in. from the pin. A tap, a plunk, and Tony had his birdie for a 72-hole total of 279 —just three strokes off the British Open record—and a five-stroke victory.

The $4,200 paycheck was nothing to write home about, but just thinking about all those side benefits made Tony's throat dry. "I may be the third leading money winner," he sighed, ordering champagne for everybody in the press tent, "but I'm the first leading money spender."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▶ Brazil's Maria Bueno, 24: the women's All-England tennis championship, beating Australia's defending champion, Margaret Smith, in three sets, 6-4, 7-9, 6-3; at Wimbledon. Recovered at last from the hepatitis that kept her out of action for six months, Schoolteacher Bueno relied mostly on flat, efficient ground strokes to score her second major victory over the 21-year-old Aussie in less than a year (the other: the U.S. nationals at Forest Hills last summer). Said the weary winner: "Everybody said it would be difficult to come back—and they were right."

▶ Houston's A. J. Foyt, 29: the Firecracker 400 stock-car race, averaging 151.4 m.p.h. in a 1964 Dodge to edge North Carolina's Bobby Isaac by less than the length of a car hood; at Daytona Beach, Fla. The U.S. Auto Club racing champion, winner of the 1964 Indianapolis 500, Foyt once again demonstrated his amazing versatility: alternating between sports cars, stock cars, sprint cars and big Offenhauser-powered Indy roadsters, Foyt has failed to win only two of the races he has entered this year.

MILESTONES

Born. To María del Carmen Franco y Polo, 37, only child of Spain's Generalissimo Franco; and Cristóbal Martínez Bordiu Ortega y Bascarán, 41, Marqués de Villaverde: their seventh child, fifth daughter; in Madrid.

Married. Romaine Dahlgren Pierce, 40, Manhattan model, ex-wife of the Marquess of Milford Haven; and James Busch Orthwein, 40, St. Louis adman, great-grandson of the original Gussie (Budweiser) Busch; she for the third time, he for the second; in Manhattan.

Married. Marshall Field Jr., 48, publisher of Chicago's morning Sun-Times and evening Daily News; and Julia Lynne Templeton, 23, onetime Sun-Times public relations girl; he for the third time; in Manhattan.

Died. Jon Corbino, 59, U.S. painter, a Sicilian-born romantic realist who specialized in turbulent canvases of full-blown nudes and writhing horses caught in shipwrecks and floods, scoffing at abstract artists for their attempt "to achieve a literature with a language none but they understand"; of cancer; in Sarasota, Fla.

Died. Roy Davidson, 63, head of the 65,000-man Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and spokesman for all five railroad unions during the lengthy deadlock over featherbedding, who helped talk his more militant fellow union leaders into compromise, shared bows with President Johnson over TV when the dispute was finally settled this spring; of leukemia; in Cleveland.

Died. Maurice Thorez, 64, longtime French Communist chieftain, a coal miner turned professional revolutionary, who took control of the party as secretary general in 1934, ran it as a mirror of the Kremlin, slavishly devoted first to Stalin, then to Khrushchev, seeing it grow to nearly 1,000,000 members after World War II only to decline rapidly (current membership: 240,000) in the face of European prosperity, until, suffering from chronic ill health, he "elevated" himself to president last May, leaving everyday tactics to another man; of an apparent heart attack aboard a Russian ship traveling to Yalta for a vacation.

Died. Dr. Rufus ("Rex") von Kleinsmid, 89, president of the University of Southern California from 1921 to '46, a crusty, controversial administrator who expanded U.S.C.'s plant from three to 22 buildings, increased enrollment from 5,000 to 12,000 and concentrated hard on a championship football team, but paid his professors minuscule salaries (some got as little as $2,600 a year); of heart disease; in Los Angeles.

...ture ran on buff...

Why the T... the ...

Here are 30 million people in Sc... living quite literally off the fruits of... water. "Never mind," the Thais s... fortune strikes, "there is rice in the... in the water".

1 Nature has been so kind to th... their normal yearly surplus of 1 ... rice feeds 15 million of their ne... year. High income from crop ex... put Thailand on the gold standard ... currency the hardest in this part o...

2 In spite of the phenomenal ... growth in the last 10 years, the in... real income has risen by 80%. On... nine persons owns a radio set. Mo... Thais can afford motor-cars, boa... tioners, refrigerators, television se... days. Expenditure on boxing matc... races and the theatre has multiplie... the last 10 years.

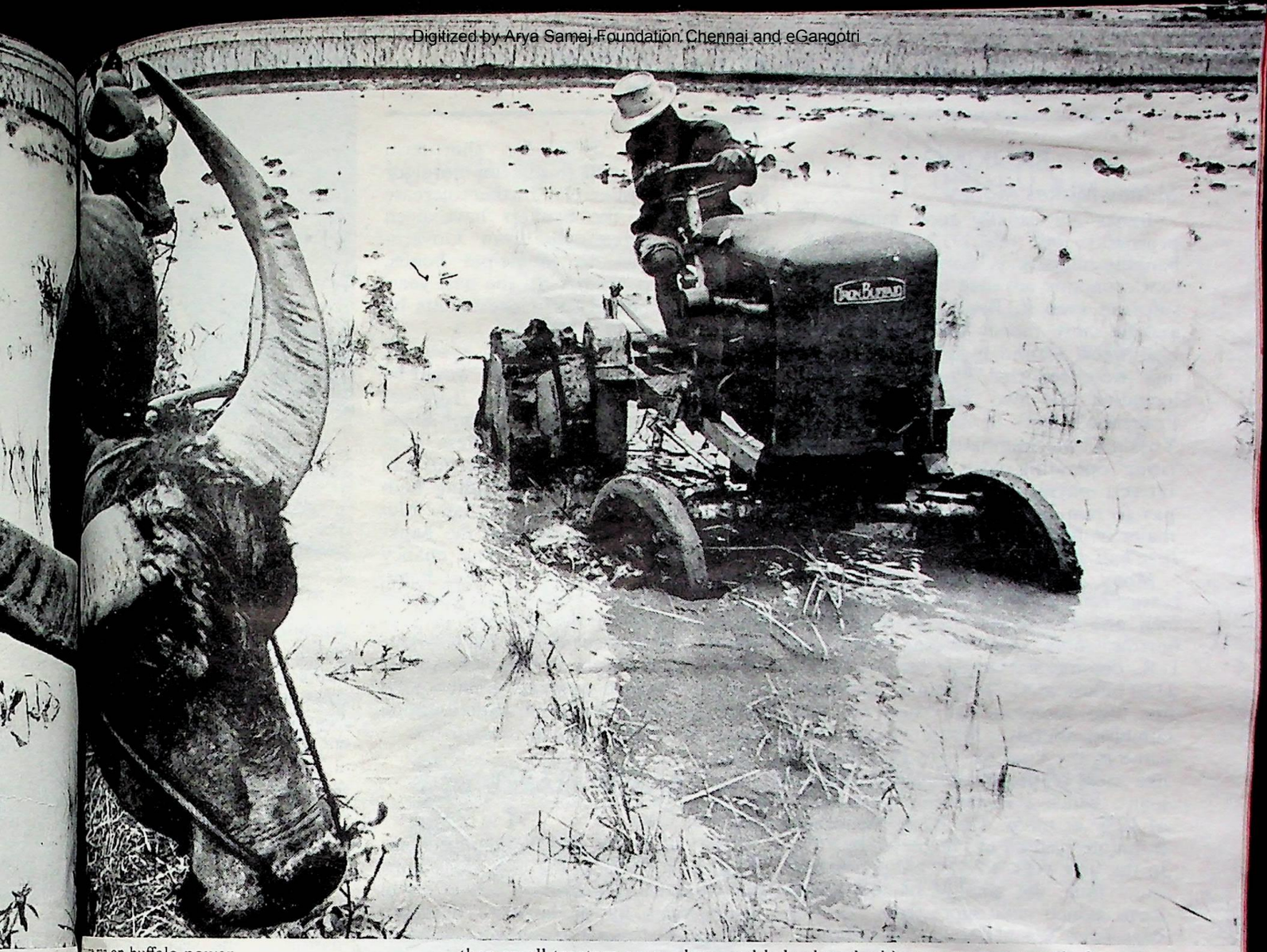
Richer harvests

3 All this might suggest that the Th... placently content with what they ha... In fact this is not true. The Thais g... is deceptive. They are naturally enter...

4 Witness the country's farming ... modern methods, farmers have ... put of new cash-crops in the last ... There are fewer buffaloes and ... tractors and "iron buffaloes" (... vented miniature tractors) roaming ... fields and forests.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



...ture ran on buffalo power . . . then small tractors came along and helped to double cash-crop output in five years.

...he T... the hardest currency in South-East Asia

...ngly, industry represents
...f Thailand's output

...re determined to industrialise. So ... machine tools make up 25% of ...orts. Investment laws have been ...ctive, and capital investment has ...e last five years.

...s that new factories have been ...ll over the countryside — new tex- ...eat processing, chemical, sugar- ..., and oil refineries — the whole ... a ten-fold increase in industrial ...he last 10 years.

...e new thirst for energy

...local mineral fuel, and dwindling ...nd is largely dependent on oil. ...mption of petroleum products ...by 40% in five years, and today ...ntry's energy needs are being met ...panies.

...ersonality of the Thais

...roots go deep. He knows how to ...des without being unduly influ- ... Perhaps one reason is that every ...reaching maturity, is encouraged ...end three months as a monk.

...is also a great waterman, has all ...e and sense of proportion water- ...ch of the country's traffic is water- ...ock itself is criss-crossed with canals full of noisy water life. Housewives go shopping by boat at floating markets.

Thailand's prospects

11 With the new six-year plan, prospects are promising. Roads, irrigation, cheap power, and education are the government's main concerns.

12 The plan foresees 9,000 new trained teachers a year (more than twice the present number). For the industries of Bangkok and the central plains, the Yanhee hydro-electric project promises more economical and abundant power. It will also irrigate thousands of acres of farmland.

13 Meanwhile, if you pass through the bustling Bangkok of today, you will be impressed at the number of banks, by the distinction of the women, and by the heaviness of the traffic. The capital (with its twin city Thonburi) has busy roads packed with cars and 3,000 more taxis than a huge Western metropolis like London.

SHELL AND WORLD OIL

Short of local mineral fuel, and with her forests dwindling, Thailand will need more and more oil to power her new industries. So will the rest of the world. Oil is one of the fastest growing sources of energy, and demand is expected to double within 15 years.

Meeting this demand has to be an international operation because no other commodity is moved in such tremendous volumes, across so many frontiers, broken into so many products, planned so far ahead. It needs a complex, world-wide organisation — the kind Shell has built up over the years.

FACTS AND FIGURES

For Shell, getting oil to the markets means operating over 11½ million tons of tanker shipping, and 32,000 miles of pipelines over the great land routes. Establishing marketing companies in over 100 countries. Doing business in nearly every major language. And encouraging 6,000 research men to find new and useful products — new fuels, plastics, resins, fertilisers and insecticides.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Shell is dependable because it is in the whole oil cycle. It looks for oil, finds it, raises it, transports it, breaks it down into products, and gets them to market as regularly as a metronome. In doing so, it averages about 1¼ US cents profit per gallon on its sales.

Shell is useful. It gets the right product to the right place at the right time. **It serves consuming countries by finding dependable energy, producing countries by finding dependable markets. Year after year.**

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

U.S. BUSINESS

BANKING

Money Makes Money

Banks are usually good mirrors of prosperity, but the $312 billion U.S. banking industry is sharing in the current economic advance to a degree that surprises even it. Bankers, in fact, are making more money than ever before. Last week alltime high first-half earnings were reported by several banks, including the two largest ones, San Francisco's Bank of America and New York's Chase Manhattan. Despite their rising operating costs and the higher interest payments they are forced to pay to remain competitive, the nation's major banks earned 9% more in 1964's first half than in the first half of 1963.

Many Happy Returns. The prime reason for the rise is that U.S. businessmen and consumers are clamoring to borrow more. Outstanding loans of U.S. commercial banks jumped from $150 billion to $157 billion in this year's first five months, and they are still climbing sharply. Much of the gain came in the kind of loans that bankers like most of all—consumer installment loans, which give them interest yields of 12% or more. The banks' consumer installment credit has increased by 13% in the past year, to $22 billion. At the same time, the amount of real estate loans, which yield more than 5%, has risen from $34 billion to $39 billion.

The bankers have also been earning more from the $59 billion that they have tied up in Government securities. Thanks to Washington's policies of firming up interest rates to prevent investment capital from flowing to foreign countries, the yields on U.S. securities have risen about ½ of 1% in the past year—to 3½% for short-term Treasury bills, and to 4% or more for longer-term issues. To further increase their income, the bankers have been switching increasingly from Government securities to municipal bonds, which are tax-exempt. In the past year, they have boosted such investments by 23%, to nearly $23 billion.

More Powers. Prudence is a way of life for the bankers, and they would be the last to claim that their fortunes can continue to rise indefinitely.* Some bankers complain that interest payments on deposits are too generous and inflexible, while others, including Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin, worry that the bankers have taken on too many chancy construction loans. On the other hand, the fact that the bankers have lent out so much reduces the prospect of economic excess. Because the banks have only a small supply of liquid funds, the Federal Reserve now has greater power to tighten up on credit should strong signs of inflation appear.

STOCK MARKETS

Career Cop

The Securities and Exchange Commission, top cop of the U.S. stock markets, was led into its most active role in many years by its current chairman, William L. Cary. Ever since Cary made known his desire to return to his Columbia law professorship by this fall,

* A few overextended banks have failed lately. Last week the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. announced the collapse of the First State Bank of Dell City, Texas. Reason: an excess of bad loans. It was the third small bank failure for that reason this year.

HENRY GROSSMAN

BANKING AT NEW YORK'S FIRST NATIONAL CITY
Heading the clamor to borrow.

SEC'S COHEN
Watching out for soft stuff

Washington and Wall Street have dered whether Lyndon Johnson brake the SEC by picking a gressive chairman. Last week clear that the SEC will continue energetic course, the President a chairman who is at least as as Cary: SEC Careerist Manuel erick Cohen, 51. "There is no any soft stuff taking place," said Cohen. "The program we have will be continued."

The program, shaped in part by Cohen, calls for closer ulation of the securities mark haps leading to lower broker missions among other changes largely from the SEC's massive stock market study (which, co tally, was led by Chicago Law ton Cohen, no kin to the new man). Cary made a strong pitch don Johnson to pick Cohen, already a member of the five-m mission, as the new chairman Cohen was not hurt by his close ship with White House Special sel Myer Feldman. Johnson under pressure to pick a caree soften criticism of his recent ment of conservative Republic mer Budge, a former Cong from Idaho with little experi the securities markets, as an SE missioner. To fill the vacancy by Cohen's promotion, Johnson week chose a Los Angeles lawyer cis M. Wheat, 43, a Democrat.

Brooklyn-born Cohen is a immigrant's son who worked his a degree at Brooklyn Law Schoo and joined the commission in 1 ing to head its division of corpo nance, he became known as a s ministrator whose devotion to did not stop him from being by the people he was regulating week New York Stock Exchange ident Keith Funston called Cohen icated and realistic."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COHEN
t for soft stuff

all Street hav
don Johnson
picking a l
Last week,
will continue
he President
at least as
eerist Manu
There is no c
place," said
am we hav

haped in
s for closer
urities mark
wer broker
her changes
SEC's mass
(which, c
Chicago Law
to the ne
strong pitch
ck Cohen, w
of the five-m
new chairma
by his close
House Special
Johnson
pick a care
his recent
ive Republic
ormer Cong
little experi
ets, as an SE
the vacancy
otion. John
Angeles lawye
a Democrat.
Cohen is a
o worked his
yn Law Sch
mission in 19
sion of corp
known as a
devotion to
rom being
was regulat
tock Exchan
n called Co
."

TIME, JU

ADVERTISING

on Madison Avenue

g ice cream as she sailed, Ac-
Channing relaxed one day
in the middle of the Hudson
sconced aboard a 38-ft. yacht
ly after the Broadway show
the stars. An idle summer day's
Not at all. Cameras whirred
nearby boat, making sure to
brand of the yacht (Bertram)
ice cream (Dolly Madison)
Miss Channing's wide-eyed
Channing was hard at work
that is becoming one of the
lar in the advertising world:
ad, a mating of two or more
in a single display. Used last
more than 400 companies, tie-
brought together such disparate
as RCA Victor and Schenley
Hathaway shirts and Air India,
Arms shotguns and Stetson
Air Lines is so eager to tie
setting up a special budget for
se, will listen to any proposals
quor and lingerie.

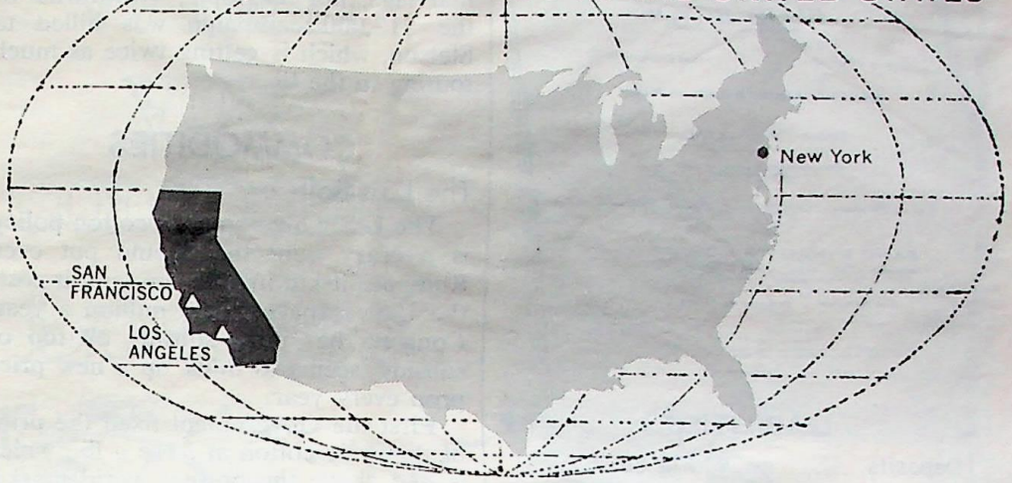
Patience. Tie-ins started on a
e years ago as modest ads
two products with an obvious
but they have now bloomed
ad and promotion campaigns
together as many as a dozen
Small companies are excited
ger, splashier space they can
pooling their ad money with
firms, also like the occasion-
nity to be paired with a fa-
nd name. Tie-in promotional
is usually given more and bet-
in stores and show windows,
ven by large corporations that
afford solo advertising. Unit-
only Caravelle flights got ad-
rust from Caravelle suits by
uffner & Marx and Caravelle
by a Chicago manufacturer.
ustang was introduced with
erything from toy cars to
unglasses by Renauld.

g together a tie-in demands
rt and patience, and few ad
re to go to all that trouble.
, the field has been taken over
sts. The biggest and busiest
tan's Leonard Fellman, 47,
-man agency serves 20 com-
a regular basis (including Du
AC, National Car Rental and
ms) and does work for 300
panies a year. Most of the
aced in magazines and news-
ut this week Fellman is start-
department as well.

ion Trouble. Fellman consid-
lf a kind of marriage broker.
e to be a diplomat, banker,
nd pacifist," he says. He has
Alcon nylon carpets with a
Corp. M-60 tank (to demon-
ability), Eastern 727 Whisper-
Du Pont fabrics, Muriel cigars
coats—and Carol Channing
boat and bounty. Fellman in-
finding a theme to carry a tie-

UCB

YOUR PASSPORT TO BANKING IN THE UNITED STATES



United California Bank offers you all the services of a fully staffed International Division in Los Angeles and San Francisco and over 160 offices throughout California. Our affiliation with Western Bancorporation International Bank in New York, experts skilled in many fields, and correspondents around the world provide immediate contact with every important world trade center. Whenever you need help in doing business anywhere in the United States, call on the specialists at United California Bank...the bank that does a little more for you.

UCB
UNITED CALIFORNIA BANK
CAPITAL FUNDS OVER $232,400,000 • RESOURCES OVER $2,900,000,000
INTERNATIONAL DIVISION
Victor R. Rose, Vice President and Manager • Los Angeles Headquarters: 600 S. Spring Street • San Francisco Headquarters: 405 Montgomery Street
Affiliated with Western Bancorporation and its 22 full service commercial banks in the 11 Western States
In Mexico City, consult our Representative Office in La Torre Latino-Americana

World's largest zipper maker
in
total production
Y.K.K.
YOSHIDA KOGYO K.K.
YOSHIDA SHOJI CO., LTD.
Tokyo, Japan

Electronics / Telecommunications
NEC
Nippon Electric Company Limited
P.O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

THE FUND OF FUNDS, LIMITED

The Fund of Funds offers a portfolio of leading United States mutual investment funds and fund management companies, selected for comparative performance and future growth potential.

The Fund of Funds; IIT, *International Investment Trust;* and *Research Investing Corporation* (RIC) are offered under *The IOS* Investment Program.*

July 7	Asset Value Per Share	Total Assets *(in millions)*
The Fund of Funds	$13.92	$63.4
IIT	$ 4.67	$ 7.2
RIC	$12.62	$11.2

* INVESTORS OVERSEAS SERVICES/largest Mutual Fund and investment program distributor specializing in the international market/1,000 Associates serve clients in 116 countries on six continents/complete financial planning services.

Executive Offices, Investors Overseas Services
119 rue de Lausanne Geneva, Switzerland

☐ *Please send a Prospectus and information for*

_____ to:
(insert name of fund)

NAME *(please print)* _____

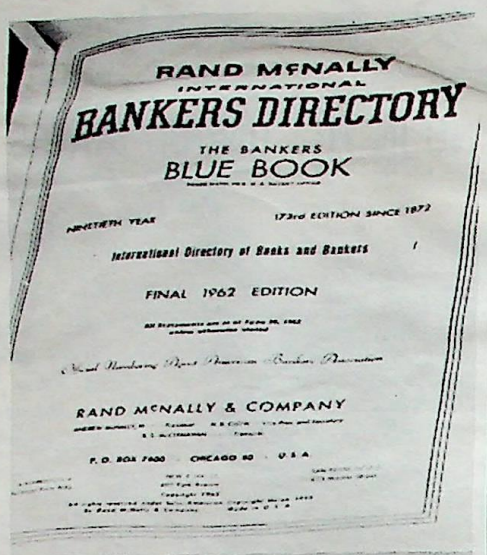
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

COUNTRY _____

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



LIABILITIES

Deposits	¥1,211,866,685,591
Borrowed Money	¥152,447,914,423
Call Money	¥43,214,000,000
Foreign Exchanges	¥64,775,805,724

A GREAT BANK?

How do you judge the world's great banks? *Deposits* are one way. The Mitsubishi Bank's deposits of over one trillion yen* tell part of the story. For the rest, speak to the world bankers who respect Mitsubishi and the business leaders who prefer to deal with it. The Mitsubishi Bank can make your dealing with Japan easier and faster.

*As of Mar. 31 1964, equivalent to U.S. $ 3,366,296,349

MITSUBISHI BANK

Head Office: Marunouchi, Tokyo, Japan
Cable Address: BANKMITSUBISHI
New York Agency:
120 Broadway, New York 5, N.Y.
Los Angeles Agency:
626 South Spring St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.
London Branch:
7 Birchin Lane, London, E.C. 3

in is only part of his problem. The real trouble comes in persuading a brace of sponsors to accept an idea, and figuring out how much each should pay for sharing in it. In the Remington-Stetson marriage, for example, two-thirds of the $12,000 campaign was billed to Stetson, which is getting twice as much touting in the tie.

COMMODITIES

The Last Boll

The U.S. Government's cotton policy is a crazy quilt that would put even Rumpelstiltskin in stitches—and it costs the U.S. taxpayer $500 million a year. Congress has piled subsidy on top of subsidy, seems to think up a new price prop every year.

First the Government fixed the price of domestic cotton at 32½¢ a lb., which is 8½¢ above the present world market price. Then it has been paying an 8½¢ subsidy to exporters so that they can sell U.S. cotton competitively at the world price. But U.S. textile manufacturers have been complaining that foreign textile makers can thus buy U.S. cotton cheaper than they can—and the Government has now devised still another subsidy to meet their complaints. Beginning Aug. 1, it will drop the farmers' support price 2½¢ to 30¢, automatically lowering the subsidy to exporters by 2½¢. At the same time it will grant U.S. manufacturers a new subsidy of 6½¢ a lb. so that they will be able to buy U.S. cotton at the cheaper world price. The effect will be to create three different payouts so that sellers of cotton will get 30¢ a lb. but buyers will only have to pay the prevailing world rate, which currently fluctuates between 23½ and 24½¢.

The new system last week proved to be the last boll for the 93-year-old New Orleans Cotton Exchange, which closed its doors to trading. Because the price of cotton has been so firmly fixed, big dealers no longer have to go to the exchange to buy futures contracts to hedge against possible fluctuations. Futures trading on the New Orleans exchange dropped from 12 million bales a decade ago to only 18,000 last year. The exchange did not take its closing easily, planted full-page ads in many newspapers to attack the situation. After suggesting that Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman is either "unknowledgeable" or "a demagogue," the ad charged that his subsidies were creating a "unique substitute for the free enterprise system."

That left only one remaining cotton futures exchange—the New York exchange, whose business has dwindled from 33 million bales in 1953 to 928,000 in 1963. Its leaders are negotiating with the Agriculture Department in hopes of finding a way to survive, but prospects are dim. The subsidy system has achieved stability for the nation's No. 1 fiber, but the cost in money and market freedom is high.

YOUNG MARRIEDS FURNITURE
TV and babies do their

MERCHANDISIN

Fine Time for Furniture

In economists' terms, fi traditionally been a "post chase"—people often put o new chair, couch or bedro til the old one broke do bought on impulse. Lateh been a shift of sorts: Am inclined to trade in their o somewhat sooner, buy mor new furniture than in year week, at their annual summ High Point, N.C., the seat o try, the nation's furniture m puffed up their earlier pred 1964. On the basis of a no first half, they now expect to rise at least 10% above $5.2 billion.

In a cluttered industry of s manufacturers scattered thro U.S., the four largest compa the most comfortable of all four—Kroehler, Bassett, D Thomasville—have made sale far this year of 13% to Drexel Executive Vice Presid J. Brunn: "You always dread day when your line will be the economic climate will b both at the same time. Thi happening to us this year."

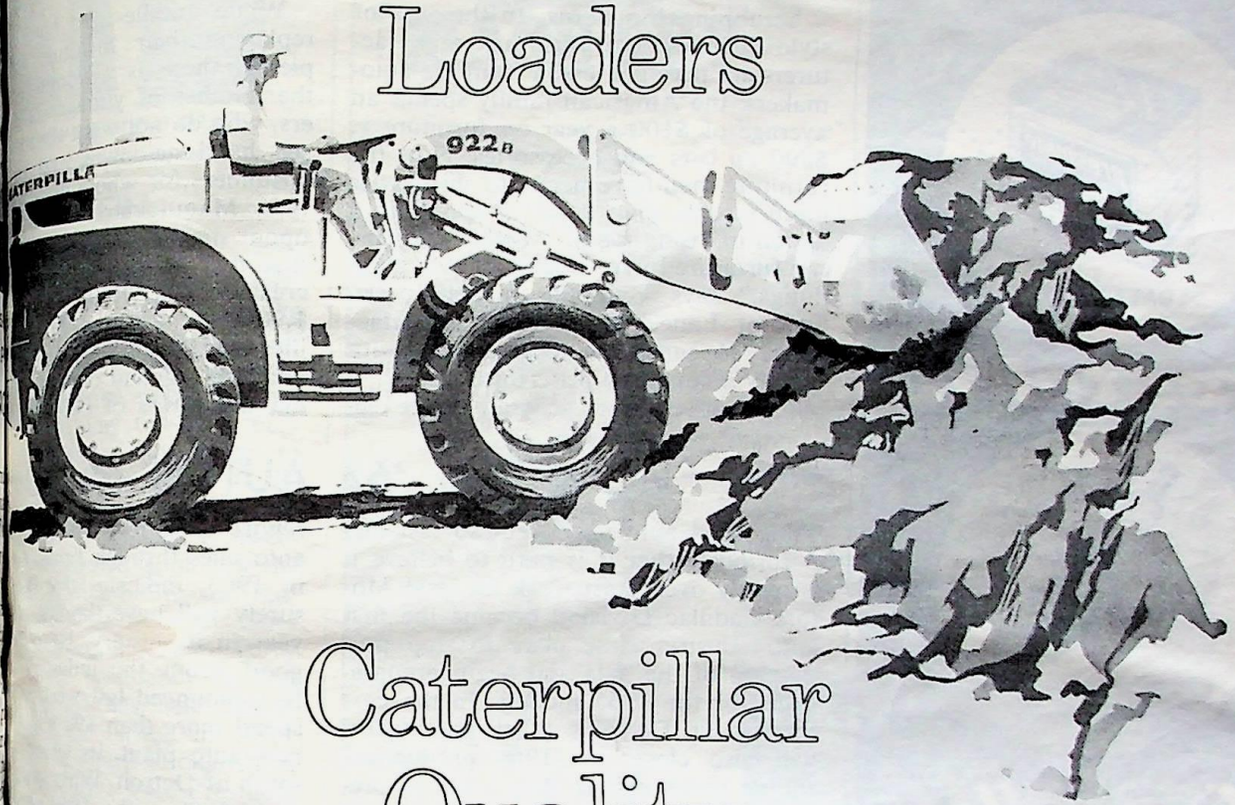
Changes In Quality. Th health of the economy has giv both the urge to buy and the do it with. Meanwhile, the ta enabled them to pay off their ment debts and take on new furniture business has been not only by changes in the of U.S. personal income but changes in the quality of l One major factor is that the nation of increasing mobility 9,500,000 American families to different homes, and more

TIME

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

When you compare Loaders



Caterpillar Quality has so much more to offer

...er's most important measurement is not its cost, ...s return on investment. High production together ...tstanding on-the-job dependability are the factors ...ake Caterpillar's 900 Series Loaders unmatched ...r power class. Background to their superiority ...erpillar Quality, stemming from basic materials ...ch and extending through all phases of manufac- ...gainst this quality background, Caterpillar 900 ...Loaders offer these other vital advantages.

Comprehensive range available: there are eight ...es to choose from, 50 to 300 h.p. (flywheel); four models are wheel-type and four track-type.

Unmatched versatility: matching machine range is a full line of buckets and attachments including rock and multi-purpose buckets, rippers, back hoes, winches and many others.

World-wide dealer network: Your local Caterpillar Dealer provides complete sales, parts and service facilities and is available to advise you on materials handling problems. Facts like these are why, when your plans include loaders, it pays to ask your Caterpillar Dealer about the 900 Series first.

CATERPILLAR

Caterpillar and Cat are Registered Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

INSIST ON GENUINE PRESTOLITE PARTS
prestolite

BATTERIES
prestolite

THUNDERVOLT SPARK PLUGS
prestolite

TRANSISTORIZED IGNITION SYSTEMS
PRESTOLITE INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
London, Brussels, Johannesburg
Mexico City, Sydney and Toledo, U.S.A.
Export Sales: Geon, Great Neck, New York, U.S.A.

will discard at least some of their old furniture, buy pieces better suited to their new surroundings.

Homes are becoming bigger, too—nowadays, not many new houses have fewer than three bedrooms—and more rooms naturally require more furniture. The trend toward homes with patios and apartments with terraces has expanded the demand for outdoor furniture, and overall business has been helped even by the popularity of television. Says Chicago Retailer Milton Fish: "TV is keeping people at home more, and making them much more conscious of their furniture."

Scrubbing the Borax. In the area of style changes, the furniture manufacturers are taking a lesson from the automakers: the American family spends an average of $100 a year on furniture *v.* $800 on cars and accessories. Now the furniture men have begun to shift styles more rapidly than usual to appeal to a nation of rising tastes. "Today's American furniture buyer is interested in three things," says Hampton Powell, president of Lane Co., a major manufacturer. "He puts style above all else, with quality second and price third."

Current styles are generally more elegant—and more expensive. The bulky, tacky styles—which [illegible] dub "Borax" and jokingly [illegible] by the pound—do not sell very [illegible] more. Also declining in popularity the starkly modern styles, known [illegible] trade as "sterile" or "baby-[illegible]" important market gains have been [illegible] by French-Italian Provincial, [illegible] the Spanish or Mediterranean [illegible] which is characterized by dark [illegible] wrought irons, gentle carving and [illegible] open spaces. Furniture men [illegible] that tomorrow's hot style will [illegible] be vaguely oriental, "a hint of [illegible] East."

While middle-aged households [illegible] replacing their furniture with [illegible] pieces, there is a continuing [illegible] the number of younger, first-[illegible] ers, who do not want their new [illegible] see hand-me-downs and are [illegible] customers for whole housefuls [illegible] ture. Manufacturers look with [illegible] upon market researchers' [illegible] that the number of marriages [illegible] crease from 1,600,000 last [illegible] 1,900,000 next year. All those [illegible] ilies will benefit the industry [illegible] and one segment of it in par[illegible] manufacturers of baby furni[illegible]

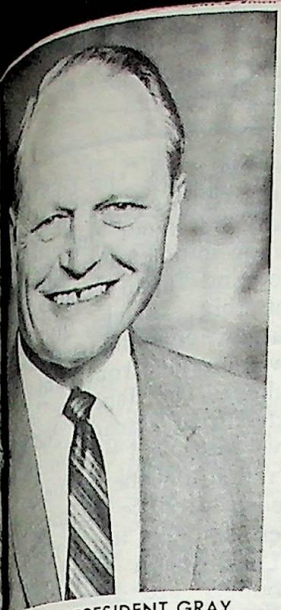
HOW THE '64 AUTOS FARED

THE 1964 auto year went so fast and furiously that it is hard to believe it is nearly over. Last week General Motors Cadillac Division became the first auto-industry name plate to stop production of the '64s and begin preparations for the 1965 models. In the next few weeks Detroit's other automakers will also close out 1964 production, ending much earlier than usual to prepare for the most complete retooling in many years. As the switchover for the restyled '65s began, the auto industry's report of a record-breaking [illegible] auto sales through June, 6% [illegible] in 1963, indicates that Det[illegible] surely will have the first $[illegible] year in its history. Henry [illegible] good about the industry's [illegible] he announced last week that [illegible] spend more than $90 million [illegible] new auto plant, its largest [illegible] south of Detroit. What automa[illegible] fared best in the 1964 auto [illegible] what name plates have increa[illegible] share of the market? The [illegible]

	1964 Jan.-June 30	Percent of Market	1963 Jan.-June 30
GENERAL MOTORS	2,200,595	54.8	2,065,599
Chevrolet	794,496	19.8	837,313
Chevelle	177,569	4.4	introduced in fall
Chevy II	104,301	2.6	195,462
Corvair	101,567	2.5	134,124
Pontiac	251,839	6.3	248,295
Tempest	137,487	3.4	70,587
Oldsmobile	183,325	4.6	181,961
F-85	99,872	2.5	65,450
Buick	157,244	3.9	162,859
Special	103,647	2.6	84,156
Cadillac	89,368	2.2	85,392
FORD MOTOR CO.	1,046,775	26.1	979,445
Ford	451,851	11.3	445,181
Falcon	161,545	4.0	173,426
Fairlane	141,737	3.5	170,673
Thunderbird	47,426	1.2	28,338
Mustang	68,224	1.7	introduced in spr
Mercury	58,198	1.5	57,082
Comet	101,414	2.5	64,966
Lincoln	15,893	0.4	13,084
CHRYSLER CORP.	553,020	13.8	469,717
Plymouth	138,010	3.4	129,610
Valiant	102,135	2.5	93,084
Dodge (includes 880)	138,236	3.4	107,416
Dart	98,309	2.5	78,305
Chrysler	66,195	1.7	55,581
Imperial	10,145	0.3	5,721
AMERICAN MOTORS	195,799	4.9	225,349
STUDEBAKER CORP.	17,682	0.4	35,639

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



AM'S NEW PRESIDENT GRAY
ow is the time to move.

AVIATION

of Pilots

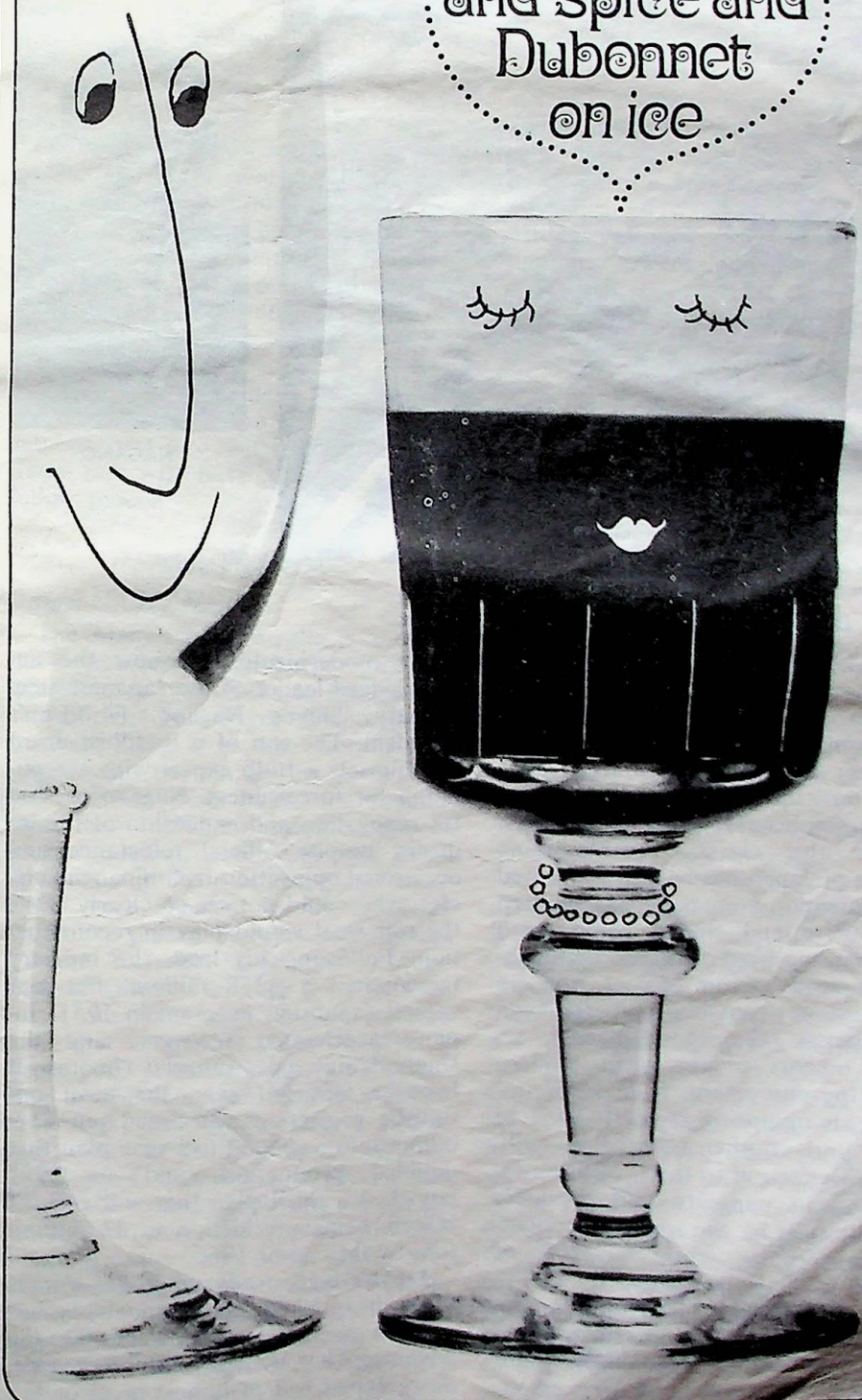
oneers who span commercial
from jenny to jet are giving
new generation of executives.
year, the presidents of three
S airlines have stepped either
to make way for new men.
Pat Patterson moved up to
and so did American's C. R.
Icolm MacIntyre left Eastern.
one of the greatest pioneers
ll relinquished some of the
although, like Smith and Pat-
retained the post of chief
Just turned 65, Juan Terry
ve up the presidency of Pan
n a seat he has held zestily
founded the airline in 1927.
e to the new post of chairman,
oted Executive Vice President
Gray, 58, to succeed him as
nd chief operating officer.
five years out of Yale ('22)
started his airline, Trippe
with force and farsightedness.
egan as a handful of flying
ng 110 miles between Key
Cuba; its 73,000 miles of
connect 85 nations, and last
ngs of $33.6 million on $561
revenues were the most ever
ny airline. Gray has been in
ally all of this growth. A
the first group of pilots
Pan Am in 1929, he was the
ercial flyer to cross the At-
ed 15,000 hours before he
nd a desk in 1944.

ay, the other new presidents
George E. Keck, 52, East-
Hall, 48, and American's
ller, 53—are all operations
ammoth and complex has the
dustry become that it now
boss just to schedule and
the jets and another to finance
00,000 price tags and worry
future. The time is ripe for
new men; recovering from
that plagued them after jets
duced, the industry last year
record profits of $84 million.

DUBONNET IS A PRODUCE OF C.D.C. EXPORT DIVISION 30 AVENUE KLÉBER PARIS

WHAT ARE PRETTY PARISIAN GIRLS MADE OF?

sugar and spice and Dubonnet on ice



Du. 150

63

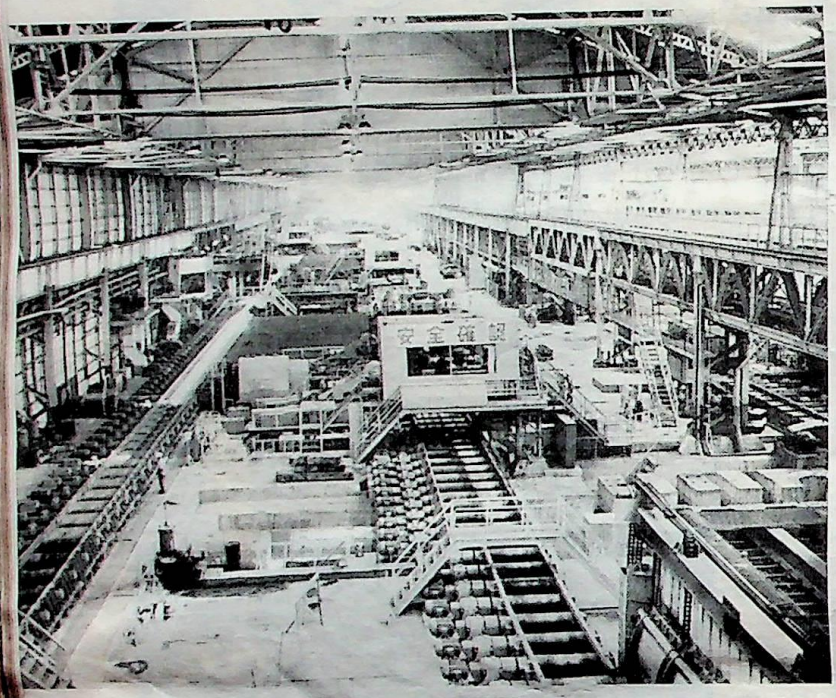
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

JAPAN

The New No. 3 in Steel

Even in the age of the atom, steel is still the vital measure of industrial might. The Soviet Union has made it national policy to catch up with U.S. steel production, the world's largest, and the other large steel producing nations never cease jockeying for advantage. Since World War II, no nation has reached for big steel status with more success than Japan, whose industry is among the world's most advanced and whose exports have raised the ire of competitors in both the U.S. and Europe. Now Japan has taken over from West Germany as the world's third largest producer, having turned out 34 million tons of high quality steel in the fiscal year that ended in March *v.* 33 million tons for the Germans.



FUJI'S SHAPING MILL AT HIROHATA
Dwarfing the most optimistic projections.

S. IMAI

NAGANO

From southern Kyushu to northern Honshu, the classic brush-painting coastline of Japan has been transformed into dynamic montages of modern wealth. Fire and smoke belch forth from towering blast furnaces that gobble up a steady stream of coal, iron ore and limestone from huge supertankers. The Japanese take second place to no one as owners of the most modern steelmaking equipment, have 14 ore-to-ingot plants operating at nearly 95% of capacity and another four being built. Japan ranks second to the U.S. in up-to-date strip-mill capacity and produces 38% of its steel by the speedy, economical oxygen process, while only 10% of U.S. steel is made that way.

Unexpected Boom. The American occupation triggered the modernization of Japan's steelmaking. Occupation planners declared the steel industry essential, thus enabling it to progress from a complete halt in production on V-J day to an output of 6,000,000 tons by 1951, when the peace treaty was signed. At the same time, the old government monopoly, Japan Steel & Iron Co., was broken up into Yawata Iron & Steel Co. and Fuji Iron & Steel Co., currently Japan's two largest producers. Encouraged by the authorities, competition flourished; today Japan has 62 steelmakers. But 55% of production is still accounted for by the nation's big four, who are rounded out by Nihon Kokan and Kawasaki Steel.

The man who took the lead in advocating modernization is now the acknowledged leader of the Japanese steel industry: Shigeo Nagano, 64, Fuji's president. The son of a Buddhist priest and himself a Judo expert with a reputation for forcefulness, Nagano pressed for renovation and expansion of the industry despite official reluctance and occasional opposition from financial circles, who could not see so clearly as he the role steel would play in reconstruction. Following his lead, the industry inaugurated a $358 million, five-year capital expansion program in 1951. Japan's accelerated recovery, and the shipbuilding and railroad booms it brought, dwarfed even the most optimistic projections. Steelmen put $1.9 billion into a second five-year plan that doubled production, and in 1961 launched a third plan that will cost $3 billion, bring production to 42 million tons by the end of 1966.

Japan's biggest advantage has always been cheap labor, and productivity has risen so much faster than wages that the advantage has actually been increased. Since Japan had to import most of her raw materials, she built her [illegible] plants right on the water's [illegible] nearly all major steelmaking [illegible] have to import substantial raw [illegible] also, and Japan's seaside plants [illegible] sent big savings in transport [illegible] charges, enabling steelmen to [illegible] raw materials from giant-volume [illegible] tankers. The Japanese have [illegible] fected their research and develop [illegible] have improved efficiency and [illegible] so much that the amount of coal [illegible] used to produce one ton of pig [illegible] been cut 39% in ten years.

Long-Range Goal. Finished [illegible] products are Japan's biggest [illegible] ($759 million in 1963) and [illegible] ance the outlay the Japanese [illegible] make to import raw materials [illegible] ports of steel goods thus contribute [illegible] rectly to Japan's trade balance. [illegible] nese steelmakers have been [illegible] dumping in the U.S. and of [illegible] cartel with Europe's steelmen. [illegible] is no doubt that they are aggressive [illegible] wily exporters. But they insist [illegible] long-range goal is not more exports [illegible] increased domestic consumption. [illegible] Fuji's Nagano: "The primary [illegible] this industry is to provide [illegible] needed for Japan's growing [illegible] Japan's per capita steel production [illegible] only 550 lbs. annually, about [illegible] European and U.S. consumption. [illegible] gano reasons that Japan can [illegible] fortably produce nearly twice [illegible] steel for domestic consumption.

WESTERN EUROPE

A Better Solace

Western Europe's economy [illegible] shows few signs of letting up, [illegible] has not prevented many [illegible] economists from worrying about [illegible] it all will end. The economists [illegible] work for the prestigious Twentieth [illegible] tury Fund do not seem to share [illegible] worries. In a report issued [illegible] they predicted that European [illegible] dented prosperity will continue [illegible] crease at least until 1975.

Population in the 18 West [illegible] ropean countries, says the study, [illegible] crease from 313 million in 1962 [illegible] than 340 million in 1975, outnumbering [illegible] the U.S. or Russia. Total West [illegible] ropean output is expected to rise [illegible] to $600 billion, and productivity [illegible] worker in the projected 15% [illegible] man work force will jump [illegible] employment, which was a [illegible] 000 in 1962 and is even less now, [illegible] pected to drop to 2,000,000 by [illegible]

The fund also forecasts that [illegible] Europeans will own 60 million [illegible] million cars by 1975, triple the [illegible] in 1960. Spending for household [illegible] ances and furniture will more [illegible] ble, and outlays for clothing [illegible] will rise by nearly 70%. As a [illegible] footnote, the fund also predicts [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DAVID MOORE

MELBOURNE SHOPPERS IN THE MYER EMPORIUM
Aiming at the middle.

that this year will total $500 million—but that is not enough. Egypt is still forced to import so many necessities that it runs a perennial trade deficit. To help wipe it out, the Egyptians are selling hard to nations as distant as Norway and the Philippines, shipping tires to Czechoslovakia and China, and working successfully to overcome earlier complaints of inferior quality. The Egyptians look with great expectations to the emerging African market, which they hope will be a major outlet for Egyptian goods. It is no coincidence that the industrial fair coincides with a Cairo summit meeting this week of 34 African heads of state and their cabinet ministers. Any one of them who manages to get out of Cairo without visiting that trade fair will have to be a slippery fellow indeed.

AUSTRALIA

Down-Under Macy's

The Macy's of Australia is a seven-story sandstone department store that sprawls over two blocks in the heart of Melbourne. The Myer Emporium is Australia's top store, the world's sixth largest, and the major link in the biggest retailing chain below the equator. More than 1,250,000 customers a week pour through its doors and onto its 54 elevators and 32 escalators, and thousands more shop at its 27 branches, which are placed in every state except Western Australia. Myer's has no equivalent of Gimbels to keep it on its toes, but it does not seem to have suffered from that vacuum. Last week Myer's, whose 1963 sales were nearly $300 million, announced plans to build a $20 million, 51-acre American-style shopping center in the Melbourne suburbs.

Outraged Competitors. Myer's has 50-odd subsidiaries, including car parks, garages, furniture and woolen mills and shopping centers, but it has grown and prospered because of its over-the-counter rapport with the Australian shopper. Most of its 19,500 employees attend training school, learn to address customers by name when possible instead of by the formal "sir" or "madam." Myer's departments compete with each other to bring the customers bargains, and its basement frequently carries the same merchandise as upstairs at lower prices. When merchandise does not move on a strict timetable, Myer's either knocks the price down or clears the goods from its counters.

Australian retailing was still in the Middle Ages when such practices were first introduced to Aussie shoppers by Sidney Myer, a penniless Russian Jew who emigrated to Australia in 1905 and began to hawk merchandise from his back, not far from Melbourne. He moved up to a pushcart, then to a rented store, and by 1911 had amassed enough money to buy a small general store in Melbourne—right on the present site of Myer's. He quickly became the city's most successful businessman, outraging competitors by such novel practices as introducing "price leaders" to attract customers, ordering his salesgirls to don hats and crowd around neglected bargain counters. Before he died in 1934, he had begun establishing branch stores in other Australian cities and had foresightedly picked his successor: Myer's current boss, Arnot ("Harry") Tolley, 68.

Steady Steering. A quiet, gentle executive, Tolley sees himself as "a man with an oil can whose job is to keep all parts of the machine running smoothly." He has done just that, shrewdly acquiring other companies, setting up buying companies in four foreign countries and agents in four others, and steadily expanding Myer's network. He has ignored chances to open specialty stores, steadily steered Myer's toward the volume market. "There's no future in catering to a so-called elite," Tolley says. "Aim at the broad middle section of the population and you automatically get both the top and bottom sections." Myer's not only has been good for the Australian shopper but for Australian industry as well: Tolley sees to it that of the thousands and thousands of items carried in Myer's stores, fully 90% are made in Australia.

...rope will acquire more expen-
...s in liquor—indeed, the Con-
...now busy switching to Scotch
...e drinking will decrease. It
...r there will be so much to do,
...ce in the Europe of 1975 that
...'re less time for liquor, "for-
...e of the few solaces."

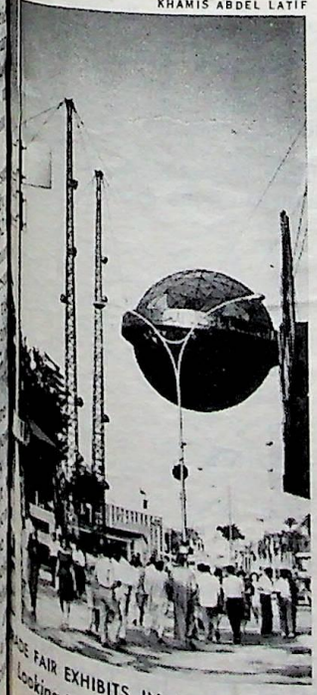
EGYPT

...on the Nile

...s pharaohs performed astound-
...s of engineering and resource-
...constructing the country's an-
...uments, but only ten years
...odern Egyptian economy did
...produce pins. The situation
...ved: Egypt's industrial pro-
...s increased 42.6% in the past
...s. Last week the improvement
...ghted by the opening of the
...strial fair in Egypt's history.
...land in the Nile, smack in the
...of Cairo, 800 Egyptian firms
...eir wares over a 120-acre site
...n entrance framed by a huge
...e arch.

...is rich in raw materials and
...ily on them for export; one
...that prime places at the fair
...n to models of mines and oil
...to Egypt's fine cottons. But
...se was the amount of con-
...ds at the fair—55% of the
...s included many brand-new
...nd ranged from TV sets and
...ticals to autos assembled in
...turquoise jewelry from mines
...e worked before Christ but
...scovered last year. The Egyp-
...e developed a strong plastics
...to make everything from
...shoes; among the successes of
...re 25¢ plastic sunglasses that
...be flooding the Continent.
...uch goods, the United Arab
...has built an export business

KHAMIS ABDEL LATIF



...DE FAIR EXHIBITS IN CAIRO
...Looking to a continent.

...ber 27, 1964

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THOUSANDS OF EXPERTS AT YOUR SERVI

LIKE AN ATHLETE ON THE EVE OF THE COMPETITION. All ALITALIA pilots graduate after a three year course at a Special Company Training Centre. They have their first experiences on board modern planes on the ground, simulating all flight characteristics. One ALITALIA pilot is selected from tens of candidates after a series of physical and psychological tests out in specialized Scientific Institutes. A pilot in the se ALITALIA must observe between flights a rest equal to t time spent on the last flight, and he is always in the same ical condition as an athlete on the eve of a hard com

ALITALIA AIRLINES

ALITALIA IS IN ALL OF ITALY AND GOES EVERYWHERE IN THE WO

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...ary People, Real Hearts

...ght of the Iguana. All horse-... no headwork, the gossips ... will surely make John a dull ... But Director Huston (*Freud*), ... before, has saucily tweaked the ... In ten wild weeks at a sunny ... shady people on Mexico's ... west coast, Huston and ... put together a picture that ex... senses, persuades the mind, ...casionally speaks to the spir... of the best movies ever made ... Tennessee Williams play.

...e's a send-'em-home-happy ... otherwise the script is ad... loyal to the play. It sets the ... a rundown resort hotel in ... It presents the same persons: ... tramp (Ava Gardner) who ... hotel for business and a cou... beach boys for pleasure; a rene... reverend (Richard Burton) ex...

DAVID GAHR

...TON & KERR IN "IGUANA"
...more, the peculiar passions.

...from his parish in Virginia for ... the rectory; a round-heeled ... (Sue Lyon) who wishes she ... there; a peripatetic painter ... Kerr) who sketches for her ...

...ript tells the same story the ... though it isn't much of a ... characters for the most part ... on the terrace, and as they ... reveal and heal themselves. ... sometimes. But sometimes ...somely reminiscent of group ...especially when Analyst Wil... has become a bit sententious ... age, clears his throat and ... with a brave banality: "A ...mething two people have be... them. Any light is a good light ...

...ght is important but not domi... ...ans can horselaugh as well as ... and it's an absolute delight ... the most perverse of play... ...a tale in which the nadir of ...s is attained by a man with ...though peculiar passion for ...derwear. Huston, what's more,

...17, 1964

keeps *Iguana* scuttling along at a right smart rate, and as always he shrewdly challenges his actors with delegated creativity. They all respond. Kerr lends charm and finesse to a meaching masochist. As for Burton, he makes more sense in this movie than he has in his last half-dozen efforts. He has a light in his eye, a line to his mouth, and the carriage of a man who believes in what he is doing.

It isn't hard to. Williams, though he often seems obsessed with other vital centers, is fundamentally concerned with the heart, and in *Iguana* he sometimes writes about it beautifully. His characters are contraptions and their lives are theatrical tropes, but when they say what they feel, what hurts them and what they long for, they come suddenly alive and bleeding. Strange and disturbing to see contraptions bleed.

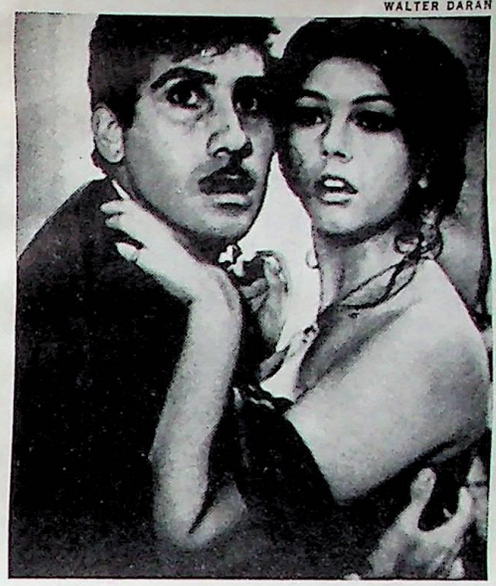
Young Love—Sicilian Style

Seduced and Abandoned. The girl's name is Agnese, a raven-haired sylph with the face of a Botticelli angel. Head high, eyes cast demurely downward, she moves with easy grace through the cobblestone streets of the small Sicilian village while the camera follows, falling slowly in love with her. So does the audience. Thus Director Pietro Germi eases smoothly into a black and bitter tragicomedy that shows his wildly wicked *Divorce—Italian Style* to be an exercise in restraint. In *Seduced and Abandoned,* Germi's underlying despair keeps burning to the surface. "This time," he explains, "I would like the public to hate me a little."

Having established the innocence of his angel (Stefania Sandrelli), Germi first thrusts her into an earthy peasant farce. One midday siesta she is seduced and becomes pregnant. Her father, played with inexhaustible bravura by Saro Urzi, consults a lawyer cousin, explaining that the doctor has brought up a little problem about Agnese. "Tumor?" asks the cousin. "Honor," growls Don Vincenzo. He sends his only son Antonio to murder the seducer, assured that the boy's punishment will be no more than three to seven years in prison, provided he kills "in a blind rage."

To this point, the comedy brims with drolly catalogued details of village and family life. The laughter fades as Germi shows, in scene after scene, how ignorance, hypocrisy and habit can transmogrify normal human problems into sunny Sicilian nightmares. Trying every tactic from simple perjury to a trumped-up kidnaping, Don Vincenzo struggles to marry off Agnese and salvage his honor, for his worst fear is that he might become an object of ridicule in the piazza. "We are an old family," says Don Vincenzo. "I admit we've had some violent deaths—but outside the law, in dignity." Agnese no longer matters. She is beaten, jeered at, and finally

WALTER DARAN



SEDUCER & SANDRELLI IN "ABANDONED"
Back to the nightmare isle.

led to the altar as if she were a schoolgirl dragged to stage center of a savage burlesque. In a grim postscript, the camera cuts from the stricken Agnese to mock the words "Honor and Family" on a nobleman's tomb.

Abandoned emerges as an erratic but deeply affecting work by an artist able to project a commonplace theme with blinding *brio*. Germi leavens his anger with compassion, lightens compassion with humor. And one pointed vignette embodies all three: a hard-pressed chief of the *carabinieri,* studying a wall map of Italy, impulsively flattens his palm over the entire island of Sicily and utters a long, long sigh.

A Kitten for King Leer

Good Neighbor Sam. "We're good clean family men here at Nurdlinger Farms," declares Milk Merchant Edward G. Robinson. "I don't want my account handled by bawds and lechers and libertines." Enter Jack Lemmon, a neat, courteous, helpful young adman who resides in suburban San Francisco with two children, one dreadfully adorable duck, and his leggy All-American wife (Dorothy Provine). Everyone who has ever seen a Jack Lemmon movie will instantly surmise that the model ac-

WALTER DARAN

SCHNEIDER & LEMMON IN "SAM"
Another pair of pajamas.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Will your lift truck clutches

take 10,000 hours of stop-go,

forward-back, without repairs? Probably not, unless they're Hyster trucks equipped with the oil clutch designed and built by Hyster.

HYSTER

HYSTER COMPANY

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION, P. O. Box 318 • Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A. Overseas manufacturing sales and service INDUSTRIAL TRUCK DIVISION—Lift trucks, mobile cranes, straddle carriers • TRACTOR EQUIPMENT DIVISION—Construction and logging equipment; Heavy-duty trailers.

MANUFACTURED IN: Portland, Oregon (Home Office) • Danville, Illinois • Peoria, Illinois • Kewanee, Illinois • Canada • Australia • Brazil • England France • The Netherlands • Scotland • The Philippines

count exec is a three-button ha
and so he is. The girl next door
Schneider) cannot collect a $15
inheritance unless she collects
band, fast. And who is the lucky
who has to commute across bac
masquerading as his good ne
spouse? Mmm-hmmm.

Sam's most satisfying gag is
ing of a TV commercial—a
sequence in which the Hertz
catapulted out of limbo and
erywhere but in the driver's
person who does land with
authority in this otherwise tire
familiar romp is Actress Schn
gemütlich Viennese sex kitten
purred beguilingly through
tentious trifles, such as *The Vi*
Cardinal and *Boccaccio '70*.
mon, though adroit as alway
well along toward proving that
gifted of *farceurs* cannot build
distinguished career simply by
ing, in film after film, why he
to have on pajamas.

SINATRA, DAVIS & MARTIN IN
But Robin robbed the ri

The Mafia, with Music

Robin and the 7 Hoods
citing than *Little Caesar*, less
than *The Roaring Twenties*,
tuneful than *Guys and Dolls*. P
on the reckless assumption th
movie made over is better
movie at all, Frank Sinatra, D
tin and Sammy Davis Jr. p
be vintage Chicago hipsters
the rich and give to the poo
the poor slobs who can't
without buying a ticket
whether it isn't the other w
The actors snap their fingers
and Bing Crosby pops in fro
time as one Allen A. Dale
forms a roomful of rowdy
a song called *Don't Be a D*
The rest of the film runs to
augmented by boyish enth
booze, broads, violence and
mar. Though *7 Hoods* offers
entertainment value, it does
nocuous occupational therap
western world's best-paid
els without a cause.

TIME

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

said "boo" to an irate goose? Someone at antine's once did, and lost the argument. As a lt, the Dumbarton Distillery installed a unique dar alarm—seventy white geese. All dedicated lp protect Ballantine's against intruders. turb even *one* of them and a harsh cackling ses, summoning the entire bodyguard. Their cophony is guaranteed to petrify any passer and quickly alert the authorities.

A clock-round watch by the Ballantine's geese ensures that the forty-two whiskies, mostly from the Highlands, that lie in oak casks in the vast warehouses, can mature in peace; can mellow in the moist Scottish atmosphere undisturbed. Expertly blended, these whiskies will one day become Ballantine's—the Superb Scotch.

Is it worth taking all this trouble to protect Ballantine's? Try it, see what *you* think!

HE MORE YOU KNOW ABOUT SCOTCH, THE MORE YOU LIKE BALLANTINE'S

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING KING SIZE VIRGINIA

The Greatest Name in Cigarettes

All over the world more people smoke Rothmans than any other King Size Virginia. The reason is not hard to find: Rothmans extra length, finer filter and the best tobacco money can buy give you that cooler, smoother, more satisfying taste.

Rothmans King Size really satisfies

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Hari

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

T 31, 1964

ASIA EDITION

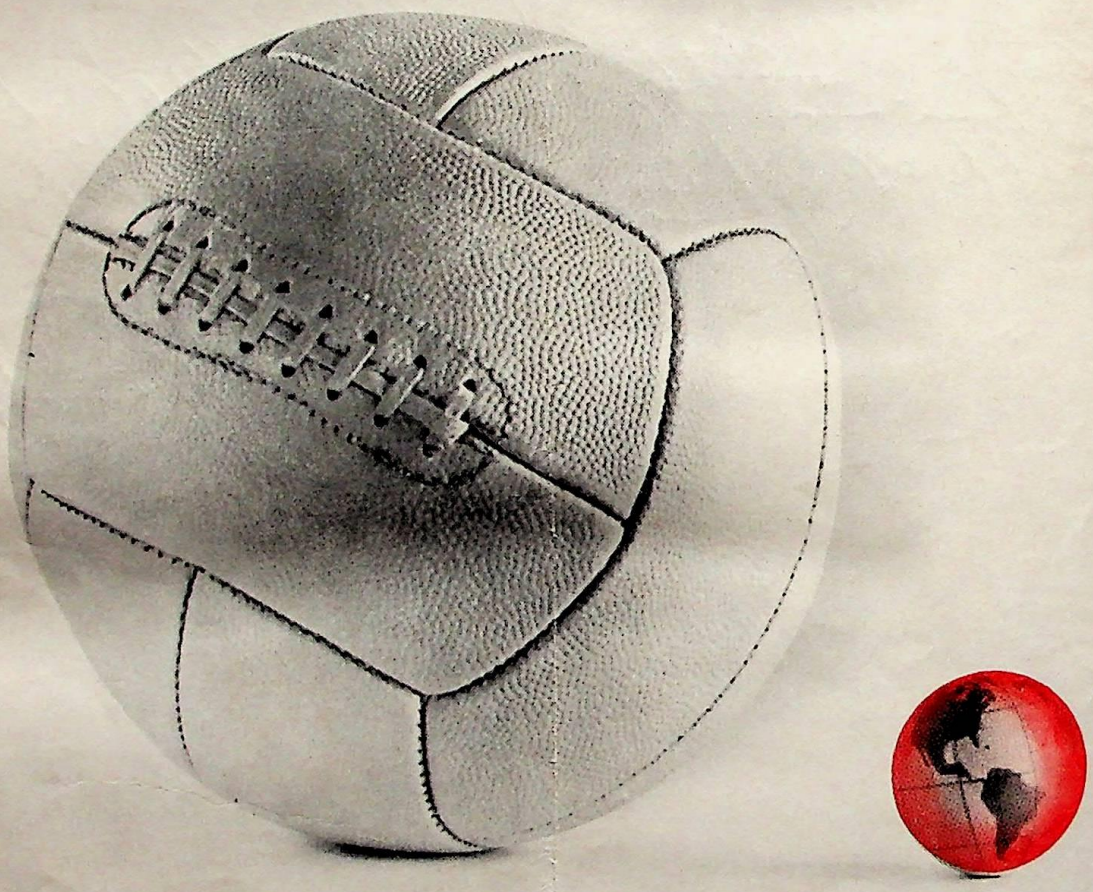
TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

HARLEM 4/8/64

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



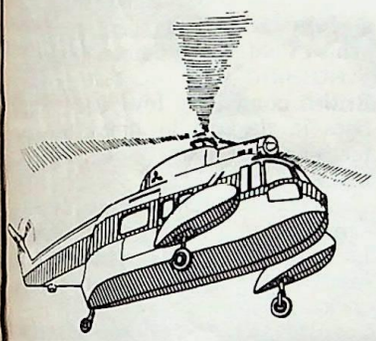
Another goal!

A research goal—the bladder inside this soccer ball holds air eight times better than natural rubber. It is constructed of Butyl rubber, an invention of Esso Research. It is now being used for hundreds of different applications in industry, transportation and farming as well as in the sporting world. The discovery of Butyl rubber is an example of what Esso can do by setting high goals. They've led us to establish new standards in international chemical marketing for decades. Need we add: Esso is the **World's First Choice!** Our local organization will be very pleased to advise you on your chemical product needs.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The sky's the limit



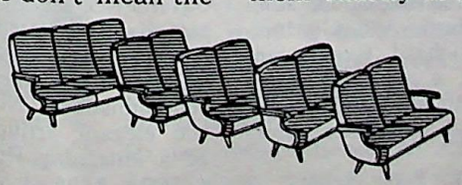
Helicopters are versatile. They go up, down, sideways, stand in mid-air, and make pinpoint landings.

The helicopter we build does all of these, of course. And quite a bit more besides.

Things other helicopters *can't* do.

The Mitsubishi S-62 is amphibious. That sets it apart immediately. (Ours was the first turbine powered helicopter to be certified by the FAA for commercial use on water.)

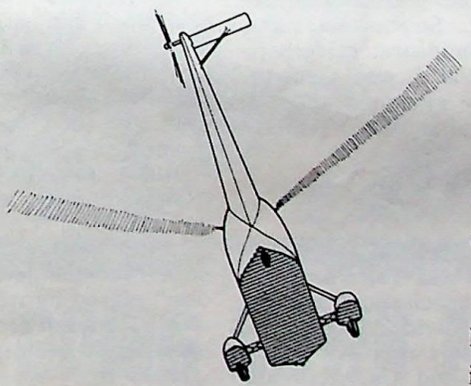
By amphibious we don't mean the ability to land on Walden Pond. The S-62 is perfectly at home on sand, mud, snow, ice and choppy seas. Wherever there's room to set down.



Another certified first is the CT-58 turbine engine. Most helicopters are rather noisy. They tend to shake. Not the S-62. The turbine is very quiet and creates little or no vibration.

For eleven or twelve passengers taking their first ride, this fact alone is bound to sell them on helicopter travel. If it doesn't, the interior comfort that borders on downright luxury will.

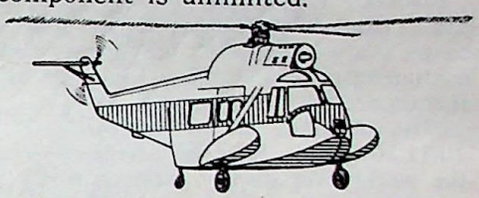
The cabin itself is multi-purposed. Remove the seats and you have 440 cubic feet of cargo space. A 2,000 pound load was once taken to a base camp 14,000 feet up in the Himalayas.



Install litters and the S-62 becomes a flying ambulance. Last year, in the dead of winter, one rescued 13 college students trapped atop Mt. Yakushi (9,597 feet).

And have you ever heard of a flying crane? The S-62 converts to just that. It can deliver work pieces to remote construction sites and position them exactly in one fell swoop.

The S-62 has a relatively short history, but no other helicopter has proven its worth more. None so easy to maintain, either. Overhaul intervals are longer and the life of at least one dynamic component is unlimited.



Produced at our Nagoya Aircraft Works under an agreement with Sikorsky Aircraft of the U.S., the S-62 is the latest in a series of helicopters we've been building since 1958. But aviation and Mitsubishi date back much further.

In 1939, one of our passenger planes made headlines by successfully completing a flight around the world.

The sky was the limit then, just as it is today. In as many different industries as you would care to name.

MITSUBISHI HEAVY INDUSTRIES, LTD.

Head Office: Marunouchi, Tokyo, Japan

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, July 29

ON BROADWAY TONIGHT (CBS, 10-11 p.m.).* Robert Goulet is the pro among tonight's new talent.

Thursday, July 30

CHOOSING A CANDIDATE (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). How the Republicans selected their presidential and vice-presidential candidates, and an advance look at what the Democrats may do.

A WORLD'S FAIR DIARY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). NBC Correspondent Edwin Newman's personal view of the fair. Color.

Friday, July 31

THE BOB HOPE THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Dana Wynter, Mel Ferrer and Leo Genn star in an espionage tale of a Soviet agent's theft of British defense secrets and attempted defection to Russia. Color. Repeat.

ON PARADE (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Composer Henry Mancini and his music.

Saturday, August 1

SUMMER PLAYHOUSE (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Comedy about a newly married couple's attempts to set up house while continuing college. Patricia Blair and Jim Hutton are the newlyweds.

MISS UNIVERSE BEAUTY PAGEANT (CBS, 10-11:30 p.m.). Shapely delegates from the world over display their charms and talents. Arlene Francis, John Daly and Jack Linkletter host the competition, broadcast live from Miami Beach.

Sunday, August 2

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The story of how the U.S. helped rehabilitate both its enemies and allies after each world war and fed the Russians during the 1921 famine. Participants include Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, secretary to then U.S. Food Administrator Herbert Hoover after World War I, and General Lucius Clay, military governor of the U.S. zone in Germany after World War II.

RECORDS

Virtuosos

STRAVINSKY: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR (Philips). A rare and rewarding encounter between the neoclassicist Stravinsky and the romantic David Oistrakh. Oistrakh gaily sets off short rhythmic explosions in the *Toccata* and *Capriccio* and then lets the melodies pour out in the two calm stretches called arias. Conductor Bernard Haitink and the Lamoureux Orchestra are also attuned to every instantaneous change in the musical weather.

BACH: THE WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER, PART 1 (2 LPs; Archiv). "Clavier" means keyboard, and no one knows whether these preludes and fugues were written for harpsichord, organ or clavichord. Ralph Kirkpatrick is recording them on the clavichord, preferring its subtlety. Infinitely varied within their small compass, like snowflakes, the pieces have a severe fascination when played on the soft, monochromatic instrument. The late Wanda Landowska chose the harpsichord as her clavier, and her performances (RCA Victor) will be preferred by listeners who demand greater contrast and majesty.

ERNEST BLOCH: CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA (Angel). Bloch was noted for his Jewish music, but in this work he denied having any Hebraic inspiration or intention and referred to the main theme as the "American Indian." The overtones are oriental nevertheless, and the coloring exotic. Yehudi Menuhin, who first played for Bloch when he was six, lends to the work of his late friend a special intensity, as though he were celebrating a mystery.

MOZART: CONCERTO NO. 17 (RCA Victor). Artur Rubinstein has made long series of Beethoven, Brahms and Chopin recordings, but only in his mid-70s is he turning to Mozart, who did not live long enough to grow old. The best modern Mozart interpretation demands more crispness, but Rubinstein's performance has its own serene and sunny logic. He is accompanied by Alfred Wallenstein and the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE ORGAN (2 LPs; Columbia). E. Power Biggs goes on a busman's holiday in Germany and Holland, playing with artistry the twelve surviving baroque organs of Master Builder Arp Schnitger (1648-1719). The tones of Schnitger's organs are exceptionally bright and buoyant, wrong for the romantics but wonderful for the music Biggs plays: Bach (including the *Dorian Toccata* and *Fugue in D Minor*) and chorale preludes by the modern Berlin composer Ernst Pepping.

DOMENICO SCARLATTI: SONATAS FOR HARPSICHORD, VOL. VIII (Westminster). Musicians call Scarlatti's music "naked" because the performer is so exposed. Fernando Valenti need fear no such exposure, and has recorded more than 400 of Scarlatti's short sonatas. Scarlatti started to write them when he was 53; all but one of these twelve were written in his late 60s, when his earlier keyboard virtuosity made way for more provocative harmonies and modulations. Valenti's interpretation is vigorous, with a flamenco flair now and then, well-suited to Scarlatti's Spanish side.

MUSIC FOR GLASS HARMONICA (Vox). "Glass music" was long in vogue: Gluck performed a "concerto upon 26 drinking glasses, tuned with spring water"; Benjamin Franklin devised a popular "armonica," played by rubbing the edges of glass bowls. Bruno Hoffman has created his own 20th century instrument of tuned glasses to revive the literature and plays here works by Mozart and his contemporaries, setting the distant ethereal sounds adrift above flutes and violins.

CINEMA

ISLAND OF THE BLUE DOLPHINS. An Indian girl (Celia Kaye) and her dog cheerfully share an island exile in a children's adventure film rich with charm, intelligence and taste.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. Under John Huston's shrewd direction, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr and Richard Burton unpack their troubles at a seedy Mexican hotel in a drama that stirs the senses, persuades the mind, and sometimes touches the heart.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. Peter Sellers, as Inspector Clouseau of the Sûreté, rarely gets his man but continually gets laughs while pursuing a seductive murder s... (Elke Sommer) from corpse to co...

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. A you... stumbles from the path of virtue ... nightmare of brutal Sicilian social c... in Director Pietro Germi's savage ... comedy, which makes his wildly w... *Divorce—Italian Style* seem an exe... in restraint.

ZULU. A band of British redcoats f... 4,000 proud Zulu warriors in a bl... battle film in the grand carry-on-lads ... dition of *Four Feathers* and *Gunga Din*.

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN. T... massive song-and-dancer based on ... Broadway musical owes nearly all ... buoyancy to a raucous, free-style ... formance by Debbie Reynolds as the ... mountain girl who yearns to mak... splash in Denver society.

MAFIOSO. Sicily again, with Alberto ... di caught in the insidious toils of ... Mafia while Director Alberto Latt... serves up some small but gloriously ... licky slices of provincial life.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. French Dire... Philippe de Broca's wacky parody of ... lywood adventure movies propels ... Paul Belmondo through a series of w... derfully absurd dangers, smack into ... arms of a drugged damsel in distress.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. In this sty... British comedy, a lowly clerk, Alan B... rises in the Establishment by coolly ... fecting a program of lies, theft, cour... and homicide.

THE ORGANIZER. Marcello Mastroian... superb as a scraggly revolutionary ... Director Mario Monicelli's vivid, war... human drama about a 19th century te... strike in Turin.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. ... ubiquitous Mastroianni, evenly matc... against one of Italy's great natural wo... ders, Sophia Loren, in three racy mod... fables directed by Vittorio De Sica.

THE SERVANT. Promoting country ... ters in a smart London town house, ... Bogarde gives a highly polished perfo... ance as a vicious "gentleman's gentle... who corrupts his master.

BOOKS

Best Reading

SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION, by A... Kesey. The author's first novel, *One F... Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, took place in ... insane asylum and proposed the parad... that the only thing more intolerable ... lesser men than the success of a good n... is his defeat. This second novel, wh... repeats the theme in a larger setting ... at longer length, is less effective for ... added dimensions, yet is exuberant ... brawling as the Pacific Northwest luri... ing country it describes.

THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN, by Louis Au... closs. A writer of urbane bestselling n... els about Manhattan society focuses ... on a single individual to produce his ... work to date, an analysis of a legen... and absolute ruler of an exclusive ... England boys' school.

TWO NOVELS, by Brigid Brophy. In ... two lightly plotted and wickedly bra... novellas about a New Year's Eve amo... adventure, and the about-face of a le... schoolmistress, Novelist Brophy displ... the elegant artifices and tricks of ... of a latter-day Ronald Firbank.

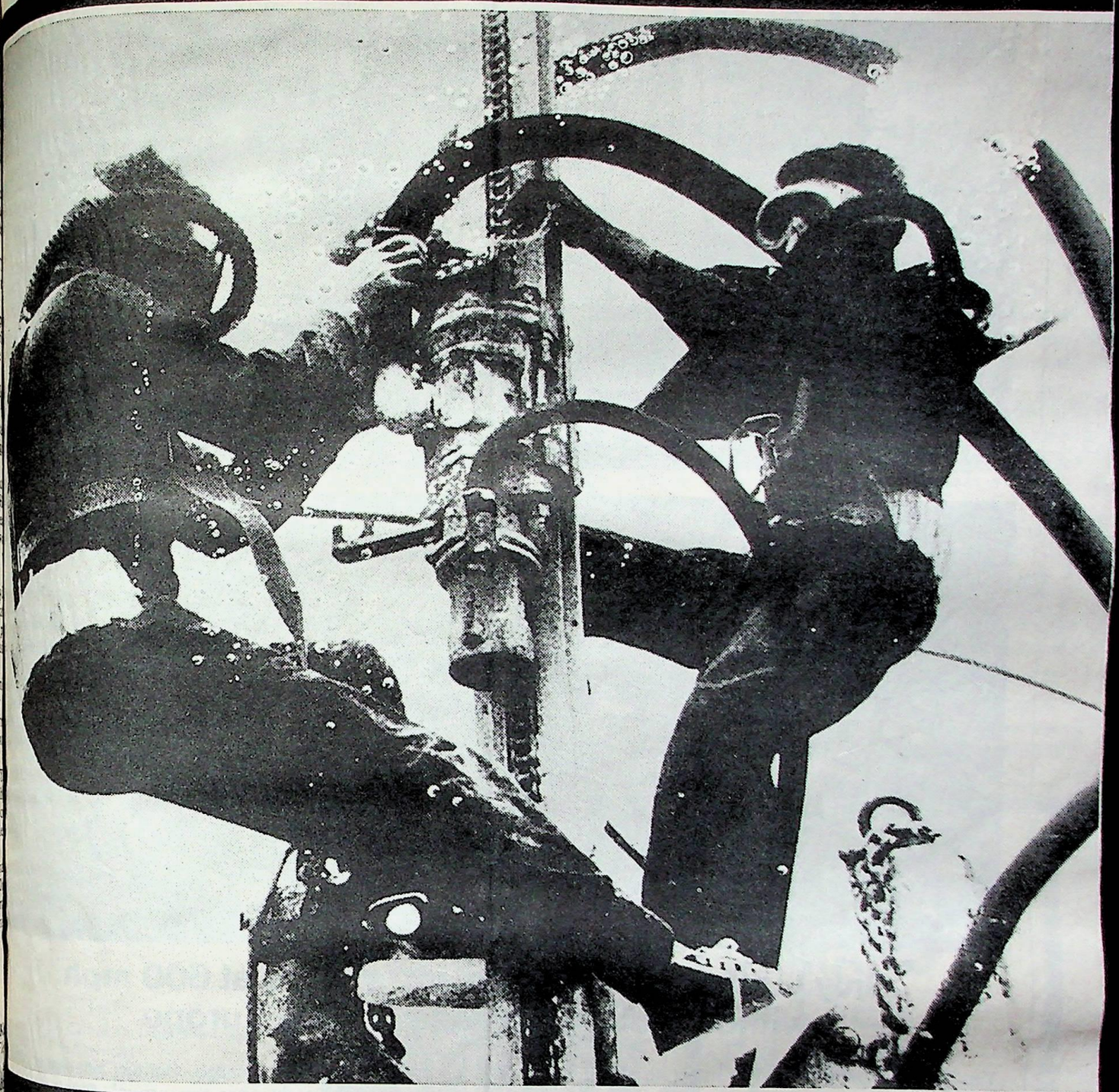
TODA RABA, by Nikos Kazantzak... this novelistic account of early Co... nist Russia, the great Greek poe...

* All times E.D.T.

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME ... Av. Cuauhtemoc 330, Mexico 6, D.F. Mexico. TIME Asia Edition ... Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



PICTURE OF TWO MEN GOING DOWN FOR AIR

Two crew compressors powered the Atlas Copco drilling equipment which is deepening Genoa's oil harbour to the point of the new Central European pipeline.

Making the most of equipment to hand can produce startling results. Kenya, where improvisation is no forgotten art, is a case in point. Speedy action was needed to deepen Mombasa's harbour entrance to allow giant tankers to enter the port. What, then, more natural than to take drilling equipment already working ashore . . . and try using it *under water*.

So, two miles offshore, an Atlas Copco wagon drill was sunk some four fathoms to the seabed where a frogmen crew successfully put it to work. The portable compressor that became seaborne to power the unit was further used to fill the frogmen's own air bottles.

Normally, of course, this watery solution is not one to recommend. In contrast, Atlas Copco has introduced special equipment that does the entire job from the surface – without divers. And in deepening Italy's Genoa harbour, this new equipment saved the contractor 40 per cent in labour costs alone.

The reliability of the equipment at Mombasa and the advanced compressed air technology applied in Genoa, stem from Atlas Copco experience on construction sites, and in industry and mines the world over. And the benefits of this experience are an integral part of our service.

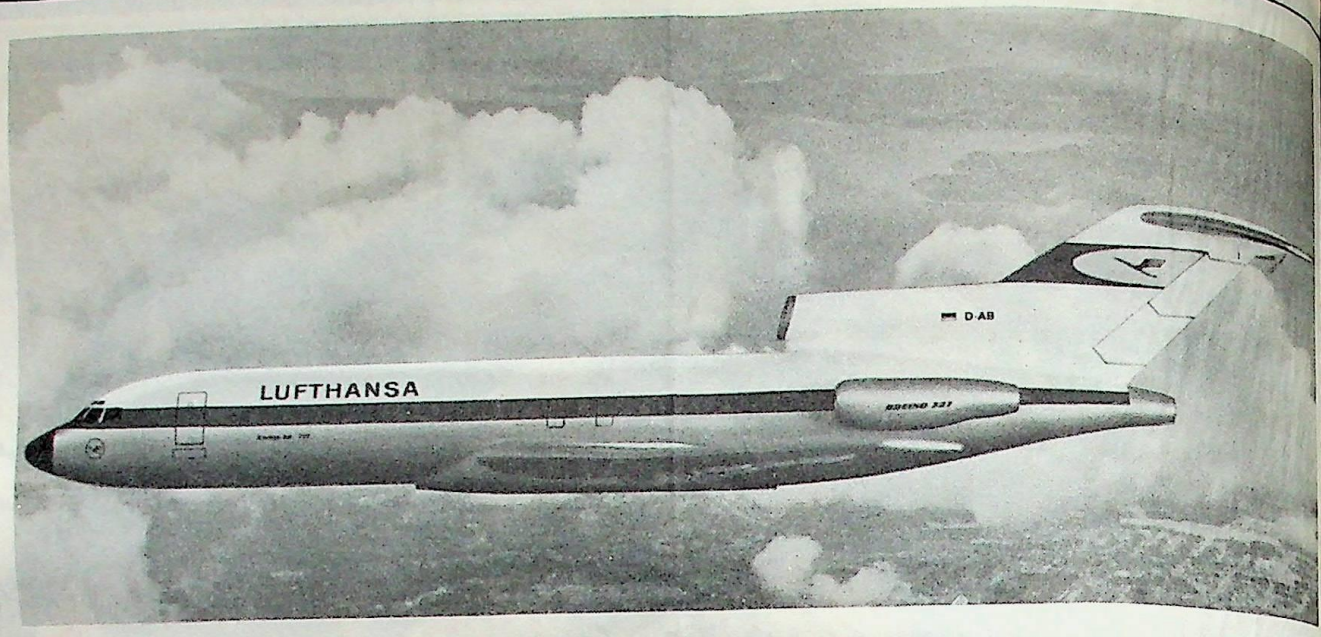
Atlas Copco

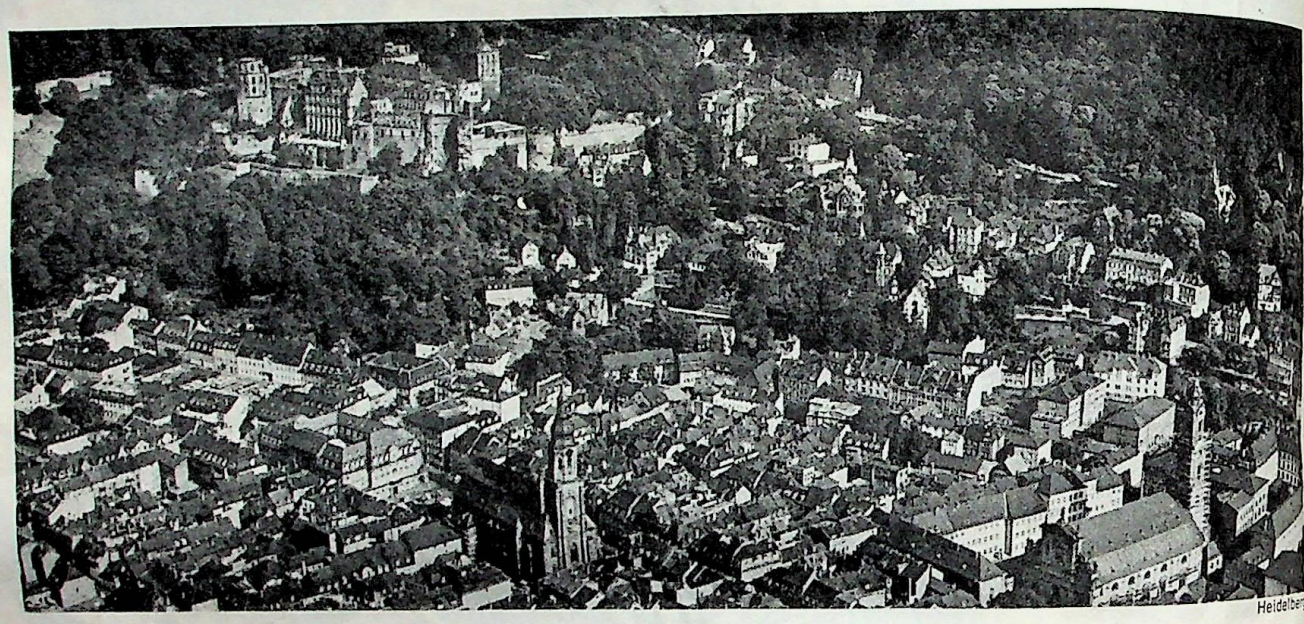
puts **compressed air** to work for the world

HEADQUARTERS · ATLAS COPCO AB · STOCKHOLM 1 · SWEDEN · SALES & SERVICE IN OVER 100 COUNTRIES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

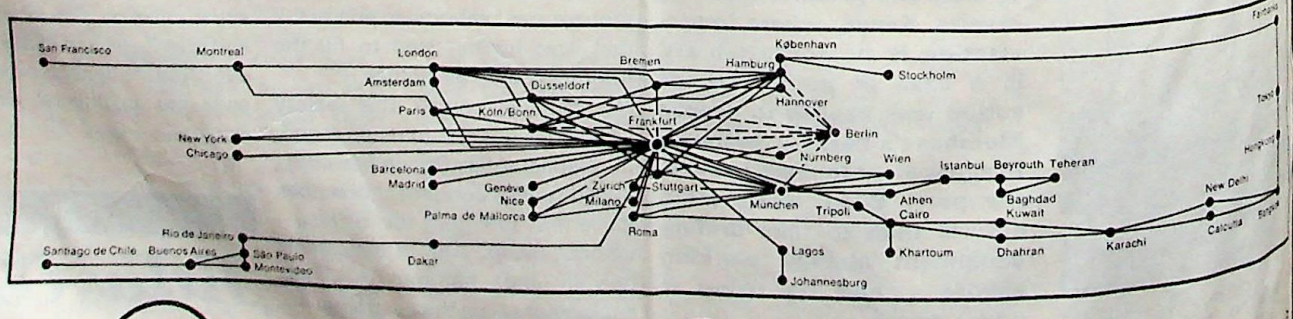



Heidelberg

Only Lufthansa's 'Europa Jet' cruises at 600 mph without putting its nose outside Europe

Touching 600 mph is just cruising to the 'Europa Jet', Lufthansa's name for the Boeing 727. Yet Lufthansa will use this new, fast medium-range aircraft on short-hop flights – from Germany to Madrid, Barcelona, London, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Milan, Rome and the Near East. Why? Because you get all the speed, power and importance of a big intercontinental flight, even when you're going only a short distance.

In just 12 minutes 'Europa Jet' can set down and pick up its passengers or cargo. Built-in passenger steps emerge immediately after the arrival. Electric starters speed the jet into flight. The three jet engines have a reserve power unique among passenger-carrying aircraft. Thanks to Lufthansa's 'Europa Jet', intercontinental standards will now apply to air travel from one European city to another. You'll sink back into the cushioned luxury of spacious cabins, and measure in minutes the flying time to Madrid, Milan, Stockholm or London.



Lufthansa
German Airlines

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...celebrated the passionate inten-
...of the Bolsheviks but also under-
...the cruelties of the regime. He
...the intellectuals who expected to
...gracious living in Russia and de-
...in abundant detail the exploita-
...the starvation, the executions.

...FAR FIELD, by Theodore Roethke.
...poems, written in the last seven
...before his death in 1963 of a heart
...are beautiful in themselves and
...for him an astonishingly true
...All the themes of which he
...a master reappear—the greenhouse,
...the plant, and a troubled reach-
...toward God.

...JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. A voluminous,
...historical novel, well re-
...yet remaining oddly dispassion-
...at one remove from the vibrant
...youthful Roman emperor whose tur-
...18-month reign marked the last
...in the Western world between
...Hellenism and early Christianity.

...MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Heming-
...Funny, if often unkind reminis-
...of the literati (Gertrude Stein,
...Madox Ford, Scott Fitzgerald) who
...befriended the young unknown writer in
...Paris springtime before *The Sun Also*
...thrust him into their own outer-
...fame.

...INCONGRUOUS SPY, by John Le Car-
...Two early detective novels reissued.
Murder of Quality is a sound puzzle
...the murder of a science teacher's
...at an English public school. *Call for*
Dead is a more conventional thriller,
...a chain of deaths linked to an
...German spy ring, interesting as a
...draft for the literate and expert *Spy*
...Came In from the Cold.

...AN EARLY GRAVE, by Wallace Mark-
...On a kind of comic Volkswagen
...through Brooklyn, four Green-
...Village intellectuals search for the
...of a compatriot and discover
...selves: pathetic, rather pretentious
...who at heart prefer the cult of
...Bogart to the cult of the *Parti-*
...Review.

...Sellers

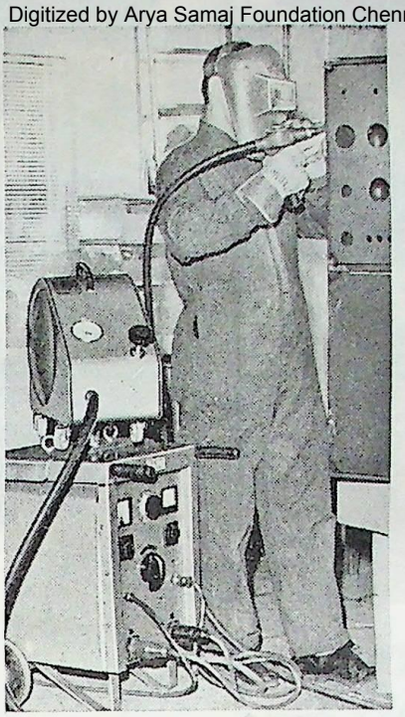
FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. Armageddon, Uris (3)
4. Julian, Vidal (4)
5. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (5)
6. The Spire, Golding (6)
7. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (8)
8. The Group, McCarthy (7)
9. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer
10. The 480, Burdick (9)

NONFICTION

1. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (2)
2. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (1)
3. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (4)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (6)
5. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy
6. Porkpie, Schulman (5)
7. Mississippi: The Closed Society, Silver (10)
8. Crisis in Black and White, Silberman (7)
9. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, Bishop (8)
10. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (3)

...JULY 31, 1964



A9 - A New Semi-Automatic Welder

Already an established favourite in the semi-automatic welding field in Europe the A9 offers low-cost welding on many thin plate jobs. Employing the short-circuiting arc principle it welds with high speed and maximum economy thin plates of steel, stainless steel, copper, bronze or aluminium in any position. A unique and easily handled lightweight welding gun which is compressed air driven and a special rectifier, the LBA 200, maintain a constant wire feed speed and arc voltage. Gas used is CO_2, argon or mixtures. For further details write:

The equipment is compact and manoeuverable and ideal for production line work in automobile and similar industries.

ESAB

EXPORT DEPARTMENT • BOX 850, GÖTEBORG 8, SWEDEN
Tel. 177310 • Telegr. ESABEXPORT • Telex 20625
Factories in 12 countries • Represented in 58 countries

"HERE COMES OUR FAILURE"

These words were once spoken of France's Jean Anouilh by a director of acknowledged ability—and doubtful foresight. TIME quoted him in a searching article on the playwright. Just such commentary gives TIME's features on famous people authenticity and bite. It's in evidence throughout the wide ranging Show Business section, which gleans theatrical news from every corner of the world. Small wonder millions of families around the world read TIME. It keeps them up-to-date on the very business there's no business like.

IF YOU DEMAND BETTER BANKING SERVICE

Our 66 years of banking service have contributed to the industrial development and economic growth of Japan. And we too have expanded and kept up with the trend of the times during this period. Today our worldwide network of 130 domestic branches, 3 overseas offices and 1200 overseas correspondents is ready to give you the benefits of our vast experience and complete facilities by providing you with the kind of efficient personalized better banking service you have been looking for.

NIPPON KANGYO BANK
Head Office: Hibiya, Tokyo

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Pennies can prevent this from happening to you

Working hot metal can be highly profitable—and extremely dangerous.

Metal-working machines, drop forges, die-casting machines and others may carry small streams of potential destruction in their hydraulic lines—flammable petroleum hydraulic fluids.

A minor mishap—a broken line or seal—and flaming liquid and explosive spray can jet through your plant.

That's why the slight additional cost for Monsanto Pydraul* hydraulic fluids can be such a wise investment.

Pydraul will not support combustion.

Pydraul in your hydraulic lines can mean lower insurance costs.

And Pydraul gives you other benefits. It won't sludge or thicken, it's not corrosive, yet Pydraul provides all the lubricating qualities of premium grade, but flammable, petroleum oils.

Pydraul is a performance-proved co bination of safety and utility. Try You'll like the feeling of security Pydr can give you.

And if other fluids in your plant are ing you trouble, talk to your local M santo representative. Chances are got something to help you.

Monsanto, St. Louis, Missouri,

*Trademark of Monsanto

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...Goldwaterites

...The Eastern fat-cat kingmakers are ...Long live the Tiger from the West.

JOHN DAVIDSON

...ston

...From their heavenly abode, three ...t American Republican personages, ...eral Douglas MacArthur, Senator Rob... A. Taft and Senator Joseph A. Mc...thy, who felt the sting of political cru...ion by so-called moderate extremists, ...ld have had a hand in the Miracle of ...Francisco.

E. B. SCHEETZ

...boro, Pa.

...The Republican Party has just elected ...first all-American presidential candi... of this century and not the usual ...ilvered appeaser we have come to ...ociate with American leadership. ...The victory is, however, not only that ...Goldwater and of the Republican Party ...also that of all true anti-Communists ...all the corners of the globe.

B.D.H. VAN NIEKERK

...delburg, South Africa

...The way in which you have so clever... presented Barry Goldwater in the poor... possible light leads me to the conclusion ...the John Birch Society, of which I am ...a member, may have something after

EDWARD G. KORAN

...enix, Ariz.

...As one of those who limits the wear... of tennis shoes to tennis courts, I thank ...for restoring an aura of respectability ...our cause.

ROBERT J. PINKERTON

...mington, Ill.

...Why all this flap over Goldwater's ...nouncement on extremism? With Gold...ter as President, the Southern states can ...a few of their rights at long last, and ...h a few extreme measures get those agi...rs (the live ones, that is) out and get ...ir society back in order. ...I'm for a man who lets the people take ...e of their own problems in their own ...y.

BUD CORCORAN

...lly, Ohio

...The liberalistic extremists and patsies ...o have so unintelligently criticized Mr. ...dwater's magnificent classical statement ...is acceptance speech would do well to ...d Dante's *Inferno:* ...'A special place in Hell is reserved for ...e who in the face of a great moral di...ma maintain neutrality."

C. NORMAN SHEALY, M.D.

...eveland

...e Barryphobes

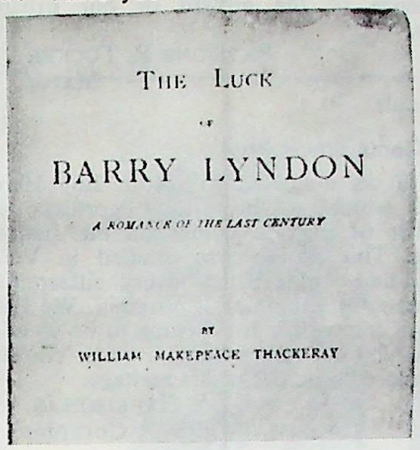
...r: I am totally convinced that Barry ...dwater is sincere, intelligent, articulate, ...strious, honest, courageous, religious, ...d dangerous.

WILLIAM F. KUNERTH

...nes, Iowa

...E, JULY 31, 1964

Sir: Have you seen this?



(MRS.) MILENA SNAJBERK

Berkeley, Calif.

▶ *Thackeray's anti-hero, christened Redmond Barry, was a soldier, Member of Parliament, traitor, spy, gambler, spendthrift and all-round cad. He hounded the rich Lady Honoria Lyndon into marriage, taking her name as well as her fortune. The luck of Barry Lyndon finally ran out in a London prison, where he died of delirium tremens.*—ED.

Sir: The radioactive fallout of fear, intolerance and ignorance at San Francisco has produced a political mutation that, like the proverbial mule, has neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity.

JACK ELLIOTT

Bound Brook, N.J.

Sir: We Germans have learned, very much to our regret, what the outcome of leaders with big sticks has to be. Are Americans prepared to pay the same tuition?

PAUL HANS BAMBERG, M.D.

Berlin

Sir: I see that my junior Senator has called President Johnson "the biggest faker in the U.S." How can Goldwater draw such a superlative evaluation without, for example, knowing me?

RUDY BARCHAS

Tucson, Ariz.

Faulkner & the South

Sir: My compliments on your thorough, incisive cover story on William Faulkner [July 17] and his works. As co-editor of a recent book on Faulkner (*Bear, Man, and God: Seven Approaches to William Faulkner's "The Bear"*), I am familiar with most of the extant Faulkner commentary, and have found yours among the most penetrating.

(MRS.) LYNN Z. BLOOM

Western Reserve University
Cleveland

Sir: As a Southerner I have never even once heard anyone reflect a "feeling of guilt" about slavery. Southerners feel no more guilty about having owned slaves than New Englanders who corralled the slaves in Africa and sold them in America.

MRS. J. F. MESSICK

Atlanta

Sir: Racial guilt phobia is the silliest concept since original sin. Southerners abuse Negroes because we all have to have someone to look down on, and for a redneck with no hound-dog, that ain't easy.

P. S. BARROWS

Del Mar, Calif.

Riots in Harlem

Sir: Every freedom-loving Negro, just as myself, must have some feeling of shame and indignation about the actions of roving gangs and mobs of Harlem's Negroes who, in the name of civil rights, loot and terrorize New York City and its law-enforcement officers [July 24]. It is hardly believable that some of the city's civil rights leaders are trying to pin the blame on the city's police department. What is one supposed to do when confronted by mobs of bloodthirsty hoodlums?

(A/2C) JAMES HUTCHINSON

U.S.A.F.
March A.F.B., Calif.

Sir: I have lived in Mississippi all my life, and, naturally, I possess likes and dislikes concerning my controversial state. But I have recently added one more "like" to my list: I am glad that there are no subways in Mississippi (disregarding the fact that the state cannot afford them).

MARCUS ASHLEY

McComb, Miss.

Sir: I wonder if the folks in Harlem can refrain from looting, from throwing bricks, Molotov cocktails, empty pop bottles and rocks long enough to denounce Barry Goldwater again because of his stand on "extremism" and civil rights.

ROBERT BRUSCATO

Chicago

St. Louis' Revival

Sir: The article on St. Louis [July 17] was well done in that it presented evidence that our older cities can make a

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
Sullivan 31
Mexico 4, D.F., Mexico

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city state or province country

CC-0. In Public Domain. G...

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

comeback despite the problems to which they are prone. As president of the U.S. Conference of Mayors, I am especially appreciative of the continued efforts of TIME to point out the need to meet the challenge of the growth of our urban areas.

RAYMOND R. TUCKER
Mayor

St. Louis

The Commonwealth

Sir: I am delighted with your July 10th issue, which so beautifully portrays a number of historic homes on the James River. This nation was cradled in Virginia, and we feel that every citizen of this country should visit Virginia. We believe it impossible for anyone to be so exposed and not return home a better citizen and more conscious of his heritage.

A. S. HARRISON JR.
Governor

Richmond

Pamela Takes Exception

Sir: I should not have been in the Press section [July 17], since by so doing, you missed some of the most interesting things about me. I was the first person in the world to wear a topless suit on radio. Groucho's quote that I talk mostly about sex is untrue. In *that* department, I strictly believe actions speak louder than words.

PAMELA MASON

Beverly Hills

Wisdom v. Ability

Sir: The Indian public has been kept singularly uninformed about the true nature of Shastri's illness. It is from TIME that I learned that Shastri has been suffering from a mild heart attack [July 10]. It is unfortunate that we Indians associate age with wisdom and ability, so that all our leaders are old men with one foot in the grave.

B. N. THADANI

Bombay

Corruption in Thailand

Sir: It is a very sad and disgusting story of the late Premier Sarit Thanarat of Thailand, who siphoned a mountainous amount of money from government funds into his pocket [July 17]. Unfortunately, there has been corruption in our government for decades, and the great robbers have been the Premiers themselves. I want to thank TIME for making such escapades available to public judgment.

KAMTHORN SUKUMARABANDHU

Stockton, Calif.

Presidential Poesy

Sir:

"Destroy these letters!" Harding wrote.
The lady smiled, and saved each note.
Each precious bloom! O Love divine,
To spare these garlands for mankind!

Those scholars who in history roam
Between Taft's term and Teapot Dome,
May peer at every bud that blows
In beds of presidential prose.

WILLIAM J. TAYLOR

Rudyard, Mich.

Jet Set Sit-In

Sir: In reference to "The High See" [July 10], there was a record-breaking transcontinental flight of a few months ago in which the passengers refused to disembark because the movie was not over.

ROY S. PORTUGAL

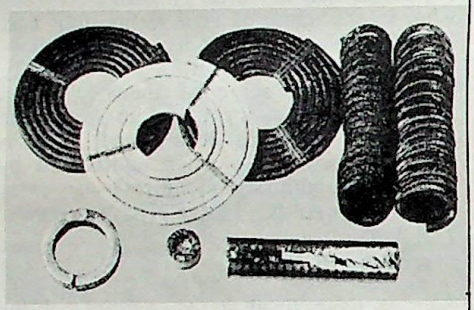
San Francisco

PROGRESS WITH EXPERIENCE

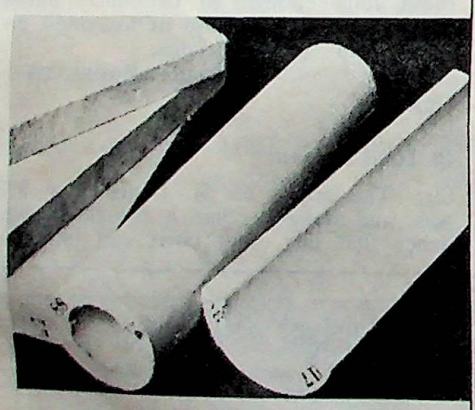
68 YEARS OF THE VERY BEST IN ASBESTOS PRODUCTS AND INDUSTRIAL THERMAL INSULATION

Nippon Asbestos Co., Ltd., a pioneer in the asbestos industry since 1896, is the largest and most experienced manufacturer of asbestos products in Asia. In addition to being a major supplier of materials for thermal insulation, it also contracts to do the installation itself, thereby assuring customers the maximum in efficiency and performance of the insulation.

The products and services of Nippon Asbestos Co., Ltd. have brought satisfaction not only to the major industries in Japan but also to customers in the Philippines, Formosa, and various countries throughout Southeast Asia and the Near East.



MAIN PRODUCTS:
■ Asbestos textiles (yarn, rope, cloth, etc.) ■ Asbestos paper, sheet, millboard ■ Asbestos joint sheet ■ Packings and gaskets of all description ■ Industrial Brake-lining & clutch facing ■ PTFE (Teflon) products (Tape, sheet, rod, pipe, molding) ■ Refractory materials ■ Thermal insulating materials ■ Incombustible bulkhead panel (Marine Board) ■ Incombustible paneling board (Asbestolux) ■ Sprayed asbestos (Tomlex) ■ Mechanical seals



SILICALITE Board & Pipe

Literature available upon request.

NIPPON ASBESTOS CO., LTD.

TOKYO OFFICE: No. 3, 6-chome, Ginza-Nishi, Chuo-ku, Tokyo
CABLE ADDRESS: ASBESTOS TOKYO

A World Leader in Telecommunications & Electronics Equipment

NEC

Nippon Electric Company Limited
P. O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. ed... except for occasional contractions becau... space fitting. This edition is neither cen... nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising o... TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, ... York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Pr... ing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Pr... is exclusively entitled to use for republicati... telegraphic and cable news published h... originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmaga... or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K108; 5 yrs, ... c/o People's Stores Corp. (Ava House), ... Pagoda Road, Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, ... c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, ... 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale ... Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ ... 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City ... Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, ... First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji ... Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; ... 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, ... c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. ... 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; ... M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Dem... House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject ... Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; ... 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local ... cipal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 ... enclose declaration that total amount spent ... year for foreign books and periodicals, ... this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76; ... First National City Bank, Calle Jesus ... Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$400; 3 yrs, NT$800; ... NT$1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungh... Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; ... 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box ... Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/-(Stg); ... yrs, 160/-(Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME ... Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New ... Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITO... IES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL ... U.S.$11.25; 3 yrs, U.S.$22.50; 5 yrs, U.S.$... TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico ... Mexico

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes ... FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITE... FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman of ... Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive C... Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance C... Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. ... Executive Vice President and Treasurer, ... Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, Bernard ... Vice President and Secretary, Bernard ... President and Assistant to the President, ... Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, ... R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, ... Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Jr., P. ... thur R. Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., Shepley ... Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley, ... ler and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; ... Comptroller and Assistant Treasurer, W. G. ... Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. ... S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

...HEDLEY DONOVAN
...ANDREW HEISKELL
...JAMES A. LINEN

...HENRY R. LUCE
...ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. John Koffend, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Mar- Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert Loeb, Martin O'Neill, Charles Laughlin, John McPhee, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson. Parmiter,

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Bachman, John Blashill, Jon Borgzinner, Clell Richard Burgheim, John M. Cavanagh, Alton Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer L. Davidson, Clingen, Dudley Doust, Arnold Howard Drapkin, Davis, Gregory Dunne, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Alan H. Grossman, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Henderson, Leon Jaroff, William Johnson, Robert Horace Judson, Ray Kennedy, Ronald P. Jones, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Mitchel R. Levitas, George Love, Richard Murphy, Philip Barry Osborne, O'Toole, Edgar Shook, Jerrold L. Schecter, B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Ruth Annan, Nancy Priscilla B. Badger, Reva Berger, Jean Ber- Karen B. Booth, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Ann Butcher, Nicolette Caliendo, Kathleen Cooil, Coxhead, S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Dowdall, Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Shanks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Lea Guyer, Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Andria E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Marguerite Helen Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshen- Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Krieger, Judith Liersch, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Shirley Monck, Deborah Hanson Murphy, Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia Pimpel, Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Pikul, Wendy Kupsick Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Statler, Frances Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Fortunata Sydnor Mary Vanaman, Susanne S. Washburn, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Cook Jr., Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, A. Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, William Meekers, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Christopher Porterfield, Miriam Rumwell, Arlie Schardt. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Robert W. Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Israel Shenker, T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA-HOUSTON: Harry Johnston, Dudley E. Morris Ruth Mehrtens, Robert A. Ellis, John L. Wil- DENVER: Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane, SAN FRANCISCO: Stone, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.

Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Champlin, Donald S. Connery. PARIS: Curtis Barry Farrell, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Friedel Ungeheuer, James Wilde. COMMON MAR- McManus. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, Frehath. ROME: Robert E. Jackson. MADRID: Piero BEIRUT: George de Carvalho. HONG KONG: McCulloch, Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. William E. Smith. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. Lee Griggs, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shir- OTTAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Sullivan, TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Roger M. Williams. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Gavin Scott. Robert Parker, Donald Bermingham, Clara Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

PUBLISHERS.....LAWRENCE E. LAYBOURNE
JOHN J. FREY
MANAGER.....JAMES A. THOMASON

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
DIRECTOR.....
DIRECTOR.....Edgar R. Baker
MANAGER FOR JAPAN.....David W. Ballard
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....Yasuo Kitaoka
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....William S. Honneus
.....Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

TIME, JULY 31, 1964

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THIMMESCH

TERRY

WALTER DARAN

KRISS

A BIG white turkey like you will be easy to spot," a policeman warned New York Correspondent Nick Thimmesch as he started down Harlem's notorious 111th Street. "So if anybody bothers you, tell them you are a welfare worker delivering a check."

In three weeks of making his way through Harlem—talking to businessmen, politicians, police, civil rights leaders and people, as well as witnessing the riots—Reporter Thimmesch felt that no one bothered him very much, except to hurl a few jeers of "whitey" at him. Ironically, it was Washington Correspondent Wallace H. Terry II, come home to Harlem to spend four weeks working on the story, who during one riot was knocked down and out by a brick hurled from a rooftop.

Wally Terry lived in Harlem as a child, grew up in Indianapolis, was the first Negro ever to edit the student newspaper at Brown University (where he graduated in 1959 with an A.B. in religion and the classics), and was a reporter on the Washington Post before he joined TIME's staff. While he now spends most of his time on stories of government and politics that do not turn on the question of race, his particular insight has made him an invaluable observer at many of the crisis points in the civil rights revolution. "I was with Medgar Evers the night before he was killed," Terry recalls. "My room at a motel in Birmingham was bombed hours after I checked out of it. I was locked up with reporters and photographers in the Danville, Va., city hall when police flushed demonstrators down off the steps. But at no time did I ever feel that there was an absolute breakdown of community leadership such as I saw in Harlem, where mobs of people ran pell-mell in an open battle with the police."

Work on the cover story began long before the riots blasted Harlem to the top of the news. Artist Russell Hoban walked and drove through the streets for hours to renew his impressions of Harlem before he made the first sketches for his cover painting. It is a composite of many sights he saw and of the plain people of Harlem as he thought of them, "worried and watchful." Researcher Virginia Adams pored over most of what has been written about Harlem to compile a pointed summary that supplemented the correspondents' reports. In addition to all this material, Writer Ronald Kriss read widely in James Baldwin's works and social-agency documents, and late the night before the story went to press was in Harlem to confirm some impressions.

Combining all these elements, TIME's aim was not to just report the racial trouble—which at its hottest moments is often overplayed—but to explain the ghetto called Harlem.

INDEX

Cover Story...13

Art.....45
Books.....60
Cinema.....59
Education.....35
The Hemisphere 32
The Law.....37
Letters.....7
Medicine.....48
Milestones.....51
Modern Living...42
Music.....50
People.....34
Religion.....36
Science.....44
Show Business..46
Sport.....38
Time Listings.....2
The U.S.....11
U.S. Business...53
The World.....24
World Business..56

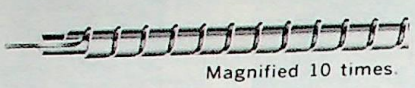
CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

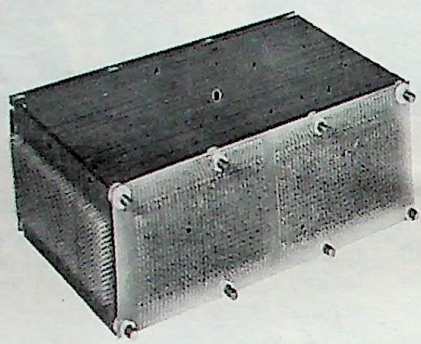
NCR is proud to announce . . .

the new 315 RMC (rod memory computer)

The first commercial computer with all thin-film main memory



Magnified 10 times.



A MAJOR ADVANCE

The new 315 RMC is a major advance in computer technology. Its entire memory of up to 240,000 digits is composed of thin cylindrical wire rods plated with a magnetic thin film. The 315 RMC has an incredible cycle speed of 800 nanoseconds (800 billionths of a second).

COMPATIBLE WITH ALL 315 HARDWARE

The 315 RMC is uniquely versatile. Though cycle speed is 8 times faster than the 315, it is designed to be completely compatible with all existing 315s and all 315 peripheral equipment. NCR users, both present and future, can easily move up to a Rod Memory Computer when additional capabilities are required.

COMPATIBLE WITH ALL 315 SOFTWARE

The command and logic structure of the 315 RMC is identical with all 315s. No re-programming is required. All 315 programs and software, including NEAT and COBOL, may be used "as is." For new applications, BEST, NCR's recently announced program generator, reduces programming time by as much as 50%.

ALSO NEW! FASTER PERIPHERAL EQUIPMENT

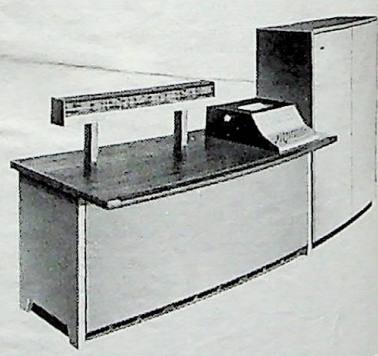
Now available for the new 315 RMC – **and all 315s,** a new line of faster, more efficient peripherals:

- New, faster tape drives; 66KC conversion of data from other computers; 120KC for direct processing
- New 1,000 line-per-minute printer
- New 250 CPM Card Punch
- New 321 Data Communications Controller for expanded on-line and remote inquiry capability
- New built-in floating point arithmetic for scientific applications
- New High Capacity CRAM III (Card Random Access Memory) provides up to 16,000,000 characters of random access storage in each CRAM cartridge.

COMPATIBLE WITH OUR USERS' SYSTEMS

All NCR current and future users benefit from this remarkable new development. The 315 RMC is an important scientific breakthrough– a significant addition to NCR's 315 family. It dramatically extends the life and capabilities of all 315 installations. With a 315, your system can grow as you grow – and you can move up to a high-speed, Rod Memory Computer without paying the penalty in time and money that progress in automation usually costs.

For more complete information, please call your local NCR representative or write The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio U. S. A. 45409.



NCR

BE SURE TO VISIT THE NCR PAVILION AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
July 31, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 5

THE U.S.

MEL FINKELSTEIN—NEW YORK JOURNAL-AMERICAN

RIOTING HARLEM YOUTHS FLEE CLUB-WIELDING COP
So explosive an issue could hardly be suppressed.

THE CAMPAIGN

e Proper Stance

"This may sound crazy," said Washon Post Reporter Edward Folliard arry Goldwater at Chicago's O'Hare ernational Airport, "but do you think ould be feasible for you, as the Reican nominee for President, to get ether with the Democratic nominee d try to work out some agreement t would avert the inflaming of racial sion—some appeal for a peaceful merica?"

Goldwater did not hesitate in his ply. "I think that's a very good idea," said. "That's gone through my mind."

Absurd Idea. Barry had been saying days that he hoped the passions the presidential campaign would not acerbate the civil rights struggle, and Americans could argue with that ch. Now Harlem was aflame with r, and a degree of political statesanship seemed mandatory.

Having more or less publicly committ- himself to seeking a civil rights eting with President Johnson, Barry ent about other business, waited a e before instructing an assistant to l the White House for an appointent. Meanwhile, news stories proclaimed that Goldwater was going to ge upon Johnson a pact that "civil ghts be kept out of the campaign."

This, of course, was absurd. Whether ghtly or wrongly, civil rights is, and is ely to remain the most emotionally plosive domestic issue of election year 64. Both Goldwater and Johnson ow this, and each quite understandably suspects the other of intending to use the issue for his own ends.

The Phrases. Lyndon would love to trademark the phrase "civil rights"—it has a fine, pious ring, and anyone who says he is against "civil rights" is obviously an extremist. Goldwater, of course, hopes to win in the Democratic South not because he is against "civil rights" but because he is for "states' rights." Moreover, he figures to get votes outside the South because of the so-called "white backlash"—an unfortunate phrase that implies that anyone who does not go all the way with the Negro revolution, including its excesses and extremism, is some sort of Simon Legree with a whip in his hand.

On the afternoon that Johnson and Goldwater were finally scheduled to meet, the President held a press conference and threw it open to TV. As the Washington Post's Folliard entered the auditorium, one of the President's Secret Service men pulled him aside and requested that he ask Johnson very much the same question he had asked Goldwater at O'Hare.

Folliard dutifully did so, and Johnson was waiting in his best pulpit manner. "Well," he said, "I do not believe that any issue which is before the people can be eliminated from the campaign in a free society in an election year . . . I believe that all men and women are entitled to equal opportunities so that they may be judged according to their merits and not according to some artificial barriers. Now, to the extent that Senator Goldwater differs from these views, or the Republican Party differs, there will, of course, be discussion. And I intend to carry on some of it if I am a candidate."

No Pix. When the actual Johnson-Goldwater meeting took place, it was icily formal. No photographs were taken, and when the session ended a scant 16 minutes after it started, White House Press Secretary George Reedy's communiqué was exquisitely balanced. "The President met with Senator Goldwater," it said, "and reviewed the steps he has taken to avoid the incitement of racial tensions. Senator Goldwater expressed his position, which was that racial tension should be avoided. Both agreed on this position."

Score one for whom? For neither—except that both displayed the proper stance.

That night, rioting spread from Harlem and other New York City ghettos to Rochester, N.Y. There, half a dozen Negroes jumped two policemen who had handcuffed a drunk for arrest. From that scuffle the rioting spread over 50 blocks, burst into a full-scale pitched battle between several thousand Negroes and 500 cops. Rioters overturned squad cars, assaulted white motorists with bottles, rocks and bare fists, and looted shops while burglar alarms clanged unnoticed. Police at first tried to hold back the mob with night sticks, soon switched to tear gas, police dogs and fire hoses. Finally, officials pleaded for state troopers to help, and after hours of unchecked violence the crowds were dispersed, at least for the moment, leaving the city under tight, state-of-emergency law.

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NEW YORK

When Night Falls

Like so many affairs of their kind, the New York riots followed an isolated incident that in other, quieter times would have passed almost unnoticed in history's larger march. It took place on Thursday morning a fortnight ago, on a sidewalk in Manhattan's predominantly white East 70s. For reasons now lost in a tangle of differing tales, a white apartment-house superintendent turned a hose on a group of Negro teen-agers. The kids threw bottles and ashcan lids at the man, and three of them, including a 15-year-old named James Powell, chased him into the building.

A police lieutenant, off duty and in civilian clothes, heard the ruckus, flashed his badge, ordered the youngsters to quiet down. He was Thomas Gilligan, 36, a 6-ft., 200-lb. veteran of 16 years on the force and the holder of 19 citations, including several awards for disarming dangerous suspects. According to the police report, the Powell boy went after Gilligan with a knife. Gilligan ordered him to stop, but Powell kept coming. Then, "in defense of himself," Gilligan fired his revolver three times. The third shot went wild—but the first two killed the boy.

It would remain for a grand jury to get at all the facts. Some Negro witnesses claimed that Gilligan gave no warning, others that the youth had had no knife—even though one was found in the street not far from Powell's dead, outstretched hand.

To many people it seemed incredible that a man of Gilligan's experience could not have dealt with the boy without resorting to gunfire.* For two days after that, this notion seeped through the Negro districts of New York City like liquid dynamite. Negroes, long lacerated by the thousand painful shards of ghetto life, by emotions stirred in the civil rights movement, by their hatred for police, whom they regard as both oppressive and corrupt, were only too ready to believe that the Powell death was a case of deliberate murder. And "police brutality" became their battle cry.

"Let's Go!" Hate-preaching demagogues took to the street corners, and raunchy radicals issued inflammatory broadsides. From a pro-Red China outfit called the Progressive Labor Movement came a handout that screeched insurrection: "Once again the cops have murdered one of our children. They have been killing about one black person a day in New York City. Lieut. Thomas Gilligan (remember that name) shot James once and James fell to the ground. This fascist cop stood over him and fired two more bullets into him. He then kicked the dead body. THIS IS THE WAY THE FASCIST AND RACIST COPS OPERATE HERE IN 'LIBERAL' NEW YORK. These murderers follow the orders of Commissioner Murphy, Mayor Wagner and Rockefeller. We don't have to go to Mississippi because MISSISSIPPI IS HERE IN NEW YORK."

By Saturday night, the most restless elements of Harlem, the broken- or no-home kids and the seething out-of-job adults. were bristling for a fight. It was hot and humid. Scores of people gathered for an outdoor protest rally called by three local chapters of Congress of Racial Equality. After harangues by CORE leaders, the Rev. Nelson C. Dukes, pastor of Harlem's Fountain Spring Baptist Church, and a veteran agitator, launched into a 20-minute call for action, exhorting everyone to march on the local police precinct station to present their "demands." "Let's go! Let's do it now!" cried his listeners, and the mob, swollen by now into a howling tide, headed for the station house.

GORDON RYNDERS—N.Y. DAILY NEWS

POLICE LIEUT. GILLIGAN
Was it self-defense . . .

Police squads tried to hold them back, but the screaming mob swarmed through the streets. From tenement rooftops came a hail of bricks, bottles and garbage-can covers. The police, firing their guns into the air, moved the rioters back. Reinforcements poured into the neighborhood, and still came the storm of bricks and bottles. Whaling away with their night sticks, the helmeted cops waded into the mob. Pastor Dukes, watching it all with growing horror, muttered, "If I knew this was going to happen, I wouldn't have said anything." Then he walked away.

"Kill 'Em!" The senseless nightmare stretched, night after night throughout the week, through the main streets of Harlem, and, like an echo, through the Bedford-Stuyvesant slum district of Brooklyn. Roving bands of rioters—most of them kids—surged through the districts, aimlessly, desperately pursuing their urge for violence. They attacked a passing car driven by a white man and roughed up a woman passenger. They broke doors and windows in shops owned mostly by Jewish merchants, tearing down protective iron gates and screens. They ran off with TV sets, appliances, canned goods, clothing.

One man was arrested while wearing a new coat, the price tag still dangling from his sleeve. A Negro woman sat down on the sidewalk and muttered through her drunken stupor: "They walk all over me in Greenville, S. Carolina, and they might as well walk over me here." An onlooker cried: "Did you see that? They shot that woman down in cold blood!"

Some hoodlums lobbed Molotov cocktails into the battalions of pursuing police. An organization called "Harlem Freedom Fighters" had helpfully issued a crude flier: "How to Make a Molotov Cocktail. Instructions: Any Empty Bottle, Fill With Gasoline, Use Rag as Wick, Light Rag, TOSS & SEE THEM RUN!"

The nights shook with gunfire. Police exhausted their ammunition, and had to send out emergency calls for more. False fire alarms rang throughout the area. Mounted police heaved bricks against the mobs with their horses. Again and again came the cries: "Police brutality!" "Kill 'em!" "Murderers!" A white newsman, telephoning from a bar, heard a Negro yell: "We gotta kill all the whiteys!" He dropped his phone and scooted out. A bartender shook his head sadly: "Where are the parents? If the parents would take charge of them, they couldn't get mixed up in this."

The Leaders. In the lulls between the riots, Bayard Rustin, the Negro who organized last year's Washington civil rights march, roamed through the streets, urging residents to remain at home, but he had little success. A N.A.A.C.P. official issued a plea in leaflet: "Cool it, baby, the message has been delivered!" But to the rioters, the only one who urged restraint was an "Uncle Tom."

They much preferred to hear leaders like CORE's National Director James Farmer, who ambled through Harlem insisting all the while that he was not trying to soothe the people. "I saw the cops united against the black man," he told a church meeting. "I saw New York's night of Birmingham horror." He claimed that he saw a cop draw his service revolver and deliberately shoot a woman in the groin (the woman was actually nicked in the thigh by a ricocheting bullet). "I saw the blood pouring off heads of men and women," Farmer cried. "It was my son and every black mother's son and every black mother's son who died before that policeman's bullets!"

"Kill 'em!" the crowd answered.

Another Harlem "leader" made no pretense at all about his aims. He

* *Then again, maybe not: less than a week later, a man who was being arrested by another officer suddenly lashed out with a knife—and the cop ended up on the hospital critical list with a slit throat.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...e Gray, a venomous little dema-
...one with a long record of Commu-
...associations, who made a name of
...s for himself last year when he in-
...ted a rent strike in Harlem. Gray
...d out a call for "100 skilled black
...olutionaries who are ready to die.
...re is only one thing that can correct
...situation and that's guerrilla war-
..." He exhorted "revolutionaries" to
...blish platoons and to recruit 100
...o apiece. "This city can be changed
...0,000 well-organized Negroes. They
...determine what will happen in New
...k City!" A Black Nationalist named
...vard Mills Davis issued a plea that
...you black people that have been in
...armed services and know anything
...ut guerrilla warfare should come to
...aid of our people. If we must die,
...s die scientifically!"

News to One. Returning hastily from vacation, Mayor Robert Wagner ...adcast a radio and TV appeal for

ROBERT W. COTTROL

PASTOR DUKES EXHORTING CROWD
. . . or deliberate murder?

...n and promised that he would do ...utmost to redress legitimate griev-...es, but he warned that the city ...uld not tolerate lawlessness. "Law ...d order," said the mayor, "are the ...egro's best friend—make no mistake ...out that. The opposite of law and ...der is mob rule, and that is the way ...the Ku Klux Klan, the night riders ...d the lynch mobs."

The mayor seemed most concerned ...the city's reputation, during a ...rld's Fair year, as a tourist attrac-...t. Hotels had reported more than ...reservations canceled, and Wagner, ...ting a patently preposterous claim, ...d that "no single visitor to our city ...been physically attacked or brutal-...d in any way." That was news to ...an Colwell, 61, manager of the famed ...adena Tournament of Roses, who, ...y five hours before, had been beaten ...d robbed of nearly $1,000 while visit-...New York.

Whose Handiwork? Bad as the riots ...re, they were overplayed not only by ...st of New York's papers, but by the U.S. press as a whole. They did not hold a candle to recent insurgencies at Oxford, Miss., or Birmingham, or even to a 1943 riot in Harlem. Perhaps no more than 1% of the Negro population of New York was directly involved. One Negro was killed by a police bullet as he pelted officers with bricks from a rooftop; 140 people, including 48 cops, were injured, and 520 were arrested. The total cost in property damage and theft was yet to be determined, but it would certainly run into hundreds of thousands of dollars; more than 500 cases of property damage alone were reported.

President Johnson ordered 200 FBI agents into the Negro districts to investigate. There was little doubt that they would find evidence of Communist agitation behind the riots, but it was a mistake to assume that the week's violent handiwork was just a plot ordered by leftists and fire-eating Black Nationalists. The disorders were an outward symptom of a condition that runs so deep—through a maze of confused and ancient feelings—that even the most understanding hearts and minds find a solution difficult.

A Negro woman tried to explain her impulsive participation.

"I clean the white man's dirt all the time," she said. "I work for four families and some I don't care for, and some I like. And Saturday I worked for some I like. And when I got home and later when the trouble began, something happened to me. I went on the roof to see what was going on. I don't know what it was, but hearing the guns I felt like something was crawling in me, like the whole damn world was no good, and the little kids and the big ones and all of us was going to get killed because we don't know what to do. And I see the cops are white and I was crying. Dear God, I am crying! And I took this pop bottle and it was empty and I threw it down on the cops, and I was crying and laughing."

No Place Like Home

(See Cover)

At the height of Harlem's nighttime fury, a white police officer stood in the litter of glass and garbage that had come crashing down from the darkened rooftops and raised a bull horn to his mouth. "Go home," he pleaded with the glowering Negro mobs that clustered along Seventh Avenue and atop the shabby tenements. "Go home. Go home." From a man in the mob came a shout: "We *are* home, baby."

There was both defiance and despair in that cry, for Central Harlem is no place like home. It occupies only a 3.5-sq.-mi. wedge of upper Manhattan, but 232,000 people are packed into it, 94% of them black. Its worst streets are so crowded that if the same density prevailed throughout New York City the entire population of the U.S. could be jammed into just three of its five boroughs. It seethes with life and frequently boils over in violence. Its drug addiction rate is ten times higher than New York City's, twelve times higher than the nation's. Its murder rate is six times higher than the city's. "This is the jungle," says a Harlem woman, "the very heart of it."

Rats & Roaches. The jungle is, above all, inexorably and everlastingly dreary. There is no fun, no glamour here. There is little excitement even in the violence and sin. There are, of course, a few clearings. In the handsome residences up on Sugar Hill and the comfortable Riverton Apartments along the Harlem River, the black *bourgeoisie* live much as their middle-class white counterparts do. Dozens of such project apartment buildings rise above Harlem's slums like so many monoliths, changing the section's skyline as drastically as they have changed lower Manhattan's.

But there are also the tenements where the mortar is so fatigued with age that hoodlums had merely to peel the bricks from crumbling chimneys last week for ammunition to heave at the cops. Half of Harlem's buildings are officially classified as "deteriorating" or "dilapidated," but no classification—official or otherwise—can adequately describe their garbage-strewn hallways and rotting, rickety staircases, their rat-infested rooms and grease-caked stoves where the roaches fight one another for space, their crumbling plaster and Swiss-cheese ceilings.

On some streets, men who cannot find jobs sit on stoops playing pinochle and coon can and Georgia skin, or drinking "Dirty Bird" wine at 60¢ a pint from bottles hidden in brown paper bags. Buzzing around them are children who frolic unsupervised far into the night, wearing latchkeys on strings around their necks because there is nobody at home to care for them. Half of Harlem's children under 18 live with only one parent or none, and it is small wonder that the juvenile delinquency rate is more than double New York's

CC-0. In Public Domain

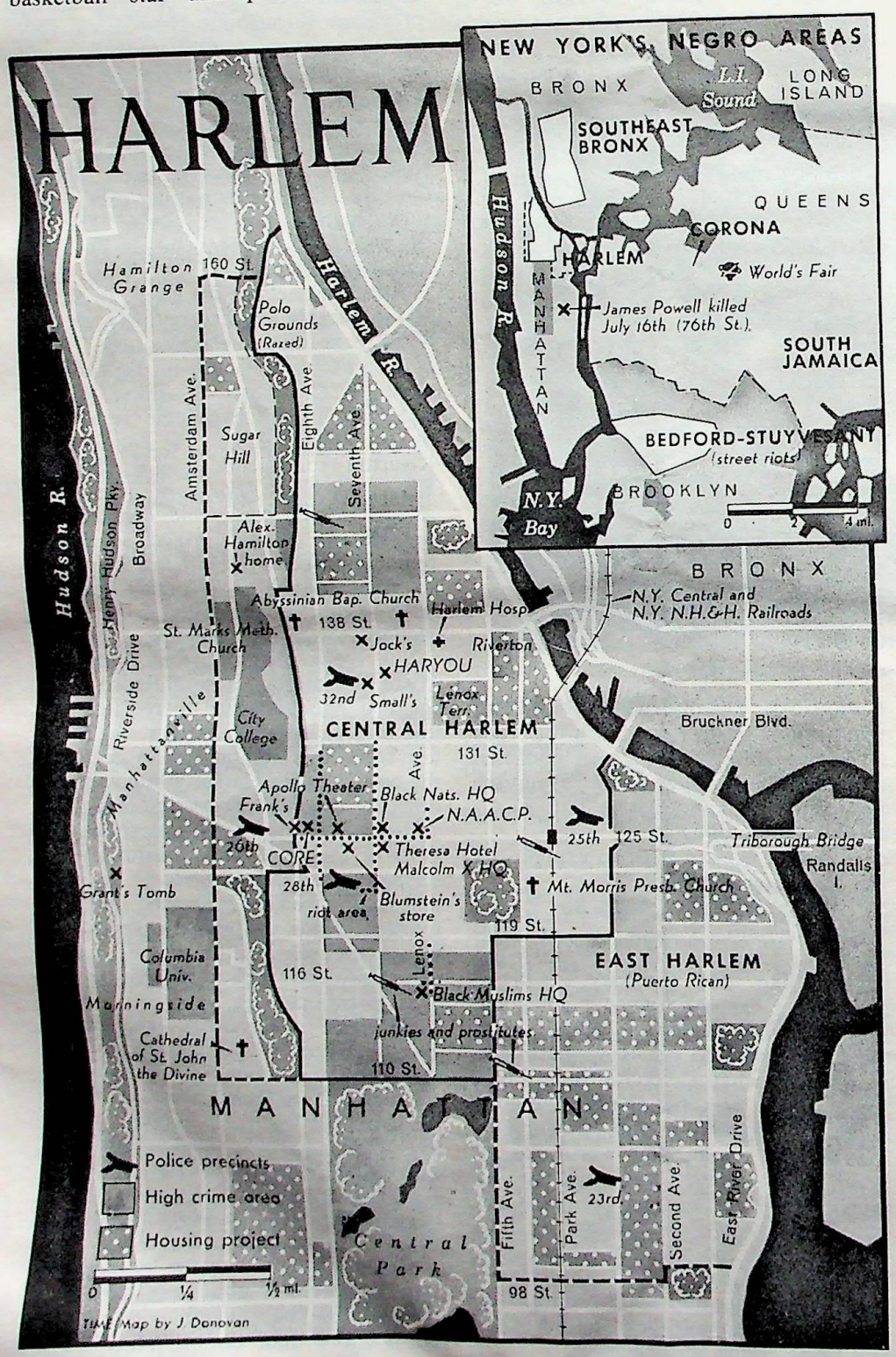
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

or that the venereal disease rate among Harlem's youth is six times higher than in the rest of the city. Harlem is a mother lode of such statistics, but no footnoted chart on child neglect could reveal as much about the place as the story of the lost little girl of three who was not able to tell the police where she was from, and knew her mother only by the name she had heard around the house: "Bitch."

C.P.T. Harlem, wrote Negro Novelist Ralph (*The Invisible Man*) Ellison in a 1948 essay, is "the scene and symbol of the Negro's perpetual alienation in the land of his birth." It is the archetypal Negro ghetto, and to some it is the black capital of the world. Says Wilt ("The Stilt") Chamberlain, pro basketball star and part owner of Small's Paradise, one of Harlem's remaining handful of clubs with live entertainment: "A Negro here is different from a Negro in Philly or Frisco because he belongs."

No walls surround the ghetto except the invisible ones that can be the hardest of all to surmount. Harlem's Negroes have withdrawn behind the invisible walls, almost out of necessity, into a world of their own, complete with its own pride, its own lingo, and even its own time. In Harlem, C.P.T. means "Colored People's Time," and it runs one full hour behind white people's time.

The nether border of the Negro's world is Central Park. From just one block north, the fresh breezes and greenery seem a planet distant. Here



is 111th Street, between Fifth and ison Avenues, infested with pro and dope addicts. Up a ways, at and Lenox Avenue, is "junkie's co and at the New York Central pass at 125th Street, over which urban commuters ride every day tween air-conditioned offices and kept homes, Negro prostitutes wa white johns who know the spot drive by in their cars.

"You Can't Get No Place." Har is three classes: middle, working deprived. It is where the middle or what is left of it, joins the Jack Jill Club to insulate its children, sends them to prep schools and them on vacation to the Caribbea Europe or Sag Harbor—but al never to Miami. It is where the mi class disdains interracial marriage bristles when a Harry Belafonte ries a white woman. "We've got the colors in the rainbow," said a tor's wife. "What do we need to *them* for?"

Harlem is where Negroes refer one another as "nigger" and "brot "spook" and "hardhead," but wo the white man who uses the same pression. It is where the white ma no longer the "ofay" (pig Latin foe), but "Mr. Charlie" or "the m and mostly "whitey," derived from Black Nationalist talk of "the b eyed white devil." It is where a c mon laborer mutters to himself corner bar: "You don't come u Harlem and whip my head, white You can whip me somewhere else not here, white man." It is where Negro's next-door neighbor, the P to Rican, is eyed with suspicion he ventures over from his East H slum.

Harlem is also composed of s merchants and peddlers hawking "ic cups of ice drenched with sickly s syrup. Its shops sell second-rate st berries for half again as much as rate ones cost in Greenwich Vi and men can buy clothing for s $1.99 in "dump shops." Everywhe the smell of cooking grease and sizzle from all-night fry shops that porgie fish or pig's knuckles or chi (hog intestines).

Black Times Square. Harlem is noise of Congo drums from a window and a throbbing twist bea a transistor radio. It is street-co churches and spired temples, all, always going full blast under guidance of Holy Rollers and thun voiced spiritualists, some of whom new Cadillacs and live in the su It is a woman complaining: "Wh ever you have a lot of preachers ing on their head and rolling on floor like hogs, I tell you, you can no place like that. You see P foaming, your women with their es up over their heads. My God can't get no place like that." But as numerous as the churches

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE LOOK OF THE PLACE

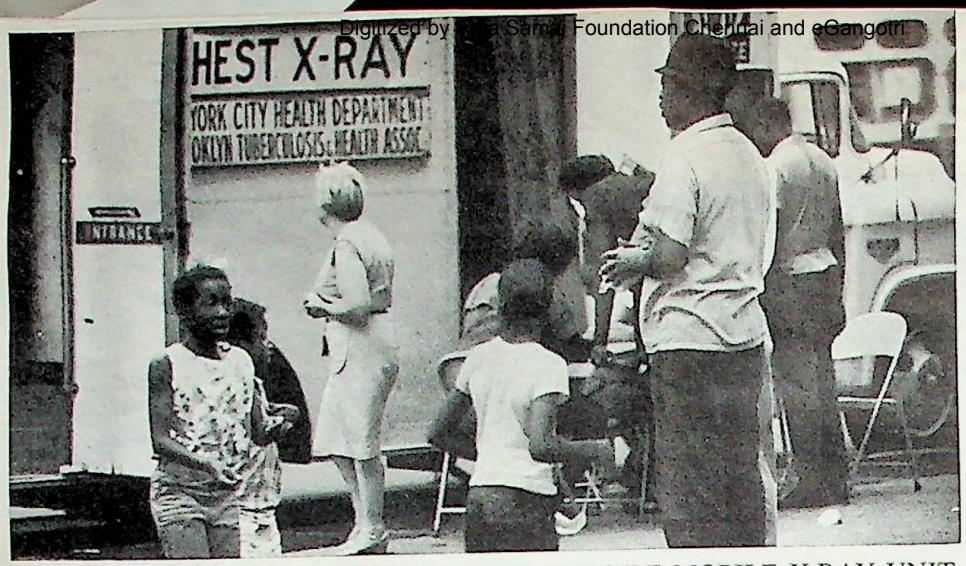
STEPS OF CONDEMNED TENEMENT OFFER ESCAPE FROM CROWDED ROOMS.

ROBERT W. COTTROL

SOCIAL, COMMERCIAL AND CRIMINAL LIFE ALL CONVERGE ON THE SEETHING STREETS.

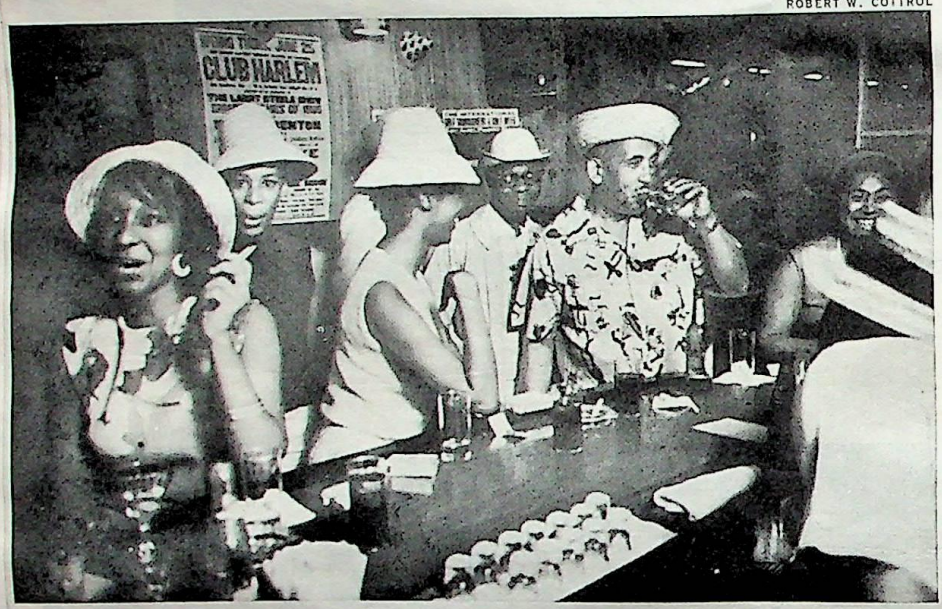
CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

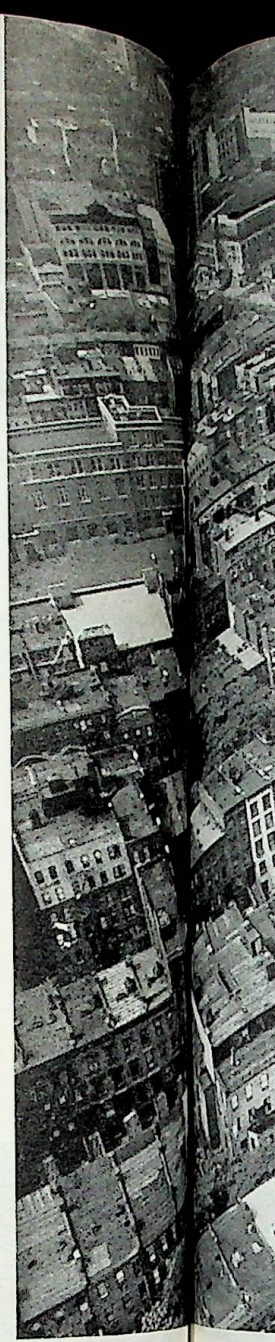


HARLEMITES WAIT FOR CHEST EXAMS OUTSIDE MOBILE X-RAY UNIT.

ROBERT W. COTTROL



JOCK'S PLACE OFFERS CONVIVIALITY OR SERIOUS TALK.



BEN MARTIN

LOW-R

HAWKERS SELL COLLARDS TO GO WITH CHITLINS OR HOG MAWS.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LOW-RENTAL HOUSING BLOCKS SUPPLANT SLUMS, CHANGING SKYLINE AND SOCIAL PATTERNS.

NEGROES FIND SPIRITUAL SOLACE IN 400 CHURCHES.

TOLTON A. ROBERT FOSTER

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

IN GARBAGE-FOULED COURTYARDS, THE YOUNG IDLE AWAY HOT SUMMER DAYS AND NIGHTS

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

dy bars and the liquor stores, and
can't get no place like that either.
Harlem is the corner of 125th Street
d Seventh Avenue, the black Times
quare, where orators on soapboxes
folding chairs harangue passersby
buy black" or "get whitey." In the
adow of the Theresa Hotel, where
del Castro plucked his chickens and
assius Clay celebrated the feathering
his nest, Lewis Michaux composes
ck Nationalist doggerel:

If you're black get back
If you're red be afraid
If you're white you're perfectly right.

This is Harlem's heart, and 125th
eet is its aorta. Here is Frank's Res-
rant, crowded with white merchants
lunchtime, but thronged at dinner-
e with middle-class Negroes, who are
ved with unctuous concern by white
iters. Here is Blumstein's, the only
al department store in Harlem, but
dly a match for a midtown five and
me. And here is the Baby Grand,
ere Nipsey Russell's successor, Co-
edian Ray Scott, folds his hands,
oses his eyes and beseeches:

"Let Goldwater have a seven-car ac-
dent with a gasoline truck that's been
by a match wagon over the Grand
anyon. If he should survive, let the
mbulance that's taking him to the hos-
al have four flat tires and run into a
ick wall that's holding nuclear war-
ads and TNT. And if he should sur-
e that, let him be thrown into a
ch of wild dogs that's suffering from
-itis and may he scratch himself in-
ne. When he gets to the hospital, let
e doctor be a junkie with a gorilla on
s back and an orangoutang in his
om. Let the hospital catch on fire,
d every fire hydrant from Nova Sco-
a to wherever he was born be froze
. Let muddy water run in his grave.
t lightning strike in his heart and
ake him so ugly that he'll resemble a
orilla sucking hot Chinese mustard ly-
g across a railroad track with freight
ains running across his kneecaps. And
that's not bad enough, let him wake
p tomorrow morning—black like me."

Happy Valley. Above all, Harlem is, as
e man said, home. "You couldn't pay
e to live anywhere else," says a Negro
gh school dropout. "A white man, he's
t a mark on him if he comes up here.
got a mark on me if I go down there."
ill some Negroes would live almost
ywhere else just to get out of the
etto. "I felt caged, like an animal,"
d Writer James Baldwin, who fled to
reenwich Village and then to Europe.
felt if I didn't get out I would slowly
angle." Poet Claude McKay put it
nother way 40-odd years ago when he
scribed the Negro as feeling

Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursed lot.

Once this inglorious spot was one of the glories of New York, and a 19th century sightseer described it as a place of "little velvety islands and silvery rivers, sublimely picturesque in vernal bloom." Established in 1658 by Peter Stuyvesant, Nieuw Haarlem lay in a lush bottomland dotted with farms like "Happy Valley" and "Quiet Vale." At first it was connected to the rest of Manhattan by a single road built with Negro labor along an Indian footpath that is now part of Broadway.

When the elevated railway was extended to Harlem in 1880, land values boomed. It was obvious, said the *Harlem Monthly Magazine* in 1893, that "the center of fashion, wealth, culture and intelligence must, in the near future, be found in the ancient and honorable village of Harlem."

A Bridge of Green. Harlem became a place of brownstone fronts and Saratoga trunks. Oscar Hammerstein built the Harlem Opera House; it now houses a bowling alley. William Waldorf Astor put up a $500,000 apartment house on Seventh Avenue. Commodore Vanderbilt showed off his trotters on Lenox Avenue. The rich flocked up to Harlem for the summer.

Then the Negroes began pressing to get in. After the bloody Civil War draft riots in New York, when rampaging whites lynched 18 Negroes, drowned five others, and burned down a Negro orphan asylum, the black colony began an exodus to remote uptown areas, first the upper West Side and after the turn of the century to Harlem. White real estate dealers formed "protective" associations to prevent block-busting, hung "White Only" signs in windows.

But economics played a hand, perhaps proving the validity of the current cliché that ultimately the bridge between black and white will be green—the color of money. The land speculation collapsed. Apartments went empty, even after rent cuts. Finally, a group of Negroes got into a house on 134th Street. Later, the Equitable Life Assurance Society gave in and sold "Strivers' Row," a magnificent row of brownstones on 139th Street that had been designed by Stanford White. The houses had 14 rooms and two baths, French doors and hardwood floors, but Equitable unloaded them for $8,000 apiece.

"Let Me Off Uptown." The Negro migration was on, and the Northern labor shortages created by World War I sharply accelerated it. From 1915 to 1925 more than 1,000,000 Southern Negroes moved North.

Harlem's Golden Age began. "Meat was cheap and home brew was strong," wrote Historian Lerone Bennett. "Duke Ellington was at the Cotton Club and Satchmo was at the Sunset, God was in heaven and Father Divine was in Harlem." Those were the days of speakeasies with names like Glory Hole and Basement Brownie's Coal Bed, of stompin' at the Savoy and vaudeville at the Apollo, of "rent parties" where guests paid 50¢ or $1 to help the host pay his rent and get all the food and drink—and sometimes sex—that they could manage. It was the time when Jazz Singer Anita O'Day told her audiences:

If it's pleasure you're about,
And you feel like steppin' out,
All you've got to do is shout:
Let me off Uptown.

But Uptown was growing more and more crowded, and lurking just beneath the throbbing, wild surface that white merrymakers saw on their Saturday night outings lay serious trouble. In Novelist Carl Van Vechten's *Nigger Heaven*, a Negro character says of the New Yorkers who live below Harlem: "It never seems to occur to them that Nigger Heaven is crowded, that there isn't another seat, that something has to be done. It doesn't seem to occur to them, either, that we sit above them, that we can drop things down on them and crush them, that we can swoop down from this Nigger Heaven and take their seats."

Fresh Inflow. In 1935 the coiled tension of Harlem lashed out in a riot that began when a 16-year-old boy was

ROBERT W. COTTROL

LUNCH-TIME CROWD AT FRANK'S RESTAURANT
If you're white, you're right.

CC-0. In Public Domain

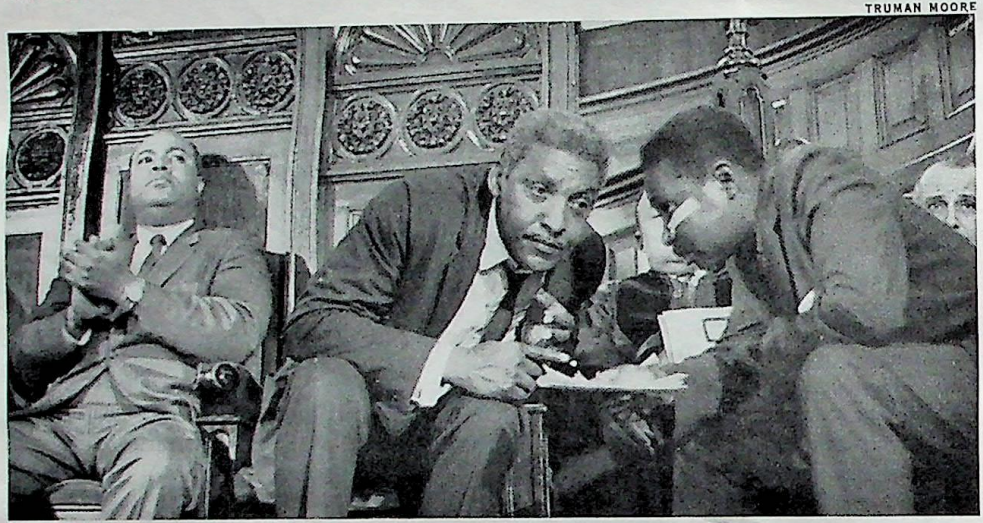
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

seized stealing a cheap penknife in a white-owned variety store. This was the height of the Depression, and for months Negroes had been mesmerized by the nationalistic "buy black" speeches of a Philadelphia Negro who called himself Sufi Abdul Hamid (real name: Eugene Brown). The rumor spread that the boy had been beaten to death, and though it was false, the mobs left four dead, 100 injured and $1,000,000 in property damage, largely to white stores.

Eight years later, a white policeman trying to arrest a woman for disorderly conduct shot and wounded a Negro G.I. for interfering. Rumors flashed through the ghetto that the soldier was dead, and this time the toll was five dead, 500 injured, $5,000,000 in damage.

During World War II still another inflow of blacks to New York began. In the last 20 years, the city's Negro population has increased 2½ times, now

TRUMAN MOORE



LEADERSHIP RIVALS FARMER, RUSTIN & GRAY

Exploitation and exhaustion breed justifiable fury.

stands at 1,200,000, or 15% of the total. More than half the new arrivals spilled over into ghettos in the other boroughs, creating huge new Harlems: Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant, whose population has trebled since 1940 and is soon expected to pass Harlem itself; South Jamaica-St. Albans in Queens, where the Negro population has trebled in a single decade; Morrisania in the Southeast Bronx. Together with Harlem, the four ghettos house 80% of New York's Negroes.

Three Strikes. In the '50s, Harlem's population actually declined by 27,000 because of the construction of vast housing projects. The outflow relieved the ghetto's congestion somewhat, but it also damaged Harlem's future almost beyond repair, for 41,000 middle class Negroes in their 20s and 30s got out, making Harlem more of a slum than ever and leaving it with no core to build on.

Today, Harlem's three precincts, patrolled by 1,200 police, about 85% of them white, are the city's busiest. Narcotics is the top problem. Of New York's 30,000 junkies, 15,000 to 20,000 live in Harlem. "I was just born black, poor and uneducated, and you only need three strikes all over the world to be out, and I have nothing to live for but this shot of dope," says one addict. But the habit is costly: $1 for a marijuana "reefer," $3 for a "bag" (a single grain of heroin), $5 for a "deck" (three grains). A heavy user may need up to $75 a day, and that often means mugging people and sometimes killing them for the wherewithal.

"Numbers?" sneers a white police detective. "Hell, that's a game. Narcotics is something else. Me and my partner, we pick up junkies, and sometimes we even get a pusher. We want to go further, get to the wholesaler. Well, mister, we can't move one inch more. If I move in, I may get busted to patrolman. You push too hard in narcotics, you can get to be DOA, which is dead on arrival."

Fast Payoff. "Numbers" is the poor Negroes' reach for the pot of gold, and 100,000 of them slip nickels and dimes to "runners" each day in the hope that their three-digit number will come up for a 600-to-1 payoff. Otherwise known as the policy racket, the numbers game drains Harlem of $50 million a year, but it also provides a living for 15,000 runners and controllers. Negro stores abound with code books advising that if you have dreamed about the police you should bet the number 782; about cats, 578; about adultery, 900.

Once, Negroes controlled Harlem's numbers racket. But, so the story goes, one Harlem policy banker was hit hard during the 1930s and went to Racketeer Dutch Schultz to borrow $5,000. So quickly did he pay it back that Schultz became interested, and before long the big-time mobsters moved in. Now Negroes complain that Italian and Jewish racketeers, protected by the police, control the game, and a Black Nationalist has drawn cheers by calling for "black control of the numbers."

Most Harlemites are convinced that the cops turn their backs on such rackets for a price. And this conviction vastly complicates the problem of policing Harlem. What happened last week, said the Rev. Richard A. [illegible] brand, head of New York's N.A.A.C.P. chapter, was "the explosion of a community resentment, deeply [illegible] in the absence of respect on the [illegible] of Harlem citizens for the cop on [illegible] beat, whom they see in far too many compromising situations."

One of the major demands [illegible] by Negro leaders last week was [illegible] more Negro cops in Harlem—the [illegible] is 1 Negro policeman to 6 white. [illegible] cally, the proportion of Negroes [illegible] once much higher, but civil rights [illegible] ers complained that if white police [illegible] patrol Harlem, Negro police ought [illegible] patrol white neighborhoods, and [illegible] York's civil-righteously sensitive Dem[illegible] cratic city fathers dutifully scattered [illegible] Negro cops around the city.

Unbreakable Cycle. The cops a[illegible] the cloudy issue of "police brutal[illegible] were last week's headline material. [illegible] Harlem's problems go much deep[illegible] "The most dangerous creation of [illegible] society is that man who has nothing [illegible] lose," wrote James Baldwin in *The F[illegible] Next Time*, and Harlem abounds [illegible] such men. They have neither jobs, [illegible] homes worth living in, nor an ed[illegible] tion. The tragedy of Harlem is that [illegible] another generation of such men is be[illegible] bred because they cannot break out [illegible] the vicious cycle of the ghetto: [illegible] schooling, leading to a low-paying [illegible] or no job at all, leading to housing [illegible] a rundown neighborhood, leading [illegible] to poor schooling for the children.

There are 50,000 Negroes on [illegible] York City's civil service rolls, and [illegible] city has one out of every nine work[illegible] Negroes on its payroll. But Negro [illegible] employment runs twice as high in [illegible] lem as elsewhere, and most of the [illegible] that are open pay bare subsist[illegible] wages. "You go down to the emp[illegible] ment agency, and you can't get a job," says one Negro. "They don't have a job for you." Automation heightens the problem, throwing thousands of [illegible] vator operators, ditchdiggers and [illegible] termen out of work.

Negro politicians stir passions [illegible] they point out that 80% of Harlem [illegible] businesses are owned by whites [illegible] do not live there. Most of them [illegible] Jews, and here are the sparks of [illegible] lem's blazing anti-Semitism. The [illegible] is that some of Harlem's most flo[illegible] ishing enterprises are run by black [illegible] lionaires who don't live there [illegible] but at least they are black. "If we [illegible] unable to bring about an orderly tra[illegible] fer of business from whites to Negr[illegible] in Harlem, it will be done one way [illegible] the other," thunders James Law[illegible] president of the United African [illegible] tionalist Movement, head of the H[illegible] lem Council for Economic Deve[illegible] ment and a thoroughgoing demagog[illegible] What Lawson means is clear. Last [illegible] half a dozen Negro punks [illegible] a husband-and-wife clothing store [illegible] 125th Street, got into an argument [illegible] stabbed the wife, Mrs. Magit [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

death with a double-edged dirk. Law- said that the store, once worth ,000, could now be bought from dis- solate Frank Sugar, a Hungarian ...ge, for $150. Similar "expropria- ...," he predicts, will take place if ...ies do not sell out to Negroes.

Relief Pets. Anger over Harlem's ...sing took concrete shape last fall, rabble-rousing Jesse Gray's "rent ...ike." All told, Gray claimed that ...0 tenants from 325 buildings re- ...ed to pay their rent because their ...lords had failed to rout the rats, ...in the swampy basements and plug ... holes in the walls and ceilings. ...ayor Wagner lent his support by or- ...ing a new drive against "slumlords," ...the Buildings Department, with a ...cklog of 250,000 complaints, is still ...owed under.

While the tenements steadily decay, ...arlem's housing situation is looking ...e in other ways. The city, hoping to ...erse the middle-class exodus by of- ...ing more attractive quarters, has ...opted a three-pronged program of ...unicipal loans for rehabilitating ex- ...ing houses, public projects and pri- ...te developments. Under the rehabili- ...ion program, it has handed out ...,000,000 in 20-year, 4% loans since ...e beginning of the year to help land- ...rds to save whatever is worth saving, ...ecially the solidly built brownstones ...ttered throughout the area. Another ...,000,000 will flow in the near future. ...ith these loans," says Herbert B. ...ans, Negro vice chairman of the ...y's Housing and Redevelopment ...ard, "we can go into the lousiest ...rned area in the city and do some- ...ing. Some of these landlords have just ...t, and we've got to move in."

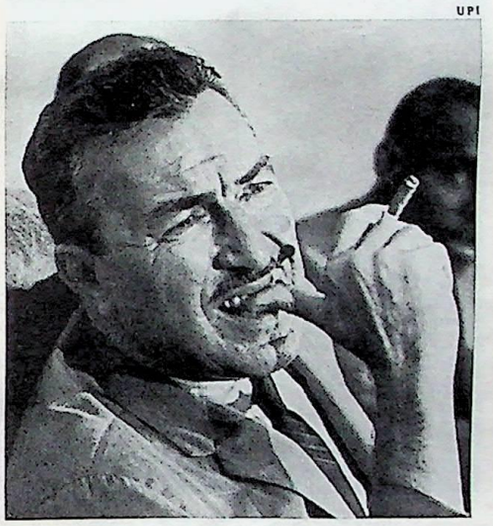
Not Near Enough. In the last 15 ...rs, some 25 public and private proj- ...s have been launched in Harlem at a ...st of $370 million, providing space ...r 84,000 people. Some are in the ...nning stage, such as a $30 million ...velopment for 7,440 people on the ...e of the Polo Grounds, which started ...n as a playground for Manhattan's ...my set and later became one for ...seball's horsehide set. But this is still ...where near enough. For all the gripes ...y Negro intellectuals about the esthetic ...tcomings of the projects, applica- ...ns outnumber acceptances 9 to 1, and ...n in costlier developments like Len- ... Terrace, a $40-a-room private ven- ..., there is a long waiting list.

Critics complain that the projects ...e out small businessmen, leave slum ...llers with nowhere to go, and per- ...ate the ghetto by "packaging" peo- ...e in huge, blocky buildings. While ...re is something to their complaint, ...e fact is that the projects are the best ...pe of luring back the professional ...ople, whose escape to the other bor- ...ghs and to the suburbs has robbed ...rlem of its middle-class backbone. ...ys Evans: "Harlem must have middle- ...come housing to hold its productive people. Too many have left for other areas. But it needs good buildings to hold its people. We've got to put something back into Harlem."

But that will take time, and the city's short-range solution for the Negro who is snared in the ghetto cycle is public assistance. Nearly a fourth of Harlem's people are on welfare, many under the Aid to Dependent Children program. Critics complain that the program encourages loose women to increase the monthly check by reproducing as often as possible. Whether this is true or not, there is certainly some chiseling. Some men leave home or are sent packing by their women so their families can qualify for ADC support.

Gang-Busters. New York City Welfare Commissioner James R. Dumpson, 52, a Philadelphia-born Negro, claims that only 275 cases of fraud were unearthed in 1963. Once, he said, welfare workers could not tell one Negro child from another and all the kids in the neighborhood ran from house to house, a few steps ahead of the social worker, to pad the rolls. But now his department workers demand birth certificates and school records.

UPI



CONGRESSMAN POWELL
Keeping whitey angry.

Dumpson also uses what he calls the Early Morning Visit, in which investigators charge into a woman's flat at 5 a.m. like gang-busters and, if a man is present, try to find out whether he is filching welfare money or dodging child support. Not surprisingly, some welfare workers object to the technique.

To many officials, the best hope of breaking the self-renewing jobs-housing-education cycle lies in the schools. By the time they reach sixth grade, Harlem's children are nearly two full years behind their classmates downtown. The dropout rate is 55%, and the children often as not wind up on the streets, for the unemployment rate among Negro teen-agers is 40%. These youths are the despair of Harlem, for they are, in a sense, living proof of its failure. "Look at those damned kids," snapped a Negro man as packs of teen-agers ran wild last week. "They won't listen to nobody. They won't listen to no damned thing."

Even so, says the Rev. Dr. M. Moran Weston, rector of St. Philip's Episcopal Church in Harlem, "there are a lot of natural leaders out on those streets. Somebody just needs to help them." Weston's church, for one, is helping by offering basketball and music, field trips and job placement services to 500 children a day. Some 150 social services are also at work in Harlem, spending as much as $10 million a year.

Into the Honey Pot. The most ambitious project of all is the three-year, $110 million HARYOU-ACT* program, partly supported with federal funds. It is the brainchild of Kenneth Clark, 50, a City College professor whose brief on the effects of discrimination helped shape the Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation decision. It envisions a network of community councils and organizations dedicated to fighting poverty and helping the ghetto's youngsters by setting up half a dozen businesses that will be run by some 3,000 teen-agers, after-school study centers for those with nowhere to go, job information and training centers handling 2,300 youths a year, preschool academies to get toddlers out of fetid tenements, and a crash remedial reading program for Harlem schools. "We've got to show them that hard work does pay off," says Clark, "even for Negroes."

There is a lot of honey in the HARYOU-ACT pot, though, and the politicians are already buzzing around it like bumblebees. Buzzing loudest is Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, who threatens to hamstring the venture unless he is given veto power over the choice of its executive director. The issue remains to be settled, but even if the program is not pork-barreled dry, it will be a long time in producing tangible results.

Uncle Tom. Among its many calamities, one of Harlem's severest is its politicians. "To get elected in Harlem," said New York State Assembly Candidate Percy Sutton, 43, "you have to prove you can talk tougher with the downtown whites than your opponent does. And you got to holler 'Uncle Tom' and a lot of other things." The result is a lot of noise and little of value to Harlem.

Where, for example, were Harlem's leaders last week? Its hero, its Congressman, and pastor of its huge, 10,000-member Abyssinian Baptist Church, Adam Clayton Powell, was in Switzerland and Washington, but not Harlem. "There's one good thing about Adam Clayton Powell," says one Negro. "He seems to make the Caucasians very angry." Harlem's only city councilman, J. Raymond Jones, was fresh back from

* Standing for Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited and the Associated Community Teams, a sort of Peace Corps for Harlem.

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

his Virgin Islands retreat, but he saw no reason to comment on the situation.

Fragmented Leadership. Even when they are on the scene, Harlem's leaders are quarrelsome and grasping. A few weeks ago, the Rev. Robert M. Kinloch, head of a largely paper outfit called the Independent Community Improvement Association, turned up to picket a 125th Street cafeteria to protest "the lack of a black face behind the counter." Suddenly the Rev. Nelson Dukes turned up to "mediate" in his capacity as head of the Blue Ribbon Organization for Equal Opportunity Now. The pickets shouted "Uncle Tom" at Dukes, and Kinloch complained, "This is *my* demonstration and *my* pickets."

The Black Nationalists, too, are split every which way. Spiritual heirs of that flamboyant fake Marcus Garvey, the Jamaican Negro who paraded through Harlem under a banner with a black star in the 1920s calling for a return to Africa, scores of outfits exist. There are Elijah Muhammad's Black Muslims and Malcolm X's offshoot Organization of Afro-American Unity, the Ethiopia Coptic Orthodox Mission and the House of Common Sense and Home of Proper Propaganda, which displays a sign advertising the book *The God Damn White Man*. All told, they probably have no more than 5,000 members.

Knocking at the Door. In every way Harlem is a used community. It is used by its leaders. It is exhausted by its few pleasures and impoverished by its vices. Hustlers, black and white, catch its people coming and going.

Black slumlords shout about the iniquity of white slumlords, and nobody knows that they themselves own tenements. Black runners collect numbers for white bankers, and black pushers sell dope for white gangsters. Black nationalists preach "buy black," then get drunk on whisky from a white man's store. Black preachers damn Jewish shopkeepers for overcharging black customers, then milk the blacks dry over the collection plate. Black Communists weep over the Negro's condition, then stir up riots in the hope that they will furnish a dead Negro martyr or two.

So it goes in Harlem, and so it will continue to go unless a stable and sensible leadership develops. There is justifiable fury in Harlem, but so many charlatans are scrambling to harness it to their own ends that it has become blurred and diffused. Should Harlem ever develop a selfless, home-grown leader, this much is certain: that fury will be aimed against whatever barriers of discrimination still exist, and it will take some costly resistance to keep them from falling. As a Negro patrolman on 125th Street put it, "You have to keep knocking on the door. If you don't knock, they won't hear you." In the long, hot summer of 1964, the question for New York and for every U.S. city with a Harlem of its own was: How hard would Harlem knock next time?

THE CONGRESS

Daily Double

Prosperity, especially if it really exists, is a splendid theme for an incumbent President to stress in his campaign for re-election. But how much nicer if he can also run against poverty, even if it's found only in pockets.

That prosperity *cum* poverty parlay is, of course, the election-year daily double that President Johnson hopes to have pay off, and last week he took a substantive stride in the direction of the cashier's window. After two days of stormy debate, the Senate cut Johnson's anti-poverty program by only $15 million, to $947.5 million, and passed it by a resounding roll-call vote of 62 to 33. Fifty-two Democrats and ten

UPI

SENATORS GOLDWATER & TOWER
Some people can't read English.

liberal Republicans voted for the measure, while eleven Democrats, mostly Southern, and 22 Republicans, led by Barry Goldwater, cried no.

As approved by the Senate, the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, under the proposed aegis of Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver, provides for a work-training program aimed at stemming the growing school-dropout population, a work-study program to help needy college students, a $340 million fund to aid localities in their own anti-poverty schemes, and money for rural-poverty loans and small-business loans. The only major Senate amendment was one introduced by Florida's Democratic Senator George Smathers. It was a sort of concession to states' rights forces, and gave Governors the power to veto youth-camp programs within their borders. Next action will come from the House, which is scheduled to report the Administration bill out of the Rules Committee this week. The prognosis was for much tougher going there than in the Senate.

In a spurt of uncommon activity, the Congress last week also:

▶ Passed, in the Senate, a $207 million pay increase for military perso... Most servicemen will get 2.5% ... hikes, but officers with less than ... years of service will get an 8.5% ... House passage is virtually certain.

▶ Passed, in the House, the most ... reaching land- and water-conserva... bill devised since the establishmen... the National Park Service in 1916. ... program provides the states with ... million annually for ten years. Mos... the money would be used for matchi... grants to encourage development ... outdoor recreational facilities. The ... now goes to the Senate, which may ... get around to it before adjournment.

▶ Passed, in the House, a $287.6 ... lion program to remedy the shortage ... trained nurses, of which the nation ... only 550,000. The money will go ... training schools and nursing stud... in need of scholarships or loans, in ... hope that the number of nurses ... thereby be increased to 680,000 ... 1970. The Senate will probably appro... the bill.

REPUBLICANS

Ozward & Onward

Like any other Sunday ham, Ne... nee Goldwater sat before the radio ... in his Phoenix home, chatting amia... with people across the nation. Fin... he signed off reluctantly, explaining ... he had to "go back to the Land of O... Washington, D.C."

His first post-convention vica... breather was over, and indeed th... was much campaign wizardry to b... brewed before November. Oz-bou... early last week, Barry's plane stop... at Chicago, and in a press confere... Goldwater defended his controver... quote: "Extremism in the defense ... liberty is no vice."

It did not, he said, mean he condon... extremist groups that worked towa... "the overthrow of the Government" ... and, in fact, "did not apply to politica... philosophy at all." Insisted Goldwate... "It's the plainest English I ever used. ... I just think some people can't read th... English language, and I feel sorry fo... them when they can't see the fence ... around that sentence."

Blaming Bobby. When someo... asked about the John Birch Soci... Barry retorted, "Cite me one exam... of extremism by the Birch Society." ... Barry was reminded that the soci... had adopted the thesis of its founde... president, Robert Welch, who wrote ... his book, *The Politician*, that Dwight ... Eisenhower was either a "mere stoog... or was "consciously serving the Co... munist conspiracy."

Barry fired right back. "I would ... that ignorant," he said, "but it certai... was within their constitutional rights ... do it." Well, not really. The Consti... tion guarantees no one the right to ... another individual—and if Eisenho... had chosen to, he could have ... Candymaker Welch with a libel ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...would have melted him down to ...anuts.

As for the summer's outbreak of civil ...hts street fights, Barry put the blame ...Bobby Kennedy. "We would not be ...ving the trouble we are having today ...the cities if we had an Attorney ...eneral who was not always trying to ...moderate and would go on and ap... ...the law," he said. Asked if he didn't ...k that civil rights leaders were right ...their militant—and nonmoderate— ...suit of justice, Goldwater said: "No, ...use you see we have a law on the ...oks, and if it were adequately en... ...ced, a solution to the civil rights ...blem would be forthcoming."

Once in Washington, he found 500 ...ited fans waiting at the rain-swept ...port. But as Barry began to speak, ...ht leather-lunged clods from George ...incoln Rockwell's American Nazi Par... ...set up a howl. Goldwater's fans ...warmed around the agitators from ...ockwell's zoo and a fist fight broke ...ut. Goldwater cried: "Let them go! ...s really pitiful what young people ...an do in this country if they have ...othing else to do—but it's their con...stitutional right."

Welcome Assaults. The next day Bar... ...drew another assault that might yet ...elp him. In Warsaw to celebrate the ...th anniversary of Communism in Po...land, Nikita Khrushchev said that Bar... ...was trying "to enter the White House ...nder the slogans of anti-Communism ...nd belligerent threats."

Goldwater turned up on Capitol Hill ...r only one session during the week ...nd surprised no one by voting against ...e Johnson Administration's poverty ...ill. He was already on record in a ...ashing Senate Labor and Public Wel...fare Committee minority report, draft... ...d in tandem with Texas Republican ...ohn Tower that labeled the poverty ...ill "an attempt to reap political re...wards," and he accused Johnson of ...ying to sell "almost exact replicas of ...programs that were tried by the New ...Deal during the Depression."

Barry spent most of his week at his ...Washington apartment, where he began ...o tinker with the machinery that would ...propel his $15 million campaign for the ...Presidency. Among other things, he de... ...ided to kick off the campaign with a ...mid-August speech in his "lucky town" ...Prescott, Ariz., where he launched ...oth of his successful Senate campaigns.

Breakaways from Barry

In San Francisco, Barry Goldwater ...drew out a dare to his party's dissi...dents. "Anyone who joins us in all sin...cerity, we welcome," said Goldwater ...in his acceptance speech. "Those who ...do not care for our cause we do not ...expect to enter our ranks in any case."

By last week there was a fair number ...of Republicans who obviously had mis...laid their credentials of sincerity for ...Barry's cause. Among them:

▶ New York's Republican Senators Kenneth Keating, who is up for re-election this year, and Jacob Javits, whose term lasts until 1969. Warning of "ominous indications" that Goldwater would "exploit the 'white backlash' in the North and appeal to the dying old social order of segregation in the South," Javits said: "I am and will remain a Republican, and will not bolt the party, and will not support President Johnson—but I must in conscience withhold my support from the national Republican ticket." Keating, who is running scared even though the Democrats have not yet named his opponent, said: "I'm going to campaign on my own issues and avoid attacking other people on the ticket." But both Javits and Keating left the door open for supporting their party's nominee if he "satisfactorily" explains his views to them.

AP

SENATORS DIRKSEN & KEATING
Some would come to the milk pan.

▶ Maryland's Senator J. Glenn Beall, 70, who is up for re-election, and Baltimore's Mayor Theodore McKeldin, whose term runs until 1967. Beall wants Goldwater's interpretation "from his own lips" of "our party's platform"; McKeldin wants him to do something "to modify the widespread interpretation of his stands."

▶ Maine's Governor John Reed, along with the state's second-term Representative Stanley Tupper who, after a denunciation of extremism, said: "I feel relieved I've taken this stand. At least I can live with myself."

▶ Pennsylvania's ten-term Representative James G. Fulton, who comes from a labor-heavy south Pittsburgh district, who said: "I am taking my stand because I have to shave myself every morning."

Hearing of the dissidents, Goldwater himself reacted in casual fashion. Said he: "That's their own choice to make. I'm sorry they feel that way." Other Goldwater supporters seemed even less worried. Old Ev Dirksen, for one, talked about a "healing process," predicted that the breakaways would eventually "come to the milk pan." Concluded he: "These things have come and gone in our political history. You're bound to lose some, but I don't *think* it means much."

DEMOCRATS

"I Was the Instrument"

Alabama's Governor George Wallace for weeks has been bursting with tall talk. After his surprising performances in presidential primaries in Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland, Segregationist Wallace announced that his name would be entered on the ballots of at least 16 states in the November election. He hoped that he might win enough electoral votes to force a sort of "coalition" government with one of the major parties—one in which he would be given power of review over Supreme Court appointments and assurance that never again would civil rights leaders "set foot in the White House." But last week, as abruptly as he had entered, Wallace withdrew as a presidential candidate.

Still he stayed as cheeky as ever. "My mission has been accomplished," he said in a television interview. "My purpose was to help conservatize both national parties. Today we hear more talk of states' rights than we have heard in the past quarter-century. I was the instrument through which the message was sent to the high councils of the parties."

Actually, when faced with a choice between Barry Goldwater, a conservative with a chance, and George Wallace, a racist with none, Wallace's supporters had started deserting him in droves. In Atlanta, where 100,000 had been expected to hear him speak, only 10,000 turned out. Even good friends joined in jumping the sinking ship. Georgia's ex-Governor Marvin Griffin, who had been helping to organize the Wallace-for-President campaign, now announced he would vote for Goldwater.

As for Goldwater, he insisted that there had been no deal with Wallace. But Barry could hardly be anything but cheerful about Wallace's withdrawal. In San Francisco, he had already admitted that the Wallace campaign was "something to be concerned about." If the Republican nominee "can't get his foot in the door in the South," said Barry, "he is not going anyplace." Wallace, he said, "has strength where I have strength."

In the wake of the Wallace withdrawal, Alabama Republicans claimed, with some justification, that Goldwater would not only carry the state but would carry some Republican Congressmen along with him. In Mississippi, Tom Garrott, a longtime member of the state Democratic executive committee, began cranking up a Democrats-for-Goldwater movement. Throughout the South, Gallup and Harris polls agreed, a Wallace candidacy would have cost Goldwater 12% of the vote, Johnson 7%.

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

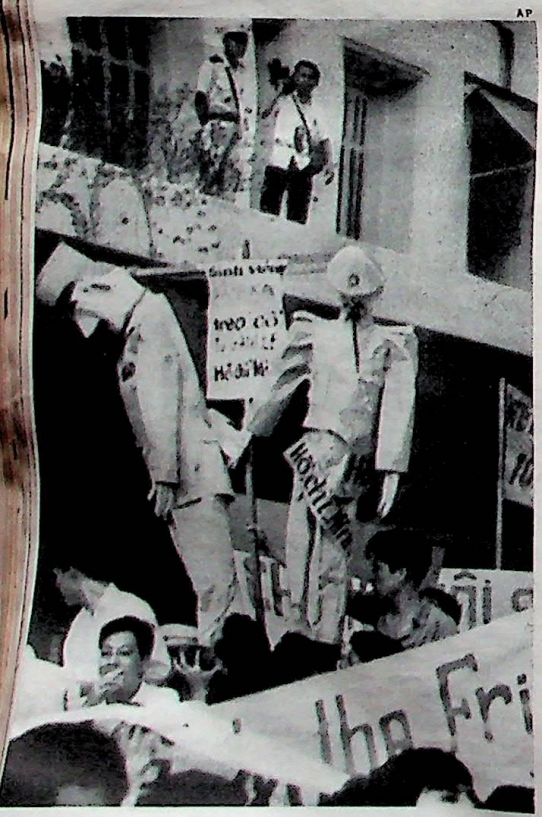
FRANCE

The Prophet Heard From

A De Gaulle press conference has been described as a series of answers to which reporters are supposed to think up the questions. Even when the presidential monologue fails to offer any new "answers," the world has learned to listen. De Gaulle's latest appearance before the assembled press at the Elysée Palace, his first in six months, was as usual full of imperious generalities, lofty self-justification, and barbs for friend and foe. Since De Gaulle wears history well, and knows it, the occasion also offered some fairly startling historical silhouettes.

• U.S. ROLE. World War II, said De-Gaulle, had produced two superpowers, the U.S. and Russia. But America's sole conduct of Western policy was now a thing of the past, for, with economic and military reconstruction, "Europe emerges as an entity capable of living its own life." Naturally, he went on, "it must preserve an alliance with America. But the reasons which made Europe less an ally than a subordinate are disappearing one after another." Europe must now assume its share of responsibility; this should only please the U.S., for, the implication was clear, things were just getting too much for the Americans. "Whatever America's wealth, its power, its good intentions, the multiplicity and complexity of the problems are such that henceforth they outstrip, perhaps dangerously, its means and capacity."

AP



DE GAULLE EFFIGY HANGED IN SAIGON
Down with neutralism!

• EUROPE. With the two superpowers no longer so super, Europe "should have an independent policy . . . Gauls, Germans, Latins, many of them cry: 'Let us create Europe.' But which Europe? For us French, the Europe should be a European Europe." That tautologous definition turned out to be a label for De Gaulle's familiar vision of a loose assemblage of nationalist states. Sarcastically he dismissed the more ambitious hopes of European federalists for a European executive and parliament. Then De Gaulle fixed an accusing eye on West Germany because it "does not yet believe that Europe's policy should be European and independent"—meaning that Chancellor Ludwig Erhard is tied too tightly to U.S. apron strings.

• DETERRENT. De Gaulle was happy to bring the world up to date on the state of France's fledgling atomic air force: "The first unit will be operational this year. In 1966 we will have sufficient Mirage IV planes and refueling aircraft to be able to transport over several thousand kilometers projectiles whose total explosive power is greater than 150 Hiroshima bombs." He did not add that all this would be impossible without airborne refueling tankers that are to be supplied by the U.S., nor that, as an air force staff colonel disclosed last week, the primitive French bomb will crowd the Mirage considerably: it is more than half as long as the plane's fuselage.

• VIET NAM. De Gaulle was at his most annoying on the subject of Southeast Asia, for which he once again proposed neutralization. He reviewed some background in particularly acid terms. When the French left Indo-China in 1954, "the Americans arrived with their aid, their policy. At that time the Americans were offering themselves everywhere in the world, considering themselves invested with the burden of defense against Communism. I believe that one can add, without hurting our American friends, that their sense of vocation, and also their aversion to all colonial activity which was not theirs, led them to take the place of France in Indo-China."

De Gaulle made it sound as if Americans had wanted to move into the Indo-Chinese mess—and not, as was really the case, that the U.S. entered the scene with great reluctance to salvage something from the mess left behind by the disastrously defeated French. In any case, "it does not appear there can be a military solution in South Viet Nam," declared De Gaulle, and the best thing the U.S. could do would be to sit down with France, Red China and Russia, and work out a political deal for the whole area.

President Johnson promptly and firmly rejected the notion: "We do not

REPORTERS ASSOCIES

DE GAULLE AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Down with the superpowers?

believe in a conference called to ra terror." A few days before, a Sai crowd had anticipated that answer, mob of angry students invaded French embassy in Saigon, smash furniture and ripping the official from the entrance. "Down with Fra Down with De Gaulle! Down w neutralism!" they shouted. Then t hanged De Gaulle in effigy, alongsi figure representing North Viet Na Ho Chi Minh.

SOUTH VIET NAM

To the North?

"He is getting to be a puppet pulls its own strings." So runs the joke in Saigon. South Viet Nam's mier Nguyen Khanh, not exactly American puppet, certainly is the N namese leader in whom the U.S. shown its greatest confidence, and whom it has placed its highest hop Last week, Khanh moved well ahead official U.S. policy by saying, in effe that the war against the Reds cannot won so long as it is restricted to south, that the only solution is to m against North Viet Nam.

At a rally marking the "Day of N tional Shame," the tenth anniversary the Geneva accords partitioning Nam, Khanh told 60,000 of his coun men: "This is not only an urgent peal of a million refugees from north, nourishing the dream of liber ing their native land. This is not the ardent wish of thousands of fam in the south with relatives who went the north. This is also the fervent of the religious sects, and of the dents . . . The push northward [is] appropriate means of fulfilling our tional history." Then the little gene led the throng in loud shouts of *tien!*" ("To the north!")

Tough Talk. Lower-echelon offic took up the cry. A government decla tion urged that the war be pressed til total victory liberates our whole tional territory." Toughest talk of

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

from Khanh's air force command-mustachioed Commodore Nguyen Ky, who packs a bone-handled six-ter in a Texas-style holster. At a conference, Ky embarrassed his advisers by openly confirming that three years South Vietnamese sabo-teams have been slipping into the on the ground and by air. "I my-dropped special-forces units into th Viet Nam," boasted Ky. Actual-his disclosures added little to what already known. The raids were be-under Diem, with U.S. approval, apparently are continuing sporadi-but with scant success.

Ky also argued that his air force ld be allowed to "attack the north even Communist China," claimed 30 of his pilots are getting jet train-although the Vietnamese air force not yet have any jet aircraft. Said "We are ready. We could go this rnoon. I cannot assure that all North t Nam would be destroyed, but Ha-would certainly be destroyed."

One flustered American adviser at the s conference hastily suggested that haps Ky did not have a complete mand of English. But Ky's words e clear enough, as were Khanh's.

Brass to Brass. Surprised and uneasy, U.S. Ambassador General Maxwell Taylor paid a brass-to-brass call on nh, firmly reminded him that he s out of line with American policy. nh, in effect, replied that he was ciating South Vietnamese policy, U.S. policy—a specious argument, e no South Vietnamese thrust rward could possibly succeed with-massive U.S. involvement.

was, of course, the U.S. itself that months ago started making threat-g noises about moving north. But n U.S. military men in South Viet consider this possibility, they usu-think of limited air strikes against efully chosen targets. U.S. officers still convinced that there simply no easy, dramatic formulas for ory in Viet Nam. The primary ef-t must be to win in the south, they and Khanh must drastically im-ve his army's fighting ability before posing a contest with Ho Chi Minh's midable northern battalions.

That point was well illustrated last k when the Viet Cong guerrillas k punishingly across the Mekong a. For the umpteenth time, an y battalion hurrying to relieve an ost under attack—this time 120 s south of Saigon—walked into an ush in broad daylight.

Open Flanks. From a U.S. Army pi-who was flying a spotter plane over e scene came a chilling account of t Cong proficiency. According to geant Ben Munsey of Manchester, H., the guerrillas were so well hid-n that he flew 30 feet over their s without seeing them. "Suddenly foliage seemed to get up and run, aling Viet Cong in black pajamas camouflaged helmets running across soggy paddies," said Munsey. In five minutes the Viet Cong dashed nearly 1,100 yards, cut off the road. The army troops dispersed into a swamp, but as they did, another guerrilla column turned up at their rear. The government toll: 26 dead, 60 wounded, 136 missing, including a U.S. Army sergeant.

Privately, U.S. advisers bitterly complained that the Vietnamese often just won't post sufficient flank guards to avert ambush. In the Mekong River village of Caibe, the Reds attacked a military dependents' compound, and 16 women and 24 children were killed in the crossfire—one of the worst tolls of civilians thus far in the war.

Against this kind of enemy, argue the Americans in Saigon, an even greater military effort must be made in the south, including a more effective draft: thousands of able-bodied civilians are still lounging about Saigon. But Khanh can reply that, no matter what he tries to do in the south, the war can hardly be won so long as the north not only infiltrates men and matériel into his country, but provides ideological and strategic guidance to the guerrillas.

CIVILIAN DEAD IN VILLAGE OF CAIBE
Up came the foliage.

ITALY

Till the Next Crisis

If it hadn't been so hot, Italians might have noticed that a new government—their 25th since 1943—had been sworn in somewhere in the middle of last week. If it had been a new government, that is. As it was, *Dio mio*, there wasn't much to notice except the hottest summer in a decade. And storm warnings that a full-scale political crisis might be on the way.

Christian Democrat Aldo Moro, 47, the patient bureaucrat, was Prime Minister again. Socialist Pietro Nenni, 73, was Deputy Prime Minister again. In fact, all but two of the 26 Cabinet ministers were back in office, the same four-party center-left coalition still controlled the Cabinet, the same battles were still being fought among the coalition partners. So what else is new?

The Christian Democrats and Socialists who dominate the coalition had still not resolved the differences that kept them split during the previous six-month center-left government. The Christian Democrats want to pull out all stops to check Italy's 6% inflation, with tight wage and credit controls. The Socialists want to combine a milder anti-inflation program with a five-year economic development plan and an urban land-expropriation scheme to halt speculation and build low-cost housing. Unable to resolve the differences, the two parties buried the alternatives: essentially, the new government's program provides for neither sweeping stabilization nor foreseeable development and reform.

Ideology & Ambitions. Moreover, in the 26 days between Cabinets, neither Moro nor Nenni had been able to heal the internal breaches that weakened their parties. Nenni, once a dogmatic Marxist and longtime partner of the Communists, in recent years has been leading his Socialist Party toward the social democracy espoused by Britain's Labor Party. But the way was bitterly blocked by the hard-line Marxist minority in the party's far left. In recent weeks Nenni, as party president, decided to crack the whip, managed to isolate his leftist opposition, even got control of Avanti, the party newspaper —and last week wrote a boldly anti-Communist editorial. But this courageous move cost him heavily: seven

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

party leaders bolted, more threatened to bolt.

As for Prime Minister Moro, who leads one of the most insignificant factions of the Christian Democratic Party —and is Prime Minister only because he represents the most inoffensive compromise between the others—got absolutely nowhere in his battle to control the whole party. Just the reverse. Because the Christian Democrats' factions are split by ambitions rather than ideology, several top party members are gunning for him. Among them: ex-Premier Armintore Fanfani, Treasury Minister Emilio Colombo, who heads the faction that includes President Antonio Segni.

40 Factions. Moro could not resolve even the relatively minor issue—Parliament's rejection of his proposed $238,000 aid package to private schools—which brought down his last harried government. Still divided, the new government has handed the project over to technicians for "comprehensive" study.

In fact, the only reason Moro's new government was returned to power was that, in the intricate scheme of Italy's nine political parties and the 40 factions boiling within them, no other coalition seemed possible. The only other alternative, calling new nationwide elections, was dismissed for two reasons: most parties are still broke from last year's campaign, and with both inflation and unemployment rising, the democratic parties are afraid that elections might lead to dangerous Communist gains.

But new elections may be coming anyway. Some economists believe that Italy will be hit by a major crisis around Christmastime unless Moro gets a firm hold on the economy. Such a crisis, or even a minor crisis like a school-aid bill, could well topple the Cabinet again, and might force President Segni to call the elections no one (except possibly the Reds) really wants.

AFRICA

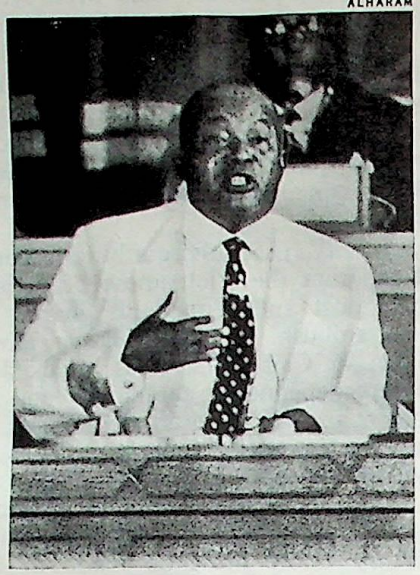
Devil's Advocates

What were those noises emanating from the upper right-hand corner of Africa last week? To the aligned, non-African ear, they sounded suspiciously like self-criticism. The chiefs of state, gathered in Cairo for the second annual summit of the Organization of African Unity, laid their doubts on the line in a manner that would have done credit to a convention of devil's advocates.

Timely Reference. Most forthright was chunky, acerbic Philibert Tsiranana, rightist President of the Malagasy Republic (formerly Madagascar). "All I hear," he told his uneasy listeners, "is blah, blah, blah. We all talk too much, and we must purge ourselves of this disease." In the course of his own 85-minute harangue, President Tsiranana offered purgatives for a few other African diseases.

"Beware of raising armies," Tsiranana

ALHARAM



MADAGASCAR'S TSIRANANA
"Blah, blah, blah!"

warned, "for they can overthrow us. Beware of visiting African delegations that come to enjoy your hospitality and praise you to your face, but stir up insurrection behind your back." To the nervous titters of such practitioners of insurrection as Algeria's Ahmed ben Bella and Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, he took a cut at that African holy of holies, nonalignment. "We all say we are neutral, but we all favor anybody who helps us," Tsiranana said. "If you ask me the truth, I'll say *mais oui,* I am allied." Then he hit home with a telling blow: "We all regret Patrice Lumumba's death, but who amongst us has not executed opponents? Have you never signed an order to execute one of your rivals?" The reference was particularly timely, for vociferous objections advanced by some O.A.U. members had prevented the Congo's embattled Premier Moise Tshombe from attending the Cairo conference, partly on the

GEORGE DE CARVALHO

TANGANYIKA'S NYERERE
"Petty peevishness!"

grounds that he had acquiesced in the murder of Lumumba.

Balkanized Continent. Tsiranana, of course, was denounced as a neocolonialist stooge. Next on the list of outraged orators was Ghana's leftist Kwame Nkrumah. In a two-hour [illegible] through his customary wood [illegible] Redeemer threw some insights into Africa's darker thickets. As it now exists, he said, Africa consists of "economically unviable states, which bear no possibility of real development." Nkrumah warned against the continent's "Balkanized nationalism." All true enough, but Nkrumah's solution was his usual panacea—a union government with guess who as President.

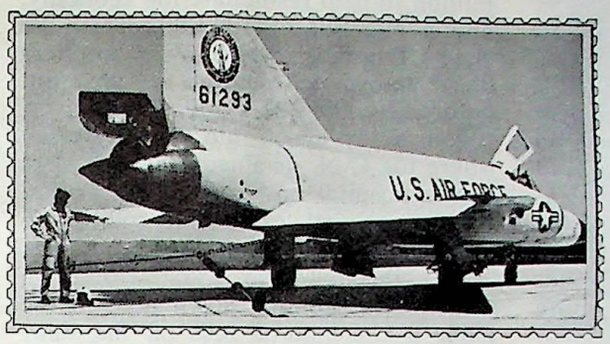
The delegates easily dismissed the Nkrumah proposal of instant unification as wholly unrealistic. They reacted more strongly when Nkrumah struck out at the O.A.U.'s "liberation committee," a nine-man group that coordinates and finances the activities of some 16 separate "freedom fighter" organizations aimed at freeing the African nations still controlled by white minorities. Blasting the committee for its "inexcusable" failure to make effective use of Egyptian and Algerian military experience, Nkrumah cried: "We have watched the plight of our kinsmen in Angola, Mozambique, Southern Rhodesia and South Africa. We have frightened the imperialists sufficiently to strengthen their defenses, but not enough to make them abandon *apartheid* and white supremacy."

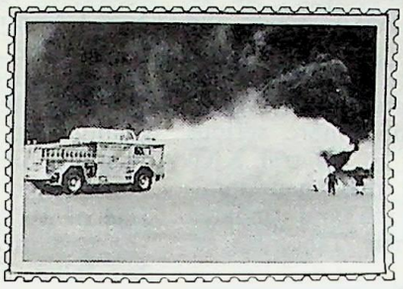
For the present at least, Kwame Nkrumah was right: Angola's tiny rebels have been fought to a standstill during three years by a tough Portuguese force of 40,000 men who are not reluctant to plant mines in manioc fields. South Africa's large, bristling army and hard-handed Special Branch cops make any anti-*apartheid* activity tantamount to a career in jail. Only in the peanut-rich enclave of Portuguese Guinea is a black nationalist rebellion doing well, but not one really believes that this matters a great deal.

More Practice. Still, Nkrumah's words were fighting words, and they drew the wrath of Tanganyika's Julius Nyerere. Reading in clipped English, his head snapping in angry gestures, Nyerere wondered at the "curious imagination of "the Great Redeemer." Ghana, he pointed out, had paid nothing to the liberation committee. Yet Nkrumah budgets $5,600,000 a year for "African affairs," which is nothing more than a slush fund to finance opposition groups in other African countries. Nkrumah, charged Nyerere, was acting out of "petty peevishness," because Ghana had not been invited to join the liberation committee. Moreover, Nkrumah's grandiose union scheme merely was a device to block anyone else's more modest but more realistic plans. Delegates began to applaud, and soon Nkrumah himself started clapping.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri





Bliss helps make the world a little safer

Life's a little safer the world over because of Bliss equipment. Bliss-Eagle Signal systems smooth traffic in cities like Sydney, Australia; Santiago, Chile and Tokyo, Japan, while Bliss-Rockwood foam equipment protects the world's great airports and helps make landings safer for crippled transports. Bliss arrestors now stop military jet overruns. Tomorrow, they'll do the same for commercial airliners. And when fire strikes there's the familiar Bliss-Gamewell firebox on the corner, ready to transmit an instantaneous alarm. Wherever cities are growing and modernizing, you're likely to find Bliss technicians helping solve public safety problems. There are resident Bliss representatives in 54 countries, and manufacturing plants in the United States, Canada, England, France, Israel and Australia. Wherever you are, you're not far from Bliss.

E. W. BLISS/International
CANTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

ROLLING MILLS • METALWORKING PRESSES • MILL ROLLS • CAN-MAKING MACHINERY • FIRE PROTECTION EQUIPMENT
TRAFFIC CONTROL SYSTEMS • INDUSTRIAL TIMERS & COUNTERS • AEROSPACE PRODUCTS

BLISS

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

kept it up while being tongue-lashed by the Tanganyikan.

In the end, the O.A.U. made a few practical decisions: Addis Ababa, where the organization was founded a year ago, was named as its permanent headquarters, and delegates settled on Guinea's U.N. ambassador, Diallo Telli Boubacar, as their first secretary-general. It was a modest underlining of the conference's most persistent theme. As Nyerere put it: "What we need is not more preaching about unity, but more practicing of unity."

THE CONGO

The Black Eagle & Other Birds

It was homecoming week for the hawks of the Congo. On foot and on bicycles, in rickety lorries or astride crimson farm tractors, some 6,000 of Moise Tshombe's former secessionist gendarmes came swarming out of their hideouts in the bush to march triumphantly through East Katanga's capital of Elisabethville. Another 2,000—still armed and under the command of white mercenary officers—waited in Angola, just on the other side of the Congolese border, for orders from the Congo's new Premier.

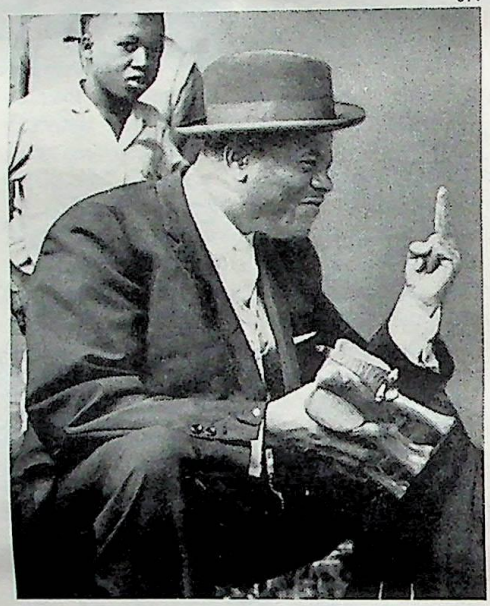
During the 13 months of his exile, Tshombe kept in close touch with his tough Katanga cops, paying those in Angola regularly and the boys in the bush when he could. It was well that he did, for he needs them now to stiffen the spine of the demoralized Congolese national army, which has been totally unable to quell Communist-encouraged tribal revolts in the eastern Congo. All it really takes to win a town is a long-distance telephone call. Usually when a rebel leader rings up his next target, the Congolese army contingent on hand flees before the rebels arrive.

Back to the Hospital. Meanwhile Tshombe received support of another kind. Into Leopoldville last week swooped a raptor well known to the gunrunners of the world: Colonel Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, 66, "the Black Eagle of Harlem." A dandified, fast-talking Negro of West Indian birth and U.S. citizenship, Julian first became involved in African military causes in 1930 when he personally destroyed one-third of the Ethiopian air force. Of course, it consisted of only three airplanes, one of which the Black Eagle managed to crash at the feet of Emperor Haile Selassie. After serving as an arms buyer for various Latin American countries, the Black Eagle showed up in the Congo, only to be arrested in 1962, then expelled by the United Nations for allegedly smuggling arms to Tshombe.

This time he brought something less dangerous: a set of goose-down pillows, "worth $75 apiece," for Tshombe's uneasy head. Explained the Eagle: "My wife didn't want his head resting on the same pillows as Adoula's." He also brought a mysterious offer of $500 million to help resuscitate the economy, and a due bill of $24,000, which he claims Tshombe owes him for "services of an undisclosed nature" in 1962. But before he could either collect or deliver, Julian had to check into the very place where the U.N. detained him two years ago: a hospital now run by the Danes. As the colonel explained, rolling up the leg of his elegant grey trousers: "I go through five wars without a scratch. But coming down here in the plane a Coke bottle falls off the stewardess' tray and wrecks my knee. If I weren't a darky, you'd notice the discoloration."

Task for a Prophet. While the Black Eagle treated his bruises, Moise Tshombe was busy inspecting more serious wounds. Off he flew to Central Kivu province where rebel tribesmen dominate an Iowa-sized area and threaten to spread even farther. Tshombe assured himself of a wild reception in the capital of Bukavu by lifting the "state of exception" and the tight 11 p.m. curfew. He responded to the enthusiasm by painting the future possibilities of Kivu tourism: "Many foreigners are waiting for peace to return here so that they can come to admire your flora and fauna."

UPI



JULIAN IN KATANGA (1962)
Hello, Moise!

More realistically, he conferred with a rebel lieutenant and promised to send a delegation to talk with the leader of the Kivu revolt, Leftist Emile Soumialot. But such are the petty rivalries among the rebel leadership that even if Soumialot were to sign a cease-fire, many doubt that he could make it stick. For all the hope Tshombe's appearance inspired in Kivu, an ominous mood underlay the superficially triumphant tour. One Kivu official bluntly warned Tshombe: "If you do not succeed, you are a false prophet." The Premier's bright grin disappeared for a moment. "You are so right," he said. "After me there is nothing."

INDIA

Too Many People, Too Little Food

On the office wall of Home M... Gulzari Lal Nanda is a map of ... that bristles with small flags, each ... resenting a town where there has ... serious unrest over the nation's gro... food crisis. Every week brings ... flags to the map: protest demonstra... in Bombay, a rampaging crowd in ... pur, looting of grain shops in ... India's Reds are busily preparing ... agitation" to exploit the food shor... Said Communist Party Chairman ... Dange: "A government that ... feed the people should quit."

At the heart of the problem is ... inability of India to expand food ... duction quickly enough to keep up ... a population that is increasing at ... rate of 10 million a year. For each ... the past three years, total food ou... has fallen below the 1960 level of ... million tons, and even in the case of ... improved rice crop, deliveries to ... sumers are off by more than 16%, ... ing to merchant hoarding and an in... cient marketing system.

Deep Discontent. The impact ... steadily soaring prices of rice and gr... India's staples, as well as those of ve... tables, eggs and cooking oil, is felt ... est by the urban dwellers, who ma... 18% of the population. A man and ... wife, both employees of the Kerala ... government at a combined wage of ... per month, well above India's aver... these days are forced to halve the fa... ily's milk consumption, cut out eggs ... tirely, and stretch the supply of ri... eating it in the form of soupy gru... Calcutta schoolteacher who make... gives his children two meals a day ... can afford to eat only once daily h... self. Worse off still is the hapless Bo... bay textile mill worker, who must o... spend by $6 monthly and make up ... deficit by borrowing from money le... ers at 9%.

The discontent of such people has ... the government to predict widespr... food riots soon. Food Minister C. S... bramaniam blames hoarding by w... salers for much of the trouble, decla... that some merchants have actu... bribed railwaymen to slow down fr... trains so that temporary scarcities ... force prices up in some critical ar... permitting them to make a killing. ... cently he warned wholesalers at Ha... abad: "If you do not discipline yo... selves, and continue exploiting the ... ple, the government will nationalize ... entire trade."

New Competitors. India's g... ment has already intervened subs... tially. In April, "food zones," inten... to confine the marketing of wheat ... rice within certain organized ... were initiated on Delhi's orders; ... have not worked because, say w... salers, the zones merely disrupte... normal patterns of trade. Next fa...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ernment will actually go into com-
tion with rice merchants by estab-
ing a state trading corporation that
buy up huge portions of the crop,
them at "fair" prices directly to re-
outlets.

Such bureaucratic tinkering, of
rse, will not get at the root of the
blem: the need to raise agricultural
ds through modern methods. The
's Ford Foundation and the Agency
International Development (AID)
begun pilot programs designed to
farmers better techniques. These
grams have increased production
matically in several small areas,
ly through the use of fertilizer, im-
ved seed, pesticides, credit and bet-
implements. But it will be years be-
e such programs can have national
pact in a country that doggedly re-
s change. Meanwhile, Delhi leans
rily on purchases of surplus wheat
m the U.S., which under the Public
w 480 program, has averaged 300,-
0 tons per month since 1960.

MALAYSIA

ok But Not Asunder

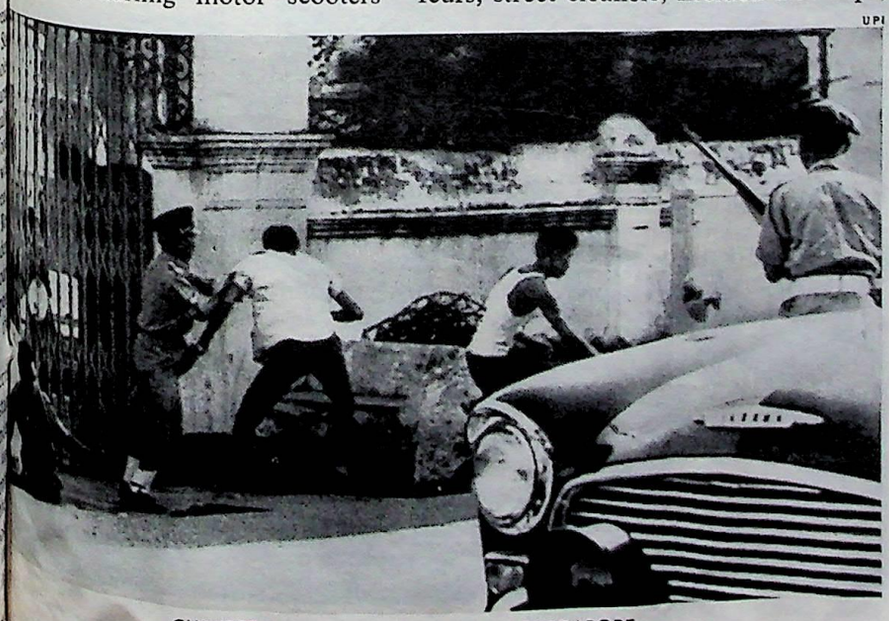
It was the Prophet's 1,394th year to
ven, and the Malay Silat of Singa-
re were bursting with birthday fervor.
e Silat are Moslem warriors who
r black sarongs and practice a
ce-like form of combat. About 100
them brought up the rear of a pro-
sion as it made its way last week
m Singapore's rambling old cricket
d through the center of town, when
Chinese traffic cop ordered them to
ten their ranks so as not to obstruct
ic. A few of the Silat knocked him
t, and in an instant the rest of the
lay crowd reminded everyone that
ok is a Malay word.

Quick Retaliation. Screaming *"Pukul
ina!"* ("Strike the Chinese!"), the
lays descended thousands strong into
ngapore's Chinese neighborhoods,
ring cars, hurling motor scooters
into drainage ditches, smashing shop windows, and trying the keen edges of their parangs on Chinese throats.

The Chinese were quick to retaliate. Abetted by members of the Triad Society, an illegal but ill-contained gang of Chinese extortionists, pimps, gunmen and gamblers, they took advantage of a break in the hastily imposed curfew to murder a few Malays. One had his head shattered by a hammer, another was scalped by the ragged edge of a broken bottle, and an Indian photographer was found with a cargo hook in his forehead. Before the week was out, 21 Chinese and Malays were dead, 454 injured, and the handsome, prosperous city itself had temporarily become a ghost town. Armored cars carrying cops and troops whispered through Singapore's old colonial arcades over streets covered by a snowfall of broken glass.

***Rumahs* Were Rife.** Singapore's violence has its roots in old racial antagonisms. When Sir Stamford Raffles founded the colony in 1819, there were virtually no Chinese on the sultry island. But since the native Malays were indolent, the British encouraged diligent, apolitical Chinese to come aboard, and today the city-state's population is 74% Chinese. The Malays kept to themselves in their rustic kampongs (villages), jammed into smelly, unlighted thatch-roofed *rumahs,* which were rife with disease.

Wealthy Chinese, on the other hand, built villas, staffed them with servants and concubines, and took charge of Singapore's economy with little opposition. With an annual per capita income of $450, Singapore today is the wealthiest city in Southeast Asia. But the Malays simply said *"Tida apa"* ("It doesn't matter"), and rationalized their lowly condition with the help of the Koran, which they interpret as condemning commercial endeavor. As a result, the Malays are largely chauffeurs, street cleaners, firemen and cops, while the bulk of the Chinese are shopkeepers or larger entrepreneurs.



UPI

CHINESE & MALAYS CLASHING IN SINGAPORE
Potentially, more dangerous than Sukarno.

AP

THE TUNKU AT WASHINGTON MOSQUE
Wanted, more than sergeants.

Out of Control. When the Federation of Malaysia, consisting of Singapore, Malaya, North Borneo, Sarawak and Brunei, was formed last September, the new nation gave a slight numerical edge to the Malays—42% of the 10 million population as opposed to 38% Chinese. The leader of Singapore's Chinese community, Lee Kuan Yew, was a firm backer of the multiracial federation. As Prime Minister (in effect, mayor) of Singapore, "Harry" Lee, though nominally a socialist, had kept Singapore wide open to free enterprise, and fought the Communists hard. At the same time, he did much to help the city's Malay minority. He became so popular in Singapore that in last fall's city elections his People's Action Party won handily over the Malay-dominated United Malaysia National Organization, the party of the federation's Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman.

Lee also challenged the Tunku's U.M.N.O. in national policies; while he did not get very far, the Malays resented it. Party polemicists, who were not encouraged by the Tunku but not sufficiently curbed by him either, falsely charged that Lee was pro-Communist, demanded his arrest, burned him in effigy. One leaflet distributed in Singapore bluntly advised: "Before Malay blood flows in Singapore, it is best to flood the state with Chinese blood." It was this sort of racist prodding that contributed to last week's violence.

Anything You Like. As Singapore's rioting subsided into sullen, sporadic outbursts, Prime Minister Abdul Rahman was still busy in Washington. To counter Indonesia's threat that it will "crush Malaysia"—which it probably

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

could do, thanks to Soviet aid in arms and training—the Tunku was seeking U.S. military assistance. Sukarno, said the Tunku, "is to us what Hitler was to Europe."

The U.S. is still determined not to bring about a complete break with Sukarno, and moreover believes that the defense of Malaysia is primarily a British responsibility, but President Johnson promised "anything you like from sergeants on up" in the way of military training. Moreover, he agreed to consider the Tunku's request for U.S. jets and helicopters.

But if Singapore's racial split widens to include the whole federation, not even airplanes will be any help. The feud between Malays and Chinese could then become a greater threat to the federation than Sukarno. To prevent all Malaysia from running amok, Lee and the Tunku called on all Malaysians to cooperate with the central government. "The first phase of the rioting is over," Lee said. "Our business now is to restore confidence. If order isn't restored, we'll all go mad."

COMMUNISTS

My Daddy Can Beat Your Daddy Several Centuries from Now

The ideological issue between Moscow and Peking, once so murky, was assuming an almost dazzling clarity.

Out last week were the latest statistics for Soviet industrial production, showing a 7¼% increase in the first half of 1964. Many Western experts suspect the real figure to be about 5%, but even if correct, it would be the smallest percentage increase claimed since 1942. The usual claim in recent years has been closer to 10%. The lag appears to be caused by crop setbacks, which affected the food production industry, and a sharp drop in the increase in productivity. To cope with this, Khrushchev talks more and more about providing greater incentives, only recently announced a 20% to 40% wage increase for some 18 million doctors, white-collar workers, teachers.

This is the kind of thing Nikita's rivals in Red China watch with growing suspicion. As Peking put it in its latest blast, a 24,000-word article in People's Daily: "A privileged bourgeois stratum has emerged in Soviet society." In fact, Khrushchev's "phony Communism" is restoring the "forces of capitalism" and substituting for the class struggle "the struggle for a good dish of goulash." It is the "Communism of the American way of life, and Communism seeking credits from the devil."

Western Russia- and China-watchers are carefully studying the attack, and Berlin Kremlinologist Richard Lowenthal concludes that, far from being merely another anti-Russian blast, it is in effect "Mao Tse-tung's ideological testament." For the document warns that the same sort of wicked reversion to capitalism that is happening in the Soviet Union could also happen in China. The Chinese party has had some cases of "degeneration," says the article, and there must be ceaseless vigilance to keep the newer generation of Chinese leaders from going soft, as the West hopes they will. Concluded Mao's testament: "A very long period of time is needed to decide who will win the struggle between socialism and capitalism. Several decades won't do it. Success requires anywhere from one to several centuries."

RED CHINA

Tourism for Ugly Imperialists

Every Friday morning, Pakistan International Airlines flight 750, a Boeing 720 jet, takes off from Dacca in East Pakistan and heads for Shanghai—the only major flight by a non-Communist airline into Red China. PIA has been making the run for three months, charging $428 for economy class round trip, and so profitable has it turned out to be that the airline is adding a second weekly flight. The Chinese Communists are using the Pakistani planes to open the door, at least a tantalizing crack, to Western business and tourist dollars.

Kits promoting the tourist pleasures of Forbidden China have been sent to thousands of travel agents. Chinese consulates now grant tourist visas in a startlingly quick three days. The result has been an increasing flow of travelers and fellow travelers from almost everywhere except the U.S. (neither Washington nor Peking will permit Americans to enter).

Kindergarten Quacks. Those who do get in are allowed to see only the carefully polished edges of China. For $30 a day, not including transportation, they are chaperoned by official guides over a neatly policed route that takes in six cities, including Peking, a few selected communes, schools, factories for those who are interested. The visits can be deceiving: one kindergarten class began a quacking song for the benefit of a French tourist. he recalls it, " 'How charming,' I thought, 'a song about ducks.' But then I learned they were singing something that sounded like *quan quoat quoat*, which means, more or less, 'Ugly imperialists, go home!' "

The London Daily Mail's Alan Macpherson, who went in on the first PIA flight, described the New China as "a land of spacious loveliness, cultivated down to the last inch, and criss-crossed with power lines." To tourists, the most vivid first impression is cleanliness—the result of a Communist Party drive to shame, cajole and organize the people into cleanup squads that left everything shining.

Bare Subsistence. Kitchens may be clean, but they are also bare. The people still subsist on cabbage and rice, although good harvests have ended the near famine of the early '60s. Soybeans and wheat are still rationed, but butter, cream and cakes are plentiful and cheap, and the stalls at the central markets are banked high with ornamental heaps of vegetables, meat, tiny eggs and fish. "China has not forgotten how to eat," one tourist was told by his guide. "Why has it forgotten how to cook—for those who can pay for it. The once-great cuisine of Peking has slipped badly." French TV Commentator Marcel Werther, who traveled 10,000 miles during six weeks in China, would not give even tourist-hotel tables a two-star rating in *Michelin*.

China's big city hotels are fairly good for tourists with hard currency, inexpensive (about $6 for a single room with bath). Most of the time the plumbing works, the hot water is

MAO TSE-TUNG RECEIVING STUDENTS
Threats of softness in the younger generation.

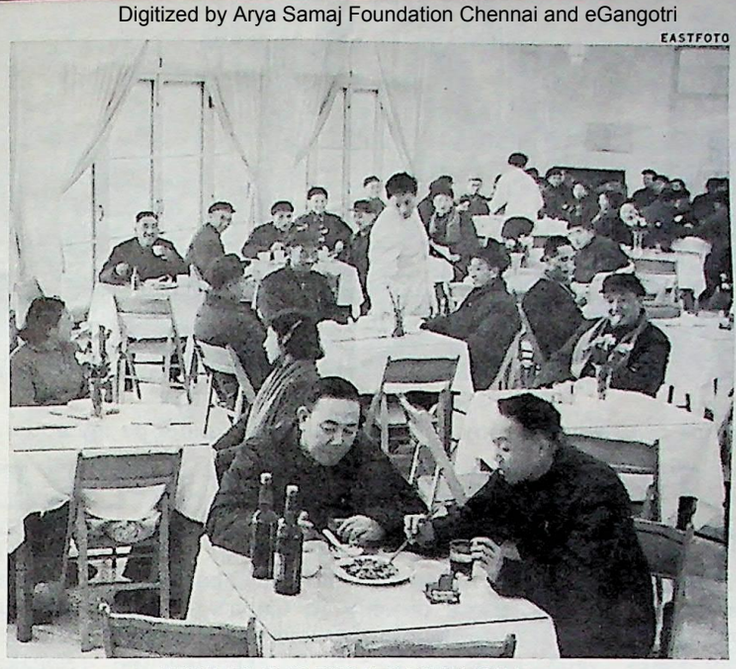
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

RENE BURRI

NANKING STREET SCENE

EASTFOTO



HOTEL DINING ROOM IN SHANGHAI

BOY & GIRL IN HANGCHOW*

Pasteurized prostitutes in a vast, songless plain.

t in winter, hotels in South China e poorly heated, and those in the rth are so overheated that guests ve to keep their windows wide open. the summer, only Canton's Yang- ng Hotel has air conditioning—and is turned on only between 5 and 10 m. Other hotels usually supply elec- c fans, but cut off all power every ght. Still, the service is excellent, and o scrupulously honest that most trav- ers never bother to lock their hotel om doors. In fact, it becomes almost ossible to get rid of anything. One rson tried to lose a hotel towel he d borrowed in Karachi, but it kept ppearing, wet and reproachful, at every departure from every Chinese otel. Finally, he claims, he had to rry it back to Karachi.

Rooftop Exercise. Despite China's ny wonders, Western visitors find the mosphere depressing. The cleanup mpaigns wiped out not only dirt but the rds, thereby turning China into a vast nonless plain beyond the worst dream the late Rachel Carson. News from e outside world is silenced, too, and ne lonely visitor said he felt as if he ere on a ship at sea without a radio. In the streets the Chinese are uni- rmly clad and often regimented; even e children usually march in ranks of ree or four. Early every morning, dio Peking broadcasts 15 minutes of ysthenics, and Chinese rush to parks, blic squares or their own rooftops follow the exercises. The physical ness cult is so strong that one trav- er reports watching a woman doctor t lowbox down a crowded street with- arousing even an inquiring glance. Night life is virtually nonexistent. ople is dancing until 11 p.m. at Pe- g's International Club, where a ll-loved bandleader leads the reeds rough *Red Sails in the Sunset* and oth- period pieces. Otherwise, there is y a handful of dreary hotel bars, ir offerings all home brews, includ- g several poisonous brands of "whis- ky." The Communists claim, with apparent truth, to have "re-educated" all prostitutes into other callings—to the extreme discomfort of hot-blooded Cuban delegations. A distressed Frenchman reports that once-bawdy Shanghai has been "almost pasteurized," its palatial *Grand Monde* brothel remodeled into an all-purpose amusement center in which ten operas are performed, simultaneously, in ten separate theaters.

"I often wondered how there could be a population problem," says French TV-man Werther. "One can see a boy and a girl walking side by side, but rarely arm in arm and never hand in hand." Some tourists can't even tell the boys from the girls: both sexes wear mannish haircuts and high-necked coveralls. One Pakistani visitor reports that bosoms are being "ruthlessly suppressed" to de-emphasize sex. Complains Werther: "I saw a woman's leg only twice. Nothing but pants."

Current Attractions. Propaganda, now directed almost as much against Russia as the West, is a constant nagging companion. Pamphlets in every major language are strategically placed in every hotel; from glass boxes on the streets stare the pictures and life stories of the latest Communist Heroes and Model Workers, and giant wall posters admonish the masses to "Meet Production Quotas Ahead of Schedule." Moviegoers see almost nothing but Chinese films, heavily propagandized. And China's ancient, superbly gaudy folk opera has been turned into the hardest of all Communist Party sells. Sample playbills during one recent Peking opera week:

People's Theater: *Busybody Li*, the story of an overeager woman on a commune.

People's Art Theater: *After the Bumper Harvest.*

Labor Theater: *Sentry Under the Neon Lights*, the story of how the "Good Eight Company" stood firm against the temptations of big city life in evil, immoral old Shanghai.

MONACO

Big Deal on Casino Street

The job took only three minutes. At 10:30 a.m., a *tiny grey Citroën delivery* truck double-parked in front of Clerc's jewelry shop, on the Place du Casino across from Monte Carlo's tourist-draped Hôtel de Paris. Three men in smocks, mountaineer hoods and submachine guns jumped out; one took station at the door. Inside the store, the smaller hood yanked the telephone wire and smacked an employee while the larger hood snapped a burst of bullets through the window of a display case.

As alarm bells rang, the two men coolly ladled a stream of gems into a black bag. "They heard the signal go off," said the shop's manager later, "but they didn't lose their *sang-froid*. They took only diamonds, emeralds and really precious necklaces. They chose well."

When a cop turned up, another of the gunmen cut him down *with two shots.* An onlooker intervened to help the wounded policeman, and one of the hoods said: "*Fous le camp* (Buzz off)." He did, and they did too. Several hours later, police found the stolen Citroën. In it were two Tommy guns, five pistols, two lead pipes, a grenade, and a lingering air of smug satisfaction.

Clerc clerks stayed up most of the night taking inventory of the stolen jewels—a task that was becoming routine, since this was the fourth time in a decade that the store had been hit. This time, though, the take was more than $2,000,000. That made the Monte Carlo jewel robbery the biggest ever pulled off in Europe. But the thieves would probably clear no more than $300,000 after breaking up the gems and paying commissions to middlemen. In Europe as elsewhere, good fences rarely make good neighbors.

* In background: stone sculptures guarding tomb of Yo Fei, general of the 12th century Sung Dynasty.

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PICTORIAL PARADE

FOREIGN MINISTERS IN WASHINGTON

"Is there any one of us who can say with assurance, 'It cannot be my country tomorrow'?"

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

"Stop, & Stop Now!"

The Organization of American States had rarely heard Secretary of State Dean Rusk speak in such urgent tones. "Today," he told the assembled foreign ministers in Washington, "it is Venezuela which is under attack. Is there any one of us who can say with assurance, 'It cannot be my country tomorrow'? So let us say to the Castro regime: 'Your interference in the affairs of other countries in this hemisphere must stop, and stop now!' "

Last week, the OAS issued precisely that warning. By a vote of 15 to 4 (Mexico, Chile, Uruguay and Bolivia voting against), the foreign ministers approved mandatory diplomatic and economic sanctions against Communist Cuba and passed a crucial resolution defining any future Castro subversion as outright "aggression." Henceforth, under the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance, no OAS member nation may maintain diplomatic relations with Cuba. All trade between Cuba and OAS members is banned, with the exception of basic foodstuffs and medicine. And any hemisphere nation that is threatened by Castro subversion is free to take up arms in self-defense against Cuba while summoning the other OAS states to come to its assistance.

Behind the Scenes. It was tough talk, and it wrote an end to a long, often exasperating campaign that has stretched over five years and five separate conferences. Latin Americans have been well aware of Castroite subversion and gun running. Yet if given a choice, they looked the other way, talked interminably about non-intervention, and administered only the mildest of wrist-slaps. This time, Cuba's Communists had been caught red-handed: a three-ton terrorist arms cache uncovered on a Venezuelan beach and traced directly to Cuban arsenals. The angry Venezuelans demanded strong action. The U.S. worked quietly behind the scenes to see that they got it.

Even so, it took weeks of patient negotiations to line up the required two-thirds majority to impose sanctions. Central American and Caribbean nations, those directly in Cuba's line of fire, were firmly for spiking Castro's guns once and for all. As expected, the unswitchable holdouts were the four countries still maintaining at least minimal economic and diplomatic relations with Cuba—Bolivia, Chile, Mexico and Uruguay.

Of them all, Mexico was the most adamant in its stand against sanctions and the most determined to vote against —even when 5,000 Cuban exiles staged a march down Washington's Constitution Avenue, shouting, chanting and waving placards ("OAS! Alert! Alert!" "Stop Playing with Cuban Blood"). Though the Mexicans have no love for Castro, Mexico is fiercely independent of anything that hints of U.S. pressure. Not only did Mexico refuse to give in, it even wangled an important concession; the Havana-Mexico City air route will remain open. "It exists mainly for humanitarian purposes," said Delegate Vincente Sánchez Gavito. "It is a way out of Cuba." Uruguay opposed a break for the same reason—to maintain its Havana embassy where some two dozen anti-Castro Cubans are currently in asylum. Chile's problem was its nip-and-tuck September 4 presidential election; a vote for sanctions might hand the presidency to a far leftist. As for Bolivia, President Víctor Paz Estenssoro has been winning his fight against his country's far leftists, but still did not feel strong enough to go along with the majority.

"Even on the Moon." When to sever relations, and how to police the trade embargo, were left up to each individual nation. It may be months before the four get around to giving Castro's diplomats their walking papers. Chile certainly will do nothing before the September elections; the Mexicans may refuse altogether. Nevertheless, the decisive vote was the first strong, clear action the OAS has ever taken on Cuba, and it is bound to do Castro incalculable harm around the hemisphere.

The bearded revolutionary obviously recognizes that fact, and all through the OAS meetings he did his best to soften the blow. For weeks a felicitous Fidel has been humming a sweet reconciliation tune to the U.S. Last week his violent little brother Raúl, boss of Cuba's armed forces, joined the chorus. Speaking to several U.S. newsmen invited over to view the July 26 celebrations, Raúl crooned that Cuba was ready to sit down and talk with the U.S. "anywhere, any time—even on the moon."

In the eastern city of Santiago, where Castro started his revolution, the visiting newsmen were treated to the kind of is-everybody-happy circus that Communists specialize in. Though the Cuban economy goes from bad to worse (this year's sugar crop may not equal last year's 3,800,000 tons, only half the record Castro harvest), Santiago restaurants were filled with food; bands played and carnival crowds were on parade. In good humor, Castro drove through the streets, chatted with local officials, even sidearmed a few baseballs to two of the reporters in a local stadium.

This week some 300,000 Cubans will obediently pledge allegiance to the Communist dictator. But that will be small gain now that he stands condemned as an aggressor and on sufferance notice to keep his revolution at home.

ARGENTINA

Mocking the Turtle

"Don't dust off that statue!" went the cartoon in an Argentine magazine. "That's the President himself!" Bitter jokes are beginning to revolve around President Arturo Illia, 63, the gentle country doctor who took office nine months ago. Illia's prescription was to sit back and hope that the rich land, wheat and beef would heal itself after 18 months of frenetic military rule. In the beginning most Argentines heartily agreed. Now, it seems, nothing is fast enough.

Business for *Cambios*. Government statistics are months behind, and are politically doctored to boot. Respected private economists, from whom Argentines often get their information, are alarmed at the way much of the economy is being allowed to deteriorate. Inflation is zooming in the country; the cost of living is up 25.6% in 1964, 5% last month. Unchecked bureau-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

featherbedding and other government spending is expected to leave the treasury with a gargantuan $800 million debt by the end of the year, highest in Argentine history. The official peso rate is still 83 to the dollar, but only because of heavy government support; Buenos Aires black market *cambios* are doing a booming business at 175 to the dollar.

Oil is ill, too. Shortly after his election, Illia annulled the contracts of 13 private companies (mostly U.S.), and since then the companies have cut back production while lawyers argue the case in court. Oil supplies have been maintained by uncapping state-owned reserve wells, and some experts predict that Argentina will be forced to import oil before December. The beef industry is worse off. With herds decimated by two years of drought, cattlemen are holding back stock, hoping to rebuild. Monday and Tuesday have been declared meatless days, and Argentines have been faced with the ignominy of importing beef from neighboring Uruguay for the first time ever.

Looking for Leadership. In answer to all this, Illia remains placidly in his Casa Rosada office, seeing all who come to call, but issuing few orders. As head of a government that includes everyone from right to left, he remains the one possible unifying figure, but he does little to fulfill the role. His opposition is beginning to score by labeling his regime the government of the turtle; one group recently released 200 tortoises in downtown Buenos Aires with the slogan LONG LIVE THE GOVERNMENT on their backs. Illia's response to that was: "Turtle? Fine. Slow but sure." He did not say whether he remembered that turtles have a way of ending up in the soup.

TRANSPORTATION

Lifeline in the Air

Highways and railroads are primary lifelines in most parts of the world. But in the jungles and towering mountains of Latin America, the highways are few, and millions of people have never seen a railroad. The ties that bind are the air lanes. In Santiago, Chile, last week, 30 Latin American and U.S. aviation officials, including FAA Head Najeeb Halaby and CAB Chief Alan Boyd, gathered for a five-day discussion of ways to strengthen Latin America's aerial lifeline. Out of the meeting came an astonishing picture of aviation in a developing continent of only 220 million people.

Last year no fewer than 19 foreign and 66 scheduled domestic airlines were serving Latin America, one of the greatest proliferations of aviation service anywhere in the world. All told, the lines traveled some 5 billion passenger-miles, carried over 94 million ton-miles of cargo and could point to some impressive traffic growth: 175% in the past ten years, v. 117% for the rest of the world. Argentina, Chile and Colombia have all more than tripled their passenger traffic since 1954; Uruguay is up almost 400%, while Brazil ranks third in the free world (after the U.S. and Canada) in the number of daily domestic flights. In the U.S., Eastern Air Lines' low-cost Boston-New York-Washington shuttle was considered a remarkable innovation when it was started in 1961. The Brazilians have been doing it since 1959, with three airlines shuttling between Rio and São Paulo at the rate of one flight every 20 minutes during rush hours.

Wing & a Prayer. Latin Americans have been air-minded almost from the first days of flight. The airplane smoothed over the continent's fractured geography, knitted together its scattered populations and—most important of all—proved a far cheaper means of transport than building highways or laying track. In 1919, Chile was the first country outside the U.S. to launch an airmail service; one year later, Colombia licensed the first commercial airline this side of the Atlantic; in 1934, Brazil established the first transatlantic air route with Germany—five years before Pan American connected the U.S. with Europe.

"In those days, we knew when the departure was, but the return was always uncertain," recalls Arturo Costa, a retired pilot with Uruguay's Pluna Airline. "Sometimes we had to leave the copilot behind to make room for an extra passenger." The flying is still often on a wing and a prayer. A few Latin American airlines have jets and turboprops. But most of them make do with aged DC-3s and hand-me-down DC-6s and Constellations, rigged to haul everything from cattle to *campesino* settlers on colonization projects.

Five times a week, Aerolineas Argentinas braves gale-force winds—often 70 m.p.h.—to deliver passengers and cargo to Ushuaia, the world's southernmost city, on the tip of the continent. More fearsome are the 20,000-ft. Andes, stretching the length of Latin America. On the 30-minute hop from La Paz to one remote mountain town, pilots of Bolivia's Lloyd Aéreo line regularly thread their way through clouded-in peaks with the copilot calling out seconds on his trusty wristwatch. And then, there are the airports. More than 80% of Latin America's 1,085 airports lack permanent night landing lights; some 75% have no control towers, radios or paved runways; and only five fields on the entire continent boast a complete instrument-landing system.

The Coming Market. Under the Alliance for Progress, the U.S. has given Latin American nations some $85 million to improve airports and navigational facilities. The way things are growing, many more millions will be needed. At last week's Santiago meeting, the experts recommended the preparation of more and better statistics on Latin American passenger and cargo traffic, a bigger push for tourists and a stronger bid for more *Alianza* funds.

Douglas and Boeing, the two big U.S. jetmakers, regard Latin America as one of the biggest potential markets anywhere. Both have sales teams touring Latin America making a hard pitch for their new DC-9 and 727 medium-to-short-range jets. Last month Boeing sent one of its three-engined 727s to strut its stuff on a 14-day tour of five South American countries. It was the first jet ever to land at La Paz (elevation: 13,358 ft.). As bowler-hatted Indian women gaped at the sight, the silvery 727 howled down the runway and took off—using only two of its three engines. No less impressed were the Peruvians, chief among them President Fernando Belaunde Terry, an amateur pilot with considerable time in light planes. Flying out from Lima for a demonstration ride over the Andes, Belaunde was soon in the cockpit and edging into the copilot's seat to see for himself how the big jet handled.

LINARES

BOEING 727 ON LA PAZ RUNWAY
Knitting fractured geography and scattered peoples.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Springtime, and lunch at a restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne—who could resist the combination? Certainly not **Maria Meneghini Callas**, 40, or maybe it was Metropolitan Opera Manager **Rudolf Bing**, 62, who proved only human after all. At any rate, the two kissed and made up in Paris in June, and *La Divina* will return to the Met for *Tosca* next year, her first New York appearance since Bing fired her for breaking an engagement in 1958.

. . .

It was a fine day for the races, though most folks his age might prefer that old rocking chair, and so **Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons**, who retired as a trainer last year, bustled off to New Jersey's Monmouth Park to hear the crowd roar "Happy Birthday" and share his 90th cake with 20 great-grandchildren. "It's a lucky thing I had the horse bug," confided the man who trained Gallant Fox and Omaha, Nashua and Bold Ruler, recalling the days when his mother-in-law wanted him to work as a streetcar conductor. "I was sending home more money from the tracks than I could have made on the trolley, but there's not another damn thing I could have done."

. . .

Sweetness and light were her stock in trade as Walt Disney's Pollyanna, but now that she's turned 18, Britain's **Hayley Mills** has become sweet lightning. Rising like the seasoned trouper she is from a 103° sickbed to prance in the chorus line at a London benefit, the "glad" girl shook a dazzling pair of legs and uncorked some un-Disneyfied bumps and grinds. In a separate bit, she vanished into a box as a magician's assistant, but demonstrated conclusively that she is one child star who won't need to pull a disappearing act when she gets to be 21.

AP

CHORINE MILLS
From Disneyland, with bumps.

. . .

To paraphrase the grammar school boff, what are they going to eat in the House of Lords? They won't be able to eat the Sandwiches there any more, because the tenth earl and great-great-great-great-grandnephew of the 18th century titleholder who invented layered lunch has renounced his lordship, like other Tory leaders. He will seek election to the House of Commons as just plain **Alexander Victor Edward Paulet Montagu**, 58.

. . .

They say that the recipe for a Hungarian omelet begins, "First, you steal a dozen eggs," and when **Marlene Dietrich** came on to sing at the Cannes Palm Beach Casino, the world's most professional Hungarian was sitting at a ringside table with her photographer. The world's sexiest sexagenarian had on a skin-tight, flesh-colored gown so diaphanous that her contract forbade pictures during the performance, but as **Zsa Zsa Gabor** told it, "My cameraman was so overcome by Marlene's beauty that he asked if I thought she would mind being photographed. I told him to carry on." After the show, when it developed that Marlene did mind, Zsa Zsa was forced to yield the film. "All right, we'll give it to you," ran her stormy response. "What do you think he could do with it? He couldn't sell it for a *pengö*." *Nem?*

. . .

Clark Kent could have slipped into Peru peaceably enough, but as **Superman** he'd have had to make like a bird. The Education Ministry banned him and 14 other comics because "their illogical and immoral actions contribute to unsettle children's imagination." Fortunately, Lima beansprouts love him almost as much as does Metropolis. Protests mushroomed, and the prestigious El Correo thundered, "Is this the first step toward censorship of the press?" It was, for sure. And two days later the ministry back-stepped faster than a herd of crooks downed by a supersock.

. . .

Three devoted fans would be thinking of her at curtain time, read the telegram, and it was signed "Mother, Daddy and Lynda." But they needn't have worried. For each of her two drawling but nonchalant narrations of Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* at Michigan's Interlochen Music Camp, **Luci Baines Johnson**, 17, drew three curtain calls when she performed with Pianist **Van Cliburn**, 30, who conducted the camp's 150-member student orchestra. Whatever criticism Luci Baines is going to get (and under the circumstances, it will scarcely be fanged), will come when her version of the Russian fairy tale is beamed back whence it came, via the Voice of America.

JOHNSON & CLIBURN
To Russia, with curtain calls.

. . .

The Old Indian was one of history's great athletes, excelling at football, pentathlon, decathlon, golf, bowling, hockey, lacrosse, swimming, rifle, squash, handball and horsemanship. So when he died in 1953, the Pennsylvania coal town of Mauch Chunk (pop. 5,5[illegible]), not far from Carlisle, where he went to college, welcomed his corpse with a $10,500 mausoleum, and renamed itself **Jim Thorpe**, Pa., in his honor. The town fathers figured he would be a great tourist draw. But disillusionment has set in, and John H. Otto, chairman of the County Water and Sewer Authority, is now leading a campaign to change the town's name back again: "You mention you're from Jim Thorpe, and nobody knows what you're talking about."

. . .

Ill lay: Britain's **Prince Charles**, 15, at an Aberdeen nursing home with a mild case of pneumonia caught while camping out with fellow Gordonstoun rovers on the grounds of the family's Balmoral Castle; California Governor **Pat Brown**, 59, at his Sacramento mansion with a fibula fractured by stepping in a hole at a golf course, an accident that will keep him on crutches for six weeks ("But he wouldn't miss the Democratic Convention," said an aide, "if he had to crawl"); *Oldtime Cinema* comedian **Stan Laurel**, 74, at Los Angeles' Valley Doctors Hospital, where he has been receiving hundreds of letters from his ever-faithful fans while undergoing treatment for chronic diabetes.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COLLEGES

A Way to Finish Earlier

In September a group of high school graduates entering American University will come on campus in Washington, D.C., with a third of their college work already behind them. Getting these credits required just two days—the time it took to undergo a new series of tests that make it possible, for those who score satisfactorily, to save as much as two years of campus time and thousands in tuition and living costs.

Advanced Standing. College equivalency tests were first tried in 1943 by the U.S. armed forces, but they were never widely used and as the years passed they became obsolete. In 1961 Princeton's Educational Testing Service set out anew to devise a test designed for students who were entering college for the first time.

E.T.S. is the author of the familiar College Board tests and the somewhat less familiar Advanced Placement Examinations, which let able high school students skip certain required freshman courses. An advanced placement student still has to earn all of his credit hours for graduation on campus, which means that he has to work harder than his fellows. Now E.T.S. has worked out an exam that tests knowledge and achievement gained in modern, college-like high schools (or any other way) and determines its worth in terms of credit hours. The examination is based on nationwide tests of 2,600 students completing the second year of college in 1963 and 1964.

The questions, all multiple-choice, are aimed at ferreting out how well the student has assimilated a broad spectrum of knowledge. One question from the sample testing asked the student to identify a quotation "In a flash it came upon me that there was a reason for advancing poverty with advancing wealth ..." as coming from John Jacob Astor, William Jennings Bryan, Thorstein Veblen, Lincoln Steffens or Henry George. The answer is Henry George, and research showed that more than half the students in the top one-fifth of those taking the test got it right, compared with only 8% of those in the bottom one-fifth.

Defining the Line. E.T.S. still has not publicly offered the test for general use, and American University heard about it only by an informal contact. In mailing out 1,000 acceptances for admission this spring, the university casually and undramatically offered "to recognize the achievements of well-prepared students" by giving them a chance to take the test for credit. Only 96 were sufficiently sharp-eyed to see the opportunity. American University will give as many as 39 undergraduate credit hours in English composition, history, social sciences, humanities, mathematics, and physical sciences, leaving only 82 more credit hours (two full years of study) to get a B.A.

Too few college administrators have yet heard of the tests to make the idea an open target for criticism. Some teachers are sure to say that construing education so narrowly as a matter of credits is to miss the point of the college experience. But the new test is only part of the continuing process of defining the line between colleges and ever-better high schools, and major curriculum changes are bound to take place. Some colleges will drop certain courses because they will find that freshmen are showing significantly higher levels of preparation than had been realized. Others will put more muscle into admission standards in particular fields.

E.T.S.'s Dr. K. Patricia Cross, head of the project, feels that one result of the Comprehensive College Tests will be a gradual de-emphasis on credit hours as a way of measuring knowledge. "Europeans measure knowledge in terms of what the student knows," she says. "This will offer a new flexibility for the student who can demonstrate that he has knowledge by giving him credit regardless of how he got it."

Summer Scholars

Across the U.S., summer schools were buzzing like clover patches. Gone is the concept of the summer-camp campus, peopled by bored schoolteachers and hostile flunkees; in their place are ambitious students who are turning the *dolce far niente* of the hot months into a time of busy—and sometimes oddball—learning.

Out in the Arizona desert, University of Maryland Senior Eileen Van Tassell is using $2,000 worth of transistorized tape-recording equipment to eavesdrop on water beetles and classify their sounds. At Stanford Arthur Bleich, 27, is studying film production by making a 7½-minute documentary called *The Rise and Fall of the American Breast*—"a serious critique of America's fetish about female bosoms." Stanford is also giving eight-week crash courses in Chinese and Japanese, in which students are required to converse, eat and drink in the style of the language they are studying—or at least try. "I'm going to *hwei-jya*, change my *yi-shang*, jump in my *chi-che* and pick up my *syau-jye* for the *dyan-yingr*," said a beginner in Chinese. ("I'm going back to my house, change my clothes, jump in my car and pick up my girl friend for the movies.")

Radcliffe is teaching a "Publishing Procedures" course to 43 men and 13 women, who hear authors and editors, and learn, in the words of a girl who took the course last year, that "the purlieus of publishing contain powerful people for whom English is a vestigial appendage." Students at Syracuse University are working with Painter Kenneth Callahan on a mural for a new dormitory, are painting smaller murals of their own. Says Thomas E. Black, 27, a painting major: "Being together and talking together is a kind of rubbing-off process; he comes in here and I'm working here. I go in there, and he's working there."

At U.C.L.A., a class is taking the nation's only college course in Berber. In a symposium offered by the University of Minnesota, Tennessee Williams and Actor Douglas Campbell are lecturing drama students aboard the university's air-conditioned showboat afloat on the Mississippi. And in the desert of southwestern Utah, 74 U.C.L.A. anthropology students and their professor are poking about the remnants of Pueblo villages and digging in mounds for arrowheads, bones and pottery. Edith Sanders, 17, from Beverly Hills, admits that she signed for Anthrop. 197 on a whim, but now she is enjoying it. "It's just fascinating to think that I am handling things that are 900 years old," she says.

FRANK JENSEN

U.C.L.A. DESERT DIGGERS IN UTAH

Also, beetle recordings, Berber and bosom research.

CC-0. In Public Domain

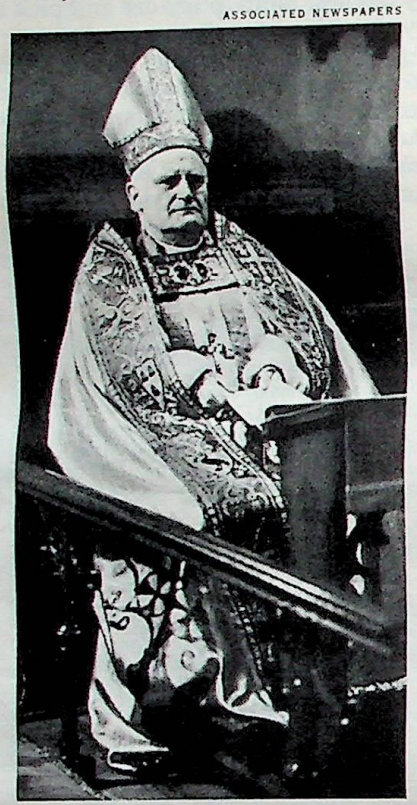
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ANGLICANS

The Archbishop Is a Protestant

"Are you a Protestant?" Earl Alexander of Hillsborough, a Baptist, demanded of the Archbishop of Canterbury during debate in the House of Lords on a measure to permit more elaborate priestly vestments at Communion services. "I am a Protestant precisely in the way the Prayer Book

ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS



CANTERBURY
Nothing but a scarf.

and the Anglican formularies use that term," replied the Most Rev. Arthur Michael Ramsey.

The answer did not satisfy Lord Alexander. As far as he is concerned, Anglican Communion already resembles too closely the Roman Catholic Mass; and the measure to permit the use of the alb (a long-sleeved white tunic), the chasuble (a poncholike garment), the amice (a linen neckcloth) and the maniple (a band of cloth worn on the left arm) would strengthen what the London Times called a "drift toward the Roman Catholic form of service."

Nevertheless, the measure was approved by the Lords 86 to 15, and now heads for stormy debate in the Commons. One of two reforms approved by the Church Assembly of bishops, clergy and laity, it stirred heated passion because it touches on issues that have long caused strains within the Church of England.

Since the 17th century, the Church of England has been divided between High Church Anglo-Catholicism and Low Church Evangelicals. Low churchmen oppose any changes in Anglican canon law, last codified in 1604, and not much altered since, that would permit more "Popish" vestments and ceremonies. But though considered illegal, the alb and the chasuble are worn by priests in a fourth of the Anglican churches in Britain. The intent of the vestments measure is to make legal, though optional, practices that have been widespread since Victorian days.

Many Anglican clergymen, High and Low, felt that the vestments issue had been blown up beyond proportion. Canterbury himself said: "In some churches, I wear no more than a black scarf"—leading *Punch* to take gleeful note that the archbishop had also called for understanding and forbearance for wearers of topless bathing suits. The Rev. Nicolas Stacey, rector of Woolwich, strongly deplored the concern with trivialities. "Our work is hopelessly undermined when our fellow churchmen, claiming to speak in the name of Christ, make issues about clerical vesture. It confirms people's suspicion that when the crunch comes, the church doesn't care a damn about the things that matter. I would celebrate the Holy Communion service in my pajamas if I thought it would help someone to find faith."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Gadfly

Among the 2,500 mostly learned and lordly Roman Catholic bishops around the world, English Archbishop Thomas d'Esterre Roberts, 71, is an independent spirit who feels free to put churchly propositions up to the measure of his own reason. He has no use for pomp, and to discourage people from kissing his episcopal ring, he jokes, "I carry it in my back pocket."

Last week he was at Seattle University, wreathed in a cloud of Salem smoke, sitting at a desk littered with matchbooks, letters and Agatha Christie novels. He would rather have been in Southern California. But the arch-conservative Archbishop of Los Angeles, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, banned the liberal Roberts from lecturing there. Roberts took it philosophically: "Cardinal McIntyre is in charge and is entitled to his own views as to what is expedient and what isn't."

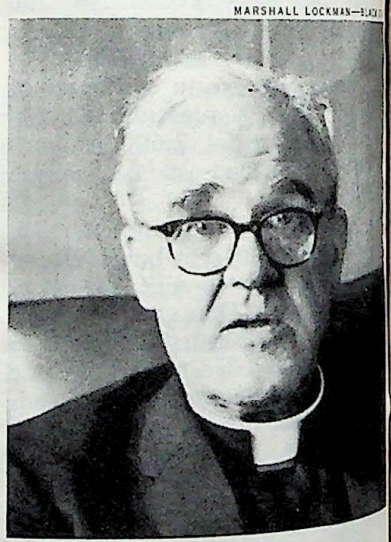
"Please Confirm." A Jesuit priest born of English parents in Le Havre, Roberts once headed an archdiocese —but gave it up. In 1937, while teaching in Liverpool, he was told by a reporter of his appointment as Archbishop of Bombay. Tongue in cheek, he wired Rome to "please confirm" the appointment. Thirteen years later, having become convinced that India's principal see ought to be occupied by an Indian, he resigned in favor of Valerian Gracias, and settled down at the Farm Street church in London's Mayfair.

Now titular Bishop of Sygdea in Crimea,* Roberts goes at a fast clip ... turing, traveling, writing, and ba... for causes unpopular with most ... bers of the church hierarchy. He ... to recall that in 1950 he advised P... Pius XII against defining the dogma ... Mary's assumption. He plugs away ... a bigger voice for the laity in ... affairs: "I would hope to see the apo... tolic tradition restored to where ... laity had a voice, especially in matters ... concerning marriage, to advise a bod... entirely celibate."

He believes the church ought to amend its stand on birth control. "Pra... tically all Protestant bodies today re... diate the position that contraception ... forbidden by natural law. Moreover ... great numbers of Catholics, perha... even the great majority, are either d... regarding the law altogether or the... marriages are in serious trouble ... breaking up." He feels that cumbe... some marriage annulment procedure... which sometimes take several years ... ought to be expedited. He militant... presses his church to support the ba... the-bomb movement, drawing a com... parison between the church's concer... for the lives of babies not conceived b... cause of birth control and the appare... lack of the same solicitude for adu... who might be killed in nuclear war.

"Ladies' Underwear." At the meet... ings of the Vatican Council, Roberts ... likely to be found at the coffee bar...

MARSHALL LOCKMAN—BLACK...



SYGDEA
And a ring in his pocket.

St. Peter's denouncing as "ladies' und... wear" the episcopal finery that the bish... ops have to put on while there. Qu... predictably, he stands at the outer pe... riphery of the church's policymaker... He is not a methodical reformer, a d... namic organizer, but a prober, a pre... who says aloud what others may thi... in silence, who raises critical but ofte... embarrassing questions for debate. L... Socrates, he feels that it is sufficient f... a thoughtful man to be a gadfly.

* A certain number of Catholic bish... chiefly auxiliaries, papal diplomats and C... officials, preside over ancient dioceses that ... longer exist as active churchly subdivisio... Such bishoprics are mostly in Moslem ... in northern Africa and the Middle East.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LAWYERS

...and So to Court

San Francisco Attorney Melvin Belli is no admirer of the American Bar Association to which he belongs, or of its president, Walter E. Craig. Self-styled defender of unpopular causes, Belli has double and repetitive contempt for lawyers who prefer corporate problems to legal work, and as he sees it, Craig exemplifies the prosperous defenders of vested interests.

Belli has finally taken his case against Craig and his colleagues to court. What brought things to a head was his verbal exchange with the A.B.A. president after Jack Ruby's trial in Dallas last March. After the jury found Belli's client guilty of the murder of Lee Harvey Oswald, the King of Torts exploded in a torrent of comment on the judge, the jury and the city of Dallas. He charged that Ruby had been convicted by "the biggest kangaroo-court disgrace in the history of American law"; he called the verdict "a victory for bigotry and injustice." Craig complained publicly that Belli "should so flagrantly disregard the code of professional ethics and his oath as an attorney." He also suggested that Belli's membership in the A.B.A. might be revoked. Such statements, Belli decided, were defamatory and prejudicial to his professional standing. They would cut into his income. Last week he filed suit against Craig and 25 co-defendants and asked for $5,000,000 in damages.

The defendants, said Belli in his complaint, belong to "a small coterie of individuals devoted to perpetuating ancient and customary injustices and Dickensian practices in law against individuals, seamen, railroad workers, union members, pedestrians, motorists, and those belonging to minority groups and unpopular causes." Craig himself had acted "willfully and wantonly and maliciously and viciously and with ill will and in spite and in an attempt to obstruct justice and deter the orderly administration of law."

Not content merely to sue Craig and the co-defendants (to be named later) for slander and defamation of character, Belli also offered his opinion as to their effect on American law. If the leaders of the American Bar Association have their way, he argued, they will "make of the magnificent American trial lawyer a suckling Bugs Bunny or a John Birch athletic supporter for certain insurance companies and economic interests."

"Melvin M. Belli," concluded the complaint, "is practicing law and intends to continue to practice his profession and against Defendant Walter E. Craig and other defendants and their clients and insurance companies, for individuals and unpopular causes into the far future, God, not the American Bar Association, willing."

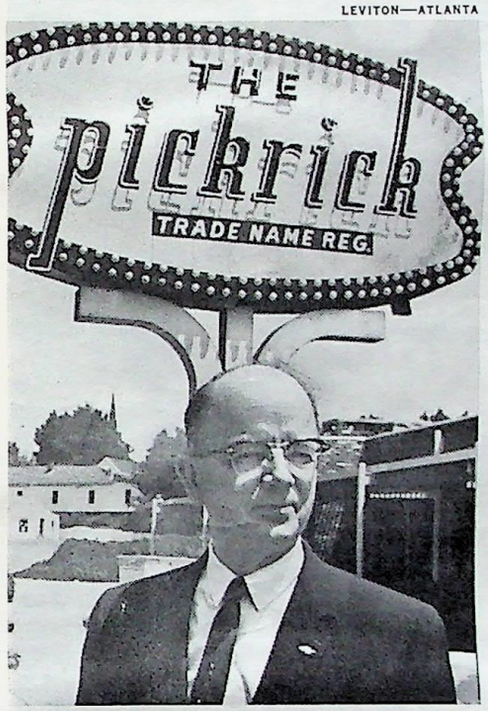
THE COURTS

The Pickrick Capers

The most vociferously disputed part of the new federal Civil Rights Act concerns the public accommodations title. It is based on the Constitution's commerce clause and says, in effect, that any public place of business that relates in any way to interstate commerce may not discriminate against Negroes. Last week the public accommodations title got its first major test in a federal court, and it passed handsomely.

The argument was heard before a three-judge panel in Atlanta, where Government attorneys sought injunctions against two local establishments,

LEVITON—ATLANTA



RESTAURATEUR MADDOX
Food is inescapably interstate.

the Heart of Atlanta Motel, and the Pickrick restaurant, a fried-chicken emporium. It was at the Pickrick, on the day after President Johnson signed the civil rights bill into law, that Owner Lester Maddox ordered three Negro ministerial students away from the place at gunpoint.

The two cases were tried at the same time, but it was the Pickrick caper that drew the greatest interest.

Surprise. Maddox's lawyers argued that it is unconstitutional to anchor the public accommodations title to the commerce clause. Furthermore, they reasoned, while Pickrick does discriminate against Negroes, the restaurant's policy legally does not have anything to do with interstate commerce, as specified in the bill. Even Pickrick's food, though it "once moved" in interstate commerce, is purchased nowadays from local wholesale brokers, the lawyers insisted, and thus is no longer an interstate transaction.

Moreover, Pickrick does not solicit business from interstate travelers, does not advertise in out-of-state publications, is not recommended by any motor associations or national groups (such as Duncan Hines). Said Pickrick Attorney William McRae: "The power of the Congress under the commerce clause has been almost as broad as the plan of Salvation. If you can compel a restaurant owner to sell to whoever calls on him, you can compel him to buy 10% of his food from a company owned by Negroes." Added McRae, in what surely must be one of the most surprising statements ever offered before a federal court: "A fellow eats some food at the Pickrick and then evacuates it, and it'll go into the Chattahoochee River [separating Georgia and Alabama] as waste, and there's no more commerce in that than there is in the food coming to the Pickrick in the first place."

Justice Department Lawyers Burke Marshall and St. John Barrett brought in 27 witnesses to testify that Pickrick is indeed involved in business on an interstate scale. Half a dozen surveys of Pickrick's parking lot showed that 2% or 3% of the cars parked there carried out-of-state plates. The Government also showed that Pickrick perforce depends on foods that flow through interstate commerce. Maddox's fish comes from Virginia's and Florida's coasts, his braunschweiger and beef ribs from Iowa, his catchup from California, his green beans from Oregon, his Tabasco sauce from Louisiana, his lettuce from Texas, his hams and bologna from Tennessee.

The Limit. His headaches will now come from Washington—wholesale. In a 15-page ruling, the judges did not decide on the constitutionality of the civil rights law itself, but granted temporary injunctions—requiring the defendants to admit Negroes within 20 days—based solely on the question of whether Congress had the right to employ the commerce clause in writing the public accommodations title. "This is the limit of the case," wrote the judges. "Congress has the right to go this far."

Predictably, the Heart of Atlanta Motel and Pickrick will take the cases to the U.S. Supreme Court. Vowed Pickrick's Maddox: "I'm not going to integrate. I've made my pledge. They won't ever get any of that chicken!"

Other legal skirmishes along the civil rights front:

▶ The FBI in Greenwood, Miss., made its first arrests on the basis of the new civil rights law. Three white men were picked up on the complaint of a Negro who accused them of beating him up after he disregarded their threats and attended a whites-only movie.

▶ The Rev. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference discovered that 22 out of 25 public places in the South that had desegregated their facilities after the civil rights law was passed, have since reverted and closed their doors to Negroes.

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

AUTO RACING

Zinging in the Rain

Some people race because they feel that they can make easy money at it. Others race because it is the "done thing," or because it might make them more attractive to girls. With me, the motive is curiosity.

Jimmy Clark's curiosity takes an awful lot of satisfying. At 28, he is the youngest Grand Prix champion in history, and his income runs to $140,000 a year. Yet there he was last week, seeing how fast he could drive an untested car on a rain-drenched track outside Stuttgart, Germany—in something called the Solitude Grand Prix. The prize was far from grand—no championship points, no money to speak of (winner's purse: $1,500)—but Scotland's Clark still turned the afternoon into a breath-taking demonstration of his driving genius.

E. BAUMANN

CLARK (LEFT) AT START IN GERMANY
After an awesome finish, "God Save the Queen."

Drops Like Dimes. Even when it is dry, the 7.1-mile Solitude course is one of Europe's hairiest: the road twists through four tortuous hairpins, uncurling finally into a long "straightaway" that is an assortment of dips, hills and fast curves that are taken at upwards of 150 m.p.h. But last week Solitude was downright dangerous. A cloudburst turned the asphalt slick as ice; and it was still pouring dime-sized drops when 18 Formula I cars roared away from the grid, roostertails of spray streaming in their wake.

Within seconds, the field was cut by more than one-third, and $140,000 worth of machinery was reduced mostly to junk. On the long straight, Italy's Lorenzo Bandini hit a puddle, skidded and lost control; trying to dodge his wildly spinning Ferrari, four other racers piled up. Still another ran off the track and wrapped his car around a pole; a seventh scattered the hay bales on a bend. Miraculously, none of the drivers was seriously injured.

Clark escaped mostly because his car was too slow. Driving a new model Lotus-Climax that had been wrecked last April and practically rebuilt from scratch, Jimmy was having engine trouble, was running on only seven cylinders. After four sputtering laps, a mechanic waved a message board that read "Surt −20." With 16 laps to go, Ferrari's John Surtees already had a 20-sec. lead.

In Full Lock. It seemed hopeless But now the Lotus was firing on all eight cylinders, and Clark was zinging flat out down the slippery track as if the championship depended on it, touching 155 m.p.h. on the straight. Power-sliding through one glassy corner in full opposite lock (with the front wheels turned against the direction of the turn), Clark nonchalantly flashed a thumb-up victory sign to a friend on the infield grass. "My God," breathed a mechanic in the Lotus pit as Clark cut huge chunks out of Surtees' lead: 5 sec. on the fifth lap, 7 sec. on the sixth.

By the ninth lap, Clark was only a car length behind. Seconds later, he had the lead. The rain had stopped and the track was drying now. Surtees wrung a few more r.p.m. from his Ferrari, bypassed Clark and opened a 3-sec. gap. Unable to beat Surtees on the straights, Clark fell in behind the faster Ferrari, waiting for opportu... to knock again. None came, so C... made his own—with an astonishing ... neuver that only a handful of driv... would dare attempt: he simply ... around Surtees on the outside of a ... pin turn.

Surtees, brilliant in his own ri... could only watch in awe. At the ... Clark was 10.4 sec. ahead. F... streaked with mud, he stood stiffly ... attention for *God Save the Queen*, ... then dived into a car to escape ... of autograph hunters. "This post-... hullabaloo really kills me," he ... "My stomach gets all knotted up."

GOLF

With the Help of St. Jude

Things have come to a pretty p... when betting on golf gets as risky ... betting on horses. It used to be that ... anyone had to do was book both Arn... Palmer and Jack Nicklaus to win th... big tournaments; one or the other ... most always did. Not this year, thou... Palmer won the Masters. But who co... have figured Ken Venturi to win th... U.S. Open? Or Tony Lema to rattle o... four victories in six weeks, including th... British Open? Or Bobby Nichols to be... them all in the Professional Golf... Association championship?

If ever a tournament looked like ... lock for the Big Two, it was the P.G.... It is the only major title Palmer ha... never won, and he took a week's hol... day just to work himself up to prop... er pitch. Nicklaus was the defending ... champion, and he figured to know the ... Columbus (Ohio) Country Club ... the back of his chubby hand—being ... as how he has lived most of his 24 ye... in Columbus.

Long on Trash. Nichols, 28, did... figure at all. He was lucky to be alive, ... let alone playing golf. A onetime cadet ... from Louisville, he was nearly killed in ... 1952 when a car in which he was riding ... went off the road at 107 m.p.h., putting ... him in the hospital for 96 days with a ... broken pelvis, a spine injury, a concus... sion and assorted internal injuries. That ... ruled out such sports as football and ... basketball. But he could still play golf, ... and after college he turned pro, with ... so-so results: in five years, he won three ... tournaments, created his biggest splash ... in 1962 when he wound up third behind ... Nicklaus and Palmer in the U.S. Open.

A husky six-footer who hits one of ... the game's longest balls (he once won a ... driving contest with measured drives ... of 347, 352 and 367 yds.), Nichols is ... known as a "trash player," a scrambler, who sprays his shots like a ... bler, who sprays his shots like a ... handicapper, plays best when he is in ... deepest trouble. Last week he out-did ... himself. On the first round, he drove ... into the rough four times—and each ... time got a birdie, with miraculous re... coveries, for a six-under-par 64, the ... lowest score ever shot in a P.G.A. ... championship. A second-day 71 ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

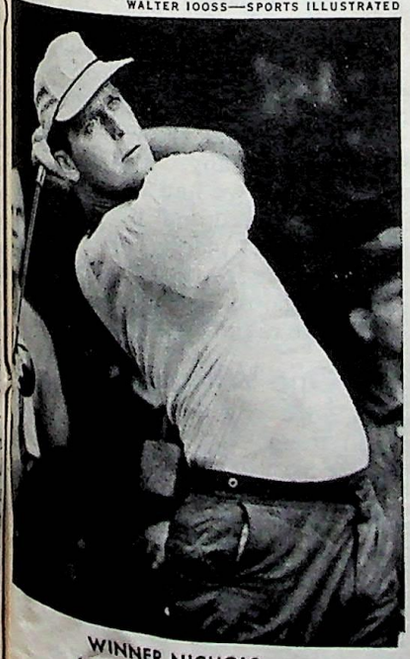
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

od enough to keep him out front, one roke ahead of Palmer. Then came the ird round, and not even Nichols was repared for what happened.

Carbon Copy. Teeing off at the start, e pulled his drive into rough, hit s second shot into a trap, somehow assed out to within 10 ft. of the pin r a par four. The second hole was ractically a carbon copy of the first: s drive landed behind a tree, his sec- nd shot found a trap—and he still got ear. On and on he went, playing as if e had taken lessons from Rube Gold- erg—straying down an adjoining fair- ay on the eighth, bouncing his ball off ree on the 15th, dumping his drive nto loose sod on the 16th. Scores: two ars and a birdie. On the par-three 17th ole, Nichols "squirreled" his No. 2 on tee shot off to his right and overhit is wedge recovery. So what happened? The ball hit the top of the pin and ropped dead 1½ ft. from the hole. Dazed, Bobby added up his day's score —a one-under 69—and headed for a ress conference. "Fellows," he sighed, 'You'll never believe this, but . . ."

Still a stroke behind at the start of the final round, Arnold Palmer shot a 69 that was good, but not nearly good enough. Nicklaus matched Nich- ols' first-round record with a magnifi- cent 64. But that only got him a 274, and a tie with Palmer for second place. Nichols had his game under control now. He only hit one tree in 18 holes, sank putts of 15, 18, 35 and 51 ft. for a three-under 67 and a 72-hole total of 271. "All week long, I've been praying to St. Jude, the patron saint of hopeless causes," said Nichols, whose previous earnings on the tour this year amounted to $15,745. The victory was worth $18,- 000, plus another $22,500 in bonuses. It also gave Nichols a shot (along with Palmer, Venturi and Lema) at the big- gest bonanza of all: the $50,000 first prize in September's World Series of Golf at Akron, Ohio.

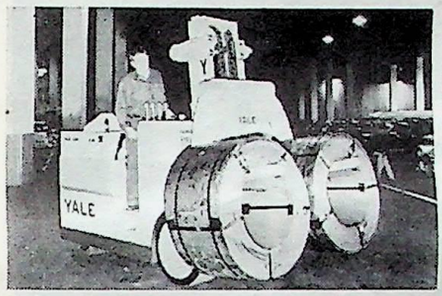
WALTER IOOSS—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

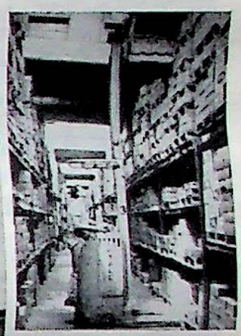


WINNER NICHOLS
Lessons from Rube.

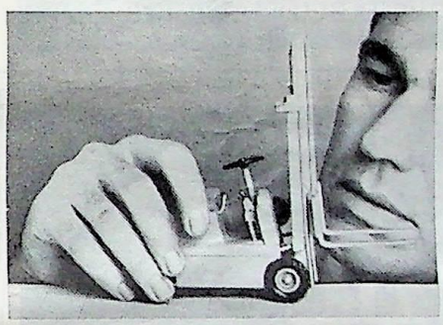
It takes 2 to get your goods to market on time

1. The right equipment





2. Intelligent application



Improperly applied, the best materials handling equipment can do only half a job, may well cost you time and money. That's where your local Yale representative comes in. His thorough knowledge of how goods can be handled most efficiently is half the purchase when you buy Yale® lift trucks and hoists. He protects your investment by helping you make the most out of every engineering advantage built into the Yale lift trucks.

At your request, this Yale expert will look over your entire materials handling program and help you select the truck best suited to your needs. (You'll find a wide choice in 1,000 to 200,000 pound capacities, with attachments to handle any size, shape or type load.) And then he'll see to it that the truck is properly installed, show your people how it can best be employed to increase your output and cut costs. He also provides complete maintenance services.

Remember, it takes a team to deliver the goods—a Yale truck and your Yale representative who stays on the job after the sale.

For additional information, write: Dept. G34, Yale & Towne International, Inc., Postfach 26, Zug 1, Switzerland; or Box 30, Maxwell Road Post Office, Singapore; or 1519 Ponce de Leon Ave., Santurce, Puerto Rico.

YALE & TOWNE

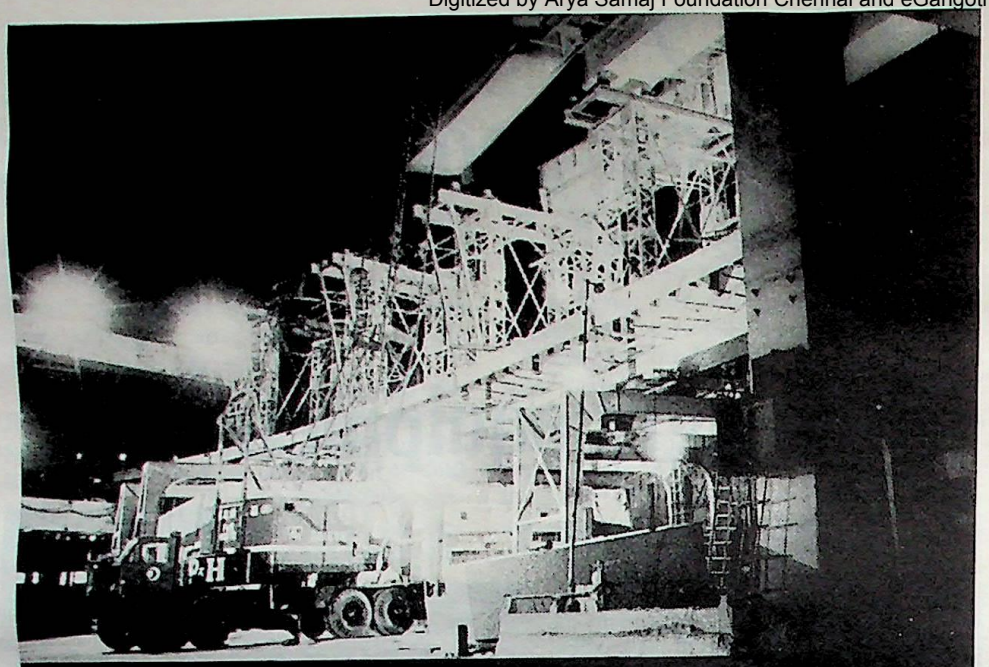
YALE & TOWNE, INC.

U.S.A., U.K., GERMANY

LICENSED MANUFACTURERS IN FRANCE, ITALY, SPAIN, AUSTRALIA & JAPAN.
YALE & TOWNE INTERNATIONAL, INC., PROMOTION & SERVICE OF INTERNATIONAL SALES.

CC-0. In Public Domain

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



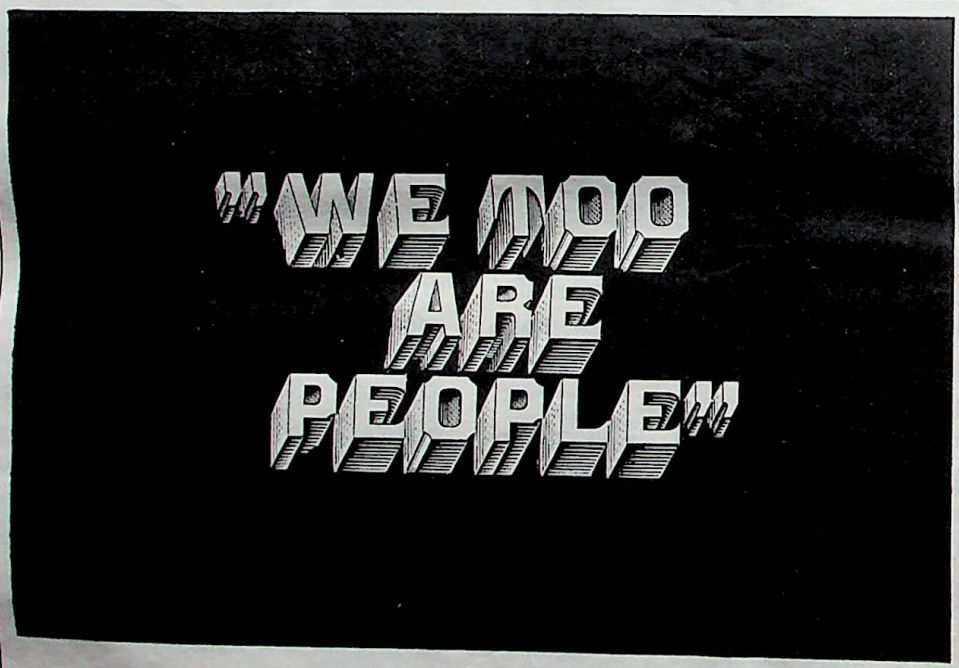
Quick to the job . . .
Quick to finish it!

KOBE STEEL WORKS, LTD.

Established 1905

KOBE, JAPAN Cable "KOBESTEEL KOBE"
TOKYO OFFICE Cable "KOBESTEEL TOKYO"

MAIN PRODUCTS: CIVIL ENGINEERING & CEMENT MACHINERY · CHEMICAL MACHINERY · OTHER GENERAL INDUSTRIAL MACHINERY · STEEL WIRE RODS · STEEL BARS & SHAPES · STEEL PIPES & TUBES · ARC WELDING ELECTRODES · STEEL CASTINGS & FORGINGS · LIGHT METAL ALLOY CASTINGS & FORGINGS · TITANIUM PRODUCTS · NON-FERROUS METALS · SMALL TOOLS



"We Too Are People" proclaimed the sign carried by a demonstrating student. TIME reported this incident and the full story when African students staged a mammoth protest march in Moscow. In reporting world news, TIME spans oceans and continents—ferreting out fact from fiction—to bring its readers a clear, concise picture of important events. A demonstration in Moscow. An election in Europe. A crisis in the Middle East. Each no farther away than the pages of TIME for the millions of families who read its worldwide editions each week.

BASEBALL

The One Small Difference

Take a world championship base team. Subtract one starting pitch Substitute a .270 hitter for a .330 ter. Drop some flies, fumble grounders, miss some bunts, leave ners all over the bases. What you then is the Los Angeles Dodgers, seventh-place team in baseball.

The 1964 Dodgers may well go in history as one of the game's ing mysteries. On paper, they are tically the same club that won the tional League pennant last year swept four straight from the New Yankees in the World Series. Koufax is still the slickest pitch around, and Don Drysdale may be runner-up; between them, they already won 27 games this year. Shortstop Maury Wills is the same electrifying base runner who stole a record bases in 1962 (he has 31 so far). Catcher John Roseboro, whose lifetime average is .240, was batting .310 before he cut a finger on a foul tip. But still the Dodgers lose: two straight to the sixth-place Chicago Cubs last week, two out of four to the ninth-place Houston Colts. Then those hated San Francisco Giants inflicted an 11-3 thrashing, scoring nine runs in one nightmarish inning.

Injuries have hurt, of course. Roseboro will be out of action for a week and Pitcher Johnny Podres has been idle since May because of a bone chip in his elbow. Outfielder Tommy Davis was hampered early in the season by a shoulder injury—but that scarcely explains how a man who led the National League in batting for two years in a row can be hitting .272 now. Moans Dodger Coach Pete Reiser: "There were at least nine ball games we would have won if Davis could just have hit a long fly."

Last week Manager Walter Alston watched unhappily while the Dodgers lost 1-0 to the Colts—their 19th loss in 30 one-run games this season. Alston was as baffled as everybody else. "You start with the idea that you score so many runs and allow your opponents to score so many," he said. "Last year at this time, we had 23 more runs than we had allowed, and we were 1½ games ahead in first place. This year we have scored 29 more runs than we have scored against us. The only difference is that we're not winning."

The One Who Beats Them

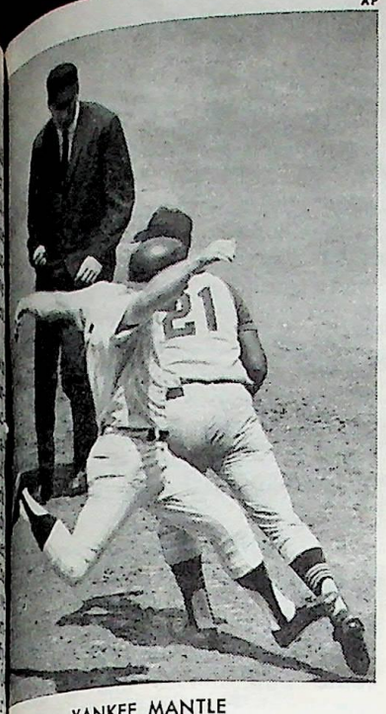
"I hope you live to be 500, because if anything happens to you, I'll be the ugliest man in the world."

Few baseball players get away with talking to their manager like that. But when the player is Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra will take all the lip he hands out. At 32 Mantle is at least a couple of steps slower than when he broke into the American League 13 seasons ago. He has a chronically weak right shoe-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

AP



YANKEE MANTLE
Lip for Yogi.

and his knees are crosshatched with
rs from cartilage operations—the
st recent of them last winter. He
ns as if he were on stilts, and he
ces every time he swings a bat. But
ickey Mantle is still the most valuable
yer around.

Last week the Yankees were trailing
e American League-leading Baltimore
oles by only .006 points, and the
son, in a word, was Mantle. Mickey's
batting average was the second
st in the league. He had hit one out
every five Yankee home runs so far
is year (with 19), led the team in
.315 (61) and, naturally, in walks
9. In two crucial games last week,
e demonstrated why, in case anybody
d forgotten, the Yankees pay him
0,000 a year. Against the Orioles,
ickey beat out an infield hit, moved
second when Tom Tresh walked and
en set sail, aching legs and all, for
rd. He slid under the tag with a
ken base; Tresh, playing follow the
ader, dashed to second. When Joe
pitone singled, both runners scored
—and the Yankees beat the Orioles 2-0.
Washington Pitcher Alan Koch was
Mantle's next victim. In the Yankee
with two on, two out, and the
nators leading 3-1, Mantle stepped up
the plate. First base was open, and
ch was in no mood to take unnec-
ary chances. His first three pitches
re off the plate, and Mickey took
em all. "You can't let Mantle beat
," Koch said. "He's the wheel. Even
a 3-0 count on Mickey, I didn't
nt to let him beat me." So Koch
ew another ball, low and inside. Only
Mantle did not take this one. He
reamed it 295 ft. to right field for a
uble that tied up the game. Once
re Pepitone followed with a hit—
use, an hour later, poor Koch was
ll muttering: "You can't let Mantle
eat you."

E, JULY 31, 1964

DUBONNET IS A PRODUCE OF C.D.C. EXPORT DIVISION 30 AVENUE KLÉBER PARIS

WHAT IS YOUR SECRET ?

Dubonnet my dear

P.E. Du. 152

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

FASHION

More's the Pitti

If Paris designers never look back, it may be because they have a feeling something is gaining on them. If something is, it is probably Italian designers, every one of whom is aware that he can make up some yardage only by being even a little more daring than the French.

Suspenders, No Straps. Thus it was naturally Italy's Emilio Pucci, lightweight sportswear champion of the world, who predicted that it would not be long before bikini wearers, dissatisfied with halfway measures and interrupted suntans, would drop their modest pretensions along with the tops of their suits. And though the U.S.'s Rudi Gernreich was the first to snatch the idea off the rack and get it on the market (TIME, June 26), the evidence presented at the fall fashion collections in Florence last week showed that the Italians were not prepared to let the U.S. run off with the topless suit honors.

Paraded on the temporary runway installed in the staid old Pitti Palace, where Florence's fashionmakers stage their shows, bosoms were bared in a multitude of styles and shapes. Some designs were legitimate, some looked more like gags: Micia tore holes that left a knitted overblouse looking like supersized Swiss cheese, showed a G-string bikini beneath to any mouse man enough to peep. Glans left only two prim pockets on an otherwise totally transparent shirt. Veneziani attached five-inch-wide suspenders to the waist of a party skirt and called it an evening gown; Princess Irene Galitzine cut a V that kept going, fore and aft, out of a sleek leopard-printed swimsuit. Baldini decorated a perfectly modest little bathing suit with two prominent painted breasts. And Frederico Forquet untopped them all with a full-length strapless dress that was minus more than straps, leaving the bosom up in the air and out in it.

Coveralls, No Show. But Pucci, who had started it all, was not about to yield the field. First to be bold, last to be undone by fellows who had followed the leader and left him behind, could only retreat or fight. In a display of fashion theatrics, he to do both, for a starter wrapped pretty Negro mannequins in hood long silk burnooses that whipped without warning, to show patch scanty bikinis underneath.

The topless suit? With a shrug a yawn, Pucci turned gentleman traitor, offered women wary of or of catching a cold, a grand cover up. It is a one-piece coverall fit that fastens down the front, be stepped into, and is so diffic get out of that the sun is bound down before it does, leaving a be of spectators ogling in the dark.

LEONBRUNO-BODI

MICIA

JOE EULA—N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

BALDINI

AP

GALITZINE

PUCCI

FORQUET

GLANS

TOD DRAZ—THE N.Y. TIMES

Down in the front, up in the air and out in the dark.

ORGANIZATIONS

Who Are Those Arabs?

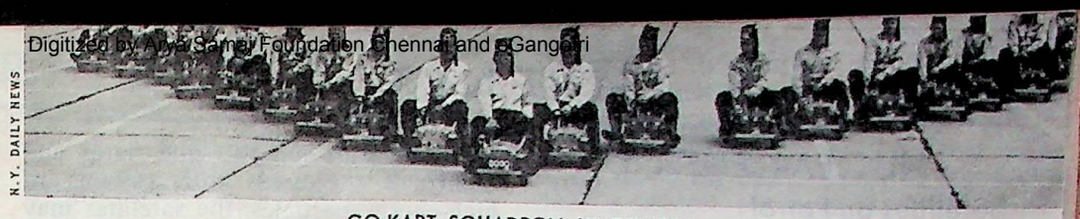
One morning, they were there. ... companied by close to 50 brass ... some 500 horses and at least ... camels, they swarmed into Manha... 150,000 strong, occupied 85 hotels ... motor inns, added to the traffic ... monopolized sidewalks, held se... hour-long parades, and displayed a ... group sense of humor in a thousand ... larious ways, including occasionally ... tangling innocent natives in loops ... invisible thread. They wore red fez... red and green floppy harem trous... and embroidered jackets, and l... like wandering extras from *The ... Days of Musa Dagh*. They were the ... spectable and respected members of ... Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles ... the Mystic Shrine of North Amer... In other words, Shriners.

As representatives of an organiz... forthrightly dedicated to whooping ... a good cause, the Shriners are ... sters by profession, obligation and ... tion. Launched over a Manhattan ... table in 1870 by 13 Masons determ... to have more cheer than that earn... philanthropic brotherhood provided ... the Order of the Shrine is no frivol... minor offshoot but the second high... level of all Masonry. Only 32nd-deg... Masons or Knights Templar are eligi... —though admittedly their degree ... be attained, if a man puts his mind ... study, in a matter of months. The Shr... ers' caste mark, worn proudly if some... times absurdly, is a maroon fez ... that can conceal but does little else ... a shiny bald head.

Manna from Mecca. Why a fez? ... most dedicated Shriner is hard put ... say. The reason is that the history ... the Shrine was invented after its found... ing, and has been elaborated ever since ... The fact seems to be that one of ... 13 founders happened to have made ... trip to the Middle East just before ... historic meeting, and thought the Ar... were quaint and Mecca romantic. ... in a country of egalitarians, there ... something about titles like "Imp... Potentate" or "Grand Chief Rabb... that can make any true democrat ... The belated attempt to create ... tory has "traced" the beginning ...

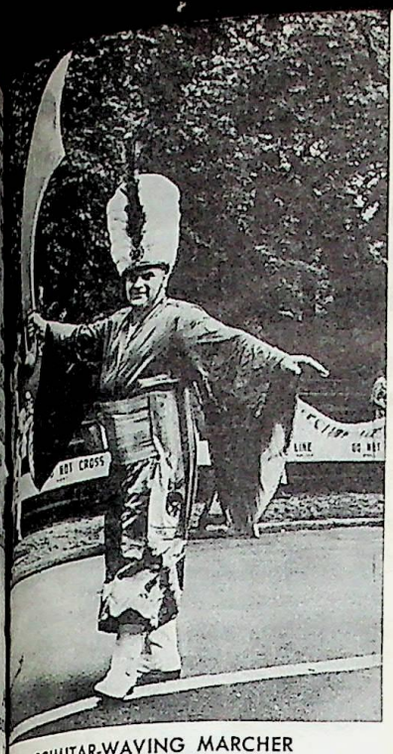
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

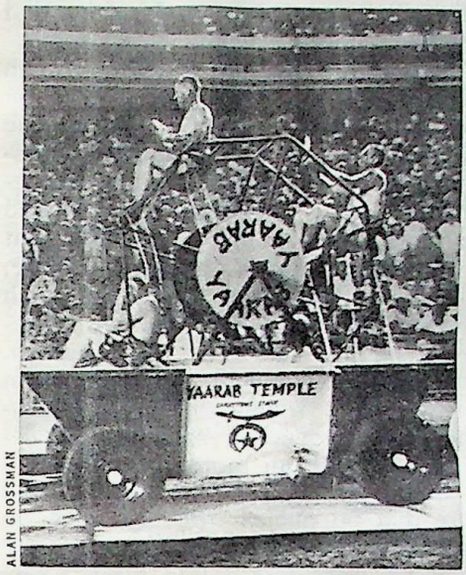


N.Y. DAILY NEWS

GO-KART SQUADRON IN REVIEW



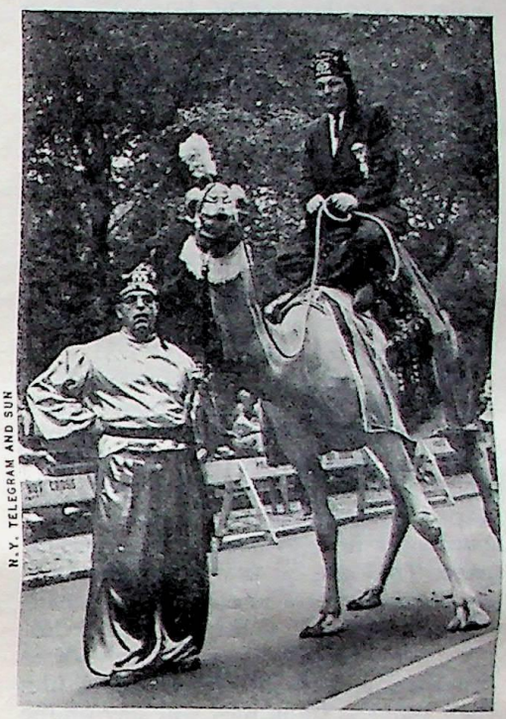
SCIMITAR-WAVING MARCHER



ALAN GROSSMAN

ATLANTA'S FERRIS WHEEL

Aleikum whoopee!



N.Y. TELEGRAM AND SUN

CEDAR RAPIDS' CAMEL

...er to A.D. 644, when the Proph-...Mohammed's son-in-law, Kalif Alee ...ose name be praised!), founded a ...gilance committee" to dole out pun-...ment for crimes not already covered ...existing laws. The committee be-...e a select group of noblemen, pre-...ably above reproach and therefore ...monstrably better than other men. ...ey evolved elaborate rituals and cer-...monies. As luck would have it, a copy ...the ritual (in translation) wandered ...ly across the vast Near Eastern ...erts to America, where it fell, like ...ana from heaven (Mecca, anyway), ...to the hands of the first Imperial Po-...tate, Dr. Walter M. Fleming. For ...s part, Fleming dropped some of the ...ma, amended the purposes to stress ...e exercise of charity and the im-...ement of the mind" rather than ...e gaining of all possible power and ...e purification of base elements from ...e land," but was careful to hang onto ...at mattered.

And what mattered were the symbols ...exotica that attended the organiza-...n, such as the jewel of the order and ...Arabic motto, *Kuwat wa Ghadab* ...rength and Fury), and the special ...ramural greeting, *"Es selamu alei-...m"* ("Peace be with you").

Prestige from Rank. Neither strong ...r furious, except occasionally with ...r wives, most Shriners seemed less ...e noble pranksters than a mobilized ...ss section of middle-class Americans. ...ey claim an unrestricted membership ...ough Negroes would be welcome, ...e have tested the claim, prefer-...a similar, separate-but-equal Negro ...ine). The organization does include ...bstantial number of Jews, who are ...parently more interested in what one ...perial Potentate called "the oppor-...nity for fun and play and mirth on ...ruly magnificent scale" than in the ...riners' proud Arabic ancestry.

At week's end, Manhattan had found ...e cause to grumble about the Shriner invasion. The nobles had spent freely on liquor, nightclubs and souvenirs, but had remained the orderly, decent citizens they are back home. In between the public displays of high jinks, the Shriners found time to entertain children in hospitals, mounted an eight-hour display-cum-parade at Shea Stadium, where some 30,000 spectators shelled out $2 to watch wheeling formations of huge men driving miniature cars and a motorized ferris wheel that dunked its four riders in an oversize tub of soapy water every twelve seconds. More somberly, they jammed into Radio City Music Hall for prayer services, and elected a new leader.

Imperial Potentate Omar Carlyle Brock, 64, an Erie, Pa., businessman and 43-year member of the Masons, took the fearsome honor with due solemnity. He is a zealous worker in the Shrine's child-welfare program, which has built and maintains 17 children's hospitals and has just raised $10,000,000 to build and staff three specialized institutions for the treatment of burns (the most common of childhood's accidents) in Galveston, Boston, and Cincinnati. He succeeds to an office once held by Actor Harold Lloyd, assumes leadership of more than three-quarters of a million men, currently including Chief Justice Earl Warren, former President Harry S. Truman, Thomas E. Dewey, Irving Berlin, and, quite naturally, Senator Barry Goldwater. Past members include Ty Cobb and Franklin D. Roosevelt; Astronauts L. Gordon Cooper and Virgil Grissom are new recruits. Omar Brock neither smokes nor (unlike his Persian namesake) drinks, has no superstitions. "You learn to live and you learn to die," he says.

As for the Shriners themselves, their fezzes askew and damp with humidity, their throats hoarse from laughter, by the end of last week they were plumb out of invisible thread as well. But all that was small fish compared to the whale of a time they had.

THE MARKETPLACE

New Products

Every summer manufacturers make it easier and more seductive for a man to go down to the sea and beach again. Some of their newest lures to a life in the midday sun:

▶ A chaise longue, powered by a small gasoline engine and equipped with polystyrene foam pontoons, will carry a chap out to sea in semisubmerged comfort. Basic cost: $179.50 at Abercrombie & Fitch.

▶ If racing is the game, there is the water-bomb Aquakart, a modified fiberglass hydroplane capable of 35 m.p.h. to 50 m.p.h., weighing only 125 lbs. and available for $745 at Hammacher Schlemmer.

▶ Fall out of a hydroplane or a chaise longue and what do you do? Inflate an Aqua Aid, worn on the wrist or on the waist in a tiny packet and available to the prudent for only $4.95. It will float a man in prime condition for several lonely hours.

▶ One of the simplest outdoor grills ever devised is offered by Hammacher Schlemmer for a mere $7.95. Folded it looks like a collapsed knapsack, and unfolded like a square wastebasket with a metal rack perched on top. It cooks a steak in six minutes and uses the most plentiful fuel in the land—old newspapers, four sheets to a sirloin.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NUCLEAR ENERGY

Satellites on Patrol

If the Russians plan to try clandestine nuclear tests deep in space, they now have less chance than ever of getting away with it. Last week the U.S. orbited two vigilant satellites loaded with sensitive instruments capable of measuring X rays, gamma rays and neutrons from any source and any direction. Taking positions 65,000 miles up and on opposite sides of the earth, they joined a similar pair that was launched last October and has been performing far better than its builders had hoped.

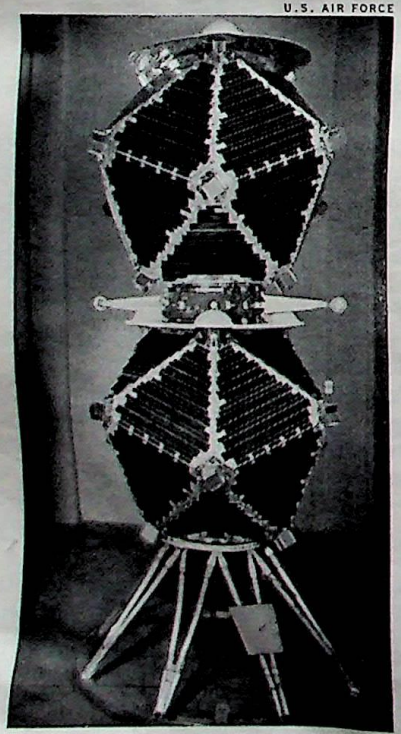
The Department of Defense, which ordered the satellites from Space Technology Laboratories, and the Atomic Energy Commission, which supplied their instruments, insist that they are only innocent research devices aimed at learning how to detect atom tests in space. They are, in fact, a nuclear testing control system already in successful operation. The satellites launched last fall have been working perfectly three months longer than their expected life; their builders think they will stay on the job for at least nine months more without giving trouble. The two that were fired aloft last week should have an even longer life, and they carry more and better instruments.

Dr. Robert Frosch, director of the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency, is sure by now that the present level of solar activity cannot confuse even the earlier satellites into giving a false alarm. But this is the sun's periodic quiet period; when it goes back into its active condition in a few years, blossoms with sunspots and flares and bombards the earth with streams of high-energy particles, the satellites may send in some puzzling reports. "There are still a number of ambiguities that we know nothing about," says Frosch.

Those first satellites, which orbit high above the normal Van Allen radiation belt, says Dr. James J. Coon of the AEC's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, have detected peculiar cone-shaped clouds of negatively charged particles, presumably electrons, that trail the earth to an unknown distance, circling at the same speed with which the earth turns, so that they always remain on the side away from the sun. No one knows where they come from or why they follow the earth. Instruments on the newer satellites are designed to find out more about them.

Both the Pentagon and the AEC are sure that no nuclear test has been exploded in space since the first detector satellites were tossed into orbit. Their instruments would have detected even a small (20 kilotons) explosion 100 million miles away and distinguished its effects from all kinds of natural radiation. This is believed to be a modest estimate of their capabilities. "How much better we can do now," said an AEC official, "we're not telling."

U.S. AIR FORCE



SPACE DETECTIVES
A way to beat cheating.

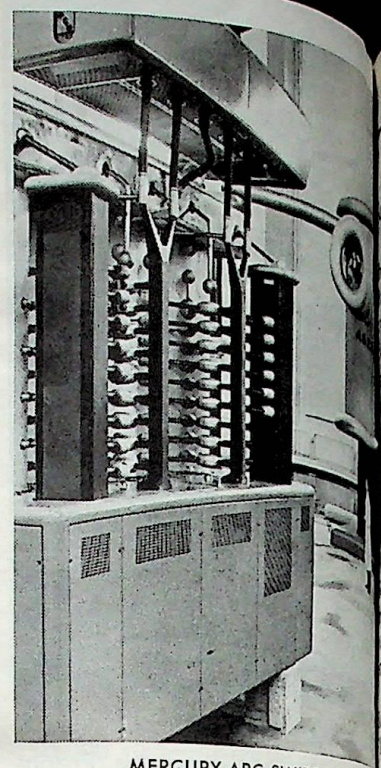
ENGINEERING

D.C. on the Wires

Housed in a compact building near Boulogne, France, a row of 10-ft.-high steel cylinders feeds high-voltage electricity into cables that cross under the English Channel to link the power networks of two nations. The same sort of tubes will soon be at work in New Zealand and Japan, and the U.S. Department of the Interior hopes to hook them to a pair of 750,000-volt lines more than 800 miles long that will carry surplus hydroelectric power from the Pacific Northwest to consumers in California and Arizona.

For all their size, the power-pushing cylinders are first cousins of the fragile vacuum tubes that glow in TV and hi-fi sets. But for all their futuristic appearance, they are a long reach into the past. They deal in electricity that always flows in the same direction—the same direct current that Thomas Alva Edison used in 1882 when he built his first primitive power system in downtown New York.

Slim Cables. Alternating current, which changes direction some 60 times per second, is far more versatile because its voltage can be raised or lowered easily by simple, cheap transformers. Modern generating plants produce AC at comparatively low voltage, and for long-distance transmission, transformers step it up to several hundred thousand volts so that it will pass through cables of reasonable size without too much loss.* When it reaches its destination, transformers reduce the voltage for use in homes and industries.



MERCURY-ARC SWITCHES
A reach into the past.

Despite DC's virtual disappearance from general use, engineers have kept with the nagging knowledge that the way current is better for the long hauls. DC transmission lines carry more power and are cheaper to build. The smooth stream of electricity is easier to control and to blend with current from other sources in a network. Trouble is, DC cannot be handled by transformers, what was needed to fit it for the high time was a practical method of manufacturing it from high-voltage AC current at the generator end of the line and of converting it back to AC at the customers' end.

Steady Flow. This is the job that has been taken over by the big steel cylinders, otherwise known as mercury-arc valves. Perfected for high-voltage use by Dr. Uno Lamm of Sweden's ASEA company, they are filled with hot mercury vapor and act like instantaneous switches. High-voltage AC from step-up transformers runs into them, and whenever the current changes its direction it is switched to the opposite pole of the DC transmission line. A bank of valves switching in unison produces a steady flow of current.

At the far end of the transmission line, the same valves are used in a different hookup. The current flows through their mercury vapor is stopped and started by a control-voltage applied to a grid. This second switching produces alternating current that can be fed into transformers and reduced to the low voltages needed by the customers.

* When the voltage (electric pressure) of a transmission system is increased, its amperage (current) is reduced proportionately, so there is less energy loss in the line.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ARCHITECTURE

Superhighway Church

In a secular age, long removed from the centuries that built the great cathedrals, a church still remains a profound creative challenge for an architect; clergy and congregations are among the most open-minded of clients. Yet they do not often concede the degree of freedom given to Italian Architect Giovanni Michelucci, 73, in his new Church of St. John the Baptist. His client was a governmental superhighway authority (modeled on the New York Port Authority) that built the Autostrada del Sole from Milan to Naples. It wanted a memorial to dead highway-builders, and put no limitations of time, size, form or budget on Architect Michelucci.

The church stands strangely inside a cloverleaf of the expressway near Florence, and serves as a spiritual halfway house for travelers. "The general form is that of a tent," explains Michelucci, who designed its swaybacked curves with architectural as well as spiritual freedom in mind. He spent hours daily on the job, changing details in concrete and carpentry.

St. John's takes an informal stance in its structure. The main altar faces across the narrowest part of the nave toward an upper chapel, so that in effect the nave's long dimension becomes a transept, terminated east and west by smaller altars. Architect Michelucci has also departed from custom by enclosing the narthex, or entrance portico, in a gentle cloister; the church hollows its own entrance. The whole is asymmetrical, forcing the worshiper into the relaxed mood Michelucci desired. As he says, "This church is a little city in which men should meet and recognize in each other the common hope of finding each other again."

PAINTING

Bright Orpheus

In his long lifetime, Frank Kupka moved from painting Pre-Raphaelite madonnas, dress designing, and drawing anarchistic caricatures to luminous cauldrons of color; at the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair, he won a gold medal with a straightforward painting of two horses ridden by naked girls on a beach. That distant honor, and learned footnotes in art history books, have been the sum of his recognition until now. But two new shows in Paris, one by Dealer Louis Carré, who years ago bought scads of the artist's works for peanuts, and another by the Galerie Karl Flinker, reveal that Frank Kupka had thought through and defined abstractionism as early as anyone.

The Sound of Color. Kupka was 40 before he produced his first abstract paintings called *Nocturne, Fugue in Red and Blue,* and *Warm Chromatic.* Born in 1871 to a Bohemian village clerk in what is now Czechoslovakia, he began drawing statues in the town square, entered art school in Prague at the age of 16. He delighted in the new philosophies of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, who exalted unconscious will and intuition over reason. He was entranced by their thought that music is the most abstract and therefore highest art—and decided to challenge it in paint.

As years passed, color rang in his work like chimes. His palette brightened past the impressionists, past the Fauves. Kupka frequently visited Chartres Cathedral, where he sat hour on hour soaking in the rainbow radiance of its stained-glass windows. He studied Newtonian color theory, and like Kandinsky, who was five years his senior, he quit coloring nature and began illustrating the nature of color. He wanted anything, he wrote, but "the postcard photograph."

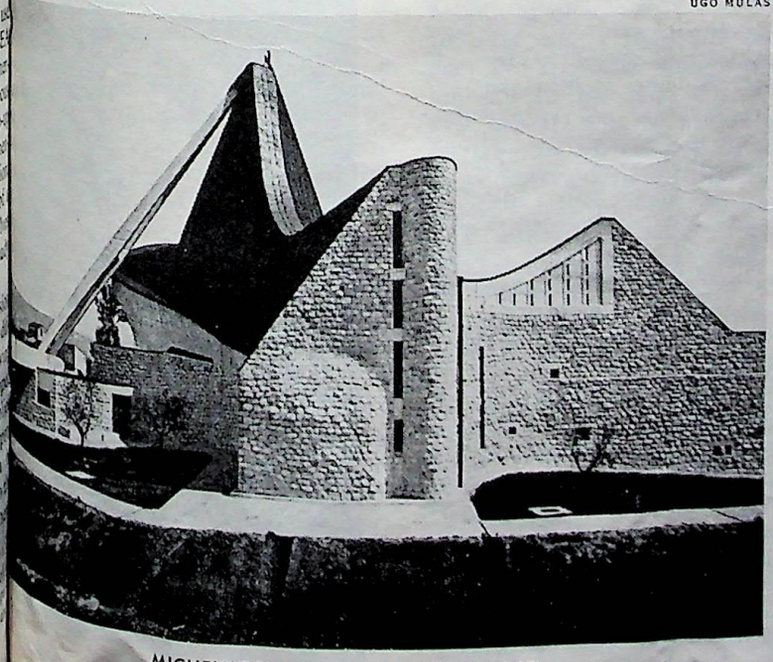
In 1913, Kupka gave his manifesto to a New York Times correspondent. "I have come to believe," said he, "that it is not really the object of art to reproduce a subject photographically. Music is an art of sounds that are not in nature and almost entirely created. Man created writings, the airplane and the locomotive. Why may he not create in painting independently of the forms and colors of the world about him? The public certainly needs to add the action of the optic nerve to those of the olfactory, acoustic and sensory ones. I am still groping in the dark, but I believe I can produce a figure in colors as Bach has done in music."

Bouncier than Bach. That poetic arbiter of artistic taste, Apollinaire, promptly dubbed Kupka's work "Orphism," and paired him with the French colorist Robert Delaunay. Although he rejected the association, Kupka churned out whorls of saturated color, dazzling fingerprints of the spectrum. With his paintpots, he set cubism on fire.

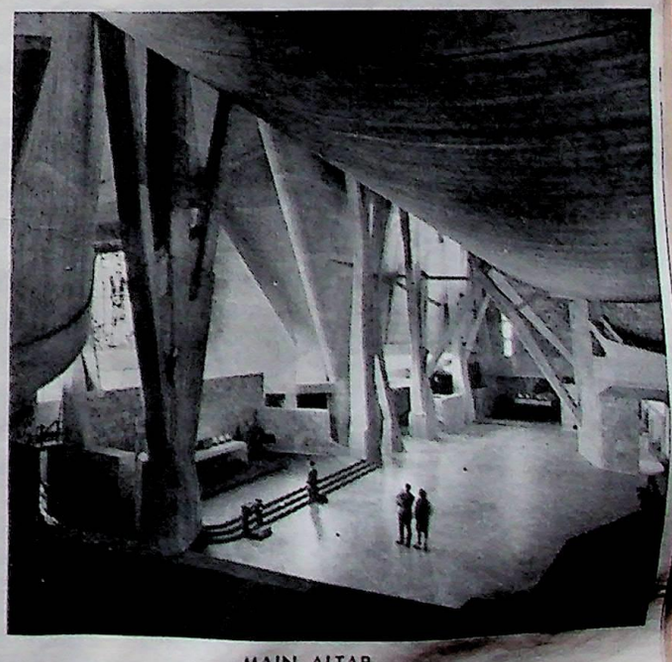
World War I put an end to Kupka's optimistic colors. He fought in the French army, later returned to help establish independent Czechoslovakia. After the war, like Léger and the Dadaists, he painted imaginary machines in a commentary on dehumanized mankind. He did a series called *Hot Jazz,* trying to make his lyrical art more bouncy than Bach, but the verve of his youth seemed gone.

Orpheus had apparently looked backward. Kupka's reputation became that of a faceless pioneer, and he seemed not to care. Shortly before his death seven years ago, Kupka received a visit from the Museum of Modern Art's Alfred Barr Jr., who bought a batch of gouaches. "You have to thank her," said Kupka, pointing to his wife. "Without her, all of this would have been burned." Barr turned to Madame Kupka and kissed her.

UGO MULAS



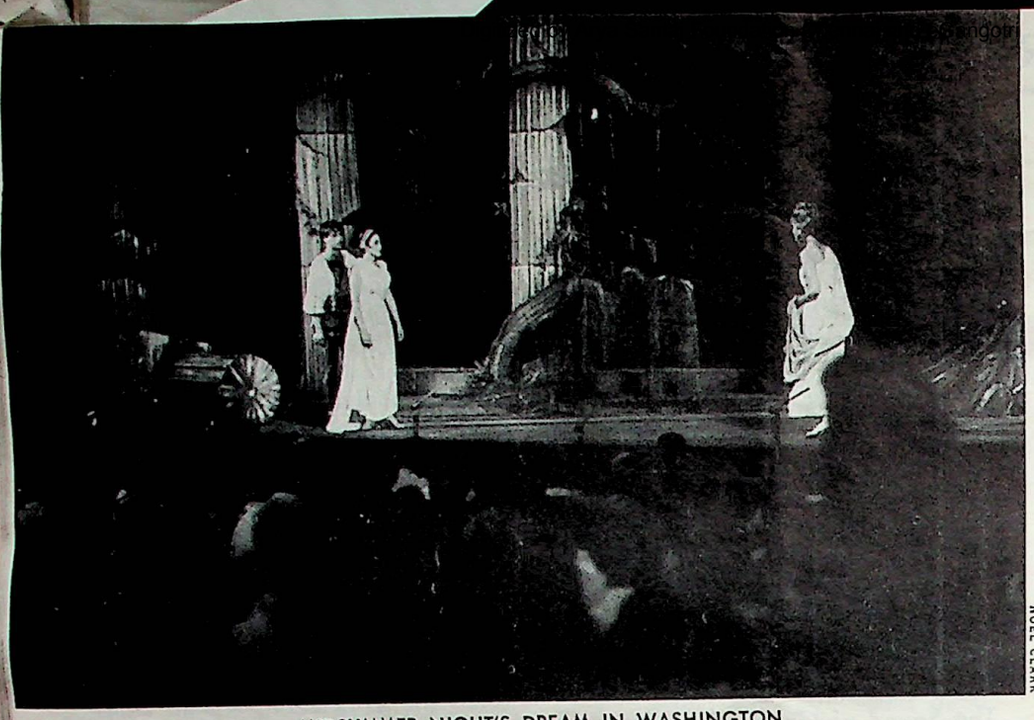
MICHELUCCI'S ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST



MAIN ALTAR

A halfway house for the spirit.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar



NOEL CLARK

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM IN WASHINGTON
A capital monument to the bard.

SHOW BUSINESS

THE STAGE

The Shakescene

It is a bad year for the Philistine fringe. For summer theatergoers who cannot stand Shakespeare, avoiding him is all but impossible in this season of the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. There seem to be even more Hamlets in the country than Smiths. Herewith a selective survey of Shakespearean productions in the U.S. and Canada.

• ASHLAND, ORE. The Oregon Shakespeare Festival is the oldest in the U.S. (1935). In the remote forests, casting has to be done by questionnaire rather than audition, but Producer-Director Angus Bowmer has in the past discovered actors like Hollywood's George Peppard (*Breakfast at Tiffany's*) and Off Broadway's Joyce Ebert (*The Trojan Women*). This summer he has a witty, elegant Portia, a sunlit Viola, and a really arachnid Regan, all in the person of Elizabeth Huddle, a 25-year-old actress from San Francisco. Richard Coe, drama critic of the Washington Post, recently came away from Ashland proclaiming her "the finest young undiscovered actress in America."

The Oregon group does *Henry VI, Part 1* as well as *Lear, Twelfth Night* and *The Merchant of Venice*, and does them all with fluid skill. Rigorously Elizabethan in style, the company offers no intermissions and performs in a simulacrum of 17th century London's Fortune Theater. "This is a stepping-stone between the academic and professional theaters," says Bowmer. "We use Shakespeare because we think he's a damned good theater man."

• ATLANTA. The Southern Shakespeare Festival occurs in a converted Baptist church before audiences that have sometimes achieved levels of unsophistication reminiscent of the sort of people who watched Shakespeare's plays when they were originally performed. "He went thataway," a bloodthirsty young man once shouted over the footlights to Macbeth, indicating where the thane might corner King Duncan. But this year the Atlanta group has a really outstanding Hamlet in Jonathan Phelps, whose considerable technical facility is matched by a scholarly understanding of his subject, resulting in a performance of unusual balance.

• HIGHLAND PARK, ILL. The Ravinia Shakespeare Company may prove to be the best performing in the U.S. this summer, but this remains to be seen, since its opening night is Aug. 18. The group consists of 25 English Shakespearean actors, many of them graduates of the Old Vic. Assembled in London by Peter Dews, who produced and directed the BBC's *An Age of Kings*, the company will give 52 performances in the open air of Ravinia Park. King Henry V and Hamlet will be played by Robert Hardy, who played Laertes to Richard Burton's Hamlet at the Old Vic in 1953-54 and became one of Burton's favorite friends. The Ravinia Shakespeare Company has been imported as a result of the efforts of a Chicago advertising man, who thinks of Anacin by day and dreams of anapaests at night.

• LAKEWOOD, OHIO. The Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival has a fine *Hamlet* too, notable mainly for the breadth of its excellence. Hamlet himself is adequately played by Dennis Longwell, who finished at Yale four years ago, has earned a graduate degree in dramatic art at Northwestern, and has worked two seasons with the excellent Equity repertory company at Princeton. Perhaps too close in age to the academic world, he still has a lot of living to do before he can become a fully rounded Hamlet. Mario [illegible] Polonius is consummately aeolian [illegible] ery Battis, once of Broadway (*W* *Victory*) and now a history profes[illegible] at Rutgers, plays King Claudius [illegible] all the high colors of evil, villainy [illegible] cowardice that the role could poss[illegible] be made to display.

The Great Lakes group also d[illegible] *Henry VI* (a compression of all [illegible] parts), *Antony and Cleopatra*, Ric[illegible] *III*, *Much Ado About Nothing* and *T[illegible] Taming of the Shrew*. The consi[illegible] high level of its productions is [illegible] achievement of Director Arthur L[illegible] gow, long a professional man-ab[illegible] Shakespeare, whose players are alw[illegible] well-drilled and speak their lines as [illegible] they understand the characters they [illegible] playing.

• LOS ANGELES. Morris Carnovsky's King Lear, first seen at Stratford, Con[illegible] last summer, has become an institu[illegible] in itself, said to be even better th[illegible] Paul Scofield's. Carnovsky-Lear is pr[illegible] ently mounted in a straightforward a[illegible] well-paced production staged by J[illegible] Houseman for Hollywood's Pilgrim[illegible] Theater. The cast as a whole fully s[illegible] ports Carnovsky, and the outdoor s[illegible] ting is stunning. He shouts, "Bl[illegible] winds, and crack your cheeks! R[illegible] Blow!" at the sheer parapets of the H[illegible] lywood Hills—at least they turn m[illegible] sheer parapets under the magical l[illegible] ing of Broadway's Jean Rosenthal.

• LOUISVILLE. Like New York, Louisv[illegible] has free Shakespeare in its Central Pa[illegible] with 1,500 permanent seats and spa[illegible] space for folding chairs, stools an[illegible] blankets. Equity actors are the nucle[illegible] of the Carriage House Shakespeare[illegible] Repertory Company, which this summ[illegible] is doing *The Taming of the Shr*[illegible] *Macbeth*, *As You Like It* and *Ju*[illegible] *Caesar*. So far, the Courier-Journal h[illegible] described the group's work as "vita[illegible]

DWAINE SWIM

HUDDLE'S REGAN
An Oregonian arachnid.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PETER SMITH

HUTT'S RICHARD II
An Ontarian Humbert Humbert.

hile the Times has limited its praise, ving only that "several scenes were ilfully, imaginatively staged."

MINNEAPOLIS. Given the tendency of Director Tyrone Guthrie to bejazz his productions, the present Henry V at the Tyrone Guthrie Theater might have been expected to whip out a .45 at Agincourt. But he does not—and *Henry V* is a palpable hit (TIME, May 22), more memorable for Guthrie's overall staging than for the at times unkingly performance of George Grizzard.

• NEW YORK CITY. Richard Burton's Hamlet will continue to run for two more weeks on Broadway; during its extended run, Burton's stand-by, Robert Burr, played Hamlet for Joseph Papp's free Shakespeare group in Central Park in a production that, with Julie Harris as Ophelia, outdistanced the one on Broadway in nearly every respect save the performance of Burton himself. Papp's group is still doing a successful, broad-laugh presentation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* from a collapsible mobile theater touring the five boroughs* (TIME, July 10), and at present in Central Park an excellent production of *Othello*, with James Earl Jones as a hip-swiveling, primitive Moor. The staging is bold. In the bedroom scene, for example, Desdemona (Julienne Marie) does not just wait to be strangled. She makes a desperate effort to get away. Othello chases her, catches her when she trips on a flight of stairs, carries her, struggling, back to the bed, where he falls on her and chokes off her life.

• SAN DIEGO. In Balboa Park, the replica Globe Theater contains productions this summer of *Measure for Measure*, *Macbeth* and *Much Ado About Nothing*. The first is notable chiefly because the actors wear codpieces, but San Diego audiences do not comprehend the play's intricate fornications. The second features a good performance by Charles Macaulay, a discovery from television. And the third is memorable because it was directed by B. Iden Payne, 82, a formidable figure in professional and bush theater for more than 60 years. His *Much Ado* is literal, straightforward, underdirected and one-dimensional, which will indicate to any former Payne student that the master has not lost his grip. Some of the actors in *Much Ado* strike poses like various Barrymores. Small wonder. B. Iden Payne directed Ethel in *Déclassé* and John in *Justice*.

• STRATFORD, CONN. This is the tenth season for Stratford-upon-Housatonic, which once tried to enrich its box office with stars like Jack Palance and Robert Ryan, apparently hoping that audiences would confuse qualitative accomplishment with mere surprise that the stars could say the lines at all. Then in 1962 the Ford Foundation gave $503,000 to Stratford to help finance a wintertime school in speech, dance, fencing and so on, designed to develop a permanent company with all the depth, facility, and technical skill of an English group.

To some extent this paid off in Morris Carnovsky's 1963 *Lear*, but for the most part the American Stratford is still disappointingly inept. Someone named Tom Sawyer is playing Hamlet there this year. The poor fellow may very well know how to get a fence painted, but he certainly has no idea how to sit on one. Left alone on the stage for soliloquies, he is wooden, stiff-legged and ill at ease. His fencing lessons have resulted in a dual scene that might have been fought between Mrs. Warren Harding and the lady in Ohio. Considering the Gertrude, the Laertes and the Ophelia that surround him, Sawyer is at least letting no one down. The highlight of the production occurs when a procession of supernumeraries enters bearing long poles topped by huge, flaming, antlered skulls. There is no other fire in this *Hamlet*.

Stratford's *Richard III* is equally unsettling. As Douglas Watson plays him, Richard is monstrously twitchy but uncomplicatedly gleeful, a modern rather than a medieval sicknik, never giving the sense that he really loves evil for its own sake. The company's *Much Ado About Nothing*, on the other hand, is the best evening for sale at Stratford this summer. Riotous and briskly paced, with leafy sets, garden-party costumes and lighthearted acting, it goes some distance toward being the dish of sherbet that *Much Ado* should be.

• STRATFORD, ONT. A Shakespeare memorial summer seems an odd time for the Stratford Shakespearean Festival Foundation of Canada to present two plays by other authors, but that is what is happening in Ontario, where Wycherley's *The Country Wife* opened early this week and Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is already playing. *King Lear* and *Richard II* are playing too. John Colicos, who looks much like Paul Scofield in the role, is an able and imperial Lear in a production skillfully but somewhat sentimentally staged by Stratford's Artistic Director Michael Langham. The star of the summer, however, is William Hutt, 44, who is probably the best of Canada's actors. A deeply trained Shakespearean, he novelly plays Richard with strength at the start, gradually shading him into weakness. He is also candid about the shortcomings of earlier actors in the role. Alec Guinness, he says, "was impressive without being definitive." Michael Redgrave "played it like Barbara Stanwyck with a mustache." Gielgud? "I guess he thought Richard was a neurasthenic who could cry at the drop of a crown." As for the play itself, in which Richard's queen is a young child, Hutt says: "It out-Humberts Humbert. It should be retitled *Take Her, She's Nine*."

• WASHINGTON, D.C. Begun three years ago, the Shakespeare Summer Festival is staged on the sloping lawns that lead up to the Washington Monument, and is in itself something of a monument to the determination of a housewife named Ellie Chamberlain Galidas, whose husband is a General Electric systems analyst. She decided that the capital should have free, outdoor, summer Shakespeare, and she brought it off. Her actors are partly Equity and partly amateur, plus 20 ballerinas from the Washington School of the Ballet. They do one play a season, and this summer's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is just right for its setting —full of pageantry and horseplay and Mack Sennett chases.

GEORGE JOSEPH

JONES'S OTHELLO & MARIE'S DESDEMONA
An athletic strangulation in Manhattan.

here it has run into some local competi- . In Brooklyn, the Orthodox Jewish Shake- Troupe of the Menorah Home and ital for the Aged and Infirm has its an- summer production too. This year it was Lady Macbeth, 76, wearing a blue she made herself, addressed the audi- the end, saying: "Did I do bad? I my husband to be a somebody." Said -year-old Macbeth to his lady: "A king to be? A 15-room castle wasn't good ugh for you?"

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

GYNECOLOGY

Intra-Uterine Devices: A New Era in Birth Control?

It has been known for a century that a foreign body in the uterus can prevent conception—at least in animals. But how could such a process work and be put to safe human use? Even though modern medical men have no sure answers, the cautious and respectable Planned Parenthood Federation of America announced last week that its medical advisers are now giving "strong, though preliminary" approval to the newest form of birth control. Information accumulated from more than 10,000 women during 90,000 woman-months of observation, said P.P.F.'s medical committee, "indicates that the modern intra-uterine contraceptive devices are both safe and effective."

Said P.P.F.'s president, Dr. Alan Guttmacher: "Intra-uterine devices are being subjected to as much scientific testing as the birth control pills." And it appears that they are almost equally effective. If their sponsors' hopes are fulfilled, IUCDs, as they are called, may soon be the most useful and prevalent contraceptive. They cost only pennies to manufacture; the cost of insertion is no more than a doctor chooses to charge, which may be nothing at a health station in India or the fee for an office visit and examination in the U.S. A woman who wants another child can usually become pregnant within a couple of months after the IUCD's removal. Most important, IUCDs can be left in place for months or years without thought or attention.

Silk to Silver. The man who did most to demonstrate the effectiveness of IUCDs did not live to see the dawn of the new age that he pioneered. German Gynecologist Ernst Gräfenberg, born in 1881, began inserting rings in the wombs of his patients in the 1920s. He first used rings made of surgical silk, but soon switched to silver wire. The insertion of wire required dilatation of the cervix, but Dr. Gräfenberg reported few complications and fewer unwanted pregnancies. Yet when other doctors decided to follow his example, there were many complaints—mainly excessive bleeding and inflammation in the pelvis. The rings fell into disrepute. After Dr. Gräfenberg settled in the U.S. in 1940, he gave up the use of IUCDs.

Research went on elsewhere. The late Dr. Willi Oppenheimer of Shaare Zedek Hospital in Jerusalem, who began working on the devices in 1930, thought that something like the gut used in surgical sutures would be less likely than metal to cause bad reactions. He went back to Gräfenberg's rings made from the surgical silk. His 329 patients had a few unwanted pregnancies, but no miscarriages and no malformed babies. There were no cases of permanent sterility, and no diseases, including cancer, that could be attributed to the ring. In Yokohama, Dr. Atsumi Ishihama recorded a total of 19,000 [illegible] en fitted with IUCDs; his choice [illegible] ring made from a spiral of [illegible] plastic, and with a disk in the [illegible] suspended from three points.

Hong Kong Queues. The [illegible] an IUCD, however, seems hardly to [illegible] ter. Nor does the nature of the [illegible] provided only that it is inert enough [illegible] cause little or no reaction in the [illegible] an's tissues. Several IUCDs are [illegible] such as those of plastic (a special [illegible] ethylene), silk or nylon thread, [illegible] usually be inserted without dilatation [illegible] the cervix. Even so, insertion must [illegible] done by a doctor, and preferably [illegible] specialist in gynecology. Insertion [illegible] metal ring, with dilatation of the [illegible] definitely calls for specialized skill.

IUCDs are now being studied in [illegible] least a dozen countries, including [illegible] eral in Latin America. In Hong Kong, [illegible] Taiwan and Korea IUCDs have been [illegible] enormously popular; women formed [illegible] queues outside family-planning [illegible] in Hong Kong, waiting to be fitted. [illegible] extensive test program is getting [illegible] way, though slowly, in India.

In the U.S. at least 15,000 women have been fitted with IUCDs at 40 medical centers. Four principal types of devices are being tested:

▶ A ring, slightly less than an inch in diameter, made of stainless-steel [illegible] under study since 1949 by Dr. Hen[illegible] H. Hall of New York Medical College.

▶ A polyethylene spiral, designed by Dr. Lazar C. Margulies of Manhattan's Mount Sinai Hospital, can be inserted through a straight tube, and carries a threadlike "tail" punctuated with plastic beads.

▶ A double-S loop of plastic, equipped with a tail, developed by [illegible] Jack Lippes of the University of Buffalo.

▶ A "bow tie," or double triangle, devised by Dr. Charles H. Birnberg of the Jewish Hospital of Brooklyn, which like the rings ordinarily has no tail, but is made of a plastic that shows on X ray.

Still No Clue. The biggest immediate difficulty with IUCDs is that one woman out of ten expels hers—usually within two months. And she may not notice that she has lost it until she becomes pregnant. It is to guard against unsuspected loss of the devices that many of them carry a plastic tail. A woman can then easily examine herself to make sure that the device is in place. Only a few women have intermittent bleeding or difficulties that prompt their doctors to remove the devices.

Although no one yet knows just how IUCDs prevent conception, it is certain that—unlike the diaphragm, which covers the cervix—they do not prevent passage of the sperm into the uterus. [illegible] along the Fallopian tube to meet the egg. Since they definitely trigger excessive contractions of the uterine muscle and of the Fallopian tubes, they may cause displacement of the egg before it has time to be fertilized or to settle in the wall of the womb.

WALTER DARAN

DOUBLE-S, BOW TIE, RINGS & SPIRAL (ACTUAL SIZE)
High hope of cheap, long-term protection.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

There is no doubt about IUCDs' relaly high effectiveness. If 100 wives no contraceptives, 90 will become gnant in a year; with the rhythm hod, 40 will, and with diaphragm or ndoms, from two to 20. Among 100 men who can retain IUCDs, there is, the average, only one pregnancy a . That is as near perfection as the ection from the pills.

SURGERY

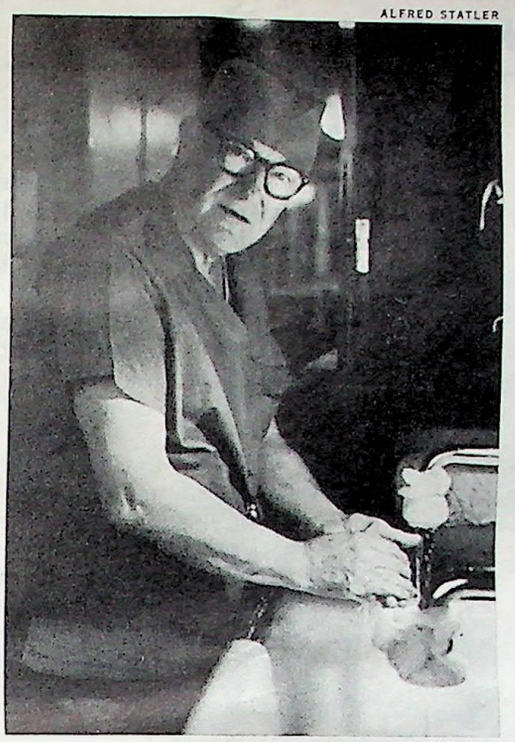
Most Radical Operation

r. Alexander Brunschwig of Man- an's Memorial Hospital has literally mboweled hundreds of patients dur- the past 17 years. In almost every , the list of organs he has removed uld seem to be a surely lethal loss. t Brunschwig's eviscerations—or pel- exenterations, as surgeons prefer to the incredibly drastic operations— ve been a startlingly successful effort save lives after all hope was gone.

In a newly published French mono- aph, *L'Exentération pelvienne*, Dr. unschwig reports that no fewer than 6 of his 562 patients have lived five ars or longer after the operation. Vir- lly all have been glad that they mitted to the extensive amputation, en though many have had to wear a g strapped to their waists to collect ine and feces. Some have been able work for years, with no outward n of their condition.

Touring & Swimming. Dr. Brun- chwig, a surgeon and gynecologist, de- ided as long ago as 1934 that some ncer patients for whom all other eatment had failed might be kept alive r several years by operations more astic than any so far attempted. He gan, usually in cases of stomach can- r by removing most of the stomach, rt of the left lobe of the liver, the body d tail of the pancreas, the spleen, e transverse colon and part of the dominal wall. Of the first 100 pa- ents, 19 lived for one to ten years, in- uding a laborer who went back to do- a full day's work (TIME, March 7, 1947).

Among women there were even more ere cases in which massive cancers d spread from uterus to large bowel d bladder, or from bowel to uterus d bladder. For them Dr. Brunschwig ved a still more radical operation, moving not only the vagina, cervix d uterus, but much of the lower colon d also the bladder. This necessitates ing an artificial bladder from a sec- of small bowel, or leading the ure- into the colon, which then empties urine and feces into a "wet co- tomy" bag. After more conventional erations for rectal cancer that has read widely, only fecal matter through the "dry colostomy" ening in the abdominal wall, because bladder and urethra are left in- . Since no two patients' diseases are e, Brunschwig operations vary in the number of organs and length of bowel removed.



ALFRED STATLER

DR. BRUNSCHWIG SCRUBBING UP

OPERATING FOR CANCER

Startling success from a seemingly lethal loss.

One man was well enough to make a transcontinental tour eight years after exenteration for cancer of his rectum and bladder. A woman of 35, whose operation spared the lower part of her pelvis, was having a normal sex life and went swimming seven years after surgery. Dr. Brunschwig's most extreme case was a woman who lost many internal organs, including the left kidney, plus all related lymph nodes, along with her left leg and hind quarter. Eight years later she is living happily and doing all her own housework.

Still Not the Answer. Astonishingly, Dr. Brunschwig's "five-year cure rate" of 20% for these supposedly hopeless patients is just about the same as the survival rate for all patients after their first and much less drastic operation for cancer of other internal organs. But for all his encouraging results, Surgeon Brunschwig still does not feel that such surgery is the answer. Exenteration, he says, "is a brutal and cruel procedure." He looks forward to the day when researchers will put him out of business by discovering the drug that will kill cancer cells.

TOXICOLOGY

Beware the Woolly Worm

Most adults dislike caterpillars for vague, undefinable reasons, while most children like to stroke their cute, fuzzy backs. The adults are right. At least 50 species, among the hundreds of caterpillars in the U.S.,are a hazard to health simply because some of the long and often colorful hair on their backs is irritating or even poisonous to the touch.

The worst offender, say Dr. Campbell W. McMillan and Dr. William R. Purcell in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, is the caterpillar that grows into one of the flannel moths, *Megalopyge opercularis*. Country folk use so many other names that they have confused the issue. In North Carolina it is usualiy the "woolly slug," in Texas it is often "woolly worm," and in between it may be the puss caterpillar, possum bug, or Italian asp. In Mexico it becomes *el perrito*, or little dog. By any name, it stings.

Houston doctors report that there seem to be epidemics of woolly-worm stings every four or five years, when the moths, and therefore their caterpillars, are especially numerous. In one recent year, Houston area doctors reported 2,130 cases; almost every one involved severe local pain and local swelling. One patient out of three had swelling of the lymph glands and a headache too severe to be relieved by aspirin. One in 20 went into shock, and eight patients had to be hospitalized, mainly for convulsions. Children are not the only victims: a Houston man was stung by a woolly worm's long back hairs when he picked up his golf bag; soon his whole left arm was throbbing with pain up to the armpit. Even with Demerol and Benadryl, he was still in pain and had a headache the next day.

The woolly slug is concentrated in eleven states from Maryland to Missouri and Texas, but it has close kin in the Northeast: the caterpillar of the white moth, *Lagoa crispata*. Other common stingers are the range and saddleback caterpillars, and those of the buck, Io, tussock and brown-tail moths. Where the caterpillars are especially abundant, their hairs may fly through the air in such numbers as to bring on asthma attacks in children who never even touch the beast directly.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

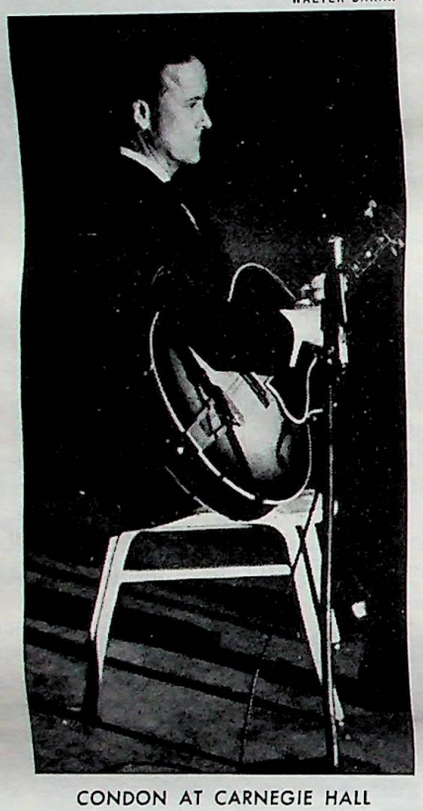
JAZZ

The Grand Old Man

Cutty and Zutty were there. So were Peanuts, Woody, Yank, Wingy, Red, Pee Wee and Willie the Lion.* Sammy Davis Jr. was supposed to come, but he pleaded "fatigue" at the last minute and didn't show. Just as well; he would have seemed out of place at this reunion of jazz's elder statesmen, come to celebrate one of their own.

They called it "A Salute to Eddie Condon," the famed, feisty guitarist who has reigned for some 25 years as public defender of "old style" Dixieland.

WALTER DARAN



CONDON AT CARNEGIE HALL
A salute from the survivors.

Staged at midnight in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall, the event had all the makings for a Great Moment in jazz history. Bob Crosby and Johnny Mercer came in from the West Coast. Woody Herman and his 16-piece band were bussed uptown between shows at a Times Square jazz emporium. All told, 43 musicians gathered to pay homage, many of them the founding fathers of "hot jazz," ragtime's carefree child born in the backrooms and basements of Chicago in the mid-1920s.

Out of the Cellar. Trumpeter Wingy Manone got the audience of 1,800 tapping their feet with a blistering *Tailgate Ramble*. Trumpeter Billy Butterfield chimed in with a sweet and solid delivery of *Singing the Blues*. Crosby led ten enlistees through a lively, give-and-go session of *Royal Garden Blues*. But betwixt and between, *le jazz hot* tended to run lukewarm, and when it was over at 3:20 a.m., the Great Moment had never quite happened. M.C.s Crosby and Mercer did their best to keep the music flowing as freely as the whisky backstage, but the profusion of talent was largely wasted in the confusion of an erratic format.

Condon was the first to insist that Dixieland jazz was worthy of being lifted out of the dingy cellars and onto the concert stage. He helped inspire the whole cult of jazz critics, who could spin out columns on the flittering trumpet solos of Bobby Hackett. To prove his point, in 1942 Condon promoted a highly successful series of jazz "concerts" at Manhattan's Town Hall. During cool jazz's dominance, Condon doggedly ran his own club in Greenwich Village. He organized the bands, promoted Dixieland indefatigably, arranged for the recording sessions.

"Up and Leapin'." At Carnegie Hall, Condon appeared to lead his crusty cronies through some "up and leapin' music." "Eddie's the guy who got us the jobs when we needed them," says Bass Player Bobby Haggart. The Carnegie Hall "salute" was, in fact, a benefit for Condon, 58, who will use the proceeds ($2,700) to help pay his hospital bills for a recent operation. "The youngest guy at Carnegie's Hole," says Condon, "was the doorman. There are not many young guys around who are interested in playing the old unconfined jazz. Music has survived some strange invasions but we've done an awfully good job of being relevant for quite a few years. We've raised some hell in our time." As an elder statesman, Condon is probably too gloomy. Fact is that Dixieland music is experiencing something of a renaissance. At debutante balls and bar mitzvahs, on campuses and at country-club dances, Dixieland bands are discoursing anew on an old theme that Eddie Condon kept alive.

Bossa Nova Nova

Most people thought bossa nova was dead, and most were glad to have simply survived the hucksterized flood of bossa nova dances, bossa nova shoes and sweatshirts, boogie bossa nova, soul bossa nova.

But last week a packed audience at San Francisco's Jazz Workshop listened raptly as slim, meek Astrud Gilberto, 24, stood before a microphone and sang *The Girl from Ipanema*, in a voice so soft and introverted that it barely cut the smoke. Behind her, Stan Getz wove wispy filigrees on his tenor sax to produce the most infectious "new sound" around—the bossa nova nova.

Eloquent Sermon. It all started a ago, when the easy charm of bos had been drowned in a din of drums, maracas and raucous bands. Getz met with Singer-G João Gilberto, Brazil's "pope of sa nova," and decided to cut one bossa nova album. Gilberto's wife trud, who had never sung outsi kitchen before, was enlisted as an thought to sing the English lyrics *Girl from Ipanema* that João Portuguese. This spring, when felt that the odor of the butchered had cleared, the Getz-Gilberto was quietly released. To the tonishment, the record soared the top of the bestseller lists.

Most of the melodies are provi

SHEEDY AND

ASTRUD IN SAN FRANCISCO
A filigree from behind.

Antonio Carlos Jobim, Brazil's lead bossa nova composer, who also backs the lead duo with sensitive piano p ing. The result is an eloquent sermon what the bossa nova was originally about. The relaxed, almost flat styling of João sounds as if he whispering in your ear, and it is quisitely embroidered by the echo solos of Getz's lyrical tenor sax.

Six, & Adding. Two months ago as João and Getz were about to a countrywide tour, João develop "cramp in his playing arm" and bow out. Astrud replaced him and denly found herself a star. Astrud self a girl from Ipanema, a sec Rio de Janeiro's sparkling beach who came to the U.S. two years with João. Last week, with the edition of *The Girl from Ipanema* ing up the teen-age record mar trud Gilberto was trying to get her new billing—at least to the six-song trying to add to her

TIME, JULY

* Trombonist Robert ("Cutty") Cutshall; Trumpeters John ("Yank") Lawson, Henry ("Red") Allen, Joseph ("Wingy") Manone; Drummer Arthur ("Zutty") Singleton; Clarinetists Charles ("Pee Wee") Russell, Michael ("Peanuts") Hucko; Bandleader Woodrow ("Woody") Herman; Pianist Willie ("The Lion") Smith.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MILESTONES

Born. To Tony Curtis, 39, kiss-curled cinemactor (*Captain Newman, M.D.*), and Christine Kaufmann, 19, honey-haired German-born starlet (*Taras Bulba*); their first child, a daughter; in Hollywood.

Married. Kim Stanley, 39, Broadway actress (*The Three Sisters*); and Joseph Engel, 35, her lawyer, the man who bulges Kim by insisting on stage contracts of no longer than nine months ("After that," she claims, "it sounds like a recording to me"); she for the fourth time; in Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Married. Maurice Herzog, 45, leader of the 1950 conquest of the Himalayas' 26,502-ft. Mount Annapurna, now director of De Gaulle's physical fitness program; and Countess Marie Pierre de Lassé-Brissac, 39, French noblewoman; he for the first time; she for the second; in Paris.

Divorced. George Capron, 79, Los Angeles real estate tycoon (860 acres in Laguna Beach); by Ednah Race Capron, 74, who until now ran his household on a budget of $300 a month; on grounds of cruelty (he denied her a purse last year when she broke her leg); after 55 years of marriage, no children; in Los Angeles. Settlement: half his fortune, or $16 million, highest award in California history.

Died. Herb Sheldon, 51, impresario of radio and TV kiddie shows, who forswore the clownish costumes and childish twaddle of his colleagues, instead gave pre-teen audiences the scoop about building muscles (spinach helps), crossing streets and watching too much TV, becoming one of NBC's highest-paid stars at $250,000 a year in the 1950s; of a heart attack; in Manhasset, N.Y.

Died. Harry Grossinger, 76, founder and proprietor of New York State's famed Catskill resort, who for 50 years ably attended to the details while his wife Jennie established herself as one of the country's best-known hostesses, seeing their original seven-room guest cottage grow into a $15 million investment with so much of everything (ski tows, heated pools, 18-hole course, a staff of 700 employees) that the 660 rooms were generally full winter and summer; of an acute coronary thrombosis; in Liberty, N.Y.

Died. Stella Stagg, 89, wife of Football Patriarch Amos Alonzo Stagg, 101, who married Stagg in his second year at the University of Chicago's coach, herself became a leading female author-on the game by attending his every scrimmage and chalk talk, diagramming plays and exercising an uncanny eye for ferreting out the opposition's weaknesses; of cancer; in Stockton, Calif.

CATHAY PACIFIC
knows the Orient best!

TAIPEI

one of the 17 major cities served by CATHAY PACIFIC

The fabled cities of the Orient are but a few happy hours apart when you travel on board Cathay Pacific's mighty Convair jet and Electra prop-jet aircraft. Experienced pilots, gourmet food and wines, and charming Oriental hostesses combine to offer you the finest in Orient travel.

Serving: HONG KONG . BANGKOK . BRUNEI . CALCUTTA . DJAKARTA . JESSELTON . KUALA LUMPUR . MANILA . OSAKA/KYOTO . PHNOM PENH . RANGOON . SAIGON . SEOUL . SINGAPORE . TAIPEI . TOKYO . VIENTIANE

CATHAY PACIFIC

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"let's see what ASEA can do"

for MOVING GOODS. ASEA locomotives haul some of the world's heaviest trains, used for iron – ore transport inside the Arctic Circle. The ASEA silicon rectifier locomotive now being built for railways on the European continent, can be easily adapted to any power system. Automation on rails is provided by the ASEA autopilot, controlling Stockholm underground trains.

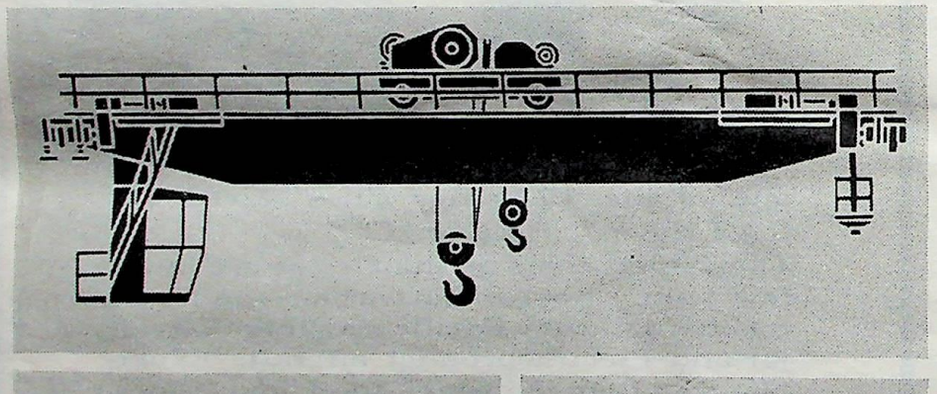
ASEA deck cranes improve cargo-handling efficiency on modern vessels sailing the seven seas. And automation goes to sea too. The propulsion machinery of both turbine and diesel ships is now being manoeuvred direct from the bridge by means of ASEA remote control.

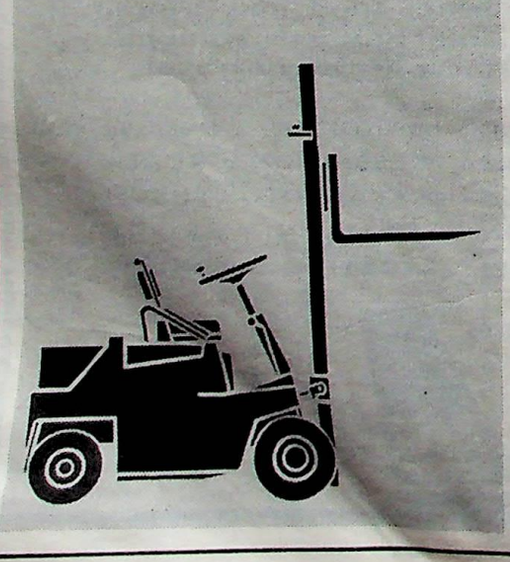
The ASEA Group produces a full line of materials handling and transport equipment: cranes, hoists, trucks, lifts, escalators. The multi-rope friction-drive hoist has been introduced by ASEA into most countries with mining industry of any importance; the reference list includes units for both the heaviest load and the largest winding depth in the world.

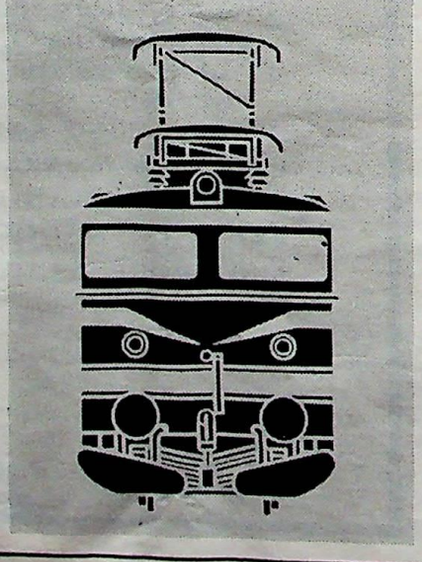
So, everywhere within the vast sphere of activities relating to the movement of passengers and goods, be it within a workshop or between continents, you too will find that it pays to see what ASEA can do.

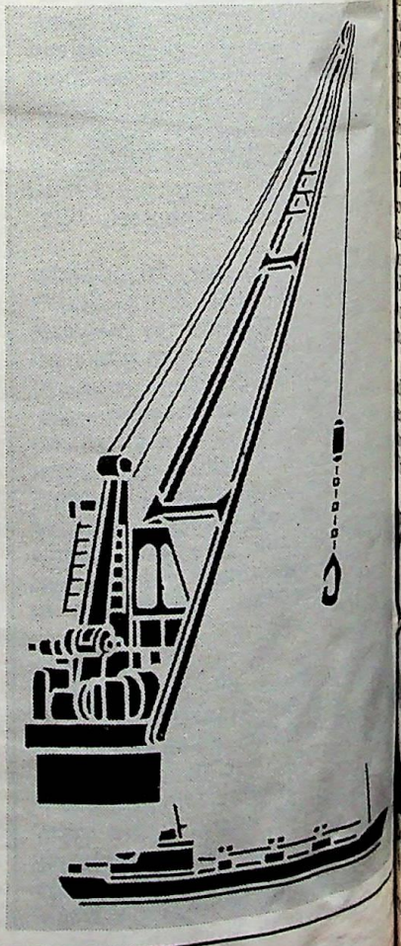
a creative force in the electrical field **ASEA**

Head Office Västerås, Sweden. Represented in 65 countries.









CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

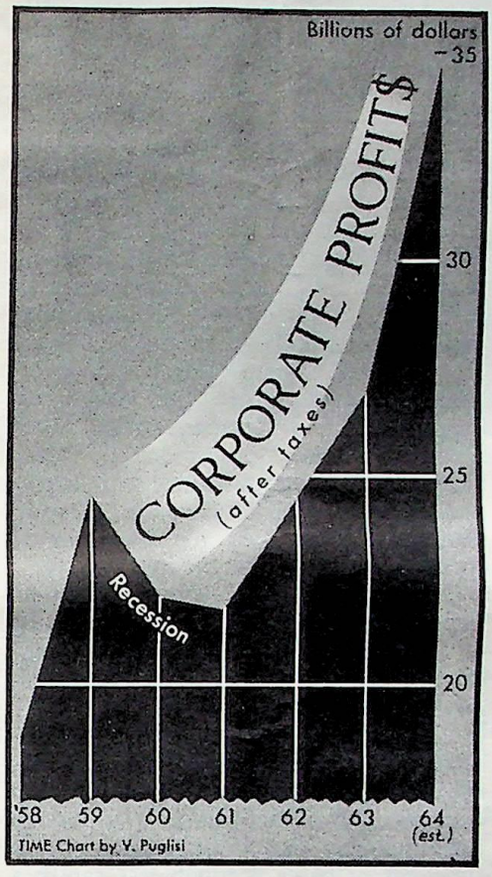
Record-Smashing Record

Sports lovers have debated in recent years whether athletes could go on breaking records indefinitely, but there seems to be no question about continuing record-breaking when it comes to business. For 41 months now, businessmen have watched record after record crumble with computer speed until economic tidemarks have become the rule rather than the exception. Since the economy, like the athlete, gets bigger and stronger over the years, there seem to be no practical limits to its performance. Never has it performed better than in the first six months of 1964.

Faster than Sales. The first-half returns that came flooding in last week broke scores of records, and nearly every segment of the economy contributed its share. As has come to be almost expected, giant General Motors led the field by announcing, for the third quarter in a row, the highest sales and earnings of any company in history. The impressive total: first half sales of $9.8 billion, profits of $1.1 billion. Ford and Chrysler also reported alltime high earnings for the half.

New profit highs were also reached by such varied companies as Du Pont, Motorola, Texaco, Sun Oil, Minnesota Mining, United Air Lines—and those that did not set new marks contented themselves with hefty hikes. B. F. Goodrich raised profits 15.5%, and Reynolds Metals 25%. The nation's second largest railroad, the Pennsylvania, was up more than 500% in the first half, and the third biggest road, the New York Central, turned a $4,400,000 loss into a $107 million profit. If the second half continues at the first-half pace—which is ahead of all estimates—U.S. corporations will earn between $34 and $35 billion in 1964, a performance that would outshine 1963's record by more than 25%.

While the 1964 tax cut has undoubtedly helped profits some, it is a minor reason for the upswing; so far, it has lowered corporate tax levels only 2%. The fact is that, for the third successive



year, profits for many U.S. corporations are increasing at a faster rate than sales. Among last week's headiest profit gainers: Chrysler, up nearly 50% on a 22% sales rise; Motorola, up 76% on an 11% gain in sales; American Airlines, up 86% on a revenue increase of 10%.

Coquettish Hovering. A main force behind the profit swell is U.S. industry's increasing use of excess capacity as the economy expands, a movement that gradually lowers production costs. Management also knows better than ever before how to wield the two most powerful tools in its possession: automation and cost control. A growing use of computers has made possible more exhaustive market research, closer control of inventories and production, and a greater awareness of a company's potential. Cost consciousness has become so strong in industry that businessmen are much readier than formerly to eliminate unprofitable parts of their business, and more reluctant to add to their labor force as business rises.

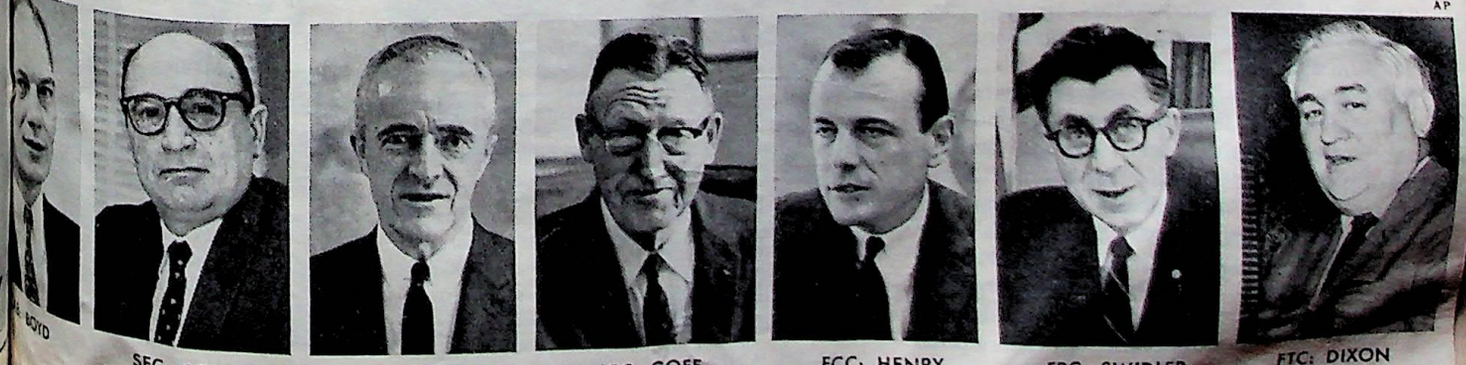
The giddy rise in profits is showing up on more than corporate balance sheets. Though the market has been coquettishly hovering around the 850 resistance level on the Dow-Jones average, having grown so used to good news that it has discounted much of it, 426 new company highs were registered last week *v.* only 58 new lows. Profits are also helping to fuel the record $44 billion capital expansion undertaken this year by U.S. industry and the $5 billion more it is spending on research and development. The most tangible impact is on the nation's 17.5 million stockholders. Last week the Commerce Department reported that cash dividends by corporations in June reached $2.5 billion—the highest monthly payout in the nation's history and an indication that dividends in 1964 will pass the $17.5 billion mark to set—as one might suspect—another alltime record.

GOVERNMENT

The Headless Branch

Though they are not provided for in the Constitution, they make important policy, execute it and sit as judges. There is hardly anyone in the U.S. who is not in some way affected by one or another of their acts. They fix the price of milk and electric power, decide where airlines can fly and pipelines snake, police the stock market and determine the content of a tube of lipstick. They are the nation's 30 federal regulatory agencies—and their great powers over American life and business have become increasingly controversial. Senator Everett Dirksen calls them "the headless fourth branch of government."

Last week a Senate judiciary subcommittee began intensive hearings aimed at revising drastically the way the regulatory agencies handle their work. Whatever the committee decides, its hearings are sure to add further to the argument over the federal agen-



WALTER BENNETT — AP

BOYD — SEC: COHEN — NLRB: McCULLOCH — ICC: GOFF — FCC: HENRY — FPC: SWIDLER — FTC: DIXON

With such powers over U.S. life and business, should the regulators be regulated?

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

cies. The Senate is already considering creation of a permanent administrative body that would serve as a watchdog over the entire regulatory process. The Republican platform singles out "power-grabbing regulatory actions" as a campaign issue, and Lyndon Johnson has made it plain that he wants the agencies to concentrate on "more cooperation with, instead of more regulation of business."

Tough Watchdog. The most influential, and consequently the most controversial, of Washington's alphabet soup of agencies are the Big Seven independents—the Federal Trade Commission (FTC), Federal Power Commission (FPC), Federal Communications Commission (FCC), Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC), Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) and the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB). In addition, the Food and Drug Administration must clear all prescription drugs and the Federal Aviation Agency, whose annual budget of $775 million is the largest of the agencies, sets safety standards and regulates the design and production of aircraft. The agencies spend about $1 billion and conduct 40,000 hearings annually.

By suggestion, threat or litigation, the agencies can shake and reshape industries. The SEC in particular has recently been a tough watchdog on Wall Street. FTC's summary order to cigarette makers to put health warnings on packages and in their advertising has raised a storm that is headed for the courts. The ICC has so far held up the badly wanted merger of the Pennsylvania and New York Central railroads, and the CAB has turned thumbs down on the plans of American and Eastern airlines to merge.

Molasses-Slow. Starting with the ICC, established in 1887 to regulate railroads, the agencies were called into being to correct abuses that industries and institutions could not or would not correct themselves. But as the agencies have grown in number and power, they have also grown their own faults. Molasses-slow bureaucracy is the chief of them: it can take three years to settle an ICC case, five years for the FPC to act on a gas pipeline rate change and 70 days for the SEC to process a new stock issue. One FTC case cost a company $285,000, and by the time it was finally settled—after six years of delay—the company had gone out of business.

Inevitably, the regulators are targets of aggressive lobbying, and occasionally they get involved in a scandal with a Bobby Baker or a Sherman Adams. One of their traditional weaknesses is that many appointees come with little firsthand knowledge of the fields they will regulate. The men who regulate million-dollar industries are not highly paid—commission chairmen get up to $21,500 and powerful examiners get about $13,000.

A rundown of the men who head the Big Seven:

▶ CAB's Alan S. Boyd is a lawyer and former Florida utilities commissioner whose tough efficiency has made him the Government's indisputable "Mr. Aviation." He has turned the CAB into one of the best-run agencies.

▶ SEC's Manuel Cohen, a Brooklyn-born career lawyer for the commission, was recently appointed successor to William L. Cary. But no change is expected in the 1,500-man agency's vigorous policing of the stock market.

▶ FPC's Joseph Swidler, a former New Dealer and TVA general counsel, preaches the advantages of a dual system of public and private utilities. Since 1961, he has helped clear up the overwhelming backlog of 4,000 rate cases, expanded the 1,200-man agency's enforcement authority.

▶ FCC's E. William Henry is a Memphis lawyer who succeeded Newton Minow, and echoes his "wasteland" criticism of TV, is still feeling his way.

▶ FTC's Paul Rand Dixon, another Tennessee lawyer and former antitrust investigator for Senator Estes Kefauver, has become a noisy but erratic defender of the little consumer.

▶ ICC's Abe Goff, an Idaho Republican and former Congressman, holds the chairmanship this year under the commission's annual rotation system. In the unwieldy 2,500-man agency, the turnover of cases is much less rapid: a decision in the Pennsylvania-New York Central merger is not expected until well into 1965.

▶ NLRB's Frank McCulloch is a strong-minded Illinois Democrat, under whom the board has rarely risen above routine in handling the massive paper work of some 22,000 cases a year involving complaints of unfair labor practice and union jurisdictional disputes.

Once a month the chairmen of the regulatory agencies get together ... informal meeting, which they po... call "The Tightrope Club." Co... seems to feel that the men in the ... rope Club could stand a little ... regulation themselves, and the ... Senate hearings open a drive fo... first major overhaul of the agencies ... 18 years.

FOREIGN TRADE

An Urge for the Yankee Label

U.S. businessmen don't care ... inflation at home, but they have ... reason to cheer when they see it ... other fellow's yard. The reason ... good for U.S. exports. Right now ... rope is plagued by inflation; ... Marjolin, the Common Market's ... president, last week warned the ... member nations that "severe mea... will have to be taken to halt it. Ca... in a wage-price spiral that this ... alone has boosted wages 19% in ... Netherlands, European manufac... are no longer able to cover increa... expenses out of their earnings, ins... are raising prices. One result is that ... ports from the U.S., even after marki... of as much as 40% to cover transp... tation costs and duty, are becom... increasingly competitive in Europe.

For the first quarter of 1964, ... exports to Britain and the Com... Market rose 25% to $1.5 billion ... for all of 1964 they are expected ... reach a record $8.5 billion—an increa... important both to the vitality of ... U.S. economy and to the U.S. balan... of payments (whose deficit, the Gov... ernment reported last week, was r... duced to $800 million in 1964's fi... half, compared with twice that amou... in previous years). The vigor of t... trade is fed, of course, by the vita... of improved U.S. technology, a wi... of new products, and a harder sell...

WELSH MINER & U.S. VENDING MACHINE

PARIS SHOPPERS & U.S. LINGERIE

New vigor from technological virtue.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

businessmen—plus the fact that
sperous countries tend to increase
r imports. But to a larger degree,
products are also benefiting from
pe's rising prices.

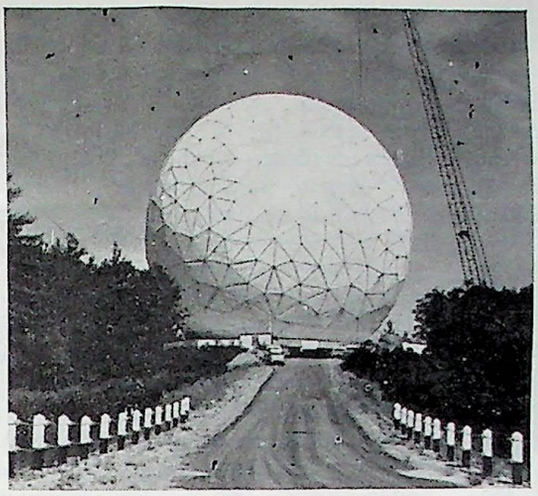
Status Appeal. Prices are not the only
traction, since few U.S. goods yet
mpete directly in price in Europe.
as the gap narrows, the selling
ts of U.S. products become more
ctive: better quality, smarter de-
, less need of servicing, speedier de-
ries than can be made by many Eu-
an competitors, who are already
king at full capacity. In many cases,
erican manufacturers offer goods
Europeans only recently realized
wanted. Barbecue grills and gadg-
are selling fast among Frenchmen,
have lately discovered *le week-end*
portunities for *le camping, le barbe-*
, and *le pique-nique*. And just as
ent Americans buy Pucci blouses or
lls-Royces, Europeans have taken to
ossing imports for the status appeal
a "Made in U.S.A." label. Says
ench Planner Pierre Massé: "We are
ning after the U.S., of course."

European prosperity has produced a
ong demand for U.S. capital goods.
estinghouse International, which once
nsidered Latin America its best mar-
et, has shifted sights to Europe and
w does one-third of its business there
everything from tiny electronic parts
steel mill machinery and atomic pow-
plants. After only four years of con-
ntrated marketing in Europe by bi-
gual salesmen, Milwaukee's Koehring
o. now has sales of $6,000,000 an-
ally in machines that do anything
om die casting to ditchdigging.

"This Is the Time." Now consumer
oods have become the second wave of
ports. In both Britain and France,
merican appliances sell well because
ey are available in more imaginative
zes and shapes for different kinds of
itchens. Demand is rising for such dis-
parate items as colonial furniture and
ower curtains, for air conditioners
nd suntan lotions, and for such soft
oods as sportswear, bathing suits, chil-
en's dresses, lingerie and men's pa-
mas. In Germany, of all places, the
les of U.S. photo equipment—notably
e new Kodak Instamatic camera—
ve jumped nearly 300% in the past
ar, to $1,400,000.

American firms have also profited
m Europe's increasing fascination
h self-service machines. Vendo Co.
Kansas City exports automatic dis-
nsers for German beer and wine;
estinghouse and Whirlpool both are
ing coin-operated laundry and dry-
aning equipment; and a small Green-
le, S.C., firm called Barbecue King
pects to double European sales of res-
urant barbecue equipment this year
$600,000. "This is the time to go in
ere," says Barbecue King President
bert Wilson. "They really want to
American goods."

The urge for the Yankee label has
economists like Marjolin worried. West-



RADAR UNDER FIBER GLASS DOME
New fillip for filaments.

MODEL IN GLASS GOWN

ern Europe has a $5 billion trade balance deficit. More than this, the inflow of U.S. goods—especially of those on which tariffs are high or haulage is expensive—encourages development of U.S. plants in Europe that can compete on even tighter terms. Last year alone, for every $1 worth of goods arriving from the U.S., $3 worth were already there, made and sold by Americans.

INDUSTRY

The Material with 33,000 Uses

Moviegoers chuckled some years ago when Alec Guinness, as *The Man in the White Suit,* invented an indestructible garment, only to be frustrated by businessmen shocked at its non-obsolescence. The indestructible suit is still a fantasy, but something almost as good is on the way. This one will not stretch or shrink, is impervious to stains and moths, goes from soaking wet to bone-dry in seconds, holds a press and defies wrinkles. It will be made of fiber glass, a versatile material that is beginning to be used in hundreds of consumer items after years of narrow specialization.

From the Phoenicians. Filaments spun from hot silica sand were used to make ornaments 3,000 years ago by the Phoenicians, but the modern fiber glass industry is only 25 years old. In that scant time, it has grown into a $340 million business. Almost 80% of its sales are made by Owens-Corning, a company controlled jointly by Owens-Illinois and Corning Glass. Owens-Corning did much of the original research on commercial fiberglass fibers, owns the well-known Fiberglas trademark. Under a 1949 consent decree, the company agreed to release some patents and license others. Fiber glass, as a result, is now produced by Johns-Manville, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, and several other companies.

Fiber glass used as insulation still accounts for 70% of sales, but the development of other products has been stepped up by the invention of a double-nozzle spray gun that shoots fiber and liquid resin simultaneously, thus creating an easy and inexpensive method of spraying fiber glass onto molds. One new product, in fact, almost wrecked the industry. Boats made of plastic reinforced with fiber glass became a quick success, and before long, dozens of boat companies were building them. The supply of fiber glass got so scarce that it had to be allocated while the firms rushed new production facilities. Unfortunately, many of the boat builders were inexperienced and undercapitalized; when they floundered, the fiber glass companies were left with excess capacity, were forced to make price cuts. This year, however, the rising demand for fiber glass in new products has finally led to price increases. Owens-Corning's first-half earnings of $8.2 million on sales of $139 million, announced this week, are 62% better than last year.

Changing the Sea. So far, researchers have found 33,000 ways in which fiber glass could replace steel, aluminum, wood or cloth. Fiber glass now goes into ladders and luggage, pipes and Polaris missiles, building sidings and shotguns. Some manufacturers are developing it for dresses, and the Canadians are making fiber glass igloos for north woods sportsmen. Automobile bodies, when runs are limited to 50,000 cars of a specialized model, can be made more economically using fiber glass instead of steel. Fiber glass makers hope eventually to replace steel or nylon cord in tires, and thereby take over a $400 million-a-year business. There are signs that fiber glass may even become a wonder worker: a desalinization technique is being tested in which sea water is run through an inexpensive membranous fiber glass pipe, which allows the fresh water to pass through but retains the salt.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

IRON CURTAIN

An Economic Mess

The Communist bloc's economic news was pretty bad last week, even by Communist standards. There was the Soviet Union, admitting that its industrial production has not risen as fast as planned (*see* THE WORLD). In Cuba, where the economy has tumbled to 80% of pre-Castro levels, the government moved to halt the decline by making President Osvaldo Dorticós economics minister and central planning board chairman. That was not all. Communist China's economy has produced more bad news than goods, and Russia's growing difficulties with Rumania are largely the result of its efforts to impose an unwanted economic straitjacket on that country. Marxism has made a mess of economics.

The mess has been nowhere more significant than in Czechoslovakia, where last week officials fretted publicly over fall-offs in food canning, dairy production and even the supply of Pilsner beer. As Communist satellites go, Czechoslovakia is something special. It is the most industrialized and the most intellectualized country in the Russian orbit. By all accounts, it should have been an Iron Curtain showplace—and for a while it was. But after running at an annual growth rate of between 8% and 11% in the late 1950s, Czechoslovakia's gross national product has remained almost static at about $18.5 billion since 1961. The heavily controlled economy is now falling so far short of targets that its five-year plans have been abandoned.

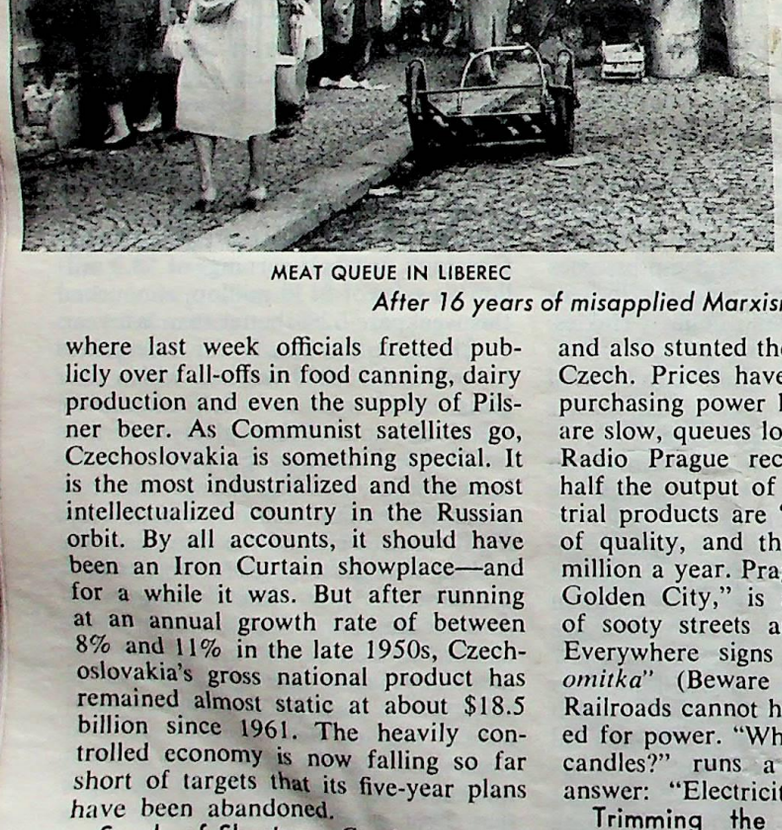
Seeds of Shortage. Czechoslovakia's economic troubles stem from the inflexible imposition of Marxist rules on the economy. Prewar Czechoslovakia was famous for sophisticated consumer goods, from Skoda automobiles to Bohemian glass; its living standard was among Europe's highest, and the country emerged from the war relatively undamaged. Then the Communists, who seized power in 1948, gradually switched much of the country's economy over to heavy industry.

Before long, heavy goods represented 60% of all output. New steel mills grew up everywhere, but they depended on Soviet mines for half their ore. In turn, the steel was hammered into diesel locomotives and river barges that were then exported to Russia—even though the Czechs' own railroads and river fleets were antiquated. Increased costs forced planners to forgo reinvestment and research. The demand for factory labor trimmed the country's farm population from 3,300,000 to 1,300,000, often left the farms to be run by women, and helped sow the seeds for chronic crop shortages.

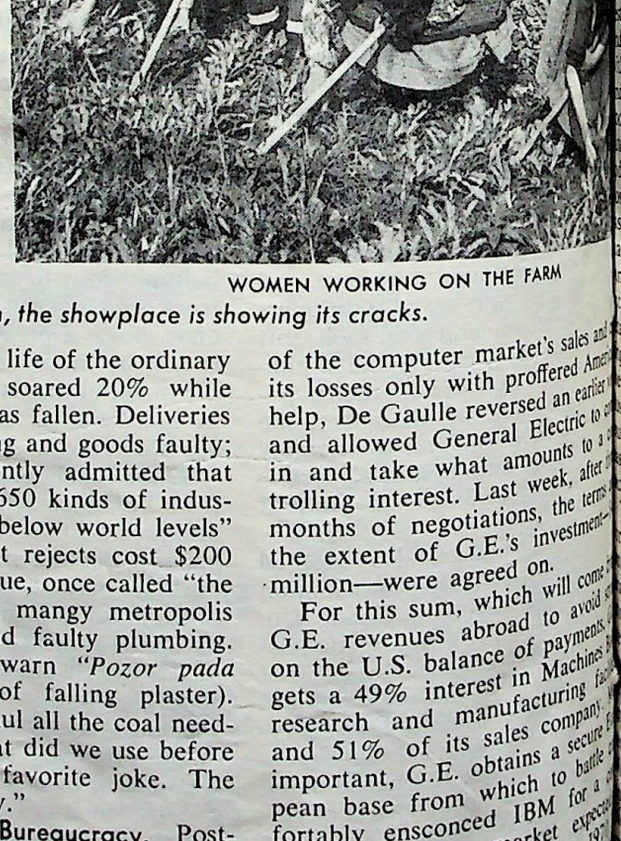
The switch stopped economic growth, and also stunted the life of the ordinary Czech. Prices have soared 20% while purchasing power has fallen. Deliveries are slow, queues long and goods faulty; Radio Prague recently admitted that half the output of 650 kinds of industrial products are "below world levels" of quality, and that rejects cost $200 million a year. Prague, once called "the Golden City," is a mangy metropolis of sooty streets and faulty plumbing. Everywhere signs warn *"Pozor pada omitka"* (Beware of falling plaster). Railroads cannot haul all the coal needed for power. "What did we use before candles?" runs a favorite joke. The answer: "Electricity."

Trimming the Bureaucracy. Post-Stalin liberalism in the bloc is bringing self-criticism and some slow improvement. The Czech government is turning back to private ownership in such small enterprises as tailor shops, laundries and hat-check concessions. To provide more laborers, it is also ... ming a bureaucracy swollen to 7... unproductive clerks and minor ... To get hard currency for grain ... machinery imports, it is wooing ... ern tourists with film and jazz fe... and easy visas. Last week, in one of ... biggest policy decisions so far, ... Planning Commission Chairman ... rich Cernik announced that ... that increase productivity will ... lowed to grant wage increases ... nuses. Where productivity falls, ... Cernik, wages will be cut accor...

STERN



MEAT QUEUE IN LIBEREC



WOMEN WORKING ON THE FARM

After 16 years of misapplied Marxism, the showplace is showing its cracks.

FRANCE

Paris-Milan Express

Even as Charles de Gaulle ... again last week for a "European ... rope," a sizable piece of French ... try slipped into the American orbit ... his approval. Persuaded finally that ... ing Machines Bull could boost its ... of the computer market's sales and ... its losses only with proffered Amer... help, De Gaulle reversed an earlier ... and allowed General Electric to ... in and take what amounts to a ... trolling interest. Last week, after ... months of negotiations, the terms ... the extent of G.E.'s investment— ... million—were agreed on.

For this sum, which will come ... G.E. revenues abroad to avoid ... on the U.S. balance of payments, ... gets a 49% interest in Machines ... research and manufacturing fa... and 51% of its sales company. ... important, G.E. obtains a secure ... pean base from which to battle ... fortably ensconced IBM for a ... nental computer market expected ... reach $3 billion in sales by 197... sooner had the French deal ... ended last week than G.E. exec... moved on to Milan to extend the ... Italy's Olivetti, which makes ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...rs and office machines and is also ...ng difficulties, is anxious for the ...e sort of help. Preparing to extend ...G.E. seemed likely to accomplish ...e by its two bits of bargaining than ...ld managed in two years of inde...dent marketing in Europe.

WEST GERMANY

Union Banker

...e Marxist origins of Germany's ...r movement long made it unthink...for unions to support or even ...lone capitalism. Then postwar pros..., bulging union coffers, and "co...mination" laws—which placed un...eaders on corporate boards—grad... converted labor into an eager ...ner in the German economy. Trade ...ns today own Germany's biggest ...ing construction company, and ...e with cooperatives ownership of ...second-ranked deep-sea fishery and ...largest cut-rate life insurance com... in Europe. Labor's proudest pos...sion is one of the world's few union...ed banks, the Frankfurt-based Bank ...Gemeinwirtschaft, which lately has ...en engaged in the highly capitalistic ...ctice of gobbling up competitors: it ...s just bought control of Cologne's ...- und Handelsbank and Frankfurt's ...vestitions- und Handelsbank.

Unorthodox but Rewarding. Trade ...ons and consumer cooperatives ...nded six small banks in 1948 and ...59, merged them to form B.F.G. in ...38, and still hold all of its stock. The ...k avoids the natural inclination to ...rict its business to union finances ...d interests, aggressively competes ...h traditional banks for commercial ...d industrial customers. Union and ...operative funds, which once consti...ted half of its deposits and credits, ...ay account for only 18% of de...sits and 15% of credits. The bank's ...sets have grown to nearly $1 billion, ...aking it Germany's fourth largest ...nk. Some of this rapid growth has ...curred just because of B.F.G.'s pro...erian background. Union officials sit...g on corporate boards have provided ...e combination for getting many in...strial accounts into the vaults, and ...ch of the bank's foreign business ...s been initiated through union con...ts all over the free world.

The instinctive desire of a union bank ...r full employment has led B.F.G. ...o several unorthodox but rewarding ...nsactions. While most other banks ...d aside, B.F.G. last year purchased ...veral companies left insolvent in the ...pse of the Hugo Stinnes industrial ...re (TIME, Oct. 18, 1963), is keep...them in operation until they can be ...ld. When the owner of a huge ...nberg photographic mail-order ...e was arrested recently on sus...ion of tax fraud, B.F.G. saved his ...many by putting up more than ...,000,000 to bail him out. By such ...sures, the bank has preserved thou...ds of jobs, also reaped dividends of ...good will and new accounts in the German business community.

Considerate in a Way. B.F.G.'s labor proprietorship is symbolized by its board of supervisors, which is headed by German Trade Union Federation Boss Ludwig Rosenberg, 61, one of the few Jews now in high positions in Germany, and studded with the names of other labor leaders. The bank is actually run by easygoing President Walter Hesselbach, a professional banker who has never worn a blue collar, usually arrives at work an hour late "so that I don't disturb my colleagues in their morning chat and coffee hour." Such considerate treatment by Hesselbach extends only to his employees. B.F.G.'s hard-pressed competitors have learned that they cannot bank on it.

BRITAIN

Flying Under Pressure

To the despair of British taxpayers, government-owned British Overseas Airways Corp. seems unable to decide whether it should be a profit-making enterprise or a showcase for the country's aircraft industry. Until 1963, when it turned a $16.8 million profit, BOAC had flown in the red since 1959. Last week it found itself in the center of some political turbulence that is almost certain to cause it further financial trouble. Criticizing the airline's management, Labor M.P. Roy Jenkins summed up BOAC's unhappy times: "The trouble started three aircraft types, four chairmen, five ministers of aviation and 80 million pounds of deficit ago."

The Plane Drain. That goes back to 1954, when BOAC's bid for competitive leadership in the jet age went down after a series of crashes of its much-touted Comet-1 jetliner. With all the Comets grounded as unsafe until 1958, BOAC concentrated on Britannia turboprops, at the government's insistence buying only British planes. By the time the Britannias were flying the all-important North Atlantic run in 1958, competing airlines had already taken off in the bigger, faster, U.S.-made long-range pure jets. Eventually BOAC got permission to buy 20 Boeing 707s—but only on the condition that it order at least 20 of the new VC-10 jets developed by British Aircraft Corp.

Despite the Super VC-10's improved air conditioning, spacious seating and new safety features, the plane has the disadvantage of costing more to operate and maintain than the U.S. planes. It is also slower, has a shorter range and carries only 175 passengers (*v.* 189 in the newest Boeings). So far, not a single non-British airline has placed an order for the plane.

When Sir Giles Guthrie took on the thankless job of BOAC chairman last year, he was stuck with an order for 30 unwanted Super VC-10s. In an effort to make BOAC a paying proposition, Sir Giles recently demanded cancellation of the entire order—and the purchase instead of seven Boeing 707s. That, he said, would take care of BOAC's needs through 1968. Aircraft producers let out a "Buy British" howl, and workers from British Aircraft Corp.'s Weybridge plant marched on Parliament carrying placards: FIRST THE BRAIN DRAIN—NOW THE PLANE DRAIN. Aviation Minister Julian Amery said that Guthrie's proposal "would inflict extensive injury on the British aircraft industry."

LONDON DAILY HERALD

BOAC'S GUTHRIE

THE VC-10 IN FLIGHT

After three aircraft types, four chairmen, five ministers, a $224 million loss.

No Better Than No Worse. The compromise solution worked out last week pleased no one, and left BOAC's troubles unresolved. The government let BOAC off with the purchase of 17 of the 30 Super VC-10s; the Royal Air Force will take three, and production of the remaining ten will be suspended. To meet the payments of $9,000,000 per VC-10, BOAC now needs a larger handout, or perhaps even a write-off of part or all of its accumulated $224 million deficit. Said Sir Giles: "The government will ensure that financially we will be in no worse a position as a result of taking on these aircraft." That was rather negative assurance. Hard-pressed BOAC announced stiff reductions in operating expenses, including staff cuts and the elimination of such unprofitable routes as the one to the east coast of South America.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

How to go native in Europe

Fly Qantas with the happy band.

The happy band of Qantas travellers feel at home wherever they go. Because they're with an airline that takes delight in seeing people relax and enjoy it all—whether it's playing a french horn with an oomp-ah band in Frankfurt, dancing to the Zeimbekiko in Athens, feasting at a luau in Hawaii. Qantas knows where all the fun is in any of the five continents the Qantas fleet of mighty V-Jets flies to. Wherever in the world you fly with Qantas you fly with that special sense of enjoyment Qantas likes to put into travel. And you'll appreciate the efficiency which has distinguished Qantas service for 43 years. Start planning travel you'll *really* enjoy with Qantas or your Qantas Travel Agent today.

Australia's Round-World Airline

QANTAS

43 years of dependable service

Qantas Empire Airways Limited, in association with Air India and B.O.A.C.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BELMONDO IN "CARTOUCHE"
Low jinks, lettuce, and a fondness for hay.

iod Parody

artouche. Robin Hood, as history Hollywood have depicted him, was ump. He stole from the rich, gave he poor, and what did he keep for self? An invincible virgin named id Marian. Fortunately, they do these gs better in France. According to film, a fellow named Cartouche, Robin Hood of 18th century Paris, from the rich, gave to the poor, what did he keep for himself? udia Cardinale.

"All you need to be happy," Claudia urmurs at him seductively, "is hay." r Cartouche (Jean-Paul Belmondo) ot convinced. He is obviously fond hay, but he is also fond of lettuce. a series of dramatic robberies he quires so much of it that he becomes power in the kingdom: a state within state, a law without the law. At his mmand men kneel and women lie own. "Paris is mine!" he cries.

Not all of Paris. Like most men who ve everything, Cartouche wants mething he can't have: the police ief's wife (Odile Versois). Poor Clau- a is heartbroken, and of course Odile rns out to be a mantrap. At that point e gang is willing to let its leader hang, good old Claudia lays down her life save her friend, and at the fade artouche sets his face to the foe and epares to join her in death.

No sniffling, please. This isn't a ro- antic tragedy. It's a costume comedy. was made by Philippe de Broca, the e French director who recently em- yed Belmondo in a travesty of a er called *That Man from Rio*, and e *Cartouche* is seldom as funny as *Man*, it nevertheless comes off as eless but carefree and occasionally ous parody of a period piece.

the way of parody the film wildly erates the usual low jinks and high —in one scene, for example, Bel- o insouciantly ignores a veritable f pursuers to make cozy conver- with Cardinale. "My dear," he esses tenderly as the bullets buzz his ears, "you must give me a She smiles weakly and replies: if it's all the same to you." And on the side of spectacle the picture provides plenty of snazzy swordsmanship and some attractive Eastman Color. In the last reel, indeed, the screen divulges an image of luminous splendor: in death the pallid Claudia, swathed in red velvet and shimmering with stolen gems, lies sleeping in the moonlight in a golden carriage, lies sleeping like a princess in a legend while her glowing hearse rolls richly through the darkness and sinks down down down into the still black crystal of a forest pool.

A Minor Hitch

Marnie. When Marnie (Tippi Hedren) confronts a bouquet of crimson gladioli, the screen goes red. When she spills red ink, she flees. Red coats at a hunt, red dots on a jockey's colors panic her. Why is she so terrified of the color red? Too much like blood, maybe?

That's too easy, of course. Confidently, viewers settle back expecting old Master Spooksmith Alfred Hitchcock to splash some real surprises on the screen. Visions of *Spellbound*, *Rear Window* and *Psycho* dance in their heads. But all that develops is that red equals blood and *Marnie* equals the straightforward case history of a frigid kleptomaniac, a bookkeeper who burgles but won't bundle. Marnie's boss (Sean Connery) finds her out, then forces her to marry him so he can pursue his interest in "instinctual behavior." He learns that Marnie's hot little hands and cold blood date back to One Horrible Night during her childhood. The Thing That Happened is revealed in a gory but awkward flashback, replete with tidy psychological insights and a long-awaited corpse.

Unfortunately, the deadest characters in *Marnie* are the live ones, for they are only skeletons fleshed with syndromes. As the patient husband, Connery performs with pallid competence, uncertain whether his role requires him to be a compulsive armchair analyst or a sadist in love. He seems to yearn for the patently farfetched heroics he has enjoyed as James Bond in *From Russia With Love*. Actress Hedren, obviously groomed for stardom by the Master, zips through some 32 costume changes without seriously ruffling her composure. Hitchcock's elegant cinematic style, evident here and there, seems wasted in a mélange of banal dialogue, obtrusively phony process shots, and a plot that congeals more often than it thickens.

When an unknown director turns out a suspense melodrama as dreary and unconvincing as this, moviegoers revel in the thought of what it might have been if Hitchcock had done it. It is disconcerting to come away from *Marnie* feeling precisely the same way.

Vintage Violence

The Killers, nominally based on a vigorous short story by Ernest Hemingway, seems to borrow most of its inspiration from the Marquis de Sade. In 1946, the Hemingway story triggered a crisp crime thriller starring Burt Lancaster as the willing victim gunned down by hired assassins. The latest version, with John Cassavetes, was designed as a full-length feature for television, then was bucked along to theater exhibitors when NBC decided that its burly blend of sex and brutality might loom rather large on the home screen.

In an opening sequence that roughly sets the tone, two hoods, contracted by Con Man Ronald Reagan, show a fine flair for menace as they trail Cassavetes to a school for the blind, where they pummel a winsome blind receptionist. In another scene, they threaten to parboil a man sweating off pounds in a steam cabinet, thus warming up for the moment when they thrust leggy Angie Dickinson headfirst out the window of a skyscraper hotel room, trying to make her tell what happened to the $1,000,000 swag from a mail robbery.

Perhaps the sole justification for turning a fine old movie into a just passable new one can be summed up as Angie Dickinson. Playing the tawny, amoral triplecrossing swinger who lures Cassavetes from auto racing to a life of crime, Angie isn't a subtle actress. But she somehow suggests to every male in the audience that this is a girl more inviting, and more dangerous, than a custom Ferrari idling on a fast track.

REAGAN & DICKINSON IN "KILLERS"
Parboiled, pummeled and triplecrossed.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SOVFOTO

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN
A first masterpiece.

Great Performance

EUGENE ONEGIN *by Alexander Pushkin. Translated from the Russian with a commentary by Vladimir Nabokov.* 4 vols. 1,850 pages. *Pantheon.* $18.50.

Educated Russians of the pre-Communist era could be expected to know long passages of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* by heart. The romantic (and mock-romantic) novel in verse about Onegin, the bored fop, Lenski, the pup-poet he kills in a duel, and Tatiana, the good girl who grows up, was the first masterpiece of the modern Russian language. But until now an American who did not read Russian could only nod politely when told that the poem was a work of genius, and wonder, after looking at the translations available, whether a fondness for *Onegin* were not merely one more Tartar mania.

It has taken the formidable Vladimir Nabokov, scholar, poet, literary puzzlist and possessor of the most elegant 19th century English prose style still at large, to present enough of the poem to the nonreader of Russian so that the rest is guessable.

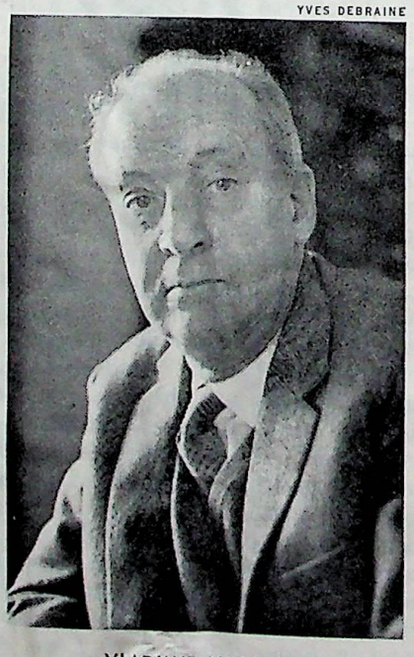
A reader who has known *Onegin* (pronounced Oh-*nyay*-gin, with a hard *g*) only as a Tchaikovsky opera finds to his surprise that Pushkin himself is one of the novel's main characters. He bustles through its pages like a genial host, seeing to it that each reader has a glass of champagne and has been properly introduced to the characters. His chatter—ironic remarks about the shortcomings of his friend Onegin, or an elaborate digression about the feet of pretty women he has known—has both awkwardness and charm. It also has an important literary purpose, in that it allows Pushkin to maintain the balance between involvement and detachment and participation and comment that his lightly ironic tone requires. Thus when the melodramatic plot has largely unwound (Onegin has rebuffed the lovestruck Tatiana and out of contrariness flirted with Olga, her sister and Lenski's fiancée; Lenski has foolishly challenged Onegin to a duel and has been shot for his trouble), Pushkin is able to brighten the mood by keeping himself between the characters and the reader. Ah well, yes, it is a great pity, his attitude suggests when the reader expresses sympathy, but then that is what happens to Lenskis.

Feudist of Caliber. Other English translations exist. The trouble with these, explains Nabokov, a literary feudist of Dr. Johnson's caliber, is that they are "unfortunately available to students." Another trouble is that they are rhymed. Brilliantly modulated rhyme is one of the high delights of the poem, but Nabokov argues heatedly that it is not possible to rhyme a translation and remain true with any exactitude to the meaning of the original. The English word that is needed for sense will not, except by happenstance, have the structure and ending that is needed for rhyme. Consequently the rhyming translator is led into paraphrase and thus, Nabokov argues—taking an extreme view in a dispute that will never be satisfactorily settled—into blurred sense and fudged detail.

After apologizing for the translations of others, Nabokov uncharacteristically apologizes for his own, in a rhymed, 14-line stanza that imitates the form invented by Pushkin for *Onegin*:

What is translation? On a platter
A poet's pale and glaring head,
A parrot's screech, a monkey's chatter
And profanation of the dead.
The parasites you were so hard on
Are pardoned if I have your pardon,
O Pushkin, for my stratagem.
I traveled down your secret stem

YVES DEBRAINE



VLADIMIR NABOKOV
Fortunately available to students.

TATIANA & ONEGIN*
Ah yes, a great pity.

And reached the root, and fed
Then, in a language newly learned
I grew another stalk and turned
Your stanza, patterned on a sonnet
Into my honest roadside prose—
All thorn, but cousin to your rose.

Actually, it is something between prose and poetry that Nabokov used—he has retained Pushkin's tetrameter—and the result is a recognizable and respectable cousin to a Russian raised on the original poem. Nabokov's version naturally lacks the music, but retains much of the rhythm and at least does not (as do the cloyingly previous translations) mute Pushkin's music by the clumsiness of imitation. The sense is as nearly exact as translation permits.

Horned or Cornute. Nabokov's enormous word skill gives the translation felicity. But his very range of language allows him to choose words which, although exact in meaning, do not give the flavor of the original, generally because they are too high-flown or arcane. The simple Russian word for "horned" (Ch. 6, XXXIX) becomes "cornute," which means horned but is not a simple English word. So with words for "sweetness" and "juvenile," become "dulcitude" and "juvenescence" in English (Nabokov excuses himself somewhat abashedly by pointing out that the sense of the couplet—a lament at moon-June versifying—requires that in this case the words rhyme).

But a reviewer must look hard for lapses. Notably, there is happily no feeling that the translator, who may be the greatest living performer—but necessarily writer—in English, is giving a performance.

It must be said that this rare impression of the Nabokov literary personality is limited to the translator himself, and that the translation could

* Played by Lucine Amara and George [illegible] in a Metropolitan Opera production of [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

& ONEGIN"
a great pity.

root, and fed
ge newly learned
lk and turned
rned on a sonnet
adside prose—
sin to your rose
something
that Nabokov
ined Pushkin's
he result is a
ctable cousin
on the original
naturally lacks
much of the rhyt
not (as do the
translations)
y the clumsiness
se is as nearly
nits.

nute. Nabokov's
kill gives the
his very range
n to choose
exact in meaning
of the original,
ey are too high
imple Russian
6, XXXIX) be
means horned
nglish word
tness" and "
e" and "juven
kov excuses
dly by pointing
the couplet—
ifying—requires
ords rhyme).
must look
here is happy
ranslator, who
ving performed
-in English, is

that this rare
abokov literary
to the translator
translation ac

mara and George
ra production of

TIME, JULY

Making the product fit the need

apan's rugged, mountainous terrain, her
g rainy season, and her hot summers
t extra stress on construction machin-
y. Hitachi's 0.6m³-capacity Model
106 Convertible Shovel was specially
signed to meet these difficult condi-
ons. Unique features make it ideal for
eavy-duty excavation at dam and road
onstruction sites in isolated mountain
eas. Its high-powered diesel engine has
5% higher output than other models
its class. Fluid-coupling system, oil-
th gears, and anti-friction bearings all
ntribute to long-lasting durability and
oth transmission of power. Even with
ir small physiques, Japanese workers
d this shovel easy to operate for long
riods of time, because all control parts
e needle bearings and the dipper is
ntrolled by a simple push button. The
perator's cabin provides complete pro-tection against heavy rainfall and has wide windows and doors for effective ventilation during the hot season.

So popular has this versatile workhorse become that more than 3000 are now in service, both in Japan and abroad. Other convertible shovels manufactured by Hitachi range in capacity from 0.3m³ to 2.3m³.

Construction machinery is not the only field where Hitachi has shown its capability, which includes heavy electrical and transportation equipment and extends to precision electronic instruments and scientific apparatus. If you're interested in any of our product lines, we'll be happy to forward you complete information. Or if you'd like to know more about our latest activities, we'd be delighted to send you our popular, informative quarterly, Age of Tomorrow.

MAIN PRODUCTS: Turbines & Generators • Transformers • Rolling Stock • Nucleonics • Power Shovels & Cranes • Pumps • Machine Tools • Electronic Computers • Communications Equipment • Switchboards • Lighting Equipment • Electron Tubes • Semiconductors • Scientific Instruments • Refrigeration • Air Conditioning • Motors • Wire & Cables • Iron & Steel Products • Insulating Materials • Electric Home Appliances

Hitachi, Ltd.
Tokyo Japan

Overseas Offices: New York • Buenos Aires • Sao Paulo • Bogota • Mexico • New Delhi • Calcutta • Karachi • Johannesburg • Madras • Beirut • Bangkok • Singapore • Taipei • Cairo • Dusseldorf

Where 10,000 products share one feature—excellence

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

We park the big ones right in our own backyard

(One of the ways we work with steel)

Even 70,000 ton freighters drop anchor right at Sumitomo's Wakayama steel mill. It's one of the few mills in the world that contains its own modern port facility with a 46-foot-deep harbor. The blast furnaces are only steps away. ☐ The result: important savings in freight costs. That's half the story. Finished products, too, go free of mill-to-port transportation charges. You'll find the time, labor and expense this convenient port saves in the Sumitomo price lists. ☐ Efficiency like this is a habit at Wakayama, newest of four Sumitomo steel mills. Designed by Kaiser Engineering and supplied by United, Abbey Etna, Mannesmann, Mesta, Sack and Krupp, this ultra-modern mill turns out 2,300,000 tons of steel per year (5,000,000 projected by 1968). ☐ For superior steel competitively priced—tubes, pipe, sheets, plate, wire rods, cast forgings and rolling stock parts—y right with Sumitomo.

SUMITOMO METALS

OSAKA, JAPAN
SUMITOMO METAL INDUSTRIES, LTD.
NEW YORK/LOS ANGELES/DUSSELDORF

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...y part of one volume of a four-vol... work. Most of the remainder is a ..., outrageous, scholarly, funny, in... and wholly characteristic mass ...tive and wholly characteristic mass ...notes, offering 1) an exhaustive, line... ...line commentary on the text, vari... ...of the text, and the difficulties of ...slation; 2) an exhaustive, line-by... ...digression from this commentary, ...which an elegant three-page defense ...pedantry is typical; 3) a complete ...se in Russian and English prosody; ...learned if somewhat irritable gloss ...19th century literature; 5) a great ...of biographical information about ...kin, which would be more helpful ...were collected in one chunk, not ...reled about the entire work; and ...repeated masterly demonstrations of ...art of literary insult. Dostoevsky, ...instance, is described as "a much ...rrated, sentimental, and Gothic nov... ...of the time."

Occasionally (as when Nabokov solemnly offers as a talisman the lines that happen to fall at the exact center of the work), the notes are extreme enough to be worthy of Professor Kinbote, the fictioned footnoter of Nabokov's own *Pale Fire*.

Scholar's Craft. But such scholarly bickering should not obscure the worth of Nabokov's commentary. The translation can be enjoyed but not really understood without it. And Nabokov, who learned his craft during years of professing at Wellesley and Cornell, is not merely a translator; he is also a truly remarkable teacher. He keeps the students awake.

Doubtless Nabokov will not win the war against paraphrased translation, which is his main concern. Perhaps it should not be won—not all paraphrases are profanations—but certainly it should be fought. But translators should be reminded that uprooting a masterpiece is not a job to be undertaken lightly. "Poetry is what is lost in translation," Robert Frost once observed); students, for their part, should be warned that translation must never be read with complete trust.

...anity Vindicated

FRANCE REBORN *by Robert Aron.* ...0 pages. *Scribner.* $8.50.

Everyone knows how exasperating ...harles de Gaulle was during World ...r II. Arrogant and aloof, he de...ided his own way, and when he did ...get it he sulked. At times he seemed ...irritate F.D.R. more than Hitler or ...o, and Churchill grumped that "My ...gest cross is the Cross of Lorraine." ...French Historian Robert Aron con...ds that the Allies never understood ...at De Gaulle was up to.

Conquest by Coup d'État. It was not ...ere vanity that motivated De Gaulle. ...his obstinacy had a political purpose. ...e Communists, Aron convincingly ...ows in this superlative account of the ...eration, were about to seize power ...many parts of France. They made up a great part of the Resistance, and no one could fault them for their courage during the Occupation. De Gaulle realized that only by appearing as an utterly uncompromising, incorruptible leader could he win the confidence of Frenchmen and stave off a Communist take-over.

The Allies had refused to recognize De Gaulle as the head of a provisional French government, had even toyed with the idea of creating a "third force" in France, minus De Gaulle. They kept him in the dark about the Normandy invasion, allowed him to set foot on French soil only eight days later. But De Gaulle was unperturbed. As soon as he landed in France, he declined an

ROBERT CAPA

DE GAULLE'S RETURN TO PARIS (1944)
Pride with a purpose.

invitation to lunch with Field Marshal Montgomery. "We have not come to France to have luncheon with Montgomery," he said scornfully, and headed straight for the first sizable town to be liberated—Bayeux. He promptly took over and installed his faithful deputy François Coulet as administrative head of the region. Coulet promptly fired the incumbent Vichyite subprefect, whom the British had instructed to stay on the job, and replaced him with a Resistance fighter. It was a simple *coup d'état:* when the infuriated British came to protest, Coulet banged his fist on his new desk, shouting: "My presence here has nothing to do with you. I'm here on De Gaulle's orders." The British retreated.

Calculated Insults. De Gaulle pursued the same tactics throughout France. He was followed by what Aron calls his "Trojan horse," a column of administrators specially trained in London and Algiers to take over the French government. In southern France, the Communists had seized power in major cities, but De Gaulle's well-schooled lieutenants eased them out with a minimum of bloodshed. De Gaulle went out of his way to insult the Communists publicly, no matter how bravely they had fought in the Resistance. In Toulouse, when a Communist in proletarian overalls casually introduced himself, De Gaulle snapped: "Stand to attention when you are speaking to a superior officer." When De Gaulle finally entered Paris amid jubilant cheers, he was all calculation. "How far have you got with the purge?" were his first words to his newly appointed prefect.

De Gaulle's later maneuvers obscured his victory over the Communists. In December 1944, he traveled to Moscow to sign a pact with Stalin. Later, as head of the provisional government, he brought some Communists into his Cabinet. But by then he could afford to be conciliatory, for the Communist threat had receded. For all the praise and blame heaped on De Gaulle, little has been made of this particular triumph. Robert Aron has finally given it the scholarly attention and admiration it deserves.

Ostrea Edulis & Others

THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER *by Eleanor Clark.* 203 pages. *Pantheon.* $4.95.

Was one Sergius Orata the noblest and least appreciated Roman of them all? While more militant Romans were battling the Cimbri along the Rhine toward the end of the 2nd century B.C. and the poet Lucilius was pouring out his satires, Sergius Orata was pouring his considerable fortune into his single passion—the cultivation of the oyster. The ups and downs of that bivalvular mollusk ever since are the subject of Novelist Clark's book—a witty blend of fact, fable and fine poetic nonsense.

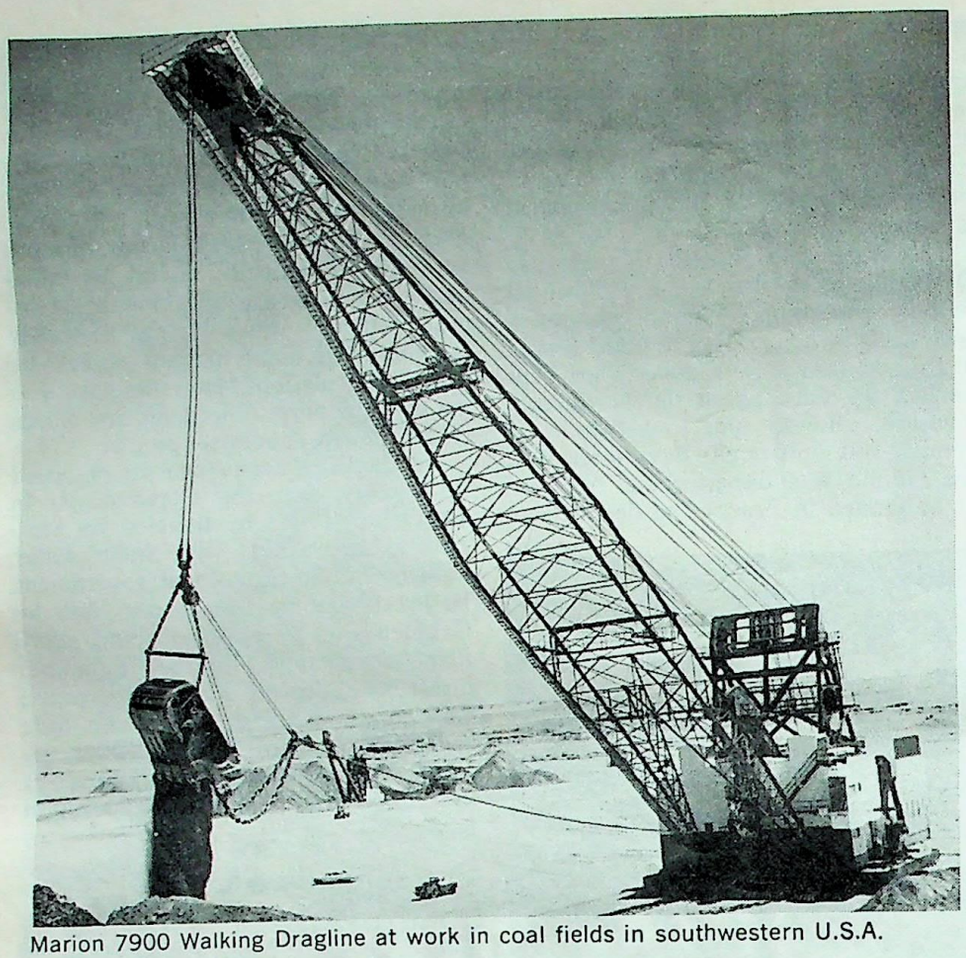
Author Clark, wife of Novelist Robert Penn Warren, became an oyster addict while living in the village of Locmariaquer on the coast of Brittany, chief breeding ground of the world's most prized oyster. The Locmariaquer oyster is known to science as the *Ostrea edulis.* To the locals it is known simply as the *plate* (the flat one), to distinguish it from the bumpy Portuguese oyster, which is sometimes foisted off on innocent diners as a true *edulis,* and which ostreophiles regard as little better than a mussel or even a clam.

Fathers & Mothers. *Ostrea edulis* is fast disappearing from the Atlantic coast of Europe. But the diner lucky enough to encounter one will not soon forget it: "Intimations of the ages of man, some piercing intuition of the sea and all its weeds and breezes shiver you a split second from that little stimulus on the palate. You are eating the sea and are on the verge of remembering something connected with the flavor of life itself."

When she can muzzle her metaphors, Author Clark is a mine of oyster lore. Millions of years older than man, the

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Marion 7900 Walking Dragline at work in coal fields in southwestern U.S.A.

MARION 7900

WORLD'S LARGEST WALKER*

*outside U.S.A. *in phosphate

A Marion 7900 Walking Dragline will begin working next year in Moroccan phosphate fields of North Africa. It will be the largest walker outside the U.S.A. as well as the largest dragline in phosphate anywhere. Marion's 8800, an 85-cubic-yard walker at work in the U.S.A., is the world's largest.

The Marion 7900's 45-cubic-yard bucket on a 225-foot boom, the 6,500 horsepower of its combined electric motors and its 4,000,000-pound working weight are indications of its size and capacity.

This Marion will be equipped with Marion Statitrol control, combining Ward Leonard electrical control and silicon-controlled rectifiers in a system that is establishing new records for long, low maintenance performance and significant savings in power costs while applying maximum speed and usable power to machine performance and automatically protecting machinery from overload.

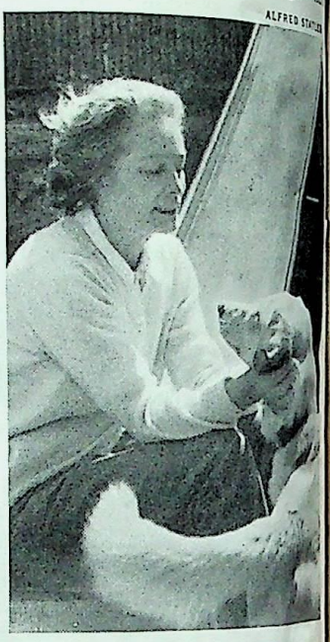
Marion Walking Draglines are walking to work all over the world. For 20 years, they have proved repeatedly their ability to move big yardages at lower costs on many different types of work. Get the complete story on Marion Walkers (from 5 to 100 cubic yards) from your Marion Distributor.

you get more with MARION

MARION POWER SHOVEL CO. • Marion, Ohio, U.S.A.
A Division of Universal Marion Corporation

oyster is "prolific to the point of ... cency." Since oysters are herma... dites, a single oyster may be bo... father and a mother, changing ... several times in the course of a year ... the best of all possible worlds, an o... might live 15 years, but only one ... 10,000 makes it to maturity. The ... snail can bore through the shell of ... full-grown oyster and scoop out ... meat in six hours. The starfish ... open the shell of the oyster and ... vours it. And of course there is ...

Touch & Go. Things were not to... until the early 18th century, when ... drag," otherwise known in France ... "the oyster guillotine," was inven... That instrument, a convex iron ... 5 ft. or 6 ft. long, denuded the coas... Europe and the U.S. by ripping up ... oyster beds. It was touch and go ...



ALFRED STATLER

ELEANOR CLARK
The ages of man on a plate.

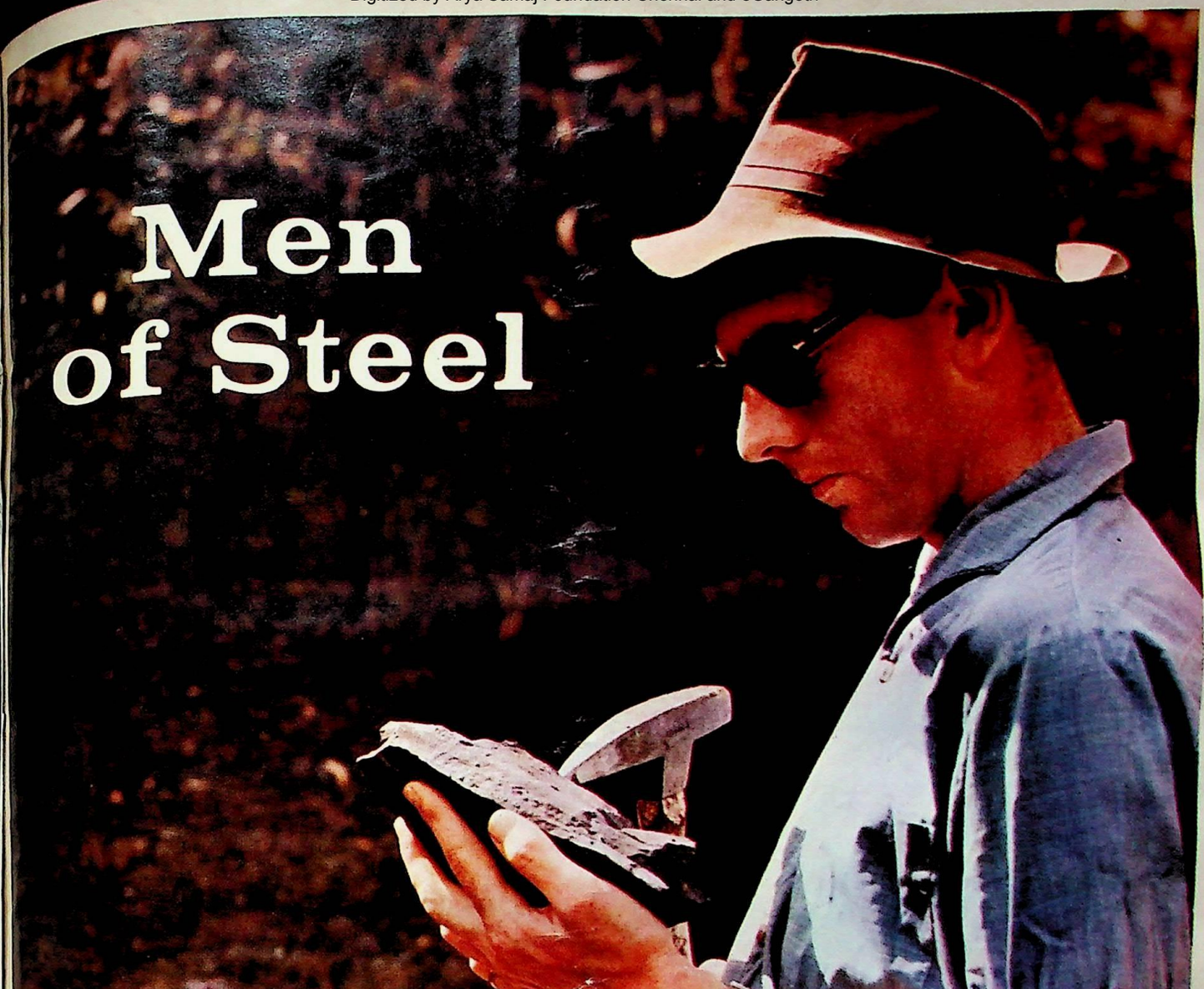
er the oyster would survive at all, ... an inspired French marine biolog... Victor Coste, discovered in the ... 1800s the secret of collecting la... and raising seed, making it possible ... grow oysters in waters where for ... ous reasons they are unable to bre... The oysters of Locmariaquer, for ... stance, are transplanted three times ... fore they are shipped to market. ... success of the process depends on ... the French call *tromper l'huître* ("... ing the oysters"), an ingenious ma... of making the oyster clean itself ... and preventing it from "yawning" ... losing its liquid when it is exposed ... the air.

There is a bit too much air in ... Clark's book. She lards her account ... odd facts (the pearl producer is ... oyster at all but a mollusk known ... Meleagrina), sketches of local ch... ters, and wordy, impressionistic ... tions of the Breton countryside. ... such moments a reader's attention ... well wander, but for the most ... Author Clark holds him with ... verbal polish. It is the process ... as *tromper le lecteur.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Men of Steel



The Geologist

Exploring a continent is the daily task of B.H.P. field geologists. The ever increasing demand for raw materials for Australia's rapidly expanding steel industry has made B.H.P. Australia's biggest prospecting organisation.

B.H.P. — a public company with forty-four thousand employees, is owned by some ninety-seven thousand shareholders. During 1963 the equivalent of almost one hundred million U.S. dollars was invested in new capital works.
Current output of B.H.P. steel is at the rate of five million long tons of steel ingots a year. And increasing.

The Broken Hill Proprietary Company Limited and subsidiaries: a group of companies engaged in a complete operation comprising mining and shipping of raw materials and the manufacture of iron and steel.

Look South for Steel

HEAD OFFICE: 500 Bourke Street, Melbourne, Australia. Resident representative for South East Asia located in Singapore, and distributors in Hong Kong, Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, and Thailand.

BHP STEEL

—a product of Australia

BHP C832

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Satisfying the maritime appetite for oil

CALTEX

...Caltex serves the petroleum needs of more than 70 countries in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and New Zealand... **you're never far from the Caltex Star.**

CALTEX ON THE JOB: IN THE BUSY PORT OF SINGA

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

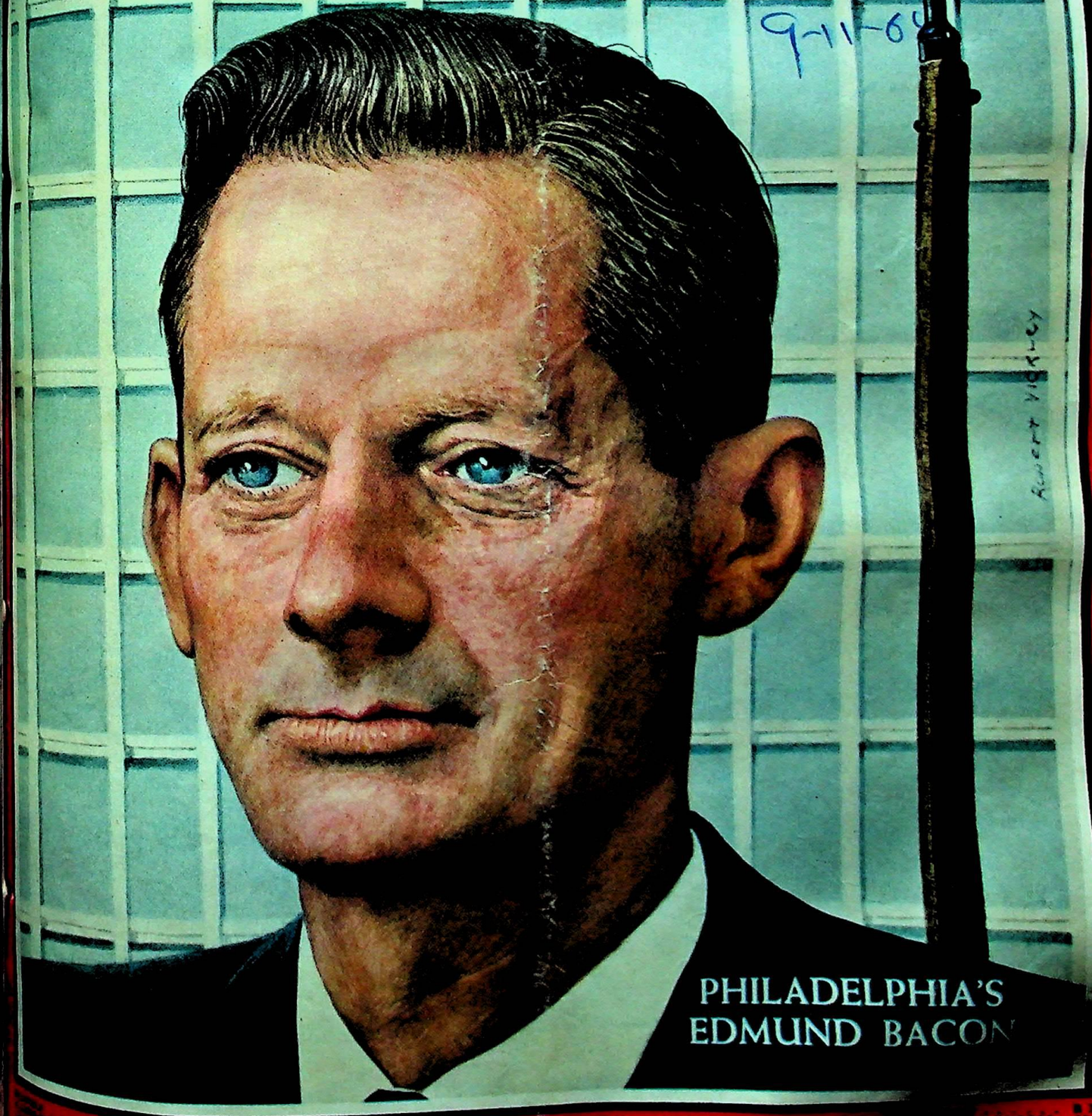
DECEMBER 6, 1964

ASIA EDITION

URBAN RENEWAL
Remaking the American City

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



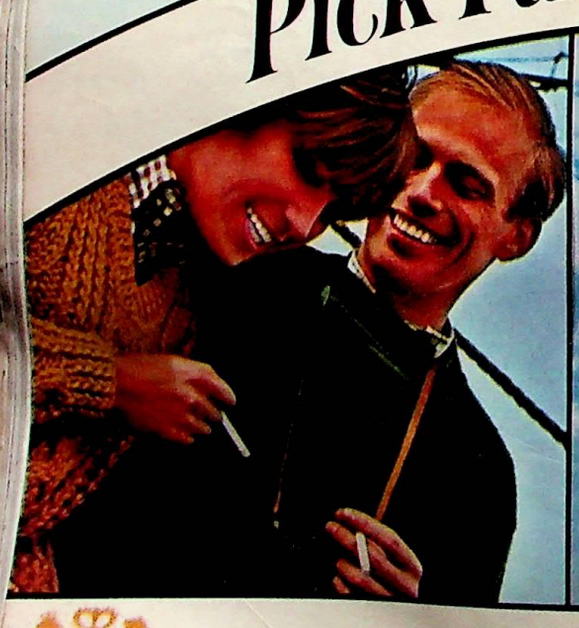
PHILADELPHIA'S
EDMUND BACON

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Smoke free, full, fresh

Pick Paxton for pleasure



FREE drawing team of filters, back to back.

•

FULL tobacco richness blended with lively menthol.

•

FRESH flavor because it's in the Humiflex Plastic Pack.

THE FILTER YOU HOPED FOR
THE FLAVOR YOU SMOKE FOR

America's finest cigarettes have a quality all their own . . . from Philip Morris International

OTHER PHILIP MORRIS INTERNATIONAL CIGARETTES: **PARLIAMENT,** RECESSED FILTER. **PHILIP MORRIS,** RICH TOBACCOS. **MARLBORO,** FILTER, FLAVOR, PACK

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

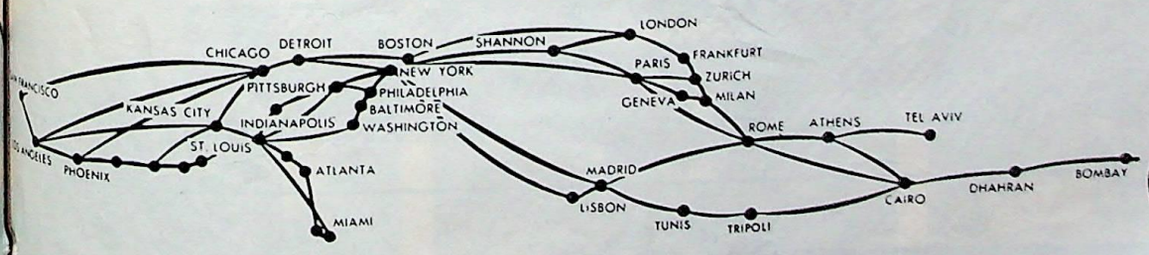
गुरुकुल काँगड़ी

Mr. Yuichi Yuasa, President, Yuasa Battery, Kyoto-shi, Japan.

"When business takes me across the U.S. and Europe, I take TWA."

When Mr. Yuasa changes to TWA in California, he takes advantage of a unique travel service. One airline, one ticket convenience to 87 major cities across half the globe. Only TWA flies between 70 U.S. markets and 17 world centers in Europe, Africa and Asia.

Another TWA exclusive: first-run, full-color movies* by Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc. They're shown on transcontinental and transatlantic jets, and make "flying time" really fly. Next trip to the U.S. and beyond, have your travel agent book you on TWA.



TWA

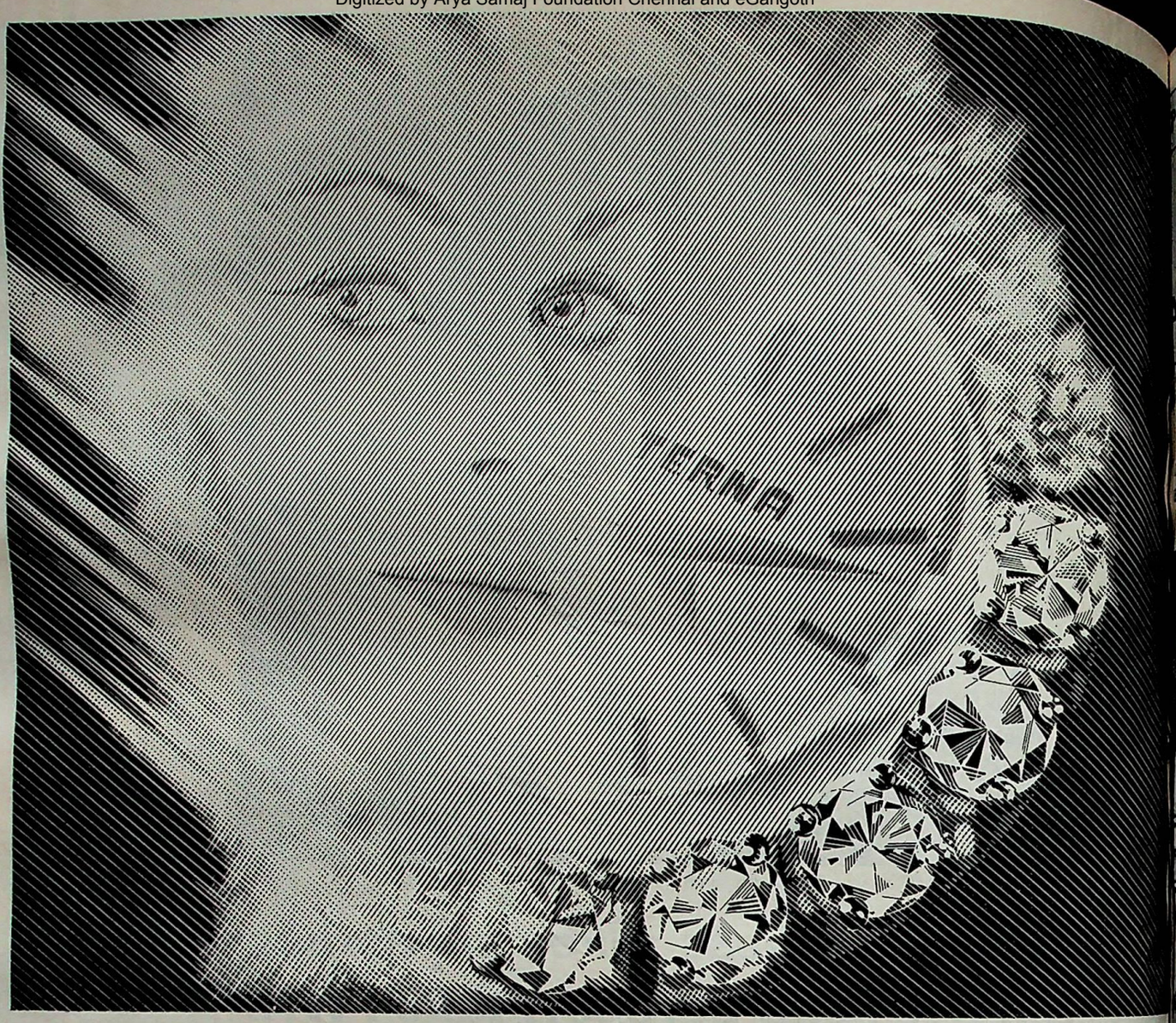
Trans World Airlines Offices in: TOKYO . . . Imperial Hotel
HONG KONG . . . Room 104 Tak Shing House, 20 Des Voeux Road, C • MANILA . . . Hotel Filipinas
SYDNEY . . . Room 301 Shell House, 2 Carrington Street • BANGKOK . . . 37/3 Suriwongse Road

*Complimentary on all but transatlantic Economy. Then, optional at $1.

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam 18, Netherlands. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries listed elsewhere. Additional pages of regional editions numbered or allowed for as follows: East Asia E1-E8.

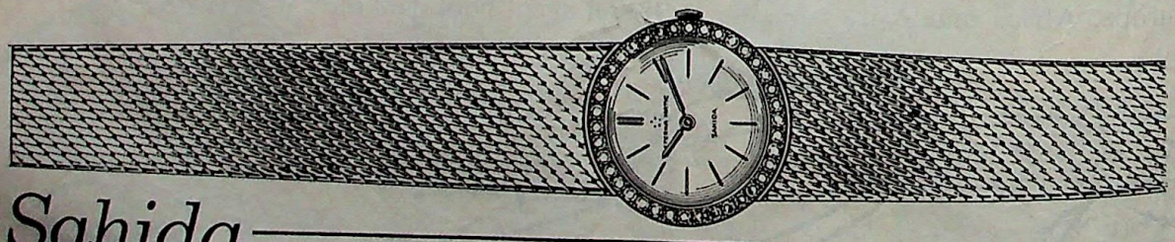
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



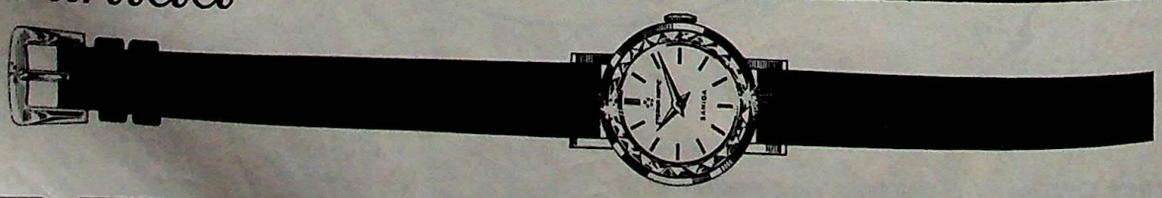
Fully automated elegance! Enchanting «Sahida» - the very timepiece women have alw craved. And now, for the first time, she can wear a divine combination of extravagant beauty and unrivalled self-winding Eterna·Matic precision.

What a joy! to own a lasting piece of precious watch jewellry and an exact timekeep as well. So thin too! Thanks to the unique ultra-thin Eterna·Matic movement, «Sahida» is one-fifth slimmer than the thinnest ladies' automatic until now.



806 LE/125-1446
Sahida, extra-thin, automa
18 ct. gold, 36 diamond
with beauty 18 ct. gold b
No. 119

—Sahida—



706 VS-1446
Sahida, extra-thin, automa
18 ct. gold with diamon
sapphire crystal

ETERNA·MATIC

ETERNA S.A., GRENCHEN (SWITZERLAND)

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

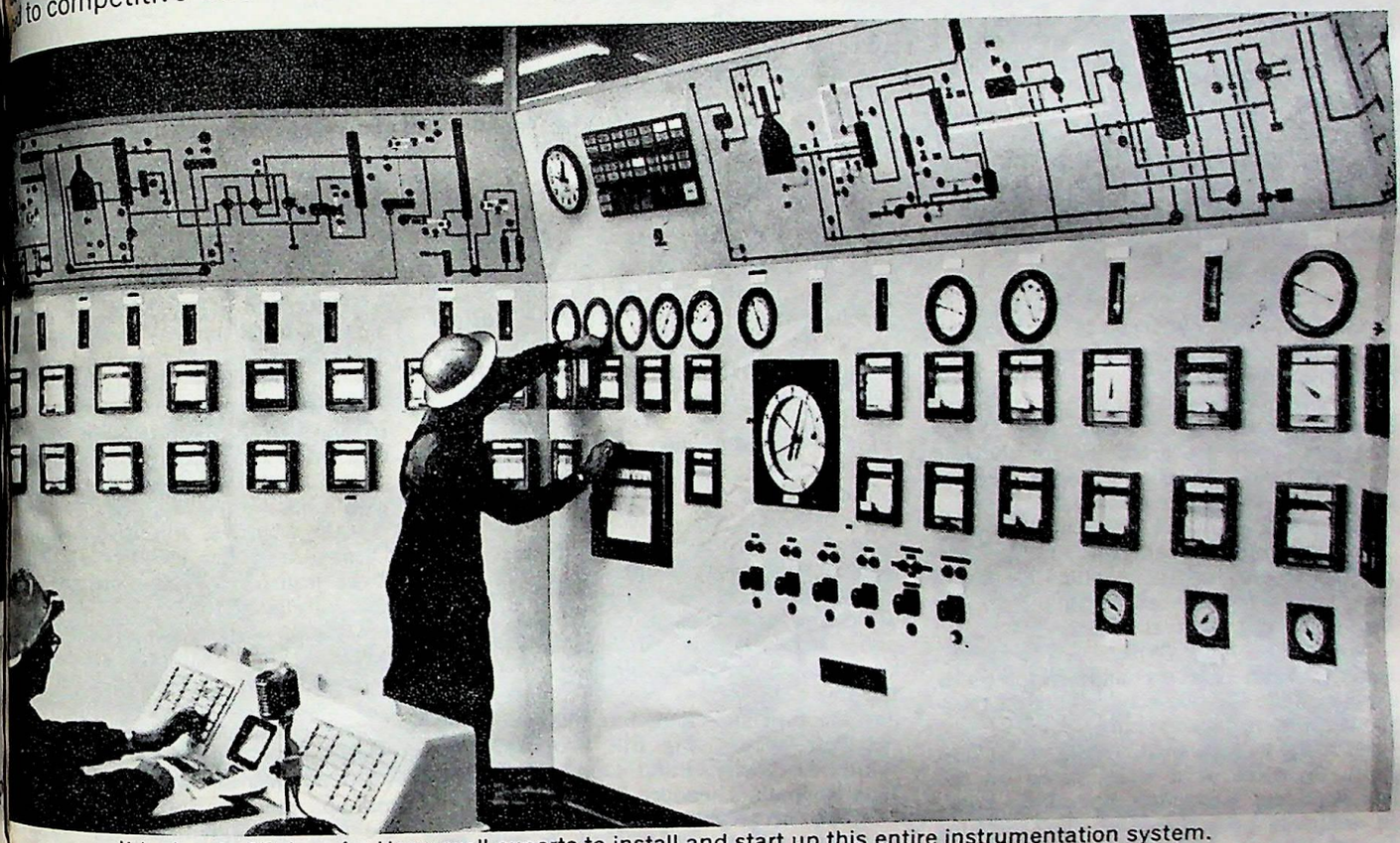
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PROCESS AUTOMATION REPORT FROM HONEYWELL

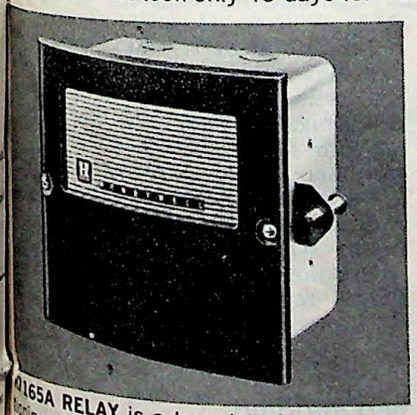
Automatic controls bring greater product yield

Higher recovery rates and lower plant costs can be achieved for any process with new super-accurate control systems. For example, the Honeywell-built system shown below enables a large oil refinery to control the blending of high-octane gasolines so accurately that yields are increased and prices held to competitive levels.

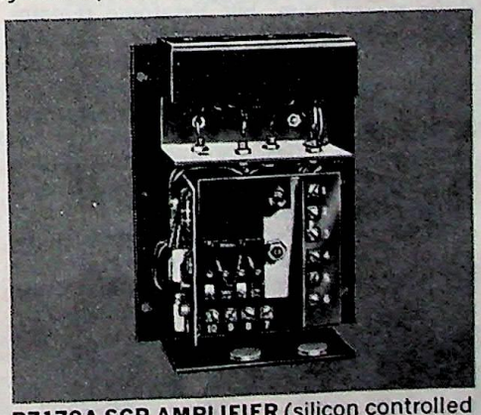
Practically any process involving control of temperatures, pressures, humidity, liquid levels or flows can be made more efficient and profitable with Honeywell controls or control systems. For free information and catalogs on everything from simple non-recording control devices to fully automated systems, write to address below.



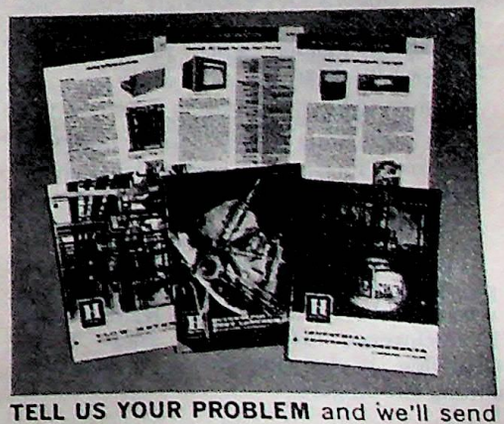
It took only 45 days for Honeywell experts to install and start up this entire instrumentation system.



Q165A RELAY is a transistorized proportioning controller for reversible motors. It may also be used as an alarm device to indicate a deviation from set point in a controlled medium. Flush or surface mounting.



R7170A SCR AMPLIFIER (silicon controlled rectifier) accepts unipolar, floating-ground DC input and converts it to proportional AC or DC output to drive saturable core reactors for electric furnaces, other uses.



TELL US YOUR PROBLEM and we'll send you complete information on the controls you need. Write Mr. R. Hubley, Honeywell International, Wayne & Windrim Avenues, Philadelphia 44, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Honeywell

WORLD LEADER IN CONTROLS AND SYSTEMS FOR HOME, INDUSTRY AND SCIENCE
HONEYWELL INTERNATIONAL: Sales and service offices in all principal cities of the world. Manufacturing in Canada, France, Germany, Japan, Netherlands, United Kingdom and United States.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul K

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 4

POST-ELECTION SPECIALS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.; ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.; NBC, 11:30 p.m.-12:30 a.m.).* The three networks' political commentators analyze the results.

Thursday, November 5

BEWITCHED (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Witch Samantha is stirred to jealous and witchly japes when her husband is interviewed by a pretty high school girl reporter.

Friday, November 6

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Leonard Bernstein explains the sonata form, conducts excerpts from Mozart's *"Jupiter" Symphony* and sings *And I Love Her*, the hit song from the Beatles' movie *A Hard Day's Night*. Season première.

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Anne Bancroft stars in Playwright William Inge's first television play, which involves the marriage of a baseball has-been and the daughter of a socially prominent St. Louis family. Color.

Sunday, November 8

LAMP UNTO MY FEET (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). The Broadway cast of *Oh What a Lovely War* presents excerpts from their hit antiwar show.

CAMERA 3 (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). Bertolt Brecht's dramatic exercises for Shakespearean actors are presented for the first time on television. Lotte Lenya demonstrates the exercise for *Romeo and Juliet*.

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-12 noon). The program debunks the myths surrounding many of the popular heroes of the Old West such as Buffalo Bill, Bat Masterson and General Custer.

WILD KINGDOM (NBC, 5-5:30 p.m.). Hosts Marlin Perkins and Jim Fowler explore the 130,000-acre Philmont Boy Scout ranch in New Mexico.

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Première of a series based on the late President Kennedy's bestselling book. In tonight's program, Alabama's Senator Oscar Underwood knowingly ruins his chances for the 1924 Democratic presidential nomination when he denounces the Ku Klux Klan.

Monday, November 9

THE JONATHAN WINTERS SHOW (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). First of six "specials" starring the zany comedian.

Tuesday, November 10

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Henry Fonda hosts a program devoted to the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein II. Florence Henderson, John Raitt, Gretchen Wyler and Susan Watson are among the singers.

THEATER

The new season is setting Broadway marquees ablaze again, though some were darkened almost as soon as they were lighted. *Cambridge Circus*, *Traveller Without Luggage*, and *The Last Analysis* flashed their lights and are now gone. Holdover shows still predominate. Of the long-runs, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* is still incontestably the best of the musicals, and *The Subject Was Roses* the best of the straight dramatic plays. The top comedy distance runners are *Barefoot in the Park* and, if there is anyone left who hasn't seen it, *Mary, Mary*.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR is an animated documentary that grins like a skull at the follies of World War I. Adding humor and song to pity and terror, *Lovely War* achieves a catharsis hardly to be believed of a musical. The hand that guides it is Joan Littlewood's; the guiding spirit is Bertolt Brecht's.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. This evocative musical discovers gentle sorrow and infectious gaiety in the story of Tevye and his five daughters in a Russian village prior to the 1905 revolution. Zero Mostel is a million rubles' worth of joy.

ABSENCE OF A CELLO. This amusing farce breezes along on the proposition that the corporate image is a fright mask.

RECORDS

Folk Music and Blues

PETER, PAUL AND MARY IN CONCERT (2 LPs; Warner Bros.). P. P. & M. have now reached the status of Artur Rubinstein. They can record the same music over again and expect it to sell as well as it did the first time. Actually, the repeats (including *If I Had a Hammer, 500 Miles, Blowin' in the Wind*) are the best part of this package, which is burdened with a lot of tomfoolery, including twelve minutes of something called *Paultalk* and a sing-along section by an audience that should be fired forthwith.

THE FOLK BOX (4 LPs; Elektra). A sprawling anthology that includes a few songs from the British Isles and Africa but concentrates on American music. Most of the fine folk singers of today and yesterday are on hand, including Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Big Bill Broonzy, Josh White, Leadbelly, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Jean Redpath, Theodore Bikel.

HARRY BELAFONTE: BALLADS, BLUES AND BOASTERS (RCA Victor). The folk scene shifts around him, but Belafonte remains poised and onstage. He almost mechanically puts a satin sheen on a pretty ballad, but he can also tighten throats with a lullaby ("I'll take you to a land where you can lift your head") and summon up red-blooded jubilation when he boasts, "Come on over to the front of the bus, 'cause I'll be riding up there."

BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE: IT'S MY WAY! (Vanguard). The guitar-twanging, sing-it-yourself segment of folk fans does not insist on professional singing even in others. To these earnest ones, Buffy Sainte-Marie's emotional involvement in her songs counterbalances her unsure delivery. She writes and sings about war, drug addiction, a lover's desertion and, in *Now That the Buffalo's Gone*, the wrongs of the American Indians, her own people.

JOHN HAMMOND: BIG CITY BLUES (Vanguard), in spite of its title, consists largely of country blues. But Hammond is one of the new breed of young, city-rooted white singers who are borrowing the Negro blues. Although he is an imitator, Hammond gets inside the songs, and his voice is live and versatile, equally at ease in a plaintive, long-lined lament like *M... Hour Blues* and in the up-tempo acrobatics of *My Babe*.

GALE GARNETT: WE'LL SING IN THE SHINE (RCA Victor) is the pop ... this folk album, one of five ... Garnett herself. Only 21, she ... a busy though not very folksy ... write about, having acted off-... at 15, sung at the Blue Angel at ... low, husky voice sounds best in ... gallant loneliness, like *Wanderin'*.

CINEMA

MY FAIR LADY. Audrey Hepburn ... delightfully right as the cockn... peddler transformed into a lad... fessor Rex Harrison, and the ha... is that this lush, eye-filling adap... the Lerner-Loewe musical deliver... $17 million worth of elegant escap...

WOMAN IN THE DUNES. This ... powerfully filmed allegory from ... translates the search for self into ... metaphor about a man and a wom... lessly digging, digging, digging to ... in a sandy hellhole.

THE SOFT SKIN. A given trian... worked out with Gallic elegance ... rector François Truffaut (*The 400 ...* studies the emotional trigonometry ... aging intellectual's first and final ... outside the matrimonial stockade.

TOPKAPI. Melina Mercouri and ... Ustinov make larceny laughable in ... tor Jules Dassin's cheerfully amor... edy about a jewel caper in Istanbul.

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY. An ... Irish phony (Robert Shaw) who ... face the truth about himself loses h... (Mary Ure), who decides she can ... with a lie.

MARY POPPINS. Amidst a whirl of ... Disneyism, Julie Andrews and Dick ... Dyke transform a modern juvenile ... into jolly good fun.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Italian ... rector Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*) again turns Sicilian social cus... side out in this tragicomedy about ... violent aftermath of a provincial ma... misstep.

I'D RATHER BE RICH. Another rom... mix-up, another wayward heiress ... the familiar ingredients are whipped ... a nice froth by Sandra Dee, Robert Ca... Andy Williams, Hermione Gingold.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. Britain's ... Tushingham, shrewdly guided by D... tor Desmond Davis, brings warmth ... and wonderful variety to this portra... an Irish colleen who falls in love w... man more than twice her age.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. Burto... with some of the fascinating ills that ... nessee Williams' characters are heir... Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr and Ri... Burton repair to a shabby Mexican ... sort for group therapy.

BOOKS

Best Reading

MARKINGS, by Dag Hammarskjöld. ... late Secretary-General of the United ... tions called this journal a record of ... negotiations with myself—and with God. ... In a series of *pensées*, poems and med... tions, Hammarskjöld reveals that the ... est diplomat of them all was at heart ... God-haunted mystic.

FOR THE UNION DEAD, by Robert Low... ell. Less obscure than his earliest wo... and less embarrassingly confessional t...

* *All times E.S.T.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THOUSANDS OF EXPERTS AT YOUR SERVICE

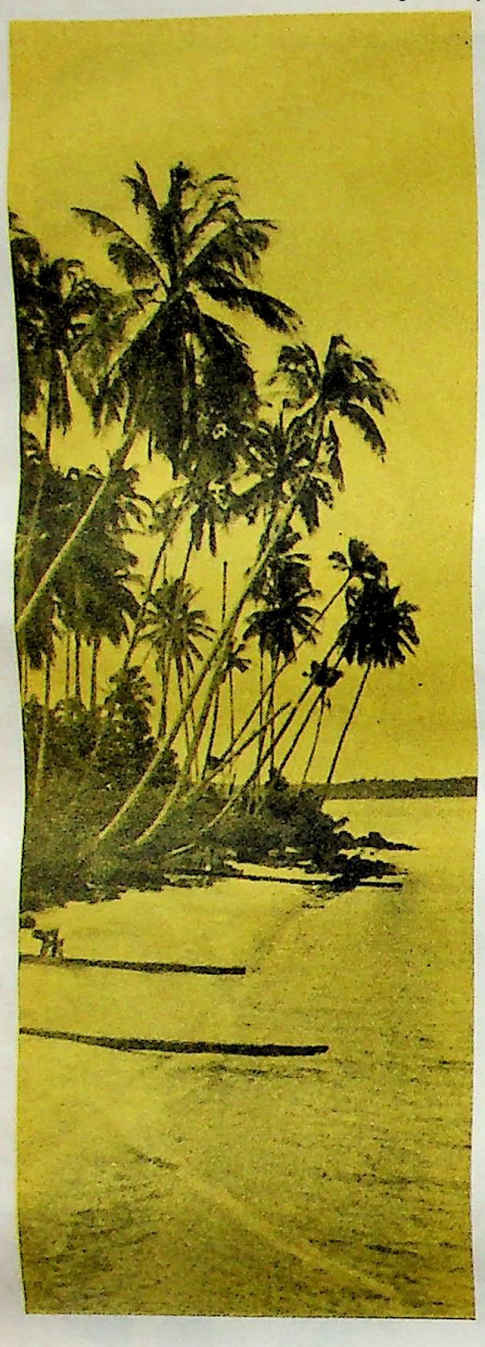
LIKE AN ATHLETE ON THE EVE OF THE COMPETITION. All ALITALIA pilots graduate after a three year course at a Special Company Training Centre. They have their first experiences on board modern planes on the ground, simulating all flight characteristics. One ALITALIA pilot is selected from tens of candidates after a series of physical and psychological tests carried out in specialized Scientific Institutes. A pilot in the service of ALITALIA must observe between flights a rest equal to twice the time spent on the last flight, and he is always in the same physical condition as an athlete on the eve of a hard competition.

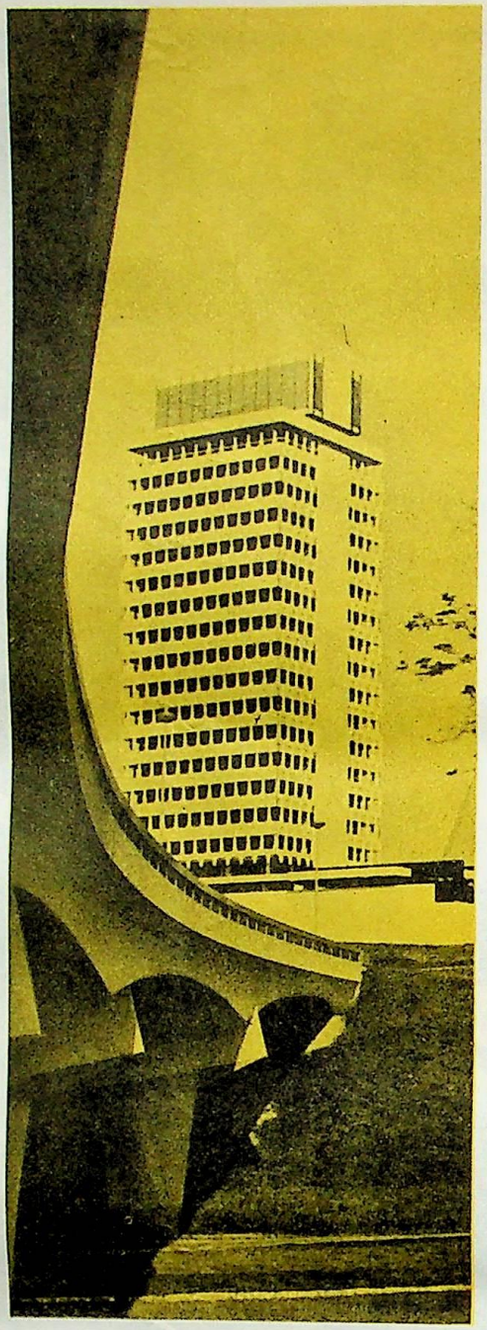
ALITALIA AIRLINES

ALITALIA IS IN ALL OF ITALY AND GOES EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri





Take time out to discover Malaysia

Be it business or pleasure, Malaysia offers you the best of both worlds. For the business man this young nation presents a golden opportunity to establish new and prosperous markets. For the vacationer Malaysia offers unsurpassed opportunities to enjoy a relaxed and memorable holiday.

Here you can laze away the days on the golden sands of Penang's tropical beaches, explore the Historical ruins of Malacca or discover the picturesque beauty of the East Coast villages.

For the bolder spirit the National Park, where the law of the jungle still prevails, except that the camera has replaced the rifle. Or eighteen holes of golf in the Cameron Highlands, Malaysia's famed hill resort.

In Kuala Lumpur, the nation's capital, overseas investors and local industry have combined to build a prosperous economy. The generous financial rewards offered by Government legislation have encouraged many international market leaders to establish local production plants.

You, too, can find the best of both worlds in Malaysia. For further details and illustrated literature write to Department of Tourism, P. O. Box 328, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

Malaysia

his recent *Life Studies*, these poems sue Lowell's preoccupation with ty, madness, marriage and his heritage in tough, masculine verse.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Charles lin. Hollywood's comic genius writ quently about his pitifully poor child but prefers name-dropping to telling his later artistic achievements. The for this autobiographical lapse is on every page and saves the book his fame, the penniless child in still marvels at the attention of the

PATTON: ORDEAL AND TRIUMPH, by las Farago. In the best-documented raphy yet of World War II's con troversial commander, Farago argues General Patton was a tactician bold gambits saved many lives.

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF by John Cheever. In these chill stories, the fall from corporate grace merger, the personal scandal that stop the money, are the demons Cheever uses to speculate about the fears aried suburbanites.

REMINISCENCES, by Douglas Mac In a style that is more restrained usual baroque eloquence, MacArthur idly recounts his trials and his triumphs.

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. In this awaited novel, Bellow's hero is a search of a new life amid the rubble wrecked marriage. His conclusion appointingly flat ("I am what I am in the process of reaching it, H Bellow ranges wittily, learnedly and ceptively over nearly all the dilemmas major, minor and plain absurd—of century man in a virtuoso display a constant delight.

THE WORDS, by Jean-Paul Sartre ways a brilliant but negative mind Sartre has focused his critical powers himself as a child and dislikes what sees. From this graceful, simple memoir the cast of a powerful, angry mind was to reject all symbols of tradition from God to the Nobel Prize, can be traced.

THE ITALIANS, by Luigi Barzini. Foreigners often love Italy for the wrong reasons thinks this brilliant Italian journalist goes on to consider his countrymen damaging detail.

Best Sellers

FICTION

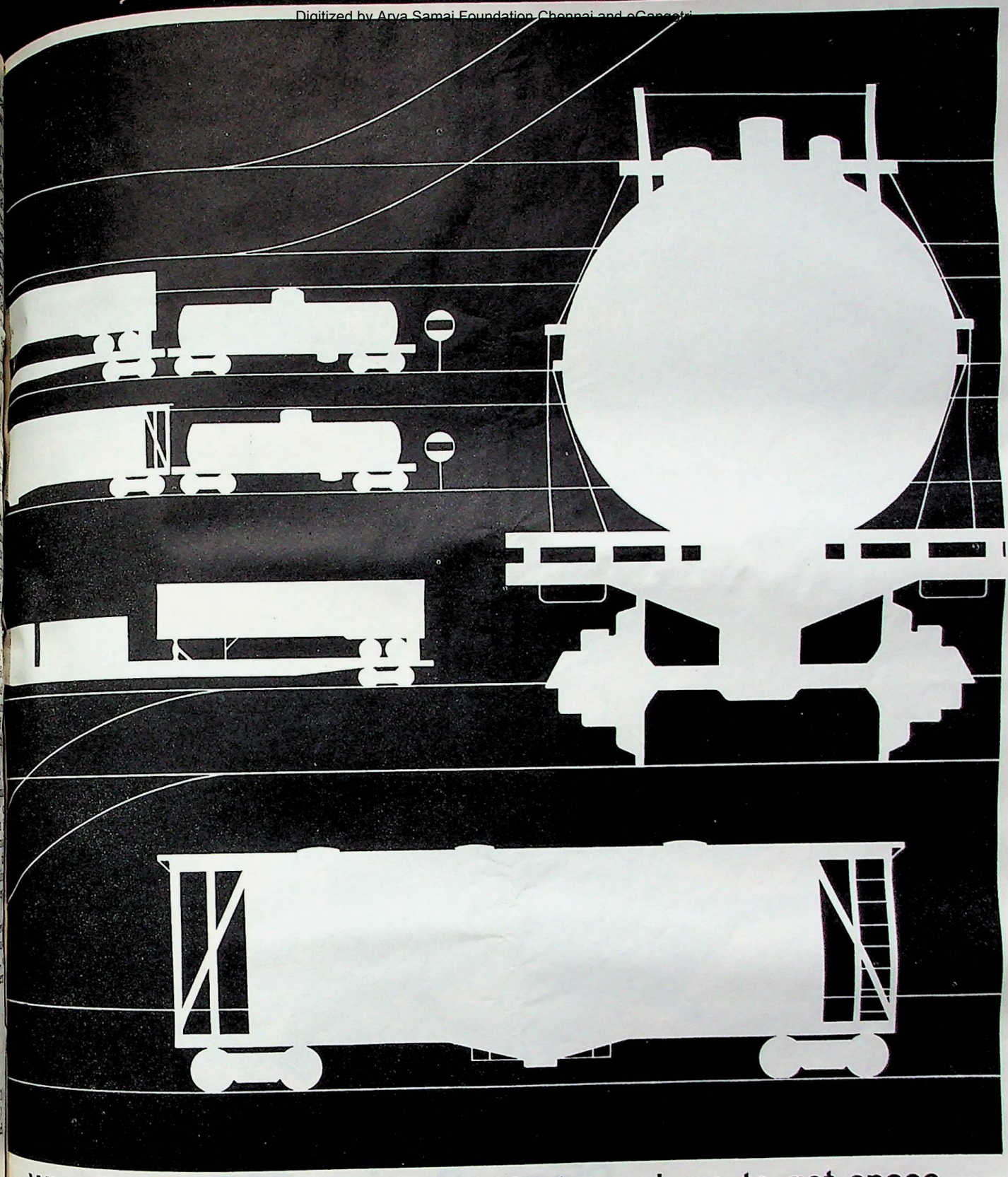
1. Herzog, Bellow (2 last week)
2. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (3)
3. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (5)
4. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (3)
5. This Rough Magic, Stewart (4)
6. Julian, Vidal (6)
7. Armageddon, Uris (7)
8. The Man, Wallace (9)
9. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (10)
10. The Lost City, Gunther

NONFICTION

1. Reminiscences, MacArthur (1)
2. My Autobiography, Chaplin (2)
3. The Italians, Barzini (6)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
5. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (5)
6. Harlow, Shulman (3)
7. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (7)
8. The Warren Commission Report
9. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (10)
10. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



When it's time to ship your product, you have to get space.

(We make the best space to get.)

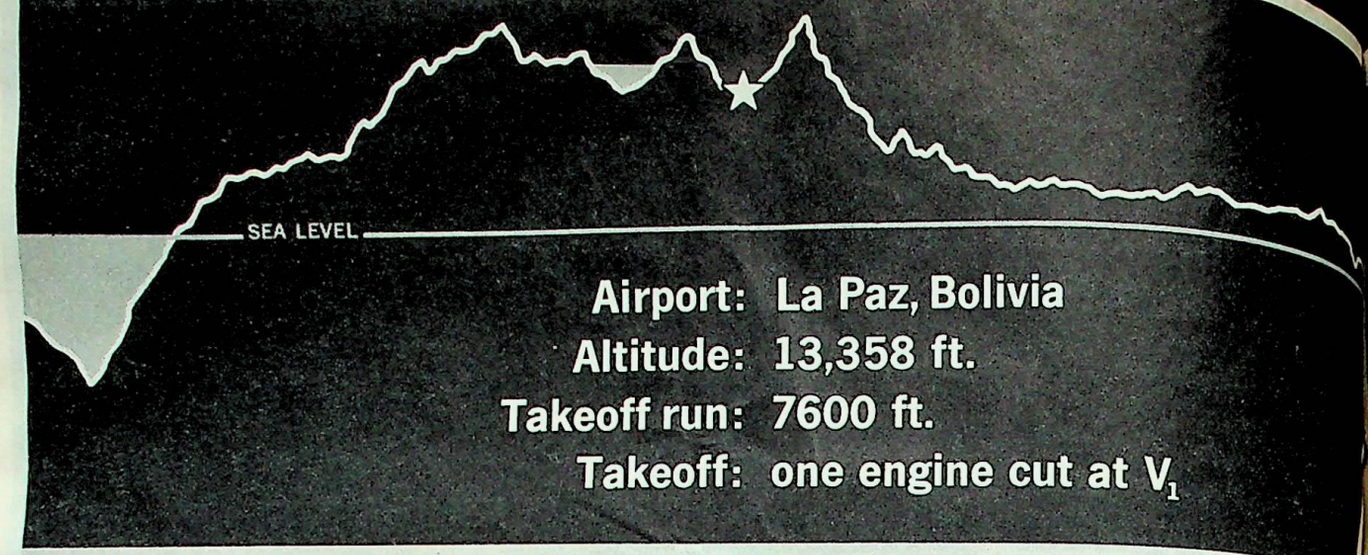
General American railroad cars and containers are the best space you can get to ship your products. We sell or lease a complete line of railroad cars, including special cars for the shipment of virtually all bulk liquid and dry commodities. Every GA car incorporates all the latest designs based on our continuing research. And these same advantages apply to our containers and container systems. Our name is General American International. Here's where you get more information. General American International—SARL, 105 Rue Lafayette, Paris 10, France; GATC—P.O. Box 832, Tokyo, Japan; Cable GENAMINT—Chicago.

General American International

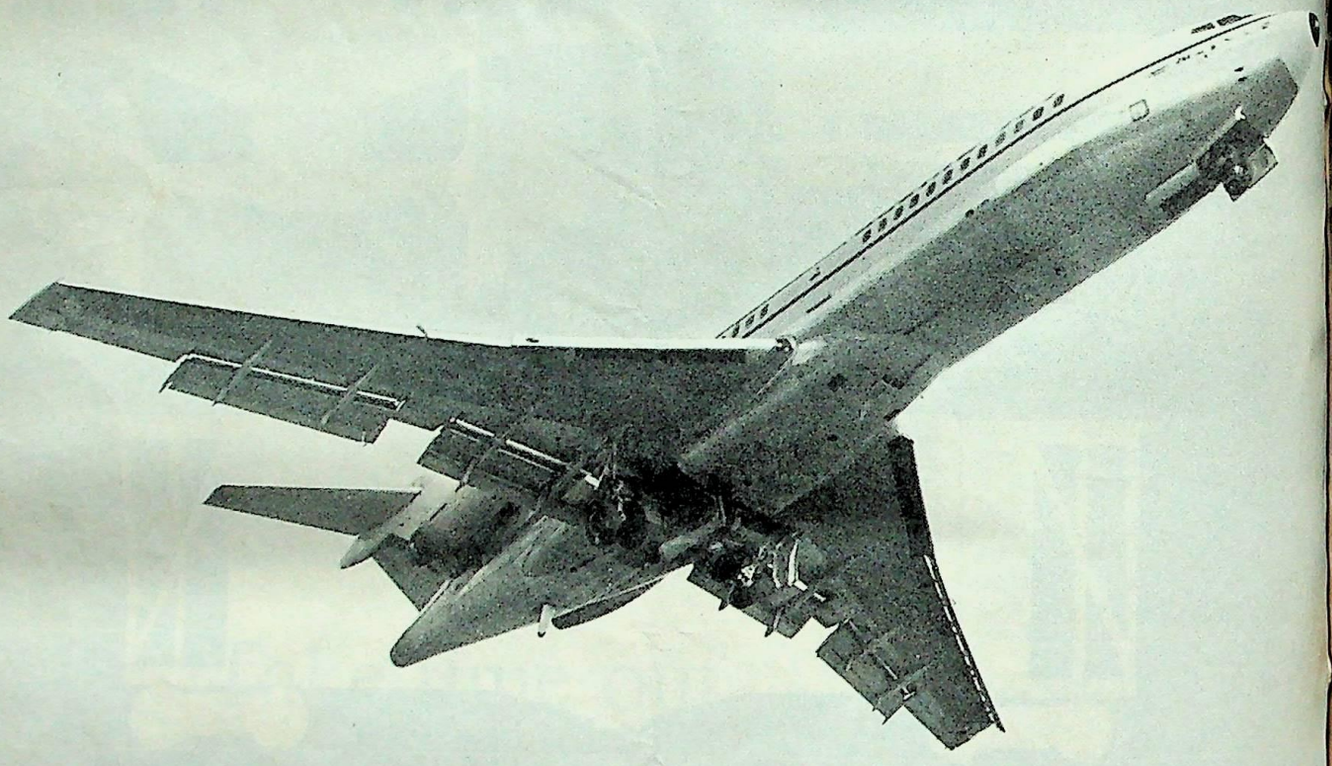
135 South LaSalle Street · Chicago, Illinois 60690

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul K

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Airport: La Paz, Bolivia
Altitude: 13,358 ft.
Takeoff run: 7600 ft.
Takeoff: one engine cut at V_1



Plane: Boeing 727

Continuing its phenomenally successful ways, the Boeing 727 recently flew into La Paz, Bolivia, to become the first jet ever to operate from "El Alto," the world's highest commercial airport.

The 727 made exceptionally short takeoffs and landings, even in the rarefied air at La Paz's 13,358-foot altitude. As it reached V_1 speed on takeoff, Pilot Jack Waddell cut one engine. The 727 took off in a steep climb with only two engines operating. Gross weight was 126,000 pounds. The flights, according to Waddell, were "routine and uneventful."

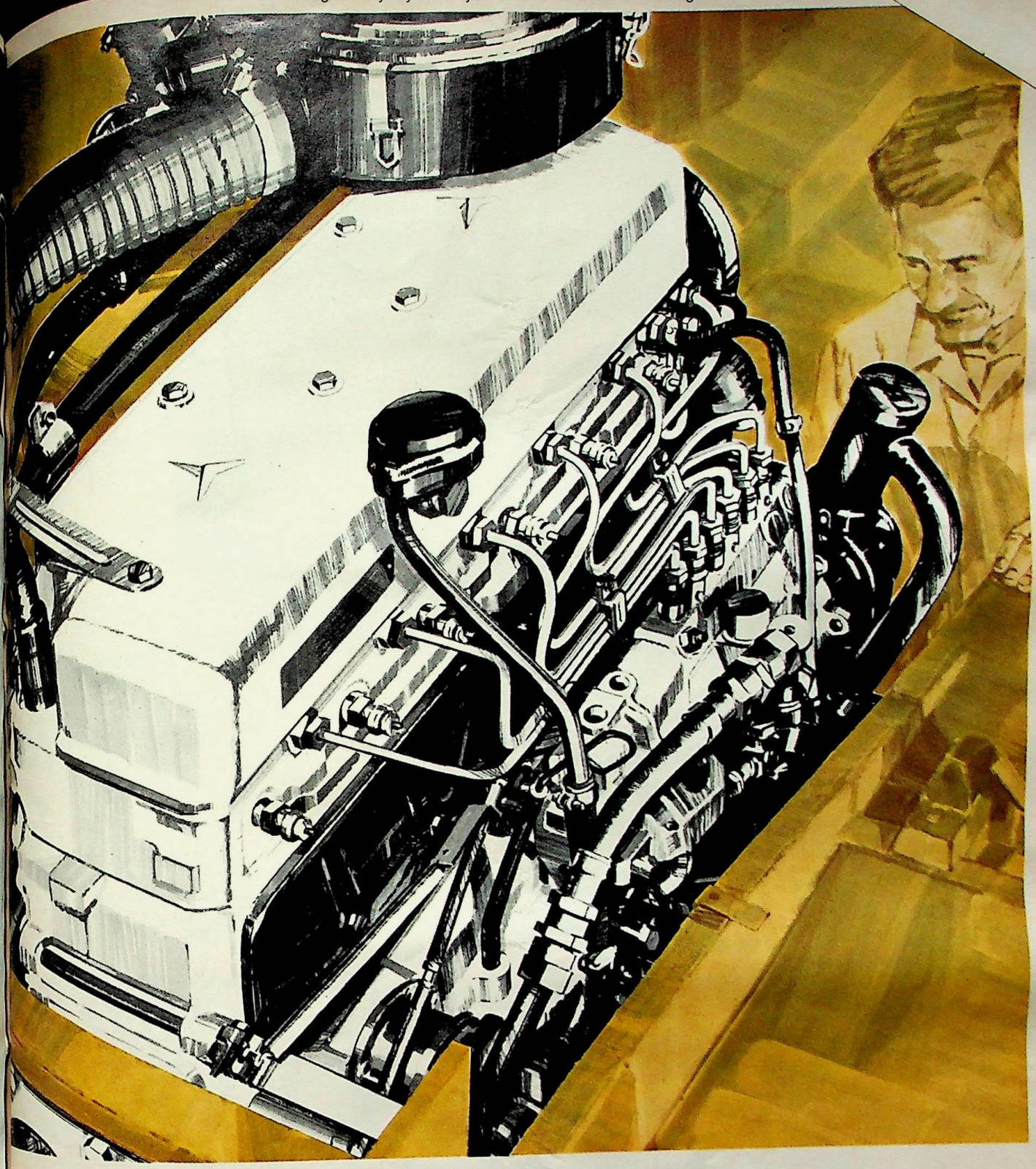
The Boeing 727 has now demonstrated its superior performance on all inhabited continents and in 31 countries. But even more important, the 727's superior performance, reliability and passenger appeal are proving it an outstanding profit-maker in day-to-day commercial operations. It flies higher, faster, farther than predicted. Performance, in fact, is as much as 12% above Boeing's origin guarantees.

These fourteen leading airlines h already ordered 225 Boeing 727s: Nippon, American, Ansett-AN BWIA, Eastern, JAL, Lufthansa, tional, Northwest, Pacific South South African, TAA (Australia TWA and United.

BOEING 727

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

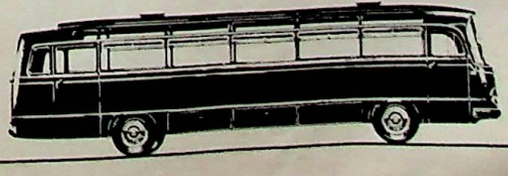


Why Mercedes-Benz buses and coaches please every contractor

Passengers want comfort. They get it in a Mercedes-Benz bus or coach.
Contractors want low running costs. They get them from a Mercedes-Benz engine. It is designed to use fuel sparingly; it runs smoothly and inexpensively for years.

Mercedes-Benz put every engine through a series of running-in tests. Between 350 and 450 litres of oil pass through the engine, easing and cleaning all moving parts. Mercedes-Benz buses and coaches reach you ready for a long and profitable career on the road.

MERCEDES-BENZ



O 321 HL
140 HP SAE

494 LA 6.0

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul K

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Now—enjoy from 2,000 to 10,000 extra miles per tire

with

Firestone

SUP-R-TUF

the new Miracle Rubber

The research and development engineers at Firestone have formulated a new miracle rubber, Sup-R-Tuf, which provides from 2,000 to 10,000 extra miles per tire — and at no extra cost. Every Firestone tire manufactured in every Firestone plant around the world is built with Sup-R-Tuf rubber to give you extra mileage on any road at any speed. There is a Firestone tire with Sup-R-Tuf rubber in the size to fit your car. See your Firestone Distributor or Tire dealer today.

SUPER-STRENGTH CORDS

The Super-Strength cords used in Firestone tires provide a super-strong cord body that means super-safety for you.

SUPER-WELD CONSTRUCTION

Firestone Super-Weld construction holds the tire tread firmly to the cord body. Firestone tires with Super-Weld construction are the safest tires you can buy.

WHEREVER WHEELS ROLL...

Firestone

IS YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY AND SERVICE

Sup-R-Tuf—Firestone TM

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

Fate of Leaders

Sir: The world was saddened to read of the passing of Herbert C. Hoover [Oct. 16]. In an adjoining column of your magazine, we also read a report of Nikita Khrushchev's being under house arrest. What a contrast in the treatment shown former leaders, controversial though they were! Need anyone ask the difference between democracy and Communism?

MRS. GRANT VEVANG

Palos Meadows, Ill.

Sir: Every recognized expert on Soviet affairs was greatly surprised at the sudden removal of Khrushchev, but they could not have been had they read your cover story of last Feb. 21. You as much as predicted the eventual rise of Brezhnev to the premiership.

BERNARD G. BREINING

Long Beach, Calif.

London's Aide

Sir: The Walter Jenkins case [Oct. 30], aside from being a personal and national tragedy, also shows a tragic side of our society. Homosexuality is cloaked in some of the most deluded ideas of our "enlightened" times. We treat it as men treated certain sicknesses in medieval times. We ignore information that has been provided by Kinsey and others and go blundering down the same old trails of judgment and excuse. Aside from the legal aspect, a Christian organization like the Y.M.C.A. has no business making a final judgment on a man's life. We are presently involved in a search for some positive answers to this problem in Philadelphia. Christianity has always stumbled and fallen in the mud when it has tried to be the judge of a man's worth and morality. Our successes have only been in pointing to the way and helping men find redemption and wholeness.

RICHARD A. EASTBURN
Director of Adult Program
The Young Men's Christian Association
Philadelphia

Sir: Before I drown in the flood of tears for Walter Jenkins, may I ask if I am alone in feeling that he forfeited his right to sympathy when he chose to ignore the vulnerability of his position, even after it became a matter of record? Presumably intelligent, he could have resigned in dignity and privately sought psychiatric treatment. He preferred to lay his family, friends and country on the line.

MRS. O. A. ERENSEL

St. Paul

Sir: Since when does sending flowers to a sick friend become a curious act? I was taught that it is a charitable act.

MARY MARGARET SUGRUE

Detroit

Pook Spaghetti

Sir: I was heartened to see your article on the Pook's Hill Interchange [Oct. 30]. As an everyday commuter along this route, I am gratified to know that I am not the only driver confounded, cantankerous and confused about this ineptness and lack of forethought of highway planning. If the cut-ups at the U-turns continue, it'll be "Pook's Hill" instead of Pook's Hill. In spite of this mess of spaghetti, they produced a heck of a meatball.

DAVID M. DEANS

Rockville, Md.

Contested Abbey

Sir: Re the destruction of the abbey at Monte Cassino [Oct. 30], the monastery, although part of the famous "Gustav Line," was not, as you reported, "being used as a German stronghold." The German commander, Kesselring, forbade, on pain of death, any of his troops' being anywhere near the monastery. It was only after the Allies bombed and destroyed Monte Cassino, on the erroneous assumption that it was being used as an observation post, that the German troops occupied the position. Then, using the rubble as a defensive position, the Germans had a very sizable tactical advantage.

G. ROLF SVENDSEN

Colgate University
Hamilton, N.Y.

▶ *The Allied commanders responsible for military action in the area split over the decision to bomb the monastery, and later differed about responsibility for the orders to do so. U.S. General Mark Clark wrote after the war that he had been opposed to the bombing. The Germans denied having occupied the monastery buildings, and the Abbot-Bishop of Monte Cassino testified that "only three military police occupied the monastery."*—ED.

Active Bishop

Sir: As an indignant son, may I say that you do our retiring Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Rt. Rev. Arthur C. Lichtenberger, a great injustice when describing him as being "wasted by Parkinson's disease" [Oct. 23]. True, the bishop's voice is affected. He has, however, lost little mobility, and this past summer could have been found trout-fishing in Vermont streams, no easy undertaking for any 64-year-old bishop. Now that he has retired as Presiding Bishop, he will become professor of pastoral theology at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass., as an active teacher.

ARTHUR T. LICHTENBERGER

Westfield, Mass.

China's New Threat

Sir: Since China's knowledge and possession of an atom bomb is a certain threat to India's security [Oct. 23], it is high time that she gave up her sterile policy of nonalignment and entered into a military alliance with the U.S.A., which proved to be India's true and good friend when it rushed to India's aid during the dark hour of China's naked aggression two years ago. As things are now, it will be fatal for India to remain complacent about China's growing strength.

ANTHONY PARAKAL

Bombay

Those Successful Olympians

Sir: Every man, woman and child in the U.S. owes a vote of thanks to the American athletes who participated in the Tokyo Olympic Games [Oct. 30]. Oerter's and Roth's performances were made of the stuff that wins Congressional Medals of Honor. Lieut. Mills's run will not only make the descendants of Sitting Bull proud; it makes us all feel better about losing at Little Big Horn. But I seriously suggest that the U.S. withdraw from the 20,000-kilometer walk. Halfway around the world is obviously too much. You meant to say 20,000 meters.

DITMAR H. BOCK

Buffalo

Poetic Steroid

Sir: Perhaps TIME readers will enjoy the scientific name for "the steroid nucleus" [Oct. 23]: Cyclopentanoperhydrophenanthrene. Its dactylic meter is worthy of Virgil.

RALPH S. WOLFSTEIN, M.D.
Cedars of Lebanon Hospital
Los Angeles

Thomistic Debate

Sir: Thanks to Dr. Kreyche [Oct. 23] and thinkers like him, Catholic universities may now evolve as more than mere purveyors of Thomism. Too long have these philosophy factories produced students who resemble simian creatures able to quote the hylomorphic theory* in their sleep. The problem, however, has been not so much with the abused "angelic doctor" as with the cataleptic Thomists themselves. They merely recite Thomas and fail to think him.

VINCENT J. GARZILLI

Glen Rock, N.J.

Unselect Schools

Sir: You state that Harold Wilson is the first British Prime Minister who is a "'grammar-school boy'—meaning he did not attend one of the country's select private schools [Oct. 23]." The first part of this statement may be correct, though it should be explained what the British grammar school is. It is very broadly equivalent to an American high school.

* Aristotle's view of matter as a union of basic substance and substantial form. The first remains the same throughout change; the latter varies with the movement and interaction of elements in the universe.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
5 Ottho Heldringstraat
Amsterdam 18, Netherlands

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city country

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

but entry is confined to pupils reaching a certain academic standard. Although Harold Wilson may be the first Prime Minister to have attended this type of school, neither Lloyd George nor Ramsay MacDonald attended a "select private school." Going back farther into history, you will probably find that some Prime Ministers were educated by tutors and did not attend any school.

J. K. JACKSON

Istanbul

Not All Hatred

Sir: Your justifiably friendly review of Malaparte's *Those Cursed Tuscans* [Oct. 30] makes me recall how Kurt Erich Suckert explained to me in Rome in 1926 why he had chosen Curzio Malaparte as his pen name (and later as his own name). "Buonaparte," he said, "won at Austerlitz and lost at Waterloo. Malaparte loses at Austerlitz and wins at Waterloo." I knew him from 1925 until his death, and even wrote a "fictitious reminiscence" about him. I can assure you that the hatred and contempt were of his last writing period alone and never in his personal relations.

PERCY WINNER

Washington, D.C.

Another Buddhist Hoax?

Sir: That so-called highlanders' rebellion [Oct. 2]—is it only the word of the Viet Cong? Or are we witnessing another "Buddhist"-type hoax in which the Viet Cong agents are agitating while the policy-makers of the State Department are encouraging them in an attempt to exploit the situation as a pretext for taking advantage of their position as "allies" to install some kind of military or political bases more strongly in the highlands, in default of being able to do so in the lowlands? At any rate, it would be a hoax equivalent to the "Buddhist" hoax—and one which can only help those who want to "divide and conquer" us, from wherever they come—if the world swallowed the line now being peddled by the American press to the effect that a "traditional hatred" exists between the Vietnamese of the highlands and those of the lowlands.

Those who would "teach" us how to treat our "minorities" would do better to tend to their own.

MADAME NGO DINH NHU

Rome

A *Burka* for Snow

Sir: You ran Sir Charles Snow's photo in a shaggy, angular Russian coat and called it a "special Russian academic garb" [Oct. 30]. You were wrong. It is the well-known Caucasian *burka* (pronounced boor-kah), an everyday, all-purpose sleeveless coat originated by the Circassians, Chechens and other mountaineers of the northern Caucasus. In October 1963, Sir Charles visited Russia to receive from the University of Rostov an honorary doctorate of philological sciences, and to be Mikhail Sholokhov's personal guest. It must have been on that occasion that Sir Charles wore the *burka* as a bit of local color, but certainly not to march in any academic procession.

The degree was arranged for Sir Charles by Sholokhov as a return compliment for the role Sir Charles had played in the bestowing of an honorary doctorate on Sholokhov at Scotland's Saint Andrews University in April 1962, the first Russian writer to be so honored in a British university since Turgenev's honorary doctorate at Oxford in 1879. I was born and grew up in Rostov. That coat of felt and goat's wool is surely familiar to me, even though it does not at all belong in the groves of academe.

ALBERT PARRY

Colgate University
Hamilton, N.Y.

Biblical Weather Report

Sir: In his attempt to update the Bible [Oct. 23] so that it reads like today's newspaper in a common-denominator prose, Translator Speiser sacrifices much along with poetic diction. The opening lines of *Genesis* sound like a weather report on Hurricane Hilda instead of the image or symbol of the active power of God brooding over dumb creation and awakening a response.

CYRUS J. PEERY

White Plains, N.Y.

Sir: Comparing the King James Version with the version cobbled up by the American Bible Press, Mr. Webster might justifiably say that they have transformed, transfigured, removed, changed, transported and astonished the story of the Bible.

A. J. BALDERMAN

San Diego

Boomp

Sir: Jim Phelan apologizes "to Tom Lea for having stolen a vivid line from you—two months before you wrote it [Oct. 7]." But for technique and style you both owe at least a nod to the old English primer book. The comment seems to have been inspired by the lines in the litany: "From Ghoulies, and Ghosties, and three-legged beasties, and things that go boomp in the night, Good Lord, deliver us."

ALLAN W. WENT

Columbia, S.C.

Ask for Men of Balanchine

Sir: Once I was a devoted fan of the New York City Ballet, but I have attended a few performances in past years. Your article unconsciously explains why [Oct. 16]. George Balanchine has drained ballet of all its theatricalism and has left us with a series of impersonal ballet exercises and pseudo-acrobatic routines danced by equally impersonal technicians. Nowhere in your article does Mr. Balanchine or your writer give any hope for the sexually lacking male segment of the company. Are the "ballerinas" all that Mr. Balanchine is interested in? Tall ones at that. What about the tall men needed to partner them? As for Mr. Balanchine's statement that any of his ballerinas would be a prima ballerina with any other company—I find this highly improbable. Ballerinas are far more than impersonal technicians. They are highly individual personalities. Mr. Balanchine's girls are not.

RICHARD MEALEY

New York City

Uncoveted Neighbors

Sir: Omphaloskepsis, then, is no longer the *métier* of only the Buddhists [Oct. 23]. The difference is that instead of regarding our own, we are apt to be concerned with that of our neighbor's wife. But perhaps this is only a passing navelty.

NEAL HOPKINS

Annapolis

Sir: How do you compliment the girl who has her navel on display? Your Hawaiian readers should surely tell you. A cordial solution is their traditional salutation, *"Pehea ká piko?"* That is to say, "How's the navel?"

JOHN C. UEHLINGER

Coronado, Calif.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ... ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT ... JAMES A. LINEN
SENIOR STAFF EDITOR ... THOMAS GRIFFITH

HENRY R. LUCE
EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ... ROY E. LARSEN
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
A. T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, Robert Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Martin Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert McLaughlin, John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles Purmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, John Blashill, Jon Borgzinner, Clell Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Cavanagh, Alton Chingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer L. Davidson, Alanna Davis, Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Ferrer, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Fromme, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, Freeman, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson Jaroff, Ronald P. Kriss, Alwyn Lee Klein, Ray Kennedy, George Love, Jason Lloyd C. Lee, Mitchel R. Levitas, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Manus, William E. Smith, David B. Tinnin, Mark Shook, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Marie Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Sara Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Virginia Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Ruth Annan, Nancy Atkinson, Priscilla B. Badger, Jean Bergerud, Karen B. Bjork, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, Rosemary Byrnes, Nicolette Caliendo, Anne Chisholm, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian Coxhead, S. Spaulding Davis, Shirley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall, Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Shanks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Lea Guyer, Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Andria E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Jane Jacobson, Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kohan, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Krieger, Judith Liersch, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Merrin, Nancy Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia Pampel, Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Pikul, Wendy Quack Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Statler, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Fortuna Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanaman, Susanne S. Washburn, Nancy Williams, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Smith, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, John Cook Jr., Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, Jean Griffin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, William Rademaekers, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin H. Zim. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Clark, Christopher Porterfield, Miriam Rumwell. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert Kaiser, Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. Shirer. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Christopher Cery, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA: Johnston, Harry Johnston, Arlie W. Schardt, Roger M. Williams. BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Robert A. Ellis, Hugh S. Greenway, John L. Wilhelm. DENVER: Barron Beibar. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, Benjamin W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: John M. Mecklin, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.
LONDON: Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Charles Champlin. PARIS: Curtis Prendergast, Barry Farrell, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Main, Friedel Ungeheuer, James Wilde. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, Samuel R. Iker. ROME: Robert E. Jackson, Israel Shenker. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. BEIRUT: George de Geralbo, Lee Griggs. HONG KONG: Frank McCulloch, Jurgen Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. NAIROBI: Peter Heath. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. TOKYO: Jerrold L. Schecter, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. OTTAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Martin Sullivan, Toronto: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed Ogle. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO DE JANEIRO: Roger Stone. MEXICO CITY: Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Gavin Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Berningham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ... Lawrence E. Laybourne
GENERAL MANAGER ... John J. Frey
James A. Thomason

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR ... Edgar R. Baker
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN ... David W. Ballard
ASIA ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ... Yasuo Kitaoka
EUROPE ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ... William S. Honneus
Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

TIME, NOVEMBER 6, 1964

GURNEY BRECKENFELD

BAKER, BACON, AUCHINCLOSS & FABER IN PHILADELPHIA

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

WE feel rather close to the subject of urban renewal, taking considerable pride in the fact that Time Inc. has played a key role in major rehabilitation of an area in the world's greatest city. In 1957, when work was started on the new TIME & LIFE Building on Manhattan's Avenue of the Americas between 50th and 51st Streets, this new extension of Rockefeller Center was in a neighborhood scarred by shabby old buildings dating back to the era of the Sixth Avenue Elevated. During the seven years since then, 16 other major buildings have been completed or started at nearby locations which, before TIME ventured across the avenue, were considered the other side of the tracks. Among the new neighbors: the Equitable Life Assurance, Sperry Rand and Columbia Broadcasting System buildings, and the New York Hilton and Americana hotels.

With such a big urban renewal story going on right outside the window, it did not necessarily take any long-distance perspective on the part of the editors to decide that here was a subject for a cover story. Choosing the city and the individual and the right time was not quite so easy, but the happy choice came to Philadelphia, Edmund Bacon and this week.

The major reporting for the cover story was done by a bona fide expert in the field: Gurney Breckenfeld, former managing editor of HOUSE & HOME and co-author of *The Human Side of Urban Renewal* (Ives Washburn; 1960), who recently joined the TIME staff. While Breckenfeld spent eight days casting a critical eye on old and new Philadelphia, Senior Editor A. T. Baker, Writer Douglas Auchincloss and Researcher Nancy Gay Faber made a one-day foray into the city, and TIME correspondents reported on renewal progress in a dozen other U.S. cities.

As the MODERN LIVING cover story and the four pages of color photographs show, the story of urban renewal is one that develops over a period of years and spreads all across the country. With a sidelong glance at his front-of-the-book colleagues who were preparing to get out our Election Extra edition this week within hours after the polls close,* Editor Baker said: "Urban renewal is slow news but it is big news, and it might just have more to do with the way we live than the election."

* It will go to press some 80 hours after this issue, will be sold on newsstands, distributed as quickly as possible to subscribers in the U.S. and Canada, and will be bound into next week's regular overseas editions.

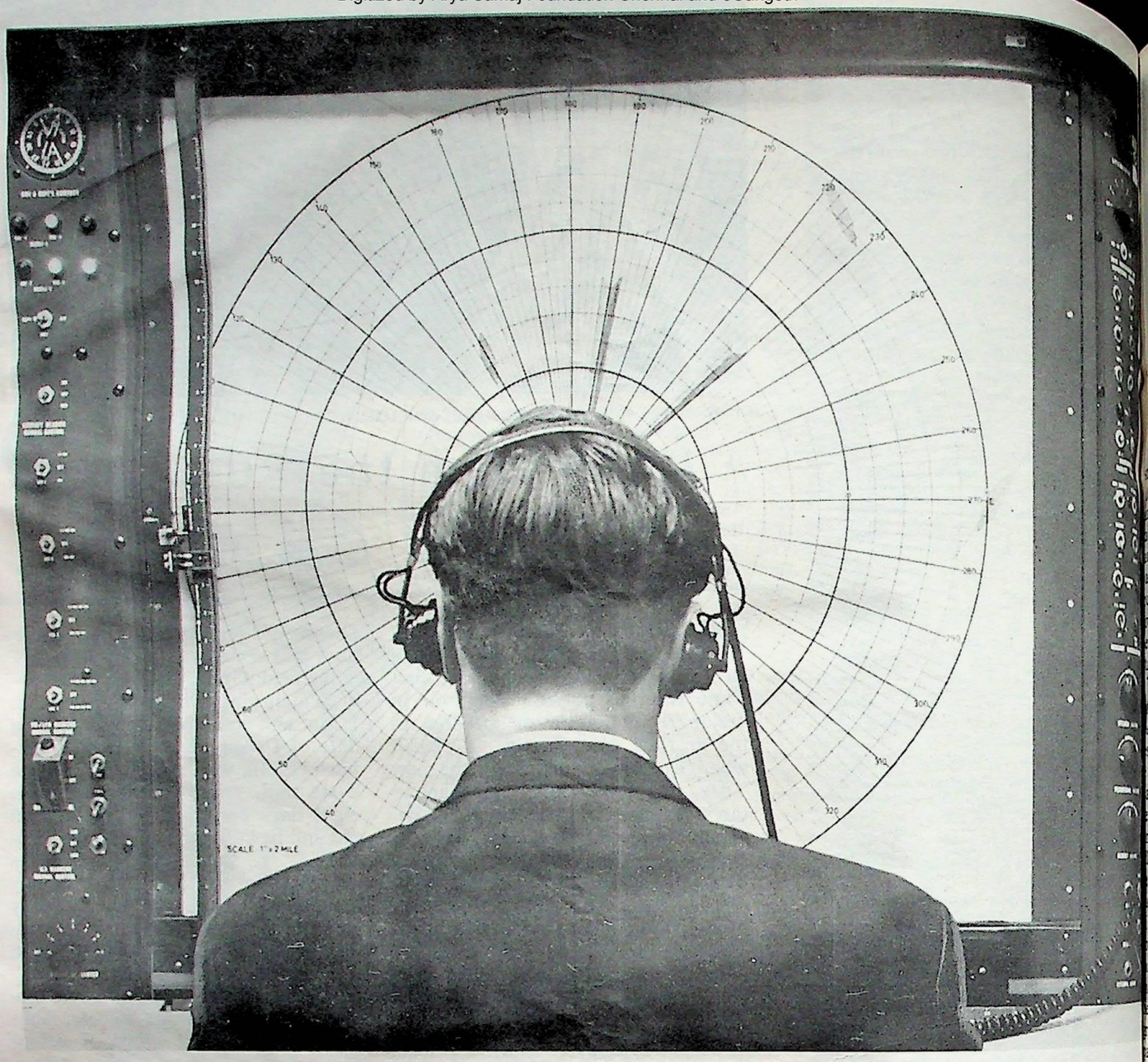
INDEX

Cover Story ..... 46 Color: Urban Renewal 47

Art 44
Books 72
Cinema 69
Education 56
The Hemisphere 26
The Law 34
Letters 11
Medicine 40
Milestones 66
Modern Living ... 46
Music 42
People 32
Press 33
Religion 65
The U.S. 15
Science 38
Sport 36
Theater 55
Time Listings 4
U.S. Business ... 59
The World 20
World Business .. 62

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul K...

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Why this KLM captain in Amsterdam is impersonating a radar operator in New York

Because he's helping the trainee pilot next door plot a course in thick fog over John F. Kennedy International.

How can the trainee be over New York and in Amsterdam at the same time?

By sitting at the navigator's table on the flight deck of one of KLM's million-dollar flight simulators.

These are electronic devices which give a fantastically realistic reproduction of weather conditions, navigation signals and radar beacons along any route in the world.

So why is the pilot being trained as a navigator?

Because every pilot must serve nine months as a navigator before he's allowed to take over the controls as a co-pilot.

After 12 years hard work, if he's good enough, he might become the captain of a DC-8.

That's one of the reasons why the collective experience of the flight crew aboard a KLM DC-8 averages about 76 years.

KLM is careful. That's why so many experienced travellers believe that KLM is the most reliable airline in the world.

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
November 6, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 19

THE U.S.

THE CAMPAIGN

The Wonderfulness of It All

With the fervor of an evangelist picking out pockets of heathens, Lyndon Johnson in the last week of his campaign for election, went into those states where he thought the race with Barry Goldwater might be close. He barred through Florida, Georgia and South Carolina in the Deep South, through Indiana, Illinois and Kansas in the Midwest, through New Mexico, Utah and California in the West.

Tinsel Dreams. Considering himself assured of victory, Johnson often seemed carried away by the wonderfulness of it all. In San Bernardino, Calif., he made a sentimental journey to the Pratt Building, where he operated an elevator as a boy 39 years ago, but his remarks about Goldwater were decidedly unsentimental. It would be awful, he said, if both Barry and Red China had the atomic bomb at the same time. "I admire a brave man," he went on, "but some people have got more guts than brains." Embroidering his charge that Goldwater would send the U.S. "to hell in a hack" by tearing down programs that have been built up over the past 30 years, he added: "Any jackass can kick a barn down, but it takes a carpenter to build one."

In Pittsburgh, Lyndon offered 13,000 partisans a storybook view of the future according to L.B.J. "So here's the Great Society," he cried. "It's the time —and it's going to be soon—when everybody in this country is poor. It's the time—and there is no point in waiting —when every boy or girl can have all the education that boy or girl can put to good use. It's the time when there is a job for everybody who wants to work. It's the time when every slum is gone from every city in America, and America is beautiful. It's the time when man gains full dominion under God over his own destiny. It's the time of peace on earth and good will among men."

In Los Angeles, where tinsel dreams are mass-produced, Lyndon sounded every bit as utopian. "We are going to have to rebuild our cities," he said. "We are going to have to reshape our mass transit facilities. We have to purify our air and to desalt our oceans. We are going to make all the deserts bloom."

Think Positively. Just how would all this be done? Never mind the details, said Lyndon in effect. Just think positively. "All we need to do now," he cried, "is to go around and talk about positive things. About the issues, about peace, about prosperity, about social security, about jobs, about medical care."

But most of the time he wasn't talking about issues. He just rambled on about anything that popped into his mind. Sample quotes:

▶ "Let's always be nice. When your neighbor comes over to your house, and he has been living there alone for a long time and he gets lonesome, and he comes to visit you, even if he does kind of start doing all the talking, you be nice to him and courteous, because everybody is entitled to associate with good company every once in a while."

▶ "Love thy neighbor as thyself; do unto others as you would have them do unto you. No matter how long it may take, no matter how difficult it is, this above all else is the great horizon toward which we march united."

▶ "Let's keep a smile on our face, let's keep faith in our heart, let's keep hope in our vision, let's move on to conquer unknown frontiers."

▶ "I have traveled around the world and I have been in many countries and I have seen the glories of art and architecture. But the most beautiful vision that these eyes ever beheld was that American flag in a foreign land. Let's see if we can't take a little pride in that flag, and let's see if we can't have a little feeling well up in us, and see if we can't get down on our knees some time during the night and thank God that I am an American."

▶ "We want every boy and girl born under that flag, when he or she discovers America and comes in squealing, we want him to know that he has the right to all the education that he can absorb. If we are going to compete with the Soviet Union, we are not only going to have to have the best heels and the best hearts that we can, but we are going to have to have the best heads. You don't want some boy that went to a red schoolhouse and dropped out in the third grade and went off as a road hand like I did when I ran off to California when I finished school, you don't want him to be in your spaceship with John Glenn orbiting the earth. You want somebody that knows where the buttons are and how to mash them and touch them."

UPI

L.B.J. IN MILWAUKEE
Peace on earth—but never mind the details.

Mouth in Motion. He talked, talked, talked. During one day-long period, from Tuesday night to Wednesday night, one newsman estimated that he had talked publicly for eight solid hours. Much of it was pure corn, or just plain tasteless—as in Los Angeles, when he referred to "the man who watches over

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul K...

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

UPI

GOLDWATER RALLY IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
A full house for that empty feeling.

us in heaven this afternoon, John Fitzgerald Kennedy." At one point, he had talked so long that Lady Bird sent a note to the podium telling him it was time to stop. In Pittsburgh, people in the back rows began sneaking out halfway through his address. In Milwaukee, Lyndon missed his lunch, made up for it by stopping at William Balsmider's grocery and asking for "a little hunk of baloney" and half a dozen peppermint sticks. He had to borrow $1 from a Secret Service agent to pay for it.

In his breast pocket, close to his heart, he kept a mimeographed consensus of the latest polls, showing him winning 481 electoral votes out of a possible 538. All he needs is 270 to win, but Lyndon wants more than a mere victory, and so he exhorts listeners at every stop to get out "your uncles and aunts and cousins" to vote for him. "I hope nobody in this country wakes up Wednesday morning," he said, "and looks at their wife or their kinfolks around the breakfast table and says, 'Gee, I just wish I'd tried a little harder.' "

The Underdog Underdog

"I'm the most underdog underdog there is," said Barry Goldwater to a Las Vegas airport audience. Yet as far as audience reaction was concerned, Barry had perhaps the most momentous moments of his whole campaign.

In New York City's Madison Square Garden, 18,000 clamorous fans gave him a roaring ovation for 28 minutes, interrupted his 35-minute speech more than 100 times with applause. In Cleveland's Public Hall, a near-capacity crowd of 15,000 yelled, screamed, honked horns and rang bells for eleven minutes before Barry finally got them quiet by holding up a silver pocket watch. In Pittsburgh, 15,000 jammed the Civic Arena, raised the roof for 19 minutes before letting the candidate open his mouth.

On the Offensive. Still, even among the ovations, there were reminders that all is not well between Barry and a lot of leading Republicans. In New York, neither Governor Nelson Rockefeller nor Senator Kenneth Keating showed up to share the platform. In Cleveland, Ohio's Republican Governor James Rhodes and Senate Candidate Bob Taft were both absent. During a day-long tour of western Pennsylvania, Republican Senator Hugh Scott was nowhere in sight. In Illinois, Gubernatorial Candidate Chuck Percy thought it best to ignore Barry's visit to Belleville.

Reporters accompanying Barry said that a defeatist attitude pervaded the whole Goldwater entourage. But Barry certainly did not sound defeatist in his public utterances. If nothing else, he was on the offensive. Said he to the Madison Square Garden throng: "It is a fact that Lyndon Johnson and his curious crew seem to believe that progress in this country is best served simply and directly through the ever-expanding gift power of the everlastingly growing Federal Government. One thing we all know, and I assure you I do: that's a much easier way to get votes than my way. It always has been. It's political Daddyism, and it's as old as demagogues and despotism."

Democrats, Barry charged, "are driving and confusing you with the basic dishonesty that permeates so much political campaigning. I speak of peace. Your interim President tells you I want to start a war, which is ridiculous, and you know it, and he knows it. I speak of strengthening the social security [illegible] and your interim President tells [illegible] want to destroy it, which is ridi[illegible] and he knows it, and you know it.

A Fourth World War? In Te[illegible] Goldwater cried: "During the [illegible] days, Lyndon Johnson frankly [illegible] the American people that he [illegible] satisfied with just an election—[illegible] to be crowned. He has asked for a [illegible] date. He wants total trust, total [illegible] total power over your total lives, [illegible] body, and it's got to be you, sho[illegible] mind Lyndon Johnson just [illegible] lives. This is America. This is [illegible] mythical kingdom conjured up [illegible] to play with."

In Cleveland, Goldwater re[illegible] his position against the Civil Rig[illegible] of 1964. "No person," he said, "[illegible] government official or private [illegible] should violate the rights of some [illegible] der to further the rights of others. [illegible] are being asked to destroy the rig[illegible] some under the false banner of pro[illegible] ing the 'civil rights' of others."

At week's end Goldwater wende[illegible] way West, turned his guns on the [illegible] son Administration's handling of [illegible] eign policy, which, he said, has [illegible] "our great alliances in shambles", [illegible] "American prestige has been sli[illegible] slowly out of sight." Johnson, [illegible] charged, "worries more about the [illegible] he's going to get than the boys we [illegible] in Viet Nam." To a Cheyenne, W[illegible] crowd Goldwater declared: "I be[illegible] that unless we keep our military stre[illegible] high we are doomed for a third [illegible] war—for a fourth one—because [illegible] may be in the beginning of the [illegible] one now in South Viet Nam."

Johnson & the Jenkins Case

Emerging from his presidential [illegible] at San Diego's airport one night [illegible] week, Lyndon Johnson stopped to [illegible] with newsmen. When one of the [illegible] porters referred to the Jenkins [illegible] the President suddenly exploded: "[illegible] ident Eisenhower had the same type [illegible] problem with his appointments sec[illegible] tary. The only difference is, we Dem[illegible] crats felt sorry for him and thoug[illegible] was a case of sickness and disease. [illegible] we didn't try to capitalize on a [illegible] misfortune. We never mentioned it."

Lyndon's comment sent repo[illegible] scrambling for phones, caused many [illegible] eyebrow to arch in puzzlement—inc[illegible] ing Dwight Eisenhower's. Leaving W[illegible] ter Reed Hospital after treatment [illegible] a respiratory ailment that resulted [illegible] sinus and ear infections, Ike decl[illegible] when newsmen questioned him [illegible] Johnson's statement: "I can't reca[illegible] I never heard of it."

Enormous Differences. Ike's ba[illegible] derment was understandable. The [illegible] men who heard Lyndon's remarks [illegible] leted the reference to "appointee [illegible] secretary" for fear of libeling the [illegible] men who actually worked for Mr. [illegible] that post—Robert Gray, Thomas [illegible] phens and Bernard Shanley, who [illegible] year is running for the U.S. Sena[illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

New Jersey on the G.O.P. ticket. The fact is that all three were fully cleared by security agents before they took their posts, and by no stretch of anyone's imagination could any of them have been the man Johnson was talking about.

Actually, Johnson's reference was to a man who had worked faithfully for him during the 1952 campaign and was, indeed, designated by the President-elect to fill the post of White House appointments secretary. But, immediately after the election, Ike had all of his White House appointees subjected to security checks. Only days before the inauguration, it was learned that the man had a homosexual history. He was quietly dropped from the presidential staff even before Ike took office.

The differences in the two cases are enormous. Unlike Walter Jenkins, one of Lyndon's closest confidants for a quarter of a century, the man dropped from Ike's staff had worked only briefly for him. Unlike Walter Jenkins, he never served in the White House, thus had no access to the kind of secret documents that Jenkins handled almost routinely. Unlike Walter Jenkins, who was given a slipshod security screening by the Secret Service after Lyndon became Vice President in 1961 and no screening at all after he became President, Ike's aide underwent a stringent screening and thus was filtered out before he ever served a day.

Oblique Swipe. Far from putting the Eisenhower Administration in a bad light, Lyndon's blunder in bringing up the case only highlighted some grave defects in his own security and personnel procedures. Still, Lyndon seemed confident that the Jenkins case could do him no harm, pointed to those reassuring polls in his coat pocket as proof. Even the week after Jenkins' resignation, one nationwide survey showed that Lyndon's popularity had gone up—not down—two points.

Johnson's confidence was reinforced by 44 leading clergymen, many of them accredited liberals, who took a gratuitous, though oblique, swipe at Barry Goldwater and the whole Republican party for using the Jenkins case "as a weapon in this campaign." In a 350-word statement issued by Union Theological Seminary President John C. Bennett, vice chairman of New York State's Liberal Party, the clergymen complained that "nothing justifies the smears" being circulated on the Jenkins case.*

"A few episodes involving personal immorality are allowed to obscure fateful moral issues related to public life . . . moral issues such as the full civil rights of all citizens, the shameful squalor and poverty in our cities and the danger of nuclear war," said the statement. "We see the Jenkins episode as a case of human weakness. If there is a security factor involved, let that be dealt with on its own terms and let it not serve chiefly as an excuse for dwelling on this one episode to cater to the prurient curiosity or to the self-righteousness of part of the public."

The Day After. The clergymen's statement appeared the very day after Lyndon himself had revived the Jenkins case with his own dirty dig at the Eisenhower Administration, and on the very day after Barry Goldwater protested about "the clerical spokesmen who now become loud advocates of President Johnson" and suggested that they "get back to their business" of protecting the nation's morals.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Sticky Wickets

Washington last week played host to a diplomat with an unhyphenated double-barreled name: the new British Labor government's Foreign Secretary, Patrick Gordon Walker, 57, who came calling for a getting-to-know-you chat with top U.S. officials. Both President Johnson and Secretary of State Dean Rusk were understandably anxious to find out what difference the British electoral turnover might make in Anglo-American relationships. The conclusion, after talks with Gordon Walker: the Labor government intends to demonstrate that it has a strong, independent mind of its own—but it hasn't quite made up its mind about specific policies.

More Time. The ostensible purpose of Gordon Walker's trip was to lay the groundwork for a visit from Prime Minister Harold Wilson in December. High on Wilson's agenda will be a discussion of North Atlantic Treaty Organization problems and the proposed creation of a multilateral nuclear force (MLF); this one has been fretting both the U.S. and Britain for years, and no one is really satisfied with the U.S. proposal, outlined in May by Under Secretary of State George Ball, for a fleet of 20 Polaris-armed surface ships manned by mixed allied crews. Britain's Tory government had succeeded in fending off any firm conclusions on the question. Would the Labor government now take a stand?

That was a question put to Gordon Walker at a press conference following his talks with Johnson and Rusk. What, he was asked, was the U.S. reaction to present British proposals for MLF? Replied Gordon Walker evenly: "I don't know what the British proposals for the MLF are." Indeed, all the British seemed to be requesting was more time to develop a position.

Over another sticky wicket, the question of Red China's admission to the United Nations, the U.S. Administration found little cause for comfort. Like the Tories, the Labor government advocates seating the Communist Chinese—but the Laborites are almost certain to be more activist in achieving their aim. The British are also eager to bring Red China into disarmament discussions. Britain, said Gordon Walker, will "consider very favorably" the suggestion by U.N. Secretary General U Thant that the nuclear powers get together with the Chinese Communists for talks on the matter—this despite a U.S. rejection of the idea only a few days before.

Rhodesia? In one area, the U.S. was quick to come to Britain's aid. In Rhodesia, the white minority leadership threatened to declare its independence from Britain, and in so doing destroy London's plans toward establishing Af-

PICTORIAL PARADE

RUSK & GORDON WALKER

Plenty of questions, but too soon for answers.

* Among the other signers: Paul Tillich, Reinhold Niebuhr, United Presbyterian Church Leader Eugene Carson Blake, Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord, American Hebrew Congregations President Maurice Eisendrauth, Washington National Cathedral Dean Francis B. Sayre Jr.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul K

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

rican self-government in that troubled country (*see* THE WORLD). After a warning to the Rhodesian whites from Prime Minister Wilson, the U.S. State Department issued a supporting statement, noting that Wilson's message "makes clear some of the serious consequences that could befall all Rhodesians. The U.S. hopes that the Rhodesian government will continue to discuss with the United Kingdom government ways to achieve a satisfactory solution."

Why should the U.S. be taking a stand on Rhodesia, of all places? The Administration apparently hopes that the new British government will return the favor some day.

DIPLOMACY

Come to the Party

Adlai Stevenson once said of Marietta Tree, "When you find someone closely identified with the intellectual and aristocratic communities who is also a positive, active, working Democrat, it tends to encourage everyone in the party."

Mrs. Tree, 47, is a willowy (5 ft. 10 in., 135 lbs.) blonde patrician, the granddaughter of Dr. Endicott Peabody, founder of Massachusetts' Groton School. Once divorced, she is now the wife of British Investment Magnate Arthur Ronald Lambert Field Tree, a grandson of the original Marshall Field.

Marietta would be an addition to most any party, certainly not excluding those that she throws herself. She uses her opulent New York town house and her impeccable British butler, Collins, to entertain Democratic intellectuals and rank-and-file alike.

A tireless party worker, she has addressed envelopes and rung doorbells just like anyone else. In 1954, while managing a losing congressional campaign for Anthony B. Akers in New York's 17th Congressional District, she slipped away from a lavish reception for Britain's Queen Mother Elizabeth, changed to street clothes in her Rolls-Royce while riding to Democratic headquarters on election night. In 1956 she headed the Volunteers for Stevenson committee in New York; in 1958 she ran another losing campaign for Akers; in 1960 she was deputy chairman of the Citizens Committee for Kennedy; and in 1961 President Kennedy named her the U.S. representative to the Human Rights Commission of the United Nations' Economic and Social Council.

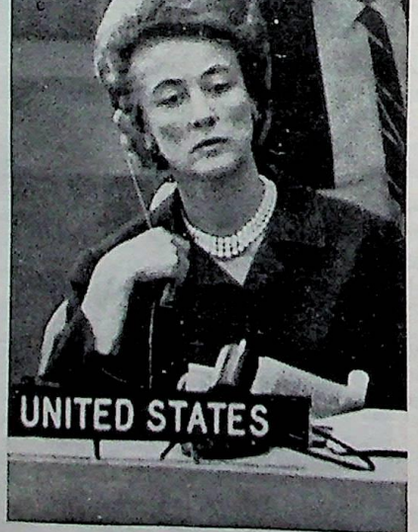
Last week Loyal Democrat Tree got another reward from her grateful party. She was sworn in as U.S. representative to the U.N. Trusteeship Council, which oversees such places as the Mariana Islands, Nauru and Northeast New Guinea, with the rank of ambassador. The job pays $24,500 a year and makes Marietta Tree, once a LIFE researcher, one of just three women who currently hold a full ambassador's position.*

* The other two: Katharine White in Denmark and Margaret Joy Tibbetts in Norway.

STEVE SCHAPIRO—BLACK STAR

MRS. TREE AT HOME

ARTHUR RICKERBY—LIFE



ON JOB AT U.N.

Changing in the Rolls-Royce.

JOE MUNROE

CRASH SITE NEAR SAN RAMON

After daily hints of death.

INVESTIGATIONS

Death Wish

In terse, flat language, a Civil Aeronautics Board investigative report last week laid down its chilling conclusion: "The total evidence clearly indicates that the captain and first officer of Flight 773 were shot by a passenger. As a result, the uncontrolled aircraft began the descent which ended in impact with the hill."

Forty-one passengers and a crew of three, on Pacific Air Lines Flight 773 bound from Reno to San Francisco, died in a pyre of flaming gasoline one morning of last May 7, when the plane plunged into a hill near San Ramon, Calif. Amid the wreckage, investigators found a .357 Smith & Wesson magnum revolver containing six empty cartridges. Soon they learned that the weapon had been purchased in San Francisco the night before by Francisco Paula Gonzales, 27, a San Francisco warehouse man long besieged by mental and financial problems.

Naming the Dates. As they dug deeper into the warped world of Francisco Gonzales, investigators discovered that he had been bent on suicide and had broadcast the fact far and wide. "Mr. Gonzales had advised both friends and relatives that he would die on either Wednesday, the 6th of May, or Thursday, the 7th of May," said the CAB report. "He referred to his impending death on a daily basis throughout the week preceding the accident."

They learned that when he left San Francisco for Reno the evening of May 6, he was carrying the revolver and that he had purchased $105,000 worth of insurance at the airport. They learned that during his night of gambling in Reno he reached Reno, he had told a casino employee that he didn't care how much he lost because "it won't make any difference after tomorrow."

When Flight 773 took off from Reno at 5:54 the next morning, Gonzales was aboard. During the flight, Pilot Ernest A. Clark, 52, and Copilot Ray E. Andress, 31, radioed reports of routine conditions. They landed on schedule in Stockton, Calif., took off again at 8:06 a.m. after two passengers had departed and ten had come aboard to finish the trip to San Francisco. For ten minutes out of Stockton, all went normally. Then, reports the CAB, "at 06:45:51 a high-pitched message was heard and recorded on the Oakland Approach Control tape." It was garbled. The controller snapped: "Say again." There was no answer. Even after laboratory analysis of the radio tape, the best the investigators could do was come up with a message: "Skipbers shot. We're all shot. Tryin' ta help."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Without Question. Flight 773 had ...nged to earth. At 6:51 a.m., a Unit... Air Lines pilot made his radio re... "There's a black cloud of smoke ... coming up through the undercast. Looks ... oil or gasoline fire." At the scene, ...estigators found the cockpit had been ...nolished. But on a bit of tubing from ...e pilot's seat, they discovered a small, ...discarred dent caused by a bullet. ...d the report: "Measurements place ...e bullet indentation directly in line of ...between the captain's back and any... ...anding in the aisleway between ...slightly to the rear of the captain's ...first officer's seats."

...o the CAB there could be no ques... ...Frank Gonzales had shot both ... from behind and he had gratified ...emented wish to die that day in a ...rifying act of multiple murder.

ARMED FORCES

...dern Spanish Armada

...U.S. Navy Skyhawk darted above ...calm waters off Spain's Mazagón ...h, its lights flashing in the early ...n. On that cue, 84 U.S. Navy ships, ...U.S. merchant ships and 14 small ...ish vessels began churning about in ...largest military landing operation ...e World War II. This was Steel ...e I—the Navy's attempt to prove ...old-fashioned assault by sea still ...s some advantages over the modern ...d toward movement of men by air.

...or two hours, 95 helicopters took ...from the decks of the carriers *Gua...nal*, *Boxer* and *Okinawa* to fly ...0 sorties over the beach, land U.S. ...ines and light equipment behind the... ...tical enemy lines. Some 100 Sky... ...ks and Phantoms flew protective ...er as hundreds of amphibious craft ...ged toward the yellow sand to dis... ...rge their troops. A giant causeway, ...embled at sea, was towed ashore by ...nches. Aircraft even took off from ...rtable aluminum runways laid down ...the sand by Seabees.

"Incredibly Complex." The landings ...ntinued throughout the morning as ...e troops pushed inland to seize as... ...ed objectives. In all, 28,000 U.S. ...rines and 2,000 Spanish marines ...re deployed. High atop a yellow cliff, ...Spanish admiral looked down at the ...ooth flow of men and machines and ...rmed it "an incredibly complex, per... ...tly organized and flawless operation." It was not entirely flawless. Marine ...out. Colonel James B. Ord, at an in... ...d command post, noted a column of ...oke twisting over pine trees on the ...zon. Grumbled Ord: "Some damn ...l started a forest fire. I hope they ...t it out quickly." Then his walkie... ...kie man reported: "Two helicopters ...ve collided and crashed." The H-34 ...hoppers, carrying 22 men, had ...mashed together some 600 ft. above ...ound. One burst into flames in the ..., the other burned after crashing into ...small ravine. Nine enlisted men died. ...next day, a Navy Grumman aircraft on antisubmarine patrol from the carrier *Lake Champlain* crashed at sea, killing all four crewmen.*

Change of Plans. Navy admirals grumbled that they needed faster transport vessels; they had been able to move across the Atlantic at a top speed of only 14 knots. But they proudly pointed out that they had put 28,000 men ashore at a cost of $10,300,000, given them enough supplies to fight self-sufficiently for nearly a month. The Air Force's Operation Big Lift in October 1963 had required $20 million to fly some 15,000 soldiers in 63 hours from the U.S. to Europe, where they picked up pre-positioned supplies.

Perhaps more significantly, this 1964 Spanish Armada, operating in the same area from which Columbus sailed on his discovery voyage in 1492, demonstrated anew the extent of U.S. military cooperation with Spain. The U.S. has also completed a deal to deliver non-nuclear Hawk antiaircraft missiles and some 1,400-m.p.h. F-104 jet fighters to Franco. All of this is at the displeasure of NATO allies of the U.S., who do not want Franco's Spain in NATO, and who last week canceled their plans to send observers to Steel Pike I.

CRIME

The Museum Jewel Robbery

New York City's American Museum of Natural History is a marvelous place. It is filled with all manner of wonders, from prehistoric bone-yard relics to magical performances of the galaxies held in the darkened planetarium.

Not far from the Ice Age Mammals on the fourth floor is the Morgan Hall of Gems and Minerals. It is far from being the most popular place in the museum; indeed, the rest rooms have been known to receive more traffic than Morgan Hall. The museum does not publicize the fact that the glass cases in Morgan Hall house some of the most valuable jewels in captivity.

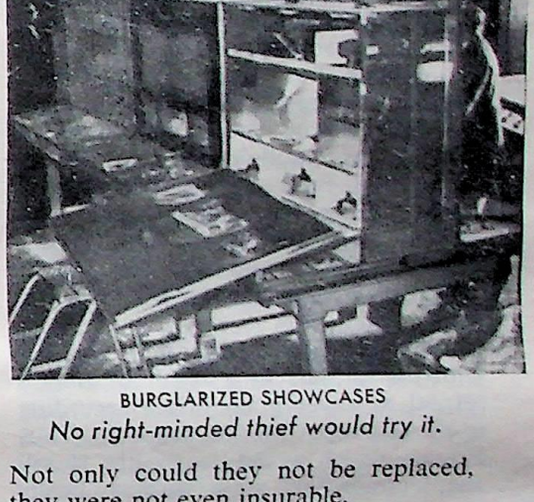
Obviously, no professional thief in his right mind would try to steal any of those gems. They would take for granted that burglar alarms are stretched like invisible fish nets across the room, that sharp-eyed guards march hither and yon on everlasting alert, and that at the very least the windows are locked.

Well Ventilated. But the right-minded thief would have been wrong. The burglar alarm has been disconnected for years—for no apparent reason. The museum has also been short of son. The museum has also been short of night watchmen for some time. The big windows have been left open two inches every night for the sake of better ventilation in Morgan Hall.

And so, late one night last week, some stupid crooks got into Morgan Hall and went to work. Next morning, the caretaker discovered the results. Gone were 22 gems, which amounted to one of the biggest hauls in history.

Most notable was the famed Star of India Sapphire, weighing 563.35 carats, the world's biggest stone of its kind (about the size of a golf ball), donated to the museum by old J. Pierpont Morgan himself. Also taken was the De-Long Star Ruby, 100.32 carats, the world's most perfect star ruby, and J. P. Morgan's Midnight Sapphire, weighing 116.75 carats. Museum officials put the value of the 22 stones at more than $300,000, but the fact was that the three big pieces alone were *priceless.*

RUBY, STAR OF INDIA, MIDNIGHT SAPPHIRE



BURGLARIZED SHOWCASES

No right-minded thief would try it.

Not only could they not be replaced, they were not even insurable.

Right. Police reasoned that the great jewel theft was the work of amateurs. The famed gems were obviously unfenceable. The thieves ignored displays containing hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of diamonds and other gems that could be readily disposed of. Thus, with a fair certainty that they were dealing with greenhorns, the detectives called in the FBI and went to work on their own underworld contacts.

Their work paid off fast. From "confidential police sources" the cops picked up the thieves' trail quickly. Within 48 hours, the FBI hauled in two men in Miami and two in New York. The two arrested in Miami, charged with transporting stolen jewelry across state lines, were skindivers; one of them, a chap named Jack Murphy, 27, also a skilled surfboarder, is known to his friends as "Murph the Surf." There was a good chance that there were other accomplices, since the stolen jewels were yet to be found.

* In other U.S. military air accidents last week, a Navy jet bomber buzzed California's El Centro Naval Air Facility in a Navy Day show, clipped a power pole and slammed into a recreation center. Nine persons were killed. Two Army transports collided in maneuvers near Augusta, Ga., killing three crewmen in each aircraft.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul K...

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EUROPE

In Gear Again

It takes considerable patience, but among those who follow the oracular pronouncements of Charles de Gaulle it is axiomatic that in the long run he is usually right. Two years ago, when he braked Europe's march toward political integration by excluding Britain from the Common Market, he acted in the belief that *les Anglos* are fundamentally more interested in strengthening the Atlantic Alliance than in making common cause with Europe. Besides, reasoned De Gaulle, Britain's pro-European Tory government would soon be replaced by Laborites who are basically antagonistic to the booming, unabashedly capitalistic Common Market, and suspicious of Europeans as well. Last week in London a Labor government was busily proving De Gaulle right on both counts (*see below*).

Against the Grain. However, De Gaulle's prognostications are often more successful than his policies. Two years ago, in hope of establishing Franco-German dominance in European affairs, De Gaulle signed his treaty of cooperation with Bonn. In practice, the entente has been mostly verbal: the Germans have refused to cooperate in joint weapons production, want no part of De Gaulle's incipient nuclear force, and have further provoked *le grand Charles* by enthusiastically endorsing U.S. plans for the mixed-manned NATO surface fleet, MLF, which Paris ridicules as the *force de farce*.

At home, De Gaulle is in trouble with his farmers as a result of Bonn's refusal to lower grain prices according to the Common Market schedule. Thus France, which would dearly like to sell the Germans its grain surplus, finally announced last month that if the problem was not settled soon, it would "cease to participate" in the Common Market—a typically Delphic threat that could mean anything from the "empty chair" technique to outright repudiation of the Rome Treaty. Last week, with a grand Gaullist flourish, the French initialed a $700 million trade agreement with Moscow, further irritating its Common Market partners by giving Russia easy credit terms that most other NATO nations consider strategically unwise.

Spaakistan. From the headlines, the dream of a united Continent seemed more illusory than ever. In fact, it looked last week as if Europe's long-stalled political machinery was in gear again. For one thing, the Labor victory in England has persuaded pro-British Europeans that there is no longer much point in holding out for British membership in the Common Market before discussing political integration. As for Bonn, De Gaulle's unassailably correct stand on grain prices may give Ludwig Erhard just the leverage he needs to reform his nation's inefficient agriculture. For while Germany economically is less dependent than France on the Common Market, politically and psychologically it is even more deeply committed to European unity.

While De Gaulle has insisted all along that the only feasible political union must be a loose confederation of sovereign states, convinced Europeans such as Belgium's Paul-Henri Spaak have clung to the ideal of a single, truly supranational U.S. of Europe. ("Spaakistan!" snorts De Gaulle.) Recently, however, Spaak has come round to the Gaullist approach, at least as a practical first step toward ultimate integration. Moreover, at week's end there were signs that Charles de Gaulle might also be in a mood for compromise. After an hour's chat with his old antagonist at the Elysée Palace, the ebullient Belgian Foreign Minister pointedly refrained from his usual barbed quips at De Gaulle's expense. The most significant omen to date was De Gaulle's decision last week to call in an even more influential critic of Gaullism, Jean Monnet, the ailing father of the Common Market. Clearly, something big was stirring—something as big as Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN

"An Honorable Government"

Living up to his campaign slogan LET'S GO WITH LABOR, Britain's new Prime Minister went, went, went. In a few whirlwind days last week, Harold Wilson issued a series of edicts and exhortations that clearly proclaimed both the pragmatic aims and no-nonsense style of his administration.

Wilson's first big decision in office was as bold as it was desperate. In an urgent attempt to close Britain's critical trade deficit, he abruptly decreed an extraordinary 15% tax on imports, doubling Britain's tariffs overnight (see WORLD BUSINESS). Though Wilson insisted that the tax was only a stopgap measure, Britain's trading partners throughout the world protested that it was a backward-looking move that might jeopardize years of patient progress toward lower tariffs. Wilson's rebuttal was contained in his next major policy pronouncement, a detailed White Paper emphasizing that the solution to Britain's economic ills does not lie in "old-fashioned, restrictionist ideas," as he puts it, but in stem-to-stern reform of backward industries and restrictive labor practices.

The Prime Minister expanded

CUMMINGS—LONDON DAILY EXPRESS

"PROVOKING EUROPE AND WHITE AFRICA AGAINST US IN ONLY 14 DAYS, WE'RE AT WATERLOO ALREADY!"

Edicts and exhortations in a Yorkshire accent.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

KEYSTONE

WILSON IN CABINET ROOM AT 10 DOWNING STREET
Limousines, green telephones and no-nonsense style.

s theme in a TV fireside talk from 10 Downing Street. In a Yorkshire-accented echo of John F. Kennedy's inaugural address, Wilson urged: "We've got to think less about what we can get out of the economy and a great deal more about what we can put into it. We need to think more about earning money and less about making it."

By way of putting more into the economy, Wilson sent Board of Trade President Douglas Jay to Moscow and Peking to drum up new trade. Aviation Minister Roy Jenkins hurried to Paris for a critical reassessment of the Concorde. Then, when the Labor government had been in office barely a week, it was pushed by Rhodesia's Prime Minister Ian Smith into its first diplomatic crisis (*see* Rhodesia). Off to Washington flew Britain's new Foreign Secretary, Patrick Gordon Walker, to explore Britain's prized "special relationship" with the U.S. From the breezy days of conversation, it was plain that on most major issues Britain still sees eye to eye with the U.S. (see THE U.S.). There are obvious areas of disagreement as well; the most imminent is Labor's longtime advocacy of a U.N. seat for Peking. While the Tories also favored Red China's admission, said Gordon Walker, "they didn't push hard. The Labor government is an honorable government; we will push hard for what we stand for."

The Loyal Opposition

The pomp and perquisites of office evaporate almost as swiftly in London as in Moscow. Within 24 hours of Labor's victory at the polls, Sir Alec Douglas-Home had to rent a car to move his household out of No. 10 Downing Street. For his Tory ministers, many of whom had held office far longer than Sir Alec, it was even more wrenching to adjust to life without liveried government limousines, green scrambler telephones, deferential aides. "It's like a bereavement," sighed one ex-minister. "Alone, no one to talk to, nothing to do."

For Sir Alec, there was plenty to do. With a toughness seldom displayed while in office, he called members of his former Cabinet together on the blue Monday morning after elections, impressed on them that he would nip in the bud any impending challenge to his leadership of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition. In his clipped and cocky manner, Home told them, as he told the British people on TV: "I'm leading the Conservative Party—and I mean to go on doing so as long as I am useful in that position." He then proceeded to reshuffle his Shadow Cabinet—the "leader's committee," as he prefers to call it—to reunite and reinvigorate the party.

Sir Alec established his able former Chancellor of the Exchequer, Reginald Maudling, 47, as his No. 2 man and, in effect, deputy leader of the party. A short quarter step behind came Edward Heath, 48, the Tories' tough-minded, troubleshooting economics expert, who will be responsible for the party's policy planning. Back from self-imposed exile came Renegades Iain Macleod and Enoch Powell, who had refused to serve in Sir Alec's administration after the unseemly struggle for succession to Harold Macmillan's premiership just a year ago. Macleod's job: leading the Tory attack against Labor's program to renationalize the steel industry. Right behind Maudling and Heath in authority Sir Alec installed Selwyn Lloyd, 60, onetime Foreign Secretary and a highly regarded party stalwart who was sacked by Macmillan as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1961. Lloyd's job: to drill the backbench battalions for the counteroffensive against Labor in the Parliament that opens this week.

The man who was chiefly responsible for the Conservatives' return to power in 1951, and thereafter, will no longer roam the corridors of power. Shadow Foreign Secretary Rab Butler, 64, who twice lost out for the premiership (in 1957 and 1963), and has groomed such potential Prime Ministers as Maudling, Heath and Macleod, was relieved of his job as deputy Prime Minister and the party's most dynamic idea man. Butler's demise seemed inevitable after a pre-election newspaper interview in which Sir Alec's old rival had sardonically hinted at a Tory defeat.

RED CHINA

How Good a Thing?

If glee could ever infiltrate that frozen phiz, Chou En-lai would have come on like Danny Kaye. As it was, speaking to four Filipino newsmen in the Great Hall of the People at Peking, Red China's dyspeptic Premier had a hard time choking back a chortle. What, the visitors asked, did Chou think of Nikita Khrushchev's ouster? "In one word," snapped Chou, "it is a good thing."

That was more than one word, of course, and quite possibly less than objective. To be sure, Peking could hardly be expected to mourn the demise of its archenemy. The Chinese could reasonably assume that the barnyard bellicosity of Sino-Soviet exchanges in the Khrushchev era would now be replaced with a more mannerly dialogue. But demonologists the world over wondered whether K's exit alone could possibly close the political and ideological abyss between Communism's rivals.

Basking in the glow of Red China's first atomic explosion, Peking's newspapers refrained from anti-Soviet diatribes. Like everyone else, Red China's boss, Mao Tse-tung, was waiting to see who really was calling the shots in the Kremlin. If, as some reports had it, Mikhail Suslov is Moscow's new Red Eminence, Mao can have no illusions. Suslov, who confronted China's top theoretician, Teng Hsiao-ping, during acrimonious exchanges last year, is more deeply hated by the Peking regime than Khrushchev. At the same time, Mao knows that the new Soviet leaders cannot push as hard as Nikita for collective Communist censure of Red China: Moscow's own sphere of influence, Eastern Europe, is disunited enough without risking new fissures. However, to show that he hadn't gone mushy overnight, Mao let his Albanian puppets keep up the vituperation.

The truce, if that is what it is, may prove short-lived. Mao can no more afford to temper his violent faith in worldwide war on capitalist imperialism than Khrushchev's successor can risk repudiating peaceful coexistence and "goulash" Communism. Neither side seems likely to give way in the squabble over the 4,000-mile border that separates them. The Russians can hardly risk resumption of military and economic aid to China, for fear of accelerating Peking's ability to build delivery

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul K

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

systems for its bombs. Of course, if Chou En-lai is to be believed, the world has nothing to worry about. After assuring the Filipino journalists that Peking's bomb is bigger than those dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Chou added: "Our bomb is small, but from the day of its birth it joined the struggle for peace."

RUSSIA

How Nikita & Nina Came Back To No. 3 Granovsky Street

It looked and smelled like snow. Thick, milky clouds piled high over Moscow, and a sharp northern wind stripped the last leaves from the birches. The year's biggest, brightest holiday, the 47th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, was at hand, but somehow the holiday mood refused to ignite. There was one cheerful note. Russia's new regime announced that for the first time in 13 months of grain rationing, everyone would be issued 4½ extra lbs. of flour for the cabbage pies that seem vital to the Russian soul. With a bumper crop almost in, Nikita Khrushchev's successors, Leonid Brezhnev and Aleksei Kosygin, could afford the gesture. "Well," said one Russian woman, "I guess this shows that —what's his name?—oh yes, Kosygin —is all right."

The Explainers. Khrushchev's sudden ouster has seemingly stirred little emotion among the Russian people. But shock and indignation have mounted in Communist parties abroad, and the task of soothing the foreign comrades left Russia's new B. & K. team red-eyed with fatigue. Into Moscow swept platoon after platoon of insistent commissars—French, Italian, Austrian, Danish, Indian, Mongolian—all clamoring for explanations. Why had Khrushchev been ousted? How could the new regime justify its *coup d'état?* What were Moscow's new policies—particularly vis-à-vis Red China? And, ahem! was Nikita all right? "In fact," said one old Moscow hand, "the problem is that this crowd came to power without a program and is now having to improvise like mad."

BASSET—N.Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM & SUN

"COMRADE KHRUSHCHEV, THE NO GOOD BUM . . . NEVER HEARD OF HIM"

First they tried out their answers on Wladyslaw Gomulka, Khrushchev's crusty crony whose approval Brezhnev and Kosygin greatly needed to placate other satellite leaders. Meeting Gomulka halfway, in the primeval depths of Bialowieza Forest on the Russo-Polish border, they conferred in a Czarist hunting lodge, while the last sizable herd of European bison stomped and snuffled outside; inside, B. & K. buffaloed Gomulka with reasons and reassurances. He went away satisfied enough to defend Khrushchev's ouster in a Warsaw speech two days later. Emboldened by their successful de-Khrushchevization, Brezhnev and Kosygin released to visiting Communists a 40-page "justification" that purported to explain why Nikita had to go.

Nikita's Sins. The catalogue, which was evidently compiled by Ideologist Mikhail Suslov, accused Khrushchev of 29 sins, immoral, illegal, or fatheaded. Basically it corroborated earlier reports that Nikita's underlings could no longer stomach his loutish, highhanded ways or condone his persistent bungling of agricultural, ideological and foreign policies. But there were some intriguing elaborations, such as charges that he tried to make Wife Nina chairman of the Union of Soviet Women, that he "antagonized intellectuals," and clung to uneconomical building plans (he insisted on five-story rather than twelve-story apartment houses, on underpasses rather than overpasses).

Khrushchev's gravest error, in his successors' eyes, lay in conducting the Soviet-Red Chinese ideological dispute as if it were a barroom brawl. He was so busy argy-bargying with Peking that he completely failed to recognize China's accelerated scientific progress, let Mao Tse-tung gain valuable prestige by exploding his bomb without warning.

The Neighbors. So where was Nikita? Moscow gossip placed him in a hospital at Rublevo, 15 miles from the capital, suffering from "blood pressure." However, Communists maintained that Nikita and Nina had retreated to their old, four-room apartment at No. 3 Granovsky Street, a section that compares unfavorably with, say, Manhattan's West Side around Amsterdam Avenue and 81st Street. But the social life should be interesting. The other tenants officially housed in the building are two potentates pushed out: Khrushchev, former Premier Vyacheslav Molotov and Red Army Marshal Georgy Zhukov, as well as several comrades who gave K. the push, including Suslov and Kosygin.

According to the Italians, Nikita has been granted a monthly pension of 1,000 rubles ($1,111 at the official exchange rate). Not so lucky was Soviet Law Adzhubei, who had been stripped of his influential job as Izvestia's editor. Despite a glittering new job offer as deputy manager of Kazakhstan's Pravda, a party blat deep in Khrushchev's virgin lands—Aleksei decided to hang around. After all, Wife Nina still had her job as an editor of a Moscow scientific journal.

It was obvious that Moscow's new leaders felt they could not immediately eliminate Khrushchev from the Moscow scene. His popularity in both the Communist world and the West would not permit such a move, even if the new regime had the stomach for it. Communists the world over were left tut-tutting over Nikita's great fall. So, for that matter, was Angelo Litrico, a non-Communist tailor in Rome. But for Angelo, he was busy making Nikita new suits for Khrushchev the day of his ouster. A single-breasted black and a double-breasted grey, custom-made for Nikita's projected visit to West Germany. The folks on No. 3 Granovsky Street may never get to see them, but the tailor his money.

AP

KHRUSHCHEV'S MOSCOW HOME
The social life should be interesting.

SOUTH VIET NAM

A Tightwire Man

General Nguyen Khanh formally signed last week as South Viet Nam's caretaker Premier, meeting the two-month deadline imposed on him after last August's riots. He was successor by Tran Van Huong, 61, a barrel-but durable civilian of low origins but high ideals.

Born of a family so poor that he was given away in infancy to foster parents, Huong struggled to become a schoolteacher in his native Mekong Delta. After joining Viet Nam's fight for independence in 1945, he led 150 guerrillas in the Plain of Reeds, only to quit when the insurgents were taken over by Communists. But Huong refused

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...ch again under the French colonial ...ime; he was working in a pharmacy ...1954 when independent South Viet ...am's first leader, Ngo Dinh Diem, in...ed him to become mayor of Saigon. Mayor Huong captivated the Sai...ese by riding around town on a bi... He resigned in protest against ...m's autocratic ways, joined a band ...dissidents who signed an anti-Diem ...sion in 1959—and spent three years ...son for his pains.

...s Premier, Cyclist Huong will be ...g a tightwire in tandem with ..., who plans to retain the real ...r as commander in chief. Huong's ...ate is indefinite, his regime "tran...sional." But U.S. officials were cheered ...his unexpectedly hard-hitting accept... speech. He vowed to "clean and ...nify" government, rally Viet Nam's ...th to the cause, and press "total ... on the Viet Cong.

it aptly described his administration.

Of the top two rivals for the premiership, cool, conservative Eisaku Sato is the stronger. A career bureaucrat, he is backed by his brother, ex-Premier Nobusuke Kishi (who changed his last name when he was adopted into the samurai family of his wife), as well as by another influential ex-Premier, Shigeru Yoshida; Sato served effectively in both their administrations. A candidate for party president in the Conservative-Liberal elections last July, Sato lost by only ten votes to Ikeda, who had appointed him to the key Ministry of Trade and Commerce. Sato subscribes to Ikeda's policies, although he favors a more realistic defense program. Pro-American—but pointedly not "servile" to the U.S.—he feels that Japan should show more independence.

Elders' Choice. Ichiro Kono is Sato's antithesis and longtime personal foe.

KYODO NEWS

KONO

SATO

No one wants knees in the groin.

JAPAN

...cking a New Premier

..."Sato is liked by business executives," ...served a Tokyo industrialist. "Kono ...liked by barbers and taxi drivers." ...oth men—Eisaku Sato, 63, and Ichiro ...ono, 66—are even more warmly ad...ired by rival factions of the ruling ...nservative-Liberal Party. Last week ...ey became hot rivals in a power strug...e for the premiership of Japan. Their ...portunity came when Prime Minister ...ayato Ikeda, who has been hospital...ed for eight weeks with a throat tu...or, handed in his resignation.

"Three Pillars." Ikeda will be missed. ...t home he had dealt pliably and effi...ently with the recalcitrant Socialist ...position, promoted an "income-dou...ing" plan that gave Japan the world's ...ghest growth rate and the highest ...andard of living in its history. On ...ountless trips abroad, Ikeda drummed ...p good will and trade for postwar ...apan, hammered home the idea that ...is country, with Western Europe and ...he U.S., was one of the "three pillars" ...supporting the unity of the free world. ..."Ikeda does not lie!", intoned in a rasp...ng, gravelly voice, was his slogan, and

A brash, impulsive go-getter who won international acclaim last month for his near-faultless performance as State Minister in charge of the Olympic Games, Kono loves to be called *"oya-bun,"* the admiring title given to the most ruthless gangster lords in feudal Japan. Today, it symbolizes a political boss who inspires unswerving loyalty and obedience in his supporters.

If Sato and Kono are deadlocked, the most likely compromise candidate will be Aiichiro Fujiyama, 67, a sugar millionaire who was Foreign Minister in Kishi's Cabinet but does not now hold a portfolio under Ikeda. However, the last thing the Conservative-Liberals want is an eye-gouging, knee-in-groin political battle. At a party caucus last week, they voted to leave the choice of Premier up to two respected party elders rather than risk an open election. If they and the top contenders heed Ikeda's wishes, the decision will be made soon. Asking the party to choose his successor "amiably and speedily," the retiring Prime Minister urged that in view of "recent developments here and abroad," the government should "avoid causing the slightest sense of insecurity in the nation."

EAST AFRICA

Up from URTZ

When Tanganyika and Zanzibar felt the urge to merge last April, the nomenclatural possibilities seemed irresistible. Tanganzanziyikabar? Tangibar? Instead, the newlyweds settled for the grandly forgettable title of United Republic of Tanganyika and Zanzibar, or URTZ, as it soon became known to U.S. African hands. Last week, to the delight of map-makers and nation-namers the world over, the United Republic's President, Julius Nyerere, announced on second thought that the amalgamated nation's official name will be Tanzania.

RHODESIA

Christmas Postponed

"There will be no African rule in my lifetime," said Rhodesia's Prime Minister Ian Smith. "The white man is the master of Rhodesia, has built it and intends to keep it." In the huge African colony staked out by Cecil Rhodes, many white men agree with Smith—and with Rhodes's 19th century goal of "a whole plan of British advance in South and Central Africa." But times have changed—and so has Britain. Backed by all the 19 Commonwealth governments, Whitehall has repeatedly refused to grant the self-governing colony full independence until its 224,000 whites agree to a "peaceful transition to majority African rule" by its 3,700,000 blacks.

Unwilling even to consider such heresy, White Supremacist Ian Smith has been marching rowdily toward the point of no return: unilateral declaration of independence (UDI), the likes of which Britain has not faced since 1776. As Rhodesians prepared for the showdown, they got a crackdown instead. Tipped off by Smith's brusque refusal to discuss the situation in London last week, British Prime Minister Harold Wilson sent his Rhodesian colleague a memorandum warning direly that UDI would be "treasonable," an "open act of defiance and rebellion" that would bring swift reprisal by Britain.

Dogs & Hyenas. Actually, as onetime Finance Minister Smith knows well, Rhodesia's whites have precious little to gain from any form of independence. As a sovereign nation, Rhodesia might lose some $5,500,000 a year that Britain contributes toward balancing its budget. As a maverick state outside the Commonwealth, it would have to find new markets for more than half of its yearly exports, and would forfeit highly preferential Commonwealth tariff rates. But reason alone is no match for emotionalism, and last month Smith announced that the date for his supremacist independence had finally been set for December. Salisbury café wags warbled merrily: "Ian's Dreaming of a White Christmas." But Ian was not just dreaming.

Ignoring repeated warnings from

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul K...

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

London, Smith last month called a special referendum of the colony's 90,000 white and 10,000 African voters, to be held this week. Even more ominously, he arranged to "take the opinion" of the other 3,690,000 blacks by calling an indaba, a powwow of their 622 tribal chiefs and headmen—most of them grizzled old men whose primary loyalties are to their government paychecks. For five solemn days the chiefs listened to official promises of increased pay, paid tribute to their importance, cursed Rhodesia's suppressed black nationalist parties as "wild dogs and hyenas," and occasionally inquired why the Queen hadn't come down from London. At the end of it all they learned that they had just voted 622 to 0 "to cut the strings that tie us to Britain."

No Tea Party. That was enough for Harold Wilson. In a final ultimatum to Smith that was also released to the press to make sure that Rhodesians got the message, he warned: "The decision to grant independence rests entirely with the British government and Parliament and they have a solemn duty to be satisfied that before granting independence, it would be acceptable to the people of the country as a whole." If Rhodesia proclaimed independence, Wilson pointed out, it would be excluded from the Commonwealth, and its people would be stripped of British citizenship. Apart from the "disastrous" economic effects, he concluded, Rhodesia would be left "isolated and virtually friendless in a largely hostile continent."

It was, noted British papers, the sternest message of its kind since the Boston Tea Party, and for the time being at least, it was certainly more effective. Amid a flurry of warnings from politicians and business leaders, Smith backed down. He promised the Parliament in Salisbury that he would not declare sudden independence, and personally sponsored a motion declaring this week's referendum would be purely academic. "The British government's moves have upset everything," he said plaintively on TV. Well, not quite everything. The white man is still master of Rhodesia.

SUDAN

Bringing Down Father

In many unspectacular ways, the six-year military dictatorship of Lieut. General Ibrahim Abboud was a Pan-African success story. When he seized power in 1958, the Sudan had suffered under three bungling governments in less than three years of independence. Pledging his regime to "realization of the country's paramount interests," Abboud dragged the country out of economic chaos. He brought in massive industrial capital, pushed ahead with ambitious hydroelectric projects, doubled the Sudan's rich cotton lands by expanding the vast, British-built Gezira irrigation complex.

The Sudanese, historically renowned for their martial prowess, revered Abboud as the greatest warrior of them all. Sandhurst-trained, anglicized down to his swagger stick and Bond Street shoes, Abboud in World War II led the Sudan Defense Force into battle against Rommel's Afrika Korps, wound up with two dozen combat ribbons on his chest. A benign, incorruptible, father figure, Abboud alone could have rallied his freedom-loving, free-and-easy countrymen to his own austere goals of discipline and diligence.

Single Vestige. In the end, he betrayed their faith. Despite repeated promises to restore civilian government, he could not bring himself to relax tight control of the press, prohibition of political activity, heavyhanded restriction of assembly, discussion and the press. Last week the lid blew off.

Led by a hastily formed national front of students, professional men, labor unions and the old political parties, the Sudanese arose barehanded a week of bloodshed, drove the back to their barracks. By the was all over, at least 30 Sudanese lost their lives and parliamentary was restored. Only one vestige from the old Abboud regime: ly, dusky figure of Ibrahim Abboud who stayed on as President, shorn of effective power.

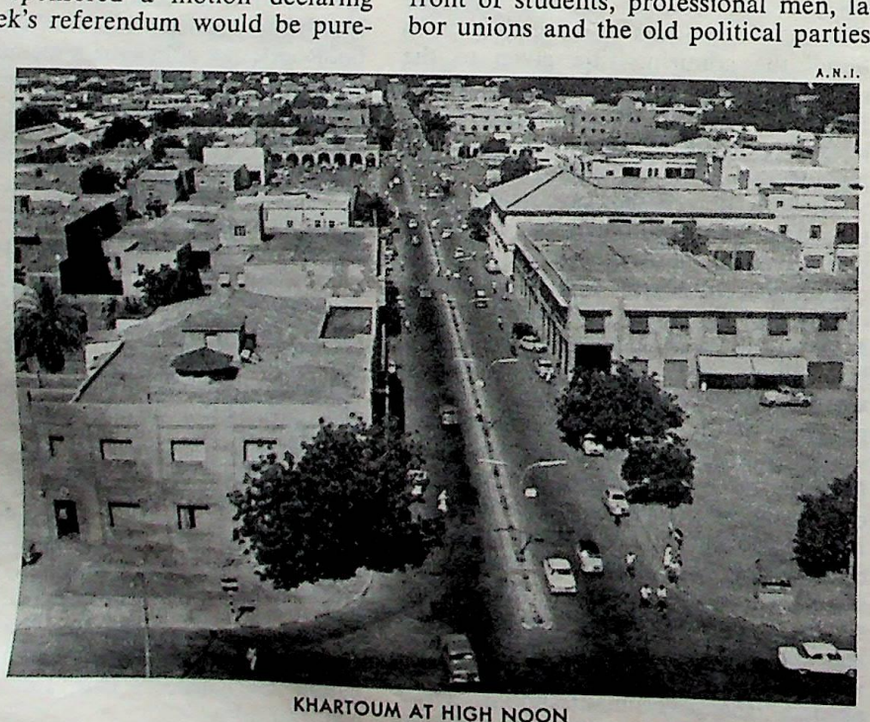
Savage Reprisals. Paradoxically was Abboud's first experiment mocracy that led to his downfall the days of the ancient Arab ers, the Sudan has been split inherently hostile ethnic and groups: the sophisticated, Arabs of the Moslem north, strong; and, south of the 12th some 4,000,000 backward Negro men without a political voice. met frequent black incursions stern, often savage military that only fed the flames.

Last month, as rebellion flared the three Negro provinces, reached a curious decision. Without ing off his troops, he created a commission to listen to the rebels' ances; then, for good measure encouraged press and public debate the Sudan's southern The free discussion touched off dent riot, which started the which restored democratic rule Sudan. The nation may not, be ready yet for Western-style racy. The obvious alternative is Abboud.

INDIA

The Barren Coil

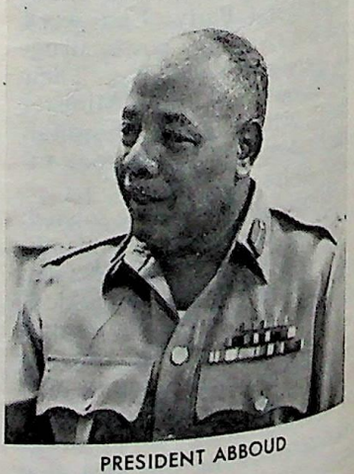
During a six-year U.S. Government mission in India, Illinois-born Dr. W. Parker, 67, was appalled by the lions of sacred cows roaming the dangerously overgrazing the fields ing food desperately needed for consumption. Because of Hindu



A.N.I.

KHARTOUM AT HIGH NOON

The first experiment led to downfall.



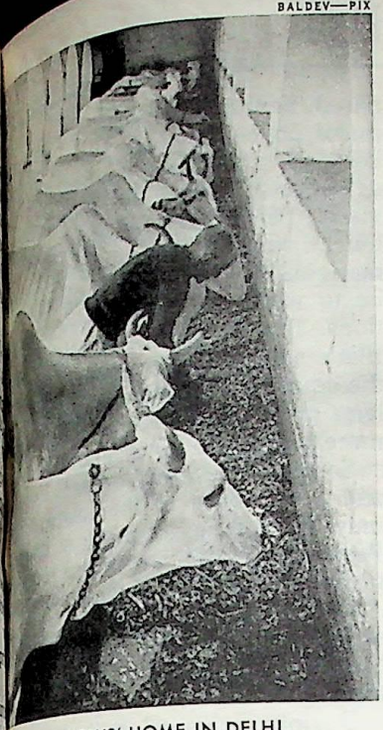
PARIS—MATCH

PRESIDENT ABBOUD

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BALDEV—PIX



OLD COWS' HOME IN DELHI
The double-S may do it in.

s scruple, the cows can neither be
ltered nor eaten. There are even
cows' homes.

fter his return to the U.S., Parker
about a new, inexpensive contra-
ive device consisting of a pliable,
le-S plastic coil (TIME, July 31).
en I learned it worked on women,"
Parker, "I thought: why won't it
k on cows?" It does. After elaborate
eriments at the Beltsville, Md., agri-
ural research center, India's Food
Agricultural Ministry enthusiasti-
y launched a pilot project in the
ern province of Uttar Pradesh. Of
country's 200 million cattle, some
are used as beasts of burden or as
k producers. The remaining 50 mil-
are mostly scrawny, inferior and
erless. Any cow can be fitted with
contraceptive for a few pennies, and
ian experts think that the program
prompt no public outcry.

mb on a Bullock Cart

Of all the Asian nations affected by
king's nuclear explosion, India has
most to fear. Since Red China's
miliating walk through the Himala-
s in 1962, the Indians have been
essed by fear of renewed Commu-
aggression. Thus, though India was
recently the anti-nuclear Cassan-
of the nonaligned world, the na-
n last week was earnestly debating
ether to build A-bombs of its own.
Chief problem for India's nuclear
ocates, of course, is their nation's
p emotional attachment to the prin-
es of nonviolence, as practiced by
ndhi and internationally canonized
the late Jawaharlal Nehru. In a
eech to students last week, Lal Baha-
r Shastri, Nehru's successor, loyally
ested: "We cannot change our con-
ction because of China's action."
India's scientists, who think differ-
ly, are confident that they can ex-
plode a nuclear device within 18 months. A Canadian-built reactor is in operation near Bombay, another is under construction, a third is on order. The only potential obstacle is an Indian pledge to Canada that reactor products—notably the plutonium needed for nuclear weaponry—would be used solely for peaceful purposes. Dr. Homi J. Bhabha, chairman of India's Atomic Energy Commission, even maintains that the price is right. In a recent broadcast, Bhabha said that less than $21 million would buy a stockpile of 50 atomic bombs; for an additional $10 million, India could build 50 two-megaton H-bombs. Western experts agree with Bhabha's figures.

Disingenuously, perhaps, many influential Indians argue now that membership in the nuclear club would increase their stature in the eyes of the world. Frank Moraes, astute editor of The Indian Express, reasons that an Indian bomb "would be a moral boost not only for this country but for all the free countries of Asia." And to underline Moraes' contention, The Statesman observed that "only a few weeks ago Ceylon protested against the presence of nuclear-armed U.S. warships in the Indian Ocean. But in the face of the Chinese outrage, Colombo is eloquently silent."

Few Indians, however, seem to realize that a nuclear stockpile would not in itself confer parity with China. Communist airbases in Tibet are only 500 miles from key Indian targets, while India's northernmost base is 2,500 miles from major Chinese cities. Asked one skeptic: "What would we use to deliver an atomic bomb? A bullock cart?"

THE SATELLITES

Marxmen All

Boors may not always thrive under Communism, as Nikita Khrushchev so sadly learned—but boars do fine. So do bears, stags, hares, fallow deer, and every other Eastern European game species. As a result, scores of Western sportsmen last week were crossing the Iron Curtain for an annual shotgun wedding of East and West in which commissars pile up tourist dollars and jaded capitalist hunters bag big-game thrills.

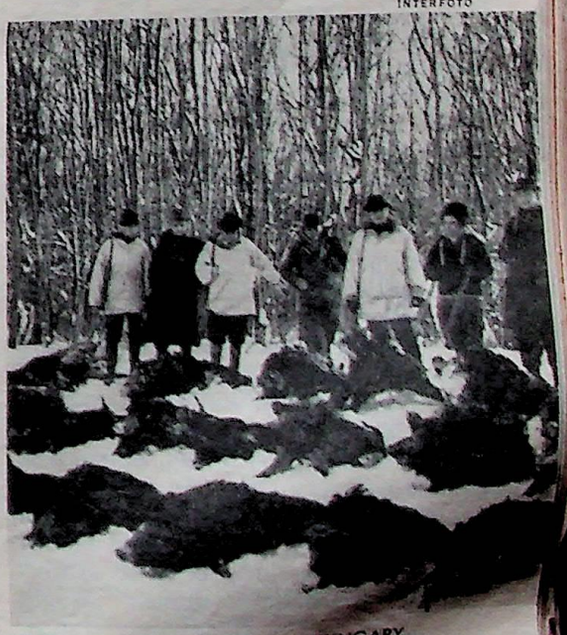
"Royal Weekend." All details of the satellite safari are, of course, handled by state-run tourist agencies. The payoff comes from "shooting fees"—each type of game bird or animal is assigned a price tag, which varies according to size, age and trophy value. At the end of a shoot, the tourist bureau tots up the value of game shot, and the hunter forks over. In the Koprivnica area of Yugoslavia last spring, a Düsseldorf status seeker shelled out $12,500 for a 660-lb. European brown bear. That was just a warmup; Koprivnica gamekeepers are carefully pampering an even bigger bruin for the same hunter to pot this fall—at a cost of $15,000. A run-of-the-hill red stag costs about $350 in Yugoslavia, but a Swiss hunter who was lucky—or unlucky—enough to bag a "world class" stag got socked with a $10,500 bill.

Even the birds do their bit for the classless society. On de luxe partridge and pheasant shoots on the old Habsburg preserves in northern Czechoslovakia, hunters stay in luxurious castles; black tie for dinner is *de rigueur*. In the mornings, hundreds of peasants fan out through the brush to drive the birds into range. Daily bags run as high as 140 birds per gun. Cost of a "royal weekend," as Red tourist folders unashamedly put it: $400.

Between the Horns. At those prices, hunting behind the Iron Curtain demands a certain self-discipline. In Yugoslavia, it costs $500 just to wound a bear, while a clean miss is priced at $200. Hungarians and Rumanians are nicer about it—$50 to $100 for flubbing a shot.

Western visitors are also well advised to bone up on local folklore. In the Yugoslav mountains, a stag shoot is followed by a quaint little ceremony in which the hunter bends over with his head between the horns and tries to answer three riddles posed by the guide. "Why does the rabbit go over the mountain?" the guide asks. "Why is a giraffe's neck so long?" "Why is a lion's head so big?" (Answers: "Because the mountain won't go over the rabbit." "So he can reach the ground to eat the grass." "So he can't stick it between the bars of his cage.") For each wrong reply, the guide gets to whack the hunter on the rump with a willow branch. Smart Westerners can always retaliate with a few Red riddles of their own. One that is currently bouncing around the satellite circuit asks: "What did Aleksei Adzhubei learn when his father-in-law lost his job?" Answer: "That he married for love."

INTERFOTO



BELGIAN HUNTERS IN HUNGARY
A shotgun wedding of East and West.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

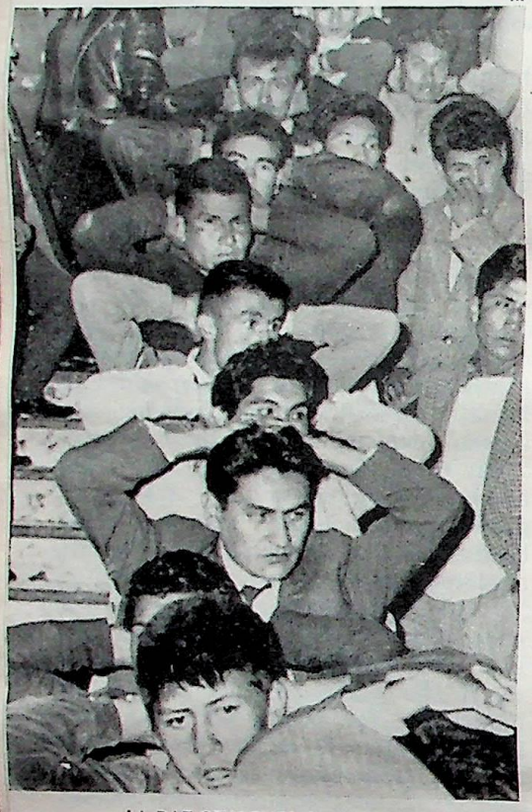
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BOLIVIA

View from the Volcano

Bolivia's President Víctor Paz Estenssoro, 57, lives on top of a volcano. In his three terms of office since 1952, he has made so many political enemies that he is a virtual prisoner of his bodyguards. He dares not leave the country for fear of a revolution, and he spends so much time keeping order in his bleak and violent Andean nation that he cannot really concentrate on the basic economic problems that cry for attention. Last week his volcano blew sky-high.

AP



LA PAZ STUDENTS SURRENDERING
Make way for the clergy.

Preaching Hatred. The warning rumbles have been growing ever since the May election in which Paz won another four-year term over the bitter opposition of two erstwhile allies: former President Hernán Siles Zuazo, 50, and Juan Lechín, 51, leftist boss of Bolivia's tin miners. Siles has been packed off to exile in Uruguay. But Lechín is still around, preaching hatred and focusing Paz's opposition.

Fortnight ago, in Cochabamba, Bolivia's second biggest city, either police or pro-Paz *campesinos* fired into a mob of rioting students, killing one of the youths. That was all it took to trigger an open revolt by students, miners and agitators of every stripe. In mining centers, union radios crackled with calls for "popular rebellion" against "the bloody tyrant and assassin Paz Estenssoro." Lechín's well-armed miners fought pitched battles with government troops, and the first casualty reports told of some 50 dead.

In towns throughout the country, howling student mobs stormed through the streets, fighting police and—as always—attacking U.S. property. In the capital, La Paz, 600 students holed up in the university, for three hours exchanged rifle and submachine-gun fire with police. That it ended when it did was due to the courage of Monsignor Andrew Kennedy, 50, U.S.-born Vicar-General of La Paz. "Students!" the police shouted. "Stop firing! Listen to Monsignor Kennedy!" With two doctors, the stubby, grey-haired clergyman marched through the firing line and into the university. There he found 16 wounded, one dead. Finally, the students laid down their arms and were prodded off to jail.

Crucial Pivot. President Paz accused Communist Czechoslovakia of playing a major role in the riots, claimed evidence that the tin miners had been "armed with weapons made in Czechoslovakia." Denouncing "this interference in Bolivia's internal affairs," Paz immediately broke all relations and ordered the Czech diplomats home.

For Paz, the crucial pivot that keeps him in or out of power will be the Bolivian army and his own armed followers. So long as they remain loyal, Paz will probably weather the storm. It is in the best interest of the hemisphere that he do so. He is an able economist of considerable vision; he has a deep appreciation of inter-American relations and the U.S. role in Latin American development. And he is probably the only man strong enough to hold together his seething land.

ARGENTINA

Perón: This Is the Year

The message from Madrid to Buenos Aires sounded confident enough: "I have irrevocably decided to return in the year 1964." Juan Domingo Perón, 69, Argentina's exiled dictator, has been talking about returning for nearly ten years, but never before had he set a definite time limit or made such extensive plans.

According to Perón's plan, *Operación Retorno* will take him before Dec. 31 to either Paraguay or Uruguay, where he will wait while an emissary goes on to Buenos Aires to announce the imminent return of *El Líder*. Then if Argentina's 3,000,000 Peronistas react as Perón hopes they will, the old dictator will move on to Buenos Aires and demand immediate presidential elections, which he reckons he would easily win. Should serious opposition develop, Perón says: "Sometimes in history a civil war has been the only way to save a sinking nation."

New Tune & "Tourists." Until a few months ago, such talk was laughed off by most Argentines. Fewer are laughing now. An intelligence evaluation prepared for the Argentine army high command concedes: "The return of Perón does not appear an impossibility." Under pressure from more moderate advisers, Perón has changed his tune. No longer rants about ruling as a strong man, but says rather that his role should be to unite the country's warring factions. The inability of President Illia's weak-willed regime to cope with the country's deepening economic problems makes many Argentines want a more aggressive government.

Some retired army officers and even still active ones in the lower ranks may be willing to make a deal with Perón. Many politicians also seem willing to make deals; police estimate that 3,000 Argentine "tourists" are now in Madrid seeking to see the onetime dictator. Most important, President Illia has declared that "Perón's return is up to Perón."

Devious Scheme? Still, Perón faces tremendous opposition. Alarmed by reports of Perón's preparations, Argentina's chief of naval operations, Admiral Benigno Varela, last week declared: "The navy will not permit the *retorno* under any circumstances." Anti-Perón civilians have organized a commando band to storm the airport and harbor if Perón tries to land.

Perón's chances of regaining power are, in fact, remote. Some observers think another ploy may be in the wind. They have a sneaking suspicion that the present exercise is a devious scheme into which Perón has been drawn by his top lieutenant in Argentina—Andrés Timoteo Vandor, 41. Known as *El Lobo*, The Wolf, Vandor has already proved his cunning by shouldering aside old-line Peronista bosses for control of the Peronista organization. He believes in "Peronismo without Perón," and if Perón fails to return after setting such a specific deadline, his newly appointed followers may finally throw off their old hero. In that case, Vandor would be in position to convert himself from Perón lieutenant to genuine leader of the largest political force in Argentina.

GUATEMALA

Booming Toward Elections

The grey haze of industry billowed up from Guatemala City on the valley floor below, and the impatient tooting of traffic jams sounded far into the hills. "I remember when there were only two cars in Guatemala—both Packards," said Lee Whitbeck, 82, a Utah-born dairyman who went to Guatemala in 1916 and now operates a farm outside the capital. "They used to ... down those cobblestone streets alone." Nowadays, Whitbeck ... goes into town unless he has to. ... can't find a place to park," he grumbles.

Nineteen months after the ... President Miguel Ydígoras Fuentes ...

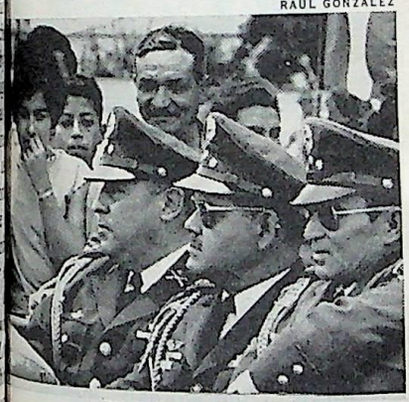
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

establishment of military rule, Central America's biggest capital is also busiest. The streets are choked autos—Mercedes-Benzes, Peu- Volkswagens, Ford Falcons. walks are filled with bundle-laden ers, and store windows beckon imported washers, steam irons, re- rators and TV sets. Outside town, ot peasants pad along the dusty with $40 Sony transistor radios over their shoulders. "Prices are admitted one merchant, "but what people are paying."

Prosperity Is a New Experience. Prosperity is a new for Guatemala, which along for years in the banana- image—without industry, un- import what it wanted, or even for what it did buy. During the of cantankerous old Ydígoras, and inefficiency, those standard American ills, cut the country's reserves from $72 million in 1957 28 million in 1962. The foreign in- who might have helped stayed —which was hardly surprising, student riots in Guatemala City grumbling peasants in the country- Then, in mid-1963, Juan José Are- 60, Guatemala's Communist-cod- onetime President (1945-51) and baiter (*The Shark and the Sar-*), was allowed to return to stand election. That was the final straw. military sacked Ydígoras. Into his went Army Colonel Enrique Pe- Azurdia, 56, an austere career nicknamed *"el Buddha."* So far has proved a pleasant surprise.

RAUL GONZALEZ



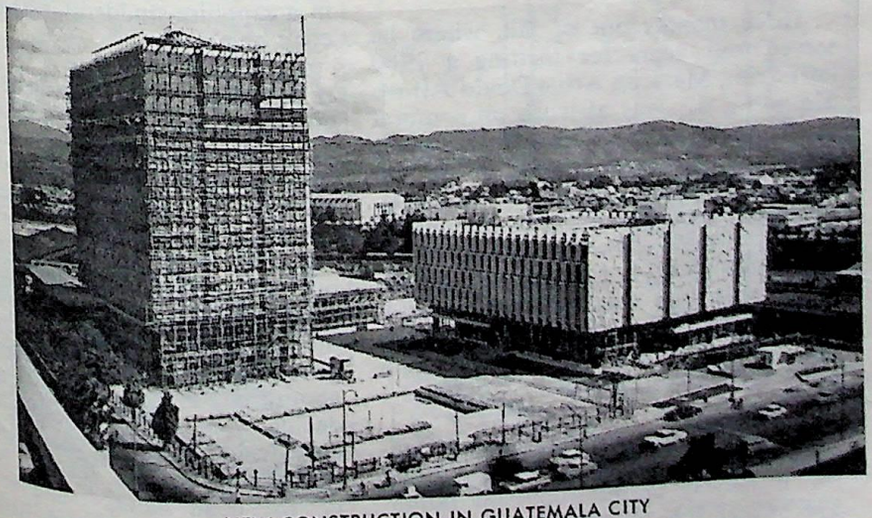
COLONEL PERALTA (LEFT) & AIDES

Peralta turned to the country's businessmen, asked them what to do, and took their advice. He promoted new trade agreements with his neighbors, offered low-cost credit to farmers, expanded cotton production on Guatemala's rich Pacific slope. "That land is so rich in nitrogen," says one cotton grower, "that you could sack it and sell it for fertilizer." This year's income from Guatemala's major crops—coffee, cotton and bananas—should reach $134 million, 35% more than 1962.

Basis of Democracy. Publicly obsessed with the need for industrial development, Peralta told everyone who would listen that free enterprise "is the basis for the democratic development of our national economy." He held out the lure of low taxes, cheap labor and liberal tariff treaties with Central American common market countries. Business responded. Arrow Shirts, Colgate-Palmolive, and General Mills, for example, plan expansion of their facilities. And there are newcomers. International Nickel hopes to set up a $60 million strip mine, Texaco is building a $10 million refinery, and Kern Foods is making Guatemala its distribution center for Central America.

Since the economy was already experiencing a slight boom, all this helped. Last year the G.N.P. rose 7% to a high of $1.2 billion, and in the last eight months alone savings deposits climbed 26%. Some money is actually going begging. "There's one bank in Guatemala," says Banker Julio Veilman, "that has $5,000,000 in excess funds that it can't place."

Certainly, Guatemala is not without social and political problems. Of its 4,500,000 people, 3,900,000 still live in the country's corrugated outback. They are mostly broad-faced descendants of the Maya Indians, and every year more and more of them drift into Guatemala City, creating new urban pressures. The military draws fire for its heavy-handed security checks. In one clumsy swoop last week, 200 men and women were arrested for failure to carry identification papers. Yet Peralta has promised elections before Sept. 15, 1965. Meanwhile, the boom keeps going.



NEW CONSTRUCTION IN GUATEMALA CITY
Some money goes begging.

PROPOSED CANADIAN EMBLEM
Some 1,200 designs later.

CANADA

Flag by Committee

Few Canadian parliamentary issues have generated more heat and less light than the fight over a national flag. In May, Liberal Prime Minister Lester Pearson unfurled his choice for a flag —three red maple leaves on a white ground, bounded by two blue bars. And for the next six weeks, Canada's House of Commons argued about it in a nerve-frazzling filibuster led by Tory Opposition Leader John Diefenbaker. At last Diefenbaker wryly allowed as how the debate was going nowhere. So why not submit the issue to a 15-man committee whose "unanimous decision" would be binding? Since the Liberal minority government was not strong enough to do anything else, Pearson reluctantly agreed.

Last week, after 45 meetings spent studying some 1,200 designs, the committee submitted its choice to Parliament: a red maple leaf on a white field with heavy red bars on either side. As expected, the vote was not unanimous—therefore not binding. Yet it offered Pearson the first real hope in weeks that he might finally get a national flag to help give his fractious country a sense of nationhood and unity.

Pearson's new source of hope springs from a sudden weakening in Diefenbaker's Conservative leadership. Diefenbaker has long argued that Conservatives would never accept a flag that left out the Union Jack as a symbol of Canada's historic ties to Great Britain. He expected that the five Conservatives on the flag committee would vote accordingly. Four did—but not Quebec's Théogène Ricard, and the final committee vote was 10-4 (the chairman would vote only in case of a tie). Furthermore, all ten Quebec Conservatives in the House of Commons appear fed up with Diefenbaker's obstructionist tactics at a time when pressing legislation is awaiting Parliamentary action. After hearing the committee report, they caucused and announced that they will go their own way, supporting the committee flag.

If Pearson can marshal a few more Conservative votes and get around another Diefenbaker filibuster, he may yet have his national flag—without calling for a vote of confidence and risking a general election.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Winging into London to promote a Soviet film festival, auburn-haired Soviet Cinemactress **Natalya Fateyeva**, 25, speedily shaped up (36-25-37) as the most popular Russian export since caviar. Ounce for ounce, it also developed, she was in the same price league. Offered a small role in Paramount's production of *Moll Flanders*, she allowed as how she was "very flattered." However, she is already earning $75,000 a year, and "for $6 a week I get a luxury flat in Moscow and a beautiful country cottage. I have my car, my three fur coats, and I can travel the world whenever I want. The only thing

SUN

RED STAR FATEYEVA
Speedy shape-up.

that would attract me to Hollywood," she added demurely, hitching up her skirt for photographers like any Western starlet, "would be a really interesting part."

• • •

Five-star admirals don't even necessarily fade away. Presiding over the 25th annual pistol match between San Francisco's Olympic Club and the U.S. Naval Air Station at Alameda, retired Fleet Admiral **Chester W. Nimitz**, 79, World War II commander of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, took a Colt .45 automatic in hand to fire off an "honorary" clip of five at 25 yds. Rooty-toot-toot, he scored three bull's-eyes, two near-misses, promptly tucked the target under his arm to take home, "because my wife wouldn't believe it if I just told her." Why should she? Though he had a pistol range outside his Honolulu office for recreation during the war, he hasn't laid a finger on a gun for the past two years.

• • •

As they cleaned the trash from the cellars of the Philips record-company offices in Paris, workmen found a battered box containing 45 master records (78s), pressed between 1940 and 1942 by Chanteuse **Edith Piaf**, who died a year ago at 47. Made in her prime, before illness and alcohol dulled her voice, the records include melodies, such as *Fais-Moi Valser* and *Le Vagabond*, that "the Sparrow" made famous onstage but was never known to have cut. "It's a miracle," said a Philips executive. "We don't know how they got there. Perhaps a technician had to dump them in the Occupation. Perhaps they were even considered rejects."

• • •

Disdaining his rightful line in the *Social Register*, he raised black Angus cattle on his 350-acre Virginia estate, where he was known to the horsy set for the tack shop he ran as a hobby. And so quietly did he die of a liver ailment at the age of 24 in Manhattan on Oct. 4 that not a line made the news columns. But when the will of **Robert Vanderpoel Clark Jr.** was probated last week, it showed an estate of $26,554,200, held principally in trusts and bequeathed equally to his mother and wife of 2½ years. Clark was a great-grandson of Singer Manufacturing Founder Alfred Corning Clark, and he inherited the bulk of his fortune when his great-uncle died last February.

• • •

Possibly, in Alamo, Calif. (pop. 2,300), Lawyer George Finn didn't watch the World Series on TV. When he signed a lease for a client who was renting a home to St. Louis Cardinal **Curt Flood**, 26, it came as a shock to Finn that Flood was a Negro. Such a shock, in fact, that he snatched the key, threatening to shoot Flood if he took possession. With the aid of a locksmith, Flood moved in anyway, with his wife Beverly, 25, and their four children, to be greeted with cheers by practically every family on the block, and a home-cooked meal that moved Beverly to tears. "Bless you all," beamed Flood. "We hope to add something to your neighborhood." Murmured one of the neighbors, Mrs. Dan Sweeney, "My kids hope he'll teach them to play baseball."

• • •

Three months out of jail, where he served four years for inciting a 1960 leftist riot, Mexican Artist **David Alfaro Siqueiros**, 67, was at work on a mural at Chapultepec Castle. His assistant, distrusting the steel framework of the 15-ft.-high scaffold Siqueiros was using, substituted a wooden plank for one of the metal bases. Five minutes later—crash! Siqueiros is now at his Mexico City home with two broken vertebrae, in some scaffolding of his own. But he has company; his wife slipped in a store and broke her wrist.

• • •

Income earned by serving as "consultant" for *Sunrise at Campobello*, the Broadway drama about his father: $18,615.21. Tax deduction, claiming that the play was an "invasion of pri-

vacy": $18,615.21. So filed [illegible] **Delano Roosevelt Jr.**, 50, one-time [illegible] gressman, now Under Secretary of Commerce, on Form 1040 for [illegible] But the U.S. tax court in Wash[illegible] disallowed his claim, deducing from reading of the play that "portrayer" petitioner"—he was "portrayed" for few moments as a child of [illegible] "certainly did not effect any [illegible] appropriation of petitioner's [illegible] personality." Tax due: $12,647.

• • •

April in Paris might not be the [illegible] without the late **Elsa Maxwell**, [illegible] founded the annual charity ball in [illegible] York 13 years ago, and just to [illegible] little different, ended up scheduling for October. But 1,300 Manhat[illegible]

CHARITY BALL'S LEVITT
Belated blast.

cialites, who paid $150 a ticket, [illegible] it the kind of blast Elsa would [illegible] liked. The theme was *Une Nuit* [illegible] *Côte d'Azur*, in honor of the old [illegible] favorite playground, and Cannes' [illegible] ky à GoGo discothèque was fa[illegible] ly reproduced while French-born [illegible] orations Chairwoman Jeanine [illegible] looked like an ondine from the A[illegible] in a sapphire-studded Griffe and a [illegible] cock blue wig.

• • •

The Foot race is escalating in [illegible] ain. Outspoken Newsman Michael [illegible] 51, of the weekly London Tribune, stepping up in Westminster as a La[illegible] party M. P., while his brother Dingle, [illegible] 59, the new government's Solicitor G[illegible] eral, will soon be knighted and [illegible] out his shingle as Sir Dingle. Mean[illegible] while, the left Foots' forthright br[illegible] Sir Hugh Foot, 57, sometime co[illegible] governor and Britain's U.N. delegate, [illegible] about to be made a lord, and is [illegible] decide what name to take after [illegible] am afraid," says he, "that use of [illegible] Baron Foot' might lead to confusion [illegible] to 'the dead hand,'" and so he will [illegible] reappear in the peerage as Baron Caradon of St. Cleer.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NEWSPAPERS

Curious Detachment

The final weeks of a presidential campaign can usually be counted on to generate a crescendo of press partisanship. But there has been little that can be said of it usual about the 1964 campaign. And as it drew to a close last week, the press coverage, while as comprehensive as ever, reflected a curious and almost complete note of political detachment. It was as if the newspapers, in an effort to be scrupulously impartial, had centered their attention to the candidates with a ruler.

Reporters and columnists alike might seem to have been making amends for earlier sins of excess, for the extra emotion that once showed so strongly in story after anti-Goldwater story. Or perhaps the press was just plain bored by a dull campaign, had lost interest in interpretation. Newsmen traveling with both Johnson and Goldwater may have decided that there was no longer any point at all about who was going to be the winner, that further displays of partisanship on their part were unnecessary and redundant.

This did not mean, of course, that the editorial pages stopped taking sides. But even there, the pattern was not familiar. *Editor & Publisher*, announcing final results of its Who's for Whom poll, reported 440 papers, with 27 million circulation for Johnson, against 359 papers, with 9,000,000 circulation for Goldwater. Johnson's percentage of 64% came nowhere near the 67% registered by Eisenhower in the magazine's 1952 poll, but it was a long way from the mere 14% support that went last year to Democrat Adlai Stevenson —who understandably raised the charge of a "one-party press." This year's tabulation demolished Stevenson's accusation with statistical authority.

About the only pattern that endured was stitched by those papers that took no sides at all. About half of the nation's newspapers refused to choose. One last-minute entry in this neutral rank was the New York Daily News—which up to last week had been neutral for Goldwater. The largest daily in the country is not known for its reticence; it gives its readers advice on everything from love problems to safe driving. But in the end the only recommendation that the News had for its readers was to vote. "The Goldwater campaign has been so clumsily conducted that one wonders how capable a President he would be. On the other hand, we wonder whether the country could stand four more years of Johnson." With that, and "with great regret," the News boldly came out for neither man.

A Cause for Mirth

However disappointing the campaign might have been, at least one editorial hand found plenty of cause for mirth. New York Herald Tribune Staffer Harry Marsh, whose duties include rounding up and reprinting editorials from other papers, was jolted by a wry campaign observation in the Buffalo Evening News. "A good turnout can be expected at the polls in November," predicted the News. "Most voters used up their apathy watching the conventions." Could it be, Marsh wondered, that the lusterless campaign had provided a setting for editorial whimsy? By last week, with publication of the second of two editorial samplers, the Trib's Marsh had made his point:

• The Louisville Courier-Journal noted that a local Republican office-seeker was blaming Lyndon Johnson for everything from the mess in the Congo to De Gaulle's recognition of Red China: "Our candidate has not yet mentioned that it was during the Kennedy-Johnson years that the blue whale became commercially extinct."

• The Wichita, Kans., Eagle affected dismay after Johnson kissed a baby: "Is it proper for the President to expose himself to the afflictions which beset the nursery crowd? Measles or whooping cough in the White House could have repercussions for the whole free world."

• The Washington Star was amused by the Johnsonian declaration that "for the first time in history, profits are higher than ever before": "With the above offering, the Chief has taken his place alongside those forgotten orators who reminded us that 'The future lies ahead,' and that 'The boys of today will be the men of tomorrow.' "

• The Philadelphia Bulletin detected a new earnestness of rhetoric in the campaigns last week: "Until Election Day, Voltaire's famous remark is amended to read, 'I will defend to the death your right to say what you have just said, but if you say it again, I'll poke you one in the kisser.' "

CARTOONISTS

Not Mad at Anybody

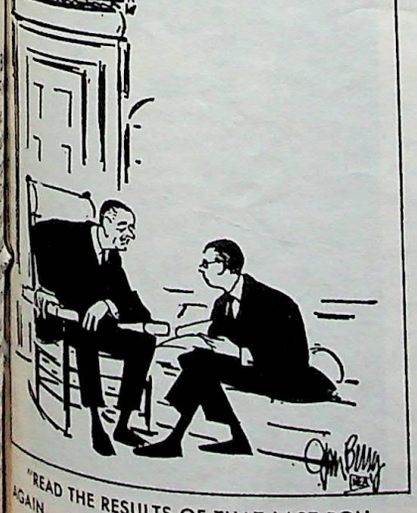
• "We're alone, dear," says Lady Bird Johnson, seated at the breakfast table with her husband. "You can refer to him by name instead of 'my opponent.' "

• Gushes the sweet young thing to her studious male escort: "I guess I am to you what Cuba is to Russia—friendly, but expensive!"

• To the police sergeant, the patrolman explains a fact of modern life: "You can tell the delinquents who come from affluent families—instead of razors they use electric carving knives!"

These needle-sharp political gibes are the work of James O. Berry, 32, whose cartoon feature, *Berry's World*, is syndicated by the Newspaper Enterprise Association, a New York affiliate of Scripps-Howard newspapers. They go to 570 papers throughout the U.S., and since Berry's cartoons come as part of

JIM BERRY—NEA



"READ THE RESULTS OF THAT LAST POLL AGAIN . . . I FEEL LIKE BEING OVERCONFIDENT!"

"IS THIS THE FIRST TIME THEY'VE SIGHTED A CHIPMUNK DURING A PRESS CONFERENCE?"

"MAYBE WE COULD MAKE 'THE GREAT SOCIETY' EVEN GREATER BY HAVIN' EVERYBODY MOVE ON DOWN TO TEXAS!"

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

a package, none of N.E.A.'s clients are under any obligation to run them. It is a considerable tribute to Jim Berry's satire that more than 400 do.

More often than not, his cartoons appear on the editorial page, where they seem almost like modest postscripts to the regular editorial cartoon. A Berry panel never shouts. None of the characters are ever directly identified, and the point of the joke is sometimes kept as deliberately small as the cartoon itself, which runs two columns wide to the typical editorial cartoon's three columns. "I find if I draw large, there's a tendency to put in too much detail," says Cartoonist Berry, himself a bulky and heavily detailed 210-pounder who stands 6 ft. 3 in.

Berry's forte is good-natured whimsy and a talent for deft deflation that is particularly effective when he sights in on his folksy cartoon image of Lyndon Johnson. His approach contrasts sharply with the generally aggressive comment of his cartoonist colleagues. "We get enough of the angry stuff," says Berry. He considers himself a "middle-of-the-roader" and prefers to keep his political preferences a secret for the ballot box. "I'm not really mad at anybody," he says. "Satire comes naturally to me, and I prefer to take potshots at anybody and anything."

PUBLISHERS

The Man Who Snatched Away a Meal

The occasion was scarcely expected to be lively. It was the annual shareholders' meeting, in Glasgow, of Scottish and Universal Investments Ltd. (SUITS for short), the holding company for Sir Hugh Fraser's vast assembly of Scottish and British department stores. Nor did the chairman's report seem like a call for Scottish cheer. By paying out some $10 million, said Sir Hugh, he had acquired controlling interest in George Outram & Co., Ltd., a prosperous Glaswegian publishing house that had not really been for sale. But once they heard the expensive word, the SUITS shareholders burst out in un-Caledonian glee. "For he's a jolly good fellow," they sang, in tribute to the man who, by buying Outram, had succeeded in his assigned task of preventing the world's hungriest press lord from sitting down to his next chosen meal.

Landing in Edinburgh. The appetite belonged, of course, to Canadian-born Roy Thomson, 70, Lord Thomson of Fleet, who already owns more newspapers (113) than any other man. Perhaps because of his Scottish ancestry—his great-great-grandfather was born in Dumfriesshire—Thomson particularly fancies Scottish possessions. When his Canadian-based publishing empire crossed the Atlantic in 1954, it landed first in Edinburgh, where Thomson bought The Scotsman, a morning daily. Since then, between forays on Fleet Street, London's newspaper row, Thomson has added three more Scottish papers and an 80% interest in Scottish television to his empire.

SIR HUGH FRASER
Scotland for the Scots.

When Thomson made clear that he meant to buy up Outram, which publishes the Glasgow Herald (circ. 254,000), and half a dozen smaller papers, Outram's board became more determined than ever that their Scottish papers should be owned by Scots. Sir Hugh Fraser was brought in for the express purpose of figuring out the tactics that might keep Thomson at bay. A Glaswegian by birth and heir to the family drapery, Sir Hugh had already proved his business cunning by expanding his inheritance into a chain of 70 stores all over the United Kingdom.

Until two months ago, Sir Hugh had little to do. Then Thomson abruptly bid $2.80 per share, in cash, for Outram stock—a figure about 60¢ above the market and one that set a price tag on Outram of $15 million. Before long Thomson raised his bid to $18 million.

Invoking a Shade. Over the next two months, Roy Thomson confidently raised his offer to an apparently unmatchable $25 million. But by then, although Thomson did not know it, the battle was ended. Over the same period, in his capacity as head of SUITS, Sir Hugh had been quietly buying Outram stock. Now he was the owner of a controlling 51%.

"If Sir Hugh Fraser has won," said Roy Thomson, with more vexation than grace, "the shareholders, Outram and Scotland itself will certainly have lost." But this was a minority view. "What most impresses the Scots," said London's Financial Times, "is that Sir Hugh is prepared to lose money in Scottish causes." Exulted Glasgow's weekly Investors Chronicle: "Shades of Bannockburn!"—thus invoking for all patriotic Scotsmen the glorious memory of Robert the Bruce's historic defeat of the British in 1314.

THE LAW

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

The D.A.'s Wrong Guess

When he left Manhattan's City College one night last winter, hand... Mike Schaffer, 19, was feeling ... in a basketball game against Re... Polytechnic Institute, he had scored ... points and led his team to victory. ... his girl, his sister and eight fr... Mike headed for an ice cream pa... celebrate. Up drove Edward W... 19, a factory worker, who shou... tatiously at one of the girls. Ho... followed. According to police, ... man gunned his motor, drove ... at the group, hit Mike Schaffe... dragged him half a block to his ... Weissman never stopped. So s... was one witness, the father of a... City College player, that on leavi... police station he died of a heart att...

After the police caught Weissm... tracing his license number, a grand ... indicted him for first-degree m... vehicular homicide, and leaving ... scene of an accident. Yet last ... Eddie Weissman got off with o... mild sentence for second-degree ... slaughter. Why?

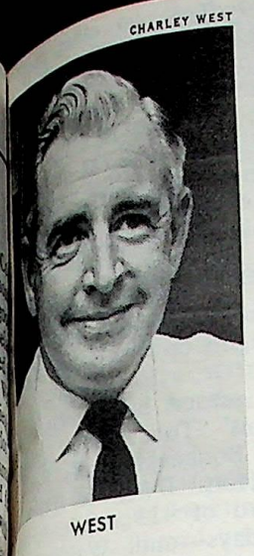
In a typical dilemma, the D.A. ... stymied by the problem of i... Weissman was charged with first-d... murder under a law that covers ... "depraved" attempt to kill peop... general, though the culprit aims ... one in particular. But the law has ... er yet been applied successfully t... auto-murderer, only against crow... tackers using bombs or bullets. W... man might have argued that he ... simply trying to drive away from ... ger when Schaffer got in his way. ... short, the D.A. did not think he c... have proved intent to murder in ... eral, let alone in particular.

The prosecution next thought of ...

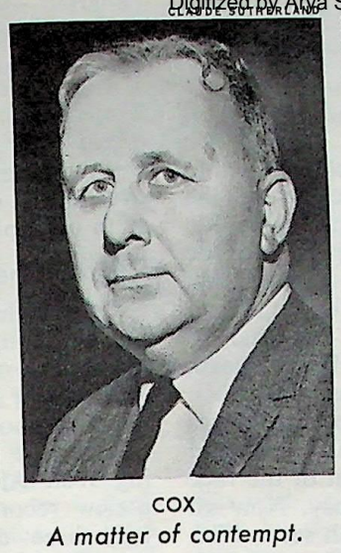
DEFENDANT WEISSMAN
A question of intent.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



WEST



COX

ELLIOTT

A matter of contempt.

d-degree murder, but that requires proof of intent to kill an individual. See- no other choice, the prosecution ally allowed Weissman to plead guilty second-degree manslaughter on the ory that he would still get a rap of to 15 years. But the D.A. guessed ong. Accepting Weissman's plea, ate Supreme Court Justice Frederick cker mulled over a psychiatric report d gave Mike Schaffer's killer 3½ to en years.

COURTS

ose Kennedy Judges

It was no accident that John F. Kenedy appointed more federal judges than y other President. For years, congresnal Democrats had refused to expand e overworked federal bench—saving r a Democratic Administration a mper crop of 73 judicial nominations. ut all that judicial patronage was libally sprinkled with problems.

Because they deal largely with the w of the state in which they sit, and ey understandably reflect the domiant social patterns of that state, dist judges are drawn from their own calities. The judges were approved by ttorney General Robert Kennedy, but e knew that all candidates, and especially those for the Southern bench, ould have to be "traded out" with the enate Judiciary Committee chaired by Mississippi's Segregationist James O. Eastland.

Even so, Kennedy may have thought he was doing well. His first district judge, for instance, Mississippi's William Harold Cox, took office in 1961 with the American Bar Association's highest endorsement of "exceptionally well-qualified." The tall, stern son of a County Sheriff, Cox was a stickler for detail and had been a first-rate trial lawyer in Jackson. Other Kennedy appointees seemed equally qualified, and the Administration heaved a sigh of relief.

Rearguard Justice. Unhappily, some of those promising district judges have turned out to be so devoted to segregation that they may be the greatest obstacle to equal rights in the South today. Now entrenched for life on Southern benches are such men as Louisiana's Judge E. Gordon West, who has upheld the Supreme Court's 1954 school ruling while calling it "one of the truly regrettable decisions of all time," and Georgia's Judge J. Robert Elliott, who once said, "I don't want those pinks, radicals and black voters to outvote those who are trying to preserve our segregation laws and traditions."

Armed with tight control over their calendars, certain Southern district judges have delayed civil rights cases for months and years, played cat and mouse with the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals and mocked the Supreme Court. Where possible, they remand cases for endless adjudication by state courts. When reversed, they take back the same case and start all over. Little can be done short of impeachment—a tactic successfully used only four times since 1789.

One measure of the result is that last week Mississippi's Judge Cox coolly tried to jail not only U.S. Attorney Robert E. Hauberg in Jackson but also his boss, Acting Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach.

It was a strange contempt proceeding that threatened Negro voting throughout Mississippi, but it should have been no surprise. Once on the bench in a state where only 5% of adult Negroes are registered to vote, Judge Cox, 63, has consistently refused to find any pattern of discrimination. Moreover, he has filled trial transcripts in rights cases with gratuitous obiter dicta. At a hearing last March, he referred to a Negro voting registration drive as "grandstanding"; he repeatedly described 200 applicants as "a bunch of niggers" and called them "chimpanzees" who "ought to be in the movies rather than being registered to vote."

Fit for Jail. The latest case to cast Cox as a judicial Horatio at the segregation bridge began in 1962 when two Negro witnesses told of being denied the right to register seven years before. They said that on that day they had seen a white man allowed to sign the registration book. As it turned out, the white man in question had been present, but he had actually registered elsewhere. "Outraged" at this revelation, Judge Cox accused the Negro witnesses of perjury.

The Government declined to prosecute on the ground that the Negroes were guilty only of an insignificant slip of memory. But Cox persisted, and last fall the Negroes were indicted by a state grand jury. The Government countered by arguing that states cannot prosecute alleged federal perjurers. Cox tried a new tack when a federal grand jury began looking into civil rights violations throughout Mississippi. Somehow that jury was persuaded to see things Cox's way. It indicted the Negroes, and then Cox ordered U.S. Attorney Robert E. Hauberg to prepare and sign the indictment.

With tears in his eyes, the towering Mississippi-born Hauberg "most humbly" refused on direct orders of Acting Attorney General Katzenbach. "I do judge you to be in civil contempt," intoned Cox, ordering Hauberg to jail "until you decide to comply." Cox then ordered Katzenbach "to show cause why he should not be adjudged guilty of contempt."*

Irreparable Damage. Faced with an unprecedented challenge, the Justice Department last week petitioned the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals for a writ of prohibition against Cox's order on the ground that the U.S. Attorney General has sole authority for initiating all federal prosecutions. This does not prevent Cox's grand jury from issuing indictments with an outside lawyer's help, but it does free the Government from participating in "unwarranted indictments" against the very Negroes it seeks to help. In short, says the Justice Department, Cox cannot usurp the U.S. prosecutor's job.

The appellate court, having granted a stay, will now hear Cox's argument. As the judge sees it, Rule 7 (c) of the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure commands that all federal indictments "shall be signed by the Attorney for the Government." If his judicial superiors agree, Cox would then be protected by Rule 48, which says that the Government can drop indictments only "by leave of court"—in this case, Judge Cox. To argue these subtleties, Cox has enlisted three high-powered Mississippi lawyers, including State Attorney General Joseph T. Patterson.

There is more involved than what the Justice Department calls "irreparable damage" to Government authority. And the case is more than "merely a question of perjury," as Cox puts it. If the indictments go through, says one civil rights worker, "our voting drive will be cut back fantastically. The Justice Department now has about 16 voting registration suits going in the state, and they would be smashed. We couldn't get anyone to testify."

* If convicted, Katzenbach has one small consolation: all federal prisoners are officially in the custody of the Attorney General. "If I'm going to jail," he cracks, "I might as well go in my own custody."

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

AUTO RACING

With a Nudge for Luck

The Ferrari snarled down the straightaway past the finish line, coasted through a slow-down lap, and eased into the pits. What's this? wondered Driver John Surtees when mechanics swarmed round, hugging, kissing, pounding him on the back. Then they began chanting *"Campione del mondo! Campione del mondo!"* and Surtees finally got the message. "Oh," he said. "I did it, didn't I?" It was enough to confuse anybody. In one of the wildest finishes in racing history, Britain's Surtees became the 1964 Grand Prix champion—by the humbling margin of a leaky oil line and a bent exhaust pipe.

Going into the tenth and final race at Mexico City last week, three drivers were still battling for the championship, and it would have taken a mathematical wizard to figure all the possibilities. Under the complicated system of Grand Prix scoring (nine points for a first place, six for a second, four for third, etc.), Britain's Graham Hill was leading with 39 points, Surtees was second with 34, and Scotland's Jimmy Clark, the 1963 champion, had 30. Now, if Hill won, it was all over. But if Clark won and Hill and Surtees were out of the money, or if Surtees came in second while Clark and Hill—oh, never mind.

Fist in Anger. The starter's flag had barely fluttered when Clark shot into the lead, opening up a gap of 18 sec. over the U.S.'s Dan Gurney, who had no chance at all for the championship. Hill was a careful third, and Surtees, off slowly, was fifth, hopelessly out of the running. Or so he thought.

Then luck took a hand—with a nudge from Surtees' teammate, Lorenzo Bandini. Running fourth, unable to pass Hill on the straightaways, the Italian picked the worst turn on the course, a tight hairpin, as a likely spot to make his move. Four times he tried to slip past; four times he failed—coming so close to Hill's B.R.M. that the Briton shook his fist in anger. On the 31st lap he tried again—and this time he slammed into the B.R.M., bounced it clear off the track into a fence. Tail pipes bent, title hopes shattered, Hill limped into the pits and exploded with rage: "Rank amateur driving. Inexcusable."

That put Surtees fourth, but after 63 laps, Clark's Lotus was still far ahead, and the championship was surely his. Suddenly a shout went up. Clark was merely coasting. An oil line had snapped. The Lotus was out of the race—just two laps from victory. Now all Surtees had to do was finish second behind Dan Gurney. Ferrari mechanics frantically signaled Bandini to slow down. Obediently, Bandini lifted his foot and Surtees shot past, crossing the finish line 69 sec. behind Winner Gurney.

Tired of Thinking. That gave Surtees 40 points and the championship—not bad for a man who drove his first four-wheel race in 1960. The son of a South London motorcycle dealer, Surtees, 30, grew up gunning bikes around the countryside, won his first world motorcycle racing championship in 1956, his seventh in 1960. Grand Prix drivers still shudder at his first attempts to corner a racing car. "First you would see one side of the car," says Stirling Moss, "and then the other, and then the front, and then the back." "Coordination," says Surtees, was his trouble: "On a bike you do all the work with your hands, but in a car your feet have to work as well. That meant I had to think all the time, and that was very tiring."

Plagued by mechanical troubles, he spent the first half of the 1964 season watching gloomily while the Lotuses and B.R.M.s whizzed past. Once, the exquisite machines of Italy's Enzo Ferrari had dominated Grand Prix racing, but the British took over, and now experts were suggesting that old (66) Enzo had lost his touch. Then the bugs departed—to feast on other people's metal. Surtees won the German Grand Prix at Nürburgring, followed that with a victory in Italy, a third in Belgium, a second in the U.S. race at Watkins Glen, N.Y. And last week in Mexico City, by the slimmest possible margin, he overhauled everyone to give Ferrari its sixth championship in the past 13 years.

Riding the Washboard

One of these days, they may have to put traffic lights on the Bonneville Salt Flats.

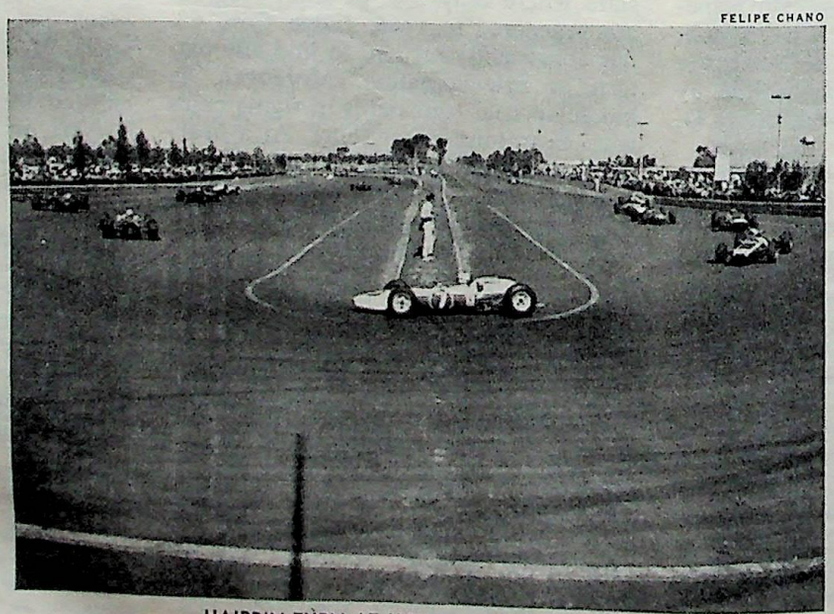
The silly season had barely started when Illinois' Tom Green showed the speed-jaded Bonneville buffs by exceeding Walt Arfons' *Wingfoot Express* with a new record of 413 m.p.h. It lasted just three days—until Walt's brother Art, 38, clocked 434 m.p.h. in his jet-powered *Green Monster*. That was fast enough to bring Old Bonneville Ace (407 m.p.h. in 1963) Craig Breedlove hustling back to the flats for another try in his three-wheeled *Spirit of America*. Breedlove soon boosted the mark to 526 m.p.h.—and nearly killed himself when *Spirit* clipped through a telegraph pole, soared 35 ft. over a dike, and dived into a 20-ft.-deep drainage ditch.

Last week it was Art Arfons' turn again. His homemade *Green Monster* was nicknamed "the Garbage Truck" —because it was the ugliest and noisiest thing around. It cost Arfons only $3,000—$5,000 for the aluminum body and $5,000 for a J-79 jet engine (just like the one in F-104 supersonic fighters) that the Air Force apparently forgot about, put up for surplus sale. And brother, could it ever go.

Lying prone in a cockpit perched on *Monster's* side, Art yowled past the timers at 515.98 m.p.h. on his first run, turned around and headed back. Down went the throttle, up climbed the speedometer speed indicator—to 500, to 550, to 575 m.p.h. At that speed, the seemingly smooth salt flats felt like a washboard, and the 6,500-lb. car bucked and yawed. The needle touched 600 m.p.h. and—pow! The right rear tire [illegible]

WINNER GURNEY

FELIPE CHANO

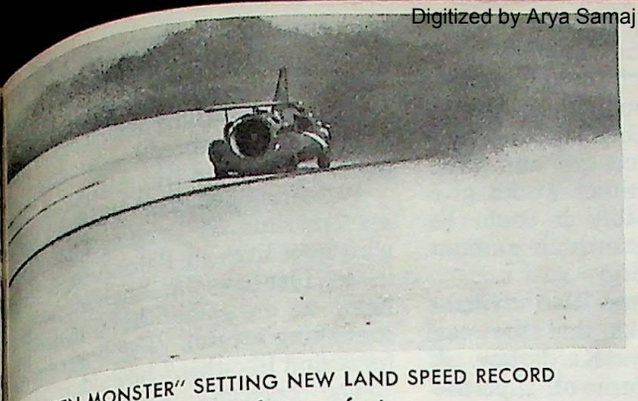


HAIRPIN TURN AT MEXICAN GRAND PRIX
Enough to confuse anybody.

CHAMPION SURTEES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



"GREEN MONSTER" SETTING NEW LAND SPEED RECORD
Too fast for comfort.

DRIVER ARFONS

...ported; Firestone had warned him ...ot to top 550. Arfons popped his brak... ...ing chutes, fought *Monster* to a shud... ...dering stop, clambered unsteadily from ...the cockpit. "Whew!" he said. "This is ...an animal, not a car."

On his second run through the meas... ...ured mile, clockers caught Arfons at ...559.179 m.p.h.—for an incredible av... ...erage of 536.7 m.p.h. Now he began ...talking about doing 600 m.p.h., or even ...cracking the sound barrier—about 720 ...m.p.h. at Bonneville. Nobody knows ...what will happen if a car ever does go ...faster than sound, but Arfons is game. ...He only used 12,000 horsepower this ...time," he says, "and there's 5,000 more ...horses in that engine."

PRO FOOTBALL

Any Time, Any Place

There are three things a businessman can do about competition. He can fight it. He can join it. Or, like the National Football League, he can pretend it isn't there. But the five-year-old American Football League is getting too big to overlook. With half the 1964 season still to go, attendance in the eight-team A.F.L. is already nearing the 1,000,000 mark, and next year, a new TV contract will dump $900,000 a season into each club's coffers. Maybe all that money is going to their heads. Last week the New York Jets offered to take on the N.F.L.'s New York Giants "any time, any place." And up in Buffalo, where 39,621 frantic fans somehow squeezed into the 38,167-seat War Memorial Stadium to watch the home-town Bills walloop the Jets 34-24, the battle cry was: "Bring on the Baltimore Colts!"

Slightly Nuts. Buffalo fans have always been slightly nuts. As far back as 1949, 25,000 of them signed a petition promising to buy season tickets if the N.F.L. would give them a team. The N.F.L. only snickered—but Buffalo got its team anyhow, when Insurance Man Ralph Wilson Jr. bought an A.F.L. franchise in 1959. The fledgling Bills promptly lost their first three home games. That wasn't exactly what the fans had in mind, and when the Bills wound up last in the Eastern Division in 1961, they took to demonstrating their displeasure by pelting the players with beer cans. But then came Coach Lou Saban, a man whose own record was nothing to brag about: he had been fired by the Boston Patriots. He spent two years rebuilding the squad, and by last week the jeers had turned to cries of glee. Victory over the Jets ran the Bills' season's record to 7-0, making them the only unbeaten team in pro football.

Maybe they could handle the Colts at that. The Bills lead the A.F.L. in scoring, total offense and total defense —averaging 415 yds. and 33 points, holding opponents to 243 yds. a game. Most teams have one topflight quarterback, if that. The Bills boast two: Jack Kemp, 29, who led the San Diego Chargers to two straight Western Division championships before going to Buffalo on waivers for $100; and Daryle Lamonica, the ex-Notre Dame star, who has engineered winning touchdown drives in four of the Bills' seven games. On defense, Buffalo's "front four" make most N.F.L. linemen look like underfed schoolboys: bulwarked by massive Tackle Jim Dunaway, a Mississippi All-America in 1962, they average 265 lbs. per man. But that is only half the story. The other half is Carlton Chester ("Cookie") Gilchrist, 29, who at 6 ft. 3 in. and 251 lbs. is the biggest back in all of pro football.

Daddy Called Him Doughnut. Cookie Gilchrist ("My mother called me 'Cupcake,' my father called me 'Doughnut,' so we settled on 'Cookie' ") has been a pro ever since he was a 185-lb. teen-ager playing for Har-Brack high school in Brackenridge, Pa. "Guys would shake hands with me, and there would be bills in their palms," he remembers—and sometimes the take ran to $150 a week. The N.F.L.'s Cleveland Browns signed him at 18, shipped him off to Canada for seasoning. Cookie liked it so well he decided to stay. By 1962, when he quit and shuffled off to Buffalo, Cookie was the No. 1 back in Canadian football and a $20,000-a-year man with the Toronto Argonauts.

In his first season at Buffalo, Gilchrist gained 1,096 yds., was voted Most Valuable Player in the league. Crippled by injuries last year, he still put on the greatest one-man exhibition in pro history: in a final game against the Jets, he carried the ball 36 times, scored five touchdowns, and gained 243 yds. "When you weigh 251 lbs.," he says, "there's no sense in trying to run around smaller people. I just run through them." Against the San Diego Chargers earlier this season, Gilchrist caught a swing pass from Quarterback Kemp. Nobody was fooled. One after another, four defenders piled on top of Cookie. He finally went down—after staggering 25 yds. What's more, unlike many top pro runners (including Cleveland's great Jimmy Brown), Gilchrist is a superb blocker. With Cookie picking off the blitzers, Buffalo's quarterbacks have had to eat the ball only six times all season.

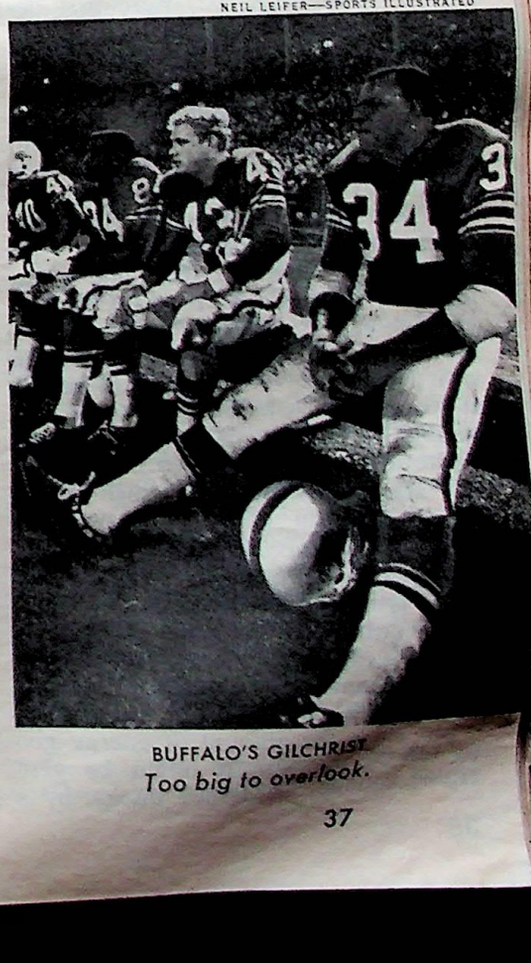
SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▶ Kelso: the $108,600 Jockey Club Gold Cup, for the fifth straight year, by five laughable lengths at New York's Aqueduct race track. Clipping one-fifth of a second from the U.S. two-mile record he set when he was three, Mrs. Richard C. duPont's seven-year-old gelding picked up $70,590, boosted his lifetime earnings to $1,803,362. That broke Round Table's alltime record, made Kelso the biggest money winner in thoroughbred racing history.

▶ Unbeaten Notre Dame: a lopsided 40-0 victory over Navy, at Philadelphia. Led by Quarterback John Huarte, who threw TD passes of 7 yds., 55 yds. and 74 yds., the No. 2-ranked Irish won their sixth straight, handed the Middies their worst defeat since 1949. Top-ranked Ohio State hardly lived up to its notices, edging Iowa by two points (21-19) and 8 in.—the distance by which the Hawkeyes missed a running conversion attempt that would have tied the score. Purdue, beaten only by Notre Dame (34-15), won its fourth in a row, walloping Illinois, the preseason Big Ten favorite, 26-14.

NEIL LEIFER—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



BUFFALO'S GILCHRIST
Too big to overlook.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SPACE

Mystery from Way Out

One of those far-out fantasies that have long been a staple of science fiction is now a serious subject for scientific discussion—with the Russians taking it to new extremes. Two unusual radio "stars," wrote Astronomer Nikolai S. Kardashev in the *Astronomical Journal* of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, may be "supercivilizations" deep in space, calling attention to themselves by transmitting vast amounts of energy on peculiar, and therefore conspicuous, radio frequencies.

EXTRATERRESTRIAL BEING (SKETCH)
For power, a whole star.

The two radio sources, catalogued as CTA-21 and CTA-102, were first detected by radio astronomers in 1960. Both are pinpoints in the sky, which means that they are either very small or very far away. But the most remarkable thing about them is the radio energy they emit: it is strongest at about 900 megacycles. This frequency, says Kardashev, is the best for long-distance space communication.

Spherical Shell. If the radio transmissions from CTA-21 and CTA-102 are actually attempts to communicate, they must come from supercivilizations with incredibly vast amounts of energy at their disposal. But this does not trouble Kardashev. He points out that the total energy generated on earth is only about 4 billion kw., which is only a tiny fraction of the energy transmitted by the two radio sources.

The earth, he says, has only a crude "Type One" civilization. If its energy output continues to grow at 3% to 4% per year, in a few thousand years it will become a "Type Two" civilization producing 400,000 billion kw. This is just about the amount of energy given off by the sun. It might be generated handily, Kardashev thinks, by a civilization clever enough to rearrange the matter from its planets into a spherical shell around its central star. The outside of such an artifact would give no light, but conceivably it could be made to transmit an enormous amount of radio-frequency energy.

Type Three. Are Type Two civilizations the highest peaks that life can reach? Not at all, says Kardashev. A properly ambitious form of superlife would not be satisfied with a single captive star; it would surely proceed to capture a whole galaxy containing billions of stars. Once it had control of an encapsulated galaxy, it would rank, says Kardashev, as a Type Three civilization and would probably try to communicate with other galaxies.

Many non-Soviet astronomers suspect that life may indeed be common in the universe, and if so, its higher centers may be trying to communicate with man's young civilization on the earth, but few will accept Kardashev's theory that CTA-21 and CTA-102 are actually stars hitched to radio transmitters. "Extremely unlikely" says U.S. Radio Astronomer Frank Drake of the National Radio Astronomy observatory in West Virginia. Drake admits that the signals from CTA-21 and CTA-102 are impossible to explain at present, but he does not consider them at all suitable for trans-space communication. For the present, he says, those signs must remain among the mysteries that abound in space.

PALEONTOLOGY

The Monster in the Accelerator

The two-mile tunnel that slices through the rolling countryside behind Stanford University in Palo Alto, Calif., was built for one purpose only: to house a linear accelerator with a beam of 20-billion-volt electrons that might knock stubborn secrets out of atomic nuclei. The accelerator is not yet complete, but its construction has already led to a striking discovery in the unexpected field of paleontology. A bulldozer digging a trench at the end of the tunnel veered a few feet from its line and uncovered a ponderous prehistoric peculiar skeleton.

Paleontologist Earl Packard, professor emeritus of Oregon State College who now lives in Palo Alto, was called in to identify the ancient bones. He knew at once that he was looking at something special. "I've waited 40 years for a find like this," he said.

The perfectly fossilized bones are remains of *Paleoparadoxia* ("Ancient contradiction"), an amphibious mammal bigger than a rhinoceros that wallowed in the shallows 15 to 20 million years ago when California's Coast Ranges had not yet risen and the site of inland Palo Alto was still under the sea. *Paleoparadoxia* belongs to a wholly extinct order, the *desmostylians*, which lived the lives of salt-water hippopotamuses around the shores of the North Pacific. It was first found in Japan, and the Palo Alto skeleton is the only one found in North America.

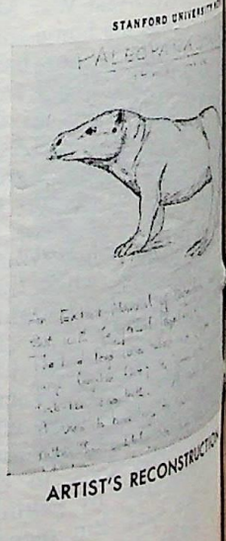
The Palo Alto specimen probably died nonviolently, then its body sank to the ocean floor. A few shark teeth were found among the bones, suggesting that sharks may have had a few bites at *paradoxia's* plentiful flesh before a storm or flood covered the body with sand. Then sediment from the sea covered it deeply, and a mountain range pushed upward between its grave and the ocean. At last big-brained primates, which had not evolved during its long time, brought it into the sunlight while searching for the secrets of infinitesimal matter.

PALEOPARADOXIA REMAINS
For the sharks, a few bites.

ELECTRONICS

Flight by Microwave

The 9-ft. bowl-shaped antenna pointed straight up. Above it floated an object that looked for all the world like a small, square bedspring with a tiny helicopter attached. The rotor blades whirled with a thin whine, and the helicopter strained at the guy wires that



ARTIST'S RECONSTRUCTION

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...t from climbing more than 50 ft. ...ere it hovered, its blades spinning ...rtedly, drawing their power out of in- ...ible microwaves shooting up from ...below. This was Raytheon Co.'s first ...blic demonstration of an aircraft ...wered solely by radio energy.

Dream of Power. The experimental ...ket at Burlington, Mass., last week ...s an impressive achievement. Trans- ...ing power by radio waves has long ...been a gleam in the eyes of electrical ...neers, but the process is normally ...inefficient for anything except radio ...and TV communication. Raytheon ...years ago to work out an im- ...ement (TIME, May 25, 1959).

The big break came recently with the ...covery that small silicon diodes, ...rking much like the cat's-whisker ...stals of early radio sets, can pick ...crowave energy out of the air and ...rn it into direct current with reason- ...le efficiency. Thousands of diodes, ...ing like glass beads on a network of ...res, are needed to intercept Raythe- ...'s beam. In the model helicopter dem- ...strated last week, they feed direct ...rrent at about 100 volts to a small ...tor taken from an electric drill. The ...m of 2,450-megacycle microwaves ...rs out with three kilowatts of power; ...e diode antenna turns it into electric- ...y with an efficiency of about 10%.

50,000-Ft. Station. Raytheon's micro- ...ave power transmission was developed ...der a contract with the Air Force, ...hich confidently expects that later heli- ...pters will be built to operate without ...ide wires. There should be no trouble ...aking them hover at 50,000 ft. carry- ...g a payload equal to their own weight. ...At this height they will be able to send ...ne-of-sight communication beams to ...milar vehicles 600 miles away. As TV ...ations they will be capable of serving ...n area 50 times larger than can be ...ached by a 1,000-ft. tower. As radar ...ations, they could each guard a large ...part of the U.S.

PRIZES

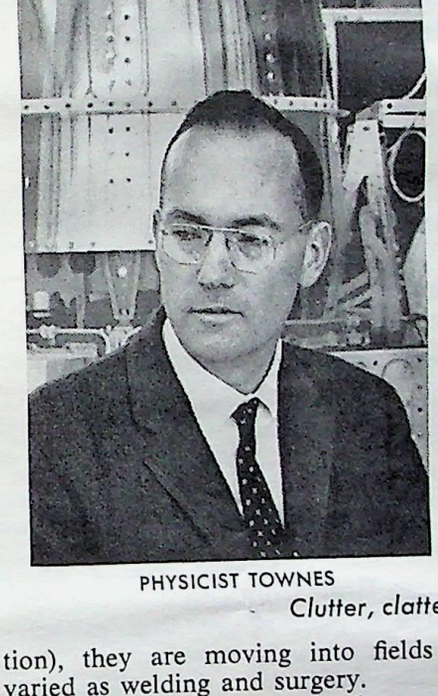
Split Award

It began on a park bench. Physicist Charles Hard Townes was idly admiring nearby azaleas while he puzzled over the problems of generating microwaves. Suddenly, it occurred to him that molecules and atoms are nature's original broadcasters. They transmit on their own characteristic frequencies whenever they change from one energy state to another. Why not put nature, instead of vacuum tubes, to work?

Last week, 13 years later, Townes's answer to that question won him half the Nobel Prize in physics. The Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences called his achievement a triumph of "quantum electronics," which was another way of saying that Townes's work had pointed the way toward masers (an acronym for microwave amplification by stimulated emission of radiation). The other half of the $53,000 payoff went to Drs. Aleksandr M. Prochorov and Nikolai G. Basov, who independently developed a somewhat similar maser at Moscow's Lebedev Institute of Physics.

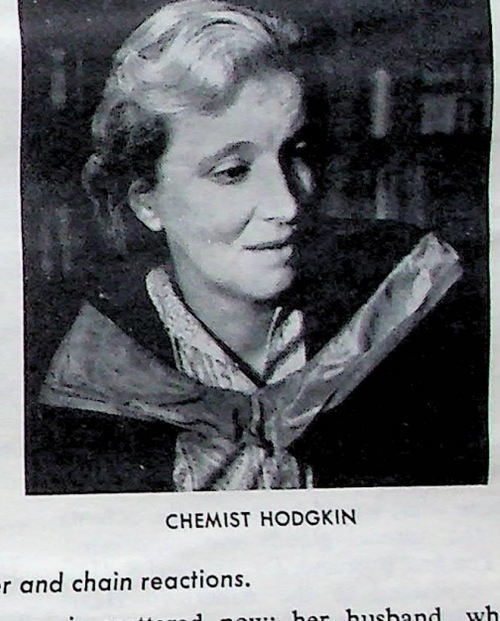
Wide Variety. Working half the world apart, the maser men learned how to use radio microwaves to induce molecules and atoms to give up their stored energy. That newly released energy starts a sort of chain reaction, and the amplified electronic wave that results has since been tamed into a powerful scientific tool. "Masers," says Dr. Townes, "give us one more control over electromagnetic waves, including radio waves and light waves. We have used them to develop an atomic clock which is very precise; in 30,000 years it would gain or lose one second." Now that scientists have learned to use Townes's technique to build lasers (light amplification by stimulated emission of radiation), they are moving into fields as varied as welding and surgery.

JULIAN WASSER



PHYSICIST TOWNES

LOTTE—MEITNER—GRAF



CHEMIST HODGKIN

Clutter, clatter and chain reactions.

That very variety, as much as anything else, also characterizes Townes. Now provost of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he might well be teaching in the humanities rather than science. He was a whiz kid at Furman University in Greenville, S.C., where he spent much of his time studying languages. He still has some working competence in French, German, Spanish, Greek, Russian and Latin. But eventually he settled for science. Now, even the demands of his administrative job and his work in the laboratory must share time with mountain climbing, skindiving, and the raising of African violets.

Proper Share. "The Russians managed to weasel their way into that one," said Townes's loyal wife in an interview on WNEW, a Manhattan radio station. "They don't deserve it." But her scientific husband was more scientifically detached. "They are fine scientists," he said. "They have done important work in this field and quite properly share in the prize."

The Chemistry-Minded Mother

If Nobelman Charles Townes came close to being a linguist, Nobelwoman Dorothy Crowfoot Hodgkin, 54, of Oxford, third woman ever to win the chemistry award,* came even closer to being an archaeologist. Born in Cairo while her father was Director of Education for the Sudan, she spent her early school holidays in digs in the Near East. But soon after she entered Oxford's Somerville College in 1928, she got caught up in the exciting mysteries of chemistry. By her second year, she was already concentrating on the intricacies of X-ray analysis of large, complicated molecules—the work that won her a Nobel award.

Dorothy Hodgkin's singular achievement was born of a peculiar amalgam of scholarship and domesticity. Her family is scattered now; her husband, whom she married in 1937, is director of the Institute of African Studies in Ghana, where she is now visiting. Her three children are spread among Algeria, Zambia and India. But her old Victorian house in north Oxford still buzzes with her sister's collection of five kids.

Mrs. Hodgkin's orderly mind seems to thrive on a diet of clutter and clatter. After graduation from Oxford, when she went into research, her first lab was in a dingy basement under the university museum. It was her precarious exercise to climb a ladder to a gallery while carrying the delicate crystals with which she worked. But whatever the circumstances, she maintained an elegance of appearance and achievement. No distraction was enough to spoil the work that led to a thorough knowledge of the penicillin molecule, and to the discovery of the structure of Vitamin B-12, the recalcitrant molecule with a cobalt atom heart that is essential to human life.

* The other two: Marie Curie, 1911, and her daughter Irène Joliot-Curie, 1935.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CARDIOLOGY

Blood for Fight or Flight

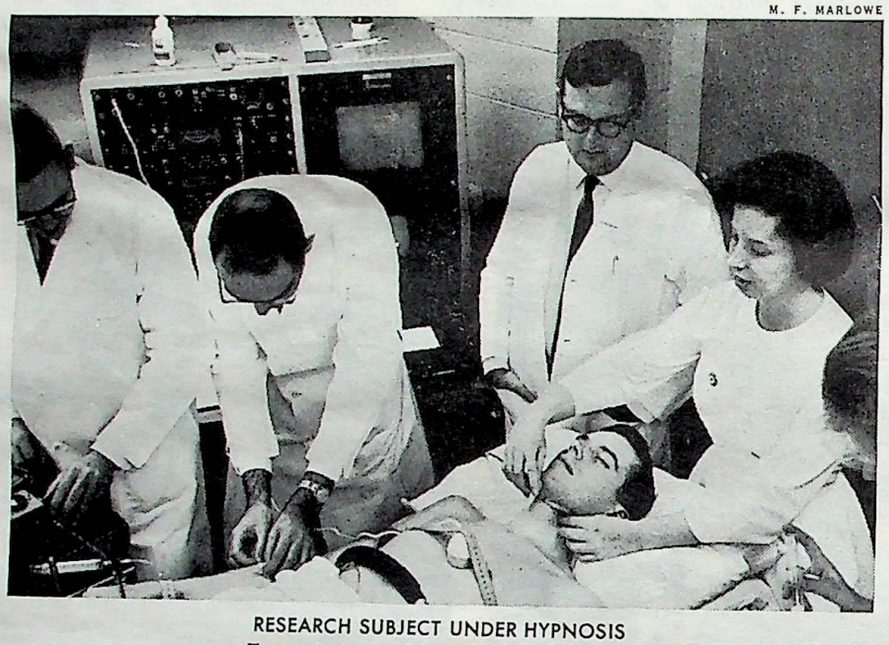
When a man gets angry, his body prepares for a fight, and his heart speeds up. When a man is frightened, his body prepares for flight, and his heart speeds up. This much is familiar medical fact. But a group of researchers at Ohio State University Hospitals wanted to know whether the body, in its responses to stress, distinguishes between anger and fear. And since it is known that the body's arousal mechanism depends heavily upon an outpouring of adrenalin, the researchers also wanted to know what would happen if the activity of the adrenal glands was suppressed.

The first problem, Dr. Willard S. Harris explained to the American Heart Association, was to devise an acceptable experimental setting in which volunteers could be subjected to forces inducing anger and fear. The Columbus team decided to do it under hypnosis. They got nine volunteers, eight of them graduate students at Ohio State and one a hospital patient. Each one had to have a plastic tube threaded through an arm vein into the heart, and a needle positioned inside an artery in the arm. In a half-dark, quiet room, the subjects were hypnotized. For ten to 15 minutes at a time, they were given suggestions calculated to make them angry or fearful. They had 45 minutes in which to relax and then they were awakened from hypnosis.

Fear and anger, Dr. Harris reported, produced the same sort of changes in the subjects' heart rate (up, on the average, from 65 to 98 beats a minute), breathing rate (up from 15 to an average of 35 and as high as 68 a minute), the heart's output of blood per minute (up an average of 33%), blood pressure (slightly elevated), and blood flow through the extremities (markedly increased). The only noteworthy difference between the effects of fear and anger was that in some subjects fear caused a somewhat greater increase in heart rate and output.

What would happen if the effects of adrenalin were blocked by another drug? The researchers found that the human body is resourceful enough to meet the emergency. If it does not speed up, the heart manages to increase total blood output by the simple device of increasing its output of blood per beat. The effect is the same: to give both brain and limbs an added supply of oxygen for fight or flight.

M. F. MARLOWE



RESEARCH SUBJECT UNDER HYPNOSIS
Ten minutes of fearful suggestion.

PEDIATRICS

Those Tired Children

The 30 patients, aged three to twelve, had two things in common: they lived on U.S. Air Force bases; and they were suffering from nervousness, continuous fatigue, headaches, loss of sleep, bellyaches, and sometimes vomiting. The medics at both Fairchild A.F.B., near Spokane, Wash., and Lackland A.F.B. in Texas asked all the obvious questions of both the kids and their parents; they did all the usual tests for infections and childhood illnesses, checked the food and water supply—and found nothing to account for what they called "the tired-child syndrome."

In desperation, the medics went back to questioning the parents about their children's habits. Only after several interviews did the truth come out. The youngsters were spending from three to six hours watching TV every weekday, and six to ten hours on Saturdays and Sundays. Captain Richard M. Narkewicz and Captain Stanley M. Graven told the American Academy of Pediatrics in Manhattan last week that some of the younger children were spending a quarter of their waking hours watching TV. Yet their parents had not volunteered this information. It was only in response to the insistent, direct question, "How many hours a day does your child watch TV?", that the facts emerged.

In each of 30 cases, the doctors prescribed total abstinence from TV for a while. In twelve cases the parents enforced the rule, and the children's symptoms vanished in two to three weeks. In 18 cases the parents cut the TV down to about two hours a day, and the children's symptoms did not go away for five or six weeks. But in eleven cases the parents later relaxed the rules, the kids were again spending long hours in front of the picture tube—and they were as sick as before.

It is not that TV in itself is necessarily bad for children, said Dr. Narkewicz. But some youngsters, usually those with an introspective and sensitive nature, become addicted to it. They fall into a vicious cycle in which long hours of viewing leave them too tired to do anything more strenuous than sprawl and do more viewing. The ultimate cure is as simple as it is radical: send the kids out to play, and after dark give them a book to read.

CANCER

Latest Statistics

There was a little cheer but no chilling news in the latest statistics released by the American Cancer Society. The overall number of cancer deaths is increasing slightly: 285,000 last year, 290,000 estimated in 1964, and 295,000 expected in 1965. Different kinds of cancer are increasing at different rates. Lung cancer, once relatively rare, is increasing fastest, and now for the first time displaces tumors of the colon and rectum as the most frequent cause of cancer death.

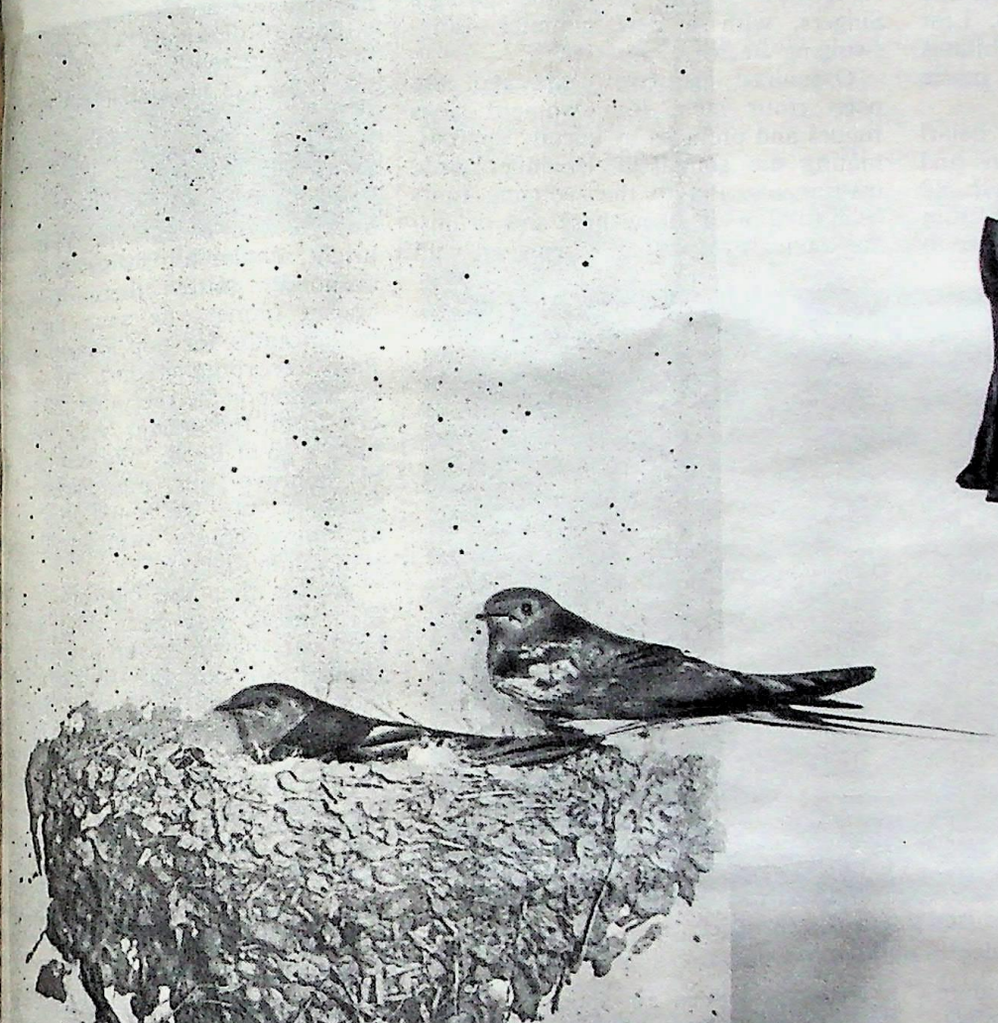
In 1965, predict the A.C.S. statisticians, 47,000 Americans (40,400 men and 6,600 women) will die of lung cancer, with 52,000 new cases expected to be diagnosed. Cancer of the colon and rectum is still more common, with 73,000 new cases anticipated, but less deadly—43,000 deaths expected. Even if lung cancer is detected before it has spread, only 21% of victims survive five years after surgery. If the cancer has already spread at the time of operation, the five-year survival rate drops to 3%.

The uterus used to be the most common site of fatal cancer in women. Today, thanks mainly to early detection with the Papanicolaou smear, it is much less deadly. With 44,000 new cases expected next year, there will be an estimated 14,000 deaths. The A.C.S. believes that an annual "Pap" smear for all 58 million women in the U.S. would save most of these lives. So far only about 28 million women have ever had a Pap test, and fewer than 10 million have one annually. Cancer of the breast, with 62,000 new cases and 26,000 deaths expected next year, has displaced uterine disease as the most cancer threat to women.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Binders for Builders?



Colors for Clothes?

HOECHST HAS IT

Building your own house may be strictly for the birds, but the materials that go into its construction are very much your concern. They must withstand wind and rain and sun. Hoechst has many products vital to the design and construction of a house. For example, ®MOWILITH as binder for paints, concrete, fillers and adhesives, as base material for insulating compounds and for many other applications – indeed a raw material with a 1000 uses, in cosy nests and stately buildings alike.

Stately buildings were once designed to match the magnificence of regal robes – or vice versa. Today, fabrics in the most splendid colors with outstanding fastness properties are available to everyone. Thanks to Hoechst ®REMAZOL dyes. Remember, from a basic building material to a textile dye . . . Hoechst has it.

Farbwerke Hoechst AG.
Frankfurt/M. Germany

Hoechst can help you in over 100 countries.

HOECHST A century of Chemistry

Hoechst products: dyestuffs, textile auxiliaries, intermediates, pharmaceuticals, sera and vaccines, chemicals, raw materials for the paint industry, solvents, plastics, fibers, films, fertilizers, plant protection agents, design and construction of chemical plant.

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DANCE

On from Iconoclasm

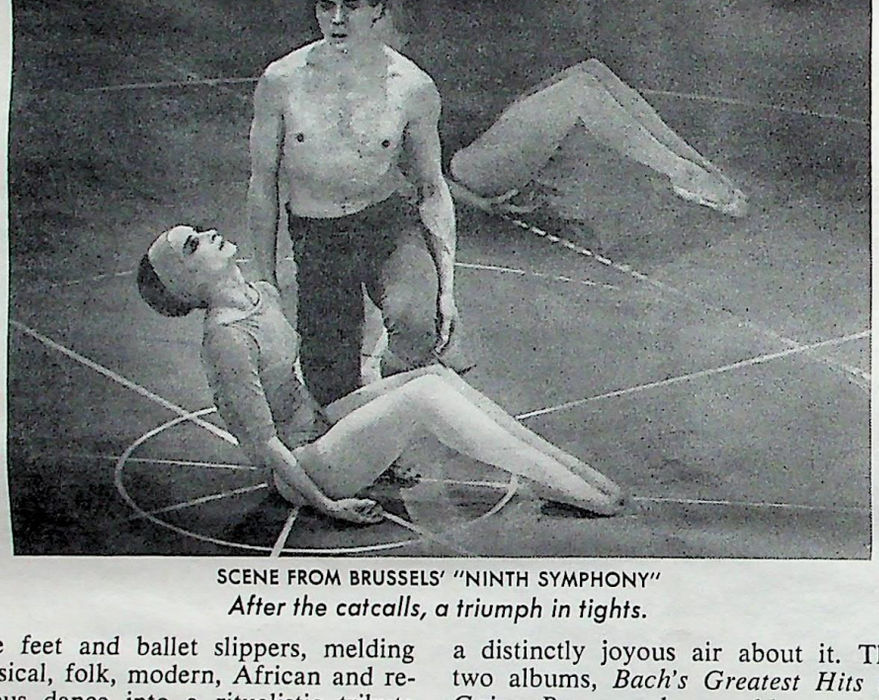
"Bé-jart! Bé-jart!" thundered the audience in Brussels' Royal Circus. And right there and beating time to the chants, were Belgium's King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola. For French Choreographer Maurice Béjart, 37, the royal welcome was sweet relief from the catcalls, fistfights and lawsuits that have swirled in the wake of his iconoclastic creations of the last few years. Last week's première was his most ambitious production yet: a ballet to the music of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*.

For the epic undertaking, Béjart amassed more than 200 musicians and singers on the circular stage with 80 dancers from 24 nations, ranging from Japan to Jamaica. They performed in bare feet and ballet slippers, melding classical, folk, modern, African and religious dance into a ritualistic tribute to the brotherhood of man.

Clad in brown, gold, red and white tights, the dancers moved across a starkly lit stage that was virtually bare of scenery. In the first movement they awaken timidly from fetal positions, groping skittishly through the anguish of birth and early life. The playfully exuberant dancing in the scherzo abruptly shifts to an anti-racist theme in the third movement, in which racially mixed couples court and embrace, reject and reconcile. In the triumphant final movement, the entire troupe joyously marches and swirls about the stage while the chorus sings "*Alle Menschen werden Brüder* [All men become brothers]."

Critics declared it "a real triumph," "a revolution." Enthused Paris' Le Monde: "Here is the masterpiece of all symphonic choreographies." Said Béjart coolly: "I didn't say anything Beethoven didn't say."

R. KAYAERT



SCENE FROM BRUSSELS' "NINTH SYMPHONY"
After the catcalls, a triumph in tights.

CHORUSES

Swing, Swung, Swingled

Bach swings. So well, in fact, that jazzmen have been spinning out variations on his music ever since the 1930s, when Benny Goodman's band started belting such numbers as *Bach Goes to Town*, and since then Bach has been through more modern translations than the *Iliad*. Now from Paris comes an eight-voice chorus called the Swingle Singers, with a new gimmick—sing-swinging Bach.

Organized just two years ago, the octet (four men, four women) sings fugues and preludes by vocally approximating the sounds of chamber-music instruments. Put to the swinging four-beat rhythm of string bass and drums, the sound is surprisingly engaging, with a distinctly joyous air about it. Their two albums, *Bach's Greatest Hits* and *Going Baroque*, have sold more than 250,000 copies and won for them this year's Grammy Award as the best new recording artists of the year. Last May they were imported for a presidential concert at the White House.

"Oodla-Oodlee." Far from paling at the effrontery of it all, most Bach men like the gently swinging translation. And some, like Pianist Glenn Gould, are downright ecstatic: "They're just fabulously good! When I first heard them, I felt like lying on the floor and kicking my heels, that's how good I thought they were."

The Swingle Singers' musical idiom is onomatopoeia, otherwise known in the trade as scat. Scat is like baby talk with a beat and is as old as singing in the shower. Rendered by a jazz stylist like Ella Fitzgerald, who reels off such breathless improvisations in *Flying Home* as "oodla-oodlee-ooblee-day-lay-do-dee-a-din-doi-oodlay-a-din-doi-dan-zoit-boy-hem," scat can be a highly fined art.

The Swingle Singers, however, straight in the most elementary dialect—mainly "da-ba, da-ba" "doo-boo, doo-boo," with an occa "papa-da, chin-chin" or "waap" in for special accents. While the re up tempo calls for a certain amo vocal gymnastics, they stick faith to the score and never improvise fact, their allegiance is much mo Bach than it is to jazz. Their app is restrained, respectful, and marke finely honed precision and musician

Bach Outswung. The eight Swingle Singers, currently on their first tour the U.S., are all classically trained sicians. All are French, except leader, Ward Swingle, 37, who is of Mobile, Ala. A graduate of C nati's College Conservatory of M Swingle went to Paris in 1951 on a bright scholarship to study piano eventually settled there. To pick pocket money, he sang the "do backgrounds for pop singers in va Paris recording studios. As an e on weekends, he recruited the best ers from the studio vocal group have a go at Bach. "We were just to improve our musicianship," Swingle, "but we found that we all spontaneously swinging the m We couldn't help it."

Aware that the curiosity fact their music may wear thin, Swing busy varying the group's repertory Handel, Vivaldi and Mozart. "M took us months to master," says S gle. "But now we find he swings easily than Bach. If the interest up, we plan to proceed chronolog from composer to composer. Bee may pose some problems, but we to give him a try."

INSTRUMENTALISTS

And Now the Sitar

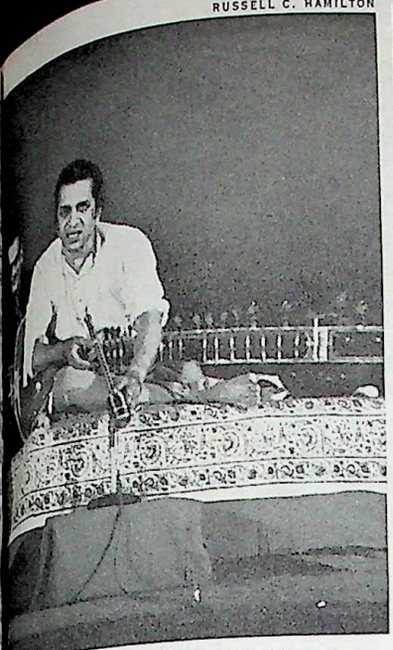
It was more a musical séance th concert. The air was hazy with acrid aroma of burning incense three barefoot musicians sat cr legged on an Oriental rug onstage audience at the University of Penn vania's Irvine Auditorium last week equally exotic—a curious mingling Indians in turbans or saris, bea jazz musicians, leather-jacketed bea and college students. Racing his sp fingers across the steel strings of sitar, Ravi Shankar invoked a wh chorus of quavering, sensuous mu in intricate interplay with the sh galloping cross-rhythms of the m (drums). Soaring above the drone of an unfretted lute called a boura, Shankar finished in a furious play of virtuosity that brought ing ovation from the audience.

At 44, Shankar is India's most traditional musician. In the past dozen years, through a series of ra ings and globe-girdling tours, Sh has proved to jazz fans that his

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

RUSSELL C. HAMILTON



SHANKAR IN PHILADELPHIA
The jazzmen dig his strings.

visational flights have an exciting ship to modern jazz.

Joy, Eroticism. Part of the appeal is extraordinary range of sounds that be coaxed out of the awkward- ing sitar, from deep guttural sighs piercing cries. Fashioned 700 years , the sitar has six or seven playing ings, 19 "sympathetic" resonating ings, so sensitive that they must be ned while being played, and two bous gourds at either end for sound tes. Shankar's sitar artistry has influ- ced such jazz innovators as Pianist ve Brubeck and Saxophonists John trane and Bud Shank. At the end of s U.S. tour, Shankar will begin a six- k course in Indian music at C.L.A.; local jazzmen are standing fine to enroll.

The basis of Indian music is a melodic m called a *raga*, a series of notes on hich the musician improvises. There e thousands of *ragas*, each conveying specific mood—joy, eroticism, lone- ess, etc. Says Saxophonist Shank: verybody says how free our music but in comparison with Indian mu- we are terrifically restricted. It's end- ss what a musician like Ravi can do."

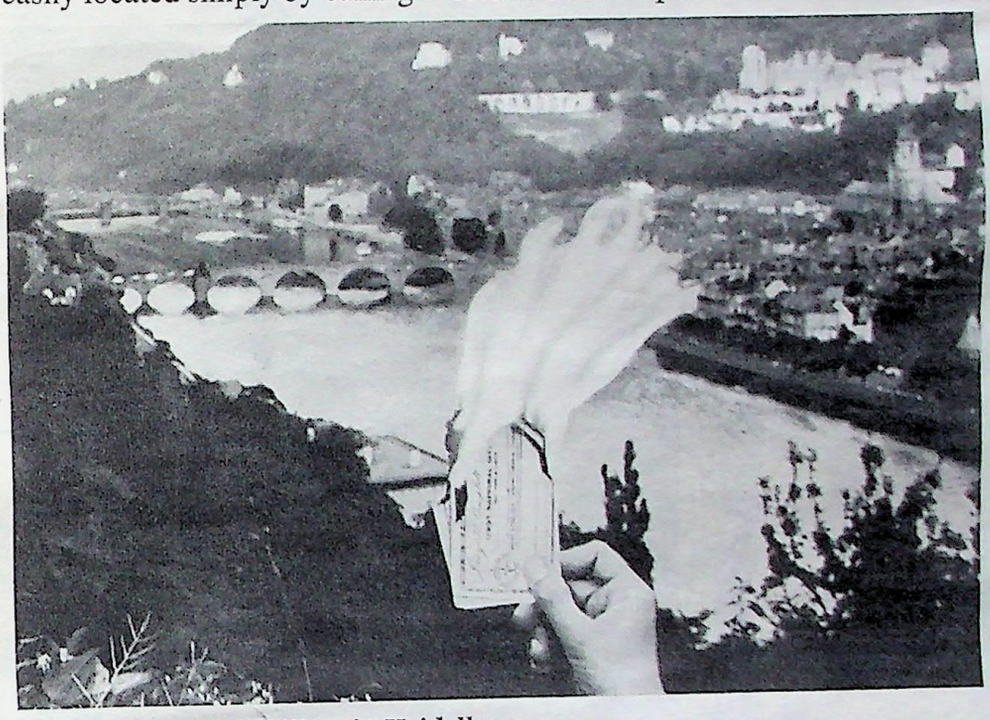
Transported. Shankar began as a ncer with the famed Indian troupe aded by his brother, Uday Shankar. t 18, he disposed of all his worldly ssessions and settled in a remote vil- ge to study the devilishly difficult sitar ith a guru. He practiced slavishly 14 urs a day for seven years before he lt ready to perform professionally.

Shankar finds the concert circuit a bit strating because of the restrictions of me. The real joy of improvising on a *raga*, which he says is a form of yoga, s to play as long as the spirit moves him. This can mean hours, even days. Though he consciously holds himself in check while on tour, at a concert in Manhattan three years ago he became "completely transported" and plucked away until 4 a.m. "The audience stayed right with me," he says proudly.

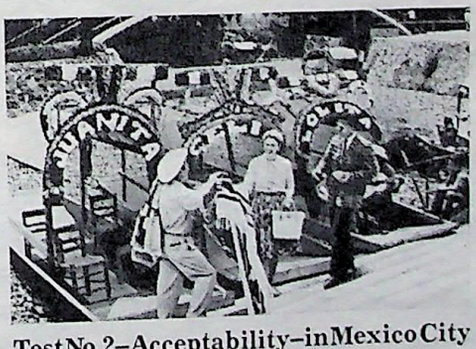
These 3 tests prove First National City Travelers Checks are "Better Than Money"®

National City Travelers Checks are the best way to carry money. Actual tests, shown below, demonstrate three specific reasons: *ready availability ...immediate acceptability...on-the-spot refundability*. In case of loss, there are thousands of refund points throughout the world...leading hotels can direct you to the nearest one.

In the United States, no Travelers Check is more spendable, more readily available than these famous checks backed by First National City Bank. And, in case of loss, there are many thousands of U.S. refund points... easily located simply by calling Western Union Operator 25.

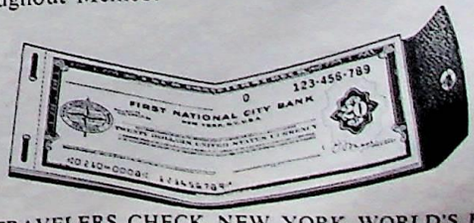


Test No. 1—Refundability—in Heidelberg
Businessman George W. Campbell of Casper, Wyoming made this test by actually burning $1200 worth of National City Travelers Checks. He was directed by his hotel to a nearby Heidelberg bank where a full refund was promptly arranged. No red tape at all.



Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Mexico City
Pay for a guided tour? Buy a colorful serape? No trouble for the Richard M. Sibleys, of Connecticut, who used National City Travelers Checks throughout Mexico.

Test No. 3—Availability—in Montreal
Dorsett Walsh, of Montreal, buys National City Travelers Checks at The Mercantile Bank of Canada. It's quick and easy at banks everywhere.



OFFICIAL TRAVELERS CHECK NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1964-65
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EXHIBITIONS

Carnegie's 43rd

For those who had the time and the air fare to taste and compare, 1964 has already proved a vintage year for big art festivals. By coincidence, three famous periodic exhibitions fell in the same year that London's Tate Gallery put on its bold survey of a decade of invention. That exhibition introduced a host of young Londoners. Venice's 32nd brassy Biennale gave official acclaim to U.S. pop. Germany's didactic Dokumenta III then launched op. The 43rd Pittsburgh International, better known as the Carnegie, fails to find any new avant-garde, but makes up for this lack with a rich platter of hearty helpings: 401 paintings and sculptures.

The art, selected from 35 nations, is a catholic spread of styles, quite untainted by politics. The reason for the wide variety is that Carnegie Institute's diligent new director, Gustave von Groschwitz, 58, picked the whole shebang by himself. "Von," former curator of prints at the Cincinnati Art Museum, spent the better part of two years routing out his choices.

"I tried to work for a balance," says Von Groschwitz. His rough rule was to give a third of the show to Americans and the rest to foreigners. The result shows how abstraction still rides high everywhere except in the U.S., where the strongest entries belong to the schools of pop realism and California figuratives. But balance does not suffice to explain the small numbers of young British artists and optical painters at the exhibition, especially in the face of bulky crops of Spanish, Italian and German artists.

Von Groschwitz introduces 99 foreign artists and 54 U.S. artists to the Carnegie. None of the newcomers won prizes, although, of course, a jury went through the dismal ritual of choosing and awarding. The jury, composed of former Baltimore Museum Director Adelyn Breeskin, Abstractionist Hans Hartung, and British Picasso Expert Roland Penrose, gave $2,000 apiece to six unadventurous choices. France's abstractionist Pierre Soulages, 45, won with an unevocative work titled *24 November '63*. Spain's slashing Antonio Saura, 34, scored with an *Imaginary Portrait of Goya*. Hard edge got the nod as the jury's candidate for successor to abstract expressionism. The U.S.'s Ellsworth Kelly, 41, and Britain's Victor Pasmore, 56, won prizes with undistinguished glops of color. Sculpture prizes went to Jean Arp, 77, and Eduardo Chillida, 40.

Certainly most of the artists on display in Pittsburgh will be remembered longer than, say, Gaston La Touche, a 1907 winner, or 1947's Zoltan Sepeshy. But it is disconcerting to recall that in its time the Carnegie managed to omit from its internationals work by Cézanne, Modigliani, Demuth, Gauguin, Henri Rousseau, Mondrian, Juan Gris and Toulouse-Lautrec.

VIC KELLEY

OPENING OF THE PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL
A catholic spread of hearty helpings.

PAINTING

Canopy of Color

Marc Chagall enjoys defying gra... In his painting, cows jump over ... lovers float like lost balloons, ro... and angels hover like Technicolor ... stellations on the dome of a pain... planetarium. This kind of levitation ... been stunning in dozens of pain... and murals but never more ... than in his new ceiling for the P... Opéra (*see opposite page*).

That a modern artist should deco... such a 19th century shrine ... many traditionalists. To them, the ... ubs and rosy clouds of Jules-E... Lenepveu's academic fresco we... fectly at home in the Second E... opera house. But one Frenchman ... agreed—and he happened to be M... ter of Culture André Malraux.

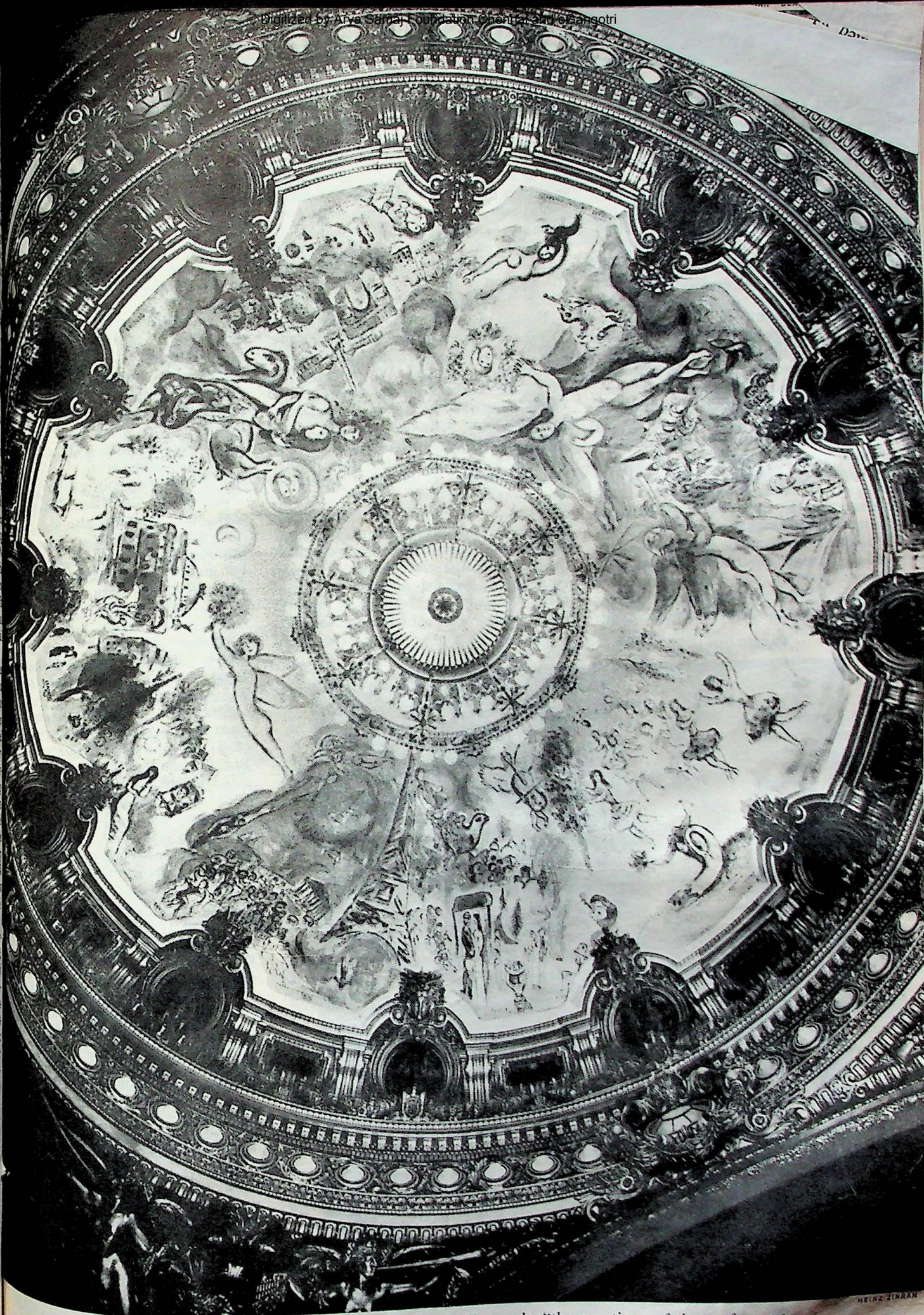
Canvas on Polyester. In Malra... opinion, the original mistake was ... the old ceiling had not been painted ... a Delacroix, Renoir, Manet, Monet, ... don or Pissarro. Since none of th... are alive, he redecorated his own ... Neither he nor the Department of ... tional Monuments, however, quite ... the nerve to destroy Painter Lenepv... original ceiling. It remains a few inc... above Chagall's ceiling, which is ma... of polyester gores slung like taut s... within the giant gilt rotunda.

"I don't consider Malraux a minis... but a visionary," said Chagall. O... commissioned, he began with pa... sketches the size of dinner plates, th... larger cartoons, which he transfer... onto canvas at the Gobelin tapes... studios. To cover the 2,153-sq.-ft. c... cle, he used 440 lbs. of paint and ... plied every bit by his own hand. The ca... vas was glued to the polyester pan... and lifted into place. Chagall, who ... 77, touched up the joints, sweating ... a 70-ft. scaffold. The whole job to... him a year—and the Russian-born art... gave the masterpiece to France in gra... tude for his life of artistry there.

Music Tent. Chagall kept flower ar... rangements near him while he worked ... and his design soon took on the shape o... petals, which blossomed into a dream... like homage to opera and ballet. His ... favorite composer, Mozart, occupies ... half of the big blue gore with angel... nudes and a bird playing *The Magic ... Flute*; Chagallic vignettes of Mussorg... sky's *Boris Godunov* fill the rest of the ... blue space. On around the circle, clock... wise, yellow-bedecked dancers pirouette ... to Adam's *Giselle* and Tchaikovsky's ... *Swan Lake*. Ballet is further honored ... in the red petal, with Stravinsky's *Firebird* and Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe* ... depicted near, of all things, the Eiffel ... Tower. Next, Debussy's *Pelléas and ... Mélisande* swoon under a yellow angel. ... Two more pairs of lovers, Berlioz' *Romeo and Juliet* and Wagner's *Tristan ... and Isolde*, coo near the Arc de Tri... omphe. With all its harmonic colors and ... winged grace, Chagall's soaring canopy ... is a lofty challenge to music.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



MARC CHAGALL'S new ceiling for gilt-encrusted Paris Opéra lovingly evokes, in his words, "the creations of the performers and composers in a bouquet of dreams."

CC-0. In Public Domain.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE CITY

Under the Knife, or *All* For Their Own Good

(See Cover)

The status symbol among U.S. cities these days is the bombed-out look. Every self-respecting city seems to want to be hideous with rubble and raw earth, crawling with helmeted workers, snorting earthmovers and angular cranes. These are the signs and portents of the biggest civic building boom the U.S.—or any other country—has known. It goes by the name of urban renewal, but it might also be called emergency surgery. The metaphor is thoroughly consistent. Considerable pain is involved, and sometimes shock. There is inevitable destruction of healthy tissue, the operation is sometimes a failure, and the patient is really sick or he wouldn't be there in the first place.

Death at the Heart. Professional critics such as Lewis Mumford have long warned that the U.S. city in general had something more than a slight case of congestion and aching joints. But most people thought of the problem only in terms of slum clearance and better housing for the poor—a worthy but not exhilarating objective. Only gradually did it become clear that the sickness of the cities was a kind of heart disease; they have been dying at the center, where the great stores and great buildings and great enterprises are supposed to be. The suburban sprawl, in leeching the center city's lifeblood, was imperiling the whole urban organism. Suddenly everybody—bankers, businessmen, politicians, newspapers and civic associations of all shapes and sizes—found themselves united in a new concern for the city in a mustering of community forces unparalleled in recent times.

Boston, for instance, has laid waste to 60 slum acres in the center of town and is erecting there a $200 million Government center; Washington has turned a 560-acre jungle south of the Capitol into a paradise of gracious living; New York City has so much private building that the streets are all but impassable, and with the help of Government funds, has rehoused a population that, taken together, would make the 28th largest city in the U.S. Chicago has 27 redevelopment and four conservation projects that in five years will have transformed 514 city blocks; even Los Angeles, a laggard among the U.S.'s major cities, has 17 projects on 917 acres under way. St. Louis has miles of riverfront teeming with bulld... and unfinished dreams; San Fra... is ripping and riveting at the ra... about $1,000 a minute; Cleve... trying to turn itself completely ar... to re-embrace the waters of Lake ... (*see color pages*).

The process involves a delicate ... of drawing board and bulldozer, ... and ballot box, bludgeon and cr... ball. Technically, every time an e... prising builder tears down an old ... ing and replaces it with a new o... is urban renewal. But only in re... years has the process been conc... in terms of an overall plan to re... the city.

Trigger for the whole thing w... Housing Act of 1949, which a... the Federal Government to pa... for at least two-thirds of the dif... between the cost of acquiring and ... ing a blighted area, and the price ... land brought when sold to a p... developer. The act's chief aim w... clear slums, but it was quickly re... that slums were not all the city ha... worry about. In successive broa... acts and amendments, the legisl... has been expanded to finance the ... development of the heart of the ... by authorizing clearance of land ... "nonresidential" reuse, and settin... other funds for the rehabilitation ... conservation of old houses and ... borhoods. Altogether there are ... 1,634 federally assisted urban re... projects going on and being studi... 777 U.S. cities.

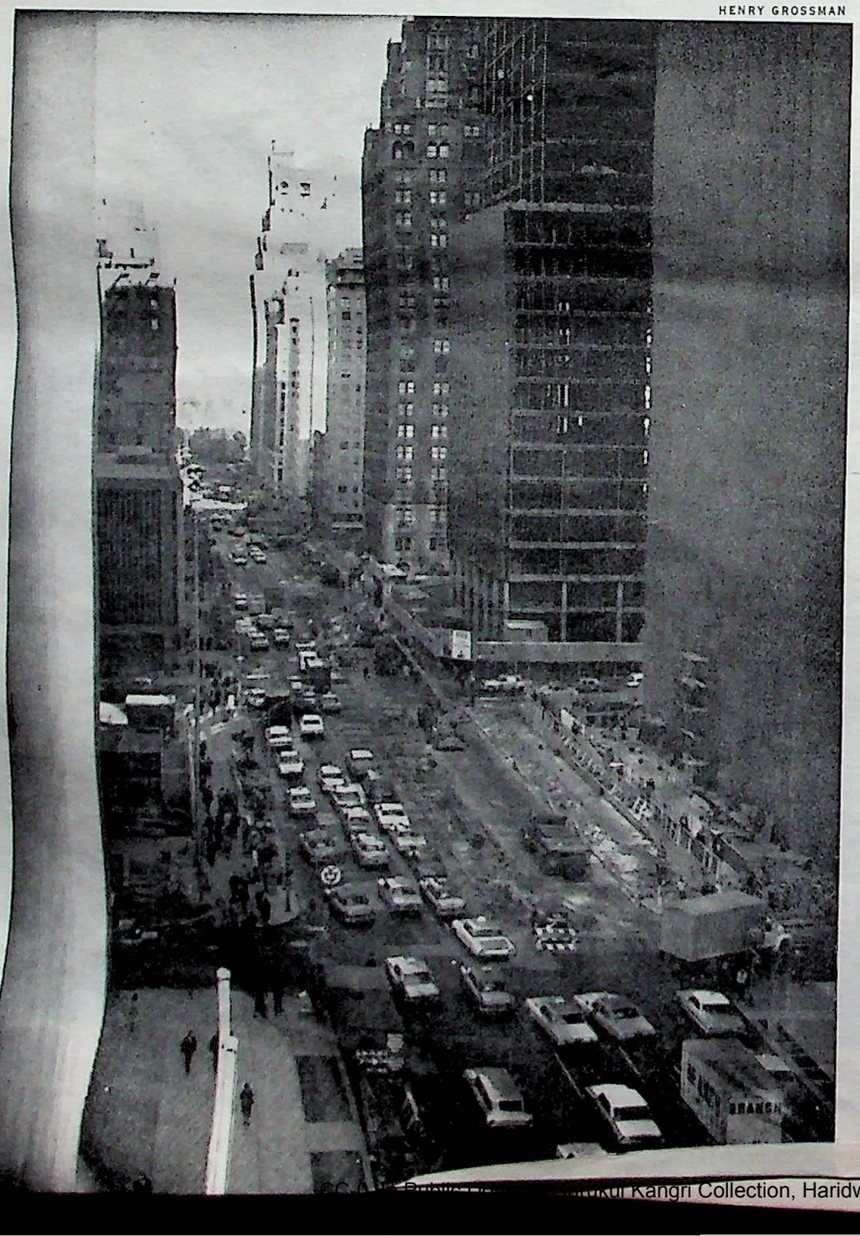
Since the program's inception ... Federal Government has spent a ... of $1.02 billion as of December ... But this outlay is more than com... sated for by the private building ... generated. Last week Urban Re... Commissioner William L. Slayton ... ported proudly that, excluding the ... of land, approximately $6.90 of ... velopment investment is made for ... $1 of federal grants.

Tearing Down, Digging Up. Of ... the cities under the planner's k... none has been so deeply and com... ously committed to renewing itself ... the city where the Declaration of ... dependence was signed: Philade... For twelve years, the nation's fo... largest city has been tearing down ... digging up, burrowing, building, re... ing, condemning, relocating, and spe... ing what will amount to more than ... billion in private, city, state and fed... funds to carry out the most thor... fully planned, thoroughly rounded, ... fully coordinated of all the big-... programs in the U.S.

In central Philadelphia this week ... workmen were finishing two towe... modern office buildings that will s... stantially complete one of the nat... biggest chunks of center-city re... struction in 30 years—a $120 m... complex of transit and bus termi... hotels, shops, restaurants, offices, ... derground concourses, sunken gar... and pedestrian malls called Penn C...

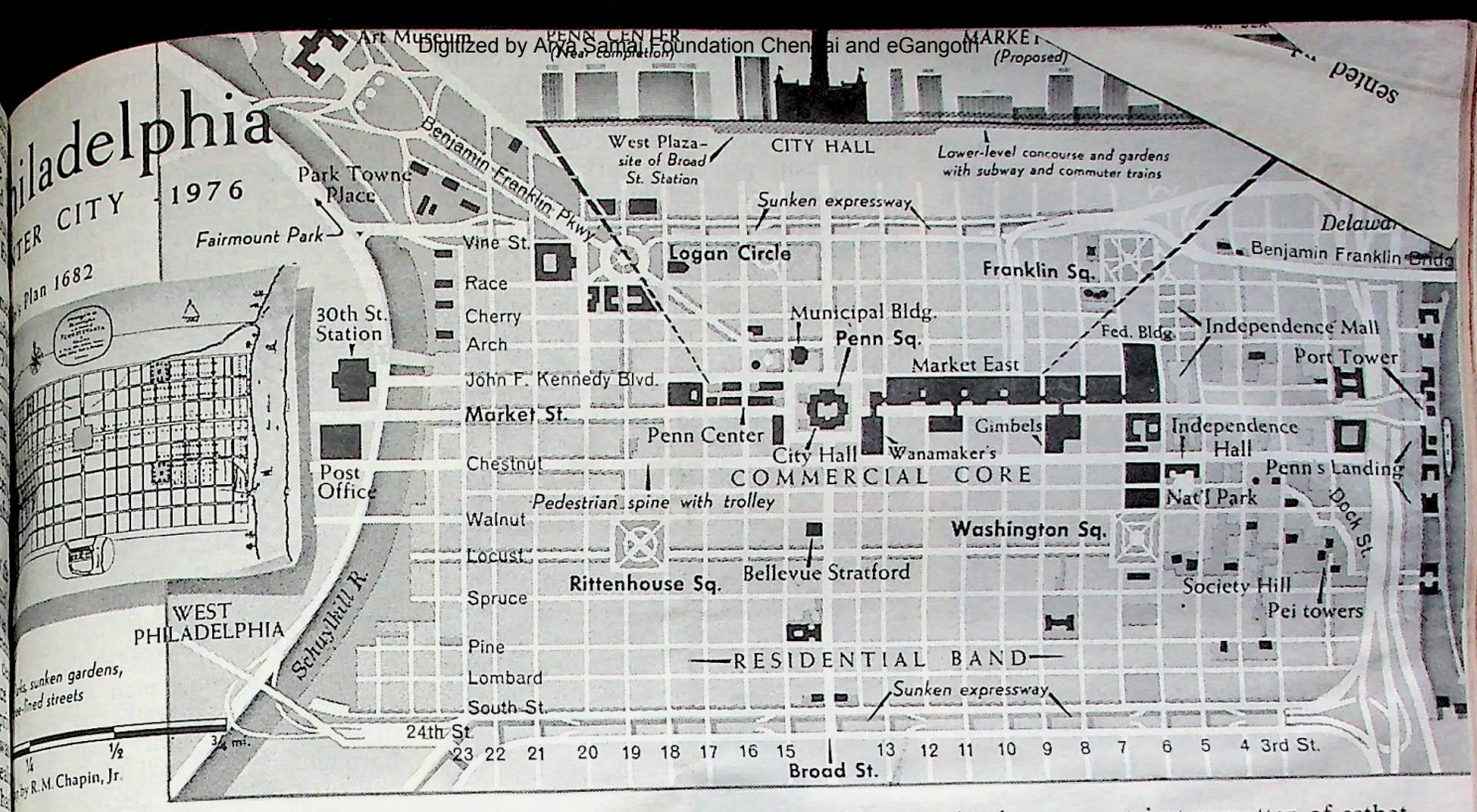
BOMBED-OUT LOOK AND SOARING SKYSCRAPERS IN MANHATTAN

HENRY GROSSMAN



CC-0. Panini... Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Near by an underground garage was ing shape in a block-square crater, a stone's throw down Benjamin nklin Parkway a crane was hoisting rble panels onto the top floors of a w circular apartment building.

Just over a mile away, at the edge of e oldest part of town, a power shovel wed out a hole for a swimming pool side the most elegant recent addition Philadelphia's skyline, the three So- ty Hill apartment towers by Archi- t I. M. Pei. Around them, through at was a disheveled market area e years ago, stretch the broad lawns a five-acre plaza, and in this historic ighborhood, remodelers were busy storing to their original elegance doz- s of 18th century row houses that d most recently been seedy boarding- uses. To the southwest, work began a new shopping center at Eastwick, 2,508-acre city-within-a-city that is ing in what was recently a wasteland marshes, junkyards, trailer camps d crumbling shacks.

The list could go on, through some federally aided urban renewal proj- s that Philadelphia has completed or s in the works, plus 21 others that d not involve direct federal cash.

Cutting Teeth. One man coordinates, dvises and stimulates all this activity— d the array of civic groups, politi- ans, architects, builders and real es- te men necessary to keep it going. dmund Norwood Bacon, 54, is a tall 6 ft. 2 in.), thin (160 lbs.) Philadel- hian with sharp blue eyes and an in- ensely intellectual air that hardly seems he right equipment for moving and haking a major city. But his total dedi- ation to his special art and to his native own—plus an impressive gift of gab— s changing the look and feel of the own that was once the butt of comedi- ans as the sleepiest city of them all.

Bacon's concern for cities in general and Philadelphia in particular began early. His senior thesis, as an architectural student at Cornell in 1932, was on "Plans for a Philadelphia Center City." After graduation, he used a $1,000 legacy to bicycle through Europe, walk through Greece and sail up the Nile. He got his architectural start working as a designer under Architect Henry Killam Murphy in Shanghai. "It's a good idea to cut your teeth where the product won't be around to haunt you later," says Bacon. Back in the U.S. after a year, he wrote to the late great architect and city planner, Eliel Saarinen, asking for a fellowship at Saarinen's Cranbrook Academy of Art in Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

"Eliel Saarinen was my great master and teacher," says Bacon. "He emphasized design as the relationship of form and space; so the real design problem is the city. Saarinen taught us that harmony of form and mass doesn't stop at property lines but continues." The Bacon generation at Cranbrook included such notables of arts and architecture as Designer Charles Eames, Sculptor Harry Bertoia, Eliel's late son Eero, and Designer Florence Knoll.

"At Cranbrook in our time, everybody was talking about what a wonderful thing the suburbs were going to be—discussing civic centers, working, shopping and living centers—that sort of thing," recollects Eames. "It was all quite new, and we were full of hope for the pastures. We were all gliding out of town on the freeways. But Ed Bacon looked at the first seep of city rot and saw the real crisis."

After leaving Cranbrook in 1936, Bacon served for two years as a city planner in nearby Flint, then landed a job back in Philadelphia as managing director of the Philadelphia Housing Association. It was one of the earnest but powerless organizations that existed in many cities across the land before cities realized that their inner renewal and reshaping was not just a matter of esthetics but of vital budgetary economics.

By the 1950s, the city's businessmen recognized that Philadelphia was a city in a state of collapse, to use Bacon's phrase. Industries were beginning to move out, sales in the center city were declining, and stores were moving to the suburbs, or talking about it.

The businessmen did not wait for the Federal Government. They organized themselves into the Citizens Council on City Planning. Bacon and Architect Oscar Stonorov mounted an elaborate display of their notions for reconverting downtown Philadelphia in a complete-scale model with animated parts. The exhibit drew 385,000 people when put on display at a downtown department store. Bacon personally visited 13 public schools and encouraged schoolchildren to work up models of how they would like their local district to look. Result was a climate of enthusiasm for improvement and change that ranged through the whole community, from self-interested businessman to self-interested slum dweller. In 1949 Bacon was made executive director of the Philadelphia City Planning Commission.

Fallen Wall. But Bacon's breakthrough happened only by chance—or at least by the kind of chance that only total preparation makes into a real breakthrough. The 1952 election installed a new, reform-minded mayor, Democrat Joseph Clark, and a new city charter, in which the planning commission was given real authority. A few months later came an announcement from the Pennsylvania Railroad that it had at last decided to tear down the inner city's historic eyesore: the old Broad Street station and the mile-long stretch of elevated tracks behind it that had been known as "the Chinese Wall."

At the same luncheon when the railroad announced its decision, Bacon pre-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul K

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

what he called "a challenging proposal" for development of the entire area. "If you wait until someone else does a plan, you're licked," says Bacon. "We always have a proposal ready." The plan, worked out with a young architect named Vincent Kling, called for a sunken garden concourse three blocks long, lined with shops, bridged by the cross streets and straddled by three 20-story office buildings.

In those less planning-conscious days, this scheme seemed like something out of Jules Verne—after all, the railroad owned the land, which was already zoned for profitable high-rise office buildings. But prestigious Robert W. Dowling of New York, successful developer of Pittsburgh's Gateway Center and Manhattan's Stuyvesant Town and Peter Cooper Village, came to the rescue. Called in by the railroad as a consultant, he approved the superblock with underground connections to the rail transit outlets—the Pennsylvania suburban station and a stop on the Market Street subway—and added the idea of a bus terminal at the west end of Penn Center to anchor it.

Respect for Dowling's business acumen carried the day. But Dowling felt the office buildings would have to cover 45% of the ground space to produce enough rent to make them pay, instead of the 30% envisioned by the Bacon-Kling plan. The extra 15% would not permit the office buildings to be oriented on a north-south axis across the sunken esplanade, and the concourse would have to be covered. "We were very crushed by this," says Bacon, "but instead of sulking, we tried to figure out how much we could salvage."

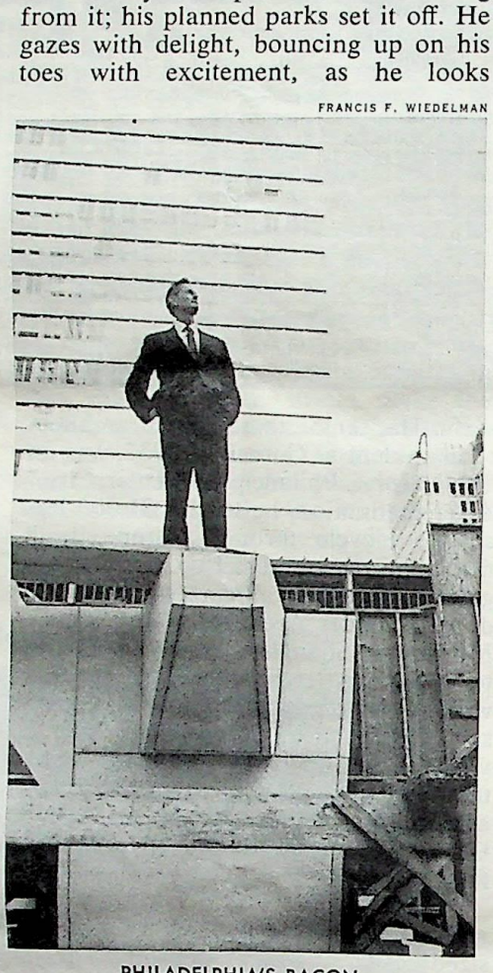
In the end, he managed to get a series of holes punched through to the underground. A skating rink fills one of them; a pleasant garden facing a subterranean restaurant occupies another. The city is now filling a third with a landscaped garden next to the Penn Center subway station. Subway passengers will step out into a garden as their entrance into the central city.

The Idea. Penn Center was not everything Bacon had wanted it to be. But it was a great beginning, a source of what he calls—capitalizing the words as he says them—the Power of an Idea. A valid planning idea, he feels, has a life of its own. His hero is Pope Sixtus V (1585-90), who was inspired to erect an obelisk before three of Rome's churches of obligation for pilgrims and to connect them with roads. These obelisks established axes and "thrusts of space" that hundreds of years after Sixtus' death were still shaping the ideas and actions of Rome's architects and builders. Bernini constructed his marvelous colonnade around the one that Sixtus had planted outside St. Peter's.

Axis for the Old. Old Philadelphian Bacon starts with a vision and a memory. His memory is of William Penn's "greene countrie towne." It was laid out on a grid at the narrowest point between Philadelphia's two rivers (see map) and anchored by an axis crossing of the two central arteries, Market and Broad streets, where City Hall now stands. In each of the resultant quadrants Penn placed a park. Latter-day developers enhanced this basic plan with the dynamic diagonal Benjamin Franklin Parkway, leading from City Hall to the 4,076-acre Fairmount Park.

Bacon's vision cherishes the old and adapts it to the new. He particularly likes the baroque City Hall as the pivot of the city. His planned vistas swing from it; his planned parks set it off. He gazes with delight, bouncing up on his toes with excitement, as he looks

FRANCIS F. WIEDELMAN



PHILADELPHIA'S BACON
The Chinese Wall came down.

through a two-story-high window in Kling's new Municipal Services Building at City Hall and the complementary façade of the Masonic Temple.

His new plan keeps Penn's axis and provides new anchors. One anchor is the three Pei towers on Society Hill, which he thinks of as an equivalent of Pope Sixtus' obelisks. Another, still unbuilt, will be the Port Tower at the Delaware River. The tower will command the eye of any traveler down Market Street, and also provide the focus for a redevelopment area, which Bacon hopes will restore the waterfront to Philadelphians as a place to saunter, sun themselves, or just watch the bustle of a busy harbor.

Back to Feet. The inner city, he is convinced, as are most planners, must be restored to the pedestrian, and there are plans for parking garages at the center's edge. Unlike some city theorists, Bacon does not try to talk the automobile out of existence. "The automobile must be treated as an honored guest," says Bacon. But he does feel that the entrance to the city must be ... tive, and the vistas must be visu... citing, designed to lead the visitor ... the heart of the city. He cites the ex... sion of the spirit that any walker ... periences in Venice, emerging fro... crowded alleyways into the huge ... space of St. Mark's Square. It is ... shared experiences, says Bacon, ... give citizens a sense of belonging ... concern for their city. And wi... them, the city withers.

To bring Philadelphians back ... suburban shopping centers to the ... stores and little shops in the cen... town, Bacon is promoting a $2... lion plan for a gigantic terminal ... City Hall on Market Street, whi... unite the city's two suburban ra... in a single terminal, and also ... one of the basic goals of city plann... the separation of wheeled traffic ... pedestrian. Bacon's plan also inc... widening the sidewalks of Ches... Street, the city's other main sho... thoroughfare, and making a traffic... mall of it, with little electric trolle... carry shoppers.

Renewers of the city want not on... bring people back from the subur... shop, but back to town to live. P... delphia is now devoting 50% of it... newal outlay to residential work ... involving major demolition, and s... of Bacon's most interesting labor on... level is to be found in Society Hi... so-called after the Free Society of T... ers, which originally bought 20 ... acres there from William Penn, ra... than the *Social Register*. Society Hi... studded with 18th century houses ... historic landmarks, and Bacon ope... up vistas around them by chopping ... factories and dingy warehouses, thra... ing greenery through them and bui... new houses in harmony with the 1... century beauties.

Philadelphia's $593,000 yearly bu... get for its planning commission provi... Bacon with a $20,000 salary and ... staff of 65, including 14 architects, s... en engineers, three economists, thr... experts in social science or governme... a landscape architect and a mat... matics expert. Appropriately enou... Bacon lives in a four-story brick ro... house in mid-town, a 15-minute wa... from his office. His outside activiti... are not exactly wide-ranging. Dur... winter term he conducts an evening ... course (Historic Examples of Civic De... sign) at the University of Pennsylvania. ... Several nights a week he talks to loca... gatherings.

As a result of Bacon's highly artic... late proselytizing, Philadelphia's urb... renewers can count on a wide variet... of voluntary civic groups to pitch in ... on specific aspects of the multifarious ... job. Says Banker Gustave Amsterdam, ... chairman of the Redevelopment Au... thority: "It's fashionable in Philadel... phia to be interested in the city. I'm ... only one of dozens of men getting a ... great exposure to city problems. It's ... a delight to see them inspire one ... another."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

On the Table. Across the U.S., planners are carving up other U.S. cities, with varying degrees of success but invariably accompanied by cries of civic outrage (the cheers may come later). After all, you are operating on a live patient," says one planner. "And the longer you keep him on the operating table, the worse it is for him."

In Boston the patient almost died on the table. In 1960, when newly elected Mayor John F. Collins called Edward Logue to be the head of Boston's redevelopment, the city was clearly in a bad way. Its symptoms included: 1) a central business district tottering toward skid row, where 14,000 jobs and $4 million of taxable assessment had evaporated in a decade; 2) a moribund waterfront; and 3) two fumbling attempts at renewal by Collins' predecessors that had turned out to be unmitigated disasters.

One disaster was the bulldozing of a 60-block, 41-acre low-rent neighborhood to put up a tasteless cluster of high-rent apartment houses. The other was the John F. Fitzgerald Expressway built by the state. This concrete hombre to the automobile effectively screened the city from its historic waterfront, as though the sight of running water were something obscene.

Logue, who began life as a lawyer, made his mark in urban renewal by running New Haven's topnotch, $200 million program for Mayor Richard Lee. He is an expert at using the inside outs of the Federal Housing Act to finance a big program with a little cash. The public cost of the projects he now has in the works will come to about $180 million, of which the Federal Government will put up about $120 million and the state of Massachusetts about $30 million. Boston's share is the other $30 million, and the city is getting a considerable run for its money. Items:

▶ A multimillion-dollar Government Center to replace the flophouses, burlesque theaters, bordellos and tattoo parlors of the Scollay Square area with a complex of handsome federal, state, city and private office buildings.

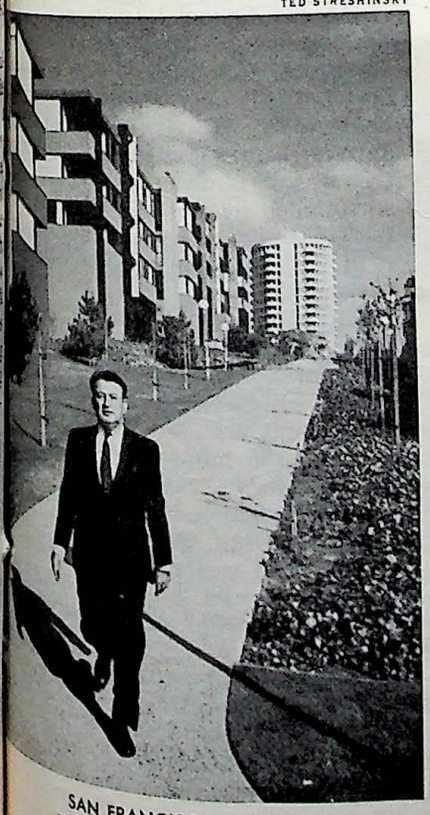
▶ The rehabilitation of many of the century-old granite buildings on the waterfront, converting them into handsome apartments which command a superb harbor view.

Like most planners, Logue blames many of the city's woes on the automobile—aided and abetted by federal construction of highways and superhighways that encouraged people to move out of town. But he feels that automotive overcrowding at shopping centers, commuter stations and the approaches to town will bring them back to their own two feet and the city again, if the planners play their cards right. "They'll never solve the traffic jams," opines Logue. "What we lack in open space, we will make up in convenience."

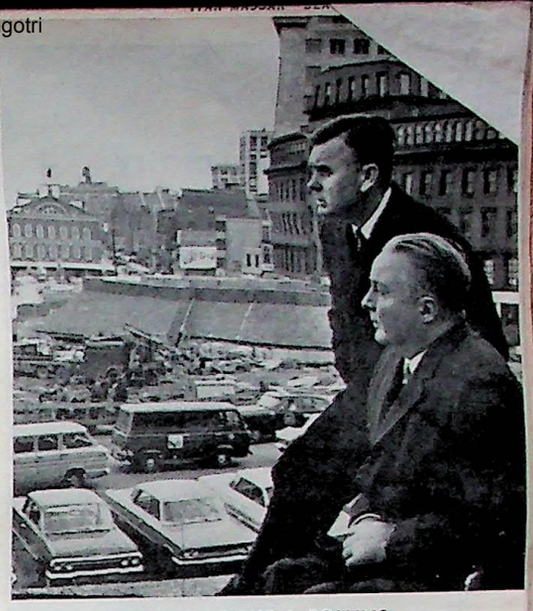
Two Stories High. The third of the three top urban renewal men in the U.S. is San Francisco's pragmatic, perceptive and somewhat excitable M. Justin Herman. San Franciscans were shocked into action by the state-built Embarcadero Freeway, which they discovered was barreling along the edge of town, cutting off the view of their cherished waterfront. The resultant outcry halted the expressway (which now leads to nothing in particular), and incidentally aroused the city's leaders into more organized and enlightened planning. Herman presides over 991 acres of new projects that total $655 million in private investment, $81,720,400 in federal grants, $79,996,000 in noncash grants-in-aid and tax credits from the city.

Herman's most sweeping project is the "Western Addition" just west of the downtown business district, where a Negro slum, eleven by four blocks, is being leveled and replaced by apartment houses, office buildings, a hospital, a medical building, garages, a Japanese Cultural and Trade Center and a Roman Catholic cathedral, and a 299-unit, successfully integrated cooperative. But more conspicuous is the Golden Gateway project at the foot of Telegraph Hill. On the site of the fragrant old Central Market, which was moved, like Philadelphia's, to more efficient, truck-oriented quarters far from the center of town, three high-rise apartment houses have gone up with a cluster of little blue-roofed town houses in between. Both the houses and the apartment buildings rise from a platform two stories high; the covered area underneath will be used for parking, and will also serve as a pedestrian *galleria* of shops. San Francisco also has its own conservation program for neighborhoods of old houses that are going downhill, though not yet seriously substandard. In the first of these, the Pacific Heights area, almost all of 146 blight-touched buildings are now completely restored.

TED STRESHINSKY



SAN FRANCISCO'S HERMAN
The cutoff raised an outcry.



BOSTON'S LOGUE & COLLINS
The patient nearly died.

Mid-Century Urbanity. Spending the taxpayers' money is a heady pastime, and no town is too small to hanker after a bit of sprucing up when the price is as right as the URA makes it. Cape May City, N.J., for instance, has applied for funds to restore the old Victorian mansions that were built in the 19th century when the place was a stylish summer resort. Portsmouth, N.H., has a grant to restore the town's colonial atmosphere. But certain cities can be taken as exemplary.

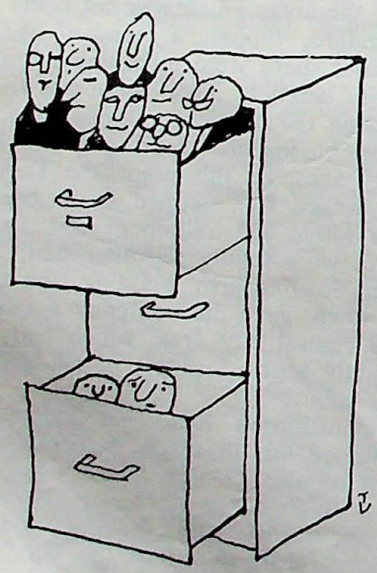
• HARTFORD has recently completed what may well be, in a relatively small compass, the most successful redevelopment of a central city area. Constitution Plaza is a complex of five office buildings and a hotel surrounding a pedestrian terrace — an arrangement that produces a pleasantly cloistered effect. But it almost did not come off. There was considerable opposition to reclaiming the area, which was not really substandard, though a number of flophouses there were attracting more and more derelicts. Then there was trouble raising the money to develop the land after buying and clearing it with URA assistance. At this point, the Travelers Insurance Co. stepped in to bankroll the whole $35 million needed. Its motives were solidly self-interested; Travelers' own nearby building, the tallest in town, gave the company a stake in the central city area, which had been rapidly losing business of all kinds to the suburbs.

Constitution Plaza has successfully reversed this desertion. Hartford's biggest retailer, G. Fox, added a $12 million annex to its store just across the street, and Korvette's decided to occupy a long-vacant store near by. The Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co., which had been planning to move to the suburb of West Hartford, changed its mind and built a graceful, green-glass ship of a building, connected to the plaza by a bridge, that is the handsomest

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

How many TIME International readers in business hold executive or managerial positions?



8 out of 10.

structure of them all. The completed project is a dramatic demonstration of one of the important corollaries of urban renewal; if a central area is rehabilitated, it upgrades the areas around it, and inspires new building by hard-headed businessmen.

• ST. LOUIS, like many of the U.S.'s older cities, was a port centered on the waterfront, and in the day of the truck, bus and automobile has found its waterfront fallen into slums. Today, along the Mississippi riverfront, Eero Saarinen's graceful Gateway Arch is rising—the focal point of two other projects. One is an $89 million complex with a 55,000 capacity stadium by Architect Edward D. Stone, plus a motel, restaurant, bowling alley and offices with garage space for 7,400 cars. The other project along the northern edge of the arch area is a private development called Mansion House after a famed St. Louis inn where Lafayette was entertained (it later became a bordello). Mansion House will consist of three 28-story apartment houses, between which will nestle three low-rise commercial buildings, an interdenominational chapel, and a 500-room motel. And farther to the west, the old slum of Mill Creek Valley is being transformed into a master-planned subcity of offices, factories, stores, hotels, apartments and houses, at a cost of some $200 million in private investment, $23 million in federal funds, and $11.4 million in municipal money.

• CLEVELAND, another city with a waterfront, had let its Lake Erie shoreline disintegrate into 30 squalid blocks of cheap hotels, dingy bars, pawnshops and shabby rooming houses. In a plan developed by I. M. Pei, the area will become 163 acres designed for lakeside living and working, of which the first 96 acres have already begun to take shape with the completion of the $29.5 million Erieview Plaza building and its reflecting pool, convertible to an ice-skating rink in winter. By the end of 1966, there will also be more than $150 million worth of office and luxury apartment buildings in Erieview One, as the area is called, with a tax valuation up to $100 million from a pre-renewal $11 million.

• BALTIMORE has made good use of one of the key principles of urban renewal: the advisability of concentrating at the beginning on a single project in order to stimulate the interest and enthusiasm that can only come when there is something tangible in evidence. The idea came from Architect-Planner David A. Wallace, who worked for Bacon for 4½ years in Philadelphia. His first proposal after Baltimore hired him in 1957 was a new plan for Charles Center, a unified grouping of office buildings, a 1,500-seat theater and a hotel, to be located between the financial and shopping districts. No fewer than 355 businesses had to relocate or close—some of them hardship cases, like the brand-new $1,400,000 parking garage, and the store that had just spent a millio[n] lars on redecoration. But Wallace was voted unanimously, and though it is still about five years completion, its presence has brou[ght] new atmosphere of optimism [in] business community.

Baltimore has also worked a miracle of rehabilitation in a district, 32 blocks of 2,000 dila[pi]houses known as Harlem Park cleaning out old shacks and wh[ere] once servants' quarters, the ci[ty] each block the choice of wh[ere] wanted to use the liberated spa[ce] playground for children or as a stamp park for adults. Hous[es] were given expert advice and floating loans and making repa[irs] improvements. The result has be[en] matic. "Harlem Park is no G[he]town," says Richard L. Steiner [of] of the Baltimore Renewal and H[ou]Agency. "Generally speaking, the still poor people. But there is a change. In the past it was an area person to get out of, if he could it. Now it's a place to stay in."

The Beautiful Cities. The urb[an] newal operation, always painful a[nd] always a success, requires a solid sensus of civic opinion and ener[gy] Buffalo, for instance, a $15 milli[on] newal program has been stalled tracks for a year and a half while iticians bicker over which deve[l]should get the job. But most renew still slum clearance, and slum clea[r] has critics aplenty. The far ri[ght] right naturally attacks it as a new of Communist takeover. The le[ft] tacks it as displacement of the "Urban renewal," the slogan goes Negro removal."

On the financial level, critics the bulldozer has been overw[rit] They note that Pei's towers on Sc[ott] Hill are still only 21% rented. In Francisco's Western Addition, apartments are still tottering along the reason is clear enough. They surrounded by slums, and tenants tate to settle in a depressed area send their children to a school th[at] 95% Negro.

Last Chance. But a start has made somewhere—it all takes time. new development in a slum area only slowly inspire reconstruction of other slums around it. And it has 30 years or more for instance, Philadelphia's upper- and middle-families considered living in the of town. Until Bacon started its newal, there was precious little why they should. But Bacon and U.S. planners are, and properly sh[ould] be, thinking in terms of the long to make the city attractive and stim[u]lating again—creating new neighb[or]hoods, bringing old ones back to seeding the streets with sudden opening up unexpected views, and ing men room to work and stroll play and talk. To rediscover, in the pleasures of urbanity.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Showman in Knee Britches

Ben Franklin in Paris is a title in search of a show. This Ben (Robert Preston) is no American Renaissance man but a Broadway showman in knee breeches who treats his inventions—the Franklin stove, the lightning rod, the rocking chair—as enticing props to con the rubes of Louis XVI's court. The scene is ostensibly Versailles, but the real milieu is the chandelier-lit ballroom of half a hundred interchangeable musicals in which girls in flowing period gowns go swirling into musical-comedy oblivion.

In a show as synthetic as *Ben Franklin in Paris*, it scarcely matters whether the history is true or false. Librettist Sidney Michaels credits Franklin's successful pursuit of French funds and official recognition to a species of boudoir statesmanship. Despite his celebrated gynecophilia, rare Ben is, after all, 70 years old in 1776, and his torpid romancing of Louis XVI's mistress (Ulla Sallert) has to consist mostly of gallant leers and one balloon ascension.

Attacking English with a French accent, Swedish Actress Sallert is a lip reader's delight; baffled playgoers may feel that she is singing in tongues. As it happens, missing the show's lines is a fringe benefit, unless one relishes lame quips ("For someone who was a postmaster-general of North America, you should have written"), exclamatory archaisms ("By thunder, I know the wench!") or arch witticism ("I invented bifocals because I thought a man should be able to see the girl in his arms at once and the same time as her husband coming in at the far door").

The book gets no lift from Mark Sandrich Jr.'s music-to-yawn-by, and Director-Choreographer Michael Kidd unleashes his dancers only once for some sword and gun play. No one could coax a poor performance out of Robert Preston, but his hard-sell charm, snap and gusto create the curious impression of a history-book minstrel man in whiteface. Still, he could save the show if there was one to save.

FRIEDMAN-ABELES

PRESTON & SALLERT IN "PARIS"
Guff from a gynecophile.

Love in the Mind's Eye

A Severed Head, by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley, plays a game of musical beds with three men and three women, but it is not about sex. It is a witty, ironic, urbane, satiric, unsettling, elusive, philosophical comedy about the nature of reality.

A British wine merchant, Martin Lynch-Gibbon, comes home from his mistress, Georgie, one late afternoon to be told by his wife that she wants a divorce. Antonia knows nothing of Georgie, but she has fallen in love with her American psychoanalyst, Palmer Anderson. Far from abandoning Martin, Antonia and Palmer demand his love, and they are quite shattered to learn of his mistress. One of the more richly comic scenes in the play is that of Martin apologizing to Antonia and Palmer for Georgie.

In short order, Martin develops a tingling interest in Palmer's half sister Honor Klein, an eerie anthropologist given to such parlor tricks as decapitating a kabuki doll with one swish of a samurai sword. Even more unnervingly, she turns out to be sleeping with her half brother. By this time, Georgie has taken up with Martin's brother, a sculptor. The final curtain finds Palmer with Georgie, Antonia with the sculptor, and Martin with Honor Klein.

As sheer bed-living room farce, *A Severed Head* is manipulated cleverly and performed with skill. Heather Chasen as Antonia cat-licks laughs off her lines, and Paul Eddington as the pietistic psychoanalyst arcs his body in gestures of helpfulness, as if he were physically proffering mental health. As the anthropologist, Sheila Burrell looks like a shrunken head that has been restored to life-size, and Robin Bailey's Martin, while a trifle actorish, is very much the passive modern vacuum-hero into whose life trouble rushes.

But the surface of this play is its shadow, and its substance is shadowed in moral and mythical ambiguity.

Miss Murdoch, from whose novel *A Severed Head* is adapted, does not moralize. The point of her characters' behavior is its pointlessness. The only place sleeping around gets them is into bed. Breaking all the rules merely traps them in the bondage of incessant repetition. This is inherent in their own natures. Martin, for example, is submissive to his wife, who is an older woman, a child-to-parent relationship, and protective to his mistress, who is about 20 years younger, a father-to-daughter relationship. At play's end he is repeating his submissive role to an even more aggressive personality, Honor Klein.

BAILEY, CHASEN & EDDINGTON IN "HEAD"
Swish from a samurai sword.

On the mythic level, the play is more opaque. Two characters seem more like gods than people, gods of the modern mind. Palmer, the psychoanalyst, is the contemporary god of reason, restoring order amid emotional chaos. Honor Klein, the anthropologist, is the primordial goddess of instinct, violence, and what D. H. Lawrence called "the blood consciousness." These occult beings appear in rooms whose doors have not been opened, but a more tangible proof of godhood is their incestuous relationship, which sets them apart from the others and constitutes normal behavior only among gods. By making Honor the more powerful of the two, Miss Murdoch seems to attest the primacy of blood over brain. As for the symbolism of the severed head, it may signify the neurotic tyranny of intellect over instinct, or it may denote the divorce of mind and body that has split modern man's psyche.

A Severed Head is a complex entertainment of a sort that Broadway is seldom lucky enough to get. If it fails to find an audience, it will be a judgment on New York theatergoers and not on a most sophisticated play.

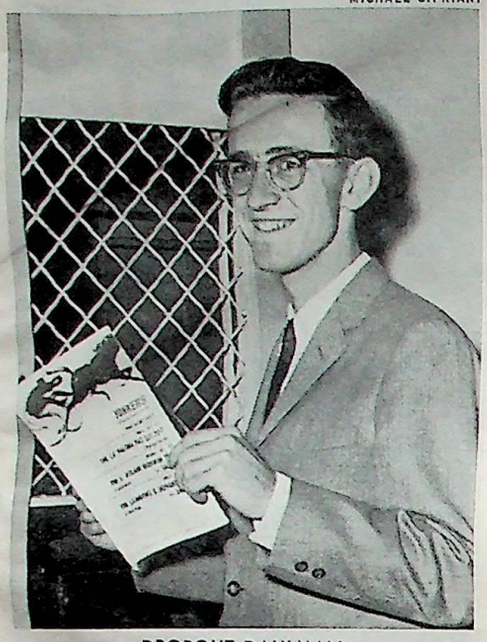
Down from Mediocrity

The Changeling by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley. The Lincoln Center Repertory Theater is working its way from mediocrity to absurdity. This season's starter is an Elizabethan plotboiler full of sex, gore and lunacy. As Beatrice, a noblewoman of Spain, Barbara Loden is not on speaking terms with her lines, and the rest of the cast is unspeakable, except for Barry Primus, who plays Beatrice's low-born hatchetman and seducer. The message of the evening seems to be that a girl may love the man she loathes. It does not hold for a playgoer.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MICHAEL CIPRIANI



DROPOUT DAHLMAN
A scholarly knack at the track.

STUDENTS

Success on the Oval Campus

Ernest Dahlman Jr. has rare scholarly attributes: a tenacious memory, a sense of judgment, a knack for making fast decisions, a willingness to study hard, and a near-perfect attendance record. So Dahlman, 21, dropped out of New York City's Wagner College this fall and began to devote full time to the pari-mutuel teaching machines on the oval campus of Yonkers Raceway. His discriminating bets on the trotters soon put him $15,000 ahead, surely enough to make him an honor student among dropouts. Then, fortnight ago, he broke the record at Yonkers U., picking twin-double winners two nights in succession and walking off with $176,482.20 in prize money (half the lifetime earnings of the average college graduate).

Dahlman, a former economics major, at once got a lesson in Government tax policies, which will leave him with only about $42,000. But at the same time, he has neatly solved the commonest problem of the dropout: unemployment. Last week he became a professional twin-double handicapper for the New York Post. Dahlman picked one set of winners (out of four races) on his first day, which among the more scholarly students of racing psychology earns him a very respectable B.

COLLEGES

Claremont's Sixth

"She's a big, tall, strong blonde," a Pitzer College admissions officer scrawled enthusiastically, in summing up the qualifications of a bright and idealistic student applicant. Personal evaluations count heavily at California's intensely informal Pitzer, where the teachers lecture in shirtsleeves, barefoot girls pad into class carrying Cokes, and the janitor speaks his mind at faculty-student meetings so tumultuously democratic, says President John W. Atherton, "that the only way I can restrain myself from yelling is to walk out with great dignity."

Destruction of Innocence. Endowed by Orange Grower Russell K. Pitzer with a $1.2 million trust, the school nestles on a plain beneath the rugged San Gabriel Mountains 35 miles from Los Angeles. Dedicated this week, Pitzer is the sixth sibling in the distinguished cooperative family of Claremont Colleges* and the first independent U.S. college for women since Bennington was founded in 1932.

The school is sure of its goal—the study of the behavioral and social sciences—but in its first hectic weeks it is engagingly unsure of how to get there. Pitzer's 156 students and ten faculty members are alternately merry and moody as they strive to reduce chaos to confusion. "I'm just completely, totally in ecstasy over this whole thing," bubbles Student Taffy Squires. "But the hardest part is that there is nothing concrete to hold on to."

The most concrete aspect of Pitzer is its first two buildings, a dormitory and a combination administration-classroom building, which are wired for closed-circuit television and tape recordings designed to transmit lectures, panel discussions and dramatic productions right into the girls' rooms. Teaching methods are mostly experimental. Anthropologist George Park has set out to prove that "education is the destruction of innocence," envisions a race-relations course that will generate understanding of the motivations behind the White Citizens Councils. Psychologist Ruth Munroe is enthusiastic about a student who is analyzing according to whether they observe Ten Commandments. "I don't know she'll come out with a statistical says Teacher Munroe, "but she have a different view of social and, perhaps, literature." Added band Lee Munroe, like his wife from Harvard: "Right now don't know the difference between cial work and social science. But time they're seniors, they will be use the computer to analyze data." til that happy day, instruction is up by established courses at other mont colleges, which "Pitzies," new breed is known, can attend.

Instant Tradition. Pitzer aims to pand its enrollment to 600 girls five years. In the meantime, and faculty have formed a unique nership to produce an instant tradi At weekly "Town-Hall Meetings" debate issues that range from the girls should be required to skirts at meals to writing a school stitution. On the theory that a ought to be a model democracy, has demolished the sanctity of meetings and invited elected representatives to take part. A checks and balances remain, Dean Charlotte Elmott recently a unanimous student vote for a curfew on dormitory visits; ing to the deadline at all-girl the witching hour for Pitzies is 11

Pitzer's biggest asset is that its inventive enthusiasm is teamed in

* The others: Pomona, Scripps, Claremont, Harvey Mudd, and a jointly run graduate school.

CO RENTMEI

PITZER "TOWN MEETING"
Moody and merry on a first blind date.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...ving alliance with the Claremont Col-
...es, which will help pay Pitzer's bills
...il the school is self-sufficient. In the
...rds of Classics Scholar Stephen Glass,
...Pomona graduate: "There is newness
...e without risk."

...tidotes for Anguish

As the demand for higher education
...s faster than schools can supply it,
...ollege applicant's Anguish Quotient
...s climbing too. "Who gets into col-
...nd where, is a national dilemma
...s much of America close to an
...fit," says Tufts University Dean
...missions John C. Palmer, guidance
...ittee chairman of the mighty Col-
... Entrance Board. An immediate
... for the problem is clearly impos-
..., but a variety of useful antidotes
... offer quick partial relief have come
...the market.

A group of leading Boston-area edu-
...rs have devised a $4.75 College
...ding Service Kit that uses computers
...arrow a student's possible choices.
...e kit, developed by the nonprofit Ed-
...ional Research Corporation of
...bridge, relies on the programmed
...es of 2,850 schools that are stored
...BM machines. A student marks his
...erences (location, size, competitive
...ding, desired subjects) on a four-
...e booklet; the information is fed
...o the computer and out clatter the
...ted names of schools that match his
...ands. Average "print-out": between
...and 30 colleges.

Guidance Associates of Pleasantville,
...Y., produces sight-and-sound film
...s of 70 colleges now used by one-
...rd of the 25,000 high schools in the
...S. In addition to saving parents the
...ense of campus visits, the films
...re guidance counselors the hundreds
...hours they used to spend in giving de-
...ptions of schools they never visited.

The *Comparative Guide to American Colleges*, by James Cass and Max Birnbaum ($8.95; paperback, $3.95), is a recently published ambitious consumer's guide to 1,132 colleges, with descriptions that are fair, yet frank, avoiding the dishonesty and exaggeration of some school catalogues and the dry statistical shorthand of other compilations. It details admission standards, thus helping students eliminate wasted applications, and goes on to describe the academic environment at each college so that applicants will not learn too late whether a school is intellectually lazy, dangerous, or so tough that the dropout rate is alarmingly high. Cass and Birnbaum examined such matters as the number of full professors in a department to judge its real strength, rated the faculty by the quality of schools where they got advanced degrees, discovered solid and improving regional colleges that are anxious to acquire a national student body. Campus religious and social life was investigated as carefully as intellectual standards on the theory that the chief stimulus for student achievement comes from other students.

DUBONNET IS A PRODUCE OF C.D.C. EXPORT DIVISION 30 AVENUE KLÉBER PARIS

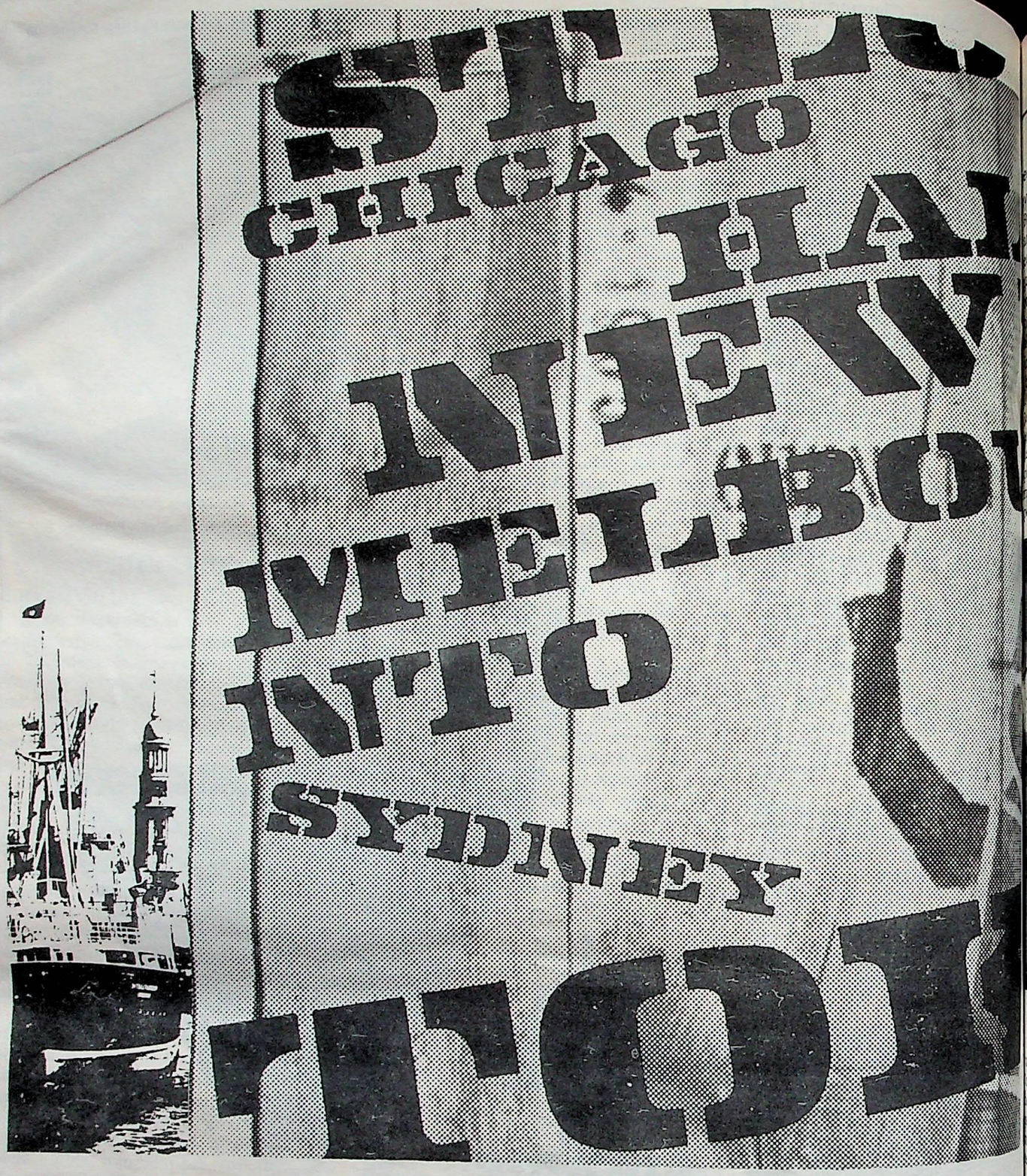
Pick yourself up with a Dubonnet

I FEEL DOWN IN SPIRITS

E. Du. 162

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Where world trade meets

Hamburg lies at the intersection of the European economic areas of EEC, EFTA, COMECON and the overseas world. For generations prominent trading houses have maintained close trade relations with partners in all parts of the world. Hamburg is also a centre of banking and insurance, and the seat of 58 consulates — more than there are in any other city of Europe.

Port of Hamburg

At the Intersection of the Markets

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TECHNOLOGY

ere's Even One That

s: "Oh, That Tickles"

usinessmen who crowded into San ncisco's Civic Auditorium last week d their hand at playing blackjack st a computer. They inevitably lost, the machine has not only broken bank at Las Vegas in a test, but o-wits comptrollers and architects rforming such practically profita- as laying out real estate sub- ns. Dozens of other whirring and g machines demonstrated how simulate Gemini space flights, bal- million-dollar corporate ledgers in second, or tap out a frighteningly n message—"Oh, that tickles"—in onse to a rap on the keyboard. Such

G.M.'S AUTO-DESIGNING COMPUTER
Helping to make more decisions.

s the scene at the semiannual Joint mputer Conference, where many of 5,000 producers, programmers and ers in attendance boasted that their achines now can do any job that can defined.

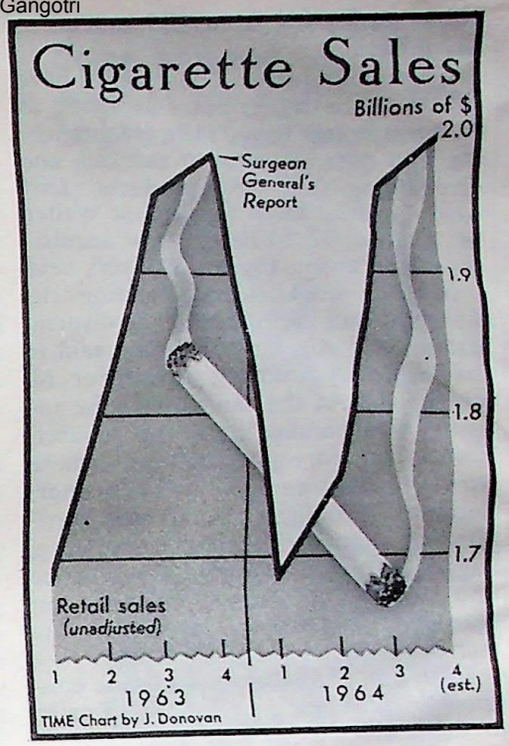
U.S. industry is eagerly putting them the test. An electronic computer ds crewless auxiliary locomotives on g Louisville & Nashville freight ins. The New York Stock Exchange stalling a computer system that can swer brokers' questions, keep track floor transactions at each trading t, and feed quotations to the ticker the rate of 16 million shares a day. ore than 100 companies control their ventories with computers, which re- rd every sale and tell managers when d how much to reorder. Borrowing idea from the airlines, Long Island's arkson Electronics Co. plans by next ly to link 5,000 hotels, travel bureaus d car-rental outlets in a computer- ed reservations network.

Houses & Horses. This year Government and business will spend a record $2 billion for electronic data-processing gear, ranging from $90,000 small computers to $5,500,000 machines capable of 2,500,000 calculations a second. So broad is the variety of computer users that there are more than 1,000 programming "languages"; last week RCA Chairman David Sarnoff urged that the scientists put their minds to devising a standard system to replace the "technological Tower of Babel." That will be difficult if only because computer technology is changing so rapidly. Most important, computers are being brought into the executive suite, are helping to make more and more executive-level decisions.

Computers now analyze the sales potential of new products, schedule complex production runs, and solve design problems. Before making investment decisions, many bankers and brokers consult Standard & Poor's Compustat system, whose computer has standardized and "memorized" 30 financial details about 625 corporations, including sales, cash flow and price/earnings ratio of stocks. A New Jersey builder recently relied on a computer to choose the house plans, prices and financing arrangements for a large suburban project. Even Kentucky horse breeders depend on a computer, primed with race results and the physical characteristics of 200,000 thoroughbreds, to serve as a breeding guide.

At the San Francisco meeting General Motors demonstrated how one of its computers, built by IBM, helps engineers create automotive designs. An engineer feeds instructions and preliminary drawings to the machine, which then produces a line drawing of a car or its components on a TV-like console. The machine also can "read" and store up lines from engineering drawings, communicate back and forth with the operator, and turn out permanent drawings.

More Power to Them. Though some managers have lost their jobs to computers, higher-echelon men will not be replaced but simply reoriented to accommodate the machine. At companies such as Lockheed and Westinghouse, young executives are trained in computerized management in night school courses that are a cross between the Pentagon's war games and Monopoly; competing teams of executives use the machines as aids in determining the likely effects of changes in prices, inventories, styles or advertising. In a sense, the computer enhances the executive's powers by cutting through all the statistics and presenting several alternatives, which the executive can act upon. But in the growing dialogue between man and machine, the man who controls the computer has a huge amount of influence in the company.



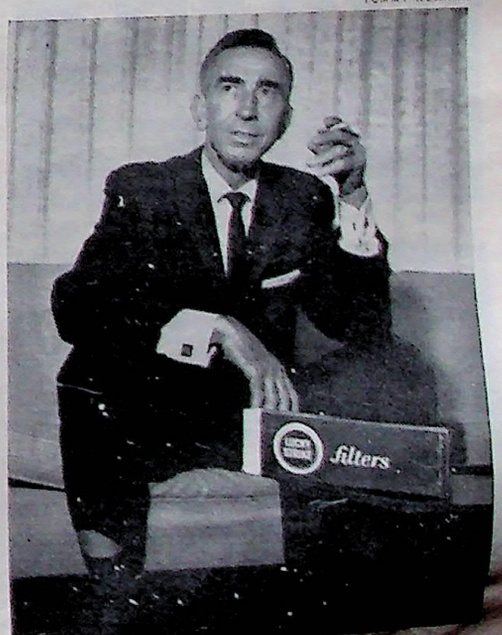
TOBACCO

Back to High Levels

If 1964 looked like a sad year for any industry, it was the badly burned U.S. tobacco business. Sales plunged immediately after the U.S. Surgeon General's report last January linked cigarette smoking to cancer and heart disease. But the smoker's habit is stronger than his fear. Cigarette sales started to rebound within three months, by last week had returned to the high levels of a year ago and were still on the rise (*see chart*).

Now the latest earnings reports are as golden as well-cured burley. American Tobacco, P. Lorillard and Philip Morris broke third-quarter records, and Liggett & Myers is running 27% ahead of last year. The only down note came from the industry leader, R. J. Reynolds (maker of Camel, Winston, Salem),

TOMMY KOHARA



LUCKY STRIKE AUCTIONEER KIGGS
Habit is stronger than fear.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

whose profits fell from $35 million to $31 million.

Capricious Tastes. Tobaccomen have not taken the cancer scare as lightly as their customers have. They are branching into different tobacco markets and diversifying into new products. Last week Lorillard hired Consultant Walter M. Aikman, 37, to head a new acquisitions department. Liggett & Myers held a special stockholders' meeting to change bylaws in order to allow diversification, and American Tobacco said it was "seriously studying a number of companies." At the same time, the industry is expanding into the tobacco business in foreign countries, where growth is faster and doctors are quieter. Lorillard is rolling its Kents and Newports in Hong Kong and Luxembourg, Liggett & Myers its L. & M.s in Mexico and Switzerland. Philip Morris has just opened Europe's most modern cigarette factory in Neuchâtel, Switzerland.

Back home the cigarette makers continue to introduce new brands to cater to the capricious tastes of 70 million U.S. smokers, with big emphasis on filters. Liggett & Myers is testing a charcoal filter menthol brand called Devon, and Philip Morris is marketing a charcoal filter called Galaxy in Texas. Filter cigarettes now hold about 70% of the U.S. market, but the charcoal filters, which account for some 7% of sales, have had uneven success.

Pall Mall First. According to Analyst John C. Maxwell Jr., who keeps the most reliable count of this secretive market, American Tobacco's king-size Pall Mall is still the fastest seller, closely followed by R. J. Reynolds' Winston. Unfiltered Camel and Lucky Strike, which vied for first place until the late 1950s, are steadily losing favor. In a comeback attempt, American is test-marketing Lucky Strikes with a tobacco-flavored filter, has sent out Luckies' veteran, quick-tongued radio auctioneer, "Speed" ("Sold American!") Riggs, to promote them in stores throughout the South.

CORPORATIONS

Up from Scratch

President Bert S. Cross of the 3M Co.—nee Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing—called up a vice president to ask a question: "Say, just how many divisions do we have now?" The answer is 21, and the otherwise precise president should be forgiven for not knowing, because his company has been going and growing like sixty. Sales have tripled since 1955, and last week Cross announced that volume for this year's first nine months jumped 10%, to a record $664 million.

Profitable Leaps. This bewilderingly diversified and remarkably creative company has become a darling of Wall Street by poking inquisitively into a bunch of unlikely products that stick, slip or scratch. Founded in 1902 to mine corundum for use in abrasive wheels, 3M struggled into the manufacture of

PETER MARCUS

3M'S CROSS
Bugs in the basement.

sandpaper and then into masking tape. Its big breakthrough was the familiar Scotch Tape, which 3M invented originally as industrial masking tape. Scotch Tape still accounts for 17% of the company's sales, has led to 400 other varieties of tape, the latest of which, introduced to the public in September, is a nonirritating bandage that comes off the skin without pulling or pain. The firm also produces magnetic tape for recorders and movie sound tracks, turns out much of the nation's video tape. Altogether, it makes 27,000 products in 17 countries.

Leaps from one unusual product to another are commonplace. "It's like Columbus sailing for a certain Indies," says Dr. Charles Walton, research vice president. "He didn't find the one he set out to find, but he did find a pretty good one." At 3M, researchers have gone from ordinary tape to reflecting tape to reflecting "paint"—and from that to a new liquid called Velvet Coating, which absorbs light and is useful for glare-proofing signs. One tinkering scientist in 1949 devised a method of making ies of documents by using infrared ation which literally bakes images heat-sensitive paper. The co christened the process Thermo-Fax it has carried 3M into second behind Xerox in the rapidly expa copying-machine field, has led t acquisitions of such firms as Re Camera, Dynacolor film and, last mer, Italy's leading photographic Ferrania.

Compulsive Competitor. Tho seeks to acquire products and m from other companies, 3M is mos terested in inventing its own. It ports 2,500 scientists and technic 44 laboratories, and each scie spend at least 15% of his time on any project that he wishes. are going to live within our philo says Dr. Walton, "we have to allo a certain degree of experimenta thorized or not, as long as the imenters don't blow the place up company gets more bright ideas bangs. One of the most profitable rently is the Scotchpak polyester in which frozen foods can be co Originally designed for shipping g covered mechanical parts, the bag a hit with such food processors as C Giant and Birds Eye, which were with it to add special sauces and se ings to their foods.

Under the close control of 59-old Bert Cross, a compulsively com tive executive who seldom relaxes is practically debt-free, this financed $60 million in capital imp ments out of earnings. Cross origi made his name as manager of the products department, still likes to home promising products, work bugs in his basement workshop. S other 3M executives. One vice presi covered his basement with a ru nylon carpeting called Tartan T added a hole to turn it into a h marketable indoor putting green.

IN-THE-BAG COOKING WITH SCOTCHPAK
A little like Columbus.

INDUSTRY

Let's see Z.D.

In today's complex defense ind tries, penny-ante mistakes often es late into million-dollar fiascos. $1,000,000 Jupiter missile, for ex ple, exploded because of one fau soldering connection that cost no m than 50¢. To catch the human m takes that account for as much as two thirds of the failures in defense pro ucts, the Pentagon estimates that c tractors employ 200,000 inspectors but the average inspector misses h of the mistakes. Now the defense dustry is busily promoting a new safe system that reaches past the in spector and goes back to the manu the line, emphasizing prevention o stead of cure. This uniquely simp system is part common sense, p snow job, and wholly successful. M than 200 major U.S. companies h adopted it, and last week it was

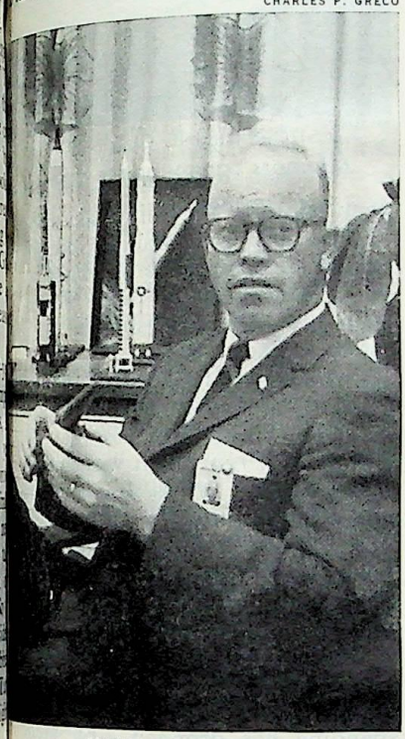
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

duced in defense plants by Lockd Aircraft and RCA.

Feeling Wanted. Though the system es by several names, it is commonly known as "Zero Defects," or Z.D. The idea, as expressed in Z.D. posters sprouting in defense plants everywhere, is simply "Do It Right the First Time." That is more easily said than done, of course. But managers have found to their astonishment that it can indeed be done if workers 1) are informed that absolutely no errors will be condoned, 2) are made to understand that every little bolt tightening and wire stringing job is important, and 3) are given recognition for quality work. Litton Industries credits the system with having cut defects one-third in seven months. By spreading the system back to its own suppliers, General Dynamics

CHARLES P. GRECO



MARTIN'S CROSBY
How to stop errors.

es reduced rejects of components from % to ½%. Douglas Aircraft reports vings of $32 million; Martin Marietta s trimmed defects from 1.5% to %. Says Martin President William Bergen: "As a rule, any effort deigned as a management tool is susect. But Z.D. really works."

Naturally, the plan must be deftly erchandised to the work force. Last ek Astronaut Gus Grissom pinned a Z.D. award pin on the workshirt of a Martin janitor, James Meyers, in recgnition of his "100% performance" brooming up around the Titan assembly pad, where dirt could cause disaster. To get across the idea that workers dare not even comb their hair Sperry Gyroscope's clean rooms, the company has created "an outer space mystique": flashing red lights outside, shadowless lighting inside, and whooshing air ducts that brush off everyone before entering. Says the company's director of reliability, Frank McGinnis: "The main principle of Z.D. is to make the worker feel important."

In addition to praise, plaques, publicity—and an occasional dinner with a vice president—the plan encourages workers to find and eliminate causes of trouble. Employees at General Electric pointed out no fewer than 4,500 potential problem areas, and the company accepted 3,900 of their suggestions. Sample: an assembler spied a metal staple inside a delicate engine bearing, suggested that G.E. shift from stapling to heat sealing its protective plastic covers on the engines.

Perfect Missile. A stern word from a boss started the whole Z.D. idea three years ago. At Martin Marietta's plant in Orlando, Fla., a quality control engineer named Philip Crosby had succeeded in cutting defects on Pershing missiles to half the acceptable level—but his boss complained that that was still too high. Incensed at first, Crosby soon began to agree: "If management tolerates a low standard, people work to that standard. Well, why not a no-defects job?" He persuaded workers in his department to sign no-defects pledges, soon surprised the Army by delivering a Pershing missile two weeks ahead of schedule with no detectable defects among its 25,000 parts.

Still a bigger payoff could lie ahead. U.S. industry spends $35 billion a year on quality control—almost all of it to detect and correct mistakes after they occur. If Z.D. can continue to motivate people to better craftsmanship, it could save much of that.

AUTOS

Ford Rent-A-Car

Traveling businessmen and vacationers have been the mainstays of the nation's 75,000-car, $370 million auto-rental business. Lately, rental by the "neighborhood" customer—who needs another car when his own is being repaired or his son comes home from college—has become an important factor. To tap this market, which has grown from 1% of daily rentals in 1960 to 16% today, Ford Motor Co. last week drove into the rental field.

More than 500 of Ford's 6,500 dealers have signed agreements to lease a minimum of five cars from the company, rent them out. Dealers will set their own rates, which are expected to be somewhat below those of Hertz, Avis and National. A Ford dealer in Michigan has begun to rent Falcons for $5 a day and 8¢ a mile, Fords for $8.50 and 12¢, T-Birds for $9 and 12¢. Perhaps optimistically, Ford Division Chief Lee Iacocca says that the major rental-car companies, some of his biggest customers, should not be disturbed by Ford's invasion. Reason: while Ford dealerships are ideally located for neighborhood trade, there are few in downtown areas and none at airports—locations where car-rental companies do most of their business.

Come and see
what in the world is new
to benefit your business

6th TOKYO FAIR

APRIL 16—MAY 6, 1965

Tokyo International Trade Fair Commission
C.P.O. Box 1201, Tokyo, Japan

World's largest
zipper maker
in
total production
Y.K.K.
YOSHIDA KOGYO K.K.
YOSHIDA SHOJI CO., LTD.
Tokyo, Japan

A World Leader
in Telecommunications
and Electronics
NEC
Nippon Electric Company, Limited
P.O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BRITAIN

Watching the Action

Britain wears a deceptive look of prosperity. Cash registers are ringing merrily in the nation of shopkeepers, and consumer credit is on the rise. Less than 2% of the work force is unemployed. Construction is booming. Though overall industrial production has been bobbing along a plateau, steel output is heading for a record 26 million tons this year, and auto production will rise almost 25%. But there is one dangerous, debilitating weakness. It is axiomatic that Britain must trade to live—and this year, as in many recent years, the country is living beyond its means in world markets.

Double Tariffs. Imports have been rising three times faster than exports, and Britons have been investing capital abroad at a considerably greater rate than foreigners put money into Britain. Result: Britain's trade gap topped $1 billion in this year's first nine months, and the country has been heading toward a 1964 payments gap almost equal to its entire gold reserves. Throughout the postwar era, Britain's inability in periods of domestic prosperity to export enough to pay for its imports has meant recurring payments crises, pressure on the pound, and credit-tightening moves that have restricted economic growth. As a consequence, France and Germany have lapped Britain in terms of production and personal income.

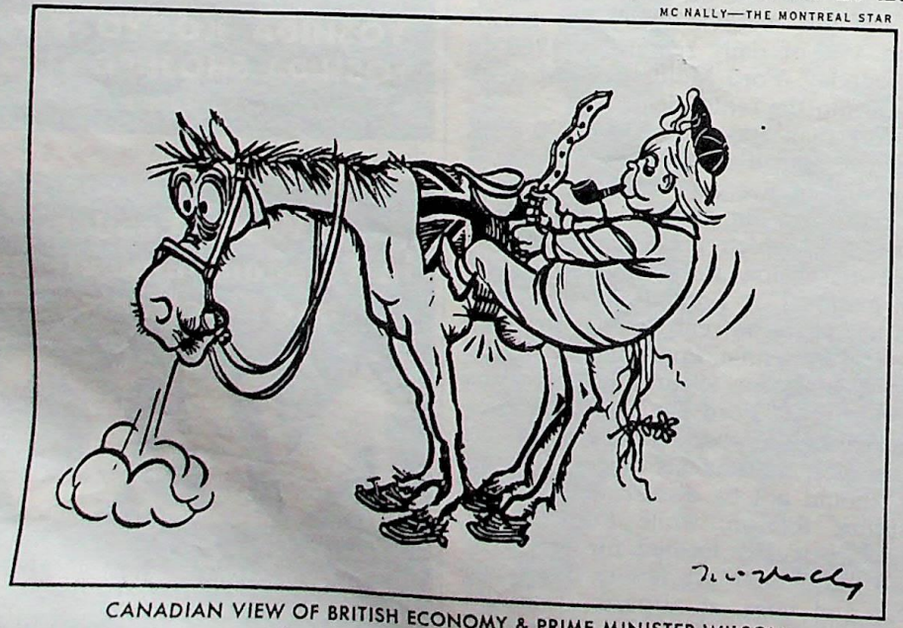
Last week the activist economists in Britain's Labor government (*see* THE WORLD) put through a stern pound-protecting program. A new 15% tax on manufactured imports will have the effect of doubling tariffs, adding 28¢ to a bottle of sherry and $225 to a Volkswagen. The government also started to "re-examine" the joint Anglo-French projects to build the Channel tunnel and the Concorde supersonic jet transport (the French feel certain that Britain will try to pull out of the Concorde). On top of that, the government announced a tax kickback for exporters, amounting to 1.5% of the value of goods shipped.

Encouraged by Incentives. British businessmen, having expected something worse, seemed surprisingly unruffled about Labor's first major show of economic activism. Stocks rose on the London market, and many businessmen echoed the sentiments of Leyland Motors Managing Director Donald Stokes: "We are encouraged by the new measures to provide incentives to exporters." Though businessmen felt more comfortable with the Conservatives in power, many of them had grumbled about the Tories' more-talk-than-action approach to exports. Economics-trained Harold Wilson quietly mended his fences in the City with a series of pre-election private lunches in corporate board rooms. Britain's businessmen have not wholly bought his ideas, but in something of a honeymoon mood, they are willing to see whether he can and will help them to make British industry more modern, more aggressive and more competitive.

WESTERN EUROPE

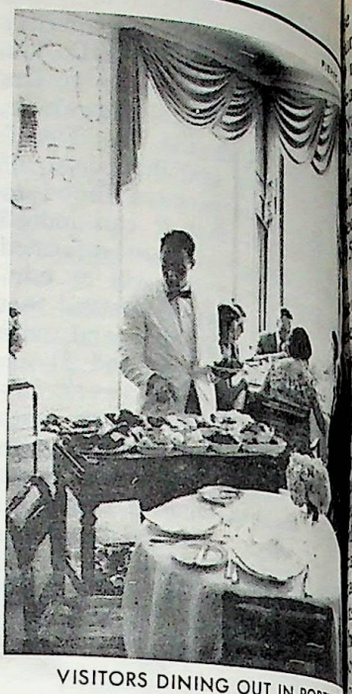
Where the Tourists Went

In its schema on the Church in the Modern World, the Vatican Council should take note of the ecumenical value of tourism "because it is a new phenomenon and one capable of producing much good." This proposal last week by Bishop Giuseppe Garneri of Susa, Italy, could only be applauded by Europe's businessmen, though they are more interested in economics than ecumenism. They are totting up the results of a season that, while sunny for some of them, shows the need for some new approaches by others. In the 20 European nations that entertain two-thirds of the world's 80 million foreign tourists, tourism generally increased this year, but growth rates slowed and spending declined in some of the best showplaces.



MC NALLY—THE MONTREAL STAR

CANADIAN VIEW OF BRITISH ECONOMY & PRIME MINISTER WILSON
Businessmen were not kicking.



VISITORS DINING OUT IN PORTUG
Manners can mean the differe

The Losers. In France, 1964 w a great year for wine—but not to The $4 billion business that em 1,000,000 Frenchmen was hurt b rope's highest prices, frequent ru and poor service. "We have the re tion," commented *Paris Match*, "a ing the least welcoming people o Continent." The number of fo tourists has increased—from 5,000 in 1958 to an estimated 6,500,000 year—but they have cut their ave stay from six days to only three, spending has dropped 20% along Riviera. To save on hotel and res rant bills many visitors took the d yourself approach to tourism, cam out in their own gear. At the same t "Le Boom" enabled 10 million Fren men to travel abroad, almost half them to Spain. Result: France's fore exchange surplus from tourism drop from $200 million in 1962 to ab $80 million this year.

Tourism scarcely expanded at all Italy, which had predicted an 8% crease. "We have given up a colos gold mine," wrote the weekly *Epoca*, many publications complained that ot ists were tired of being seduced by f moters and abandoned to price gouge Greece showed a 1% drop in tour instead of its expected 20% gai blamed it on the Cyprus crisis and opening of resorts in the Balkans, w offered not only lower prices but curiosity value of vacations on less miliar territory.

The Gainers. West Germany, w has more sparkling cities than any European nation, has registered a

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

G OUT IN PORTUG
ean the differe
entertain two
million foreign
enerally increase
rates slowed
in some of the
France, 1964
ine—but not to
usiness that e
men was hurt b
es, frequent ru
'We have the re
Paris Match, "
oming people c
number of fo
sed—from 5,00
mated 6,500,00
ve cut their ave
s to only three,
ped 20% along
on hotel and re
sitors took the
to tourism, cam
ar. At the same
d 10 million Fre
oad, almost ha
ult: France's fore
om tourism drop
in 1962 to
r.
expanded at
redicted an 8%
given up a co
he weekly *Expr*
omplained that
ing seduced by
ed to price gou
% drop in
pected 20%
yprus crisis and
the Balkans, w
wer prices but
acations on le
st Germany,
cities than any
as registered

E, NOVEMBER 6

in visitors and a 15% increase in
rist spending so far this year, expects
million tourists by year's end. A far
eater gain is in Spain, where tourism
anced by 35% and will bring in
00 million this year—enough to wipe
two-thirds of the country's overall
ding deficit. The increase has been
ectacular: from 3.5 million tourists in
5 to 13 million this year, the highest
Europe. Neighboring Portugal, the
west "in" place for international trav-
, reported a 50% increase in tour-
to $112 million.

The Iberian boom is due partly to
w climate, partly to courtesy. Span-
ds are reminded almost daily by the
vernment press about the dour effects
bad manners have had elsewhere—
ding across the Pyrenees in France.
Spain and Portugal succeed mostly
cause of their bargain prices; in Por-
el a pleasant room with three meals
s $4 a day, and a superb dinner
wine in Lisbon's finest restaurants
unts to $5. Tourism, now the single
est item in world trade, producing
annual volume of nearly $30 billion,
no longer a matter of class but of
ss. Said the Organization for Eco-
mic Cooperation and Development:
e price factor tends to be more and
re decisive as tourism spreads to the
er income groups."

to Growing Pains

Europe is an automaker's dream. It
300 million increasingly affluent
ple, but only one in 15 owns a car
one in three in the U.S.), leaving
tremendous potential for growth. Eu-
pean automakers will produce 7,000,-
0 cars this year, expect to overtake
S production by 1970. But there is
tch: Europe has more than 50 auto
nufacturers, and no market is big
ugh to support so many. Everyone
pects a round of mergers, alliances
d dropouts.

Last week France's sixth ranking
o company, Facel-Vega, went out of
siness. Meanwhile, the two largest
rman-owned auto companies, Volks-
gen and Daimler-Benz, put through
partial merger. In an agreement that
reshadows further pooling of re-
urces, Volkswagen anted up $20 mil-
n for half interest in Daimler-Benz's
to-Union subsidiary.

U.S. Competition. Many Continental
to producers have run into sharp
mpetitive curves and bumps in the
ad. In Italy, auto sales are down 10%
far this year, largely because of such
vernment anti-inflation measures as
gher auto and gasoline taxes and re-
rictions on installment buying. In
rance, where auto sales are off 5%,
Renault, Peugeot, Simca and Panhard
ve reduced their work weeks. By
ntrast, auto production this year will
t alltime highs in Britain (2,000,000)
nd West Germany (3,000,000).

Everywhere, Europe's old-line pro-
ducers are being pressed by well-
anced local subsidiaries of U.S. com-
panies. France's fastest growing auto firm is Chrysler-controlled Simca, which has increased sales 25% this year. General Motors' Opel and Ford's German subsidiary have closed in on Volkswagen, increased their combined share of the German market from 32% in 1962 to 41% last year. In Britain, Ford has captured 31% of this year's market, a new high. Ford is invading Italy, too, last week introduced the Anglia Torino, a small sedan that will be assembled and sold in Italy.

Volkswagen Chairman Heinz Nordhoff and Citroën's Pierre Bercot have both expressed alarm at growing competition from "American giants" in the European market. Fiat's Chairman Vittorio Valletta has openly called for a cartel of European producers, and Renault's President Pierre Dreyfus favors government protection against the U.S. subsidiaries.

Roomier & Racier. Taking a cue from the U.S. competition, the Europeans are bringing out more new models and moving to somewhat greater size. Despite the Italian slowdown, Fiat is doing better than last year because of the success of its recently introduced "850" model, which is roomier, racier and more luxurious than the standard small Fiat; sales have reached 1,000 a day. British Motor Corp. has brought out a new Austin "1800" model to compete against Ford's Cortina and G.M.'s Vauxhall Viva. In Germany, the larger Volkswagen "1500" has made up some of the sales that the old beetle-back has lost. The French auto industry, which has not introduced a new model all year, looks forward to a lift next spring, when Renault and Peugeot will bring out fresh designs.

FIAT 850

VOLKSWAGEN 1500

NEXT YEAR'S RENAULT 1500

FORD ANGLIA TORINO

AUSTIN 1800

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Working It Cool

The days-of-empire tales of Southeast Asia by Somerset Maugham and Joseph Conrad pulse and perspire with descriptions of the region's searing heat and sapping humidity. Southeast Asia's weather hasn't changed—Bangkok's November temperature still averages 80°, and in Singapore the humidity stays at 84%—but it is being dealt with in a way that might have forced Maugham and Conrad to rewrite some torrid passages. Air conditioning has come to Southeast Asia in force, cooling public places and some homes, changing ways of life, and coining money for the entrepreneurs who work it cool.

Climatized Clients. In Hong Kong, where air-conditioning sales this year will surpass $6,500,000, Engineer James Wu, 43, last week worked on a $2,500,000 third plant for his growing air-conditioner manufacturing business, the biggest in Asia. Wu's China Cold Storage & Engineering Co. turns out Weatherite air conditioners under license from the U.S.'s Westinghouse. His is a rare operation; nearly 90% of the equipment sold in Southeast Asia is im-

Also coming: mergers, alliances and dropouts

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Encompassing the Pacific Rim

IF YOUR PRESENT BANKING NEED IS FINANCIAL AND TRADING INFORMATION HERE IN THE FAR EAST, OR ANYWHERE IN WESTERN AMERICA—SPECIFICALLY THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST AND ALASKA—CALL US AT INTERNATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE.

Most important—you receive all the facilities of a fully staffed International Bank plus International Bank of Commerce personal service from informed people who understand and respect your individual problems. Wherever you do business in Pacific Rim Countries, get to know the bank that helps you grow—with personal service banking.

IBC INBC

INTERNATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE

CENTRAL BUILDING, HONG KONG

affiliated with NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE *of Seattle*

AIR-CONDITIONED SHOP IN HONG K

Changing ways and coining mo

ported from the U.S., where C Fedders, General Electric, Admir York have created a profitable m by shipping domestic units with a cial 50-cycle motor adapted to S east Asian current. Prices vary w in Hong Kong, window models ar as low as $155; but in Saigon, wh 250% tariff is added, they cost than three times as much as in the

The cool air is sweeping acro area from Mandalay to Mindana smaller towns, air-conditioned bar the commerce and conversation ma that U.S. barrooms were in televis infancy. Studies show that air co tioners raise plant efficiency by as m as 20%, and they are such co drawers for stores, hotels and res rants that some small eateries i more money invested in their coo system than in all the rest of the p Even Hong Kong prostitutes now ent tain in air-conditioned "entertainm hostels," where climatized clients said to tarry longer and tip higher.

Cold Prestige. Air conditioning h way to go to win full acceptance helps banish heat rash and heat duced impetigo (known as "Hong K blister"), but older Asians blame it everything from asthma to paral Some businessmen refuse to cool fices for fear salesmen will not ven out; since Asians assume that a c door means an absent merchant, c suffer the high cost of keeping their conditioners on and their doors op The biggest inconvenience is that m offices, for reasons of prestige, are k so frigid that Oriental secretaries ha to wear a couple of sweaters to s vive. "I keep it too cold," says manager of Saigon's Caravelle Ho "I like people to notice that this h is air conditioned."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PROTESTANTS

ing the Church ere the People Are

ll of us are obsolete," Dr. Truman ass told a meeting of the United ch Board for Homeland Ministries Louis last week. "The new world erging demands a new style of and leadership for which we repared." Perhaps more than er U.S. Protestant body, the ent-minded United Church of (membership: 2,100,000) is ing for a new style, testing means dern evangelism to reach people have lost touch with, and faith in, ized Christianity. Dr. Douglass, tive vice-president of the United ch Board, describes these experi- as "unstructured ministries."

e theory behind these unstructured tries is that Christianity can no r sit back and wait for people in a formal service-every-Sunday th, and must actively seek them Thus, in Chicago, the Rev. Donald elly conducts an "agora" (from Greek for marketplace) ministry in arcade of the Oakbrook Shopping er's professional building. Kelly and lay assistants present no formal ces, instead concentrate on making act with the unchurched who work e center or in nearby factories and es. The value of this "ministry of ing," Kelly hopes, is that "we will hearing about things that people t say in a church meeting or to pastor. We will be talking to peo- who have become disenchanted with church."

Desk Clerks & Beats. The daily rou- of the United Church's other lis- ministers is far removed from of most clerics. In Las Vegas, the Richard Mawson is a full-time clerk at the Sands Hotel, and s after hours with the people he meets in the hotels and casinos along The Strip. The Rev. Frank Evans, a topflight amateur skier, lives and works at California's famed Squaw Valley ski resort; his tactful counseling has helped save dozens of faltering marriages. On San Francisco's North Beach, the United Church sponsored the widely publicized, beat-directed Bread and Wine Mission of Pierre Delattre (TIME, June 29, 1959). Also working in that bohemian area with a cell of dedicated lay assistants is the Rev. Donald Stuart, who spends long hours in taverns and coffeehouses on a ministry to the "night people"—nightclub entertainers, skid-row alcoholics, homosexuals.

Douglass, who has championed these experiments despite opposition from more traditional clergymen, believes that the church "must meet people where they carry on their most vital tasks." In Detroit, United Church, Presbyterian and Episcopal ministers jointly carry on an industrial mission at 30 factories, visiting both workers and management during lunch hours. Last week, the Homeland Ministries Board approved the assignment of a minister to live and work in one of Pittsburgh's new high-rise apartment buildings. His "church" will be the laundry room, the sundeck, the lobby—anywhere that residents gather to talk.

Another new experiment in ministry is taking shape in Rochester, N.Y., one of the northern cities hit hardest by race riots last summer. There, a Christian "peace corps" of college students and seminarians is moving into the slums of the Third Ward, to work on education and social rehabilitation programs. These laymen will be helped by ten ministers, who have been assigned to start new storefront chapels.

Costly Experiments. The listening ministers argue that the value of their work must be measured in the quality rather than the quantity of their contacts. Dealing with the alienated and the unchurched, they must be more concerned with helpful personal service than with saving souls, counseling rather than conversion. They also must be—and are—conditioned to abandoning ideas that prove wrong. "These are costly experiments," says Chicago's Kelly. "We must be open to the possibility of failure as well as success."

SEMINARIES

Joining the Theologians for Thrift & Tolerance

In pre-ecumenical days, neighboring seminaries of different faiths used to eye each other warily, like hostile fortresses. But the barriers of confessionalism are falling fast—and nowhere faster than in California's Bay Area. There, seven divinity schools ranging from Roman Catholic to Unitarian have joined to create a unique Graduate Theological Union offering doctorates of theology and philosophy.

The G.T.U. started in a modest way: with two deans and one student, who flunked out. Now in the third year of operation, it has 24 doctoral candidates and a faculty of 54, drawn from the participating schools. Its students must meet the academic requirements of the nearby University of California and can enroll in university courses.

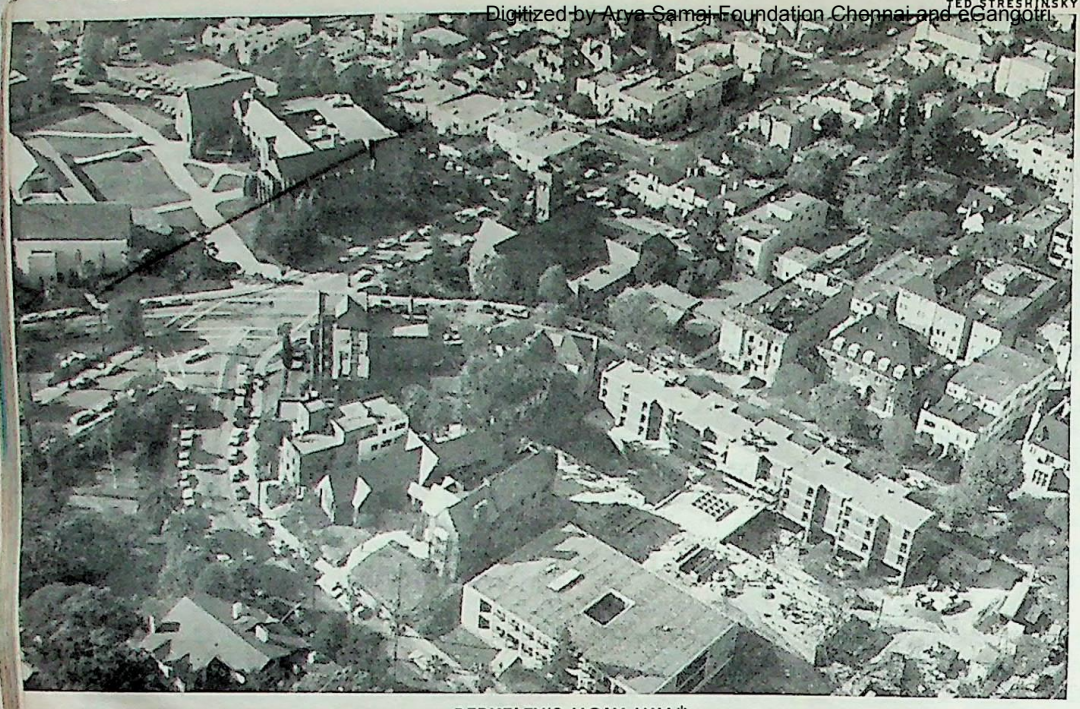
Geography & Excellence. Geography helped make the Union possible. Five of the seven seminaries are within a few minutes' walk of one another on what Berkeleyites call "Holy Hill"; the others are within easy driving distance. But what made the Union necessary was the high cost of academic improvements. Although the individual seminaries have plenty of topflight teachers —Old Testament Scholar James Muilenberg at the Presbyterian San Francisco Theological Seminary, Systematic Theologian Keith Bridston at Pacific Lutheran Theological Seminary—none of the schools ranked among the nation's best. Only two had doctoral pro-

DON E. WOLTER

EVANS (RIGHT) CONDUCTING SERVICE FOR SQUAW VALLEY SKIERS
More stress on service than salvation.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



TED STRESHINSKY

BERKELEY'S HOLY HILL*

A fiery exchange of ideas.

grams, and their libraries ranged from average to inadequate. Back in 1959, the seminary presidents began meeting to discuss the possibility of exchanging teachers and pooling library resources, eventually worked out the common doctorate program. "No one can do things independently any more," says G.T.U. Dean John Dillenberger, 46. "It has become too expensive to create academic excellence."

The Union has led to a fiery exchange of ideas as well as of books and teachers. Last year Dean Dillenberger, a United Church of Christ minister, was the principal graduation speaker at St. Albert's College of the Roman Catholic Dominican Fathers. He currently teaches one class with Episcopalian Theologian Edward Hobbs; next quarter he will teach one with Father Kevin Wall of St. Albert's.

Theological University. The success of the Union so far gives promise that it will grow. G.T.U. officials are currently discussing the possibility of bringing in Southern Baptist, Jesuit, Mormon, Missouri Synod Lutheran and Jewish institutions. They are also thinking of an interfaith program in advanced pastoral studies. Eventually, they expect there will be some common courses on the undergraduate level, and that the participating seminaries will, in effect, become member colleges of the nation's first theological university.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

No More Galileos

Three of the Vatican Council's most influential bishops pleaded last week for some modification of Roman Catholic objections to birth control.

"We should affirm," said Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger of Montreal, "that the intimate union of the marriage partners finds its end in love as well as procreation. May this Council clearly proclaim the two ends as equally good and holy." Belgium's Leo Josef Cardinal Suenens said that the church has for too long based its marital teaching on the Biblical injunction "Increase and multiply," while ignoring an equally important Scriptural imperative: "They shall be two in one flesh." Suenens proposed that the Council commission responsible for Schema 13 ("The Church in the Modern World") should work with a recently appointed papal team of birth-control experts to frame a doctrine on marriage that would take into account new medical discoveries. "We have learned many things since Aristotle," he said. "I urge you, brothers, let us avoid a new Galileo case—one is certainly enough in the history of the church."

Even more explicit was Maximos IV Saigh, the Melchite Patriarch of Antioch. Speaking, as always, in French rather than the Council's official Latin, the Patriarch admitted that "the immense majority" of Catholics did not practice what the church teaches on birth control. "Shouldn't the official position of the church in the matter be revised in the light of modern science?" he asked.

When the day's discussion ended, many moral theologians in Rome hailed it as a "watershed" and a "turning point" in the life of the Council and the history of the church.

* Top left: the interdenominational Pacific School of Religion. Center foreground: the Episcopalian Church Divinity School of the Pacific, with its flat-roofed library, chapel, and long, narrow dormitory. Gabled building across street from the dormitory is the office of Graduate Theological Union, and the building just to the left of G.T.U. is Unitarian Starr King School for the Ministry. Other members of the Union, not in picture: Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, Pacific Lutheran Theological Seminary, the Presbyterian San Francisco Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, and St. Albert's College of the Roman Catholic Dominican Fathers.

MILESTONES

Married. Peter Stanley Firestone, third-generation heir to the Firestone rubber fortune, son of Roger, [illegible] of the four brothers who head the country's 32nd biggest corporation, Julie Nelson, 23, Scottsdale, Ariz. cialite; in Riverfalls, Wis.

Died. Captain Theodore Freeman, 34, one of the 14 men chosen in the third group of U.S. astronauts, October, first astronaut to die since the program started in 1959; when his jet trainer crashed near Ellington Air Force Base, in Houston.

Died. John Fred ("Mr. Fred") [illegible] erics, 58, Manhattan millinery teamed with John ("Mr. John") [illegible] burger in 1929 to become the [illegible] maddest hatters, charging up to $ for their "creations," in 1949 [illegible] on his own to make pyramids and flowered cartwheels for such as [illegible] Hopper (she has some 75) and [illegible] Swanson, not to mention the [illegible] brimmed felt behind which Garbo forever hiding; of a heart attack; Manhattan.

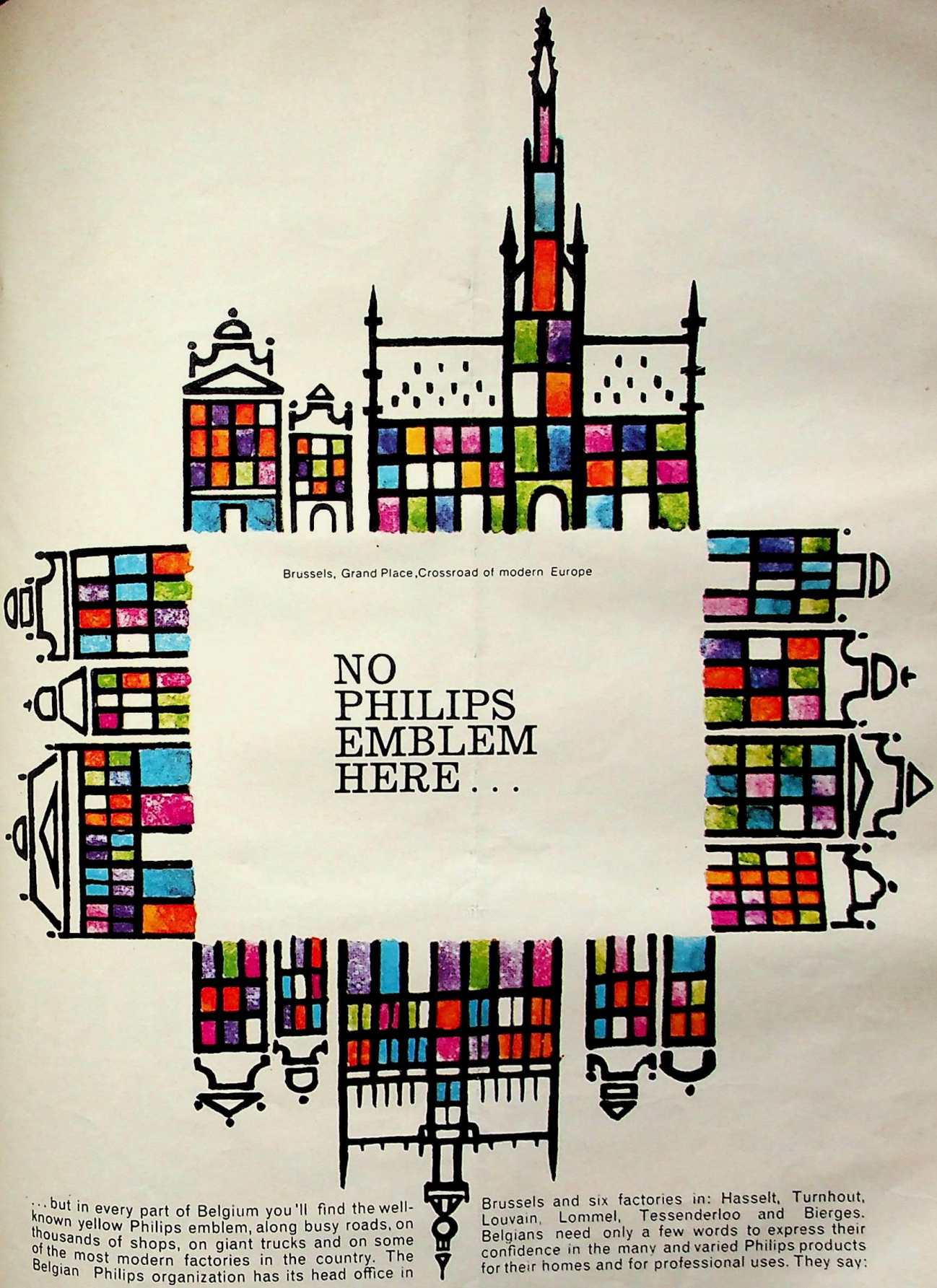
Died. Harold Hitz Burton, 76, Supreme Court justice from 19[illegible] 1958; of Parkinson's disease; in Washington. A non-swearing, one-time Unitarian, Burton was the middle-of-the-road conciliator between the hot-headed Frankfurter and Black [illegible] he believed in interpreting, not making the law, though he became an active civil rights advocate, winning headlines in 1950 when he wrote the opinion outlawing Jim Crow dining cars for Negro table behind the curtain on Southern railroads, one of the most stern court's first major anti-segregation decisions.

Died. Max McGraw, 81, appliance manufacturer, founder of McGraw Electric Co., who in 1926 bought [illegible] rights to the pop-up toasters then found only in restaurants, went on to make Toastmaster a household word and [illegible] duce every manner of electrical [illegible] convenience, acquiring Thomas A. Edison Inc. in 1957 to become one of the U.S.'s biggest appliance makers; of heart attack; in Salt Lake City.

Died. Pierre Cartier, 86, Manhattan jeweler, grandson of the founder of the Paris original, who was sent across the Atlantic in 1907 to mine the U.S. market, quickly established himself as the purveyor of gems to America's rich and famous, displaying 24-carat charm, matchless discretion ("We are the confessor of our clients"), and some of the world's most dazzling baubles, among them the famed Thiers necklace, purchased by Cartier from the Louvre in 1924 for $760,000; of uremia; in Geneva.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Brussels, Grand Place, Crossroad of modern Europe

NO
PHILIPS
EMBLEM
HERE . . .

. . . but in every part of Belgium you'll find the well-known yellow Philips emblem, along busy roads, on thousands of shops, on giant trucks and on some of the most modern factories in the country. The Belgian Philips organization has its head office in Brussels and six factories in: Hasselt, Turnhout, Louvain, Lommel, Tessenderloo and Bierges. Belgians need only a few words to express their confidence in the many and varied Philips products for their homes and for professional uses. They say:

In French : "Philips, c'est plus sûr!" In Flemish : "Philips, steeds betrouwbaar!"

trust in PHILIPS is world-wide

PHILIPS

This advertisement was made by the Advertising Agency Publicem, Brussels, for Philips Compagnie Industrielle et Commerciale S.A., one of 60 national organizations united in the Philips federation of industries. Philips products include: light, sound, cinema, radio, TV, gramophones & records, domestic appliances, electric shavers, telecommunications, chemical and pharmaceutical products, medical, industrial and scientific apparatus and components.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Time for fun, time for the pleasure of a Martini dry vermouth "on the rocks". Or, if you prefer, time for ice-cold, laughter-warm pleasure of a "dry Martini". The world's favourite cocktail whose very name tells you its secret : MARTINI dry vermouth.

on the rocks !

MARTINI

extra dry vermouth

In the U. S. it's **MARTINI and ROSSI,** *in the rest of the world it's simply* Martini, *wherever you go it's the same superb vermouth.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Free Love in Free Form

A Woman Is a Woman is an unbashed display of cinematic bravura by French Director Jean-Luc Godard, whose first big success was *Breathless*. Breaking completely with the down-beat, darkly evocative themes that made his reputation international, Godard has brought off a flashy little show-biz spoof full of daring artifice and visual

KARINA & BELMONDO IN "WOMAN"
In and out of fiction.

horseplay that it cannot fail to divide viewers into two camps: those who find its excesses unforgivable *v.* those who find its successes unbeatable.

Loosely shaped like a musical sans songs, and almost sans plot, the film plunges headlong into the life and loves of Angela (Anna Karina), a stripteaser who shares her top-floor flat with a bicycle racer (Jean-Claude Brialy). Their relationship has obviously been built on the shaky base of too many Hollywood double features. One day Angela announces: "I think I'm alive." Suddenly she wants to have a baby, but the bicycle rider does not share her *idée fixe*. She then decides rather casually to turn to his ne'er-do-well chum (Jean-Paul Belmondo).

Such trivia would hardly suffice for an 80-minute comedy, except that Godard uses story merely as a springboard into a series of gay, giddy improvisations. Filmed in 1961, *Woman* shows Godard's easy mastery of the style later used to antic effect in Tony Richardson's *Tom Jones*, for he bends his narrative into brightly colored free forms that glow with spontaneity. His three youthful misfits will not stay put as creatures of fiction. They keep popping in and out of it, sharing their secrets with the camera, affecting musical comedy poses, cracking movie "in" jokes, letting off steam, then back again to play the youthful games that seem so much nicer in the movies—all set to background music that rattles along in cheerful parody of several dozen of the earnest scores for vintage Hollywood spectaculars.

During one lively, choreographed quarrel, Godard abruptly freezes the frames to announce in titles: "It is because they love each other that things will go wrong for Emile and Angela." Later, Brialy soliloquizes: "I don't know whether this is a comedy or a tragedy—but it is a masterpiece." It isn't, really. But for fans of offbeat films, it will seem a pungently detailed and disarmingly original effort by a man who makes his joy in his work contagious.

At Bay in Africa

Guns at Batasi. In an unnamed African nation, newly promoted to Commonwealth status, Colonel Jack Hawkins and Colonist Cecil Parker are discussing the military coup headed by a rebel leader, Jobila. Not a bad sort, really, Jobila. Spent five years in jail. "Used to take care of my garden," Parker harrumphs. "He was a lousy gardener. I hope he'll make a better president."

Obviously, the wind of change wafts through this tart topical melodrama, an updated version of the old favorite about a group of decent, civilized folk marooned in a jungle outpost among hordes of savages. The comforting strains of *There'll Always Be an England* are but dimly heard, and the tribal chieftains have evolved into smartly uniformed officers with English accents and political ambitions.

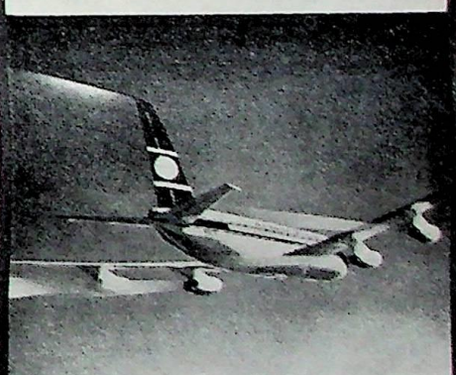
Batasi is best when it doesn't take its enlightened spirit too seriously. Sexy U.N. Secretary Mia Farrow (daughter of Maureen O'Sullivan, Tarzan's favorite Jane in the Africa that was) turns the coup into a coo with John Leyton, a stranded British private. Flora Robson adds snap as a visiting lady M.P., but the pick of the lot is Richard Attenborough. As a starched and polished relic of the Kipling era, hopelessly out of keeping with the age of Kenyatta, Attenborough turns a cliché into a memorable character sketch—etched most sharply when he raises his glass in a brusque farewell toast to the glories of Empire, then hurls drink and all at a portrait of the Queen.

WALTER DARAN

ATTENBOROUGH & ROBSON IN "BATASI"
Out of keeping with Kipling.

"We're "Superb" in Singapore

This description, "superb", is typical of the comments we receive from passengers who have enjoyed our in-flight service. Our hostesses were pleased with this praise from Singapore because they have only one wish—to make every one of Cathay Pacific's fast and frequent flights through the Orient a real pleasure for our passengers—next time fly Cathay Pacific — it's superb.



Spanning
THE ORIENT
CATHAY PACIFIC

CATHAY PACIFIC serves:
HONG KONG . BANGKOK
BRUNEI . CALCUTTA
DJAKARTA . JESSELTON
KUALA LUMPUR . MANILA
OSAKA/KYOTO . PHNOM
PENH . RANGOON . SAIGON
SEOUL . SINGAPORE . TAIPEI
TOKYO . VIENTIANE

A BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE ASSOCIATED COMPANY

USA-195

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

You read advertising news in these columns

So do millions of others.

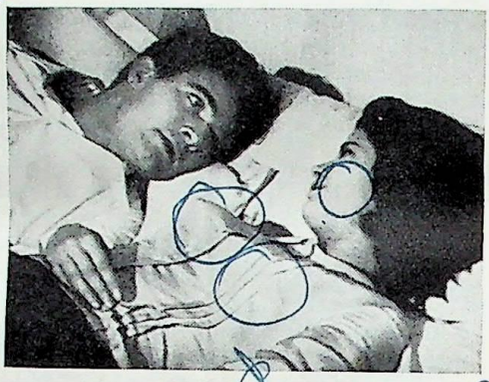
If you have a product that is news...which people should be interested in, why not tell them about it here? Ask for information from... **TIME** The Weekly Newsmagazine

Reel-Life Scandal

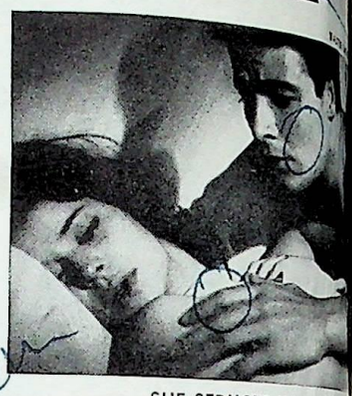
Where Love Has Gone. "Somewhere along the line the world has lost all its standards and all its taste," snaps Bette Davis. But don't let her dictum fool you. Miss Davis is merely throwing in the opening ball for a few innings of big league smut scraped together from the bestselling novel by Harold Robbins (*The Carpetbaggers*).

This time, Robbins' story bears certain unmistakable but less than libelous resemblances to the real-life tragedy of 1958 in which Lana Turner's teen-age daughter, Cheryl, killed her mother's lover. Producer Joseph E. Levine has dressed it up as what used to be called "a woman's picture." Amidst [illegible] ous settings, supposedly inhabited the *haut monde* of San Francisco, oine Susan Hayward plays a famous "sculptor, pagan, alle who detests her domineering (Davis), betrays her war-hero unwittingly shares a gigolo daughter until one calamitous when the kid picks up a chisel and

What follows is a custody some gamy dialogue, and numerous tidy revelations, none of them teresting. "With you," observes Susan's playmates, "art and sex go in hand." Maybe so. But in movies *Where Love Has Gone*, they cancel each other out.



HE SEDUCES HER?
Two sides . . .



SHE SEDUCES HIM?
. . . to every tale.

Vive la Différence!

"It takes two to make a marriage," the late Fred Allen once observed. "Yourself and somebody to blame it on." From this cozy connubial notion, French Director André Cayatte (Tomorrow Is My Turn) *has extracted a novel cinematic idea: it takes two movies to describe a marriage—one to give his version, one to give hers. Studied simultaneously, the plots of both pictures provide matter for ironical reflection.*

My Nights with Françoise. Two students meet in the park. He is intelligent and handsome; she is silly but beautiful. He seduces her. She asks him to marry her. He says: "Depend on me. I'll take care of you." At first they are happy, but soon she frivolously takes a lover. Though he hates to leave Paris, he hurries her away to a small town, where she is bored and makes his life hell. Determined to get back to the gay life, she disgraces him in public, and they have to leave town. Back in Paris, she wangles him a job with a notorious shyster. To escape the wifely routine, she goes to work for an ad agency. Several men pursue her hotly, and she accommodates all of them. Fortunately, he finds out what is going on, and he walks out on the bitch, who is left with her nose out of joint.

My Days with Jean-Marc. Two students meet at a party. She is intelligent and beautiful; he is weak but handsome. She seduces him. He asks her to marry him. She thinks: "I have enough strength for us both." At first they are happy, but soon his lack of drive becomes a problem. Though she hates to leave Paris, she loyally goes to live with him in a small town, where she is bored but does not complain. Determined to rescue him from obscurity, she disgraces him in public, and they have to leave town. Back in Paris, she wangles him a place in a prominent law firm. To help with expenses, she goes to work for an ad agency. Several men pursue her hotly, but she is faithful to her husband. Unfortunately, he imagines she is not, and he abandons the poor woman, who is left with a broken heart.

Cayatte's fundamental conception, to present a twice-told tale in the form of a double feature, is mildly stimulating. Unhappily, the marriage his movies describe is immoderately dull. She is a rat fink, he is a mouse fink, and their life together is stinking cheese. After inhaling Anatomy of a Marriage *(as the films are collectively called) for almost four hours, an audience can only numbly wonder how Cayatte could imagine that two bad movies would make a good one.*

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o People's Stores Corp. (Ava House), 232 Sule Pagoda Road, Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$400; 3 yrs, NT$800; 5 yrs, NT$1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

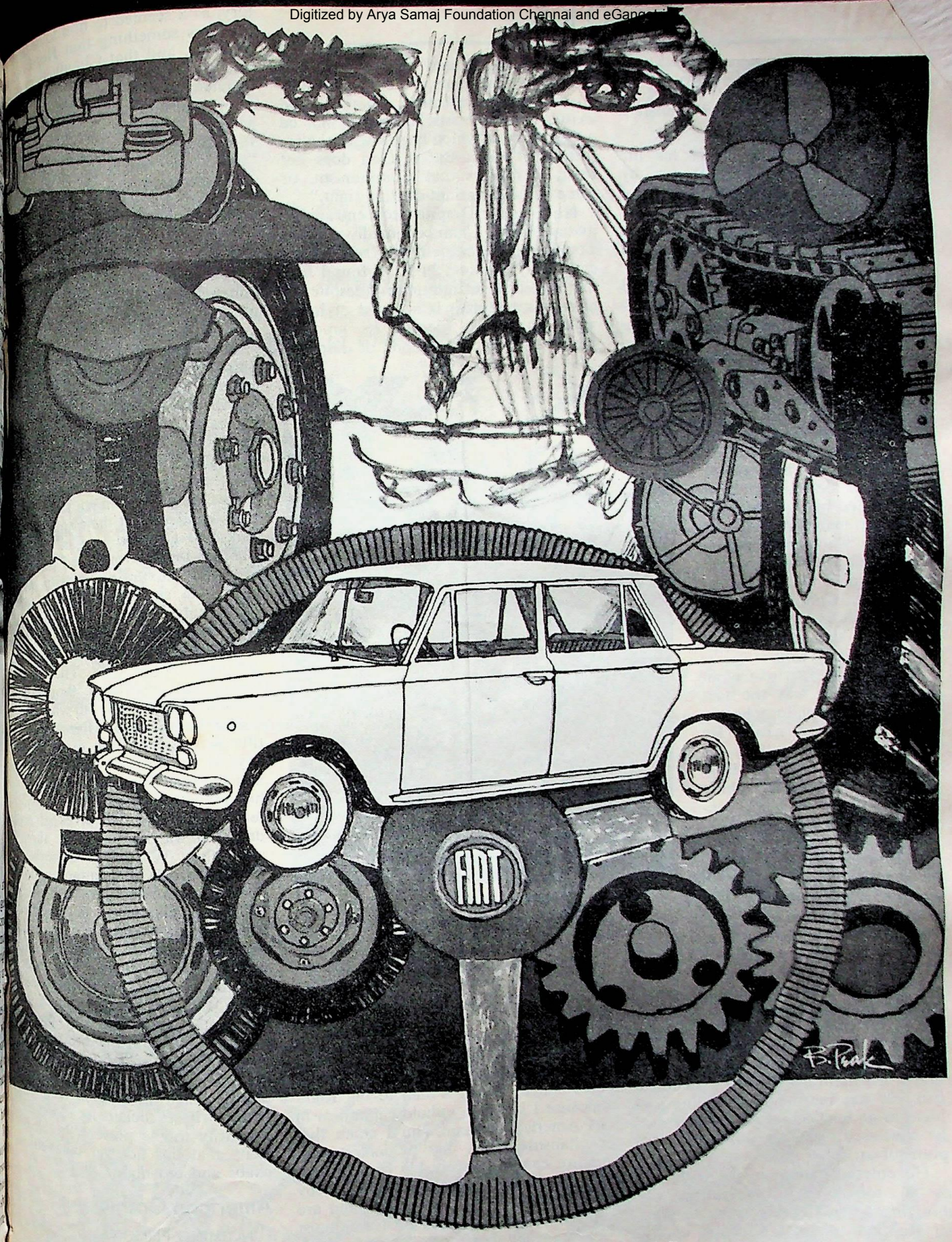
BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S.$11.25; 3 yrs, U.S.$22.50; 5 yrs, U.S.$33.75), TIME International, 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam 18, Netherlands

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Henry Luce III, Arthur R. Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



PRIME MINISTER TO PROGRESS

FIAT

Primarily dedicated to automobiles, Fiat is widely recognized as a leading originator and innovator in land, sea, and air transportation, in heavy duty vehicles and in railroad and highway development. ■ If it's transportation, Fiat makes it. Delicately attuned to change, Fiat is constantly exploring new concepts. Tunnels, railroads, dams, bridges and marine diesels are always on the drawing boards in Turin. Fiat is pioneering in nucleonics. ■ *No one appoints anyone to a responsibility like this. You find yourself in it. You work* hard to hold it. ■ **FIAT S.p.A. Turin, Italy**

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Hegel's Road to Walden

COLD FRIDAY by Whittaker Chambers. 327 pages. Random House. $5.95.

Whittaker Chambers spent his life searching for final answers. Spurred by "the need for truth" and "the fear of error," his search carried him into what Albert Camus called "those waterless deserts where thought reaches its confines."

After the glaring publicity of the Alger Hiss trial and the 1952 publication of his own confessional autobiography *Witness,* Chambers withdrew to the seclusion of his Maryland farm. Often his first waking thought was, "Must I live through another day?" This posthumous book, made up of diary excerpts, letters, extended reflections on himself and his time, is the fruit of those years. Edited by Duncan Norton-Taylor, managing editor of FORTUNE, who had been a close friend of Chambers ever since the days he worked at Time Inc., *Cold Friday* records the despair, illness, and especially the courage of Chambers' last years.

In Disgrace. Part of Chambers' loneliness was the fact that he was a philosopher in an unphilosophical nation. He was a Hegelian, seemingly unaware or uncaring that Hegelianism had been in philosophic disgrace for half a century. Hegel believed that history moved in terms of a set of abstract forces said to be in "contradiction." These, by the workings of another abstraction called the dialectic, would resolve themselves into a great and final synthesis in which man would become perfect within a perfect state. The attractions of such a view of history are, of course, obvious. But it forced Chambers' thought processes into a rigid either-or frame that, once accepted, he could never escape—and it led naturally to a trust in Marxism. He was incapable of dealing with ideas as an intellectual game. "For me," he confessed, "an idea was the starting point of an act."

He entered college in the early '20s as a sobersided conservative who thought Calvin Coolidge was the greatest Republican since Lincoln, and he left college convinced that the walls of civilization had cracked and were at the toppling point. "I felt that the world was too old," Chambers wrote, "that it was late in its night, that that night was very dark, man was far from home, he lacked inner strength to make the effort, and, besides, the right way was lost." It was this deeply felt mood of young man's pessimism that led him to abandon religion and embrace Communism. To Chambers, "the crux of this matter is the question whether God exists. If God exists, a man cannot be a Communist, which begins with the rejection of God. But if God does not exist, it follows that Communism, or some suitable variant of it, is right."

No Escape. Despite such entrapping juxtapositions, Chambers finally rejected Communism because it was ineradicably evil, but he wrote: "I have found that the mood of Communism (despite its atrocious features) is a mood of hope, while the West (despite its gracious features) promotes a mood of despair."

FARMER CHAMBERS & WIFE
Ideas were not games.

In his letters, he struggled valiantly to define his beliefs, but again paradox overwhelmed him. Chambers wrote to William Buckley, editor of the *National Review,* that he stood within no orthodoxy, either religious or political, and that he was not a conservative. Chambers added: "I am a man of the Right because I mean to uphold capitalism in its American version. But I claim that capitalism is not, and by its essential nature cannot conceivably be, conservative." Yet Chambers was struck by the fact that U.S. big businessmen are charmed and impressed by Communist leaders when they meet: "They find that they speak the same language, *i.e.*, the language of power and action stripped of intellectual baggage." And he noted: "The West believes that man's destiny is prosperity and an abundance of goods. So does the Politburo."

This is not to say, he added hastily, that the opposed ideologies are identical, but only that opposites grow alike as they contend for victory. The victory, as it seemed to him to be ... ing, was something that Hegel ... envisage, and that Chambers ... welcome. He was left with the ... conviction that both capitalism ... Politburo wanted and probably ... get the nightmare world of *1984*. ... fact, Chambers concluded gloomily ... "the whole technological development ... of civilization was a wrong turn ... and that "the only possible solution ... presently to be made by the Bomb."

Of Wind & Sparrows. Too ... answer for a man who was fundamentally on the side of life? Probably ... compensation, Chambers turned ... and more to the daily tasks of ... and the cyclical change of seasons.

The finest writing in this book ... passages in which the fields and ... of Pipe Creek Farm become a ... for this man who had wandered ... places. Muses Chambers: "The ... hog loved the light. The sparrow ... the light. Night falls. I often found myself thinking very concretely of ... I have known who have long been dead. You wonder what their ruinous remains look like after so long a separation, whether they have passed the corruption of plain corrupting horror and have reached a skeletal minimum that produces only a mild repugnance. After all, you wonder that they are completely forgotten. I may think of them ... in a year, in ten years. They are an reality that once lived, though it is possible to grasp why, to what purpose ...

Not Solutions but Pyres. The book's title derives from the farm. "Cold day" is the farthest field to the north and the one Chambers conceived ... his last stronghold, where he was determined to root the lives of my children." It was on the farm, three years ago, that Whittaker Chambers was stricken with a heart attack and died.

In his confrontation with the world, Whittaker Chambers both sinned and suffered greatly. But he was a man who took ideas seriously, and was willing to dare greatly for them. No one less daring can be wholly self-righteous about either his sins or his suffering. And sometimes there is a sense that he is resigned to both. In his apologia, he wrote: "There are no more solutions, no argument. . . . There are only mandoms, which are never solutions, and pyres, whose flicker is addressed ... primarily to the present, but to a posterity that has not yet cohered out of chaos and old night."

American Gothic

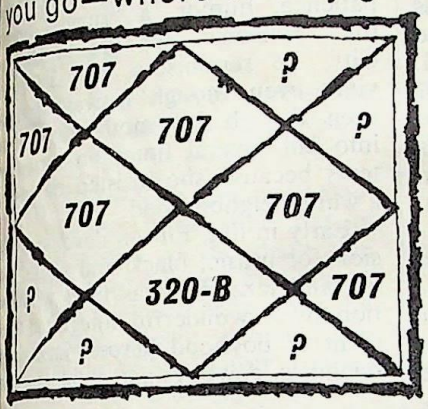
NOTHING PERSONAL by Richard Avedon and James Baldwin. Atheneum. $12.95.

For over a decade, Photographer Richard Avedon's elegant, epicene fashion pictures have set the slick pace for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar.* Now it turns out that all along Avedon has been disgusted by the affluent America he celebrates. To register his revulsion, he ... together with James Baldwin (who ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

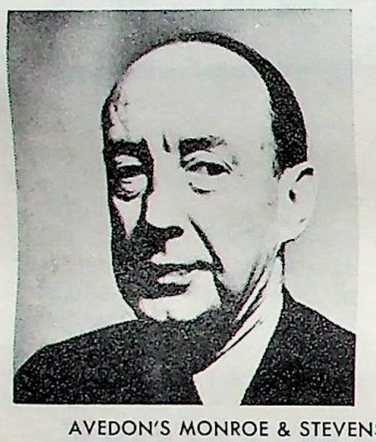
you'll go far young man, said the astrologer. it's in your stars that you'll have a fleet of silver boeings steering your life through a smooth, successful course. in your boeings you'll have a legion of lovely ladies to do your bidding. and you bid well to lead an enchanted, exciting life all over the world . . . making people happy where'er you go—where'er they go . . . with you.



AIR-INDIA

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



AVEDON'S MONROE & STEVENSON
A record of revulsion.

his old classmate in The Bronx's prestigious De Witt Clinton High School) to plan a work that would "expose the corruption in American life. I am fascinated by decadent faces." Baldwin's brief text is oddly irrelevant, obviously hasty, too often drawn on by his sheer flow of language into shrill overstatement: "No one is happy here." The 54 Avedon photographs are something else again: a chilling, engrossing display of ferocity.

Avedon is possessed of a lens that is a subtler, crueler instrument of distortion than any caricaturist's pencil. Washington Hostess Perle Mesta appears whiskered and wattle-throated; Dwight Eisenhower looks like his own corpse; simple people getting married at City Hall look bloated, ugly, foolish; Adlai Stevenson looks tired, disillusioned, a little sly; Playwright Arthur Miller looks scruffy, torn by anxiety.

When Avedon lets up on the extremes of technique, he can catch a masterpiece of self-satire such as a group photo of eleven plump, prim, grim generals of the Daughters of the American Revolution. His unaffected snap of a drooping, slightly disheveled Marilyn Monroe may be the most psychologically inward picture ever taken of her. But the slippery bias of the book is best shown by the inclusion of one picture: a so-so photo of Major Claude Eatherly, slyly captioned to perpetuate the oft-disproved legend that this disturbed man was the pilot who dropped the first atomic bomb.

The Irrepressible Force

THE FINAL CHALLENGE *by Dale Van Every.* 378 pages. *Morrow.* $6.

By the 1790s the Western movement had reached the Mississippi, and the frontiersmen saw nothing in the way of a final push to the Pacific except Blackfoot Indians, grizzly bears and federal bureaucrats. Though President James Monroe in 1825 had forever prohibited any U.S. settlement beyond the upper Mississippi and the present states of Missouri and Arkansas, the frontiersmen paid no attention. By the time Monroe's proclamation reached the frontier, it had been pushed as far west as Spanish Texas and Santa Fe. The grizzlies were similarly surmountable. Pathfinder Jedediah Smith jerked his mangled head from the jaws of one and went on to discover the South Pass gateway through the Rockies and the last missing link in the Oregon Trail. The Plains Indians, who were some of history's toughest cavalrymen, also found their match in Smith and his "mountainmen." One of them kept on trapping for three years with a 3-in. arrowhead embedded in his back.

The secret was fighting firewater with firewater. The frontiersmen became indistinguishable from the Indians in their drinking habits, their beaded buckskins, and war paint. If anything, says Dale Van Every in the fourth and final volume of his *Frontier People of America*, the paleface invaders were "morally more savage than their Indian victims." On one occasion, a trapper found rivals following him to learn the most lucrative beaver streams. His solution was to lead them through the country of the Blackfeet, who ambushed and dismembered the rivals' leader.

The author concludes that it was all for the best. If the mountainmen had been a less irrepressible force, the U.S. might never have amounted to anything more than "another Holland or Portugal."

The Unferocious Negro

SHADOW & ACT *by Ralph Ellison.* 317 pages. *Random House.* $5.95.

According to James Baldwin, LeRoi Jones, Malcolm X and any number of other writers and seers, the U.S. Negro is consumed with hatred of whites and is on the verge of doing some foul and desperate deed. Negro Writer Ralph Ellison's coolly reasoned essays are a timely rebuttal of this extravagant thesis. In clean, brisk, unapocalyptic prose, Ellison denies that "unrelieved suffering is the only 'real' Negro experience, and that the true Negro writer must be ferocious. . . . What an easy con-game for ambitious, publicity-hungry Negroes this stance of 'militancy' has become."

Separate & Superior. Ellison is no Uncle Tom; his credentials as a "militant" are all in order. He has written what is generally agreed to be the U.S. Negro novel—a good novel by standards—*The Invisible Man.* In these essays, written over two decades and covering matters of race, literature, music and his own upbringing, Ellison asserts that Negroes have a monopoly on tragedy. Life everywhere, he writes, is a "mixture of the marvelous and the terrible." To romanticize a particular people as special sufferers is a form of escapism.

Ellison, no less than Baldwin, knows slavery and segregation for the deep wounds that they have inflicted on the Negro. But he does not believe that the Negro's life in the U.S. has been a complete horror story. In spite of beatings, beatings and everyday indignities, the "harsh discipline of Negro life" instilled in Negroes certain admirable qualities that are lacking in most men: patience, humor, a "rugged sense of life." Ellison's own life in Oklahoma City, he reminisces, was happy and vital, even though it was segregated, even though his mother was thrown into jail several times on various pretexts because she insisted on living in a white neighborhood.

Early in life, Ellison developed a passion for music, black and white, classical and jazz. He was fired with ambition by a wonderful integrated assortment of boyhood heroes: jazzmen, scientists, cowboys and Renaissance

RALPH ELLISON
No monopoly on tragedy.

ists. He read voraciously, thanks to a Negro who tried to integrate the Oklahoma City public library. The other others were so shaken that they opened a separate Negro library and stacked it with every book they could lay their hands on.

Integrated Songs. However, while white America has tried to segregate the Negro, mentally and physically, he has not stayed segregated. His novel, his poetry, his music (which Ellison fondly explores in a number of

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

reed to be
a good novel
isible Man.
over two
rs of race.
s own up
Negroes
y. Life
xture of
ble." To
as special
n.
an Baldwin
ion for the
ave inflicted
s not be
he U.S.
y. In spite
veryday
f Negro
certain
king in
"rugged
life in
, was
it was
other was
es on
sisted on
d.
on developed
k and white,
s fired with
integrated
eroes: jazz
nd Renaissa

LISON
on tragedy.
ously, thanks
integrate the
brary. The
n that they
Negro
y book they

However
tried to
and physi
egated.
sic (which
number

E, NOVEMBER

e permeated and profoundly influ-
d white culture for the better:
uthern whites cannot walk, talk,
conceive of laws or justice, think
love, the family or freedom
thout responding to the presence of
groes."

has been twelve years since Ellison
shed his only novel; for some sev-
years now, while teaching at various
versities, he has been working on
second. While these essays are a
stopgap in Ellison's career, a
ssary breather perhaps, a reader
y hope that there will soon be
el to *The Invisible Man*; for bril-
ction makes a better case against
gation than the best polemics. As
son notes: "I learned very early that
realm of the imagination all peo-
and their ambitions and interests
meet."

ght Essence

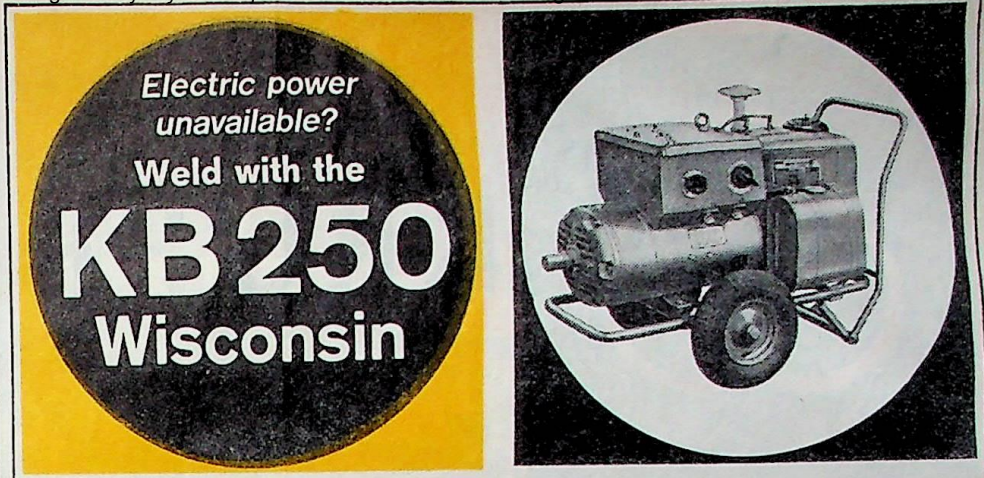
POETRY AND POWER, *edited by*
A. Glikes and Paul Schwaber.
pages. *Basic Books.* $5.95.

month before he was assassinated,
sident Kennedy took time out to
ment on poetry at the dedication
e Robert Frost Library at Amherst
lege: "When power leads man to-
d arrogance, poetry reminds him
is limitations. When power narrows
areas of man's concern, poetry re-
ds him of the richness and diversity
is existence. When power corrupts,
etry cleanses."

The poets have now repaid the com-
ment. Not since Lincoln's assassina-
n has an American's death inspired
much poetry, the best of which has
n collected in this volume. Estab-
ed poets—W. H. Auden, Richard
rhart, John Berryman, among oth-
—lent their usual talent; lesser-
own poets rose to more than usual
quence; and all expressed an admira-
n for J.F.K. that undoubtedly would
e shocked him: Robert Hazel
President I love as my grandfather
ed Lincoln"); Ruth Yorck ("We
y stop worrying./ Our best man
d./ We know of no one now we
not spare"); John Tagliabue ("pre-
politician of such steadfast shaking
minosity"); Edward Pols ("There,
your bright incontinent essence/
lines to its own completion, still/
apes almost its own actuality, still
ntrives/ Some reason, measure, hu-
in our lives").

Most of these poems are restrained
n compared with Walt Whitman's
sive *When Lilacs Last in the Door-*
d Bloom'd. Nor are they elegiac in
e usual sense. In poetry as elsewhere,
e sea of faith has receded, and poets
o longer have recourse to the tradi-
nal symbols of comfort and deliv-
ance. The poems are for the most
rt stoical, terse, plain-spoken. But all
f them bespeak a grief as great as any
oetry of the past.

Some are simple tributes to a beloved



which is a petrol-engine powered welding set with outstanding welding characteristics.

Generator • ESAB Type KB 250 Welding Generator with welding current continuously adjustable within eight subsidiary ranges from 20 to 265 A. Open-circuit voltage 60—75 V.

Engine • Wisconsin THD — a modern air-cooled engine of the two-cylinder, four-stroke type providing a maximum output of 17.5 h.p. at 3000 r.p.m.

Ancillary Power Supply • This is intended for electric hand tools, lighting units, etc. Max. output 1500 VA, 50 c/s A.C. Voltage 110 or 220 V.

Also produced is a wide range of welding sets and automatic welders. Literature available on request.

ESAB are manufacturers of the world-famous OK electrodes and fluxes.

ESAB

EXPORT DEPARTMENT • BOX 850, GÖTEBORG 8, SWEDEN
Tel. 177310 • Telegr. ESABEXPORT • Telex 20625
Factories in 12 countries • Represented in 58 countries

TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims, to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound. (*from TIME Publisher's Letter*)

WALTHER

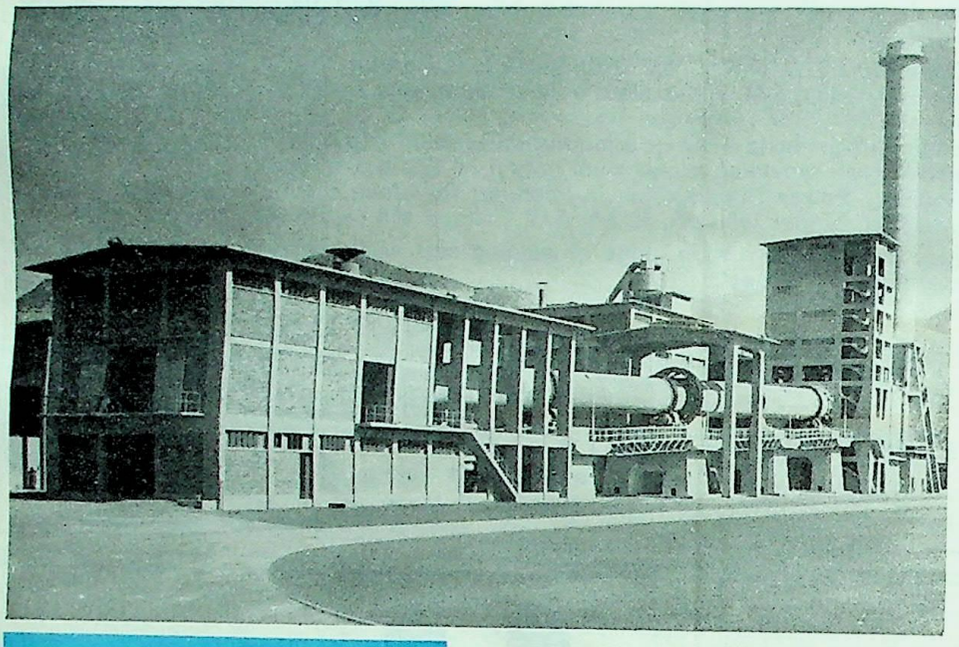
...figures faster than you think

WALTHER Büromaschinen GmbH.
Niederstotzingen · West Germany

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

KRUPP



This cement mill designed to produce 300 tons of clinker daily was commissioned in 1964 at San Juan, Argentina.

Further details are given in our publication No. 35/64 Write for a copy to

LET KRUPP HELP YOU FIND THE BEST SOLUTION

More than 150 years of experience and more than 100,000 employees in modern research centers, engineering and production departments are your guarantee for the highest return on your investment.

KRUPP design and build complete industrial plants, locomotives, heavy trucks, ships, excavators, bulk-handling equipment, cranes, can-making machinery, tools, chemical process equipment, civil engineering structures, etc.

The complete catalog of products and services comprises some 3,000 items. 355 agents represent KRUPP in 116 countries, and KRUPP sales engineers are stationed in many parts of the world.

FRIED. KRUPP · ESSEN

figure, like the one by Barry
By this to remember, this spring
As we walk by the river, the
Charles,
And the golden dome of the State
glints
In the sun, and the cars on Sto
Drive
Glitter, rushing chrome suns b
them:
A tangible world and the pride
The urban seagulls drift on the
Like words upon silence; and nea
light
Striking the water, flash as they

One dark November we lost a
Who was like this day.

Others comment sardonically
senseless event, as in *Frontier*, by
phine Miles:

Daniel Boone stepped up to a wind
(What! a window?) with his trusty
And he shot his bear . . .
It was a millionaire,
A Harvard, London and a South Se
bear
A French, a football bear . . .
Daddied and deared and dared,
Indomitable bear . . .
Daniel is angry
That after the eighth grade
This bear should travel
So far ahead.
Unfair
That a bear
Should rock so big a chair.
So gets him, and as he is got
Shows him
Shows us
It takes no complicated bomb or pl
To win again us back to wilderness.
But just one pot-pure, individual sh

A few of the poems, like the one
"Beat" Poet Gregory Corso, are
of fury and disgust:

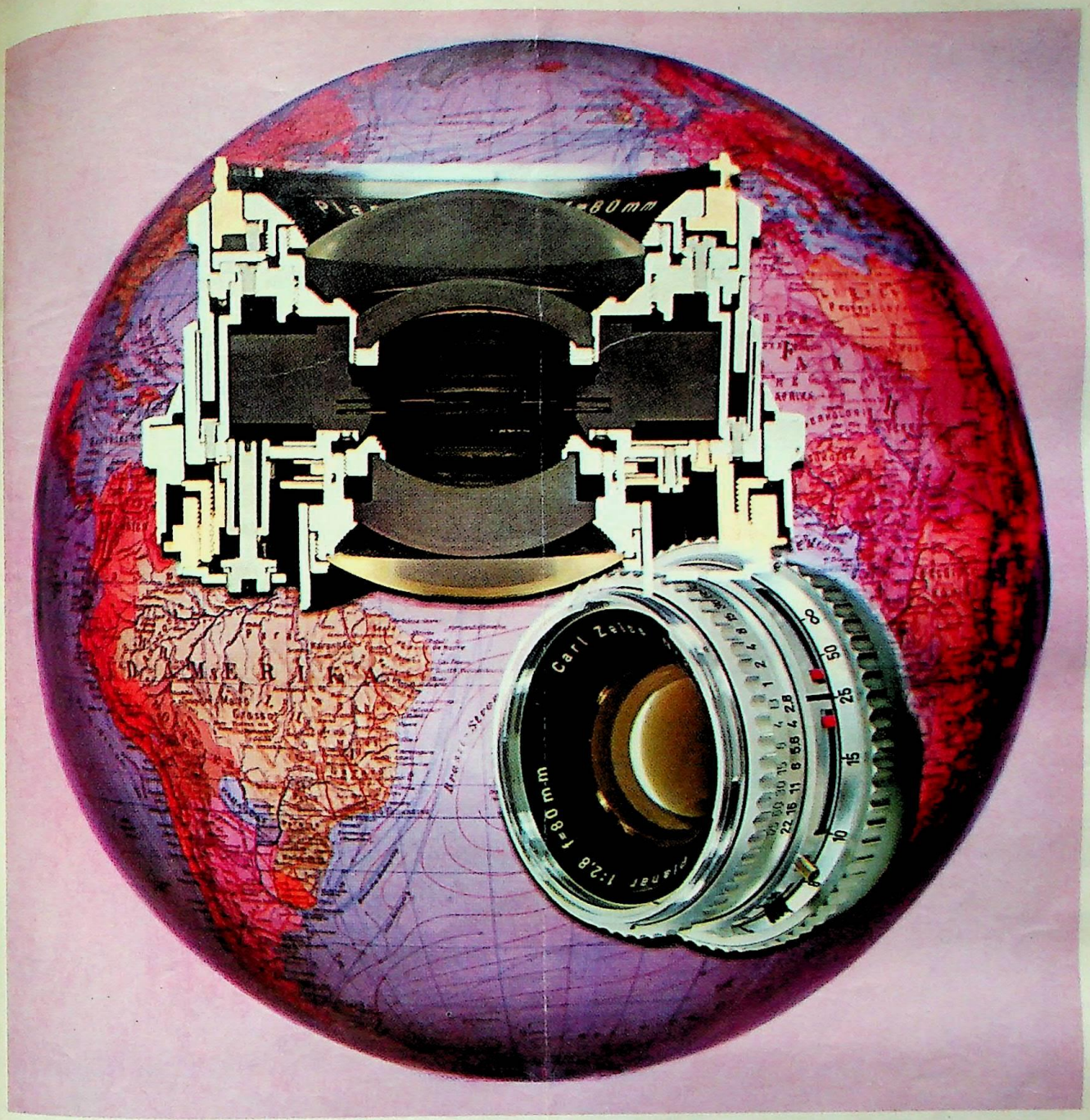
Aye you are punk killers not ass
Ah the Disney dinosaur's light la
& a little blonde girl's tears
What sad which sick what damned
taposition!
monster and child, punk and
President
society and poet, bullets and
flesh.
Bullets the size of Coney Island fi
worms
can obliterate blix pow-out
whole shebang . . .

Most of the poets try to salvage so
meaning from the assassination. W
Auden's quiet meditation has been s
music by Stravinsky and will have
U.S. première in New York on De

Why then? *Why* there?
Why thus, *we cry, did he die?*
The Heavens are silent.
What he was, he was:
What he is fated to become
Depends on us.
Remembering his death,
How we choose to live
Will decide its meaning.
When a just man dies,
Lamentation and praise,
Sorrow and joy are one.

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



The great name in optics

Precision carried to highest perfection in design and manufacture – a ZEISS lens. For the ultimate in image quality, be sure to select a camera with a ZEISS lens.

ZEISS

Oberkochen

West Germany

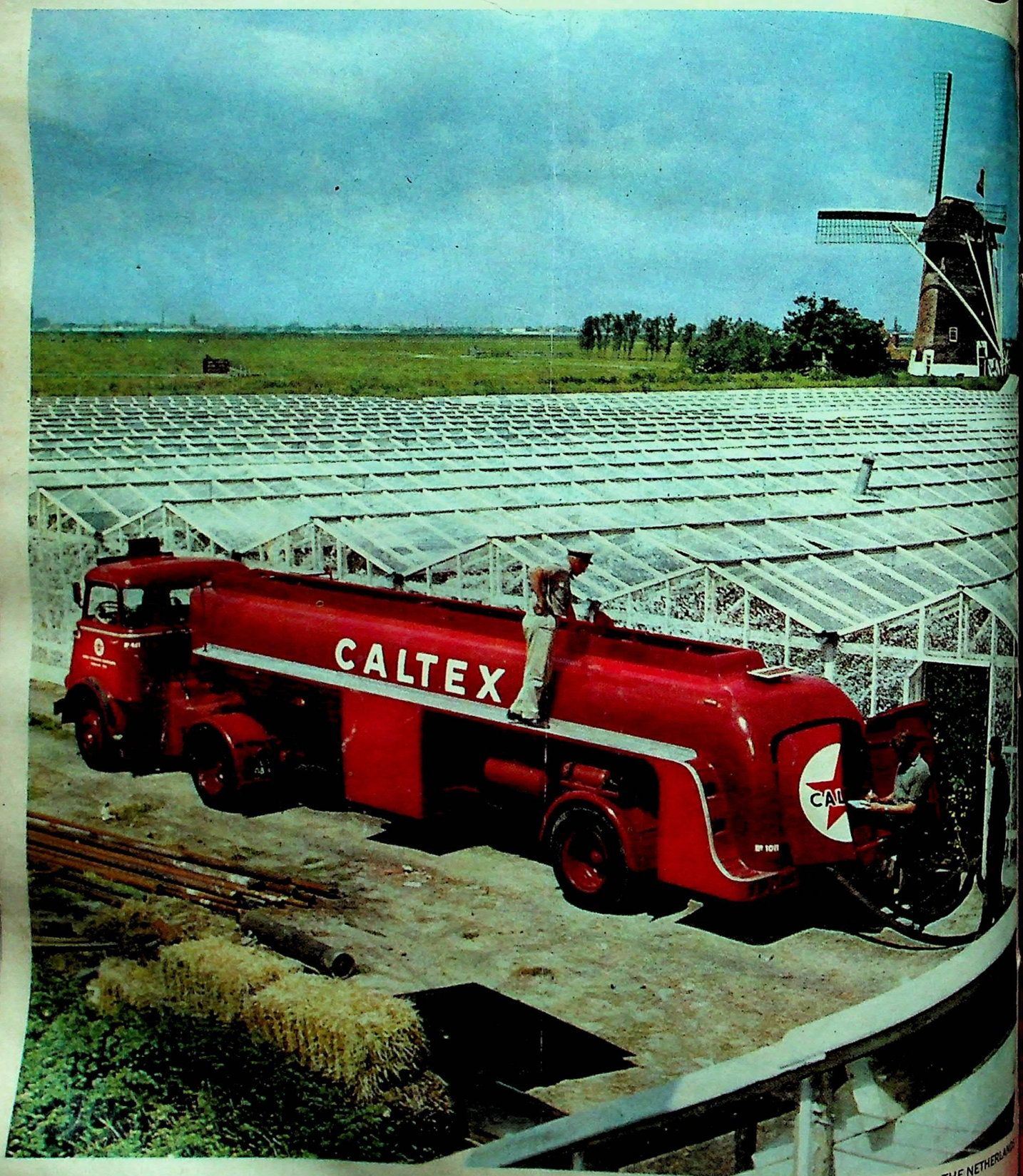
CARL ZEISS

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Satisfying agriculture's appetite for oil...

...Caltex serves all consumer needs for petroleum products in more than 70 countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and New Zealand... **you're never far from the Caltex Star.**



CALTEX ON THE JOB: YEAR-ROUND PRODUCE GARDENS, DE LIER, THE NETHERLANDS

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NOVEMBER 13, 1964

ASIA EDITION

POST-KHRUSHCHEV COMMUNISM

Also: U.S. Election Analysis

17-11-64

TIME

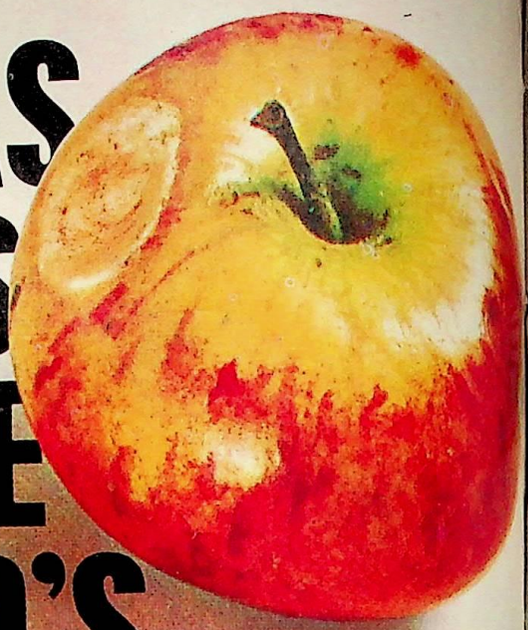
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

CHINA'S CHOU EN-LAI GREETED BY RUSSIA'S KOSYGIN

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

'THE BIG IDEAS ALWAYS FIND THE MAN WHO'S LOOKING FOR THEM'



–that's the MF 'stay first' philosophy

People get hit on the head by apples every day.
It takes a head like Isaac Newton's to make a profit out of it.
Same with baths and Archimedes, stale cheese
and Fleming, weight transfer and Harry Ferguson.
The Massey-Ferguson weight transfer system
came about as the result of years of research
into tractors and the jobs they do.
Massey-Ferguson intend to be first with the next
big advance in mechanised farming, too.
In order to ensure this, they spend millions
on development and research
throughout the world.
Hush! There's an apple dropping somewhere.

Massey-Ferguson

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

On the sunny side of our mail If you run an airline that serves five continents—if every four minutes one of your planes takes off somewhere in the world —if you extend to many thousands of guests a year—you are bound to have some complaints in your mail. At times, we have.

Reason to be discouraged, or even angry? Never! We trace and scrutinize the origin of our guest's disapproval. Then we take all possible measures to make sure that the same mistake is not made again. And, of course, we contact our guest and apoiogize. We know there's no end to refining our service.

Now that the clouds have drifted by, let's bask in the sun. Last year was a particularly sunny one. We were honoured by 2875 compliments. In black and white!

You know that displeasure is brought to paper much sooner than satisfaction. Yet in 1963 we gathered a high pile of satisfaction, 2875 letters in all.

We consider it tangible proof that an independent airline—modern, reliable, friendly—always succeeds in giving you the best there is in everything. Find out how much it means on your next flight with us: A warm welcome awaits you on board!

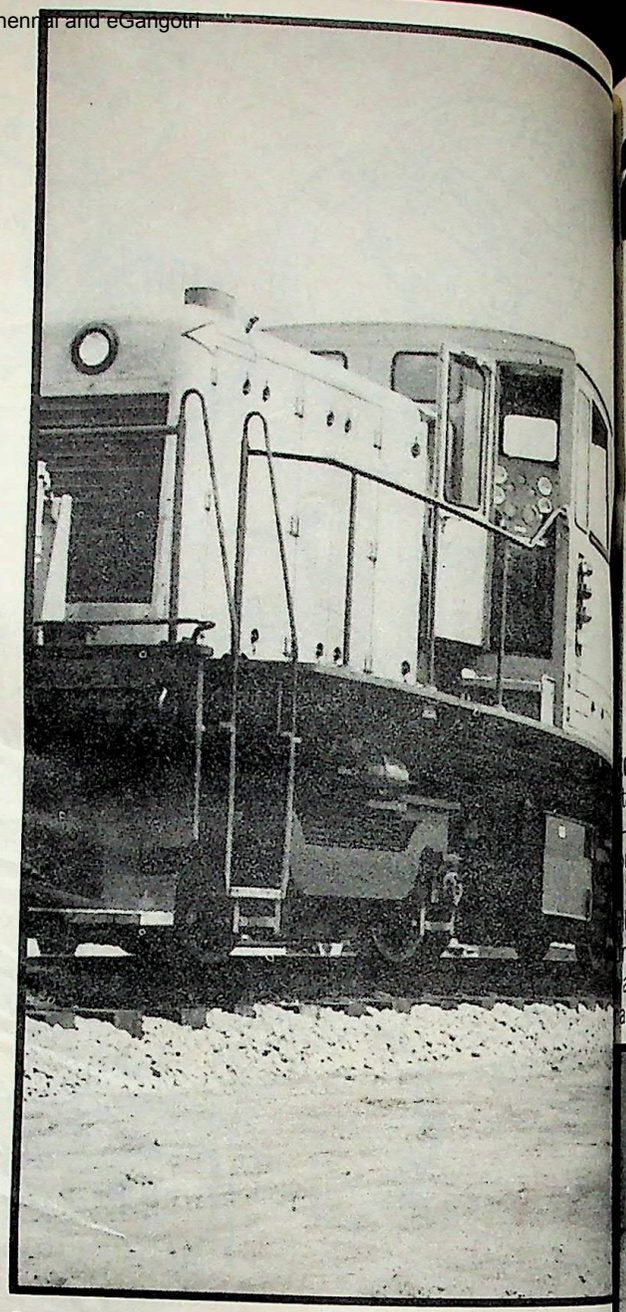
MONTREAL
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
RIO DE JANEIRO
SANTIAGO DE CHILE
MONTEVIDEO
BUENOS AIRES
ACCRA LAGOS
DAKAR ALGIERS
LISBON TUNIS
PALMA DE MALLORCA
BARCELONA
MADRID
PARIS FRANKFURT
LONDON STUTTGART
MANCHESTER DÜSSELDORF
HAMBURG
COLOGNE / BONN
ROTTERDAM
AMSTERDAM
GENEVA ZURICH
NICE MILAN CAIRO
ROME KHARTOUM
BASEL ISTANBUL BEIRUT TEHERAN BOMBAY
INNSBRUCK BELGRADE
VIENNA ANKARA
MUNICH
BRUSSELS WARSAW
STOCKHOLM
COPENHAGEN PRAGUE
ATHENS TEL AVIV DHAHRAN CALCUTTA
ABADAN
BAGHDAD MANILA
BANGKOK HONG KONG
KARACHI
TOKYO

SWISSAIR

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam 18, Netherlands. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries listed elsewhere.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



TV for Samoan schoolchildren. A new educational television system, using General Electric cameras and transmitters, is expected to benefit both children and teachers in American Samoa, the South Pacific island group. Distance has tended to isolate school systems there. With television teaching as the core of instruction in the first eight grades, the level of teaching will be uniformly high, and all teachers will be exposed to the latest techniques at once. Programs now originate live from a single, G.E.-equipped studio; eventually there will be four studios. The programs are transmitted from a mountaintop a mile away by three G.E. transmitters. *Write for bulletin GEA-7850.*

Automatic rail-haulage system. General Electric apply a completely automatic rail-haulage syste your plant to reduce operating costs and improve transportation efficiency. An automatic haulage sys can be especially helpful in operations where there complexity of movement between two or more motives, poor visibility or hazardous cargo. The system cuts the time lag in material flow. It elimina slowdowns and accidents. And it lets you get *up to per cent more use* out of your rail operations. It c sists of rail equipment, integrated Directo-Matic* c trol and communications systems. Write for Bulle GEA-7638. *General Electric Company, Dept. 111-32 159 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016, U.S.A.*

*Trademark of General Electric Company, U.S.A.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

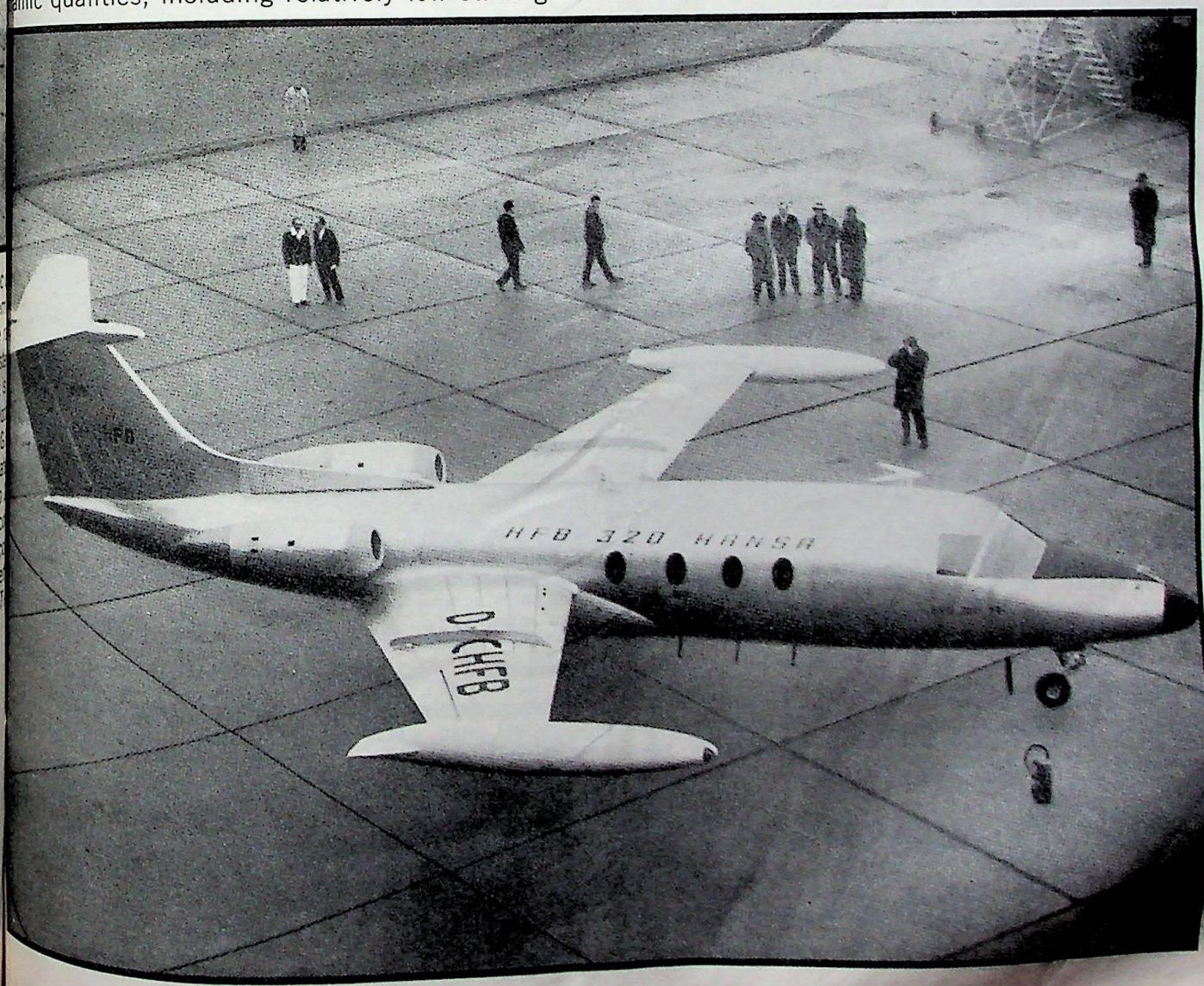
GENERAL ELECTRIC Trademark

CC-0. In Public Domain. CunYuI Kanuri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

and how can General Electric serve you?

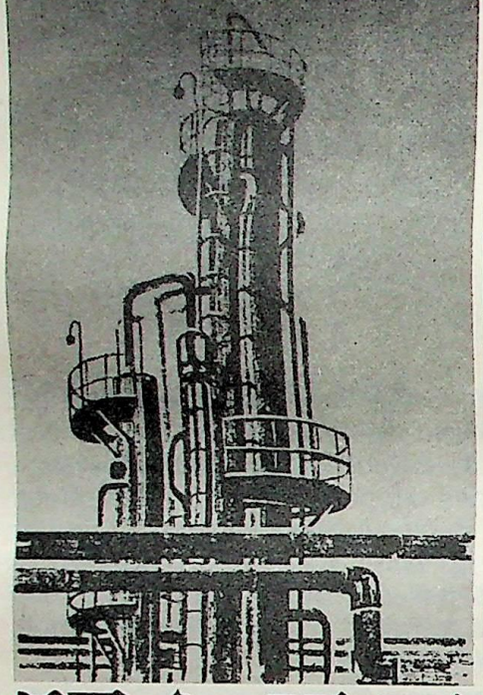
o work in half the time. The HFB 320 Hansa Jet take as many as 12 executives into almost any air- —at their convenience and in about half the time uld take them in a conventional business aircraft. business jet is built by Hamburger Flugzeugbau, burg, Germany. General Electric provides its in- mentation, jet propulsion and electric power. The ard sweep of the plane's wings offers superior aero- amic qualities, including relatively low stalling speeds. Close to the wing roots are twin, lightweight engines of 2,850 pounds thrust each, the General Electric CJ610-1. An advanced G.E. electrical system supplies both a-c and d-c power, and for flight safety, precision measurements are recorded on G.E. aircraft instruments. The plane will travel up to 1,650 miles between refuelings. It flies above the weather at 36,000 to 39,000 feet, and it cruises at speeds up to 515 mph. *Write for further information.*



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WHAT'S IN A NAME



昭和電工

SHO WA DEN KO

This is the way Showa Denko, the name of a leading Japanese chemical and metal manufacturer, is written in Japanese.

"Showa" is a proper noun—the name of the period under the reign of the present Emperor of Japan. Thus, in Japan, 1964 is known as the 39th year of Showa. "Denko" means electrical industries. It was originally adequate because the company started out as a manufacturer of electrochemical and electrometallurgical products. As a result of continued expansion in these sectors, today it consumes more electricity than any other enterprise in Japan.

With its rapid advance into petrochemicals in recent years, however, Showa Denko has outgrown its name. The petrochemical products now manufactured by Showa Denko and its subsidiaries include polyethylene, synthetic rubber, carbon black and propylene glycol. It also uses petrochemistry in producing vast amounts of ammonia.

There has been much advice to the contrary. But we're holding on to the name, because it has become synonymous to so many people both inside and outside Japan with products of uniformly high quality.

Main Product Lines

Aluminum
Ferroalloys
Electrodes
Abrasive Grains
Organic Chemicals
Inorganic Chemicals
Chemical Fertilizers
Nuclear Reactor Materials

SDK *Write for our new catalog.*

SHOWA DENKO K.K.

34, Shiba Miyamoto-cho, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan

TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 11

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* Both Nationalist China's and Red China's positions in the world are assessed by India's Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri, Nationalist China's President and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Pakistan's President Ayub Khan, Britain's new Prime Minister Harold Wilson and other leaders.

Thursday, November 12

SOPHIA LOREN IN ROME (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). The beauty that is Italian is on display as Sophia Loren tours the Eternal City. Color.

Friday, November 13

MISS TEEN-AGE AMERICA PAGEANT (CBS, 10-11:30 p.m.). More than 50 adolescent finalists vie for a $10,000 college scholarship and the honor of wearing the Miss Teen-Age America crown.

Saturday, November 14

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Floyd Patterson analyzes the Nov. 16 Liston-Clay Heavyweight Championship Fight.

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS (CBS, 8:30-10 p.m.). In this musical-comedy adaptation of *The Princess and the Pea,* Carol Burnett re-creates her off-Broadway role as a swamp girl who swims the castle moat and is courted by a prince. Richard Rodgers' daughter Mary composed the score.

Sunday, November 15

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30-12 noon). The mysteries of heredity are explored, showing how chromosomes and genes combine to make some blossoms crimson, some cats calico, and each of us what we are.

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). The story of Mary S. McDowell, a Latin teacher who, at the beginning of World War I, refused on religious grounds to sign a loyalty oath.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Two cartoon productions. The first, *Ben and Me,* is narrated by a mouse who credits himself with originating many of the inspirations for which Ben Franklin is famous; the second, *Peter and the Wolf,* is narrated by Sterling Holloway and brings to life Prokofiev's enchanting music. Color.

SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9 p.m. to conclusion). *Bird Man of Alcatraz.* Burt Lancaster plays Robert Stroud, a convicted murderer whose 43 years of solitary confinement were spent studying and writing about the habits of caged birds.

Tuesday, November 17

THE LOUVRE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The greatest of all art treasuries, the Louvre, displays its masterpieces and architectural grandeur. Charles Boyer narrates. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

A SEVERED HEAD, by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley, is a most unusual play to encounter on Broadway. It is a sex farce adapted from a novel by an Oxford University professor of philosophy (Miss Murdoch), and its true subject is the nature of reality. It is acted with uncommon skill, and it is a delectable repast for eye and thought.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR. Period sketches, gauze-clad music-hall girls, blown-up film stills have the comic impact of an artillery barrage in Littlewood's biting satire on World War I.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. Zero Mostel seems almost to physically expand on the stage with yeasty joy, pain and mystery in this musical based on Sholem Aleichem's tales of a poor Jewish dairyman, his family and friends in 1905 Russia.

ABSENCE OF A CELLO is a bright, every-other-minute comedy demonstrating that a free-spirited scientist cannot be stamped into a cog-sized mold.

Off Broadway

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY has been boldly extrapolated from the celebrated James Thurber story. The adapters have not been cowed by the memory of the master, and the clever lyrics, musically oriented songs and infectious *joie de vivre* of the cast make this a thoroughly pleasant musical evening.

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS. A rock-'n'-roll number, *I Wanna Hold Your Handel,* pairs the composer and the Beatles, is one of the highlights of this revue imported from the campus on the Cam. The fun flows when the men manic but unassuming Britons stick to tickle a rib rather than wash a tub.

RECORDS

Orchestral

BARTÓK: THE MIRACULOUS MANDARIN (London). Intended for a dance-mime, this is some of the most unusual music ever written. A mandarin, lured by a prostitute and mortally stabbed by her accomplices, finds his lust stronger than death and miraculously lives until his passion is spent. Budapest-born George Szell, once a student of Bartók's, whips the London Symphony Orchestra into a musical frenzy that the music has the power to ignite, a thunderbolt and the illuminating lightning.

RICHARD STRAUSS: SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA (Columbia). Strauss once declared that he found himself as interesting as Napoleon and equally worthy to be the subject of a symphony. He generously included his wife and baby in the scenario when he wrote this tone poem about a day at home. The baby is put to bed as the clock chimes 7 and there is some love music as the happy parents that one imaginative critic has found pornographic. The musical themes are not the most memorable that Strauss ever wrote, but the orchestration is magnificent; and George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra make the music glow with color.

SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY NO. 9 (Deutsche Grammophon). Robert Schumann called it the "symphony of heavenly length." Karl Böhm and the Berlin Philharmonic just let it flow. There is no feeling of thrust; the rhythmic divisions are as natural as breathing, and Schubert's greatest symphony emerges clear and grandly melodious.

HANDEL: THE TWELVE CONCERTI GROSSI, OPUS 6 (4 LPs; Angel). Using the

* All times E.S.T.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

42 at work in Taiwan

Taiwan Railway Administration now has 42 General Motors Diesel-Electric locomotives in service—30 Model G12's and 12 Model GL8's—delivering the high standards of performance which have made GM locomotives first choice on the railways of the world. They bring this mountainous island the advantages of GM's famed parts interchangeability. One inventory of spares protects every unit—keeps investment in components at a minimum. They cost less in the long run.

GENERAL MOTORS OVERSEAS OPERATIONS

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019, U.S.A. CABLE ADDRESS: GENMOTSEAS

GENERAL MOTORS LOCOMOTIVES

GENERAL MOTORS Futurama
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Men who guide the destinie
the world w

THE ROLEX "DAY-DATE"

Most remarkable achievement in watch-making, the Rolex Oyster Perpetual "Day-Date." Available only in 18-ct. gold or platinum, with matching "President" bracelet.

Like all Rolex chronometers, every "Day-Date" is now awarded the highest distinction of the Swiss Institutes for Official Chronometer Tests, the mention 'Especially good results.'

Its superlative accuracy is protected by the famous Rolex Oyster case, made in Geneva by Swiss craftsmen and guaranteed 100% waterproof, and its movement is selfwound by the Perpetual rotor. The date and the day of the week, written in full, change instantaneously every midnight.

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (*Founder: H. Wilsdorf*), GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

BANGKOK: S.A.B. BANGKOK **HONG KONG:** UNION HOUSE, CHATER RD **SINGAPORE:** CROSBY HOUSE **TOKYO:** ROLEX WATCH DIVISION, SHINJ
SYDNEY: WILLIS & SONS LTD., 71 YORK STREET

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

lestinie
orld w
olex watches
know their names as you know
own. You know their faces
m a thousand newspaper and
gazine articles. You have seen
m and heard their voices on
wsreels and on your television
een. Their actions and decisions
luence the pattern of our lives.
e cannot mention their names,
show pictures of them. It would
be fitting to do so, for they
lude royalty, the heads of states,
at service commanders. But we
ite you to look carefully at the
t pictures that you see of them,
their wrists as well as their faces
d clothes. You will notice that
almost every case they wear a
rist-watch. That watch will
st likely have been made by
lex of Geneva.
e are proud of the service given
Rolex watches to so many
minent men throughout the
rld. It is scarcely necessary to
int out that the performance of
ese watches is, in the highest
egree, accurate and dependable.
ROLEX
A landmark in the history of
Time measurement

basic means—two violins and a cello set against a small orchestra—Handel achieved widely different moods. Yehudi Menuhin plays one of the violins in the trio and conducts the Bath Festival Orchestra with the same scholarly fidelity and high musical spirits that he displayed in his recent recording of the *Water Music*. Every detail is luxuriously provided for; for example, Virtuoso George Malcolm plays the relatively minor but fundamental role of harpsichord accompanist in four of the concertos.

BRITTEN: YOUNG PERSON'S GUIDE TO THE ORCHESTRA (London) usually has a commentator to introduce the woodwinds, brass, strings and percussion. This performance without words, conducted by the composer, shows that the piece, with its inventive variations on a theme of Purcell's, is more than just a stunt. The virtuosos of the London Symphony Orchestra make the most of their uninterrupted chance to show off. For those who want a spoken explanation, there is also a new version by the Boston Pops, with Hugh Downs emceeing the instruments (RCA Victor).

CINEMA

MY FAIR LADY. Audrey Hepburn seems delightfully right as the cockney flower peddler transformed into a lady by Professor Rex Harrison, and the happy news is that this lush, eye-filling adaptation of the Lerner-Loewe musical delivers a round $17 million worth of elegant escapism.

TOPKAPI. Melina Mercouri and Peter Ustinov make larceny laughable in Director Jules Dassin's cheerfully amoral comedy about a jewel caper in Istanbul.

WOMAN IN THE DUNES. This powerfully filmed allegory from Japan translates the search for self into a vivid metaphor about a man and a woman endlessly digging to survive in a sandy hellhole.

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY. An affable Irish phony (Robert Shaw) who can't face the truth about himself loses his wife (Mary Ure), who cannot live with a lie.

MARY POPPINS. Amidst a whirl of sticky-sweet Walt Disneyism, Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke transform a modern juvenile classic into jolly good fun.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Youthful indiscretions set off a sunny Sicilian nightmare in this savage tragicomedy by Italian Director Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*).

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. In an often hilarious comedy, John, Paul, George and Ringo demonstrate that Beatlemania, taken as they take it—with a grain of salt—can be quite a tolerable affliction.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. Britain's Rita Tushingham, shrewdly guided by Director Desmond Davis, brings warmth, wit and wonderful variety to this portrait of an Irish colleen who falls in love with a man more than twice her age.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. At a sunny resort for shady people, Ava Gardner, Richard Burton and Deborah Kerr reach the ends of their ropes while untangling some of Tennessee Williams' best lines.

BOOKS

Best Reading

COLD FRIDAY, by Whittaker Chambers. Looking back on his earnest years at Columbia, his falling out with the Communist party and with the ideologies that shaped his life, Chambers shows warmth and detachment missing from *Witness*. In particular, the intellectual zeal of the thirties, which demanded that an idea become conviction and that conviction turn into action, comes alive through Chambers' reconsideration of his motives and acts.

SHADOW AND ACT, by Ralph Ellison. The author of *The Invisible Man* turns his attention to the situation of the Negro in America, but is wise enough to reject easy solutions or histrionic demands.

OF POETRY AND POWER, edited by Edwin Glikes and Paul Schaber. A collection of poems written about the death of President Kennedy. The contributors and their feelings range from religious poetry through existential stoicism to beat anger.

MARKINGS, by Dag Hammarskjöld. The late U.N. diplomat kept constant counsel with himself throughout his demanding life by recording the outlines of his mind and soul in these journals. It is an astonishing and often eloquent testament of a God-obsessed Christian who measured his actions against his creed.

FOR THE UNION DEAD, by Robert Lowell. These very personal poems reflect Lowell's old preoccupations—madness, genius, love—but the despair of his anguished early work has been replaced by a balance that adds a new dimension to Lowell's already considerable powers.

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW, by John Cheever. In these short stories, the author keeps a strangle hold on his own creatures of exurbia: the proletariat of vice presidents, the charming, irrelevant aristocracy and the winning eccentrics who compose swimming-pool society.

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. A complex, demanding novel about divorce, a custody case, and a gentle man's slow recovery from the brutalization of both. Bellow's writing is consistently brilliant, but his extended reveries slow the pace and keep it from being a unified work.

THE WORDS, by Jean-Paul Sartre. Always a brilliant but negative thinker, Sartre has focused his critical power on himself as a child, and dislikes what he sees. From this graceful, simple memoir, the cast of a powerful, angry mind that was to reject all symbols of tradition, from God to the Nobel Prize, can easily be traced.

Best Sellers

FICTION

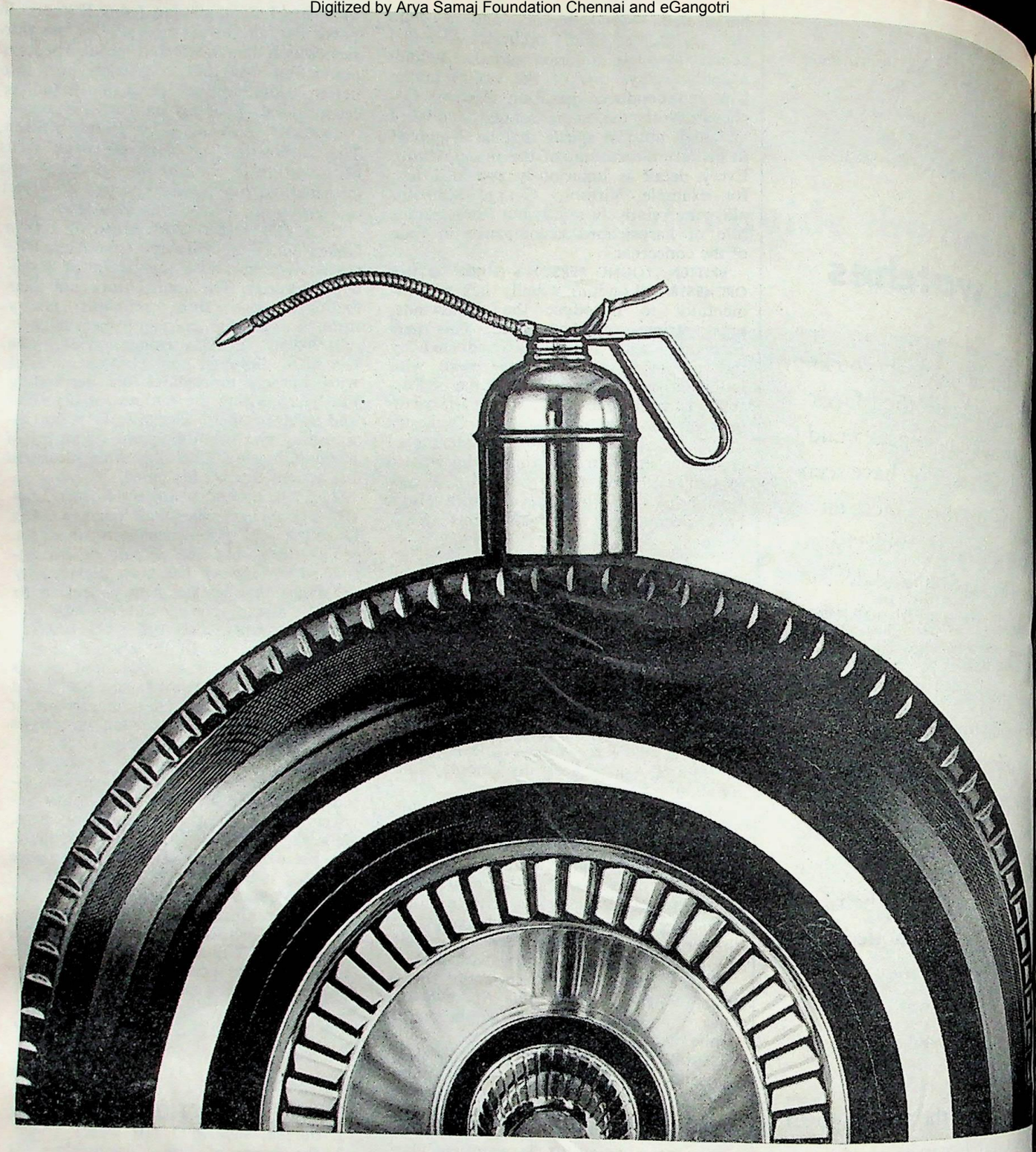
1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (3)
3. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (2)
4. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (4)
5. This Rough Magic, Stewart (5)
6. Julian, Vidal (6)
7. Armageddon, Uris (7)
8. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (9)
9. The Man, Wallace (8)
10. The Lost City, Gunther (10)

NONFICTION

1. Reminiscences, MacArthur (1)
2. My Autobiography, Chaplin (2)
3. The Italians, Barzini (3)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
5. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (5)
6. The Warren Commission Report (8)
7. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross
8. Markings, Hammarskjöld
9. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (7)
10. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (9)

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Polysar researchers struck oil when they started looking for a way to cut compound costs!

TAKTENE is a high cis 1,4 polybutadiene which is capable of carrying high filler and oil loads without loss of properties. New TAKTENE 1250 is oil-extended to help manufacturers take advantage of this ability. It can reduce compound costs by as much as 16% without sacrificing quality. Tire manufacturers have found, for example, that TAKTENE content can be increased to 50%—which means tires with superior abrasion resistance and no tendency to groove cracking at substantial savings in material costs. And footwear manufacturers are able to produce tougher, harder-wearing soles at less cost than before. If your company manufactures a product in which high abrasion resistance, excellent low-temperature properties or resistance to cracking are important, then perhaps new oil-extended TAKTENE 1250 can help you to cut costs, too. Why not talk to your nearest Polysar technical representative? A letter to Polysar International S.A., Fribourg, Switzerland will put him in touch with you.

POLYSAR®

ONE OF THE WORLD'S MAJOR SOURCES OF RUBBER

POLYSAR INTERNATIONAL, S.A., FRIBOURG, SWITZERLAND

POLYSAR, KRYNOL, KRYMIX, KRYNAC, KRYFLEX, KRYLENE, TAKTENE, SS 250, TRANS-PIP, ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF POLYMER CORPORATION LIMITED, SARNIA, CANADA. MANUFACTURING FACILITIES: SARNIA, CANADA; STRASBOURG, FRANCE; ANTWERP, BELGIUM

CC-0. Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Every fifth PIA passenger a new one

While growth in passenger traffic for all airlines averaged 11% over the past five years, PIA's passenger traffic has gone up 25%. These results reflect not only PIA's dramatic expansion, but also PIA's own high standards of operation—again, well above the industry average. It is this sort of vigorous growth and imaginative enterprise which last year brought to this consistently profitable airline over 14% more passengers, and explains why travellers say PIA are great people to fly with.

LONDON FRANKFURT MOSCOW GENEVA ROME
BEIRUT TEHRAN KARACHI DACCA CANTON SHANGHAI

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

GREAT PEOPLE TO FLY WITH

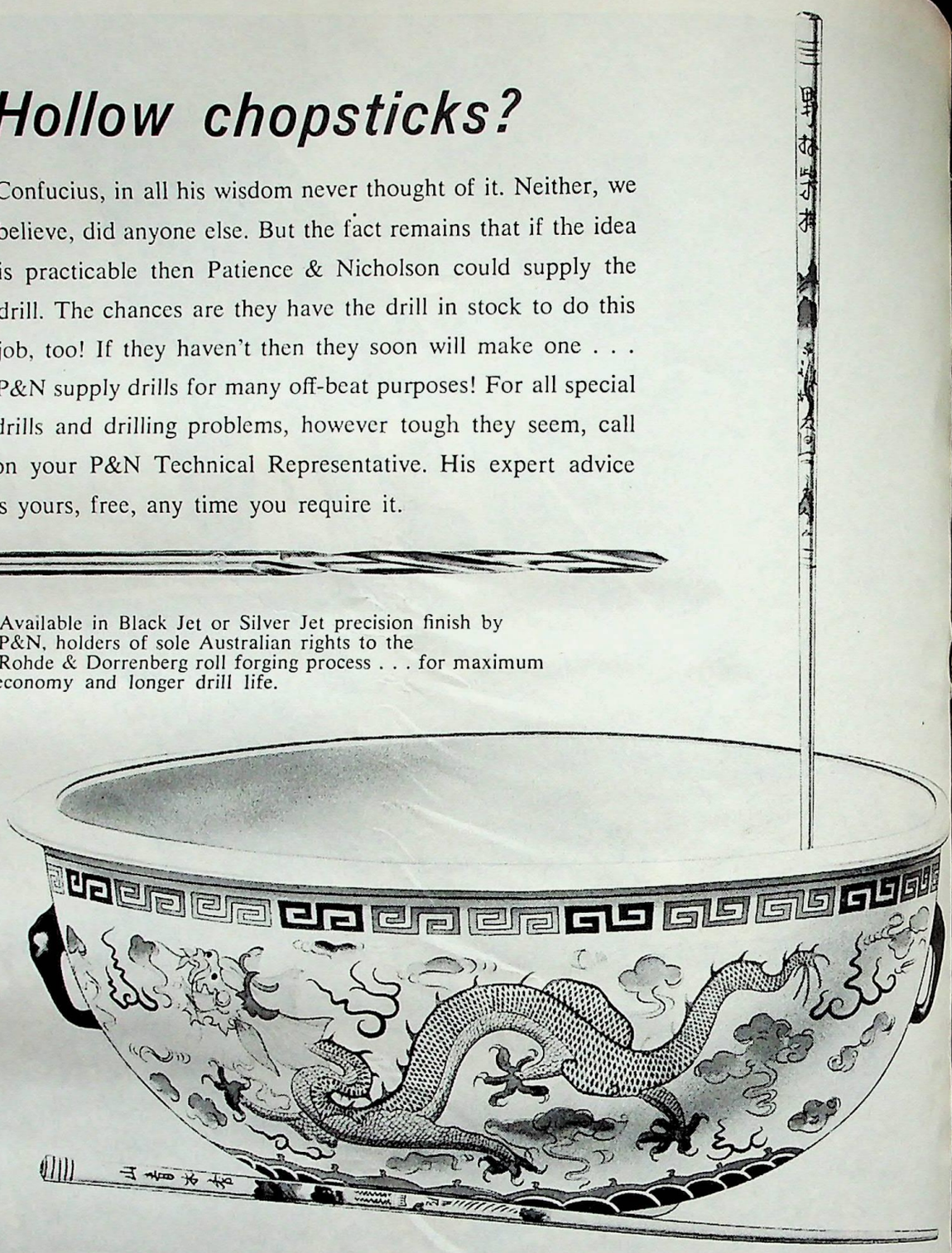
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Hollow chopsticks?

Confucius, in all his wisdom never thought of it. Neither, we believe, did anyone else. But the fact remains that if the idea is practicable then Patience & Nicholson could supply the drill. The chances are they have the drill in stock to do this job, too! If they haven't then they soon will make one . . . P&N supply drills for many off-beat purposes! For all special drills and drilling problems, however tough they seem, call on your P&N Technical Representative. His expert advice is yours, free, any time you require it.

Available in Black Jet or Silver Jet precision finish by P&N, holders of sole Australian rights to the Rohde & Dorrenberg roll forging process . . . for maximum economy and longer drill life.



For further details of R & D processed drills ask for P&N Tool Data Sheet No. 1

PATIENCE & NICHOLSON LIMITED

Sales Office: 477 Hoddle Street, Clifton Hill, Melbourne, Australia
Cables: "TAPSANDIES" Melbourne, Australia

Local Representatives:

Thailand	Jardine Waugh, 226 Nares Road, P.O. Box 40, BANGKOK
Hong Kong	Rieckermann (Hong Kong) Ltd., 1001 Man Yee Building, Des Voeux Road, Central, HONG KONG
Malaya	J. E. Tan & Co., 123a Cecil Street, SINGAPORE. Phone 95856
India	Ganeshnarayan Brijlal Private Ltd., P.O. Box 2109, CALCUTTA
Ceylon	Estates Supplies Division, Brown & Co., P.O. Box 200, COLOMBO
Philippines	Mr. A. Merx, Solex Tool Corporation, 355 Barracca Street, MANILA

ONLY MANUFACTURER OF A COMPLETE RANGE OF TWIST DRILLS, SCREW EXTRACTORS, TAPS AND DIES, STOCKS, TAP WRENCHES AND CHASERS IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

...ection Coverage

...r: I was particularly impressed by your ...ection Extra [Nov. 4] because you did ...so smoothly and so well. As a publisher, ...preciate the extra effort of every mem... of your staff—and the fantastic cost.

DOUGLAS CRANE
Publisher, West Coast Edition
...ld
...s Angeles

...r: Your state-by-state presidential ...ntdown [Oct. 30] proved to be ex... accurate. All the states were called ...tly except Georgia and Wyoming. ...ct your predicted electoral vote was ...t on the nose. Truly a job well done.

JEFFREY P. COHEN
...klyn

...ME's predicted electoral vote: 495-43. ...actual vote: 486-52.—ED.

...n with a Mandate

...r: We got our choice—he got his echo.

RICHARD A. REINGOLD
...thampton, Mass.

...r: I am proud of my country, not only ...rejecting racism and extremism, but ...giving a mandate to Johnson to create ...se programs so desperately needed by ...Americans. I'm confident that he will ...ve to be a great President.

ROSEMARY FAIRBAIRN
...w York City

...r: Barry Goldwater promised the peo... the greatest upset in American politics. ...kept his promise. He upset the Ameri... people so much that they went to the ...s in overwhelming numbers to cast ...ir ballots for Lyndon B. Johnson.

DIANE L. GALLAGHER
...od-Ridge, N.J.

...r: Probably the worst disservice of the ...dwater candidacy was to compel the ...rwhelming majority of American vot... to give Lyndon Johnson a victory that, ...istory will note, he did not deserve.

(MRS.) REGINA M. ZACHARIAH
...lder, Colo.

...r: Senator Goldwater convinced me ...t he is honest, sincere and moral. Sheer ...or overwhelmed me when I considered ...possible election.

MARJORIE BEATY
...w York City

...r: Mr. Goldwater succeeded in at least ...thing. He succeeded in undermining the respect for the man the American people must elect President.

ARTHUR P. LUSBY
Providence

Sir: Since extremism in the expression of one's mood is no vice, I am extremely elated that Barry Goldwater and all he stands for have been so roundly rebuked.

BENTON BERMAN
Bloomfield, Conn.

Sir: Pity the beloved protector of our "Great Society!" He has 1,460 nights to go wondering whether those 26 million voters will *ever* love him.

A. J. VALOIS
North Andover, Mass.

Grand Old Tattered Party

Sir: In '68, Scranton, Romney, Murphy, Knowles—please let's have a chance—to hell with the choice.

GEORGE A. PARKINS III
Mount Prospect, Ill.

Sir: I hope that all Republicans, independents, and enlightened Democrats will get their Romney buttons now and avoid the rush later.

THOMAS E. KLUNZINGER
East Lansing, Mich.

Sir: It is still almost inconceivable that a large group of intelligent Republican delegates would meet at San Francisco and overwhelmingly nominate a weird and controversial character. There ought to be, there must be, a better way of selecting candidates for national office.

J. F. WILLRETT
DeKalb, Ill.

Sir: I understand that Rockefeller, Scranton and Romney are meeting to rebuild the Republican Party. These men are responsible for tearing it down—they did not support the convention's choice. Now 26 million people will never support them. We conservatives will form our own party. Let them join the Democrats—they can't win without us. We are resting a few days; then we will get busy. We will fight Johnson's "Great Society" (socialism) forever!

(MRS.) BETTY C. HERTENSTEIN
Columbus

Sir: Extremism must be shed, and conservatism should act as a brake, not an engine. It is insulting to America to make pompous, chauvinistic claims of patriotism that imply that all others are traitors. It is hypocritical to bleat for more freedoms and at the same time force minorities to enter the back door of society. The traditional role of a conservative is to act as a sea anchor on the ship of state, keeping it pointed in the proper direction but not halting its forward progress. Nations are known by whether or not they think their best days lie ahead or in the past. Let's get to work on the problems of the future.

K. L. JOHNSON
San Jose, Calif.

Those Dragged Down

Sir: The greatest tragedy of Nov. 3 was not Goldwater's defeat, but the irreparable damage to the Republican Party in the unnecessary election losses by many fine and capable G.O.P. public servants, who were dragged down to defeat with him. One man—who led a minority faction of the party—hurt so many good Republicans, who were deserving of better fates.

CARROLL W. LUCAS
Wyckoff, N.J.

Sir: What bothered me is that such good men as Keating, Percy, Taft, Scott and many others either lost or narrowly won their offices, whereas, under an effective national ticket, they would have won handily. I must admit that I voted for Goldwater, in a sincere hope that the Republican Party would not be hurt too badly. But as the results indicate, I feel it is time to replace such men as Dean Burch at the top of the party and reconstruct it with the Scrantons, Romneys and Hatfields.

DONALD CONKLIN
Princeton, N.J.

Sir: Re Salinger and Murphy: it just goes to show that it is more important to know Shirley Temple than it is to know Caroline Kennedy.

MRS. HAROLD LANDSMAN
Chicago

Sir: You are so right when you say Percy was a "highly touted comer"—by you and the Chicago newspapers. But Kerner gained the support of powerful downstate newspapers and many Republican voters. The majority of the voters believe that Kerner has done a good job. Percy could not convince them otherwise—in fact he wore out his welcome downstate.

MARGUERITE A. PORTER
Evanston, Ill.

Sir: According to our latest poll (C.B.S. —Carpetbagger Survey), most states will have to wait at least 20 years before there are enough Kennedys to go around.

R. J. HAMILTON
Philadelphia

Urban Renewal

Sir: In this period of controversy about urban renewal, your cover story [Nov. 6] was outstanding. By emphasizing the role of city planning, you make a signal contribution—one which is yet to be fully appreciated. I especially appreciated your stress upon local action and local programs, for it is at the local level that urban renewal must succeed or fail.

ROBERT C. WEAVER
Administrator
Housing and Home Finance Agency
Washington

Sir: Scores of cities not mentioned in the limited space available for your report are getting results comparable to those of Philadelphia, etc. Too few, however, have men comparable to Ed Bacon to guide their efforts. With many, their leadership springs from voluntary citizen action,

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

MAIL TO:
TIME International
Stuivo Heldringstraat
Amsterdam 18, Netherlands

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please write to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

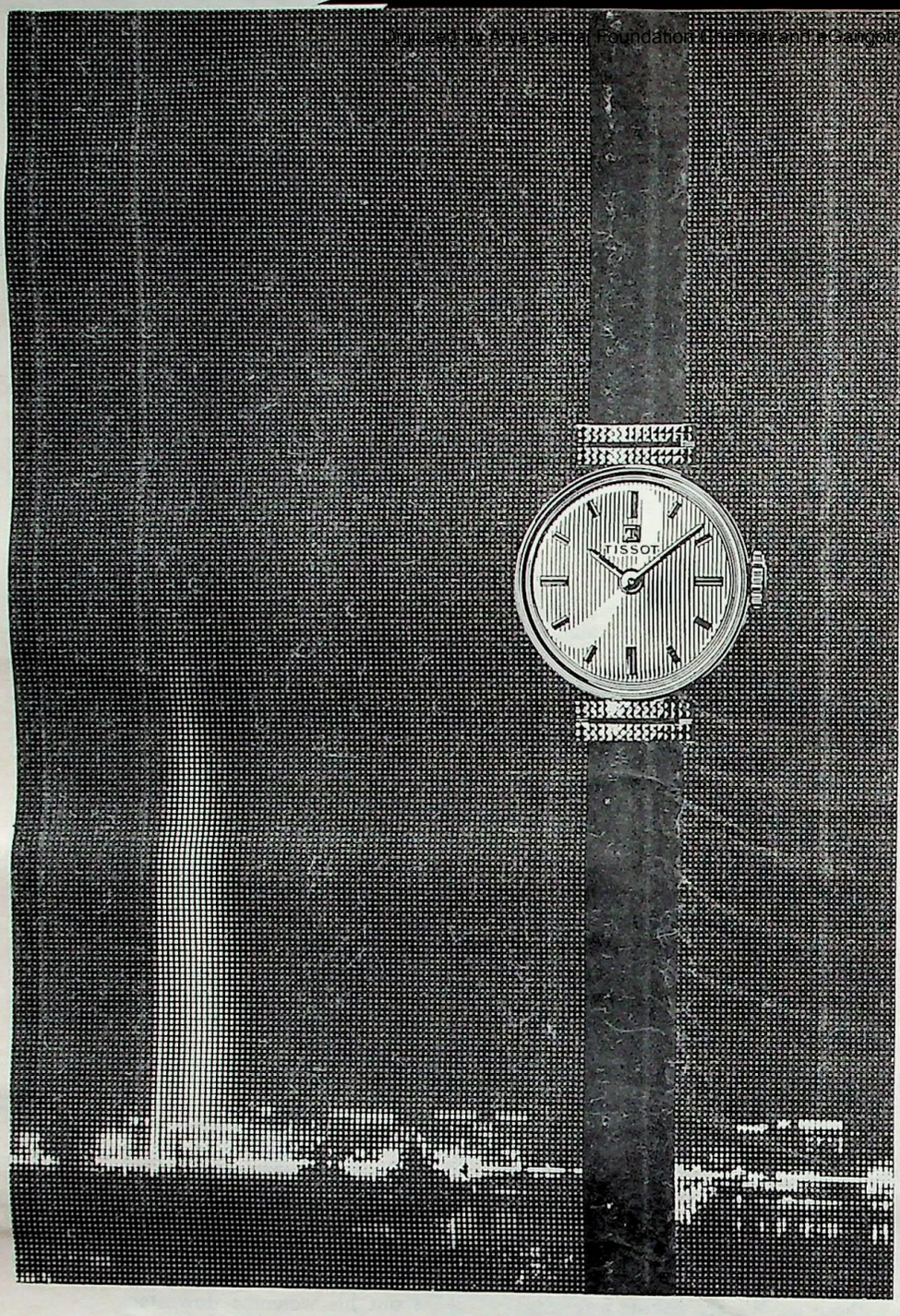
name

address

city country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



She has all the appeal:

Quality, beauty, price — the perfect watch.

There are good reasons why Tissot is one of the leading watches sold, even in Switzerland, the watch-making country *par excellence*.

Tissot offers you, at an unrivalled price, the superb quality and elegance of an exclusive selection enthusiastically acclaimed by connoisseurs throughout the world.

All round you and in Jewellers' display windows, Tissot models stand out for distinction and attractive prices. Look closely and compare... Like everybody else you will agree that this "beauty" has all the appeal. Tissot is the perfect watch for you.

Worldwide Sales and Service.

Tissot — Treasured Watches Since 1853.

T
TISSOT

For free folder write to TISSOT, Le Locle, Switzerland

chiefly among forward-looking business men. Indeed, a most heartening sign about urban renewal is the degree of involvement in city problems that is generated among business leaders and groups, many of whom ACTION represents as a national headquarters, will find this outstanding article a timely and needed tonic.

JAMES E. LAS
Executive Vice President
ACTION Inc.—The National
Council for Good Cities
New York City

Sir: As one who was active in the "Better Philadelphia Exhibition," which you mentioned, we think the most revealing part of this show was the fact that each person left the exhibition, having asked whether he would be willing to have his taxes increased in order to make possible those improvements in Philadelphia. The figures were overwhelmingly in the affirmative, indicating that without question, people are willing and anxious to have their cities improved—and what's more, will pay their share of the cost.

ARTHUR C. KAUFMANN
Arthur C. Kaufmann
and Associates, Inc.
Philadelphia

Sir: The Urban Renewal Project Reno Park in Washington, D.C., shown in your was designed by us. You insult the architectural profession when you lead the American people to believe that these projects are created anonymously.

CHARLES M. GOODMAN
Charles M. Goodman Associates,
Architects
Washington

Japanese Leaders for M.R.A.

Sir: We were impressed by your October article on Moral Re-Armament. It helps the world make a right evaluation of the movement. Moral Re-Armament is Japan's logical next step for national and international life.

NAKA FUNADA
Speaker, House of Representatives
KISABURO YOKOTA
Chief Justice
ADMIRAL ICHIDZO SUGIY
Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff
NOBUSUKE KISHI
former Prime Minister
Tokyo

Out-Earped?

Sir: Too bad Acting Attorney General Katzenbach is too young to remember that there was a time when U.S. Marshal James McShane [Oct. 23] was out-Earped and faltered under fire. Didn't an accused spy by the name of Dr. Robert Soblen successfully poison himself while in Marshal Shane's custody?

JOHN HOUSTON
Danville, Calif.

▶ *Soblen was not in McShane's custody during their flight from Israel to London in 1962 when Soblen stabbed himself with a steak knife on the El Al Airline flight. The marshal had returned to the U.S. before Soblen successfully poisoned himself in London.*—ED.

Sir: My respects to you for praising where praise is due. Too often news media editorialize solely against the "bad guys" and forget to pat the "good guys" on the back. Chief Marshal McShane on the back.

WILLIAM H. PHILLIPS
Cambridge, Mass.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

HEDLEY DONOVAN
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... ANDREW HEISKELL
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ... JAMES A. LINEN
PRESIDENT ... THOMAS GRIFFITH
MANAGING EDITOR ...

EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ... ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
[illegible] Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George [illegible], Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry [illegible]iels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry [illegible]e Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
[illegible]as Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, [illegible]rt Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. [illegible]. Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. [illegible]n, John Koffend, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Mar- [illegible] Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert [illegible]aughlin, John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles [illegible] Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
[illegible]ert Bachman, John Blashill, Jon Borgzinner, Gurney [illegible]ckenfeld, Cleil Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. [illegible]nnagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer [illegible]vidson, Johanna Davis, Arnold Howard Drapkin, [illegible] Gregory Dunne, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, [illegible]. H. Grossman, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce [illegible]rson, Leon Jaroff, William Johnson, Robert F. [illegible]n Horace Judson, Ray Kennedy, Ronald P. Kriss, [illegible]n Lee, David C. Lee, Mitchel R. Levitas, George [illegible]e, Jason McManus, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas [illegible]ole, Edgar Shook, William E. Smith, David B. [illegible]nin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
[illegible]e Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, [illegible]na Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

[illegible]ginia Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Ruth Annan, Nancy [illegible]rson, Priscilla B. Badger, Jean Bergerud, Karen B. [illegible]ch, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, [illegible]semary Byrnes, Nicolette Caliendo, Anne Chisholm, [illegible]aren Cooil, Gillian Coxhead, S. Spaulding Davis, [illegible]rley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall, Rosamond Draper, [illegible]ry Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. [illegible]k, Joanne Funger, Leah Shanks Gordon, Patricia [illegible]son, Lea Guyer, Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, [illegible]net Heck, Anne Hollister, Andria E. Hourwich, Joy [illegible]rden, Jane Jacobson, Marguerite Johnson, Helen [illegible]ne, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara [illegible]an, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Krieger, [illegible]th Liersch, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Merrin, [illegible]ncy Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia [illegible]Tampel, Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Pikul, Wendy [illegible]rick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Statler, [illegible]ames Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Fortu- [illegible]a Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanaman, Susanne S. [illegible]shburn, Nancy Williams, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
[illegible]SHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. [illegible]n, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, [illegible]n Cook Jr., Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, Jean [illegible]anklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil Mac- [illegible], Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, William Kade- [illegible]ers, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin H. [illegible]. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Clark, [illegible]topher Porterfield, Miriam Rumwell. LOS ANGELES: [illegible]hail Berges, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert [illegible]sar, Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. [illegible]hiter. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Christopher [illegible]ery, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA- [illegible]TON: Harry Johnston, Artie W. Schardt, Roger M. [illegible]ama. BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Robert A. Ellis, Hugh [illegible]n Greenway, John L. Wilhelm. DENVER: Barron [illegible]ner. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, Benjamin W. Cate, [illegible]ph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: John M. Mecklin, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.
[illegible]DON: Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, [illegible]ies Champlin. PARIS: Curtis Prendergast, Barry [illegible]ell, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Main, Friedel Unge- [illegible]ner, James Wilde. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, [illegible]ard R. Iker. ROME: Robert E. Jackson, Israel [illegible]ert. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. BEIRUT: George de [illegible]orillo, Lee Griggs. HONG KONG: Frank McCulloch, [illegible]na Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw. NAIROBI: Peter [illegible]rick. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. NEW [illegible]ark: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. TOKYO: Jerrold L. [illegible]ener, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. OT- [illegible]wa: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Martin [illegible]rran. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed Ogle. [illegible]BERAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan. [illegible]CAS: Mo Garcia. RIO DE JANEIRO: Roger Stone, [illegible]ert Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Gavin Scott. NEWSDESKS: [illegible]ert Parker, Donald Bermingham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

[illegible]ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ... Lawrence E. Laybourne
[illegible]ERAL MANAGER ... John J. Frey
James A. Thomason

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
[illegible]AGING DIRECTOR ... Edgar R. Baker
[illegible]CULATION DIRECTOR ...
[illegible]ERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN ... David W. Ballard
[illegible]E ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ... Yasuo Kitaoka
[illegible]A ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ... William S. Honneus
Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

GAVIN SCOTT, our Buenos Aires bureau chief, was sipping a *pisco* sour in Santiago and planning to attend the inauguration of Chile's new President when the news of trouble began to come in from Bolivia. That country's Vice President was in open rebellion against the government, and other military men were siding with him. With his knowledge of Bolivia, which is part of his over-the-mountains territory, Scott knew that the government there needed support of the military to continue in power, and recognized the situation as a symptom of serious difficulty.

After asking a friend to call his wife in Buenos Aires to tell her that he would not be home for the weekend after all, Scott caught the next jet to Lima, Peru, which promised the best connection into Bolivia's capital of La Paz. While he was in the air, the Bolivian situation was indeed coming apart, and TIME's stringer there, Walter Montenegro, who had gone back to his native country in the past year after twelve years on the staff of LIFE EN ESPAÑOL in New York, was dodging rifle fire to keep New York informed of the coup in progress.

On the ground in Lima, Scott learned that President Víctor Paz Estenssoro had fled Bolivia, and he immediately began to speculate on where Paz might go. Before long one of his sources tipped him off to exactly where. Scott rushed back to the Lima airport and there saw Paz dashing away from the terminal in a Cadillac. He traced Paz to a suburban Lima hotel, and was soon getting a whimsical greeting from the exiled President, who wanted to know why Scott hadn't made it to Bolivia before the coup began. "Where were you?" he joshed. "What happened? Did you miss a plane?"

After he got the exiled President's side of the story, Scott's next aim was to get to La Paz to join forces with Montenegro. Following a considerable delay because all flights had been canceled, Scott finally touched down at the 13,358-ft.-high airport in La Paz, his 18th landing there in the last 18 months. Before long he was talking with the new head of the government, General René Barrientos, who had once jokingly told Scott: "If you come here much more often, we're going to nationalize you." Scott found Barrientos uncertain about the specifics of the new government's course, but quick to take the position that "we are going to concentrate on economic plans, and this is the point of the U.S. program here."

WALTER DAPAN

REPORTER SCOTT

In New York, using the cabled reports from Scott and Montenegro, Hemisphere Editor George Daniels and Writers Philip Osborne and David B. Tinnin sandwiched the Bolivia story in between analyses of recent coups in Latin America and the changing role of the military. While the biggest news of the week was made in Moscow, where our cover story in THE WORLD originated, Gavin Scott and the boys in THE HEMISPHERE section felt that it had been quite a week on the Andes beat too.

INDEX

Cover Story 22
U.S. Election Extra 39

Art 62
Books 88
Cinema 84
Education 68
The Hemisphere 36
The Law 70
Letters 11
Medicine 56
Milestones 82
Music 55
People 38
Press 58
Religion 72
Science 61
Show Business 57
Sport 74
Time Listings 4
The U.S. 15
U.S. Business 77
The World 22
World Business 81

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PICTURE OF A MAN GOING TO BREAK A DAM

Poised over the new physics building at England's Nottingham University, an Atlas Copco portable compressor is easily hoisted to the point of work.

It all began some eighteen Swiss dams ago with the 283ft-high Dixence. A big dam, then, but today fated to lie submerged in the alpine waters stored by the new Grande Dixence—the world's highest dam, 932 feet to its crest.

Height, however, is one thing. Utilizing it fully is another. For each time the reservoir was drained the old upstream dam appeared above the surface, checked the flow of water, and cut the kilowatts to be won. A massive hole needed to be blasted low in the structure of the *old* dam to let more water through to the new.

Ironically, just when the old dam was above water, the road to it was inaccessible. So, to help on the job-site, an Atlas Copco compressor became airborne high in the Swiss Alps. Mind you, these compressors are unequalled in weight-to-power ratio—which is why they have also been reported "flying" over America's Rocky Mountains and Norway's snowbound fells.

This, of course, is a far cry small workshops, shipyards duction plants and mines have one thing in common— Copco's experience in the equipment for the many app tions of compressed air.

Atlas Cop

puts **compressed** to work for the

GROUP HEADQUARTERS: ATLAS COPCO AB · STOCKHOLM 1 · SWEDEN · SALES AND SERVICE IN OVER 100 COUNTRIES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
November 13, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 20

THE U.S.

THE PRESIDENCY
e Work That Faces Us"

ll grey with campaign fatigue, some ewsmen and White House staffers d around the L.B.J. ranch at l's heels. Victory—vast victory—cleared the President's face of its t worried lines; he seemed fresh as sy and frisky as a colt.

the hip pocket of his tan twill ers, Lyndon carried Barry Gold-r's belated and somewhat snarly am of concession. It said: "Con-ulations on your victory. There is to be done with Viet Nam, Cuba, problem of law and order in this try, and a productive economy. mmunism remains our No. 1 ob-e to peace, and I know that all ricans will join with you in honest ions to these problems." The Presi-had replied in good nature that he d well afford: "I thank you for expressed desire to cooperate in work that faces us all in the days weeks ahead."

ndown & a Cedar Fire. Vice Pres-elect Hubert Humphrey, just ar-d at the ranch from Minneapolis, ped gamely along at Johnson's side, ing a pair of size 11 cowboy boots his size 8 feet and a five-gallon hat hat appeared to be a six-gallon . Just as manfully, he smacked his with great gusto after partaking rbecued spareribs. The President d for a couple of horses, mounted and suggested that Hubert climb rd the other.

umphrey proved to be a better estrian than onetime Press Secretary e Salinger had been—but not by . After the ride, he returned to firma with a heavy sigh of relief, unced that he would do anything ohnson but: "No more horses."

he President haw-hawed, later shep-ed a few people, including Hubert Muriel Humphrey, on a leisurely own tour of the ranch, drawled ntedly about the soil, the rain, the virtues of the U.S. voter. At anch after dinner, Lyndon and Hu-kidded about their pre-election pre-ions: Johnson had said 44 states for Democrats, Humphrey had guessed Depending on how Arizona came either could have been right. Any-they had a most amicable jawing n in front of a blazing cedar fire well after midnight.

But all good things must come to an end. After only a few hours of sleep, Johnson was at his massive mahogany desk at the ranch, dealing with problems that had been deferred until election's end, talking by telephone to Secretary of State Rusk and Defense Secretary McNamara about fresh outbursts of long-burning problems.

Some Static. It almost seemed as though the world had waited for the U.S. election results to resume its normal hell raising. In South Viet Nam, the new civilian government began to break apart less than 24 hours after it was formed. De Gaulle's France warned that a U.S.-sponsored multilateral nuclear force including West Germany would be considered as an affront to France and demanded a reorganization of NATO itself. In Berlin, the Russians set off a small dispute about commercial airlines' use of air corridors over East Germany. And in Moscow, the new Soviet regime gave a warm welcome to Red Chinese Premier Chou En-lai when he arrived to help celebrate the 47th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution (*see cover story in* THE WORLD).

At home, there was some static too. United Auto Workers struck nine Ford Co. plants, affecting 25,500 workers. Militant labor leaders are expected to lobby hard in the liberal 89th Congress to amend the Taft-Hartley law so that state right-to-work laws can be abolished. This would infuriate some segments of business, and Lyndon's dilemma will be to try to satisfy both sides.

On the civil rights front, Martin Luther King Jr. announced that the pre-election moratorium on demonstrations was over, and he was ready to attack in Alabama and Mississippi. Said King: "Now that the election's over, we will naturally move back into some of the areas where we have been working to be sure that the civil rights bill has been implemented in all of its dimensions."

Task Forces at Work. Beyond these immediate points of concern, Johnson must get on to the weighty business of drawing up next year's budget and drafting legislation for the new Congress. Within the month, stacks of detailed reports will begin to pile up on his desk. Platoons of specialized task forces have been working for months to compile information on subjects ranging from civil rights to U.S. transportation tangles.

All these reports relate to Johnson's vision of "the Great Society," which he will now have to reflect on and then expand in his State of the Union message.

AP

JOHNSON & HUMPHREY AT L.B.J. BARBECUE
All in his hip pocket.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DON HESSE—ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

HE SHOT THE ARROWS INTO THE AIR AND . . .

REPUBLICANS

In There Fighting

Republicans, at long last, were really in there fighting with tooth and nail. There was only one problem: in all too typical, traditional style, they were *doing all the fighting* among themselves, not against the Democrats.

In the depths of disaster, the big pitch of the party consensus was to remove not only Barry Goldwater but all of his henchmen from any position of power in the Republican hierarchy.

"This Goldwater ideology, the thing he called conservatism was beaten," cried Kansas' outgoing Republican Governor John Anderson, who did not stand for re-election. "It lost in every state. In the South, prejudice voted, not his philosophy, and in Arizona they voted home-town. These Goldwater people have got to roll over. They're beaten." Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton, a former Republican National Committee chairman who paid loyal lip service to Barry during the presidential campaign, said that if the Goldwaterites don't get out of the way, "there probably will be some blood spattered around."

Avoiding Labels. Barry Goldwater did not appear to be at all anxious to remove himself from the pinnacle of G.O.P. leadership and influence. In a post-election statement, he made the point that "more than 25 million people" had voted "not necessarily for me, but for a philosophy that I represent, a Republican philosophy that I believe the Republican Party must cling to and strengthen in the years ahead." Concluded Barry: "Being unemployed as of January 3 or thereabouts, I'll have a lot of time to devote to this party, to its leadership, and to the strengthening of the party, and I have every intention of so doing."

Among moderate Republicans, there were all sorts of plans and plots to take over once again control of the party machinery—and philosophy. At the instigation of Idaho's Governor Robert Smylie, Michigan's George Romney, and Rhode Island's John Chafee, the 17 Republican Governors and Governors-elect have tentatively scheduled an early December meeting to talk over ways of revitalizing the G.O.P. as a party of moderation, dedicated to peace, prosperity, private enterprise and individual initiative.

But there seemed to be no great degree of agreement even among the moderates themselves as to how all this revitalization should be accomplished. The reason was simple enough: the Republican Party no longer has any real sense of itself as a party; it is, rather, a conflicting conglomeration of ideas, ideals, factions, and personal ambitions. George Romney won in Michigan; but he not only refused to endorse Barry Goldwater, he refrained insofar as it was possible for him to do it from using the word "Republican" in any way. In a post-election statement, Romney called for "unity" and declared that he did not want to be known as a liberal-moderate. "I have undertaken to avoid labels," he said. "I would like to have people judge me by what I stand for on specific issues. I would like to be as conservative as the Constitution of the United States, as progressive as Theodore Roosevelt, and as liberal as Abraham Lincoln."

Spitting Match. Before Republican moderates undertake the bruising task of kicking Goldwaterites out of the party, they ought to reach some consensus on where they themselves stand. In the days immediately following the election, such a consensus was obviously lacking. One result was an unseemly long-distance spitting match between former Vice President Richard Nixon and New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller. In Manhattan, Nixon held a press conference, called for party unity and a moratorium on intraparty "backbiting," then lashed out at Rocky for having given Goldwater less than enthusiastic support, describing Rockefeller as a "sport" and the Republican Party's principal divider."

Rockefeller was vacationing in Madrid, and the rain in Spain fell lightly on his pain. Nixon's "peevish post-election utterance," he replied, was "hardly calculated to advance" Republican unity. But Rocky also managed to put his finger squarely on the real Republican problem. "We don't have a Republican Party right now," he said. "We have 50 Republican parties."

Diddley-Do. The distance between the extremes of the Republican Party is no greater than it is in the Democratic Party. But Democrats have always been able to reconcile their differences in the name of the party—partly because the Democrats with some of the most backward principles have been the very ones who have continually won at the polls and provided the party with a power base for 100 years. Why Republicans don't have this similar sense of party feeling has been debated for the better part of a century. One recent result is that the only President the G.O.P. had had in the last 32 years, Dwight Eisenhower, was a great popular leader with very little sense of party organization. As Alf Landon said last week, he was "a war hero who didn't know diddly about politics."

At the moment, the G.O.P. is shorn of power and torn from its philosophical moorings. If it is to recapture power in Congress and the White House, it can do one of two things. It can permit itself to be captured by a magnetic leader who will sweep all before him, and pull a lot of Republicans in with him. Or it can develop, and inspire thousands of candidates for all offices—local, state and national—who can honestly and conscientiously make "the party" a vital part of a way of life that includes principles and country

AP

EISENHOWER

NIXON

The sense of the party: a conflicting conglomeration.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE CABINET

Shuffles

No sooner had Lyndon Johnson succeeded to the presidency than speculation started about what changes he would make in the Kennedy Cabinet; so far he has made none, the only departure being that of Bobby Kennedy, who resigned from the Justice Department to run for Senator in New York. Last week, in the wake of Lyndon's election, the speculation inevitably was revived. But it remains unlikely that there will be wholesale changes in the near future.

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara was a storm center during the campaign, but he is a take-charge man after Johnson's own heart, has mastered the Pentagon bureaucracy as has no Defense Secretary before him, and rates with all the Cabinet officers probably stands highest with the President. Secretary of State Dean Rusk has made gloomy sounds about leaving for financial reasons, but the President likes him and will probably stay on for a while. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, the Cabinet's only Republican, also has talked about leaving Washington, but probably won't happen soon. Moving up in Johnson's esteem is Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz, who pitched in to help write Lyndon's "prosperity" speeches during the campaign. Similarly, Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges campaigned for Johnson in North Carolina, where he used to be Governor, and can probably stay on for as long as he likes.

On the other hand, Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman has long since wearied of his frustrating job, and will presumably be replaced. To promote and administer his anti-poverty, medicare and aid-to-education programs, Johnson may want someone of higher caliber than Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Anthony Celebrezze. Interior Secretary Stewart Udall all too enthusiastically supported Kennedy for President against Johnson in 1960, and will soon be taking leave of his department. Postmaster General John Gronouski was strictly a Kennedy political appointee; Johnson will probably make his own political appointment.

That still leaves the Attorney General's job open. If Johnson does not name Acting Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, a Bobby protégé, to the permanent job, the most likely man is Houston Lawyer Leon Jaworski, 59, a longtime Lyndon pal.

THE VOTE

The Figures

Half the fun of elections is fiddling around with the figures afterward. Last week there were plenty of fascinating figures to fiddle with.

About 69,169,000 people voted for President. They represented 78% of the total registered vote, and 60% of the U.S. population of voting age. The popular vote broke the 1960 record of 68,839,000, but it was not so impressive as it sounds, considering population growth (this was the presidential year that the World War II babies came of age) and the fact that the District of Columbia, voting for the first time, added 195,874 to the total (167,373 for Johnson, 28,501 for Goldwater).

Johnson won history's greatest popular vote—42,328,350 compared with Eisenhower's 35,590,000 in 1956. He also set a record for the biggest plurality, 15,688,172 as against Franklin Roosevelt's 11,078,000 in 1936. Johnson's 61.2% of the popular vote topped

JIM BERRY—NEA

"YOU MEAN, AFTER ALL YOUR POLITICAL HARANGUES, YOU DIDN'T VOTE?"

F.D.R.'s 60.8% in 1936 and Harding's 60.4% in 1920.

For the first time ever, Vermont went Democratic and Georgia went Republican. Alabama and Mississippi were carried by a Republican for the first time since 1872, South Carolina for the first time since 1876. Maine voted for a Democrat for President for the second time in its history; the other occasion was 1912, the year of the Bull Moose split in the G.O.P.

Students of ticket splitting will be engaged for months by the 1964 statistics. In Massachusetts, Johnson had a 1,100,000 plurality, Democrat Teddy Kennedy one of 1,000,000; but Republican Attorney General Edward Brooke, the nation's highest elected Negro state official, won by 750,000, and Republican John Volpe was still clinging to a narrow lead for Governor. In California, Johnson won by 1,200,000, but G.O.P. Senate Candidate George Murphy was elected by 200,000. In Michigan, Johnson had a 1,000,000 plurality, and Republican Governor George Romney won by 395,000. In Rhode Island, Johnson's plurality was 230,000, Democratic Senator John Pastore's was 308,419, but Republican Governor John Chafee won by a comfortable 85,604. In New York, Johnson buried Goldwater by 2,400,000 votes, while Bobby Kennedy defeated Republican Senator Kenneth Keating by what seemed, under the circumstances, a piddling 627,795.

And so the ticket splitting went—in Kansas, Vermont, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Washington, Delaware, Wisconsin, Montana, Pennsylvania. One of these days the statisticians will compute the percentage of voters who split their tickets, and the figure should be remarkable.

THE CONGRESS

The Liberal House

Shortly before the Republican National Convention last summer, 54 conservative Republican Congressmen signed a statement urging the nomination of Barry Goldwater, arguing that his candidacy would aid Republican candidates throughout the U.S. When the new Congress convenes in January, at least 23 of those Representatives will be among the missing, either through defeat or retirement.

The next House of Representatives seems certain to be the most liberal since the early years of President Roosevelt. The Democrats, by seizing 47 Republican seats while losing to just ten G.O.P. challengers, scored a net gain of 37. The new House thus will be dominated by Democrats by at least 294 to 138—better than a two-thirds majority.*

Greater than Indicated. Impressive as they are, even these figures do not signify the full extent of the ideological shift. A majority of the defeated Republicans are conservatives who could rarely be enticed to support a Johnson Administration bill. Seven unseated Republicans in New York were conservatives, including such unbudgeable veterans as Katharine St. George and Steven Derounian. Texas lost its only Republican Congressmen, Goldwater-styled Bruce Alger and Ed Foreman. Five of Iowa's six Republican seats, held mostly by conservatives, slipped away; the survivor was H. R. Gross (TIME, June 15, 1962), who has won a reputation more as an anti-spendthrift than a conservative. On the other hand, many of the G.O.P. survivors are moderates who remained aloof from Goldwater and will vote with the Johnson Administration a good part of the time. They include such potentials toward higher office as Manhattan's John Lindsay, Minnesota's Clark MacGregor, Massachusetts' Silvio Conte and F. Bradford Morse.

The liberal gain is also greater than the Democratic pickup of 37 seats would indicate, since seven of the ten districts taken over by Republicans are in the Deep South, including five in Alabama. At least four of these Southern seats were held by conservative Democrats who consistently voted against

* The results in three races are still uncertain: Missouri's Seventh, New York's 30th, and the At-Large seat in Alaska.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

the Administration, just as their G.O.P. replacements will do.

Victory Euphoria. Basking in the sunny prospects of what such a majority could produce, some Democrats are predicting that the new House—and the Democratic-dominated Senate—will submit meekly to L.B.J.'s every whimsy. Where the Administration could count on only about 170 sure House votes on major bills in the past session, and such measures as medicare, grants for school construction and expansion of area redevelopment were blocked, Democratic leaders expect to be able to deliver some 220 votes (218 is a majority) with certainty in the new House. In their victory euphoria, some even foresee a runaway House that might embark on congressional reform and propose welfare legislation on its own—thus proving to be even too liberal for Johnson's taste.

Actually, the Democratic emphasis on nose counting overlooks one stubborn fact: bills still must get out of committee before those floor votes can be cast—and the committees are still considerably dominated by Southern Democrats. Not even the L.B.J. landslide is likely to make Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills like medicare, or goad Rules Chairman Howard Smith into smoothing the legislative path of liberal bills toward the House floor. Moreover, as Franklin D. Roosevelt discovered after 1936, an overwhelming legislative majority could just prove unpredictably independent of the man in the White House.

OHIO

What Beat Taft

Hardly had he been declared the winner in his fight against Robert Taft Jr. than Ohio's Democratic Senator Stephen Young announced that he was retiring from politics—in 1970 when his new term will be up and he will be 81.

There were those in Ohio last week who wished that Young had kept a similar promise made after the 1958 election. Among the disappointed, of course, was Congressman Taft, 47, who had hoped to follow in the Senate footsteps of his illustrious father.

What did Taft in, of course, was Goldwater. While he counted himself a Goldwater man in many respects, he also differed publicly from Barry on such issues as civil rights and the nuclear test ban treaty. But not quite enough Ohioans saw the distinction, and Young helped blur it by constantly tying Taft to Goldwater's bandwagon. "I am against Birch, Barry and Bob," Young would say. "Goldwaterism, Taft Juniorism and extremism are all the same commodity."

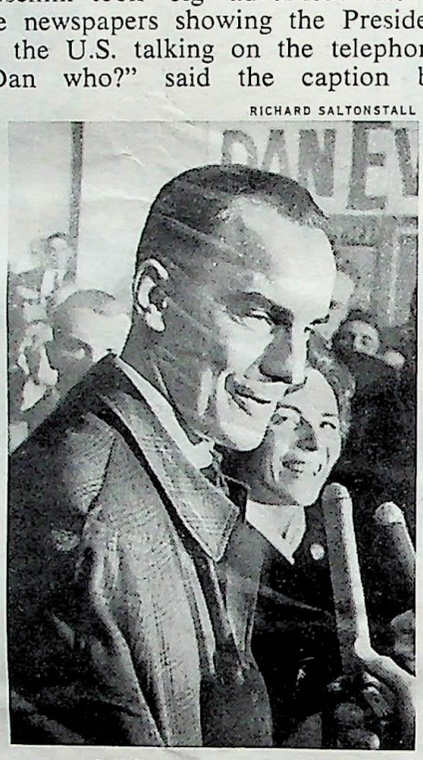
There was one other major factor: organized labor's thirst for revenge against the son of the man who co-sponsored the Taft-Hartley Law in 1947. Heavily unionized areas, such as Lucas County (Toledo), bludgeoned Taft by giving Young a 33,000-vote plurality out of 179,900 votes; Nixon lost that county by only 8,000 votes. Said young Bob in an election post-mortem: "The organized-labor vote was very effective in the Ohio campaign. It was just about the whole campaign organization. I suspect they were effective because they stayed behind the scenes and ran things quietly."

WASHINGTON

Dan Evans, That's Who

In his campaign to win a third consecutive four-year term as Washington's Governor, Democrat Albert ("Rosy") Rosellini took big advertisements in the newspapers showing the President of the U.S. talking on the telephone. "Dan who?" said the caption beneath the picture of Lyndon Johnson.

RICHARD SALTONSTALL



WASHINGTON'S EVANS
Guts and a good program.

That was Rosy's way of suggesting that his opponent, Republican State Representative Daniel Jackson Evans, 39, was a nobody and ought to remain exactly that. But on the morning after the election, it turned out that enough people had known who Evans was to enable him to beat the daylights out of Governor Rosellini in a state that went overwhelmingly Democratic in every other way.

W.O.W. Who is Dan Evans? He's a Republican to keep an eye on. A Seattle-born structural and civil engineer, he began dabbling in precinct politics in 1948, and in 1956 agreed to run for the legislature from a safe district. By 1961 he was the Republican floor leader and he was considered to be one of the most effective parliamentarians in the house.

He was credited with more guts than good sense when he decided to throw himself into the Republican gubernatorial primary this year, for his chief opponent was an evangelistic [illegible] preacher named Richard Ch[illegible] who had amassed a zealous G[illegible] following, notably including a [illegible] women who paraded around in [illegible] costumes and called themselves W[illegible] (Women on the Warpath). [illegible] mayed, Evans ran a tough [illegible] with emphasis on his earnest [illegible] siderable intelligence and a pro[illegible] brand of Republicanism. Though [illegible] pros counted him out early in the [illegible] paign, he pulled ahead and beat [illegible] tensen 308,000 to 204,000.

Running against Rosy, however, [illegible] something else again. Rosellini [illegible] as Governor was lackluster, but [illegible] known as a fine, friendly and [illegible] ble campaigner. Evans at first [illegible] withdrawn and diffident. At one [illegible] visiting a highly automated [illegible] factory, he spent more time exam[illegible] the machines than he did shaking [illegible] with workers. "My managers [illegible] push me away," Evans recalls, [illegible] wistfully: "But those machines [illegible] fascinating."

57—Count 'Em—57. As the [illegible] paign continued, Evans wound [illegible] public personality, came off to [illegible] tage in a series of debates by a[illegible] ing his moderate Republican stan[illegible] frankly suggested that he would [illegible] his administration after the sui[illegible] and vigorous record of G.O.P. [illegible] nor Mark Hatfield in neighborin[illegible] gon. He issued a 35-point "B[illegible] for Progress" that detailed fres[illegible] ects for mental health, for b[illegible] lagging tourism and industry, a[illegible] streamlining the state governme[illegible] produced photostats purporting t[illegible] that state employees had illega[illegible] licited money for Rosy's 196[illegible] paign treasure chest—a charge R[illegible] Rosellini heatedly objected but [illegible] fully replied.

Finally, Evans succeeded in c[illegible] ing the voters that he was a ma[illegible] tion. "When a Governor goes to [illegible] pia," he told his audiences, "he [illegible] nes and lan[illegible] Guadalcanal, [illegible] ched Yale a[illegible] e was recall[illegible] ained a rif[illegible] 1952 he got [illegible] political war[illegible] successful P[illegible] idate Chris[illegible] e struck ou[illegible] the state ho[illegible] wo years la[illegible] In 1962 he [illegible] As Gover[illegible] by a Demo[illegible] pushed thro[illegible] that covers [illegible] panded the [illegible] provide trai[illegible] authorized [illegible] seven wood[illegible] and provid[illegible] college.

Still, just [illegible] 55 Democr[illegible]

To make good on that man-of- [illegible] image, Evans no sooner read the [illegible] results than he established a [illegible] statehouse and appointed a com[illegible] to iron out the state's redistricting [illegible] lems. "There are two dangerous [illegible] which a Governor can do," says E[illegible] "One is to lead with knowledge [illegible] without conviction. The other is [illegible] with conviction and without [illegible] edge." Obviously, Dan Evans [illegible] avoid both these dangers.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

RHODE ISLAND

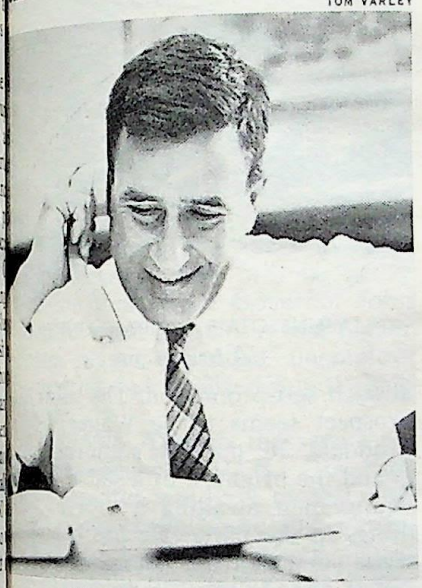
Highly Employable

In the tiniest state in the Union, tucked away on the rocky New England coast, a young and, in national terms, little-known Republican Governor emerged last week as one of his party's most potent vote getters. He was John Chafee, 42, who was re-elected to a second term in Democratic Rhode Island with a plurality of 85,604 votes.

Assault in Three Ways. Chafee comes naturally by his political interests. His great-grandfather, Henry Lippitt, was Governor of Rhode Island from 1875 to 1877. A great-uncle, Charles Warren Lippitt, was Governor from 1895 to 1897. His uncle, Zechariah Chafee, a noted Harvard law professor, ran for the Providence board of aldermen in the early 1900s, took what Governor Chafee calls a real "shellacking."

Chafee himself, a product of Providence Country Day School and Deerfield Academy, left Yale at 19 during his sophomore year, enlisted in the Marines and landed with assault troops on Guadalcanal. Back in the U.S., he finished Yale and Harvard Law. In 1951 he was recalled to the Marines and captained a rifle company in Korea. In 1952 he got his baptism by fire in the political wars as a campaign aide to unsuccessful Providence Mayoralty Candidate Christopher Del Sesto. In 1956 he struck out on his own, was elected to the state house of representatives, and two years later became minority leader. In 1962 he was elected Governor.

TOM VARLEY



RHODE ISLAND'S CHAFEE
Frugality and 55 vetoes.

As Governor, Chafee was confronted by a Democratic legislature, but he pushed through a state medicare bill that covers an estimated 45,000, expanded the state vocational program to provide training for the unemployed, authorized the acquisition of land for seven woodland and waterfront parks, and provided for a new state junior college.

Still, just over the past year he vetoed 55 Democratic bills. Some, he insists, were "dangerous" to the state. Others were downright silly. One, for example, would have provided that every car sold in Rhode Island be equipped with a device that would sound a warning when the ignition key was on but seat belts were left unfastened. Says Chafee: "There wasn't a manufacturer in the country who put out such a device."

Fee Saving. Chafee also presents an image in the best tradition of New England frugality. He saved architects' fees by designing his own home, a concrete block abode on 20 acres near Providence. Trouble is, he neglected to put in a garage to house the 1962 Plymouth station wagon that he ordinarily drives instead of the state limousine that is one of his perquisites. The father of six children, Chafee laughingly tells Rhode Islanders that he wants to be Governor because he needs the job—"I have to work for a living." On the basis of last week's returns, voters seemed willing to keep Chafee employed for quite a while.

ILLINOIS

Kerner's Winning Way

One of the surprises of last week's state elections was the solid triumph of Illinois Governor Otto Kerner against the spirited challenge of Republican Charles Percy (TIME cover, Sept. 18)—a fellow who seemed sure to go far if only he could have won last week.

To be sure, Kerner benefited tremendously from the Johnson landslide. Yet he was up against a good man, whipped him by some 200,000 votes, in a testimony to the fact that he must have something to offer on his own.

Part of Kerner's appeal is frankly physical. His blue eyes, wavy brown hair and clean-chiseled features would look great on Mount Rushmore; he has been rated by the Professional Photographers of America as the nation's most handsome Governor. He is a very pleasant, amiable and thoughtful man, as he has proved at downstate ribbon cuttings, corn-picking festivals, and beauty-contest judgings over the four years of his term.

If Kerner has sometimes seemed indecisive as a Governor, it is also true that he has deftly avoided getting any large segment of the population angry at him. He has pushed a progressive program of regional mental-health clinics, helped increase Illinois exports abroad, reduced public relief costs, firmly supported state laws to help Negroes get fairer treatment in seeking housing and jobs, knocked much administrative waste out of the State Toll Road Commission. He has notably failed to take forthright action in reforming Illinois' archaic tax system, which may yet drive the state to the edge of bankruptcy.

In any other year, with Johnson not on the ticket, Kerner would almost certainly have lost to Percy, a real go-out-and-get-'em guy. But in 1964, Otto Kerner did pretty well just by sounding as much as possible like Lyndon Johnson. And Johnson would have been proud of Kerner's post-election statement: "We must continue the atmosphere which has brought new unity to our people, a unity that knows no Cook County way to build a greater Illinois, no downstate way, but a united way."

CHARLES GEKLER—CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

ILLINOIS' KERNER
Fine features and a landslide.

FLORIDA

Astounding Results

On election night Charles Holley, Florida's Republican candidate for Governor, sent word to Democrat W. (for Willie) Haydon Burns. "It looks like you've won," he said. Replied Winner Burns: "That's the first accurate statement he made during this campaign."

Taking his place among the South's Governors, Burns, 52, a six-term mayor of Jacksonville, will almost certainly

JIM KERLIN—AP

FLORIDA'S BURNS & WIFE
Political race riots and slick suits.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

prove to be one of the most colorful. A native Kentuckian, he is tall (6 ft. 2 in.), trim, and known as "Slick" because of his penchant for flashy clothes. Running for the nomination last spring, he found himself confronted by bloody race riots in Jacksonville. He overcame the potential political damage by appearing on statewide television to charge that the violence had been inspired by some of his Democratic opponents to embarrass him politically.

After winning the primary, Burns kicked off his campaign against Holley by declaring that he had been traveling around Florida's institutions of upper learning and had been "astounded to find the number of pinks and the number of Commies on the campuses." Warned he: "These people know who they are. Get out before I get in, or you will be kicked out." As it happens, Florida, rightly or wrongly, is proud of its colleges, and Burns drew a barrage of damning editorials; he never brought up the subject again.

For a while it appeared that Holley, 39, a former minority leader in the Florida house of representatives, might give Burns a real run for his money. Holley gave reporters "photocopies" of bank ledgers purporting to show that Burns had a secret Nassau bank account of $1,215,690. To refute the charge, Burns flew with reporters to the island, marched them into the Bank of Nova Scotia branch on Bay Street, and proved to everyone's satisfaction that Holley's documents were phony. From then on, Burns's election was a cinch.

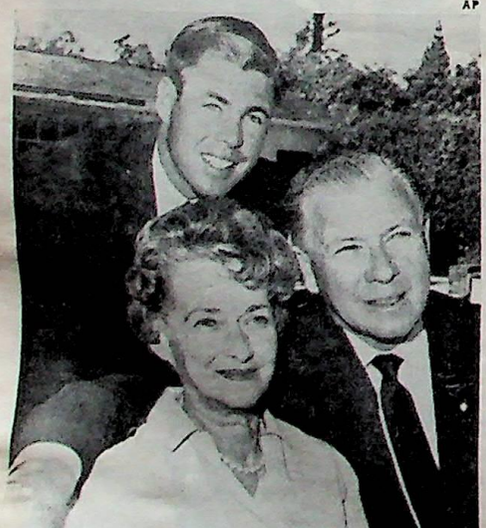
CALIFORNIA

Just Call Him Senator

Forget about all those other labels—the old song and dance man, the late-late-late-show good guy, Moppet Shirley Temple's straight man. From now on, just call George Murphy "Senator." He has more than earned the right and the job.

Murphy's victory last week over short-term Incumbent Democrat Pierre Salinger was a classic study in how to handle the California electorate. Democrats there outnumber Republicans 3 to 2. To rate even the thinnest chance of winning, Murphy not only had to hold onto all factions of the G.O.P., from rabid-right kooks to solid moderates, he also had to pick up some 20% of Democratic and Independent votes.

AP



MURPHY, WIFE & SON DENNIS
A winning script.

Blue Eyes v. Blue Jowls. His campaign was managed by Robert Finch, Dick Nixon's old stage director. And the winning script was simple enough: be bland, be affable, offend no one by taking controversial stands, and never let anyone forget that Salinger was a carpetbagging resident of Virginia when he entered the campaign. To please the right wing, Murphy endorsed Goldwater; to please the moderates, he constantly referred to his differences with Barry on the civil rights bill and foreign aid cuts. Murphy's blue-eyed good looks contrasted jarringly with Pierre's blue-jowled appearance, an important point in image-conscious California. After it was all over, even Democratic Governor Pat Brown was impressed by the Republican campaign, called it "one of the best I have ever seen."

Murphy's victory could do much to produce a badly needed change in the decibel count of the California G.O.P. —toning it down from a right-wing screech to a more moderate sound. Indeed, at one time Murphy was closely associated with the superpatriotic California crusade of Dr. Fred Schwarz. But Murphy's Senate campaign obviously convinced voters that his outlook toward such extremism has changed substantially. Said Campaign Manager Finch: "I had to find this out for myself before I went to work in the campaign. It wasn't until I was satisfied that Murph is strictly his own man—he doesn't owe anybody anything—that I agreed to lend a hand."

No Instant Sage. As a Senator, Murphy will likely push hard on issues of particular California interest, such as desalinization projects to ease the state's water problems and increased defense spending in the hope of pumping more military dollars into the plants back home. Generally, he will probably vote as a conservative on fiscal matters, a cautious liberal on civil rights, and as a selective Senator on such matters as foreign aid. Murphy may not become an instant Senate sage, however. At times he is given to sweepingly naive comments that scarcely smack of legislative statesmanship. Looking forward last week to his new job, Murphy announced: "I'm going to work to see that foreign policy is taken away from the State Department and given back to the people."

Nonetheless, Senator Murphy's move from Hollywood to Capitol Hill came only after a great deal of intense personal dedication and strong self-discipline. In the Senate, such qualities should never be underrated.

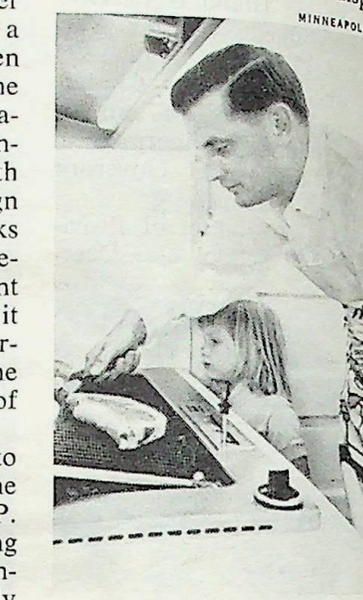
MINNESOTA

Who After Hubert?

As he moves up to the vice-presidency, Hubert Humphrey leaves [illegible] wake two important jobs to be filled, and there are plenty of eager contenders for both.

It will be up to Minnesota's Democratic Governor Karl Rolvaag to appoint someone to complete the remaining two years of Humphrey's Senate term. Rolvaag could resign and take the job himself, but he is well aware that voters often show their displeasure [illegible]

MINNEAPOLIS MORNING



MINNESOTA'S MONDALE AT HOME
A bright one.

at such self-promotion. The most likely prospect seems to be Walter ("Fritz") Mondale, 36, the state's attorney general and the brightest of a stable of bright young men awaiting a shot at bigger things in the party. He has behind-the-scene support from Humphrey.

Yet Mondale has a potentially powerful rival in the state's three-term former Governor, Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman. Freeman has not indicated that he wants the job, but he has let it be known that he wants to leave Agriculture. Last week Freeman was vacationing in Minnesota —his first week off in three years— some of his Washington aides thought it might be significant. Two other possibilities: John Blatnik, 53, an 18-term Congressman from Minnesota's Iron Range area, who is backed by Senator Eugene McCarthy and officials of the United Steelworkers Union; Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, the nation's first woman an ambassador (Denmark) and now Minister to Bulgaria.

In Washington, Senate Democrats must decide who their new majority whip will be. The current favorite is Rhode Island's John Pastore, one of the Senate's sharpest debaters and the 1960 Democratic Convention keynoter. Other possibilities: Louisiana's Russell Long, Maine's Edmund Muskie, Michigan's Philip Hart, Hawaii's Daniel Inouye, Connecticut's Thomas Dodd, Florida's George Smathers.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE STATES

The Shape of the Legislatures

The vast bulk of the laws under which Americans live are passed not on Capitol Hill but in the state legislatures. Probably not one voter in 20 can name the state assemblyman from his district; yet the struggle for control of the legislatures produced some of the most remarkable results of the election. For example:

• NEW YORK. Democrats carried both houses for the first time since 1934. Down to defeat went both G.O.P. Senate Majority Leader Walter Mahoney and Assembly Speaker Joseph Carlino, both of whose names had become synonymous with entrenched power. It all spelled trouble for Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who had only one consolation: Rocky is planning to call a special session of the present legislature in mid-December to redistrict the state and may at least be able to preserve what remains of Republican strength.

• MAINE. Democrats took control of the senate by a margin of 29 to 5, the same margin the G.O.P. boasted in the last session. Democrats also won the house by a narrow edge, thus capturing both houses for the first time since 1912. In Maine, the legislature elects the secretary of state, the attorney general and treasurer, and undoubtedly there will be some new faces in those places. Moreover, there will be heavy pressure on Republican Governor John H. Reed for such legislation as a higher minimum wage, expanded unemployment security and legalized Sunday sale of liquor.

• PENNSYLVANIA. Though the senate remains Republican, G.O.P. Governor William Scranton will have to deal with a newly Democratic house (by a margin of 115 to 92). Labor, which played a major role in the Democratic house take-over, has already demanded an investigation of the state's department of labor and industry, where Scranton raised a number of A.F.L.-C.I.O. officials from high-paying jobs.

• MICHIGAN. Even in returning Republican George Romney to office, voters gave both houses of the legislature to Democrats for the first time since 1932. It was only the second time since 1890 that Democrats had captured the senate. Needless to say, it will be tough going for Romney-sponsored legislation. Democrats rule the house by a majority of 72 to 38, the senate by 23 to 15.

• WISCONSIN. Voters turned out Democratic Governor John Reynolds and installed Republican Warren Knowles. But Knowles cannot be entirely confident of a warm reception in the legislature. The senate is Republican, but the house went Democratic.

• ILLINOIS. Because of failure to redistrict, all 177 house seats were up for grabs in an at-large election. With 118 candidates of each party listed side by side on a bath-towel-sized ballot, most voters predictably took the easy way out, voted a straight ticket and elected all 118 Democrats, a two-thirds majority of the house. The senate, though, still has a Republican majority.

BILL SAURO—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

NEW YORK LOSERS CARLINO & MAHONEY
Power spelled disaster.

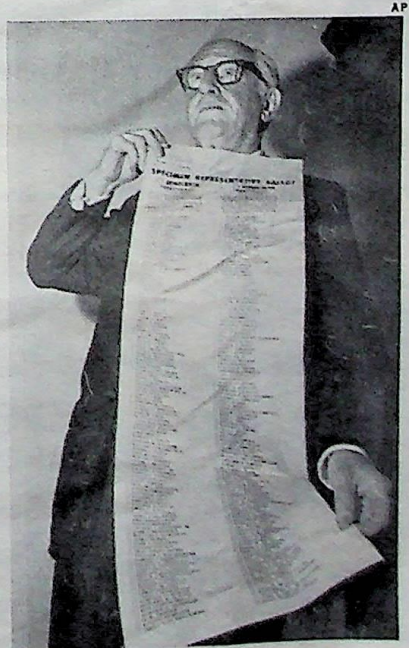
• NORTH DAKOTA. While re-electing popular Democratic Governor Bill Guy, voters also passed control of the house of representatives to Democrats for the first time ever. Republicans retain a narrow senate margin.

• INDIANA. The Johnson tide swept Democrats into both houses of the state legislature for the first time since 1936. Good news for Democratic Governor-elect Roger Branigin.

• IOWA. Democrats wrested both houses from the G.O.P., promising some smooth sailing for Democratic Governor Harold Hughes in his efforts to pass a reapportionment plan, repeal the state's right-to-work law, add a cent per gallon to the state gas tax, and abolish capital punishment.

• TEXAS. Frank Cahoon, a Midland oilman, was elected to the house of representatives and immediately named minority leader. In fact, Cahoon *is* the minority—the sole Republican elected to the 150-member house, as six G.O.P. incumbents were defeated.

AP



ILLINOIS' SUPER-SIZED BALLOT
The easy way out proved Democratic.

Referendum & Initiative

Of all the referendum and initiative measures in dozens of states last week, none was more bitterly fought or attracted more attention than California's Proposition 14 to repeal the Rumford Act (TIME, Sept. 25). Californians, by a vote of 3,656,000 to 1,894,000, overwhelmingly approved the proposition.

With that, the Rumford Act, a prohibition against discrimination for reasons of race or creed in the sale or rental of much state real estate, was wiped from the books. Moreover, future attempts to act against any sort of housing discrimination—whether by state, city or county officials—was in effect forbidden. Proposition 14 affirms the right of any Californian to sell or rent his home to whomever he pleases.

Predictably, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People moved to challenge the proposition in the courts. Californians also rejected a plan to legalize a statewide lottery, which was to be operated by American Sweepstakes Corp. in return for 13% of the total proceeds, and approved a proposition that bans pay television in the state (*see* SHOW BUSINESS).

In other contests:

▶ Minnesota approved a state constitutional amendment to guarantee producers of taconite, a low-grade iron ore that is plentiful but expensive to refine, that their taxes will be increased no more than taxes on other industries over the next 25 years. With such enticements, the state hopes to attract new mining operations to spur revival of the sagging economy of northeastern Minnesota and the once flourishing Mesabi Range.

▶ Massachusetts okayed an increase in the span of the Governor's term from two to four years, thereby ensuring a 1966 statehouse scramble even more spirited than usual.

▶ New Hampshire finally rid the state constitution of a pre-Civil War section giving draftees the option of buying their way out of military service; because the Federal Government has long since taken over the draft, the section was meaningless anyway.

▶ Oregon abolished capital punishment. As a result, the sentences of three prisoners awaiting the state's gas chamber were commuted by Governor Mark Hatfield to life imprisonment.

▶ Rhode Island called a December constitutional convention to reapportion the legislature as required by the U.S. Supreme Court. Two consecutive sessions of the state legislature failed to reach agreement on reapportionment.

▶ North Dakota turned down a proposal to abolish the state personal-property tax and overturned an old law that forbade drinking at a restaurant table even if the place has a bar just a few steps away.

▶ Voters in 23 states approved bond issues worth $2.2 billion in the second-largest borrowing referendum in history (*see* U.S. BUSINESS).

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COMMUNISTS

The Era of Many Romes

(See Cover)

A month ago he was anathema: the Yellow Peril, the shameless Pervert of True Marxism-Leninism, the terrible Trotskyite Deviationist and Splitter. Last week, as he stood bundled in a greatcoat and karakul cap atop Lenin's Tomb watching the rockets roll by, Red China's Chou En-lai presumably was still all these things to the fallen Nikita Khrushchev, who was nowhere to be seen, and possibly to many other Russians who have little love for the Chinese. But officially he was the honored guest from the great fraternal Chinese People's Republic, and this just three years after he stormed out of the 22nd Party Congress and thereby ignited China's momentous ideological feud with Russia. Now he was back, as cautious and cool as a man defusing a bomb.

When Red China's Premier accepted Moscow's invitation to the 47th anniversary celebration of the Bolshevik Revolution, it became obvious that Communism's two big powers are trying to ease their unseemly, downright embarrassing differences, which had become something of a personal obsession to Khrushchev. There is no likelihood that the split will be healed in the foreseeable future, but it will obviously not remain the same. With Chou's arrival in Moscow alongside delegations from every Communist nation in the world except Albania (which is being more Chinese than the Chinese), the post-Khrushchev era of Communism had begun.

Conference Pitch. Night was falling as Chou and his six-man entourage arrived at Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport. With him was Liu Shao-chi, China's President. In the flare of flashbulbs, Chou's face appeared hard and unyielding. Significantly, he was greeted by only half of Russia's new diarchy, an equally sour-faced Premier Aleksei Kosygin. There were no bear hugs for Chou, though Kosygin did bring a bouquet of flowers. Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev stayed home, possibly to show that Russia was not overeager and to keep the visit a formal matter of governments, not an ideological meeting of parties.

Next day, Brezhnev addressed a jampacked audience in the Kremlin's Palace of Congress with an appeal for Communist unity, and pitched hard for a world conference of Communist parties to deal with the problem. Chou, staring indifferently over Brezhnev's shoulder, was the only man on the stage who failed to applaud. Khrushchev had called just such a meeting for Dec. 15, but with the intention of setting the stage for Peking's excommunication from the Communist movement. Since Brezhnev, Kosygin & Co. still claim to be the legitimate heirs to Khrushchevism, Chou could not readily agree to the meeting, even though Brezhnev's tone was more wheedling than warlike.

Brezhnev hewed closely to basic Khrushchevian doctrines, though he was vastly more subdued in tone. He praised peaceful coexistence and argued that "world war is not inevitable," extolled the nuclear test-ban treaty, which Peking refused to sign, and made all the right noises about better relations with the U.S. while keeping Russia's guard up. Sounding like a Western executive or politician promising that things were going to get efficient or he would know the reason why, Brezhnev proclaimed his intention "to combat resolutely red tape and window dressing." He called for "fuller use of the material incentive," meaning the profit motive, in "overcoming the lag of agricultural production." In an indirect slap at Chinese collectivization, Brezhnev announced the removal of "unfounded restrictions" on private farming—"the plots of land worked by farmers, factory and office workers"—restrictions that Brezhnev even more than Khrushchev realizes are a drag on Soviet output.

A Call on Stalin. About the only concessions Brezhnev offered to China were promises to back Peking's claims on Formosa and pledges to support "the national liberation struggle of the peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America," thus hinting at a more militant pursuing of revolution than Khrushchev had espoused. Both Chou and Castro's henchman, Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, applauded vigorously when Brezhnev warned: "Hands off Cuba!" As to restoring unity within the bloc, Brezhnev said: "There is every objective condition for cooperation between Socialist countries to grow stronger." And at the Red Square anniversary parade, Brezhnev wound up old Rodion Malinovsky, his Defense Minister, for a rocket-rattling speech aimed as much at Chou's ears as at the West's. As the thermonuclear behemoths rumbled by —among them a submarine missile which was meant to rival the U.S. Polaris—Malinovsky darkly warned that Russia's armed forces would "protect the fatherland and all countries of the Socialist community against the plots of aggressors."

If Chou was impressed, he did not show it. To demonstrate his continuing disdain for Khrushchevian wrong-thinking, he ducked around the back of Lenin's Tomb and paid a reverential visit to Stalin's modest grave outside the Kremlin wall.

Two Empires. "Moscow is the third Rome," goes an old Russian saying. "A fourth there shall not be." The first, of course, was the Rome of Augustus; the second was Constantinople, capital of the Eastern Roman Empire after the great schism split the Roman world. The Chinese are obviously determined to prove the prophecy wrong and make Peking a fourth Rome.

The western Communist empire under Moscow is the more powerful in terms of armament, industrial potential, living standards and education. The eastern empire under Peking is far more populous, and as a revolutionary force, it has the advantages of its very shortcomings: poverty makes it more spartan; envy of the good life makes it fiercer; having less to lose may make it willing to risk more. Moscow sounds more realistic in its appreciation of overwhelming Western strength; Peking sounds more fanatical in its insistence that the West is only a paper tiger—although beneath the propaganda it is unlikely that ancient China is really as unrealistic as all that. Willy-nilly, Moscow is more committed to "polycentrism," while Peking still demands greater discipline among the Asian Communist parties in its domain.

But the fact is that nationalism, even though Communism can often exploit it,

AP

CHOU WATCHING BREZHNEV SPEAK
Present, silent and listening.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Communism's greatest enemy; neither Moscow, nor in the long run Peking, will really be able to establish itself as a supranational, imperial center. The Communist era after Khrushchev is found to be more than ever an era of not one or two but a great many Romes.

Independent Dependencies. Brezhnev made this explicit in his speech when he said that "the choice of one or another method and form of Socialist construction is the sovereign right of each people." It was to safeguard this right that the Eastern and Western European parties had objected to Khrushchev's China policy: a Moscow crackdown on Peking, they felt, might re-establish too much of Moscow's old authority. But to safeguard that same independent right, the Western parties now also felt free to criticize Khrushchev's ouster. The most significant area of independence is represented by the Eastern European satellites, whose growing tendency to be more European than Eastern is one of the really important facts of the time. The tendency, of course, is not uniform, and some satellites are more satellitic than others. The line-up:

▶ East Germany remains as anxious as ever to please Moscow. Despite earlier muted objections to the handling of Khrushchev's ouster, Party Boss Walter Ulbricht took pains last week to show his allegiance to the new "collective leadership" of the Kremlin. He flattered B. & K. by imitating them, showed up in Moscow trailing his puppet Premier, Willi Stoph, in a show of "collective leadership" of his own. Never before had the spade-bearded Saxon shared billing with an underling at a major state function. But Ulbricht's aping of B. & K. is only to be expected as long as 20 Soviet divisions occupy his country. He is jubilant at the prospect of a Sino-Soviet *détente*, particularly if it leads to a tougher Russian policy toward the West and renewed pressure on Berlin.

▶ Bulgaria, whose tubby top-dog Todor Zhivkov was Nikita's best behaved satellite leader, has mixed feelings about both Khrushchev's fall and the prospect of a *détente* with China. Fearful of angering the new Kremlin rulers, Zhivkov refrained from putting in a good word for his ousted protector, busied himself by promising his people greater democratization and streamlining of the Bulgarian economy, which is closely tied to the Soviet's.

▶ Rumania is delighted both with Khrushchev's fall and the prospect of keeping Red China within the pale of the Communist movement. Nikita was threatening to make things hot for independent-minded Rumanian Boss Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, whose refusal to turn his oil-rich nation into a "gas station" for Comecon threw Khrushchev's bloc-wide economic scheme out of kilter. Since last March, Dej has been trying to avoid a complete Sino-Soviet rupture, while believing that a complete *rapprochement* is neither possible nor desirable. Dej wants an amorphous Communist "commonwealth" in which Peking would provide steady ideological opposition to Moscow, thus permitting individual nations like Rumania to maneuver between the two poles. To show his continued independence, Dej himself stayed away from last week's Moscow meeting, instead sent Premier Ion Gheorghe Maurer, his glad-handing traveling man.

▶ Poland shares the Rumanian attitude, but is more anxious than Dej to please the new Russian leadership. Party Leader Wladyslaw Gomulka allowed himself to be talked out of his misgivings over Khrushchev's fall, was quick to endorse B. & K. Gomulka wants to preserve his country's relative "Liberalism" and fears that a final split would cancel his freedom of action. The Polish public, however, fears that a *détente* with China might encourage the influential Stalinist elements that lurk within the Polish Communist Party.

▶ Hungary, where Janos Kadar enjoyed a "special relationship" with Khrushchev, has more internal freedom and more contact with the West than any bloc nation, despite the continued presence of Red Army troops. Last year some 70,000 Hungarians traveled in the West, while 200,000 Westerners—mainly Austrians, Italians and West Germans, as well as 12,000 Americans—came in and spent money. Budapest, with its fine but expensive restaurants, its Magyar beauties in beehive hairdos, its "Rockola" jukebox parlors, its elegant Hotel Gellert surrounded by Jags, Mercedes and Alfa Romeos, is by far the most European city in the bloc. Kadar wants to keep it that way, last week struck a milestone diplomatic agreement with neighboring Austria that established a mixed commission to adjudicate border conflicts, may eventually raise the mine-strewn Iron Curtain between the two countries.

▶ Czechoslovakia, whose precariously

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ANNIVERSARY LINE-UP ATOP LENIN TOMB*

How to be sovereign though a satellite.

balanced boss Antonin Novotny faces "elections" this month, was also tied closely to Khrushchev. Novotny failed to show at Moscow last week, sent his second-in-command, Party Secretary Jiri Hendrych, instead. At the same time, the Czechs announced sweeping economic reforms that effectively reject the Soviet system of centralized control, reoriented Czechoslovakia's lagging industry—once Eastern Europe's most advanced—along more Western lines. The profit motive is being given fuller play, and factory owners are permitted to work out their own supply-and-demand schedules.

Chances of Reconciliation. The satellites' continuing desire for a richer, relatively more capitalist consumer economy is one major reason why a true reconciliation between Moscow's world and Peking's world is so difficult. Mao Tse-tung's China still regards all this as a dangerous betrayal of Marxism. Thus the deep differences over economic policies, and the national and racial rivalries, remain. There is no sign that Peking will or can give up its competition with Moscow for the allegiance of the underdeveloped nations.

With the added prestige of its new atomic bomb, Peking has no reason to give an inch to the Russians. Last week People's Daily in Peking again blasted Khrushchev and "modern revisionism," which "emasculates the revolutionary working class." While Peking also urged Russia to join China "against the common enemy," Mao was not about to give up his version of Communism.

And what could Russia really do to patch the rift? B. & K. are saddled with a weak economy, cannot afford the massive economic aid that, before 1960, kept Peking tied to Moscow's side. Token technical aid could be offered, and the new Russian leaders might win some Chinese good will by showing a more aggressive face to the West.

As a result of these distinctly limited possibilities, the anniversary "summit" fell far short of being a reconciliation meeting. Still, there were soundings and sniffings to find approaches to unity. In an anniversary message, Mao called for Communist unity to make the imperialist camp "shudder." At the very least, all parties hoped to avoid a return to the vitriol and vituperation that had marked the conflict during Khrushchev's last days. Both sides could benefit from a truce. And even a semblance of unity between Communism's two empires could make the West's life somewhat more difficult. Western policymakers have become extremely fond of the Communist split: whenever they ran out of ideas, they could always bank on the troubles the Reds were having among themselves. But whatever their differences with Moscow, the Chinese are fighting the U.S., not Russia, in Viet Nam and, more or less directly, throughout Asia.

In short, no doubt Moscow will continue to have a serious China problem in dealing with Asia's tough, arrogant and infinitely patient giant. But Washington has a China problem too, and one that is considerably more serious and pressing.

RED CHINA

Waiting for Evolution

In Washington these days, there is a lot of talk about "Chirec," which is current State Department jargon for recognition of Communist China, and "Chirep," which stands for Communist Chinese representation in the U.N. Washington remains firmly opposed to both so long as "Peking won't leave its neighbors alone." Although there is growing support among U.N. members for Chinese admission, Washington is betting that it can squeeze through another year without having to accept Chirep. All very well and good. The trouble is that no one in the State Department, in the Pentagon, or anywhere, is doing very well with what perhaps should be called "Chicon," for containment, or with any other "Chipol," or policy toward Communist China.

For 15 years, since Chiang Kai-shek's tragic defeat, the U.S. has not ex... tried to ignore Red China—cert... the Korean war bitterly acknowl... its existence—but to ostracize and ... late it. Perhaps there was no real al... native, but the fact is that this att... is getting to be increasingly difficu... sustain. China today is by far the ... serious, urgent foreign-policy pro... facing the U.S. Its presence looms ... all Asia. There is, in the Far East, ... area of prosperity that is not menac... no conflict that is not affected or ... instigated by Red China. Items:

• SOUTH VIET NAM: a continuing ni... mare for the U.S.

• LAOS: three-fifths gobbled up by ... Red Pathet Lao.

• CAMBODIA: virtually a Peking sa... lite. Prince Norodom ("Prink") Si... nouk is openly aiding the Commu... guerrillas in Viet Nam by providing th... sanctuary. Last week the U.S. evacua... its embassy dependents from the C... bodian capital of Pnompenh.

• THAILAND: booming and stauncl... anti-Communist, but gravely endan... gered by the possible collapse of ... of its neighbors.

• BURMA: hell-bent on "socialism" a... chaos at home, "neutralism" abroad. ... situation made more ominous by ... 850-mile common frontier with Chi...

• PAKISTAN: still tied to the West m... tarily, but flirting with the Chinese. La... week a Pakistani delegation arrived ... Peking for a shopping spree—with ... help of a $60 million Chinese loan.

• INDIA: beset by food shortages, co... ruption and mismanagement, with Re... Chinese troops solidly dug in along ... 14,500-square-mile border area the... tested two years ago.

• NEPAL: invaded by 5,000 Commu... Chinese technicians who are nearing ... completion of a $9,800,000 road link... ing Chinese-occupied Tibet to the Ne... alese capital of Katmandu.

• MALAYSIA: solidly pro-West, but dis... rupted internally and harassed by gu... rilla raids from Peking's ally, Indonesia.

• INDONESIA: in economic shambles u... der Dictator Sukarno, with the world's ... third-largest Communist Party waiting ... in the wings.

* From left: Bulgaria's Zhivkov, East Germany's Ulbricht, Kosygin, Soviet Defense Minister Malinovsky, Brezhnev, Poland's Gomulka, Russian President Anastas Mikoyan, Red China's Chou.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SOUTH KOREA: kept out of Red hands
...ly by 50,000 U.S. troops.
FORMOSA: still staunchly held by Gen-
...lissimo Chiang Kai-shek, 77, who con-
...ues to insist that he will return to the
...inland but obviously has no chance
...doing so.
PHILIPPINES: firmly tied to the U.S.,
...th local Communists reduced to an
...nificant handful, but beset by eco-
...ic troubles and worried about Chi-
...e and Indonesian expansion.
JAPAN: Asia's most brilliantly West-
...ed country, which nevertheless
...kers for trade with China and re-
...es to translate its economic prog-
...s into anti-Communist political ac-
...in Asia.

On top of all this China now has the
...mb—or at least a bomb of sorts.

When Can They Deliver? The U.S. is taking a second look at that bomb. China is now believed capable of building several 20- to 30-kiloton nuclear devices a year, probably has enough fissionable material on hand to stage a second test at any time. Uranium is in good supply, as is lithium, an important H-bomb material.

Indeed China can probably deliver a bomb a lot sooner than the five to ten years that U.S. officials first believed it would take. The U.S. moved from "explosion" at Alamogordo to bomb over Hiroshima in less than three weeks. If the Chinese are thinking in terms of a crude, 20-kiloton blockbuster like Hiroshima's (10 ft. long, 28 in. wide, and weighing 9,000 lbs.), they could probably deliver it along their periphery within six months. Peking's 275 Russian-built IL-28 bombers are capacious enough to carry such bombs to targets up to 600 miles away.

Peking also has five IL-18 jet transports capable of carrying a 15-ton load 3,000 miles. Thus most major Asian capitals—Tokyo, Manila, New Delhi, Bangkok, Rangoon and others—may soon find themselves within Red China's atomic range some time early in 1965. Peking, moreover, has launched a missile program guided by Chien Hsueh-shen, 52, a 1938 Caltech Ph.D. grad and jet-propulsion specialist. Chien was chief of the rocket section of the U.S. Scientific Commission on National Defense during World War II. In 1950 he was caught trying to slip out of California, bound for Red China. He was finally permitted to leave the U.S. in 1955, surfaced immediately in Peking. The status of his missile program is obscure, but it is known that a missile range has been laid out near the Sinkiang nuclear testing ground. Some observers believe that, despite shortages of vital nickel and chromium, Red China, which already has some Soviet-designed, surface-to-surface rockets, might have a nuclear-tipped, 200-mile missile in two to three years.

Will They Use It? In view of all this, why aren't China's neighbors more worried? One experienced U.S. observer in Hong Kong says: "They aren't scaring worth a damn." They are nevertheless impressed that economically backward China accomplished the feat of building the bomb. Throughout Asia and Africa, among nations that vociferously disapproved of U.S. atomic tests, there is a certain racial satisfaction that another white man's monopoly has been broken. There is some talk that India and Japan might now try to build bombs of their own.

The question has been raised in the U.S., Australia and elsewhere whether Red China should be "enucleated" by bombing her atomic plants. The U.S. is evidently opposed to this, in the absence of some Chinese aggression. Quite apart from possible Russian reaction, the Chinese themselves could strike back simply by allowing their armies to overrun Southeast Asia and thereby involving the U.S. in a major war. At any rate, U.S. experts seem convinced that the Chinese will not use their bomb.

Despite their tough talk about aiding revolutions and wars of "liberation," they have pursued a cautious policy, holding back from Quemoy and Matsu, for instance, and never really pressing their successful invasion of India. The Chinese understand, or must be made to understand, Washington feels, that their use of the bomb could bring instant retaliation from the U.S. and with it the destruction of their major cities and industries.

SOVFOTO

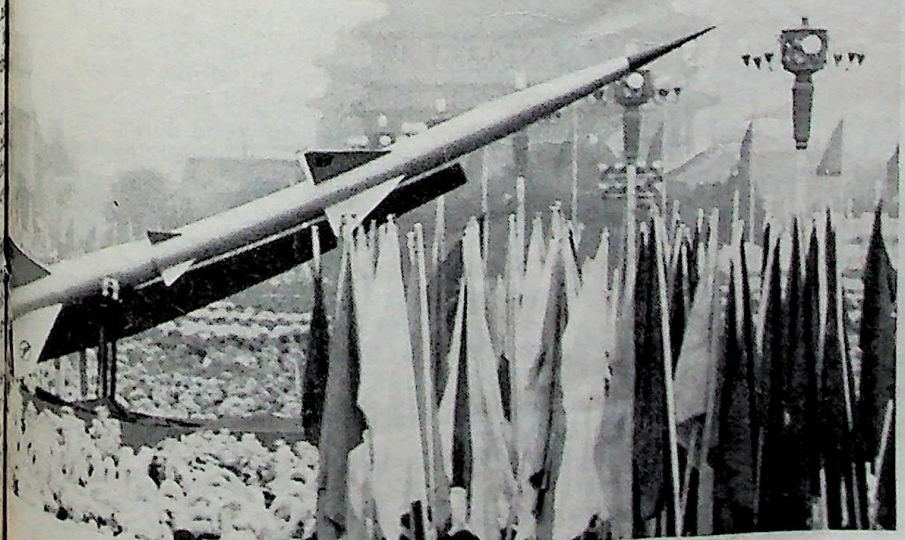
SINKIANG NUCLEAR TEST
Who will survive whom?

Besides, the Chinese do not need to use the bomb. Peking's 2,500,000-man army, backed by 15 million reservists, police and militiamen, is the largest ground force in the world. Supported by four artillery and armored divisions (the latter mostly equipped with Russian T-34 tanks), the forces are presently placed in Manchuria, around Peking, along the coast between Shanghai and Canton, in South China, and in the southwest opposite India. Since early this year, they have been undergoing intensified small-unit training. Though their military equipment is largely World War II vintage and their supply lines would be vulnerable to modern air power, the Chinese could obviously overrun any of their neighbors, at least temporarily, if they chose.

Invasion or Revolution? But again the U.S. does not really expect Red China to launch invasions, believes that Peking has a reasonably healthy respect for the U.S. Seventh Fleet and the U.S. air forces stationed at island bases throughout the Pacific. China can obviously continue to rely on subversion and revolution, methods with which it is doing extremely well. This, rather than the Chinese bomb or even the Chinese army, is the basic challenge to the U.S. The key China problem thus reverts to where it was before the Lop Nor blast —how to stem Peking's slow erosion of the Western position in Asia.

Some of the best-intentioned and most experienced U.S. policymakers are

SOL TOLENTINO—MANILA EVENING NEWS



RED CHINESE MISSILE ON DISPLAY IN PEKING
How to plug the gun barrel?

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

convinced that the U.S. must above all counter Red China's war of ideas. These ideas really boil down to: get rid of the foreigners and let Communism give you a better life. Successful though this crude approach is in Asia, it has yet to work anywhere without the accompaniment of subversion, political infighting, blackmail and the threat of force. From the time that Chiang Kai-shek was fighting the Communists for his life down to the present crisis in Viet Nam, the U.S. has tirelessly told itself that the Communist challenge must be met by providing an equal or better promise of a decent life, by finding enlightened non-Communist leadership, and creating stable non-Communist societies along the periphery of China. In some countries this has at least partly worked. But what if non-Communist governments were to collapse, giving way to Communist or neutralist regimes without a single Chinese soldier crossing a frontier? Obviously, the only U.S. choice then would be to pull out or to fight. What would the answer be? One psychological difficulty faced by the U.S. in Southeast Asia now is that many people doubt the answer really would be "to fight."

Basically, the U.S. plan is to avoid or postpone that choice by every device—military aid, economic and technical support, money, persuasion—for having to make such a choice would in itself be a form of failure. In the long run, U.S. policy is simply to hang on and hope for what someone in the State Department may yet call "Chinev"—the evolution of Red China. The notion is that through contacts with the outside world, China will become subject to outside ideas, gradually learn responsibility, like Russia develop a desire for a better, softer life and, as a result, take a softer line.

To judge from present-day China, this is not an impossible, but certainly an extremely fragile hope.

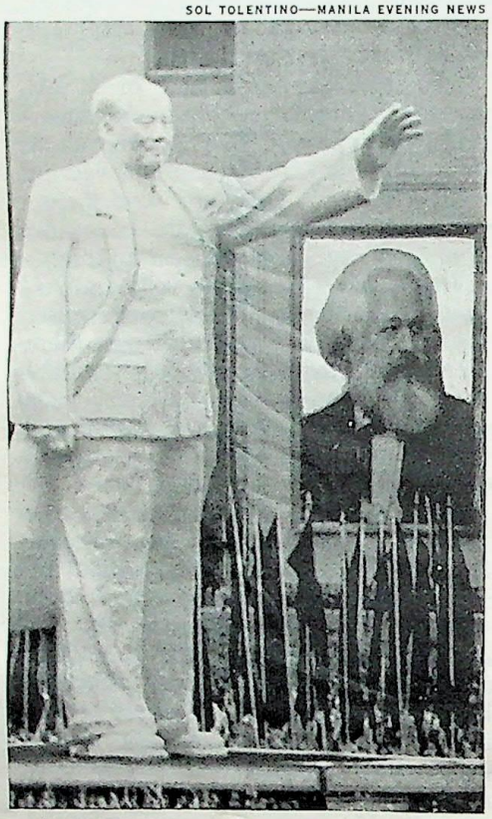
The Masses. Not that it has become any easier to know what is going on inside China. In the absence of published statistics, Peking watchers are even worse off than Kremlin watchers; they are reduced to gleaning shipping records from the world's docks to reconstruct Chinese production figures, and count the number of lines someone receives in a newspaper account to determine his standing in the community. While most Western newsmen, with the exception of Americans, are admitted to the Chinese mainland, they are so few and so restricted that journalism's old friend of half a century ago—"a traveler just returned from the interior"—is once again an essential source of information. With patient use of these devices plus a few other tricks, newsmen and intelligence experts do get a picture of China—but the country's innate paradoxes can be as baffling as Communist propaganda.

"This is a land so vast," reports TIME's Hong Kong bureau, "that winter snows are already howling across large areas of it while other expanses still simmer in humid tropical heat. A land so fragmented that millions upon millions of its human swarm cannot understand the dialect spoken by millions and millions more. So ancient that its past is a palpable presence, and so modern that it has jolted the world with an atomic explosion. So expansionist that its neighbors have lived in varied degrees of fear since before the birth of Christ, and so troubled internally that as often as not it has been unable to feed and clothe itself. So weak, so strong, so arrogant, so humble, so rich, so poor, so wise, so foolish. But one generalization can be made today: the majority of the people remain loyal and obedient to the Communist Party and the Communist cause. Not enthusiastic, but obedient."

Inevitably they strike Western visitors as robotlike. In Canton's main park 3,000 Communist youth at a signal begin wildly cheering a Western businessman, and at another signal, just as obediently, they stop. People seem terrified to accept even the smallest gift from foreigners, evidently for fear of being tabbed as spies. Visiting coeducational Sian University, a French Deputy asks a question natural to any Frenchman: "Does the proximity of 5,000 boys and 2,000 girls pose any problems?" There are puzzled stares, and the rector replies: "What sort of problems?" The French visitor: "Sexual problems." The rector: *"Je ne vois pas* [I don't follow you]."

Perhaps he really does not, for even hand holding is condemned as "bourgeois." Part of the reason for the puritan policy is to discourage early marriages and thus population growth (an estimated 12 million a year). Contraceptives are displayed everywhere, and free literature on the subject is available for study under the glass tops of teahouse tables.

SOL TOLENTINO—MANILA EVENING NEWS



MAO STATUE & MARX POSTER IN PEKING
The sun may be setting.

The Economy. Economically, China is still suffering from the ... trous "Great Leap Forward," a ... lived 1958-61 attempt at crash ... trialization and collectivization that ... sulted in a major drop backward. ... country is also still feeling the ... of the 1960 pullout of Russian ... cians, who not only took their blue... with them but also, in a final fraternal gesture, sabotaged the machinery they left behind. In North China people ... rags still live in the same caves around Yenan in which Mao and his men ... up for years after the Long March. ... kinds of consumer goods are pathet... ly scarce and expensive; a new bi... costs an unskilled city worker ... year's pay. A Japanese newsman ... Mukden leaves two used razor ... on the wash basin in his hotel. A ... days later, in Tientsin, he receives a ... envelope containing the blades, ... comment: "There is simply nothing ... be discarded in China today."

Still, considerable and import... progress has been made. Production ... fertilizer, oil and farm tools is up. Te... tile output, which brings in much ... Peking's foreign exchange, has be... largely recovered, is expected to ... 4.5 billion linear meters this year ... the pre-Leap rate of 5 billion). ... China now manufactures rolled-s... railroad wheels, X-ray machines, t... sistor radios, computers.

With only 275 million acres of ti... ble soil (the rest is too cold, mo... tainous or arid), Peking's planners ha... only one-third of an acre from wh... to nourish each stomach; whereas ... other countries the ratio is two or th... acres per person. With fertilizer ... in short supply, rations continue s... But of late, the hunger pangs ha... eased. Grain production is up from ... post-Leap year low of 160 million t... to 186 million tons this year, and ... other 5,000,000 tons a year are be... imported from the West.

Food & Trade. There are more ve... etables, pork and eggs. In many ar... pork is off the ration, though its pr... makes it a luxury. Despite the ridic... he heaped on Khrushchev's incent... measures, Mao permits hog farmer... after delivering their fixed quotas ... collectives, to sell the balance on a fr... market. Dogs and cats, slaughter... wholesale for food during the Leap, ... again appearing with impunity in K... king and Shanghai, and even birds ... once relentlessly exterminated as pe... ators—have returned to Canton.

Red China's trade with non-Comm... nist countries has burgeoned fro... $673.9 million a decade ago to a reco... $1.8 billion this year, itself 20% ab... 1963.* Peking imports fertilizer, ... ton, chemicals, steel and industrial ...

* Latest two-way trade totals: Hong K... $310 million, Japan $250 million, Au... lia $220 million, Canada $150 million, ... sia $120 million, Great Britain $100 ... France $100 million, West Germany $... million, Argentina $55 million, Italy $... million, The Netherlands $28.7 million.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Fo

ETERNA·MATIC 3000

...still thinner

Eterna·Matic 3000 "Dato" the thinnest automatic ca watch with centre second. trated watch: Ref. 746 TB 1466)

A capsule history of a significant watch achievement

1949: Eterna·Matic, with its revolutionary ballbearing-mounted selfwinding system, created a technical sensation.

1956: The "Centenaire" series brought still another great success: the first really thin automatic watch.

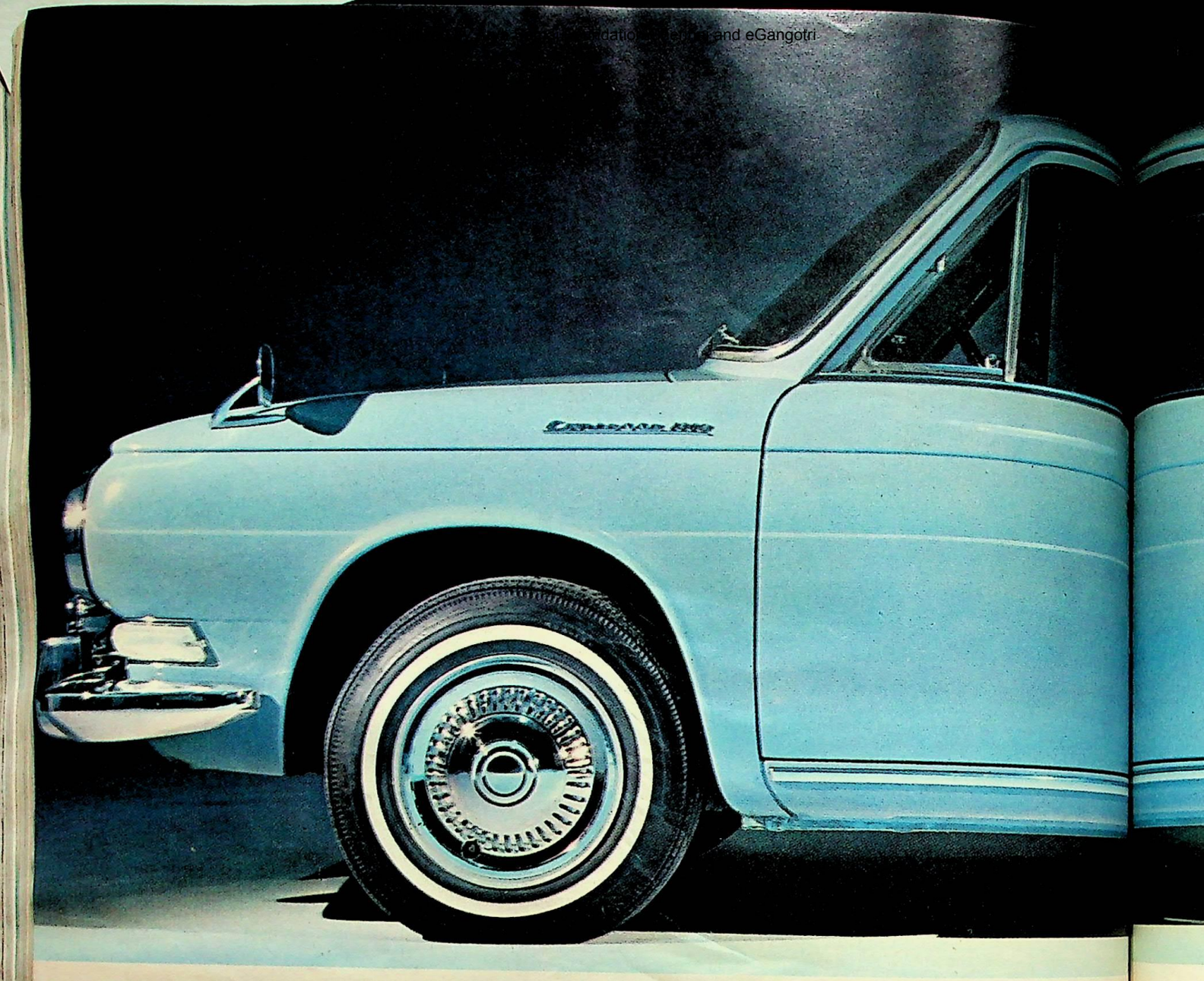
Today: The progress attained by pioneers of research and technology has made it possible, for the first time, to produce a startling new design: the Eterna·Matic 3000 "Dato": a model of precision and endurance, yet by far the thinnest automatic calendar watch with centre second.

For automatic winding, the ETERNA·MATIC 3000

MODERN · ACCURATE · RELIABLE

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



THE NEW COMPETITION PERFORMANCE

Contessa 1300

Stile Torinese

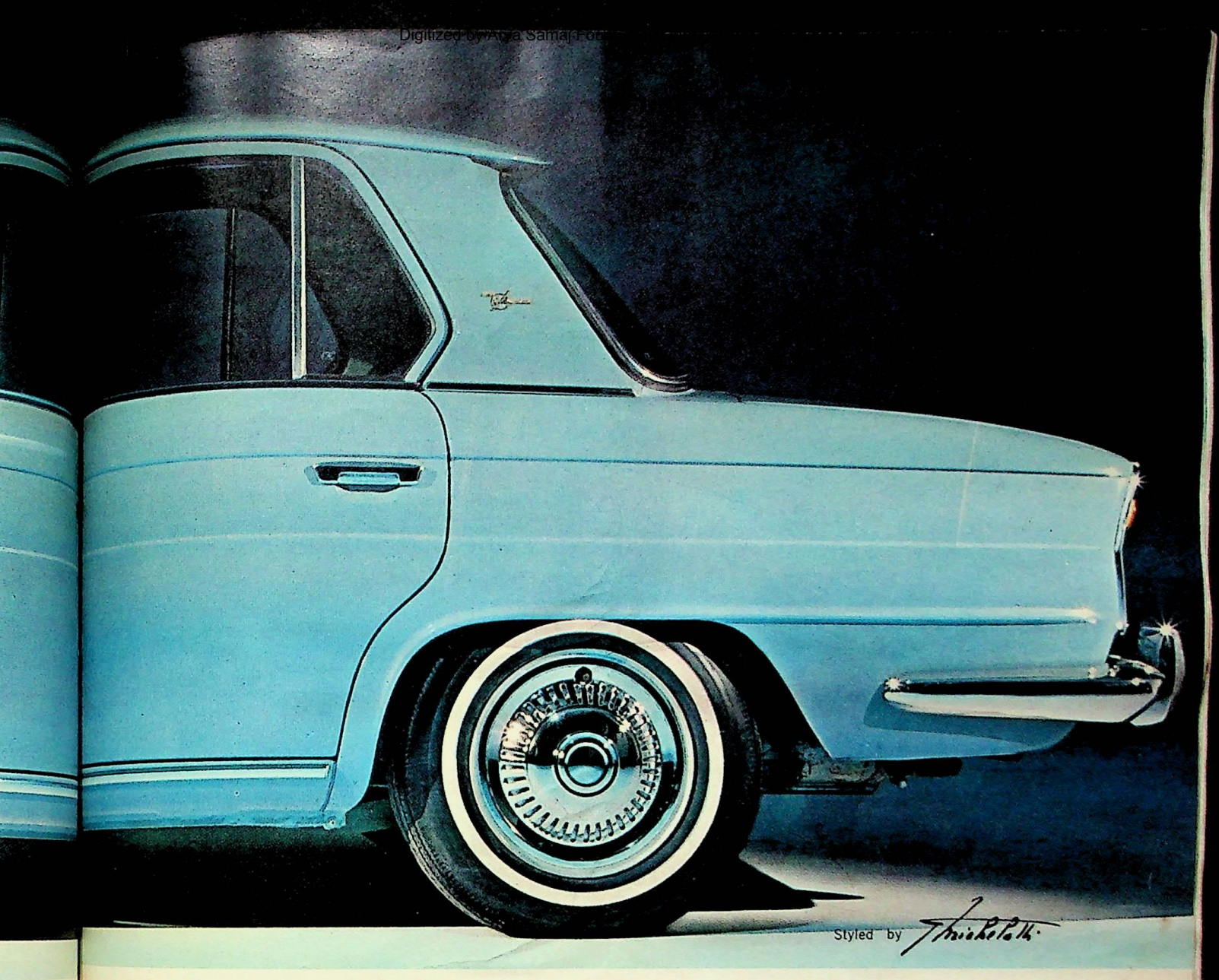
■ Take a good look. The styling of Turin—Stile Torinese—is obvious. Designed by world-famous Italian auto stylist G. Michelotti, the beautifully executed Contessa 1300 possesses the classic look . . . with that unmistakable Italian flair.

But wait till you drive it. You'll marvel at its competition performance. Shift into low. Tramp on the accelerator. You'll rip out like an impatient thoroughbred. Roar into a turn . . . flat, fast cornering with dead-accurate steering. Speed down the highway . . . remarkable handling ease and stability, even on slick conditions. Stop! You'll do it on a dime with swerve-free, no-dive tendencies . . . thanks to exclusive Optimum Balance and extra-large brakes.

Every one of Contessa 1300's beautifully crafted components is functionally designed to combine *competition performance* with cushioned riding comfort and care-free maintenance. Extreme

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Styled by Giovanni Michelotti

responsive 1251 cc GR100 rear-mounted engine with 5-bearing crankshaft. Choose from standard shift or 4-speed stick shift, each with crunch-proof, all-synchromesh gear box. 4-wheel independent suspension. Rack and pinion steering. Luxurious interior appointments with new comfort-styled bench seats for standard shift model and bucket seats for stick shift model. Rear seats are bench type in both models. These and hundreds of other premium features are incorporated into the all-new design of the Contessa 1300.

So discover a new world of pure driving excitement . . . test-drive the Contessa 1300 today. Simply visit your nearest Hino dealer. Just seeing it will be worth the trip.

Hino HINO MOTORS, LTD.
Tokyo, Japan

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THIS PLASTIC STRIP WILL KEEP A ROOM INSECT-FREE FOR THREE MONTH

Shell have perfected small plastic Pest Strips which continuously release insecticide into the atmosphere. Hang a Shell Pest Strip in a room and it controls all flies and mosquitoes for three months; there are no odours or harmful effects to betray its presence.

The insecticide in Pest Strips is Vapona, a remarkable Shell product which vaporises and actually seeks insects in all the nooks and crannies where sprays cannot reach.

Pest Strips can be used in the house, in rooms or cupboards; outdoors, in refuse cans and kennels; in farm buildings, restaurants or industrial premises. They need no maintenance and offer a unique, non-mechanical, continuous insect control system that has many valuable applications.

The range of Shell chemicals is wide and diversified. In agriculture and industry, in almost every country of the world, they are contributing to greater efficiency and lower costs. Shell are eager to give you all the help they can. If chemicals can solve your problems contact the Shell company in your country.

VAPONA

Shell Chemicals

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...inery, exports soybeans, coal, iron ...e, rice, tea and hog bristles.

In Peking last week, British Board of ...rade President Douglas Jay inaugu...ated a $3,080,000 British trade fair. ...The 230 exhibitors are offering every...thing from an aircraft instrument land...ing system to a diesel electric locomo...tive. Doing business with Peking can be ...both sweet and sour. Japanese business...men, no amateurs themselves, describe ...Mao's Marxist idealists as ruthless bar...gainers. Moreover, the Reds begin ev...ery session with an infuriating propa...ganda speech, and cannot meet at all on ...Wednesdays and Saturdays, when they ...do their own indoctrinal homework.

The Rulers. Whether trade will bring ...about prosperity and hence evolution ...remains to be seen. But one form of ...evolution—age—is taking place among ...China's leaders themselves. Mao Tse...tung, nearly 71, is panegyrized by his ...subjects as "the sun in our hearts," but ...he is setting fast. Though his mind is ...evidently as Machiavellian as ever, his ...eyesight is failing, he trembles as with ...palsy and moves about feebly. During ...a luncheon for a Western visitor last ...month, Mao was helped to and from ...the dining room by nurses.

Directly under Mao, in No. 2 posi...tion, is President Liu Shao-chi, 66. Off to ...one side, but part of the government ...wing of the regime, is Premier Chou ...En-lai, 66. Off to the other side, and be...longing to the party wing, is Teng Hsiao-...ping, 62, General Secretary of the Par...ty Central Committee. A jaunty, re...lentless, ex-army political commissar ...who, since 1954, has been the party's ...chief executive and hatchetman, Teng ...could well turn out to be Mao's even...tual successor.

But for the present, as his mission to ...Moscow suggests, Chou En-lai remains ...the unchallenged top troubleshooter of ...Chinese Communism. Grandson of a ...mandarin, Chou was a member of the ..."worker-study group" of young Chinese ...that Mao Tse-tung, then a librarian at ...Peking University, organized in the ear...ly '20s and sent to Paris for education ...and inspiration. During World War II, ...Chou (pronounced Joe) was the affable ...good Joe who acted as liaison man ...in Chungking—and convinced many ...Americans that his group consisted only ...of idealistic agrarian reformers. In ...more recent years he has turned up as ...Peking's shrill, belligerent mouthpiece ...at Geneva conferences on Indo-China. ...As his seamed, pasty face may confirm, ...he is reported ailing, and he disap...peared for several weeks earlier this ...year, possibly for treatment. But Chou ...has a habit of re-emerging in important ...endeavors, such as his grand tour of ...Africa last winter, after which he pro...nounced the Dark Continent "ripe for ...revolution."

The Youth. If power went to any of these three stalwarts, all veterans of the Long March, Mao's hard line would not be likely to change. But what about the younger generation? Half of Red China's populace is under 35, and Mao frankly worries about the danger that they will turn soft. "They have not known war," he says. "They have not known the landlords. They have not known combat." There is evident suspicion that at least some Chinese are getting tired of their spartan existence and the aggressive revolutionary policy it serves. The regime has launched a relentless domestic drive against "revisionism," accompanied by a campaign to create a whole new crop of "Maos," or, as the party puts it, "millions of new leaders for the revolutionary cause."

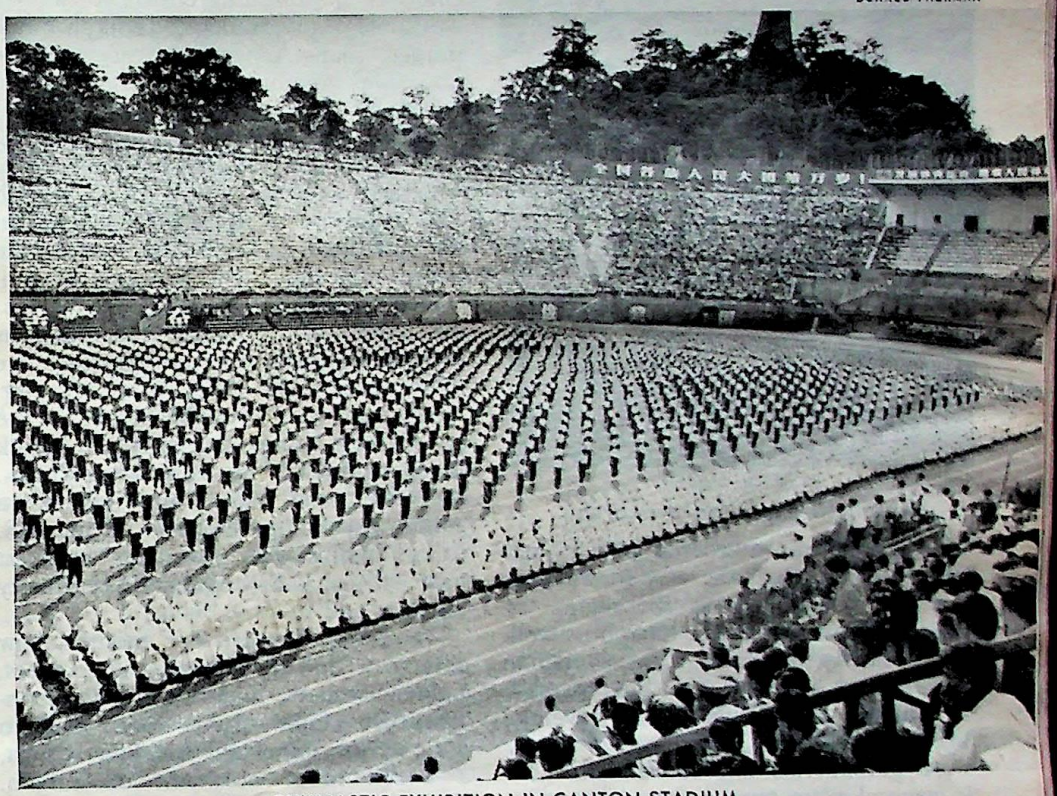
Mao has warned that the influence of Khrushchevism could "change China's color," and has declared that unless the party's next generation is as tough as the Long Marchers, "it would not be long, perhaps only a decade, before a counterrevolutionary restoration on a national scale inevitably occurred." Among children, efforts to implement "thought seedlings" are being redoubled. In a Peking nursery a French correspondent is told by the teacher that her brood is "learning to hate the class enemies." And who are they? "Landlords, reactionaries and American imperialists," chant the four- and five-year-olds. On Children's Day, parents are exhorted to nurture in their offspring a "revolutionary red heart."

But there are also some signs that not all this brainwashing is successful, that there is much indifference and some downright skepticism about party pronouncements. One recent refugee from Red China says he did not believe that Khrushchev would ever be defeated by Mao, for the simple reason that the local party secretary said he would be —and no one ever believes the party secretary. Another refugee recalls: "Every young man I talked with in Canton wishes Mao and his crowd would die soon. They say, 'Let's just see if they can live longer than we—let's just see who will survive whom.' "

Firm but Flexible. Even the most optimistic U.S. policymakers concede that it might be a decade or two before such heretical opinions really begin to make themselves felt. But they feel that if the U.S. can just hang on in Asia, time is on its side. Could the process be hastened by bringing China "into polite society" and ending its isolation, as the advocates of "Chirep" and "Chirec" argue? At present—and even if such moves could be squared with the existence of Chiang's regime on Formosa—there is no evidence that "evolution" can be brought about that readily. Peking has shown no willingness to give anything whatever in return for concessions of this sort. More than Mao's version of Marxism is at stake; behind his insistence on undying hostility against the "imperialists" lies not so much ideology as an almost visceral, vengeful attitude toward the West.

And yet it is hard to see how the U.S. can go on indefinitely along present lines. There is a nagging, exasperated feeling that somehow, some day the situation must be moved off dead center. One old China hand expresses it thus: "We must learn to be tough without being rigid. We must be firm and flexible too." Until that paradox can be translated into action, the U.S. may have to be just firm. Mao once wrote: "Political power comes out of the barrel of a gun." Americans can amend that slightly: there is also power in money, in skill, in the belief in freedom. But Mao has a point, and the U.S. must let him know that the point will not be ignored.

DONALD FAERMAN



GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION IN CANTON STADIUM
The robots may turn skeptical.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

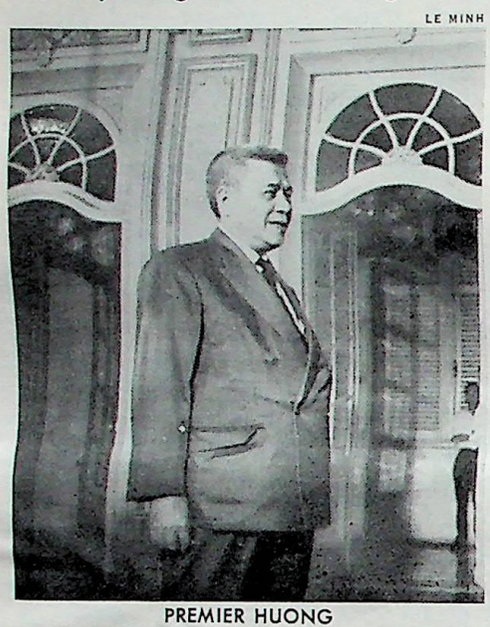
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SOUTH VIET NAM

Down, Down, Down

Is South Viet Nam literally ungovernable? More than ever it looked that way last week as the latest regime was installed in Saigon, amid the usual grim expressions of resolve and the usual lofty promises of reform. Hardly had the new Premier, Tran Van Huong (TIME, Nov. 6) moved into his office when he ran head-on into the same murky obstacles that had undermined not only the government of Ngo Dinh Diem, who was murdered a year ago supposedly to clear the way for reform, but had brought down the regime of Soldier-Premier Nguyen Khanh as well.

LE MINH



PREMIER HUONG
Again, the apostles of anarchy.

To satisfy the clamor for a civilian government, Huong had put together a Cabinet of younger men (average age: 47) than had ruled before. They were bureaucrats and technicians who in general were chosen for ability, not to satisfy political debts. The Cabinet was, in Huong's words, determined to "crack down on graft and nepotism, strengthen the economy, improve housing, education and health." What could be wrong with that?

Plenty, according to powerful Nguyen Xuan Chu, 73, acting chairman of the High National Council, a group of official watchdogs known to Saigon cynics as the "National Museum." Huffing that he had not been consulted on the makeup of the government, Chu resigned. His real complaint seemed deeper than that—at least as deep as the grumbling of those apostles of ambiguity and anarchy, the Buddhists, who acidly objected to Premier Huong's admonition that "a sharp line must be drawn between politics and religion." Obviously the supposedly unworldly Buddhists do not cherish the doctrine of the separation of Pagoda and State.

Delicate Inquiries. Suddenly Saigon's press blossomed with warnings that "in critical times religion cannot let the military and the politicians have a free hand in national affairs," and from the main pagoda in Hué, Buddhist priests began warning their followers that Buddhism faced "new threats," called on loyal Buddhists to defend the faith "against its enemies."

Apart from the pressure on Huong to reshuffle his Cabinet to include direct Buddhist representation, other political factions were raising their voices. Disregarding a warning by Huong against public demonstrations, a noisy rally of the National Student Union concluded with a call for dissolution of the new government and a vow to take to the streets to enforce the demand. The politicians were also sharpening their knives for Nguyen Khanh, who had only recently stepped aside as civilian leader, but stayed on as military commander in chief. In his lurching efforts to build a workable government, Khanh had purged many powerful army officers, now was reaping the rewards. Last week various members of the High National Council slipped over to the U.S. embassy to inquire delicately what the American attitude would be if Khanh were removed as army commander. In effect, if not in so many words, the answer was that the U.S. wants Khanh.

To exasperated U.S. officials, the continued political machinations seemed destined only to frustrate the fight against the Viet Cong further. Now every day brought defeat to the government troops struggling to track down and kill the elusive guerrillas. Moreover, the Viet Cong inflicted a galling psychological defeat on the U.S. forces themselves, revealing at least part of the U.S. command as grossly careless and inept.

Tempting Target. For months, row after row of U.S. aircraft—helicopters, fighter-bombers, long-range U-2 reconnaissance planes—have stood wing to wing at the important Bienhoa airport, a dozen miles northeast of Saigon. Many Air Force officers have worried at the lack of adequate perimeter defense at the base. Especially vulnerable was the northern edge of the field, where for some reason no one ever thought to clear the bush and trees that offer concealment along a wide gentle slope not far from the barracks where U.S. troops at the base are quartered.

Bienhoa became all the more tempting to the Communists after the Tonkin Gulf clashes, when more than 30 big B-57 jet bombers flew in from Pacific bases as stand-by weapons in case a long-range attack on North Viet Nam —or even China—should be called for.

Most of the B-57s crews were asleep when a little band of Viet Cong crept to within 2,500 yards of the Bienhoa flight line, took accurate aim and blasted the barracks and airstrip with 81-mm. mortars. G.I.s ran pell-mell from their bivouac as more than 100 rounds fell onto the sleeping quarters, injuring 72 and killing four. Already, the midnight raiders had pumped shell after shell onto the B-57s, destroying six and damaging at least six more. Fire spread quickly from plane to plane because they stood so close together; sandbags would have saved many shrapnel, but such protection did exist because, U.S. officers explained lamely, there was insufficient local to fill and stack them.

As dawn broke, a tardy Vietnamese search group set off in chase, but the rebels were nowhere to be found. There remained only to clear the debris of Bienhoa's strip—blackened hulks of wrecked planes, the bodies of the dead from the barracks, and the few unexploding mortar shells that had fallen with marking "Made in USA, 1944" that were apparently part of the booty captured by the Communists when the French surrendered in 1954.

THE CONGO

The Rebels Collapse

From the depths of the Congo rain forest came the plaintive voice of Christophe Gbenye, President of the rebels' self-proclaimed People's Republic of the Congo. "I did what I could to preserve African honor," he said in a radio message to the continent's nationalist leaders, "and you have left me alone beneath the bombardments of Americans and Belgians. In the name of Lumumba, I utter a last appeal."

But not even the invocation of the martyred leftist was likely to help. By last week the whole rebel cause was collapsing. Incredible as it seemed, Moise Tshombe's chaotic army was advancing furiously on all fronts. Spearheaded by white mercenaries, and operating under the air cover of U.S.-supplied B-26 fighter-bombers, government troops had marched to within striking distance of the rebel capital, Stanleyville.

More Punch. The turning point came in August, when a loyalist garrison drove back a major rebel assault on Bukavu after three bloody days of street fighting, giving Tshombe's disciplined army its first real victory. Even more important, however, were 450 white mercenaries—mostly South Africans, Rhodesians and Belgians—recruited by Tshombe to give his army more punch. The mercenaries were organized into small units and sent to shore up besieged garrisons, and to lead—and

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...—attacks on strategic rebel towns. ...wly, sporadically, Tshombe's forces ...gan to close in. By taking Boende, ...y halted a rebel drive toward Leo-...ville. By seizing Albertville and ...vira, they all but cut off the rebel sup-...lines from the Communist Chinese ...bassy in Burundi.

Last week the drive suddenly grew ...a major offensive. Along the Ugan-...border, a government column shook ...rebel hold on the northeastern Con-...by recapturing the towns of Beni ...d Lubero. In the west, another force ...ded unopposed from Boende all the ...w to Ikela, a vital road junction 185 ...es from Stanleyville. But the main ...ce came from the south. There, led ...a Belgian colonel and 250 merce-...ies, the 2,000-man 5th Mechanized ...ade clanked out of its staging area ...Kongolo one morning, rumbled 250 ...es in four days, conquered the rebel ...munications center at Kindu almost ...hout firing a shot, and found itself a ...re 250 miles south of Stanleyville. ...e brigade's principal tactical weapon ...ng the way had been the telephone: ...each town it stopped long enough ...phone a warning to the rebel garri-...in the next town to get out while it ...ld. Unfailingly, the rebels fled.

Deadly Game. In Stanleyville, Gbe-...e's government—which from the be-...ning had been so disreputable that ...t even the Chinese Communists would ...ognize it—appeared to be on its last ...gs. Food supplies were running out, ...d the few remaining scraps were be-...black-marketed at many times their ...rmal worth. Rebel savages, hopped ...by dope and voodoo spells, pillaged ...e city almost unchecked. And from ...e surrounding rebel countryside came ...les of kangaroo courts that forced ...eir victims to swallow gasoline, then ...ced them open and ignited them. ...Through it all, the rebel leaders quar-...led and bickered among themselves; ...e Foreign Minister even hinted to a ...ss conference that President Gbenye ...d sold out to the Americans.

If he had, the Americans would like ...hear about it. For the desperate Gbe-...e had turned to a deadly game of ...lackmail. Announcing that he had tak-...n hostage all 60 Americans and 800 ...Belgians who had been stranded by the ...rebel invasion of Stanleyville, he de-...manded an immediate end to U.S. and ...Belgian aid to Tshombe. Threatened ...Gbenye, in a broadcast on the official ...rebel radio in Stanleyville: "We can ...no longer guarantee the lives and prop-...erty of Belgian and American citizens." ...Gbenye may have been bluffing, but ...Tshombe obviously would rather not ...have to put him to the test. At week's ...end, as his army paused to regroup, the ...Premier broadcast "a solemn appeal to ...the rebels to lay down their arms" and ...arrest Gbenye and his cohorts. Added ...Tshombe: "We insist particularly that ...all foreigners held hostage must be ...freed, and ask the entire civilian popu-...lation to protect them until our army ...arrives."

CENTRAL PRESS

WILSON & HOME LEAD PARLIAMENT TO HEAR QUEEN

In the first hour, cries of "shame."

GREAT BRITAIN

Cruel to Lepers

In a crystal coach drawn by six white horses, Queen Elizabeth rode in state last week to the Palace of Westminster for the ceremonial opening of a new Parliament. Seldom has that arcane ritual seemed more at odds with reality. Elizabeth's "most gracious speech from the throne," written for the monarch by the first Labor government in her eleven-year reign, was a catalogue of welfare statism that immediately challenged the Tories' disposition to let the new administration "play itself in." Gambling its slender, five-seat majority in the House of Commons, Labor declared its determination to renationalize the steel industry, one of the few issues likely to rally the nine Liberal M.P.s behind the solidly opposed Tories in coming months.

As it turned out, the Commons had been in session hardly an hour when it was convulsed by an interparty melee that was as un-English as it was unprecedented. It had nothing to do with steel.

"Squalid Campaign." Early in his first speech as Prime Minister, Harold Wilson expressed his regret that Foreign Secretary Patrick Gordon Walker, who was unseated in last month's general election, could not take part in the debate (he will probably be reelected from a safe Labor constituency by year's end). Stung by chuckles from the Opposition benches, Wilson looked up from his notes and tore into a vitriolic attack on his predecessor, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, as well as on Peter Griffiths, the Tory candidate who defeated Gordon Walker at Smethwick, a Midlands industrial suburb that has colored immigrants.

Over a rising storm of protest from the Opposition, Wilson declared that Griffiths had won Smethwick with "an utterly squalid campaign" based on racial prejudice. Charging that the Tories would bear "a lasting brand of shame" for Sir Alec's reluctance to condemn such tactics, Wilson shouted that Griffiths should "serve his term here as a parliamentary leper." After a shocked pause, surging, howling, gesticulating M.P.s from both sides of the House silenced Wilson for 15 tumultuous minutes. Never before had a new Prime Minister stirred such hostility in the Commons. Amid shouts of "Shame!" and "Disgraceful!" 25 Opposition M.P.s stalked out; a motion to censure Wilson was later signed by 50 Tories.

Pies into Pence. Even in the heat of debate, Wilson's attack on Home was hardly warranted: the Tory leader had specifically deplored racism during the campaign. For that matter, few M.P.s believed that Wilson, who is one of the coolest, wiliest tacticians in the Labor Party, delivered such a diatribe on the spur of the moment.

In fact, over the next few months, Wilson's aim may be deliberately to provoke impassioned Tory opposition to Labor's vote-catching legislative goals, which range from free medicine under the National Health Service to bigger welfare benefits for a sixth of the population. Then, before pie-in-the-sky turns into shillings-and-pence in taxation, Wilson may go back to the people for a less precarious mandate. Meanwhile, four Labor backbenchers filed a tongue-in-cheek motion censuring the Prime Minister for describing Smethwick's M.P. as a "leper." Wilson, they declared, had thus cast "a cruel and unmerited slight on lepers."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

RUSSIA

Lara's Return

"The riddle of life, the riddle of death, the enchantment of genius, of unadorned beauty—these things were ours," wept the beautiful Lara over the body of her lover, Dr. Zhivago. "But the small problems of practical life—things like the reshaping of the planet—these things, no thank you, they are not for us." Soon afterward, the heroine of Poet Boris Pasternak's great novel was arrested by Soviet secret police "and probably died somewhere, forgotten as a nameless number on a list that afterwards got mislaid, in one of the concentration camps of the north."

VADIM BIRYUKOV

OLGA AT PASTERNAK'S FUNERAL (1960)
"The small problems are not for us."

Lara's fictional fate was prophetic. In 1960, after Pasternak himself died, Soviet secret police arrested Olga Ivinskaya, the handsome blonde poetess who had been Pasternak's great love, soul mate, literary agent and secretary—and his model for the tender and generous Lara. It was the second time Olga had had to pay for her devotion: after the Stalin regime accused Pasternak of intellectual heresy, she spent four years in a concentration camp, was released only in the amnesty following Stalin's death in 1953. Last week, possibly as a consequence of Khrushchev's ouster, Olga, at 59, was again free.

After a fashion. During her four years as librarian of the Potma Work Camp in Siberia, she had written a sheaf of poems—but she needed government permission to publish them. To keep herself alive, she hoped to return to her work as a translator of foreign poets, but that too required government approval. Since her small apartment on Moscow's Potapov Street had been [illegible] she was given dependent on the state for new quarters.

But the small problems of practical life were no more for Olga than they had been for Lara. She spent her first day in Moscow at Pasternak's grave.

EUROPE

To NATO's Brink

On the surface it looked like a case of megalomania aggravated by logic.

The megalomania seemed to be De Gaulle's, determined as he was to be the leader of Europe and apparently ready to wreck both the Common Market and NATO if they stood in his way. The logic was provided by his Foreign Minister, Maurice Couve de Murville, who was full of brilliant French arguments about how a true partnership between the U.S. and France required two entirely separate policies. On closer examination, however, the megalomania was perhaps not quite so maniacal and the logic not quite so logical.

No Mood for Patience. On the Common Market, the French position was, on the whole, unassailable. All Paris really wanted was for West Germany to stick to a previously reached agreement for the reduction of agricultural prices. Because Germany's inefficient subsidized farmers want no part of this and because Chancellor Ludwig Erhard faces an election next year, Bonn was dragging its feet. A more sympathetic character than Charles de Gaulle might have understood and been patient. De Gaulle understood, all right, but he was in no mood for patience. There were renewed threats that unless he got satisfaction on the issue, he might pull out of the Market entirely.

Would he really do it? "France will look twice before making a fatal move," declared Le Monde, pointing out that thanks to the Treaty of Rome, French industrialists have broken with a long tradition of protectionism and have been building industrial strength on a multinational scale—the only way to meet American competition. Yet Premier Georges Pompidou was quoted by friends as saying, "*Nous partirons.*" He could of course be talking of a limited departure—perhaps absence from sessions of The Six for a few weeks.

French Reasoning. On NATO, the French position is considerably less logical. Basically, De Gaulle holds that to be truly sovereign today, a nation needs its own atomic deterrent, and he insists that France must have its *force de frappe* rather than rely on the U.S. But what about other European countries, notably West Germany? To them he says blandly that they can always rely on France. In short, he treats the rest of Europe the way he says Washington treats him.

For that reason he opposes MLF, the U.S.-backed scheme for internationally manned, nuclear-equipped surface ships that would give European nations a sense of participation in nuclear defense but still leave with the U.S. President the actual decision [illegible] the missiles. At an eleven-hour [illegible] policy debate in the French [illegible] Couve de Murville in effect argued [illegible] MLF is a phony, that it would [illegible] and not unite Europe. He was particularly angry at Bonn, which had accepted MLF as well as virtually every other U.S. plan, while being increasingly cool to De Gaulle's policies.

Where French reasoning [illegible] down is that MLF would give the Germans at least a squeeze on the nuclear trigger, while the French *force de frappe* would give them, in effect, nothing. The point was perfectly expressed in a recent conversation between a German and a French official. The dialogue went something like this:

Frenchman: We need you [illegible] *force de frappe*. An atomic arsenal is expensive, and German cooperation would be to both our advantages.

German: But your offer is much more costly than MLF. Who would have ultimate say in the use of the weapons under your plan?

Frenchman: Well, of course, we would expect to maintain control.

German: You are saying that we should invest much more money in a tiny atomic force that you control rather than less money in an enormous atomic force that the Americans control. We would get more of our money's worth with the Americans.

Frenchman: Ah, *mon ami*, you do not understand the Americans. We only fought against them in two wars. They were our allies. And let me tell you, they always come late.

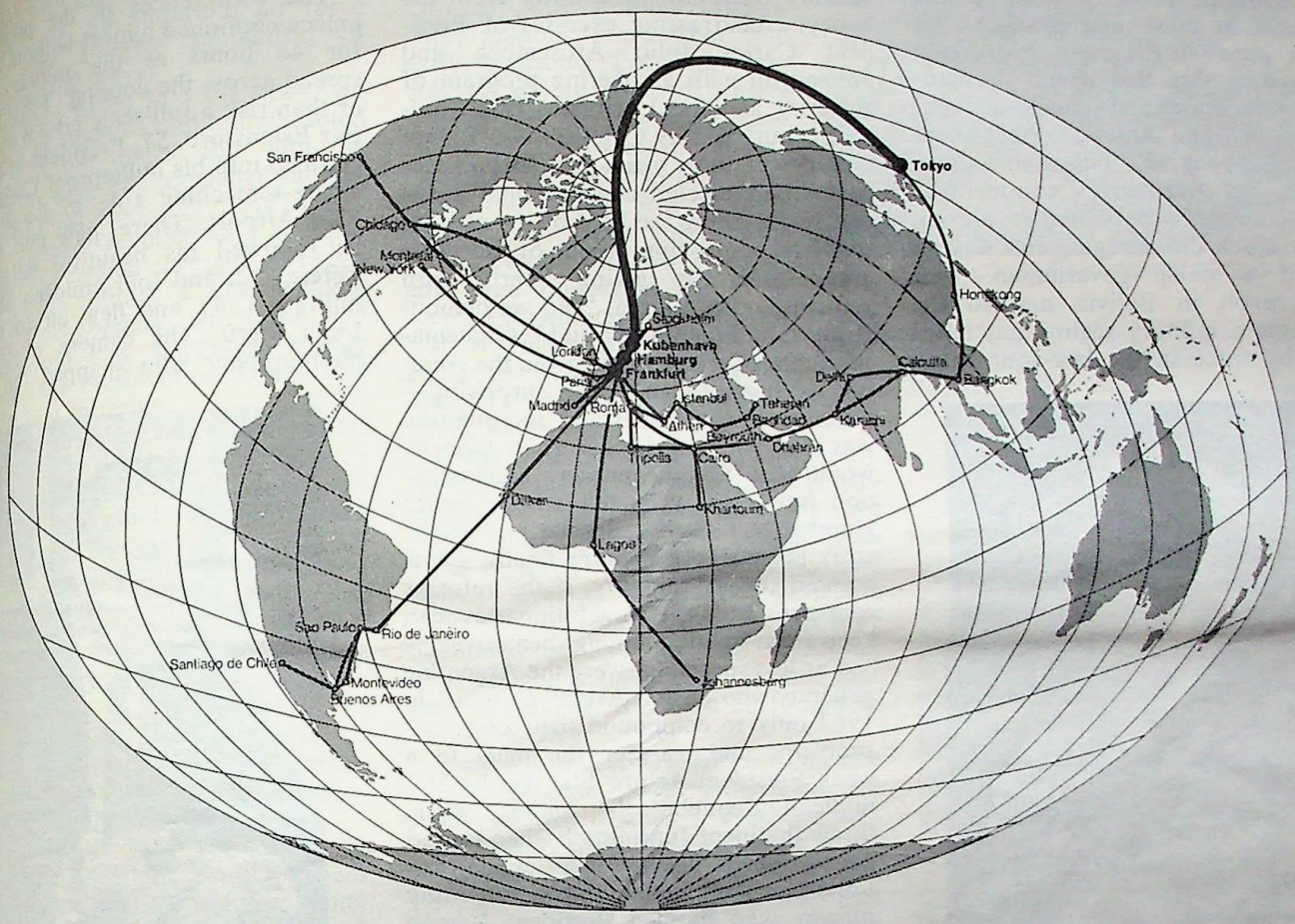
Stirring Gestures. The only alternative to 1) MLF and 2) a French-controlled nuclear force would be a truly integrated European army with its own nuclear capacity. But De Gaulle dislikes the idea of such integration, and Washington dislikes the idea of giving up the nuclear veto. If the U.S. persists with the MLF scheme—which Britain's Labor government may accept, although with modifications—the French hint that they might pull out of NATO.

Just how France would go about it is of course interesting. All the way? Limited withdrawals? Probably the latter, with such starting gestures as pulling French officers out of supreme headquarters near Paris or out of the NATO standing group in Washington. If that didn't have sufficient effect, there might come the withdrawal of the two ground divisions or the 27 fighter-bomber squadrons that operate as part of NATO's central command.

Whether this is what De Gaulle actually has in mind, no one can be sure. Chances are, however, that he is merely trying to push things to the brink of chaos and then have the pieces reassembled more to his liking. Said Pompidou: "The Atlantic Alliance must be rethought. It must be remolded, reorganized." Probably true, but how? Neither Pompidou nor Couve nor anyone else in France so far has made any practical suggestions.

In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

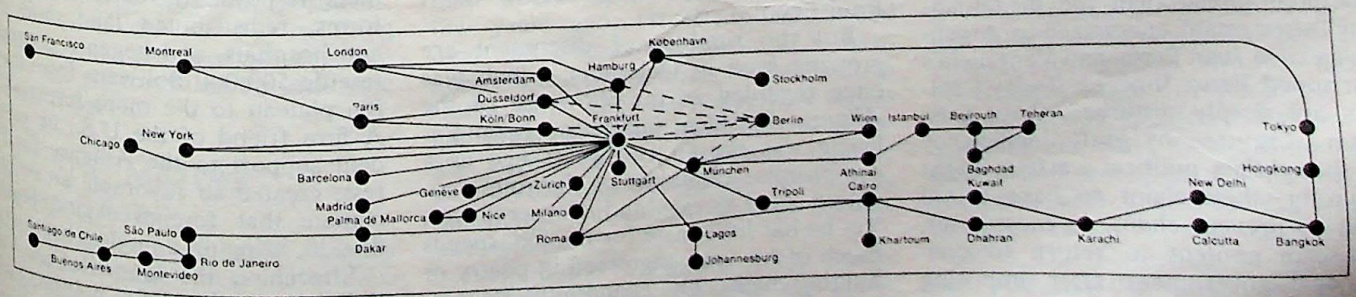
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Why Lufthansa has added a new route to its world-wide system

Take another look at the Lufthansa system and you'll find a new route: the Polar route to the Far East.

With this route we meet the needs of passengers who want to fly comfortably and quickly between Europe and the Far East. In only 20½ hours a Lufthansa Boeing Jet 707 Intercontinental links the Japanese Capital with the city of Frankfurt.
More new routes are planned. We are continually expanding our system, continually improving our services and always making sure that our fleet of jets is right up to date – for you, our passenger.



Lufthansa
German Airlines

DLK 4124 E

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

POLITICS

Continent of Upheaval

When John Kennedy stood before the world in 1961 and proposed his *Alianza para el Progreso*, his dream was a partnership that would strengthen the economic and democratic institutions of Latin America. Since then, the U.S. has sunk $3.7 billion into Latin America. Yet it remains a continent of upheaval, swept by persistent revolution that betrays a discouraging inability to maintain a stable government. Last week's revolt in Bolivia marked the ninth time a military regime has taken power by force in the last four years.

LINARES

BARRIENTOS
Alone on the balcony.

Counting the brutal dictatorships in Cuba and Haiti and the more or less benevolent ones in Paraguay and Nicaragua, 13 of the Hemisphere's 20 nations have been ruled by military force at one time or another since the *Alianza* was born.

Whether Bolivia's new rulers prove better or worse than the civilians they deposed remains to be seen. Recent military regimes in Latin America have established that they cannot immediately be presumed to be bad. They represent a different breed than the medal-jangling "strongman" epitomized by Argentina's exiled Juan Perón and Venezuela's imprisoned Pérez Jiménez. Today's soldiers are deeply disturbed about Castroism, disgusted by graft, inefficiency and thoughtless political warfare. Right or wrong, they claim to have seized power to prevent chaos. In most cases, they seem content to return to constitutional government after imposing at least a semblance of order.

Cooling the Tempers. Two years ago in Peru, the army stepped in after an inconclusive election threatened to divide the country into warring camps; when tempers cooled, Peru had another election, and now President Fernando Belaúnde Terry is successfully working to develop the country. In Ecuador, the military retrieved the country from the boozy, embarrassing excesses of President Carlos Julio Arosemena and pressed on with a sobering program of austerity and fiscal reforms. In El Salvador, burly Army Colonel Julio Rivera took power three years ago; he has now been freely elected constitutional President, is breaking the hold of the aristocracy and improving the lot of the peasants. "Only by giving liberty with reforms," says Rivera, "can we demonstrate that Fidel is a fraud." Guatemala's junta of colonels has given the country its biggest—and most surprising—boom in history. In Brazil, the question was not whether Leftist João Goulart would lead Latin America's biggest nation into civil war—but when. Under Humberto Castello Branco, a retired army general, the country finally seems pointed toward stability, if the reforms continue and the revolutionaries can keep from fighting among themselves.

Far less successful were the Argentine generals who ousted Arturo Frondizi in 1962 only to compound their country's problems and transfer the mess to a weak President Arturo Illia. In the Dominican Republic, the military overthrew the inept Juan Bosch, then turned over power to a triply inept civilian triumvirate. And in Honduras, the army officers who toppled President Ramón Villeda Morales last year are slowly running the country's faltering economy into the ground.

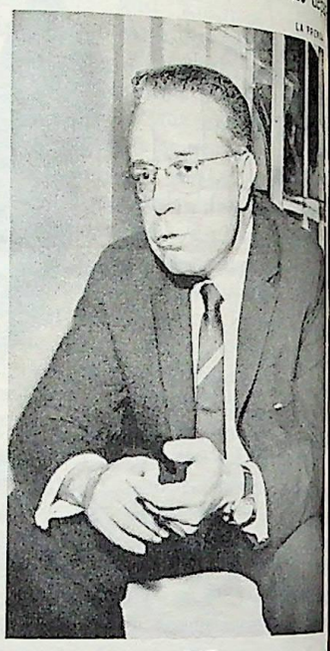
Continuing Rumbles. Of the handful of nations that have escaped recent revolution, Mexico continues to flourish under its one-party "guided democracy." Chile, which has gone 32 years without a revolution, inaugurated a new President last week—Christian Democrat Eduardo Frei, a 53-year-old former attorney who defeated a Castro-lining Marxist in the country's September elections. Wealthy little Costa Rica, with its long tradition of law and order, also seems secure. Venezuela owes its stability to the fiery determination of President Rómulo Betancourt and the growing statesmanship of his successor, Raúl Leoni.

But the rumbles of discontent are growing loud in Colombia, which was once regarded as the showcase of the *Alianza*. President Guillermo León Valencia was chosen two years ago as a compromise candidate of the ruling coalition of Liberals and Conservatives. Yet he has little taste for the job, spends much of his time engrossed in poetry or hunting ducks. The economy is stagnating and the coalition is splintering apart. Colombia's military men are openly critical, while opponents of the regime in Congress even talk about voting an "alternate" President in case Valencia "steps down."

BOLIVIA

A General in Charge

The conferences in the presid- palace continued almost without a b for 48 hours as the military re spread across the country. Finally, r er than risk a full-scale civil war, V Paz Estenssoro, 57, President of B climbed into his bulletproof Cadillac a tire-screeching ride to La Paz's Alto Airport. There, pale and scowl he followed his beautiful wife M Teresa, 32, and four children abo military C-47 and flew off to exi Lima, Peru. The camera of the photographer who snapped the de



PAZ
Away without pictures.

ture was seized by an air force offic "Why spoil everything?" said the offic confiscating the film. "We want to m it nice for him."

Thus ended, at least temporarily, political career of one of Latin Am ica's most fascinating and controversi statesmen. Paz was one of the orga izers of the 1952 revolt that overturn the tin barons and emancipated the B livian population from virtual serfdo As President for all but four years sin then, he pushed through needed tax forms, redistributed land, built roa and hospitals, and began a program resettle 500,000 Bolivians from the hi ren plateau to the more fertile valle A firm friend of the U.S., he gave dent support to the Alliance for Pro ress, created so favorable an economi climate that foreign capital began flow in, bringing a modest boom.

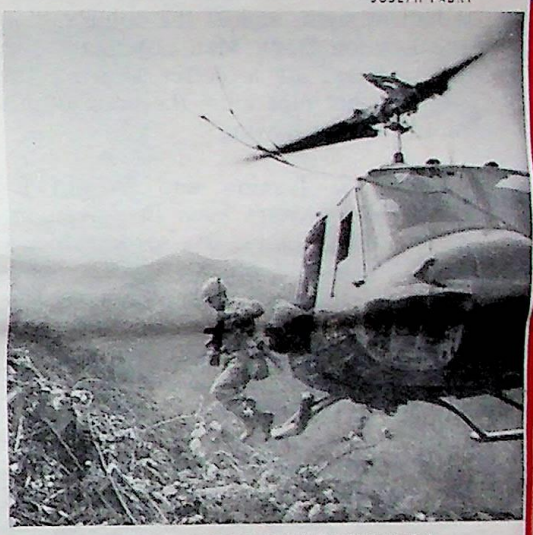
Stretching the Constitution. Yet Bolivia's hotheaded politics, wh emotions soar as high as the Andes, P made many enemies. Last year h rammed through a questionable cons tutional amendment allowing him to for a second consecutive term. In th test, opposition parties, and even m

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COLOMBIAN TROOPS GIVING MEDICAL AID

JOSEPH FABRY



WAGING BANDIT WAR IN BACKLANDS

From jets to Jeeps.

his own party members, handed in ...pty ballots in the May election. As ...he hostility increased, Paz in September ...eclared a state of siege, imposing press ...ensorship and packing several of his ...loudest critics off to exile. Next Paz ...uarreled with his Vice President, René ...arrientos, 45, an ambitious air force ...eneral who bitterly complained of ...z's dictatorial ways.

Resentment flared into the open two ...eks ago as students and miners rioted ...half a dozen towns. But with the ...my on his side, Paz squelched the up... Then last week, the army's crack ...avi Regiment revolted in La Paz— ...d rebellion flamed through garrisons ...around the country. From his home ...n of Cochabamba, where he had ...e to avoid Paz, Barrientos openly ...ounced the President as ruthless and ...ed on him to resign.

Realizing that he lacked the support ...hang on, Paz decided to flee, leaving ...eneral Alfredo Ovando Candia, 46, ...mmander in chief of the armed ...ces, to pick up the pieces. For 24 ...urs anti-government rioters surged ...ough La Paz, looting, burning and ...ping at army troops sent to keep or... Before it was over, 45 were killed, ...50 wounded. Out of hiding came Left... ...t Juan Lechín, 51, Paz's archrival and ...ss of most of the country's 35,000 tin ...iners. Adding to the chaos, his miners ...emanded the re-establishment of union ...ntrol of the mines.

Enter General Sob. To govern the ...untry until elections could be held, ...vando announced a military junta, ...aming Barrientos and himself as co-...residents. But Ovando, a colorless sol...ier, had not reckoned on the big am...tions of Barrientos. Entering La Paz ...a hero's welcome, Barrientos sped ...the presidential palace. Within four ...ours he appeared alone on the balco..., told a wildly cheering crowd that ...vando, "with his usual unselfishness, ...as resigned." He, Barrientos, would ...le alone as President.

An outspoken anti-Communist, Bar...entos has been a friend of the U.S. ...ver since he took his pilot training at ...andolph Field in Texas. He under...ands the need for reform and develop...ment, promises free elections as soon as ...possible. But many observers fear that ...he lacks the ability to deal with the ...country's complex economic problems, ...and his speeches often show a disturbing ...demagogic tone. He becomes so emo...tional on the platform that his nickname ...is "General Sob."

THE MILITARY

A Changing Role

The military men of Latin America ...have long been more interested in pres...tige and political power than in the real ...business of soldiering. Now, while they ...are still ready, willing and able to pull a ...coup—as they did in Bolivia last week ...—they are placing new emphasis on ...a practical military problem.

They are a surprisingly large force. Since World War II, Latin American nations have kept an average 500,000 men under arms, and spent some $1.6 billion annually on their care and feeding. Much of the money has gone for such status symbols as Caracas' $10 million officers' club; millions more went into early pensions. Proudest symbols of all are some expensive toys of war. Venezuela's air force boasts a fleet of British Canberra jet bombers and U.S.-made F-86 Sabre jets. Because Peru bought four submarines, little Ecuador hurried out and got three Canberras. In 1956 Brazil spent $36 million on Latin America's first aircraft carrier (without a single plane to put aboard), so Argentina naturally added a surplus British carrier to its fleet.

Latin America's military men stoutly insist that such heavy equipment is necessary in case of war. But the last Latin American war was fought from 1932 to 1935 between Paraguay and Bolivia over a scrap of wasteland known as the Chaco. There seems little likelihood of another such territorial struggle; nor is there much chance that any World War III could be fought in Latin America.

Learning about Guerrillas. The one future war that Latin Americans are likely to fight is quite a different sort. It is against the flitting Castroite guerrillas, who promise to "liberate" the people. This is the kind of war that Latin armies have only recently begun to learn about.

Some 1,500 guerrillas already operate in Venezuela, defying the best efforts of the army to root them out. There are will-o'-the-wisp Communist bands in the Andean hills of Colombia and Peru, in the jungles of Honduras and Guatemala. The guerrilla potential elsewhere is described by one top U.S. policymaker as "something that is going to keep us awake at night in the next ten years."

The guerrillas openly sneer at clumsy pursuit by tanks and jets. With a nudge from the U.S., Latin American military budgets are starting to call for Jeeps, mortars, radios, helicopters, coastal patrol boats and other mundane articles that would have been sniffed at a few years ago. Hundreds of enlisted men and officers attend the U.S. anti-guerrilla training schools in the Panama Canal Zone. They study guerrilla tactics and jungle survival, learn how to strangle a man with a bootlace, operate communications equipment, camouflage themselves and shinny up rope ladders like spiders.

From Bully to Friend. Latin America's soldiers are also learning about "civic action"—the needful art of winning *campesino* support before the guerrillas do. One of the reasons Fidel Castro survived in Cuba's hills was that the peasants despised Dictator Fulgencio Batista's bullying troops. By contrast, the Bolivian army runs eight experimental and educational farms for *campesinos*. What popularity Bolivia's new junta chief René Barrientos commands stems partly from the fact that he is an ardent supporter of *Acción Civica*. Peru's army labors mightily building roads into the undeveloped eastern lowlands. In Guatemala, troops have built football fields, made Christmas toys, turned ammo cases into school desks, and built public bathhouses.

The new emphasis is most noticeable in Colombia, where 90% of the nation's army is committed to anti-guerrilla warfare. Colombia's war began in 1948 as a political feud between the country's liberals and conservatives, soon degenerated into a senseless episode of banditry that has cost 200,000 lives in 16 years. Not until two years ago when Major General Alberto Ruiz Novoa became War Minister did the government make any headway.

Ruiz Novoa splintered his unwieldy divisions into tiny, mobile hunter-killer groups and sent them out to play hide and seek with guerrillas. *La violencia* has been cut 80%, and the number of bandits killed climbed to almost 800 last year. At the same time, civic action hands out medical aid, helps peasants build schools, push through roads and expand farm output. "The Colombian peasant is the soldier's friend now," says an army commander, "and we can't let him down."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Not so long ago, Britain's **Harold Wilson**, 48, was barking "I'm not a performing seal!" at lensmen who tried to photograph him drinking tea. But times do change, and in Hampstead the Prime Minister obligingly teed off to cozy up his image. It was billed as a pause in the day's grind. "I unwind quickly in the fresh air," Wilson offered, adding, in case the photographers couldn't tell: "I'm not very good at golf." Feet too close together, knee locked, arms carefully flexed, he poised to drive—er, ah, maybe it was supposed to be the other way around. Well, anyway, there wasn't a ball in sight, and as the columnist in the London Daily Mail observed, "I've never heard of a golfer shoving the stem of his pipe into the roof of his mouth during a swing!"

• • •

Harry S. Truman and **Dwight D. Eisenhower** haven't been in agreement on too many topics. But some subjects clearly transcend old animosities. This week the Planned Parenthood–World *Population federation announces in* Manhattan that the two ex-Presidents will become co-chairmen of its Honorary Sponsors Council.

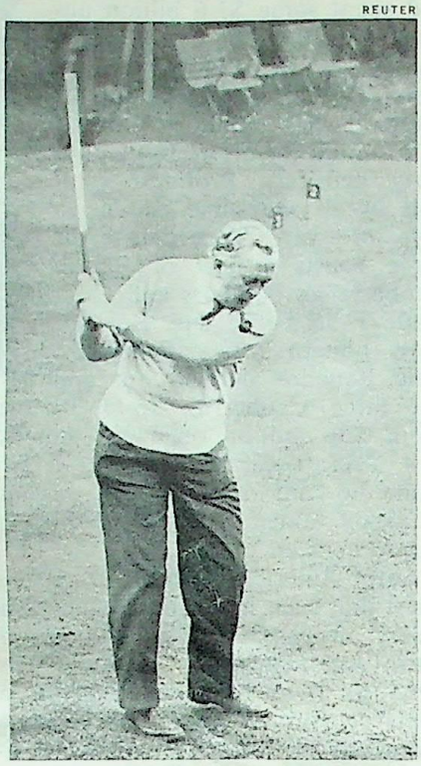
• • •

"I do not collect," said Washington's Gwen Cafritz. She meant paintings, since she was a guest, not a hostess, at the Manhattan society opening of 32 landscapes and still lifes by French Artist **Bernard Buffet**, 36. The gallery was filled with art inexperts. "Buffet paints a variety of styles!" remarked one black tie, eying some Picassos hanging near by. But Peter Duchin's band was playing, the buffets were laden with filet mignon and champagne, and even the upper-case Buffet felt decidedly à la mode. Already 20 of his oils—which he simply dashed off—were sold at Dom Pérignon prices ($7,000 to $12,000).

THE NEW YORK TIMES

BUFFET & ANNABEL
Oils à la mode.

REUTER



WILSON
Poised like a seal.

And his chef-d'oeuvre was his wife **Annabel**, 36, a former mannequin whose Balenciaga he had selected, and whose black hair he had cut in the style of a Spanish toreador.

• • •

When a Russian thinks of an American novelist, he thinks of serious types, social historians like Theodore Dreiser and Upton Sinclair. But the Wapshots' chronicler, **John Cheever**, 52, having updated the U.S. picture, was busy catching up on the Soviets too. In Moscow, at the end of a month-long tour of the Soviet Union, Cheever heard Poet **Evgeny Evtushenko**, 31, recite his verse, after which Evtushenko took Cheever, another visitor, Novelist John Updike, and several pretty comrades off to a country *dacha* for some tonic research into suburban Soviet vodka parties. Cheever concluded that Evtushenko's lyric performance was "the most exciting thing I've ever heard," but he admired even more how Soviet writers have accepted their role as "leaders in life and love and art."

• • •

In 1939, Bernice ("Bunny") Miller joined the secretarial staff of **Herbert Hoover** "on a temporary basis." Last week, when the will of the former President, who died on Oct. 20 at 90, was filed in Manhattan, she learned that her employer of 25 years had left her a $50,000 trust fund, while five other secretaries inherited from $10,000 to $30,000 apiece. Before his death he had transferred much of his wealth to trust funds set up for his two sons. And to his elder son, Herbert Jr., like his father a successful mining engineer and from 1954 to 1957 Under Secretary of State, Hoover bequeathed another $5,000 "as evi... of my affection." The balance of ... estate, estimated at more than $5... 000 in diversified stocks, bonds ... real estate, will go to trust funds ... up for the three children of Ho... younger son, Allan.

• • •

Rod Steiger, 39, has played Al ... pone, as well as a thug in *On the W... front*. But a sterling personality ... that base exterior, as Italian Pro... Ermanno Olmi knew, and so he ... Steiger as **Pope John XXIII**, in ... Vatican-approved screen version of ... late Pope's diary. *And There Co... Man*, as it will be called, is now ... filmed in John's native Sotto il M... and, says Olmi firmly, "there will b... mixing of the sacred and profane." ... Steiger, who was raised a Lutheran, ... consider this part a regeneration.

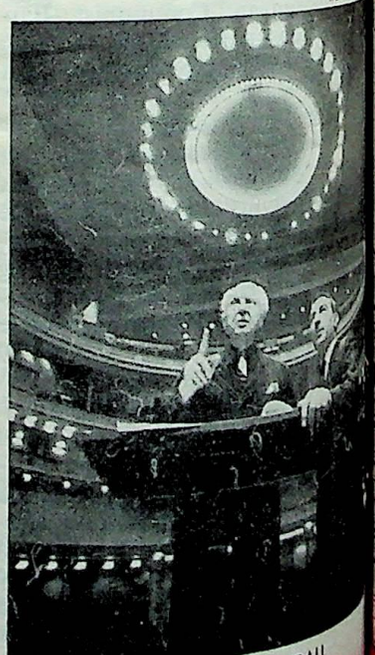
• • •

Why was Greece's **King Consta...** 24, who as a bachelor did his ... the scrapyards, driving so slowly ... the twisting roads of Macedonia ... state tour with his bride of six w... **Queen Anne-Marie**? "We believe ... are expecting a happy event," he ... plained—say along about next June.

• • •

There will never be enough or... tras to suit Conductor **Leopold Sto... ski**, 82. And plans to tear down ... negie Hall when the New York P... harmonic moved out distressed him ... cause that meant one less stage ... enough to seat 96 musicians. S... Violinist Isaac Stern and some ... blew the whistle on the wreckers. ... Stokowski founded the American S... phony as Carnegie's new tenant—w... upon the U.S. Government design... the hall a national landmark. Int... Secretary Stewart Udall, 44, went ... to affix the plaque on the wall ou... but Stokowski took the Arizonian ... to the podium, to show him where ... the wide open space was.

HENRY GRI...



STOKOWSKI & UDALL
Home on the podium.

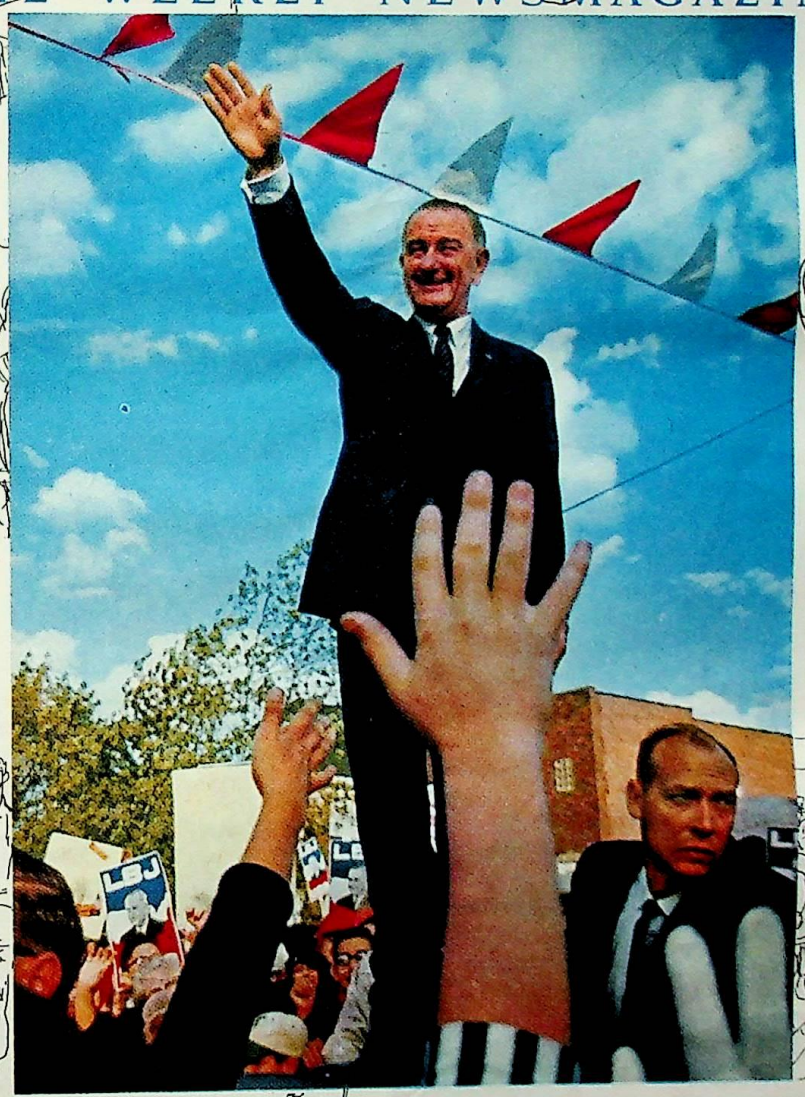
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

ELECTION EXTRA



VOL. 84 NO. 19A

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THIS WEEK'S REGULAR ISSUE

FOR *the second time in its history,* TIME this week is sending two editions onto newsstands and into subscribers' mailboxes across the U.S. and Canada. The regular issue, dated Nov. 6, has Philadelphia City Planner Edmund Bacon on the cover, and features—along with all the other sections—a comprehensive story and eight pages of color pictures in MODERN LIVING on the dramatic progress of urban renewal in the U.S. That issue went to press some 60 hours before the polls opened for the presidential election of 1964 and was delivered on the regular schedule.

This extra edition, which started coming off the presses the morning after election, follows the precedent established in 1960 when we published an Election Extra with President-elect John F. Kennedy on the cover. For this issue's cover, Artist Henry Koerner turned political reporter and traveled with President Johnson for several days sketching campaign scenes. His drawings formed a frieze for a characteristic picture of the victory-bound President taken by Staff Photographer Walter Bennett. The whole edition was written, edited and produced by a New York staff of about 140 people working through election night and into Wednesday morning. Key members of that staff were some 30 editors, writers and researchers who interpreted what the voters had *said*—calling on their background *knowledge*, press association dis*patches*, other general sources of information and the special reports of 179 TIME correspondents and stringers spread over all 50 states.

While this extra follows the 1960 tradition, it is in some important respects quite different. Perhaps the biggest difference is the use of color for the cover. The cover was designed and laid out in New York and printed in advance in Chicago and shipped to other plants to be bound with the black-and-white pages at press time. Since we were aiming for greater speed as well as quality, the project called for considerable expansion of our production and delivery system. Normally, all type for TIME is set in Chicago, and film or plates are sent from there to other plants. For this issue, type was set in Washington, Albany and Los Angeles as well. In addition to our six usual printing locations in the U.S. and Canada—Montreal, Chicago, Washington, Albany, Los Angeles and Old Saybrook, Conn.—this issue was printed in San Francisco and also bound in Hartford and Concord, N.H. Massive airlift was used to speed the copies to newsstands and post offices, utilizing both chartered and commercial planes.

All of our 2,977,200 subscribers in the U.S. and Canada are getting this issue as a bonus, and more than 600,000 copies were printed for newsstand sale. Readers of the more than 500,000 copies that are distributed overseas are receiving it as a supplement bound into the next regular issue, dated Nov. 13. It is our hope that both at home and abroad it will contribute to the understanding and appreciation of the U.S. elective system at work in 1964.

THE 1960 PRECEDENT

TIME is published weekly, at $9.00 per year, by TIME Inc. at 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. This extra issue is for the purpose of communicating news received too late for insertion in the regular issue. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices.

TIME
November 4, 1964

Volume 84
Number 19A

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ..... ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT ..... JAMES A. LINEN
SENIOR STAFF EDITOR ..... THOMAS GRIFFITH

EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ..... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ..... ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
A. T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, G. G. Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Anatole Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jones, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, Gilbert Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, T. E. Kalem, Koffend, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Marshall Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert McLean, John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles Paryser, M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, John Blashill, Jon Borgzinner, Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Cavanaugh, L. Clingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer L. Davis, Johanna Davis, Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Dunne, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alice Grossman, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, Leon Jaroff, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Judson, Ray Kennedy, Ronald P. Krisa, Alvin David C. Lee, Mitchel R. Levitas, George Lowe, McManus, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, William E. Smith, David B. Tinnin, Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Essie Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Cleary, Berta Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Mary Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Virginia Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Ruth Annin, Patricia Atkinson, Priscilla B. Badger, Jean Bergerud, Kay Booth, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Brown, Rosemary Byrnes, Nicolette Caliendo, Anne Chase, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian Coxhead, S. Spaulding Cummings, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall, Rosamond Dunn, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Shanks Gordon, Faith Gordon, Lea Guyer, Deborah Hall, Grace Hamilton, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Andria E. Hourwich, Howden, Jane Jacobson, Marguerite Johnson, Jane Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Jane Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Kreig, Judith Liersch, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Shaw, Nancy Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Gail A. Pampel, Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Pikel, Wendy Kupsick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Stevens, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Snyder, Natalia Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanaman, Suzanne Washburn, Nancy Williams, Rosemarie Tatiana Zilboorg.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)

WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert Smith, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cuneo, Jess Cook Jr., Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, A. Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil, Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, William Neil, Arthur White, Marmackers, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Margaret Zim. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marshall Christopher Porterfield, Miriam Rumwell, Los Angeles: Marshall Berges, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, William B. Kaiser, Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, Charles McWhirter. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Christopher T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable, Atlanta: Houston: Harry Johnston, Arlie W. Schardt, Robert Williams. BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Robert A. Ellison. D. S. Greenway, John L. Wilhelm. DENVER: Richard Beshoar. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, Benjamin W. Mayes. Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: Frederick Gruber, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruber.

LONDON: Robert T. Elson, Robert Ball, Honor Bell, Charles Champlin. PARIS: Curtis Prendergast, Thomas Farrell, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Main, Frederic Hunter, heuer, James Wilde. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, Samuel R. Iker. ROME: Robert E. Jackson, Dale Shenker. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. BEIRUT: George Carvalho, Lee Griggs. HONG KONG: Frank McGee, Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw, Nairobi: Forbath. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. TOKYO: DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd, Ernest Sissons. Schecter, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Scott. TAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Richard L. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Shaw. CARACAS: Mo García. RIO DE JANEIRO: Robert Pierpoint. Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Gavin Scott. MEXICO CITY: Robert Parker, Donald Bermingham, Clara Atwood. Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
Robert C. Gordon

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ..... Lawrence E. Laybourne, John J. Frey, James A. Thomson

GENERAL MANAGER .....

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the republication of the local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from *The Associated Press*.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
November 4, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 19A

THE ELECTION

THE VOTE

Mandate, Loud & Clear

The dimensions of Lyndon Johnson's victory were staggering. He won every one of the East's 142 electoral votes, becoming the first Democratic President ever to carry Vermont, the first since 1912 to win Maine. He made a clean sweep of the Midwest, the Mountain and Border States, the West Coast, appeared to have lost only Arizona in the Southwest. Only in the South did Barry Goldwater score a breakthrough, capturing Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina.

Remarkably, the pattern of Democrat Johnson's victory was strikingly similar to Republican Dwight Eisenhower's in 1956—only with the party loyalties reversed.*

The Clingers. After a numbingly dull campaign, election night promised to be almost as dreary. As soon as the first returns trickled in from Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio at around 7 p.m. (E.S.T.), it became clear that Lyndon was headed for a big victory. The only question was: How big? By 9 p.m., when Vermont had plopped into the Democratic column and television's psephologists flatly declared Johnson the winner, the answer became obvious: very, very big. In fact, TV's impatient forecasters were projecting final results with almost impudent haste: CBS suavely announced Bobby Kennedy's victory over Ken Keating in New York with no votes showing at all.

Johnson's electoral margin of 486 to 52 votes (assuming he loses Arizona's five) fell short of Franklin Roosevelt's record 523-to-8 victory over Alf Landon in 1936, but it was the second best in history. Moreover, when the final returns are tabulated, Johnson seems certain to be credited with the greatest popular-vote margin in U.S. history —some 61% of the record 70 million votes cast, and a plurality of some 15 million votes. In 1936, F.D.R. won 60.8% of the vote and had an 11,078,204-vote plurality.

By themselves, the statistics were impressive enough. But even more impressive was what they meant to coattail-clinging Democratic candidates for Congress, governorships and state legislatures. Only ticket splitting of incredible proportions saved moderate Republicans such as Governor George Romney of Michigan and Governor-elect Daniel Evans of Washington from defeat; despite considerable splitting, New York's Ken Keating, Illinois' Chuck Percy, Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson went down. In the Senate, Democrats were assured of retaining their lopsided majority of 66 to 34, or even of increasing it. Thanks to Lyndon's sturdy coattails, Democratic gubernatorial candidates won in Indiana and West Virginia.

Cashing the Checks. "I want the mandate of this election to be written strong and clear," said the President, "so that none will mistake the meaning." As far as figures are concerned, the mandate could hardly have been written more clearly. But since the figures meant anti-Goldwater as much as pro-Johnson, carrying out the mandate will not follow automatically.

During the campaign the President handed out blank checks to dozens of disparate groups, and cashing them will require a miracle of political statesmanship. Johnson promised a Government "both thrifty and progressive"; it will have to be both if he is to balance his budget and still put across wide-ranging medicare, education and anti-poverty programs. Big steel is pressing for higher prices; Lyndon's resistance could turn some businessmen against him. Ford's 130,000 United Auto Workers Union members threatened to strike by week's end; Johnson's newly won prestige will be damaged if they do and the strike is long.

Deferred Decisions. With the campaign over, Johnson must also make some long-deferred decisions. "More of the same" may not keep Viet Nam afloat much longer. Laos and the Congo remain dangerously explosive. Domestically, the President must cope with impatient Negro leaders, who agreed to call off civil rights demonstrations during the campaign, but will be on the march again if their demands are not met.

Abroad, the President faces a ply of problems. De Gaulle's of NATO further French de- and the uncertainty over Britain's de- up the need for defense posture

AP

LYNDON, LADY BIRD & LYNDA BIRD AS THE LANDSLIDE ROLLED

Now the task is to merit the tribute.

* Eight years ago, Ike lost only Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, the Carolinas and the Border State of Missouri to Adlai Stevenson.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

major repairs on the Atlantic Alliance. Johnson's task is complicated by the shaky underpinnings of so many governments. In Britain, Prime Minister Harold Wilson has a fragile five-vote majority in Parliament, which began its new session as the U.S. was voting. Wilson is expected in Washington next month, but one of his first acts was to propose the nationalization of steel, and if he keeps pushing such controversial legislation, he may not be around for too long.

In Moscow, a new B. & K. diarchy is in power, but unless Brezhnev and Kosygin manage to work in tandem more effectively than Bulganin and Khrushchev did, an internal power struggle may grip Russia and becloud efforts for an East-West *détente*. Peking's atomic blast may make it more difficult than ever for the U.S. to keep nations along the periphery of Red China from falling under its influence. In Latin America, Johnson must take up the unfinished business of Fidel Castro, not to mention such trouble spots as Bolivia.

Finding the Way. Despite the problems, Lyndon Johnson is now able to act with the confidence that he is President in his own right. He has overwhelming encouragement to move and an overwhelmingly Democratic Congress to help him move. But in moving, he must be prepared to make enemies, unless he can somehow keep business and labor, moderates and liberals, dozens of often conflicting interests happily balanced.

"I do not accept Government as just the 'art of the practicable,'" the President told a crowd in Austin on the eve of his election. "It is the business of deciding what is right and then finding the way to do it." There is little doubt that if Lyndon Johnson wants desperately to do "what is right," and if he finds the way most of the time, he will grandly merit the astonishing tribute paid him this week by his fellow citizens.

Anatomy of Triumph

When the land suddenly slides, most of the old familiar patterns are obliterated—and Johnson's triumph was achieved by smashing across regional, economic and ideological lines that had long held firm for the G.O.P. At the same time, he drew massive support from all of the traditional Democratic voting blocs and metropolitan machines to rack up huge pluralities in the big cities.

Only a massive defection of Republicans to Johnson—based generally on the fear that Goldwater was simply too unpredictable to be trusted with one of the highest positions of leadership in the free world—could account for Johnson's sweep of New England and the Midwest.

Town & Country. The small Protestant towns of New England had long been strongholds of Yankee conservatism; yet Johnson knocked them off consistently. Verona, Me., (pop. 435) went for Johnson 139 to 55—almost an exact reversal of its 1960 margin for Richard Nixon. Of Connecticut's 169 towns, Johnson won all but eleven —a feat unmatched even by Roosevelt. While conservative on economic and domestic matters, New Englanders tend to be international-minded—and Goldwater's trigger-happy image hurt him there. So did his confused stance on social security, particularly since it was so publicly aired by Fellow Republican Nelson Rockefeller in the New Hampshire primary.

The widespread fear that Goldwater might slash farm price supports and downgrade the Rural Electrification Administration helped lead to his sorry showing in the rural Midwest. Johnson almost wiped out the big G.O.P. margins traditional in downstate Illinois.

AP

BOB KENNEDY WINNING IN NEW YORK*
Biggest in the big cities.

* With his sister and brother-in-law, Jean and Stephen Smith, Ethel and W. Averell Harriman.

He carried some rural areas of ... consin by an unprecedented 60% ... took North Dakota's Ward Coun... which had gone to Nixon in 1960— a margin of 2 to 1. At the same ... Johnson also knocked down the ... Republican margins in Midwest ... ban areas, even carried Missouri's ... urban St. Louis County.

In the Rocky Mountain states ... the Far West, the Goldwater campa... reached its high point at the time ... his nomination—and it went dow... thereafter. Somehow, Lyndon came ... as more of a Westerner's Weste... than Barry, and Goldwater emerged ... the man who might upset defense... ented industry and much appreci... programs of federal aid.

City Sweep. Johnson's greatest ... umphs, however, came in the na... large cities. He cracked even such ... publican metropolitan areas as In... apolis and Columbus, where the G.O.... suffered from lack of organization ... apathy toward Goldwater. Yet des... the prediction of a huge Johnson ... tory, Democratic ward leaders pro... far from complacent, turned out th... labor and minority blocs in spectac... lar fashion to produce comfortable ... ing cushions. Johnson rolled up a ... ord 400,000-vote margin in Phila... phia, some 70,000 better than J... Kennedy had done. He won New Y... City by a whopping 1,300,000. B... more by 155,000 (more than half ... his hefty Maryland margin). He le... some 650,000 in Chicago, 350,000 ... Detroit, 100,000 in Milwaukee, ... 000 in Los Angeles.

A significant part of those mar... was supplied by Negroes, who had ... about 70% of their vote for Kenn... but this year voted nearly unanim... ly for Johnson because of Goldwa... vote against the 1964 Civil Rights ... and his advocacy of states' rights, ... was no small factor, since an esti... ed 6,000,000 Negroes were registere... an increase of about 1,000,000 ... 1960. Some 95% of the registered ... gro voters in California trooped ... the polls, turned in nearly 100% ... for Johnson.

In four Negro precincts of N... ville, Tenn., the vote was 5,468 ... in L.B.J.'s favor. In Philadelphia's ... gro wards, Johnson rolled up 16... votes to 14,093 for Goldwater. ... Negro precinct of Richmond, the ... was up 200% from 1960, and it ... for Johnson, 1,257 to 4. Negroes ... Johnson much of his margin in Flo... went 98% for him in a Jackson... precinct.

No Backlash. While Negroes ... in greater numbers than ever be... the much discussed Northern ... backlash—the defection of Demo... to Goldwater out of resentment of ... Negro civil rights drive—did not ... up. Philadelphia had been racke... Negro riots; yet L.B.J.'s margin ... huge. Suburban Baltimore was ... ered rife for a backlash vote; yet ... son carried it. Western Kentucky ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

proved far more concerned about TVA and social security than the race issue, voted for L.B.J. He even carried Gary, Ind., where racial tensions were taut and Alabama's Governor George Wallace had scored heavily in a presidential primary.

The Johnson landslide also destroyed Republican theories that there might be a large "silent vote" cast by conservatives who had not voted regularly before and who did not want to tell pollsters they planned to vote for Barry. Nor did large numbers of voters pass up the presidential race out of apathy or coolness toward both candidates. The presidential vote broke all records. The magnitude of the President's conquest also swept many other Democrats, such as Governor Otto Kerner in Illinois and, most notably, Senate Candidate Robert Kennedy in New York, to victory.

Yet perhaps the most fascinating facet of the election was the amazing amount of ticket splitting, as voters chose L.B.J.—and then skipped down the ballot to vote for deserving Republican candidates (*see The Senate and The Governors stories*).

In the end—with the possible exception of salvaging his home state of Arizona—all that Goldwater and his devoted band of active amateurs got out of their many months of hard work was the distinction of sufficiently upsetting the voting patterns in the South to carry five states. And he triumphed in those states mostly on the voters' belief that he would slow the Negro revolution—a stance which now seems to have little future in U.S. politics.

REPUBLICANS

The Party Future

What does the Republican Party do now? Plainly, it must start picking itself up, which will take time and cause pain. But the pattern that eventually emerges will almost certainly be designed by moderate men of the center.

On a personal level, Goldwater's future as a party power seems bleak indeed. In Republican history, only Thomas E. Dewey managed to suffer defeat (in 1944) and remain the dominant man in the party through the next election. But unlike Goldwater, Dewey had a powerful, well-oiled machine. Moreover, Dewey was beaten in 1944 by Franklin Roosevelt, a wartime hero of incomparable stature, and many people felt that Dewey should have another chance. Again, such is not the case with Goldwater.

So Complete. In a broader sense, the conservative cause whose championship Goldwater assumed suffered a crippling setback. For a number of years, the conservative and moderate wings of the G.O.P. had taken increasingly divergent paths, with the moderates dominating. Conservatives cried out constantly that if they were but given the chance, the G.O.P. would not only be stronger under their leadership, but would win decisively. This year they got the chance. Certainly, Barry represented them badly, but the humiliation of their defeat was so complete that they will not have another shot at party domination for some time to come.

Thus, the Republicans who emerge as leaders from the catastrophe of 1964 are veterans of the moderate wing. Some were not up for re-election and were essentially unscarred by the Democratic juggernaut—such as Governors Scranton and Rockefeller and former Vice President Richard Nixon. But of the G.O.P. candidates who breasted the anti-Goldwater tide, the strongest man in sight is Michigan's Governor George Romney, who won re-election in spite of an overwhelming Democratic victory in his state. If Romney wants to make a bid for the 1968 presidential nomination, his credentials will be impressive. His business background as president of American Motors, plus his proven ability to draw solid support from Negro and labor voting blocs, make him a top G.O.P. prospect.

AP

ROMNEY & WIFE IN VICTORY
Stronger than an elephant.

From the Clutches. Of course, the contest between moderates and Goldwaterites for control of the party machinery could well become a brutal fight before it is resolved. The National Committee's leadership, notably Chairman Dean Burch, was hand-picked by Goldwater. The moderates badly need to take over the committee as a power base, will probably pressure Burch to quit soon after the first of the year. Some state organizations, too, must be wrested from the clutches of Goldwater men. And in Congress, symbols of the right wing like House Minority Leader Charles Halleck of Indiana and Minority Whip Les Arends of Illinois may find themselves threatened by young moderates bent on revolt.

Whatever the mechanics of change to come, one thing is certain: Barry Goldwater and his type of conservatism have had their moment in the sun.

THE PRESIDENCY

A Different Man

(See Cover)

In Texas throughout Election Day, Lyndon Johnson, so overwhelmingly loquacious in past weeks, was understandably subdued. Now and then, as newsmen caught up with him, the President uttered only soft-toned commonplaces, totally noncommittal, often downright diffident. Only once was he caught off guard. Had he consulted with any of his political advisers? Replied he, in one of those remarks that somehow jar the image of the presidency: "The only political adviser I talked to I slept with."

"Hold Your Potatoes." On through the day, Lyndon and Lady Bird moved, almost ritualistically, as in a stately saraband. To the old Johnson homestead they went, to reminisce a while about Lyndon's boyhood and to sit in the porch swing. Later they visited at the ranch of A. W. (Judge) Moursund, Lyndon's old friend and trustee of his financial interests. The President sat slumped in a living-room chair for a while and watched the election returns on television. Then, by helicopter, he and his party flew to Austin's Driskill Hotel, waded into the bedlam of newsmen, TV cameras and well-wishers who attended Johnson's every movement. Solemn, scarcely smiling, he shook hands with several people, at length slipped into a suite, where again he checked the TV election roundup.

But Lyndon couldn't sit still. Periodically during the evening, he emerged into full view of waiting TV cameras. Now it was to the gubernatorial mansion to visit with Governor John Connally, now to the election headquarters of Senator Ralph Yarborough, now back to the Driskill, now to the Municipal Auditorium. Each time, reporters caught him to cadge a fresh word, a hint of triumph, and each time the President managed to wear a properly somber expression. Yes, he felt well. No, he would have no statement till later. "I'll have a statement if you'll just hold your potatoes," he said.

"'I Cannot Fail.'" To many who watched him, Lyndon Johnson's mien was a fascinating thing to see. The man who was President-by-accident had suddenly realized that he was now President-by-choice, an achievement gained by whatever forces were at work for him during the campaign, but gained, nevertheless, on his own. Thus, as he stepped before the TV cameras at the Municipal Auditorium at 1:40 a.m., he spoke as a man confident of his powers to lead.

"Tonight," he said in reserved tones, "we must face the world as one. Tonight our purpose must be to bind up our wounds, to heal our history, and to make this nation whole. This victory is a tribute to the program begun by our beloved President John F. Kennedy. It is a mandate for unity. It will be a Government that provides equal

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

opportunity for all and special privileges for none. It is a command to build on those principles and to move forward toward peace and a better life for all our people. I promise the best that is in me for as long as I am permitted to serve. I ask all those who supported me and all those that opposed me to forget our differences, because there are many more things in America that unite us than divide us . . . We will be on our way to try to achieve peace in our time for our people and try to keep our people prosperous. I would like to leave you tonight with the words of Abraham Lincoln: 'Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended us, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail.' "

Wide Swath. There was a time not too long ago when President John Kennedy, relaxing with friends in the oval office, would grin innocently and murmur, "Say, whatever became of Lyndon Johnson?" That crack always got a good laugh, for it was a succinct expression of the oblivion into which Johnson had fallen as Vice President.

Then came the oath of office on Nov. 22, 1963, and Johnson was a different man. Thoroughly schooled in the traditions of government, sobered by the climactic events of that day, Johnson managed the transition of office with such swiftness, determination and efficiency as to make the nation and the whole world marvel at the orderliness of the U.S. political system in crisis.

In the months that followed, he marshaled the energies and patriotism of disparate forces in the Government and gunned ahead with the policies of the New Frontier. He was, and to a great extent still is, an uncertain hand at mastering the intricacies of the U.S. role in foreign affairs. But he brought much of Jack Kennedy's domestic program to fruition with great skill. The tax cut, the civil rights bill and the federal pay raise—all were products of the resoluteness with which Johnson assumed his unaccustomed leadership. That leadership paid him a dividend: the respect and confidence of a wide swath of the U.S. business community, which recognized in Johnson a strong strain of prudence in economic affairs.

From these successes—from out of the shadow of Jack Kennedy—emerged still a different, a bolder man, whose aim it was to imprint the Johnson character on the one year remaining to him as President. At Ann Arbor, Mich., in May, Johnson established the theme on which he planned to build his quest. The new goal for America, he declared, was to be called "the Great Society." Said he: "For half a century we called upon unbounded invention and untiring industry to create an order of plenty for all of our people. The challenge of the next half century is whether we have the wisdom to use that wealth to enrich and elevate our national life—and to advance the quality of American civilization."

Sure Touch. Precisely how the U.S. was to achieve this utopia, Johnson never spelled out in detail. Nevertheless, it was with that pronouncement that he launched his campaign for election. It was a campaign that never succeeded in rising above the promise of a dream.

Emboldened by a burgeoning prosperity, and by the failure of Goldwater to make a reasonable and acceptable case for his own brand of conservatism, Johnson played the electorate like a mighty pipe organ. He drowned out concern over the Bobby Baker scandal

AP

LUCI DANCING AT RALLY
Daddy couldn't sit still either.

and the war in Viet Nam with platitudes about peace, prosperity and prudence. While Goldwater ranted about TVA, social security, the Supreme Court and conventional nuclear weapons, Johnson issued the soothing assurances of a benign protector who promised to save the nation from the welter of international chaos with the sure touch of sober responsibility.

In Detroit, he roused his audience with a declamation about control of nuclear weapons. "Any man," cried Lyndon, "who shares control of such enormous power must remember that 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' "

Hunger. As the campaign progressed, Johnson took to carrying around a sheaf of reports from pollsters; he pulled them out and leafed through them at the slightest provocation. His walks on the White · House grounds, with reporters chasing in full tilt, took on the aspect of a circus performance. His wife scoured the countryside for votes, while Luci Baines did her part frug-dancing up a storm wherever went. More and more, Johnson eyed back and forth across the drinking in huge draughts of adtion from the crowds, shaking sands of proffered hands until his bled. Each foray into the crowds ated him only for the moment, such experience was a narcotic that quired constant renewal.

And as he hungered and fed, Johnson found himself steeped deeper and deeper in sentimentality. He became folksy Texan who brought the dency to the street corners of the tion, who left the issues of moment hind and instead doled out intimacies of humility and provincial innocence. "Yes," he drawled in Peoria one "all day I have seen your smiling faces. All day I have looked into your countenances. All day I have seen family life, the mothers and the children of America here in the heartland of great state of Illinois, and those voices sound powerful to me. They sound clear. They sound free. And when I return the White House, and the policeman turn the keys on those locks on the big black gates, and I get to those acres that are back of our house, I going to be folks like you that sustain me in my labors and my thoughts."

It was much the same Lyndon Johnson who late on election night returned through a driving rain to his ranch on the banks of the Pedernales. He invited everybody—well, almost everybody—to join him and Hubert Humphrey there the next day for a great barbecue, a fitting, folksy feast to celebrate a great popular victory.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

The Happy Warrior

It was drizzling when Hubert Humphrey awoke in Minneapolis on Election Day morning, but nothing could dampen his spirits. "When we get to Waverly," he told his wife Muriel during the 40-mile drive to their home town, "there will be no rain. This is St. Hubert's day."

Humphrey was right. To vote, the Humphreys went directly to the one-room township hall, where they stepped in adjoining booths and marked their paper ballots with pencils. Afterward, talking with reporters outside, Humphrey said: "I woke up some time back and realized if I were elected Vice President I wouldn't be Senator for Minnesota any more, and that made my heart ache a little."

Mandatory Days. At his lakeside ranch house, Humphrey changed into sports clothes, whiled away the afternoon talking to Minnesota friends on the phone. Later, he and Muriel returned to Minneapolis, went to a Sheraton-Ritz Hotel suite to listen to returns. There the South Dakota druggist's son

*In honor of an 8th-century European abbot known as a healer of hydrophobia, patron being a patron of huntsmen.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

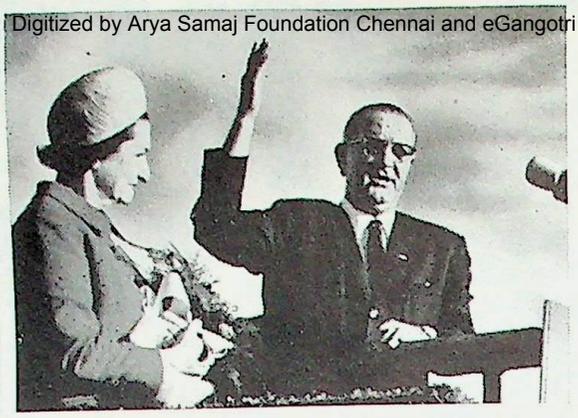
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

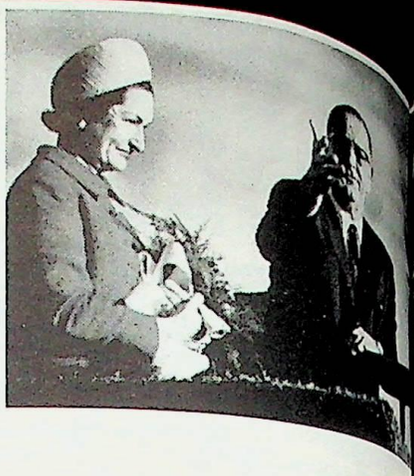
WALTER BENNETT

ENORMOUS CROWDS greeted Johnson, many anxious for first view of a President. He not only relished bandleader stance, as in Dayton (*above*), but lovingly, often recklessly, plunged in after outstretched hands like these in Los Angeles.

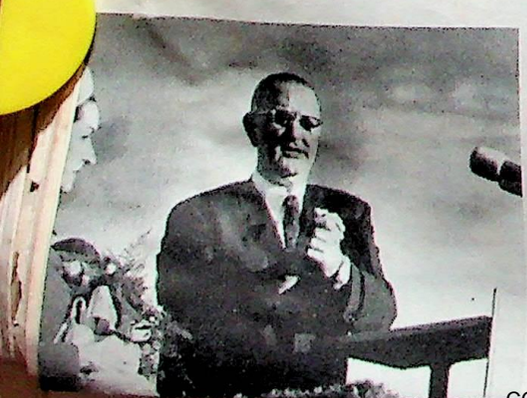
PHIL BATH

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



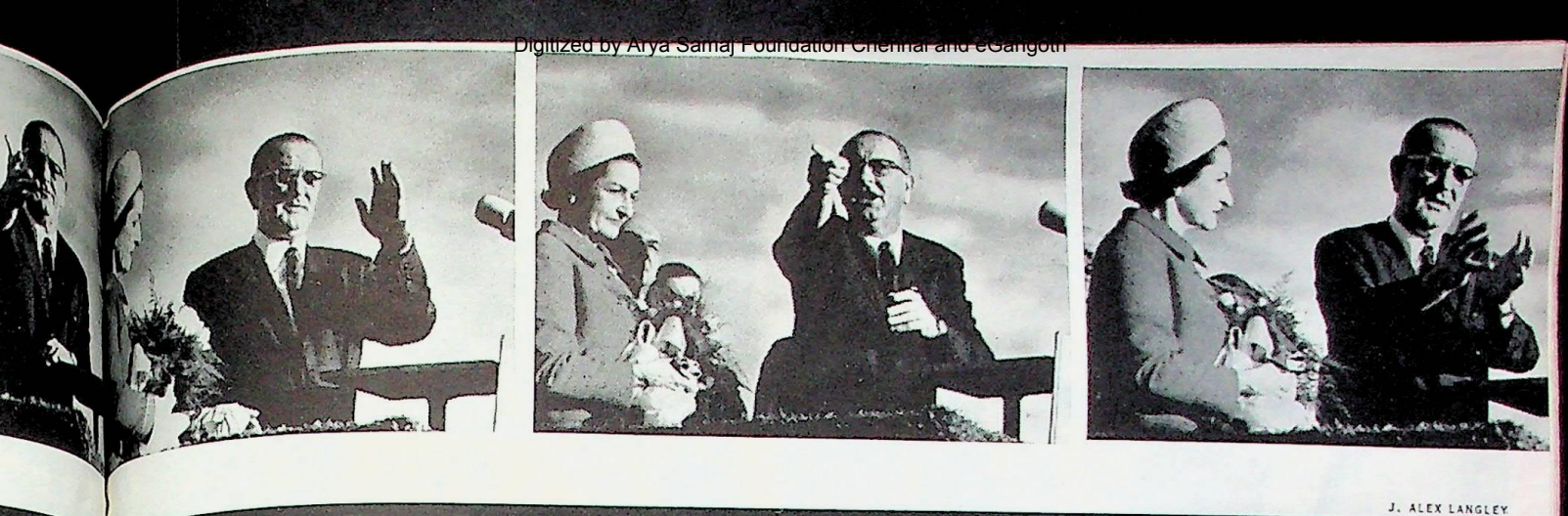


OHNSON displayed vigorous, old-fashioned oracular style. Lady Bird was often at his side, as in Burlington, Vt. (*top and* ited swings

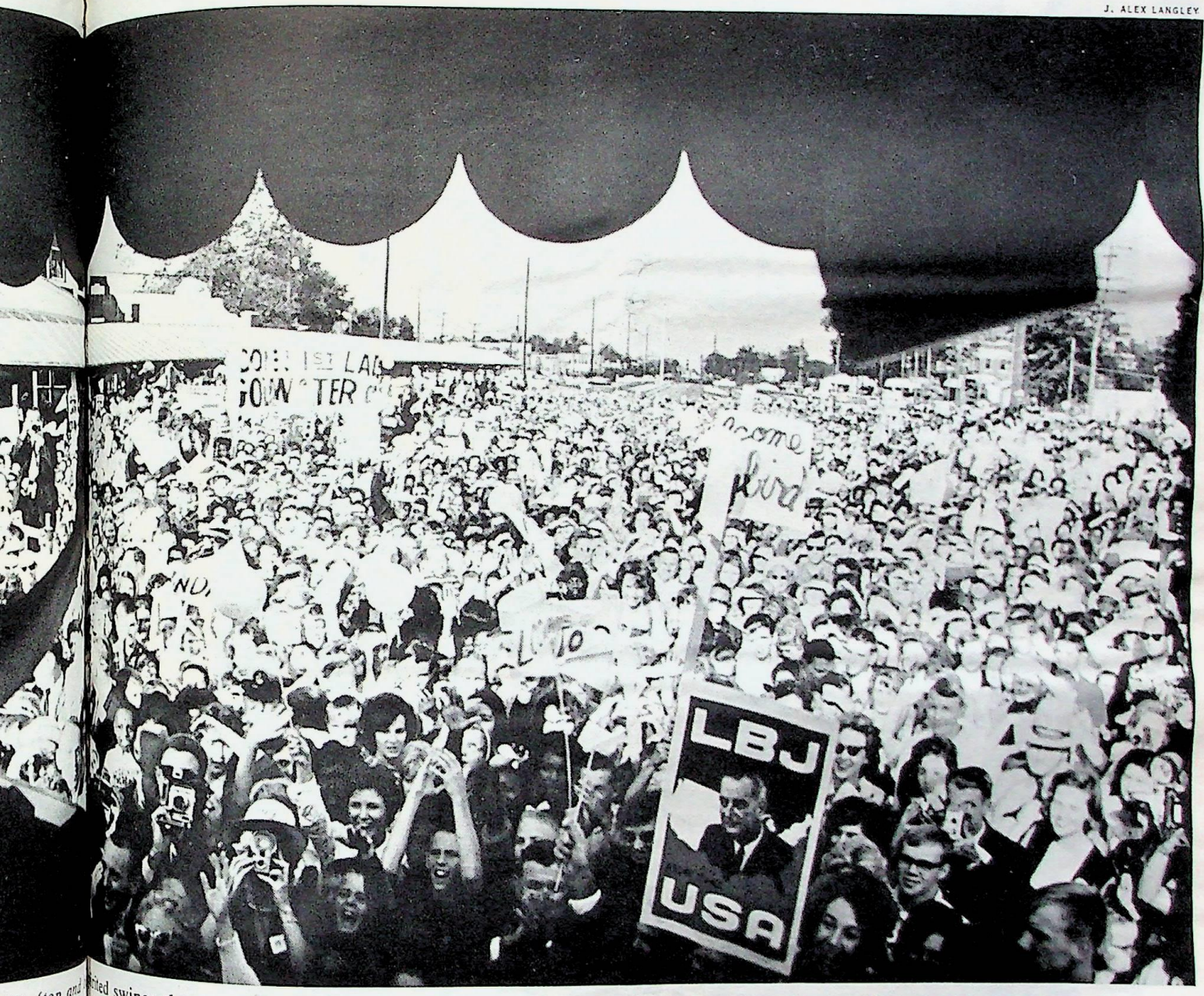


CC-0. In Public Dom ction, Hardwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



J. ALEX LANGLEY



Vt. (*top and* ried swings through Dixie towns such as Waycross, Ga., she was the first President's wife ever to barnstorm on her own.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BENNETT

CC-0. In Public Domain. [illegible] Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DON CRAVENS

HUMPHREY was tireless, zestful tub-thumper whose rip-roaring rhetoric delighted crowds from Santa Fe (*above*) to

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...d always wa... ...ones, but Proxmire's ... the very least Vice-President persisted ...ward of well-wishers: ... ...an honest if I didn't say ...

...ppy and quite excited."

...Humphrey had every reason to be ...ppy and excited, for he had waged a ...ld and joyous campaign, and in the ...ermath he could validly claim that he ...d made a considerable contribution ...the size of the Democratic victory. ...on after his nomination, Minnesota's ...mocratic Governor Karl Rolvaag ...lled Hubert "the happy warrior of ...r generation," and throughout the ...mpaign Humphrey lived up to the ti... He had "The Happy Warrior" painted ... the chartered Electra that carried ...n some 52,000 miles back and forth ...oss the U.S. Aboard the *Warrior*, ...ppy days were mandatory. West ...rginia Folk Singer Jimmy Wolford ...anged his guitar, and campaign aides ...ed in verses from *The Hubert ...mphrey Sing-Along Book*. Presiding ...er the festivities was the Democratic ...e-presidential candidate himself.

Diverted Attention. On the stump, ...mphrey counted the countless mis... ...ds of Barry Goldwater. "He wouldn't ...e yes for Mother's Day," he cried ... Peoria, Ill., and in Decatur he added: ...imagine that Abraham Lincoln would ...called a socialist by the present pre... ...der to the presidency of the Repub... ...an Party." As for his own speeches, ...mphrey chortled: "I never know ...ether the audience likes them, but ...ure do." He even had fun with his ...cklers, smiling down on groups of ...n-waving Goldwaterites and saying: ...hey carry their badge of political sin ...if they come to repent."

Even when Hubert got carried away ...s he did at a Cleveland steer roast, ...en he urged his audience to "send up ...heaven" a resounding Democratic ...tory that John Kennedy could hear ...t didn't seem offensive.

But along with all the fun, Humphrey ...rked tirelessly, often hitting as many ... three states in one day to hammer ...me the main themes of his campaign. ... his gibes he diverted Goldwater's ...ention from Johnson to himself, and ...times Barry, in his criticisms of Hum...rey's Americans for Democratic Ac... ...n affiliation, often sounded as though ...bert, not Lyndon, were his chief ...ponent. And there were indeed some ...wsmen who felt that Humphrey was ...rhaps the most popular of the four ...jor campaigners.

But Hubert, though ebullient, was ...t upstaging anybody. Late on elec... ...n night, he talked of Lyndon, who ...minded him "of that mythological ...d Atlas, who, when he became weary ...d tired and lost his strength, would ...me back to touch the earth, and he ...uld gain strength." In Johnson's case, ...mphrey said, "whenever he came ...t and he touched the people, literally ...uched them, he became strong, and ...e was filled with the love of his work ...d the love of his country."

THE LOSERS

...d of the Road

...n ten months before, Barry Gold... It wo...stood on the patio of his des... This week Phoenix and declared ... and at the end for the presidency. ... and lonely road."

On election mo... at that house 5, padding about his da... twiddling the dials of his ... up at ... cause "I couldn't find anyone ...and a speech to." Before breakfast he ... raised 25 operators. At midmorning he drove over to the Phoenix Country Day School to vote, stood in line with Wife Peggy and his two sons for one hour

AP

THE GOLDWATERS AFTER VOTING
Then an avalanche of rejection.

and 20 minutes in bright sunlight, joking with schoolchildren. At one point he playfully marked a ticktacktoe square on his wife's neck, refused to "look left" for a photographer, exclaiming in mock horror, "We don't have such directions around here." He even managed to startle reporters when he emerged from the polling booth, saying, "I split my ticket—I always split it" (presumably for Democrats for local office). As far as anyone could see, Barry Goldwater was the most relaxed man in Arizona. "Oh, it's a horse race," he said mildly. "You win it or you lose it. Whatever the Lord wants—I'll live with it."

Issues That Backlashed. Barry Goldwater carried his home precinct—the 23rd—by better than 3 to 1, but his neighbors' approval was cold comfort against the avalanche of rejection that roared across the nation. Why was it that the truths that seemed so self-evident in the clear desert air—that the growth of big government would result "in the ultimate destruction of American freedom"—had backlashed into disastrous defeat?

Almost every issue Goldwater had laid his hand on seemed to turn into a sorcerer's-apprentice broom, mastering Goldwater before he could make his position clear.

He tried to defend "extremism." In arguing for a stronger national defense, he got himself indelibly branded as someone who had an itchy finger on the nuclear trigger. A vote against civil rights legislation, which Goldwater cast on narrow constitutional grounds, hurt him everywhere except in the Deepest South. The one issue Goldwater had going for him all the way—the lack of probity in public life—blurred as Barry ...self dipped into the barrel to hurl ...ms of "fascist" and "soft on Com... Goldwa...against his opponents. Even ...dition of ...roof positive, with the ad... Billie Sol Estes, Jenkins to the trio of ... by Baker and Matt McCloskey, was ... how buried by momentous world event... from the ad... vent of a socialist government in Britain and change in the Kremlin to atom bombs in China. As a result, the candidate too powerful to need to conciliate in San Francisco became by campaign's end a kind of pariah to be kept at arm's length for many Republican candidates who wanted to survive the holocaust.

Lulled Partisans. Perhaps the compounding error his fellow professionals were least likely to forgive Goldwater was the utter lack of coordination of his campaign. He could boast that he had put the G.O.P., which in August was some $600,000 in the red, back in the black. The more pertinent fact was that the organization that had maneuvered the conservative wing into power in San Francisco had turned into a bumbling, disorganized wreck when faced with conducting a full-fledged campaign on a national scale. And the greatest bumbler of them all was Barry, who repeatedly took audiences of superheated partisans and all but lulled them to sleep, who chose to attack public power in the TVA heartland, social security before audiences of oldsters.

"You know we conservatives are great believers in the fact that human nature doesn't change," Barry explained at the beginning of the campaign. "The only thing you can do about history is try to make it better the twelfth or 20th time around." But for the vast majority of voters, one time around was enough. On election night, Barry Goldwater went to bed early, his message unheeded.

Off the Treadmill

The man in the Homburg hat, the Chesterfield coat, the blue suit and the shirt with French cuffs was back driving his Cadillac to his salmon-pink summer house on a bluff overlooking Lake Ontario. Behind him were two months of exhausting campaigning, a 60,000-mile trail that had led him into 148 cities in 40 states. William Edward Miller, 50, the bantam gut-fighter who had been put on the ticket "because he drives Lyndon Johnson nuts," had come home to roost, and not a day too soon

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

to suit him. "The British have the right idea," he said. Presidential election campaigns have become "too long, too expensive, too arduous and too boring for the public."

Miller should know. Initially, he had envisioned a month of talking to G.O.P. groups, binding up the post-convention wounds as only a former G.O.P. National Committee chairman with acquaintances throughout the party could do. Then an all-out campaign to woo independent and Democratic votes, backed up with a heavy nationwide TV coverage. Instead, Miller found himself on a weary treadmill, trying to explain the various positions taken by his standardbearer.

Early he settled on a basic stock pitch, made it over 150 times until he groaned, "God, I'm tired of hearing that same speech." Week after frustrating week he was scheduled into small rural towns across the nation, carried on with grim determination to do his mediocre best, until the spark had gone, the acid evaporated, and only a handful of home-town cronies aboard the silver-and-blue campaign plane were left to dispel the gloom. "I know exactly what I'm going to do if I lose," he quipped to a friend, "but I don't know what the hell I'll do if I win."

THE SENATE

Junior to Teddy

It was the most watched U.S. Senate race of 1964, and he surely will be the most observed junior Senator in many a term. Democrat Robert F. Kennedy, 38, put an end to the 18-year congressional career of New York Republican Liberal Kenneth Keating, 64, and joined his brother, Teddy, in the Senate.

From the day Bobby began his campaign two months ago, the Kennedy name worked its magic. The carpetbagger issue faded. In towns where Keating drew only 25 people, the former U.S. Attorney General pulled 2,000. In Buffalo, 100,000 turned out. Many were squealing teen-agers—but there were also throngs of voting-age women. In the background, a smooth, tough Kennedy machine worked like a greased piston. And the Johnson coattail helped. In upstate New York, where Republicans normally outvote Democrats two-to-one, Kennedy won half the votes and robbed Keating of a crucial 700,000-vote cushion he had counted on. Then in metropolitan Manhattan, Kennedy drop-hammered Keating with a 500,000-vote margin that Keating could never erase. His statewide margin: reaching for 600,000.

It was, said Senator-elect Kennedy, "an overwhelming mandate" for the policies of John F. Kennedy, "and, of course, Lyndon Johnson."

In other key Senate races:

▶ Robert Taft Jr. has a name that has magic in Ohio, but it took more than magic to buck the Johnson tide, which peaked at better than 700,000. The Republican Representative Taft, 47, problem was not just incumbent Senator Stephen M. Young, an aging (75) [illegible] too echo of Lyndon Johnson. A great obstacle was the all-too-likely possibility that voters might not be able to distinguish between conservative Republicanism Taft-style, and Goldwater style. Taft was honest enough to say that he agreed with Goldwater in [illegible] areas, particularly fiscal. But he went on to insist that he was a "middle-of-the-roader on education, health and welfare, and a liberal on civil rights. Whether Taft had got the point across depended on the outcome of a [illegible] hanging vote count.

▶ George Murphy, 62, the old Hollywood song-and-dance man, left Pierre Salinger, 39, California's incumbent Democratic Senator of three months, a step behind. The early odds—and [illegible]—had been with former Presidential Press Secretary Salinger. Among California's 8,000,000 registered voters, Democrats hold a 1,500,000-vote edge. But Murphy built up an early lead in populous Los Angeles County, and Pierre's upstate strength proved to be too late. A onetime promoter of right-wing causes, Campaigner Murphy suddenly became the soul of moderation, around moderates—yet kept the conservatives happy. Then when Pierre came out against a proposed amendment which, in effect, would repeal state and local anti-discrimination housing laws, Murphy kept his lip buttoned. The proposition won. Then there was the carpetbag issue, and a TV debate that only proved what late-night TV viewers knew all along—Murphy is still the good guy.

▶ Pennsylvania's Republican Senator Hugh Scott, 64, may have been [illegible] amused—at first. Running against what was a 51-year-old spinster named Genevieve Blatt, the state's secretary of internal affairs and a liberal Democrat addicted to flowery hats. She had won the Democratic Senate primary by a mere 491 votes. But Scott had a few unlaughing moments as he tried to [illegible] on to his seat. A moderate Republican, he was slow to embrace Goldwater, never appeared on the same platform with him, but the Goldwater camp hounded him. The lead seesawed for hours, until Scott finally eked out a slight lead in a race that still [illegible] decided by the absentee ballots.

▶ Wisconsin's Senator William Proxmire made a series of speeches in 1959 and 1960 castigating Lyndon Johnson's "dictatorial" tactics as majority leader. In the 1964 campaign he made it clear that he was [illegible]

SENATE WINNERS

(Incumbents' names in *italics;* winners' names in boldface)

	DEMOCRATS	REPUBLICANS
Arizona	Roy Elson	**Paul Fannin**
California	*Pierre Salinger*	**George Murphy**
Connecticut	***Thomas Dodd***	John Lodge
Delaware	Elbert Carvel	***John Williams***
Florida	***Spessard Holland***	Claude Kirk
Hawaii	Thomas Gill	***Hiram Fong***
Indiana	***Vance Hartke***	D. Russell Bontrager
Maine	***Edmund Muskie***	Clifford McIntire
Maryland	Joseph Tydings	*J. Glenn Beall*
Massachusetts	***Edward Kennedy***	Howard Whitmore Jr.
Michigan	***Philip Hart***	Mrs. Elly Peterson
Minnesota	***Eugene McCarthy***	Wheelock Whitney
Mississippi	***John Stennis***	No candidate
Missouri	***Stuart Symington***	Jean Bradshaw
Montana	***Mike Mansfield***	Alex Blewett
Nebraska	Raymond Arndt	***Roman Hruska***
Nevada	*Howard Cannon*	* **Paul Laxalt**
New Jersey	***Harrison Williams Jr.***	Bernard Shanley
New Mexico	Joseph Montoya	*Edwin Mechem*
New York	Robert F. Kennedy	*Kenneth Keating*
North Dakota	***Quentin Burdick***	Tom Kleppe
Ohio	***Stephen Young***	Robert Taft Jr.
Oklahoma	Fred Harris	Bud Wilkinson
Pennsylvania	Genevieve Blatt	***Hugh Scott***
Rhode Island	***John Pastore***	Ronald Lagueux
Tennessee	***Albert Gore***	Dan Kuykendall
	Ross Bass	Howard Baker Jr.
Texas	***Ralph Yarborough***	George Bush
Utah	***Frank Moss***	Ernest Wilkinson
Vermont	Frederick Fayette	***Winston Prouty***
Virginia	***Harry Byrd***	Richard May
Washington	***Henry Jackson***	Lloyd Andrews
West Virginia	***Robert Byrd***	Cooper Benedict
Wisconsin	***William Proxmire***	Wilbur Renk
Wyoming	***Gale McGee***	John Wold

* Leading, but final results still in doubt.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WINNING GOVERNORS

(Incumbents' names in *italics*; winners' names in boldface)

	DEMOCRATS	REPUBLICANS
Arizona	Sam Goddard	Richard Kleindenst
Arkansas	*Orval Faubus*	Winthrop Rockefeller
Delaware	Charles Terry Jr.	David Buckson
Florida	Haydon Burns	Charles Holley
Illinois	*Otto Kerner*	Charles Percy
Indiana	Roger Branigin	Richard Ristine
Iowa	*Harold Hughes*	Evan Hultman
Kansas	Harry Wiles	William Avery
Massachusetts	Francis Bellotti	John Volpe
Michigan	Neil Staebler	*George Romney*
Missouri	Warren Hearnes	Ethan Shepley
Montana	Roland Renne	*Tim Babcock*
Nebraska	*Frank Morrison*	Dwight Burney
New Hampshire	*John King*	John Pillsbury
New Mexico	*Jack Campbell*	Merle Tucker
North Carolina	Dan Moore	Robert Gavin
North Dakota	*William Guy*	Donald Halcrow
Rhode Island	Edward Gallogly	*John Chafee*
South Dakota	John Lindley	Nils Boe
Texas	*John Connally*	Jack Crichton
Utah	Calvin Rampton	Mitchell Melich
Vermont	*Philip Hoff*	Ralph Foote
Washington	*Albert Rosellini*	Daniel Evans
West Virginia	Hulett Smith	Cecil Underwood
Wisconsin	*John Reynolds*	Warren Knowles

bygones be bygones, but Proxmire's
ferences with the President persisted
at the polls. During anxious early
hours, in which L.B.J. began rolling up
huge majority in Wisconsin, Bill Prox-
re, 49, trailed his moderate Republi-
an opponent, Wilbur Renk, 55. Prox-
e finally won, but his victory was
s a reflection of his own popularity
n of rural distaste for Goldwater's
m policies.

Joseph D. Tydings, 36, will follow
e path of his stepfather, Maryland's
me Democratic Senator Millard
dings (1927-50). A self-styled "Ken-
dy Democrat," Joe Tydings was a
K. crony and appointee (U.S. At-
ney for the District of Maryland),
d Marylander Eunice Kennedy Shriver
chairman of his "Citizens for Tyd-
s" organization. For Incumbent Re-
blican Senator James Glenn Beall,
a lackluster moderate who spent
years in the House and another
lve in the Senate, the defeat was
first ever.

Fred Harris was less of a name than
d Wilkinson, the former Oklahoma
iversity coach. But Democrat Harris,
had "my friend" Lyndon Johnson's
,000-vote margin blocking for him
wnfield. And that, plus a good record
a state senator, was enough to stop
publican Wilkinson. Harris won with
margin of 14,000 of the state's 900,-
senatorial votes, will complete the
two years of the term of the late
S. Senator Robert Kerr.

THE GOVERNORS

Among Them, Romney's Ramble

Michigan's Republican Governor,
orge Romney, emerged unscathed,
eed enhanced, from the Johnson
dslide. He did it by reason of his own
markable, evangelistic campaigning,
ich convinced more than 700,000
chiganders—independents and Dem-
rats, auto workers and Negroes—that
ey should fractionate their feelings.

Romney refused to don "the Gold-
ter albatross," concentrated on his
ord (he turned Michigan's chronic
ficit into a $57.1 million surplus), thus
even better in Detroit's Democratic
yne County than he had two years
. In doing so, the canny car builder
ied a ride on Lyndon's coattails to
mocratic Congressman Neil Staebler
o was held to about 53% of the
yne County vote, *v.* Johnson's 71%).
was enough to let Romney ramble,
d he may yet ramble a lot further.

Other key gubernatorial races:

Republican Daniel Jackson Evans, 39,
rously charged Washington's Demo-
tic Governor Albert ("Rosy") Ros-
ini with the unfair use of notes in a
debate. Evans needn't have worried:
ring two terms of Rosy's administra-
n, Washington voters had pegged him
an affable, backslapping do-nothing.
Evans campaigned on a 35-point "Blue-
int for Progress," also profited from
estions raised about Rosellini's "ille-
gally obtained" campaign funds, his connections with the patronage-ridden State Liquor Control Board. A Seattle civil engineer and state representative, Evans was cool to Goldwater, won both moderate and conservative support, stripped Rosy's petals 563,900 to 454,000.

▶ Chuck Percy's luck finally ran out. He had accused Illinois' Democratic Governor Otto Kerner of being a stooge of Chicago Boss Richard Daley. So Daley went right ahead to deliver Chicago, where Negro voter registration was up by 31,000 to 346,000. Moreover, the incredibly complex Illinois ballot encouraged straight-ticket voting as President Johnson won the state overwhelmingly. As a result, moderate Republicans lost one of the highly touted comers they had depended on to help rebuild a tattered party.

▶ Roger Branigin, 62, a prosperous Indiana corporation and utilities attorney, making his first try for elective office, appeared dust-dry compared with smooth Republican Lieutenant Governor Richard Ristine, 44. But Ristine was at first strongly for Goldwater, then backed away and thereby got the worst of both worlds. Newcomer Branigin easily upset Ristine.

▶ Warren Hearnes, 41, Missouri's Democratic candidate, scorned his G.O.P. rival Ethan Allen Hitchcock Shepley, 68. Said Hearnes: "He has only one chance to win, and that's if Goldwater is a sensation." Hearnes was right, won in a walkaway over Shepley, former chancellor of St. Louis' prestigious Washington University and the strongest candidate fielded by the G.O.P. in more than a decade. The Governor-elect is a West Point graduate who served ten years in the state legislature and the past four as secretary of state.

▶ Republican John Chafee, 42, won in Rhode Island by a mere 398 votes in a 1962 race that was not officially decided for weeks. This year, in the generally Democratic state, Chafee was opposed by two-term Democratic Lieutenant Governor Edward P. Gallogly, 45. Chafee urged voters to split their ballots and in that effort received aid from an unusual source. The state election board, with two of its four-man membership appointed by Chafee, publicized its own instructions about how to split the Rhode Island ticket naming Johnson and Chafee, who won with the largest plurality of any Governor in state history.

▶ Orval Faubus saw no reason to change the tactics that had won for him five consecutive two-year gubernatorial terms. So the "po' boy from Greasy Creek" unloaded corn pone on the electorate and calumny on the head of his Republican opponent, Winthrop Rockefeller, Nelson's younger brother. Rockefeller's energetic campaigning and well-financed organization were not enough, and Faubus won by a country mile.

▶ John A. Volpe, 55, a former Republican Governor, campaigned with vigah in Massachusetts, claimed greater administrative experience than his rival, Lieutenant Governor Francis Xavier Bellotti, who had upset Incumbent Democrat Endicott ("Chub") Peabody in the primary. Both Italians, the candidates tried to ensnare one another in a spaghetti bowl of corruption charges and sales-tax arguments (Volpe for, Bellotti against). Volpe spun his pasta fastah, won in a close one.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE CONGRESS

Lyndon's Full House

The House went sweepingly, spectacularly Democratic. Despite Republican raids in the Deep South, the Democrats gained a net of some 35 seats. The 89th Congress will line up roughly 290 Democrats against 145 Republicans.

In states as distant and disparate as Colorado, Texas and Connecticut, the Democratic congressional candidates swept clean. By latest count—subject to last-minute change—they had picked up 16 seats in the Midwest alone, including three in Ohio, two in Indiana and Wisconsin, one each in Illinois, Nebraska and North Dakota. The Democrats won at least six of Iowa's seven seats; many of the victors were young upstarts, notably **John Culver**, 32, former aide to Teddy Kennedy. The Democratic phalanx marched from Maine, where at least one out of two Democrats triumphed, to Washington, where the state's congressional composition changed abruptly from 6-to-1 Republican to 5-to-2 Democratic.

Connecticut's only Republican Congressman, Abner Sibal, lost narrowly to the lawyer he had beaten in 1960, **Donald J. Irwin**. Four New Jersey Democrats defeated Republican incumbents, giving that state its first Democratic congressional majority (eleven seats to four) in 52 years. Louisville's former Democratic Mayor **Charles Farnsley**, a lanky eccentric who affects custom-made ante bellum clothes but is nevertheless a popular middle-roader, unseated Republican Incumbent Gene Snyder, who angered the district's 78,000 Negroes by voting against the civil rights bill. Across the nation, a dozen other conservative Republicans also toppled. Among them: Colorado's J. Edgar Chenoweth, Indiana's Earl Wilson, New York's Katherine St. George and Steven B. Derounian.

Dallas business leaders rallied around former Democratic Mayor **Earle Cabell**, helped throw out five-term Republican Bruce Alger, a right-winger who had opposed federal aid projects for his area, was rated in a poll of his fellow Congressmen the least effective Republican in the House.

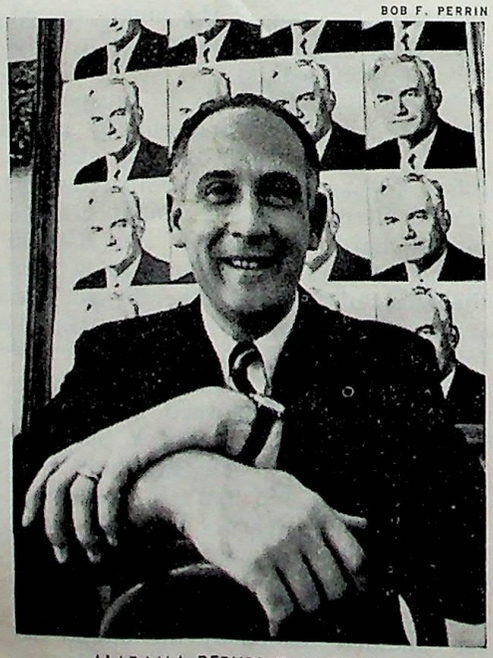
The Deep South was a different story. Not since Reconstruction had Georgia, Alabama or Mississippi sent a Republican to Capitol Hill. But in 1964, the only Republican on Mississippi's congressional ballot scored the state's greatest political upset in memory: **Prentiss Walker**, a hard-shell poultry farmer, ousted William Arthur Winstead, who had been in the House for 22 years. In rural Georgia, Republican **Howard** ("Bo") **Callaway**, a slick-campaigning textile millionaire, topped former Lieutenant Governor Garland T. Byrd, who was hurt by Johnson even though he had refused to go even halfway for L.B.J. In Alabama's eight districts, the G.O.P. put up candidates in six, won five. The victors: W. **Jack** ("Thank God for Goldwater") **Edwards**, **William L. Dickinson**, **Glenn Andrews**, **John H. Buchanan**, and **James D. Martin**, who in 1962 had come within an ace of upsetting U.S. Senator Lister Hill. All are against civil rights laws.

MANHATTAN REPUBLICAN LINDSAY
An articulate voice to be heard.

Elsewhere, the Democratic dominance of the South was undiminished. Florida's congressional lineup was unchanged: ten Democrats, two Republicans. So were North Carolina's and Virginia's, with nine Democrats and two Republicans each. Though their electoral votes went to Goldwater, South Carolina returned six Democrats, Louisiana eight Democrats—and no Republicans. The only Deep South Congressman to vote for the civil rights bill, Georgia Democrat **Charles Weltner**, benefited from a heavy Negro vote in Atlanta to pull through.

The nation's biggest city had some of its most fascinating House races. In Manhattan's 17th ("Silk Stocking") District, where everybody wears nylons, able, articulate Republican **John V. Lindsay**, 42, spurned Goldwater and captured a fourth term by a 2-to-1 ... gin over the combined totals of ... ocratic-Liberal Eleanor Clark ... and the Conservative Party's ... O'Doherty. By bagging the ... G.O.P. victory in New York, ... became a voice to be listened to ... national scene. Democrat **Adam C. ... ton Powell**, the nation's worst ... gressman according to a poll of ... ington correspondents, easily clob... three Harlem opponents. West... County, Manhattan's wealthy su... bedroom, elected a Democratic ... gressman for the first time in ... than half a century; he is Richa... **Ottinger**, former Peace Corps as... director, who beat the lackluster ... servative incumbent, Robert Barry ... also in Westchester, in the only ... test between two newspapermen, ... publican **Ogden Reid**, former p... er of the New York Herald Tr... scooped Frank Coniff, Hearst's n... editor.

BOB F. PERRIN



ALABAMA REPUBLICAN EDWARDS
A different story to be told.

Almost without exception, the ... powerful men in the House were ... turned to office. Speaker **John McC... mack** predictably cleaned up in S... Boston. Among other victors: D... cratic Whip **Hale Boggs** of Louis... Ways & Means Chairman **Wilbur ...** of Arkansas, Rules Committee C... man **Howard Smith** of Virginia, ... culture Committee Chairman **Ha... Cooley** of North Carolina. Top ... publicans also breezed in: Mi... Leader **Charles Halleck** of Indiana, ... publican Whip **Leslie Arends** of Il... as well as Michigan's **Gerald ...** Wisconsin's **Melvin Laird** and **Joh... Byrnes**, Ohio's **Clarence Brown**.

In the nation's only all-women ... Mrs. Poppy X. Mitchell, a liberal ... nois Democrat, lost to **Charlo... Reid**, a onetime singer on Don ... Neill's Breakfast Club (where her ... name was Annette King); Mrs. ... the Republican incumbent, has op... the civil rights bill, the tax cu... anti-poverty bill and the food ... program. **Patsy Mink** became the ... Japanese-American woman and ... second Hawaii Democrat (along ... **Spark M. Matsunaga**) in Co... Michigan became the first state ... two Negro Congressmen, as Demo... ic Lawyer **John Conyers** was e... in Detroit, which also re-elected ... **Charles Diggs Jr.**

In Pennsylvania, 26-year-old ... **liam Green III**, son of Philade... late, longtime Democratic boss, ... full term in the seat left vacant ... father's death last December. T... tired Navy captain who skippere... *Nautilus* under the North Pole... ocrat **William R. Anderson**, 43, ... into Congress from west central ... nessee by almost a 4-to-1 m... Southwest Oklahoma sent the ... member to the next Congress. ... crat **Jed Johnson Jr.**, a onetime ... Senate page and president of ... Youth Council; Johnson is 24, ... reach the minimum age of 25 ... time Congress convenes.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Ever said "boo" to an irate goose? Someone at Ballantine's once did, and lost the argument. As a result, the Dumbarton Distillery installed a unique burglar alarm—seventy white geese. All dedicated to help protect Ballantine's against intruders.

Disturb even *one* of them and a harsh cackling ensues, summoning the entire bodyguard. Their shrill cacophony is guaranteed to petrify any trespasser and quickly alert the authorities.

A clock-round watch by the Ballantine's geese ensures that the forty-two whiskies, mostly from the Highlands, that lie in oak casks in the vast warehouses, can mature in peace; can mellow in the moist Scottish atmosphere undisturbed. Expertly blended, these whiskies will one day become Ballantine's—the Superb Scotch.

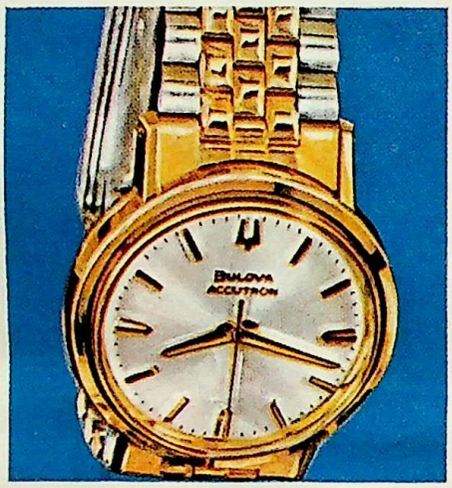
Is it worth taking all this trouble to protect Ballantine's? Try it, see what *you* think!

THE MORE YOU KNOW ABOUT SCOTCH, THE MORE YOU LIKE BALLANTINE'S

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Now the Swiss split the second into 360 parts to make the world's most accurate watch



BULOVA Accutron*

TUNING FORK

Other watchmakers tried.

Now Bulova, the world's largest maker of fine Swiss watches, has produced a watch that keeps practically perfect time — where it counts — on your wrist.

This unique watch is called "Bulova Accutron".

The Bulova Accutron watch splits each second into 360 parts (your present watch divides a second into only 5 parts). It does this through the vibrations of a miniature tuning fork. 360 vibrations every second.

And the vibrations are controlled by the first electronic circuit ever used in a watch.

Compare the Bulova Accutron watch with any other.

Compare it first with the specially prepared watches entered in observatory contests. Such watches are tested under laboratory conditions (so are all chronometers). *Their laboratory performance has no relation to on-the-wrist accuracy.* Nor are these specially conditioned watches available to the public. The Bulova Accutron watch comes with a *specific* guarantee of on-the-wrist accuracy and is sold through selected quality jewellers in most parts of the world.

Prove to yourself the extraordinary accuracy of Bulova Accutron. Compare it with your own watch. Sooner or later, most watches lose their original accuracy. Loss or gain can quickly range up to 100 seconds a day. Even in quality watches. The Bulova Accutron watch stays accurate. In fact, it stays within an average of just 2 seconds a day of perfect time. Bulova guarantees this.

Now compare the number of moving parts in a watch, an indication of trouble-free performance and long life. The Bulova Accutron watch has only 9 (plus the hands, of course). Other watches (gravity-powered, self-winding or electric) have approximately 26.

Other watches need periodic cleaning. The Bulova Accutron watch requires this maintenance rarely, if ever. It will stay accurate on your wrist year after trouble-free year. Once a year you replace the power cell. As simple as changing a lighter flint. (In Switzerland the power cell costs only Fr. 2.50).

These are the reasons Bulova issues a written guarantee of specific accuracy for every Accutron watch, Remember: No other manufacturer guarantees specific accuracy. Read their "performance" guarantees, then ask yourself what "performance" means.

Now read the Bulova Accutron guarantee of specific accuracy. It states that every Bulova Accutron watch will stay within an average of just 2 seconds a day of perfect time (in fact, 1 second or none at all is more common).

Write to Bulova International Ltd., 14-16 Pedder Street, Hong Kong, for a style brochure and the name of your official Accutron agent in your country.

BULOVA International, Ltd.

*REGISTERED TRADE MARK

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ERIO PICCAGLIANI

"WAR AND PEACE" AT LA SCALA

From Red Russia, kindly aristocrats and a changed name.

OPERA

Bolshoi in Milan

When Milan's La Scala Opera invaded Moscow en masse two months ago, it brought along a boxcarful of spaghetti and enough red wine to float the Russian navy. Last week, as part of a home-and-home series, Moscow's Bolshoi Opera was in Milan. It was the Bolshoi's first excursion outside Russia in its 189-year history, and the company came 450 strong, with 40 wagonloads of scenery and costumes. But, as one Muscovite explained, "we didn't bring any special food. We don't need it. We are drunk with joy to be in the country of *bel canto*." The Italians were equally enraptured, awarded each of the Bolshoi's first ten performances a minimum of 30 curtain calls.

Caught Up. In Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades*, a sumptuously staged and dramatically taut production that cast La Scala's badly mangled version into lasting shade, the dark, ringing voice of Georgian Tenor Zurab Angiaparidze dazzled the critical Italians.

But the opera La Scala audiences most anticipated was Prokofiev's rarely seen *War and Peace*, a musical epic in thirteen scenes, which even in its condensed version ran for nearly five hours. The music, brilliantly conducted by 33-year-old Gennadij Rozsdgestvenski and sung by no fewer than 54 soloists, was Prokofiev at his melodic best. The spectacle crackled with the sights and sounds of war—roaring cannons, flapping battle flags, and rank upon rank of charging soldiers. The Italians were so caught up in the drama that they burst into cheers at the entrance of the victorious Russian General Kutuzov.

Oddly enough, the only critical sniping came from the local Communists. "All the Bolshoi operas are full of prerevolutionary aristocrats, most of whom are depicted as good men and friends of the people," said one comrade. And the Communist daily L'Unità spotted a change in Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*. One of the aristocrats, who is beaten up by an angry mob of peasants in the fourth act, is a character called Khrushchev. In the program, however, the minor tenor role was listed simply as "A Boyar [nobleman] of Kromy." Taunted L'Unità: "They had to do some last-minute updating."

SINGERS

The Bear of Montparnasse

He looks like a big shaggy beast that has been out in the rain. Rumpled suit, tangled hair, drooping moustache, he lumbers onto the stage and stares in shy bewilderment at the audience. Rivulets of sweat stream down his face. He hikes one stumpy leg onto a straight-back chair, lazily scratches his guitar and sings. The voice is honest, pleasant, but nothing special. Yet when Georges Brassens sings, all Paris cocks an ear.

Laughless Days. Brassens, 43, known around Montparnasse as the "Bear," comes out of seclusion to sing only three months out of the year. Last week he was holding forth before jampacked audiences at Paris' Bobino Theater. He sang of the brutalities of war, the vagaries of love, the folly of politics, and the hardships of being a gravedigger ("Farewell, poor dead one; if from the bottom of the hole one sees God, tell him how much pain that last shovelful cost me"), or a streetwalker:

Even though those damned bourgeois
call them girls of pleasure,
It's not every day that they laugh,
golly, golly,
It's not every day that they laugh.

In *Brave Margot*, he told of a simple shepherdess who breast-feeds a motherless kitten, a spectacle that attracts all the menfolk in the village. His signature song is *The Bad Reputation*, which he cites as his personal credo:

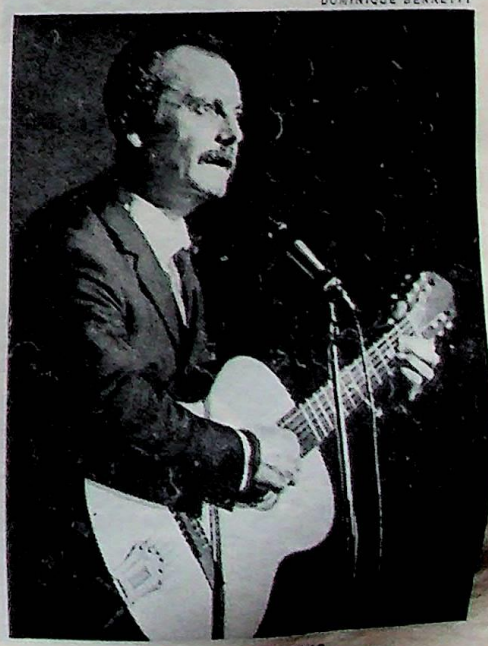
In the village, without bragging, I
have a bad reputation . . .
I do not harm anybody, going along
my own simple way,
But the good people don't like to see
One follow another road than theirs.
Everyone slanders me, save the
mutes, of course.

New Form. Everyone from taxi drivers to statesmen quotes his whimsical, rustic verses, many of which are too racy to be aired over the radio. He has sold nearly 1,000,000 record albums, as well as 50,000 copies of a $30 collection of his songs. For his opening at the Bobino, he received 10,072 letters of congratulation from his adoring fans.

Nervous, introverted, Brassens does not savor the notoriety. Son of a Flemish bricklayer, he was raised in the Mediterranean village of Sète. He quit school before graduating and, at 18, worked at odd jobs, wrote poetry and bummed around the cafés. In 1952, friends took him to a tiny club run by Patachou, Paris' famed *chanteuse*, and goaded him into singing. One week later he was the sensation of Paris.

A bachelor, Brassens lives on a dead-end alley in Montparnasse with an aged couple, who befriended him in his lean years, and a menagerie of pets. Two members of the French Academy, Novelist Joseph Kessel and Film Maker Marcel Pagnol, have been promoting the initiation of Brassens into the august Academy as "one of the greatest contemporary poets, a modern troubadour who represents a new literary form."

DOMINIQUE BERRETTY



PARIS' BRASSENS

A bad reputation.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MEDICINE

HEMATOLOGY

Heating Up the Blood

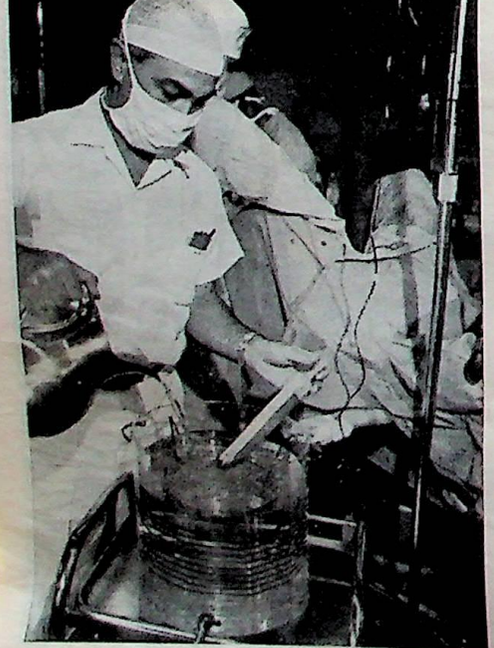
Of the 2,000,000 or more Americans who get transfusions every year, too many die on the operating table, and some as the result of a medical mistake. Surgeons and anesthesiologists, who are cautious about matching blood groups, have been ignoring the fundamental fact that circulating blood is warm; they have been pouring refrigerated blood into their patients' veins.

A single pint or two of blood that has been kept chilled to 40° F. to keep its red cells from deteriorating might do no harm. And it is usually out of the icebox long enough to warm up a little before surgery. The body can handle the difference in temperature when the volume of the transfusion is not too large. But if a surgery patient needs several pints, the shock of the frigid flood fresh from the blood bank may kill him.

The heart is the first organ that the cold blood reaches after it is dripped in through an arm vein, and the heart is sensitive to cold. Excess chilling can easily cause it to stop or go into useless twitching (fibrillation) from which the patient may never recover.

Guarding against such an accident is easy. In the *Annals of Surgery*, Dr. C. Paul Boyan of Manhattan's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center describes a plastic coil immersed in a bath of water kept at blood heat. The blood, passing through the coil on its way from the transfusion bottle to the patient's arm, reaches his heart at just the right temperature. Heart stoppage used to occur in about 50% of patients who got six pints or more of chilled blood; it occurs in only 7% now that they get coil-warmed blood.

ALAN GROSSMAN



DR. BOYAN & COIL BATH WARMER
Cutting the risks sevenfold.

DAN BERNSTEIN

AT HOME WITH ARTIFICIAL KIDNEY
Reducing the costs by half.

THERAPY

Cleaning Up the Blood

When the kidneys fail to work and there is no hope of starting them up again, the resulting uremia is fatal in about three weeks. A hospital would seem to be the only place where victims could get adequate care. Hundreds of hospitals are equipped with artificial kidneys which are costly to install, even more costly to operate. For each of the 100 U.S. patients who regularly get lengthy treatments, usually twice a week, the cost is $10,000 a year. But now the artificial kidney is moving out of the hospital, into the home. It promises to cut costs in half.

Water from the Faucet. Two afternoons each week, a Boston lawyer leaves his office early and goes home to bed. His rolled-up left sleeve discloses two plastic tubes permanently implanted in his forearm, one set in a vein, the other in an artery. Their outside ends are connected so that blood flows freely through them. A physician from Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital takes the lawyer's blood pressure. In his bedroom, near the bathroom, is a waist-high tank of stainless steel equipped with an electric motor and pump, an array of tubes, and a hose that is hooked onto the bathroom faucet.

Meanwhile, a nurse from the Brigham has put sterile coils in the tank's bath of dialysate (filtering solution) and added chemicals. She uses about 1½ pints of the lawyer's blood, stored from the last treatment, to prime the coil. Then she connects a thin hose from the artificial kidney to the artery tube in arm. He bleeds a little to finish priming and the nurse hooks an hose to his vein tube. That com the liquid circuit, and she switches the machine. When all is going well doctor leaves.

For four to six hours, while the yer can doze or read briefs, the b from his forearm artery flows thro the plastic coils in the bath. Metab poisons that should have been exc in his urine have accumulated in blood. (Uremia patients urinate. pass only a small volume of weak, tery liquid.) In the artificial kidney, poisons are leached out of the b through the walls of the cellophane ing and into the chemical bath.

Time for Homework. Dr. John Merrill, head of the Brigham's ca orenal section, says in the A.M.A. *nal* that he sees no need for a physi to be in constant attendance, pro he is within reach by telephone. thinks wives can be trained to take nurse's place, and in two cases invol Brigham patients, they have already gun to do so.

Dr. Belding H. Scribner of the S tle Artificial Kidney Unit, which h a monster machine for treating 1 tients at once under hospital cond (TIME, April 24), is also treating patients at home by essentially the technique as used in Boston, alt the equipment differs in detail. One his patients is a high school girl leaves classes early twice a week so her mother can dialyze her, while does her homework.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TELEVISION

Death of STV

Last week's political landslide was so massive that some of the buried victims went almost unnoticed. Pay television in California, for example, was extinguished.

On the California ballot was a proposition that had been put there as the result of a petition signed by over 500,000 voters. It asked, in effect, if Californians approved of legislation that had already enabled Pat Weaver's Subscription Television Inc. to go into business. Californians overwhelmingly said no.

Death Rattle. Weaver's STV, which already has over 6,000 subscribers in the Los Angeles and San Francisco areas, has been on the air since July, beaming plays, opera, lectures and ball games to clients on a pay-as-you-see basis. Over $22 million had been invested in it before Election Day. Since STV is the most advanced of all pay-TV systems to date, the California vote may have sounded a national death rattle for all of pay TV.

The organizers who clobbered STV were largely movie-theater owners and commercial TV interests, who collected signatures in theater lobbies and on street corners all over the state. The argument they offered was that pay-TV customers would one day find themselves paying to see shows they now see for nothing. And carrying the argument a bit farther, they also warned that pay TV could become just as commercial as contemporary network television. Once the existing networks had been defeated, the argument went, nothing could stop Weaver's company from introducing commercials into pay TV.

The astounding success of the California initiative could put ideas into other people's heads elsewhere. A united front of gluemakers, for example, might collect enough votes to ban the manufacture of Scotch tape. Chrysler could war on General Motors. Whichever collected the fewest votes would die a corporate death.

Public Issue. Actually, the pay-TV question was subject to public review only because STV uses telephone lines, a public utility. Last year the California Public Utilities Commission approved STV's contract with the Pacific Telephone Co., and the state assembly passed needed tax legislation. According to California law, any public issue can be decided on an election ballot if 8% of the state's voters sign a petition to put it there.

"The greatest communication innovation of our lifetime must not be denied the people through manipulation by vested interests," cried Weaver, promising to seek redress through the Department of Justice, the FCC and Congress. But meanwhile he was through in California. Last week he shut down operations and will soon remove the special adapter boxes from subscribers' sets. Californians had apparently decided that they just were not going to risk the chance of having to pay to listen to ads.

Only You, Merle Miller

Everyone in television is talking about Merle Miller, but only because he has been talking about them.

Miller, a reasonably well-known novelist (*A Day in Late September, That Winter*), wrote a pilot film for a TV series that would have premiered this fall. He failed miserably, but he has bounced back. He has just published a nonfiction, names-naming chronicle of

HENRY GROSSMAN

AUTHOR MILLER

The no-see-'ems were butchered.

his experience called *Only You, Dick Daring! or How to Write One Television Script and Make $50,000,000.*

Miller's series, called *Calhoun*, was to be the story of a county agricultural agent engaged in a week-by-week struggle against boll weevils, nematodes, no-see-'ems, and other incorrigibles of the plains. *Calhoun* may have been a dog, but Miller's book is a vivid and often hilarious account of how TV's butchers can change any script into hamburger.

Berbers Wanted. The network was CBS. There, CBS-TV President James T. Aubrey Jr. is the supreme judge. As Miller draws him, he is a kind of pretty Torquemada. It was Aubrey who conceived the county agent series one day when he leaned back, closed his eyes, and murmured: "I see a man in a dusty pickup in the Southwest." Corporate peasants were left to do the rest, for Aubrey is no writer, just a would-be writer, as Miller describes him. And would-be writers "are like eunuchs in a harem. They see the trick done every night and are furious that they can't do it themselves." In the end, after Miller had rewritten Aubrey's story at least 3,000 times, Aubrey killed it forever, saying that he had never liked the idea anyway.

Another butcher was Dick Dorso, who was the Executive Vice President in Charge of Programming at United Artists Television. Dorso considered himself the world's foremost authority on pilot films, according to Miller, and he had a standard lecture about them which begins: "In the first 30 seconds the pilot should go like this, 'Fifty thousand murderous Berbers are headed toward Cairo, and only you, Dick Daring, can stop them.' "

Dorso, according to Miller, repeatedly bragged that he had been successfully psychoanalyzed and did not need to be loved. Reacting to a fresh version of Miller's story, Dorso would always say: "I love it. It's just wonderful." Miller learned to listen for the "but." "But," said Dorso, "could I be the devil's advocate for a minute? We've got to be frank with each other at all times, don't we, and I don't have to be loved . . . What CBS wants is a kind of friendly lynch mob scene."

Beads for Sale. Miller's Jackie Cooper, who was going to play the lead in the series, is a picture of the modern actor as an "incorporated" millionaire, who seeks control of scripts, direction, and other aspects of production quite clearly out of his mental range. Cooper called Miller a great or beautiful writer about 100,000 times—then turned up one day with a new version of the script, written by someone else.

The annals of sycophancy include few scenes as good as Miller's re-creation of a meeting at which Cooper recited his new *Calhoun* story line to Michael Dann, CBS Programming Director, and an important group of executives. While Cooper talked, Dann rummaged through desk drawers, passed cigars, unpacked and repacked his briefcase and read memos. "The other executives," reports Miller, "took notes on what Dann was doing and, on occasion, glanced at Cooper." When Cooper had finished, "vice-presidential throats were cleared, vice-presidential feet were shuffled, hitherto ignored vice-presidential itches attended to, vice-presidential coughs coughed." But not a word was said—until Dann finally said that the new version was great. For several minutes the room was a hubbub of cross talk in competitive praise of *Calhoun*. "Dann asked the lesser executives if they had any criticisms or suggestions, but by that time it was clear that we were dealing with a classic of the caliber of *Othello*."

Some of Miller's victims—Cooper for one—have said that Miller will never work in TV again. Yet last week ABC announced that Miller, an obvious masochist, is writing a TV play for a new drama series. It obviously will not be drawn from *Dick Daring*, which would make a much better TV series than *Calhoun* ever could have been—and would be even less likely to get produced.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NEWSPAPERS

Sizing It Up

"It was a great victory for conservatism," said the Milwaukee Sentinel. "An overwhelming majority voted to conserve the status quo—to preserve the system of government by subsidy which the Democrats have made the American way of life. It was a setback for liberalism. The voters stated in no uncertain terms that they do not want to be liberated from paternalism." Thus last week one of the 359 U.S. dailies that had endorsed Barry Goldwater assessed the meaning of his defeat.

Avalanche's Trigger. Other pro-Goldwater papers took a different tack in sizing up the election results. The Chicago Tribune, which had endorsed Goldwater even before his nomination, took cheer from the fact that 26.6 million voters "were willing to support the spokesman of a conservative philosophy in a time of general prosperity and against an entrenched political apparatus of enormous power." The Tribune discounted the 42.3 million who voted for Johnson: "Whether they were voting for anything is extremely doubtful."

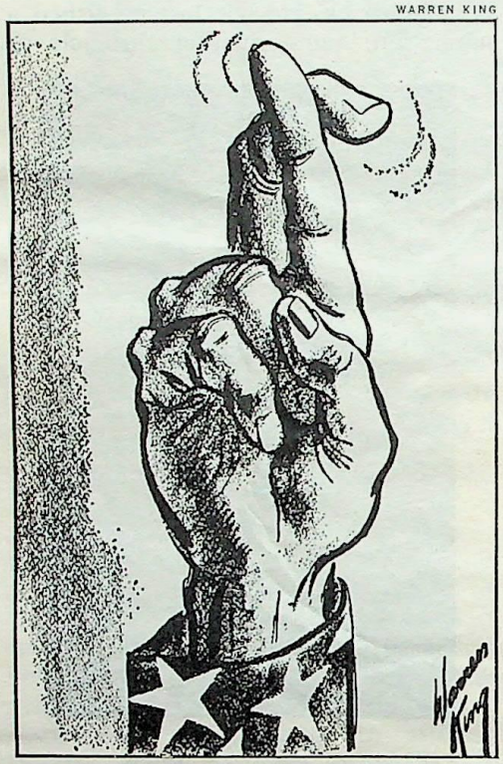
In Birmingham, the News, an early and sturdy Goldwater adherent, solaced itself with a post-mortem editorial: "Barry Goldwater was beaten. But that does not mean that what he stood for is wrong or discredited." Bill Knowland's Oakland, Calif., Tribune acknowledged the crushing statistics on Page One—LANDSLIDE FOR L.B.J. —and then explained what had triggered the landslide: "Unfortunately for the Republican presidential candidate, he received no support from leaders of his own party in several states."

Some of Goldwater's press partisans offered a more caustic analysis. "Full blame for the G.O.P.'s abysmal showing cannot yet be fully assigned," said the Los Angeles Times, which had reluctantly declared for Goldwater because it had publicly sworn before San Francisco to support whomever the party nominated. "But much responsibility must be laid to the candidate himself. In his zeal to promulgate the conservative cause, he managed to alienate the vital middle." Said the Richmond, Va., News Leader: "There is nothing to be gained from sugar-coating the pill. We got clobbered."

Notes of Composure. For the most part, papers that had backed Johnson managed to avoid an excess of jubilation. Somewhere between its overstated front-page headline (G.O.P. LEFT IN RUINS BY JOHNSON SWEEP) and the editorial page, the New York World-Telegram recovered its composure. "One hopes that the President won't let this one-sided victory go to his head," said *the World-Telegram*. "His 'mandate' *isn't all it may seem* at first glance."

The same note was struck by the San Francisco Chronicle, which had broken with its own Republican tradition to endorse Johnson: "So great a tide of votes" carries with it "the obligation and responsibility to use his new authority with bold and creative, yet prudent, statesmanship." The New York Herald Tribune, another paper that abandoned its normally Republican posture this year, found a boundary for Johnson's mandate: "the limits of consensus of the great national coalition that gave it." Among major U.S. papers, the Philadelphia Inquirer was almost alone in its unqualified enthusiasm. The Inquirer called it "a fine personal victory" for Johnson, "a manifestation of affection and respect for him as an individual and as President."

WARREN KING



NEW YORK DAILY NEWS CARTOON
"Many Americans will be hoping."

Crossed Fingers. Those papers that had declined to support either candidate sounded a post-election note of neutrality—one that leaned, though, toward the candidate they had favored but had not endorsed. The New York Daily News let a day go by ("We don't like to break in between editions with a hastily written election editorial") before summing up: "In the light of our President's strange and unsavory political past, many Americans will be hoping for the best and keeping their fingers crossed. So will we." It illustrated its position with an editorial cartoon that was even more succinctly stated than its editorial (*see cut*).

The Wall Street Journal, which never endorses presidential candidates, acted almost as if no election had taken place. On the morning after, it held its coverage to 2¼ in. on Page One—no more space than was allotted to news of a revolt against Bolivian President Víctor Paz Estenssoro. Next day the Jou... weighed in with an editorial ... seemed to lay the blame for defeat ... Barry & Co.: "Should conservatism ... be eclipsed for a time, it will not ... for defeat of its principles but defe... of its spokesmen. In that circumstan... lies such opportunity as exists, in ot... years, for other voices."

REPORTERS

The Sentimental Cynic

Damon Runyon died of cancer ... 1946, after having contributed some ... million words to the newspaper re... of his time. Much of this prodi... output appeared in Hearst's old ... York American, where Runyon ... scribed such transitory events as ... fights, ball games, murder trials ... wars. He may well have been the m... read U.S. journalist of his day, ... Biographer Edwin P. Hoyt in *A Gra... man of Broadway* (Little, Brown ... Co.; $6.95); but Hoyt argues convi... ingly that Reporter Runyon was ... the most misread.

Broadway was Runyon's country. ... his other career as a short-story wri... he peopled the Great White Way w... a tender host of *Guys and Dolls*—Hi... the Horse, Nicely-Nicely Johnson, M... ame LaGimp, a long parade of g... hearted touts, pimps and whor... Thanks to the characters he creat... Runyon is best remembered as the s... timental troubadour of that most cy... cal of all streets. The truth is, thou... that Runyon was all cynic himself. ... terly without illusion. By romanticiz... Broadway, he was thumbing his nos... the world of respectability and cr... that he mistrusted and despised.

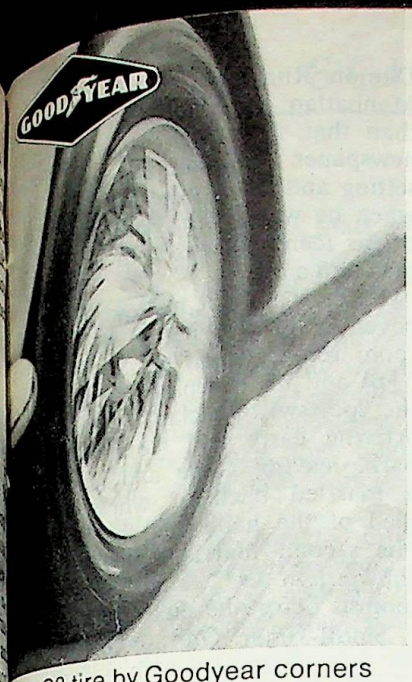
Cold Blue Eyes. "When a promin... citizen gets jammed up with the rule... he once wrote, "there are always a ... of folks ready to turn on the brine ... him. But when some bezark that no ... ever heard of gets found out, they ... him off to the sneezer or jail, with no ... a sob gulped out in his behalf." ... when two bezarks awaited executio... Massachusetts in 1927, Runyon ra... in a story so unsentimental that his ... tors refused to run it: "They're fry... Sacco and Vanzetti in the morni... ran the lead.

Runyon lived by a cynic's creed. ... every person in the world was ta... from birth to trust no one, it w... eventually be a universal state of mi... He followed a cynic's success formu... "Get the money." His cold blue e... discouraged friendship. From his ... tude in journalism he could reach a ... down to promising young comers—... Considine, Paul Gallico—only to ... on them if they seemed to threaten ... position. One he always cut was ... Lardner, whom Runyon suspected ... rightly—was a writer of far greater ... sight, substance and style.

Early & Alone. A gambling ... once told Runyon that the odds w... 9 to 5 against everything in life. A...

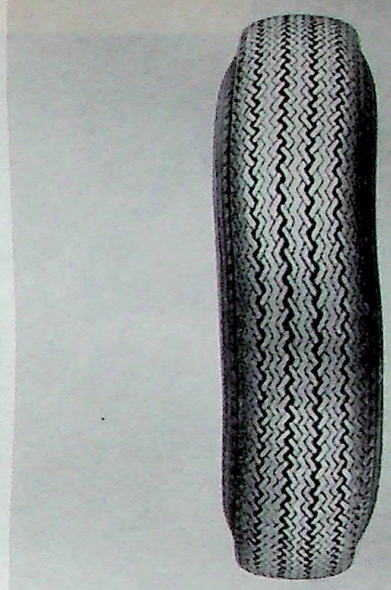
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

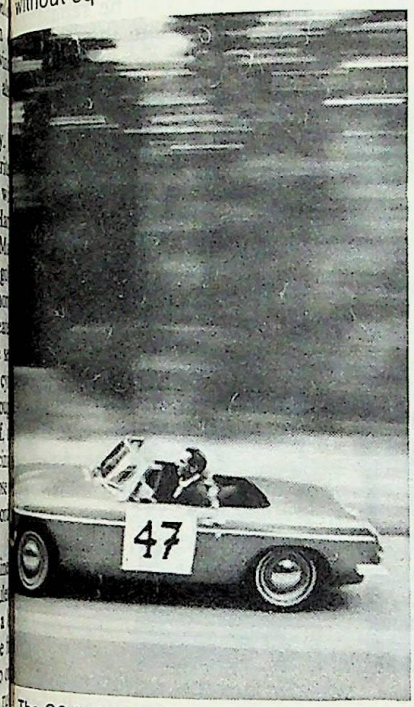


The G8 tire by Goodyear corners without squeal, hugs the corners...

to get you there safely. It gives you better steering and control...



because it has contoured tread that wraps right around the shoulders.



The G8 fights back at blowouts and heat for safer, longer mileage...

because it has exclusive, stronger-than-steel* 3T cord by Goodyear.

The G8 wins on every count—but costs no more than ordinary tires.

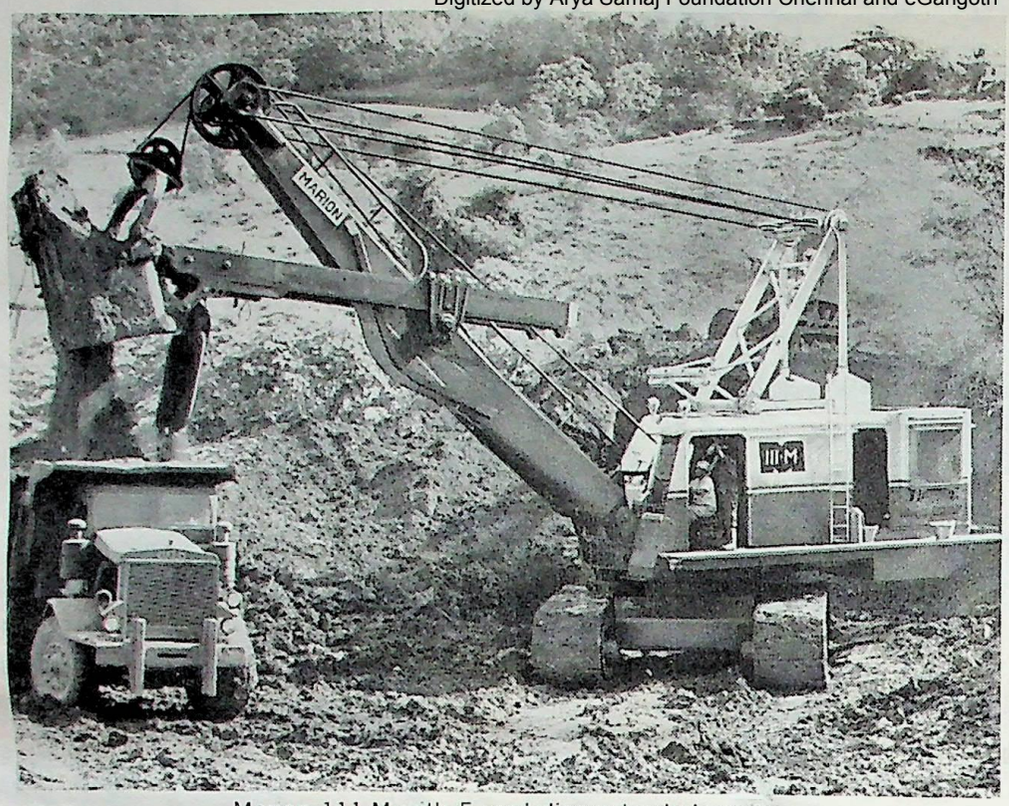
For safety—go where the fun is on lively-steering G8 tires by Goodyear.

Lively-steering tire design means more safety. It means easier handling. Smoother wheel response. You feel it when you drive on G8 tires by Goodyear. It's all built-in. The open secret's in the round-shoulder design with the wrap-around tread. Extra tread for extra traction and added safety on the corners. The G8 is built with strong, safe 3T cord. *Pound-for-pound stronger-than-steel, and made only by Goodyear. Tufsyn rubber, exclusive by Goodyear, adds mile after extra mile of worry-free driving. But the G8 costs no more than ordinary tires. See your Goodyear dealer. It's easy to drive with confidence—on tires by Goodyear.

GOODYEAR

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Marion 111-M with 5-yard dipper loads bauxite.

More than 30 Marion 111-Ms in Bauxite

In the leading bauxite-producing areas around the world—Jamaica, Haiti, Surinam, British Guiana, Arkansas—more than 30 Marion 111-Ms are providing owners big output, near-constant availability, low operating and maintenance costs.

A few of the reasons for this outstanding performance: the 4½ to 5-cubic-yard Marion 111-M is heavy, strong, fully powered and fast to deliver the dependability and production needed.

More than 350 of them are doing more kinds of work in more places around the world than any machine in its class. See your Marion Distributor for complete information on the Marion 111-M—for mining, quarrying, construction, special job assignments.

you get more with MARION

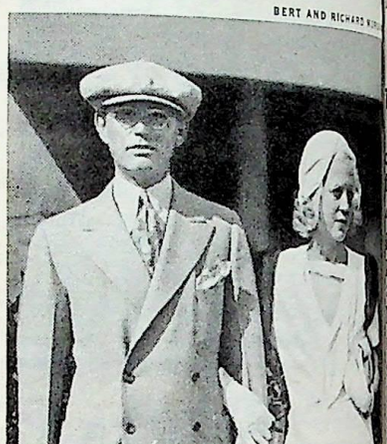
MARION POWER SHOVEL CO. • Marion, Ohio, U.S.A.
A Division of Universal Marion Corporation

Damon Runyan,* as he was born ... Manhattan, Kans., faced worse ... than that. His father was a some... newspaper publisher reduced to ... setting and the bottle. His mother ... when he was seven. Before he was ... of his teens he was both a newspa... man and a drunk.

Success did not mellow Runyon. ... never stopped trying to impress ... room recruits with his $40 shoes (... 5½B) and his sharpie suits. He avoi... the sportswriting clan's easy fraterni... arriving early and alone at the ... park, leaving alone and late. He ... a married bachelor whose first ... died of the habit that he had kic... His second marriage, to a Broad... showgirl in 1932, ended in divorce ... months before he died.

Small-Timer. Only on Broadway ... he find characters with a cynicism ... match his own. They told him where ... bodies were buried, and he repaid ... trust by miscasting them in solid-citi...

BERT AND RICHARD ...



DAMON RUNYON & SECOND WIFE
9-to-5 odds against everything.

roles. Assigned by Hearst to an ... rackets crusade in 1933, Runyon ... off with the charge that the Adminis... tion of President Harding was ... most brazen display of racketeering ... our times." His story went on to ... off other notable racketeers—"after ... bankers come the Wall Streeters"—b... fore arriving at Al Capone, who ... charitably described as a "small-time...

Biographer Hoyt finds it strange ... Runyon's dark side went so unrec... nized, since Runyon himself gave ... such a lifelong promenade. "By say... something with a half-boob air, ... yon once wrote of himself, "he ... ideas out of his system on the wro... of this world which indicate that ... must have been a great rebel at ...

* An errant printer in Pueblo, Colo., ... his last name to Runyon. An editor on ... American eliminated the Alfred.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SPACE

Mariner Goes Wrong

The U.S. attempt to explore Mars got off to a poor start last week. The Mariner C spacecraft, launched at Cape Kennedy, did not jettison its 300-lb. wind-shroud, and the extra weight kept it from attaining the 25,600 m.p.h. speed necessary to reach the red planet. Blocked by the shroud, the spacecraft's solar panels did not open; they could not recharge the spacecraft's batteries, which soon went dead.

But failures are to be expected in so difficult a venture. A second spacecraft, Mariner D, is ready to go, and will be fired before the "window" (the favorable time when Mars is in an accessible position) closes on Nov. 30. If Mariner D fails too, Mars and its secrets will be safe for a while. Another window will not open until December 1964.

DEMOGRAPHY

The Heat Limit

Are the earth's cities getting too crowded, spreading their swarming fringes over the suburban countryside? Are highways too jammed, streams too polluted? Is the world's population explosion threatening to smother India and China under a near-solid mass of humanity? Pessimists who are wrought up about such present-day conditions, says British Physicist John H. Fremlin, have seen nothing yet. Fremlin has sturdy faith that man's ingenuity will be equal to his ever-growing need for food. But this is just the trouble. Eventually, he says, the earth will be so packed with human bodies that the heat they give off will put a final limit on their increase.

The earth's present population, says Fremlin in the *New Scientist,* is about 3 billion, and is now doubling every 37 years. For the next 260 years, this increase can be taken care of by exterminating land wildlife, by intensive use of all crop space, by elimination of meat eating, and by the efficient harvesting of sea food. If marine wildlife is replaced by photosynthetic plankton, the earth's population can keep feeding itself while doubling three more times, until it reaches about 3,000 billion in A.D. 2334. Five times as many people can be taken care of by putting up vast satellite mirrors to reflect sunlight onto the polar areas, warming the whole earth to equatorial productiveness.

For still more population increases, says Dr. Fremlin, food can be synthesized out of energy, mineral matter and waste products. Human cadavers can be homogenized for use as food, and the earth's population can rise to one million billion, with two people living on each square meter of ground.

But then a serious problem will develop. The earth will be so thickly covered with layers of people and machinery that it will generate enormous heat. Some 60 million billion people, living 120 to the square meter in air-conditioned 2,000-story buildings, will keep the earth's skin glowing orange-red.

This ultimate limit will be reached in less than 1,000 years, says Dr. Fremlin, whose tongue is only halfway in his cheek. He sees no obstacle to man's attainment of a dreadful level of existence where even his movements will be rationed because motion generates heat. "We are free to choose," he says, "at what population density we want to call a halt, somewhere between the .000,006 people per square meter of the present and the 120 per square meter of the heat limit. If we do not choose, we shall eventually reach that limit."

GENETICS

Original Sex

Bacteria normally multiply by sexless fission—they simply split in two. Still, scientists believe that some kinds of bacteria occasionally manage a kind of sexual mating. It is almost impossible to catch them in the act, though, because they have no special sex organs, and often when they cling together it is not for love. But at least one kind of microscopic bug has a sex life with a difference. Professors Pavel Nemec and Vojtech Bystrický of the Slovak Polytechnical University in Bratislava report that the *Caulobacter,* a harmless bacterium found in soil, possesses a multi-purpose organ that it often uses for a primitive kind of conjugation.

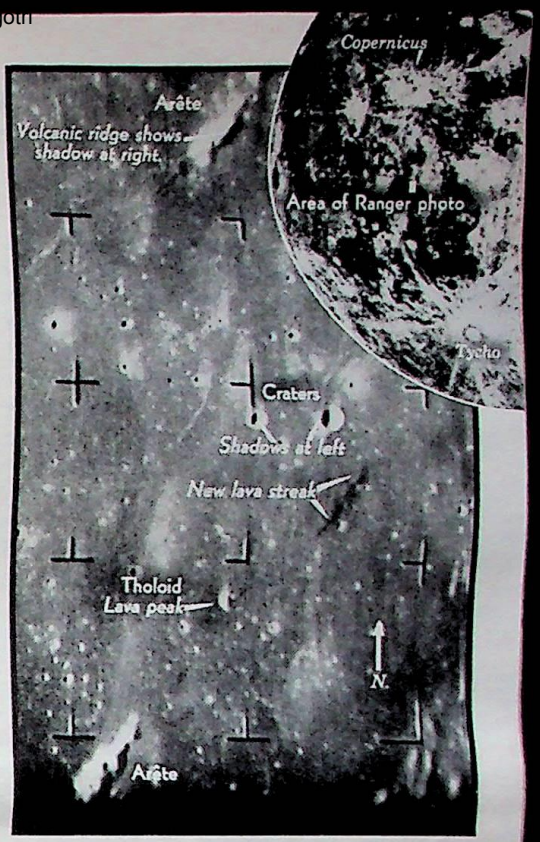
A caulobacter, say Drs. Nemec and Bystrický, is a sausagelike object with a long stalk protruding from one end. Sometimes a caulobacter attaches the end of its stalk to the body wall of a bacterium of another species and feeds by sucking out the victim's protoplasm. But often two caulobacters put the ends of their stalks together and cling for a long time while spherical grains in their stalk tips gradually fuse together.

Nemec and Bystrický believe that when two caulobacters cling together in this manner they are, in effect, mating —exchanging genetic material through their stalks. If the conjugating caulobacters belong to strains with different hereditary endowment, both may be improved by the swap. This is the great advantage of sexuality for any form of life; it permits faster evolution.

ASTRONOMY

Lunar Lava Flow

Ever since Ranger 7 shot its closeups of the moon, scientists have been studying the pictures in minute detail. They contain the most detailed information man has ever collected about his planet's nearest neighbor. And they are already shattering some long-held theories. Ranger's lunar snapshots, says Dr. John A. O'Keefe of Goddard Space Flight Center, prove that the moon has not been a dead cinder ball for billions of years, as many astronomers believe. In fairly recent times, it seems to have stirred with volcanic activity.



The best Ranger photographs, explained O'Keefe in the magazine *Science,* show a region covered by broad, light-colored streaks radiating from the craters Copernicus and Tycho. These rays are believed to be dust and fragments tossed out by the meteor impacts that blasted the two craters, and since they lie on top of most other lunar features, they are listed among the youngest parts of the moonscape. But O'Keefe also found a conspicuous black mark showing starkly against the lighter background of one of Tycho's rays. The ray had not dusted the mark with light-colored material—circumstantial evidence that suggests the mark must be more recent than the recent meteor impact that formed Tycho's crater. Dr. O'Keefe noticed, too, that the mark is in line with a set of ridges called arêtes (sharp mountain ridges), and a fainter set of markings called wrinkles. Since these are all reasonably parallel, they cannot come from random meteor impacts but are probably of internal origin like the parallel ridges of many earthly mountains.

Dr. O'Keefe has concluded that the arêtes are volcanic, are probably made of stiff lava forced out of parallel cracks in the moon's crust. Some of them may have erupted during the moon's youth. Much more recently—100 million years ago or less—one of the cracks may have opened again and oozed lava to form a cluster of low black mounds on a plain that was already thickly peppered with debris from young Tycho.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PAINTING

The Distant Witness

Pierre Bonnard called himself "the last impressionist," but in the throes of creation he was more like the first action painter. He would tack a huge canvas on a wall and, striding back and forth, begin jabbing spots of paint in a dozen places. After days of vigorous work, a nude emerged here, a still life there. Then he cut the paintings apart, stretched them into tambourines of jingling color.

Whether or not Bonnard was behind or before his time, his retrospective show at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art,* with 83 oils and 87 other works, establishes him as the distant witness of current art.

French Milquetoast. Bonnard was headed halfheartedly for the law when, in 1890, he made a 100-franc sale of a lithograph poster for a champagne merchant. Flat, clearly influenced by the vogue for Japanese prints, it showed a giddy damsel in bubbly billows. Its appearance on the kiosks of Paris caused Toulouse-Lautrec to seek Bonnard out; it was not until a year later that the sawed-off chronicler of Montmartre made his own first poster. The sale also persuaded Bonnard's father, a war ministry bureaucrat, to let his son pursue art as a career.

A thin slice of French Milquetoast in appearance, Bonnard fell into the celebrated company of Vuillard, Vallotton and Maillol. Gauguin was chief prophet, telling them to express what they saw in colors straight from the tube. If a shadow had a bluish look, said he, the painter should use pure ultramarine. A group called the Nabis, or prophets, gathered and asserted that the imitation of three dimensions was less vital than a blatant arrangement of lines and colors. That was art; the other was slavish copying. Bonnard became "the very Japanese Nabi" for his fascination with oriental asymmetry, ascending perspective and sinuous contours.

Anatomical Outlaw. For a while, Bonnard was a *flâneur* and sketcher of Paris street life. Lithography, with its kinship to line drawing and its inherent limits of only a few undifferentiated colors, was Bonnard's proving ground. He embellished sheet music and illustrated the writings of Verlaine, Octave Mirbeau and André Gide. The flat stone's print only confirmed him as an outlaw toward perspective, modeling and rigorous anatomy.

Then a yellow, 10-h.p. Renault opened Bonnard to rural beauty. He would motor through the countryside, stopping frequently to sketch. He fled Paris for Mediterranean country villas. Yet in the end he found his true subject matter indoors. It was the domestic moment that caught his eye. Lazy, hazy days of summer—when the sun caressed the contours of a kitchen table, or of his basset hounds, or of his wife—provided Bonnard's book of hours. Critics called his work intimist. Unlike any artist since the 18th century's Chardin, he made home life into a universe.

Model Wife. Bonnard's indoor art thrived on women. He loved them in awkward, innocent postures, when they let down their shields of glamor. Women for Bonnard were his wife, Marthe de Méligny, a cute *midinette* he met when he was 28. When they were married 30 years later, he found out that she was not aristocratic, only plain Maria Boursin, but his love never left him.

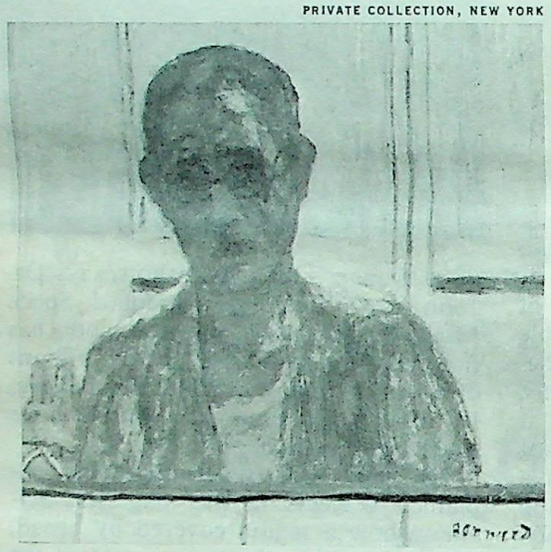
It was she that he painted oftenest (*see opposite page*). Her presence borrowed color from the wall of her bath. While fauvism, cubism, even dadaism and surrealism bypassed Bonnard, he kept his eye on nature and his wife's place in it. To many, through the 1930s and 1940s, Bonnard was old-fashioned, a man preoccupied with outer rather than inner psychology. His seemed wishy-washy, facile, banal apparent sentimentality.

Spectral Tapestries. But Bonnard not concerned with psychology. can abstract beauty out of everyday he said. "A painting is a series of that are joined together and which form the object over which the wanders without obstruction." Bonnard's spectral tapestries are a abstraction that invite the eye of tourist. His imagery is so pleasing few see the tricks of color and that wrench the paintings away realism into perceptual dreams.

"God is light," said Bonnard, was an ingenious supplicant. checkerboard tiles that pattern work, the color changes to harmonize with nearby colors. Nude flesh becomes a chameleon mirror for interior light. bathtub becomes an irregular cube for the human form. Bonnard's are made of optical bewilderments caprices of color.

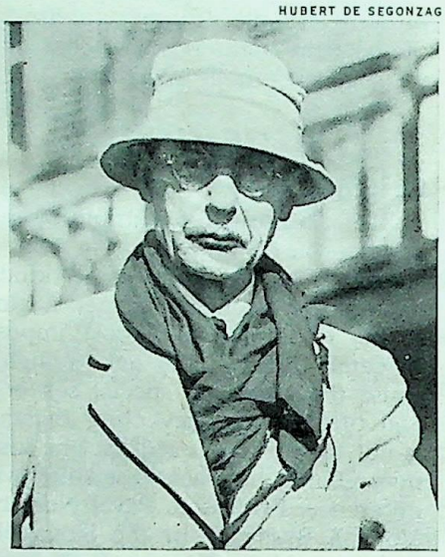
Bonnard's wife died in 1942; he on until 1947, painting in his south-of-France villa. When he died the age of 79, few came to bury the master of color more than he herself. For his funeral, a rare storm shrouded the spectrum that had honored so well.

PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK



SELF-PORTRAIT (1938)

HUBERT DE SEGONZAG



BONNARD

An ingenious supplicant to a god of light.

SCULPTURE

Plaster Cornucopia

If an artist is judged by the company his work keeps, Peter Agostini is a sculptor. At the current sculpture exhibition in Manhattan's Jewish Museum Agostini's plaster popovers are on view across from George Segal's plaster mummies. All summer long, some of his clustered plaster balloons hung like monster grapes for a superbacchanal outside the New York State Pavilion at the World's Fair next to Robert Indiana's EAT sign, Roy Lichtenstein's cartoon, and Jim Rosenquist's billboard.

But neither by temperament, background nor age does Agostini rank himself among pop artists. At 51 he can remember working for the WPA and showing on Manhattan's 57th Street when it was still the center of the avant-garde. Brought up as a tough Hell's Kitchen kid, he recalls selling his early drawings to the sisters at parochial school when he was eleven. His later friends were abstract expressionists of a generation older than Pollock, Kline, De Kooning and Marca-Relli.

Pepperonis & Provolones. In the late 30s and 40s Agostini began making commercial sculpture. He made plaster mannequins for a fashionable Manhattan women's store. This led him to sculpt pseudo-delicatessenry for the U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps—molded polyester salamis, pepperoni and meat loaves—stuff that by pop values would be worth bundles.

* The show travels to the Art Institute of Chicago for January and February, and to the Los Angeles County Museum for April and May.

CC-0. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SUNSET NUDES BY THE LAST IMPRESSIONIST

PIERRE BONNARD held that "a woman's charm can reveal many things to an artist about his art," but concentrated on sensuous arrays of color in which the model—in this case a 1932 view of Wife Marthe—seems incidental.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...spacious, gracious beauties from Chrysler for '65

This year, step out of the ordinary and into the big, beautiful new world of Chrysler. You'll find a new kind of luxury, comfort and performance. Also many new engineering innovations. You'll appreciate them almost as much as the pride of ownership and intangible driving pleasures that you've come to recognize as pure Chrysler. Best of all, you'll still be enjoying these things years from now. We're sure of it. Because Chrysler products are built to last.

'65 Valiant. It's a big, wide, wonderful world in a new 106-inch-wheelbase Valiant. Valiant retains all the good things that have made it the success it is today. Room. Ride. Agility. Performance. Valiant gives you a choice of 20 models, all with color-keyed interior/exterior combinations. A choice of 4 engines, ranging from 170 to 273 cubic inches. See it soon. You'll be glad you did.

'65 Plymouth. Take another look. This is Plymouth for 1965. All new from road to roof line. With a generous 119-inch wheelbase. And the only thing that can match the magnificent styling of the car outside is the stunning beauty to be found inside. Plush carpeting. Soft, supple vinyl fabric trim. Deep foam-padded seats. Handsome, easy-to-read instrumentation. Curved side windows. A choice of 5 engines, ranging from 225 to 383 cubic inches. If all this gives you the idea that Plymouth for 1965 is the only car for you, who's to blame you? (Don't forget to see the 116-inch wheelbase Belvedere. It's all-new this year.

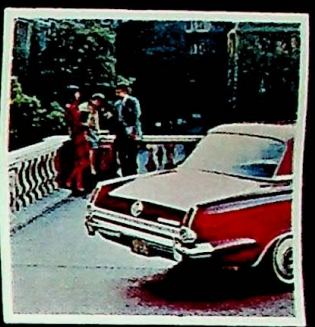
'65 Chrysler. The epitome of subdued elegance. The 1965 Chrysler is quiet in styling and manner, yet as exciting as a car can be. From its unique glass-covered head lamp units to its integrated rear bumper styling, everything about this car says elegance. A totally new and improved unitized body structure helps make Chrysler '65 as enduring as it is endearing. A new suspension system that rests on a 124-inch wheelbase, turns an already superb ride into an almost unbelievable experience. Even the interiors look and feel more resplendent. They are. This, indeed, is the car for the man who has everything. At least he will have when he owns a new 1965 Chrysler. Choose Chrysler power from one of three great engines —ranging from 383 to 413 cubic inches.

CHRYSLER INTERNATIONAL

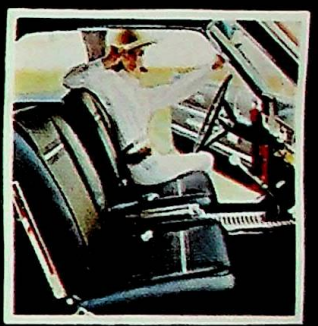
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

1965 PLYMOUTH VALIANT



1965 PLYMOUTH FURY



1965 CHRYSLER NEW YORKER

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

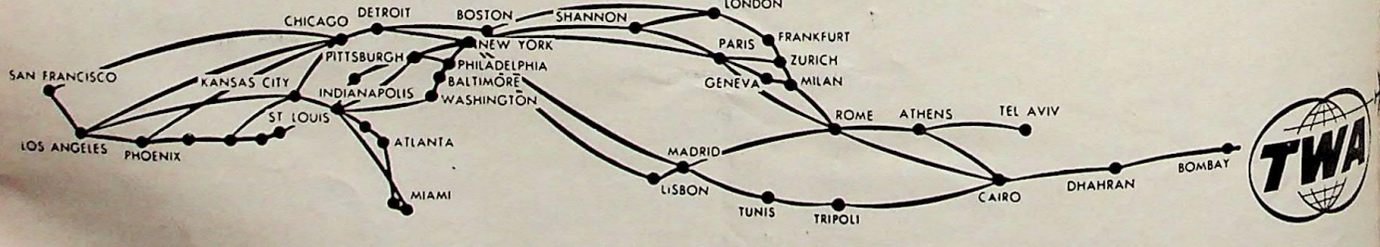
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Mr. Yuichi Yuasa, President, Yuasa Battery, Kyoto-shi, Japan.

"When business takes me across the U.S. and Europe, I take TWA."

When Mr. Yuasa changes to TWA in California, he takes advantage of a unique travel service. One airline, one ticket convenience to 87 major cities across half the globe. Only TWA flies between 70 U.S. markets and 17 world centers in Europe, Africa and Asia.

Another TWA exclusive: first-run, full-color movies* by Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc. They're shown on transcontinental and transatlantic jets, and make "flying time" really fly. Next trip to the U.S. and beyond, have your travel agent book you on TWA.



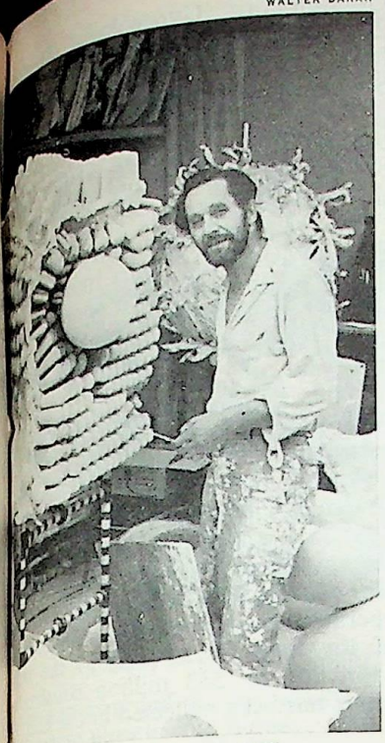
Trans World Airlines Offices in: TOKYO . . . Imperial Hotel
HONG KONG . . . Room 104 Tak Shing House, 20 Des Voeux Road, C • MANILA . . . Hotel Filipinas
SYDNEY . . . Room 301 Shell House, 2 Carrington Street • BANGKOK . . . 37/3 Suriwongse Road

**Complimentary on all but transatlantic Economy. Then, optional at $1.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WALTER DARAN

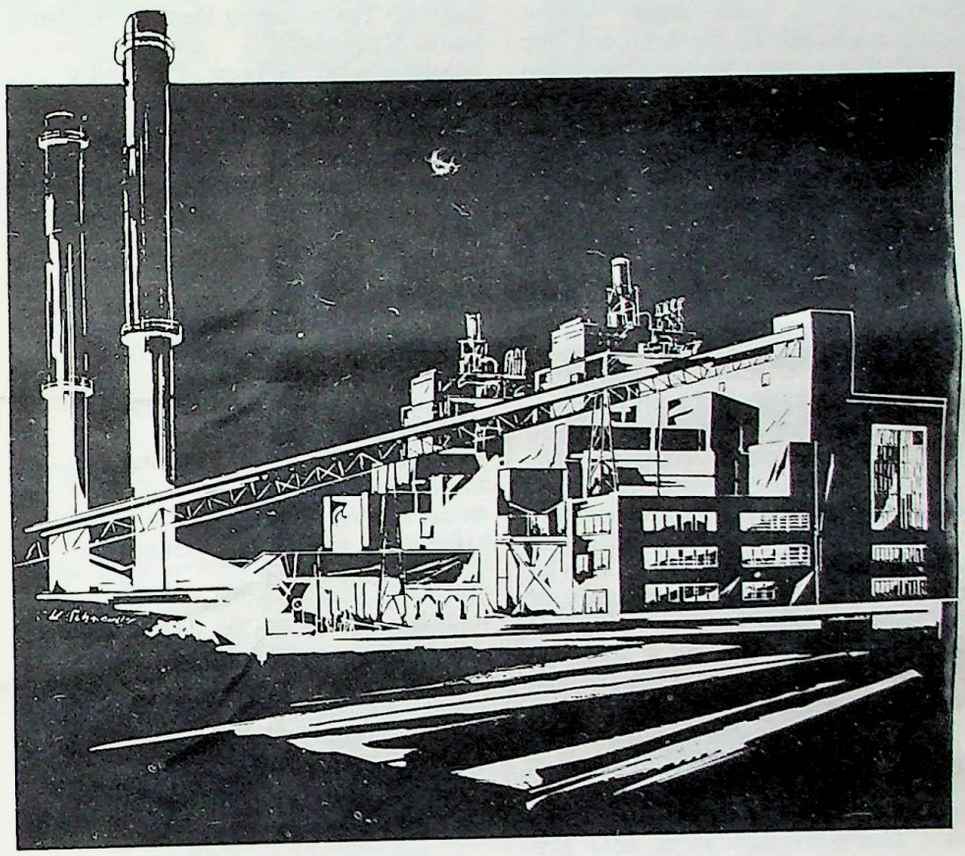


AGOSTINI & "MEAT RAKE"
Explosion in a delicatessen.

e then used only to teach recruits
w to select cuts of meat. He was
d-broke when the Galerie Grimaud
e him a show in 1959. Says Agostini:
fore that, I couldn't sell one of my
wings for 5¢."
Agostini rarely had the money to cast
s work in bronze. He began using
ck-setting plaster, which turns rock-
d in several minutes, forcing a kind
action sculpting on him. He takes
ts from crumpled aluminum, beer
s and old rubber gloves, and trans-
ms them into snow-white simula-
ms of what they once were. He may,
example, pour a mold around a rub-
r inner tube shaped by tying strings
und it. Into the negative mold—
ched inside with soapy water as a
parator—he pours more plaster,
metimes strengthened with burlap,
n cracks off the outer shell.
His fourth one-man show opened last
k at Manhattan's Stephen Radich
llery, and the main attraction is *Car-
el*, a 9-ft.-diameter abstraction of
ating horses and umbrellas, with a
sic box in the middle. *Harlequin* is
conglomeration of bursting forms
at look like eggs, gourds and provo-
e cheeses. *Meat Rake* is a curious
ce which implies ground beef bulg-
through a shredder.
Skin, Not Mystery. "I don't reject
figure. I have just found the ex-
sion of it. Feel this," Agostini says,
e pats a plaster polyp. "It's like skin,
dy to burst. I'm fascinated with the
a of explosion." Agostini arrests mo-
n, or the swelling curve, in his plaster
that everything is surface tension.
his work—and his conversation—effer-
sces like ghost champagne. Says he:
n the next five years, I want to knock
t 10,000 drawings and 5,000 pieces
sculpture. I am not involved in mys-
ry. I have no patience with that."

PROBLEMS we encounter

Local coal in Durgapur contains roughly 35 percent ash. We built the 3 largest boiler/turbine units in India to operate on just this fuel and supplied the associated coal handling plant.



POWER FROM LOW-GRADE FUELS

Inferior fuels, such as coal containing up to 40 percent ash and lignite with as much as 60 % water, will continue to provide a potential source of power too plentiful to be left unheeded.

Germany in particular has acquired much experience in this field because her power industry has long been compelled – due to the steeply rising demand for electric power – to resort to low-grade fuels that not so very long ago were dismissed as worthless.

In many cases the mixing of coal, gas or oil with various kinds of waste products will provide the most economical solution.

This is where M.A.N. come in – with a range of steam, diesel and gas power plants to answer any problem. May we send you details

M·A·N

MASCHINENFABRIK AUGSBURG-NÜRNBERG AKTIENGESELLSCHAFT

Plants in Augsburg · Hamburg · Nuremberg · Munich · Gustavsburg

9936 e

67

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EDUCATION ABROAD

Survival Through Brainpower

The grass grows wild on Mount Scopus in Arab Jordan. Rain drips through the roofs of empty classrooms. What was built before 1948 as a model campus for Hebrew University is now a forlorn and uninhabited neutral zone within sight of Israeli Jerusalem.

Once a fortnight, by United Nations authorization, a truck enters Mount Scopus, loads books from among the 250,000 that remain in the abandoned library, returns via the Mandelbaum Gate and takes its cargo to a striking new 250-acre campus that crowns the Judean Hills of Israel. There, in buildings made of pink limestone quarried on the site, Hebrew University is in the midst of a flourishing rebirth.

The student body, 870 in 1948, now numbers 10,000. Ground was broken last month for a new school of social work, latest in a series of fast-rising buildings for physics, chemistry, dentistry, law. Nearing completion is a $10 million medical school complex. The just-finished library houses 2,000,000 books and such treasures as Einstein's handwritten manuscript of the theory of relativity, a 1,600-volume collection of Lincolniana, and the private library of Serge Koussevitzky.

The Nation's Engine. In a land that lacks industrial resources, Hebrew University is the engine of the nation. "Our survival depends on the quality of our brains," says President Eliahu Elath, a noted Orientalist and former Israeli Ambassador to Washington and London. "This university must help preserve that quality or else we are lost."

Students and faculty have a sense of direction that most U.S. colleges would find awesome. Professors publish or perish on the theory, bluntly stated by Humanities Dean Joshua Prawer, that "where there is a choice between a good scholar or a good teacher, we will always take the scholar." The average freshman is 21 years old and—whether man or woman—an army veteran. Students prefer chess to soccer. The last prank took place a few years ago, when students painted a red and yellow dress on a Henry Moore sculpture. The university has no rules against drinking on campus because no one drinks anything stiffer than orange juice. "Maybe a little alcohol would liven them up," says Acting Dean of Students Esther Reifenberg.

Students at Hebrew University are mostly Israelis solemnly intent on going into government or the professions. But one in every ten is an "oriental" Jew from the Middle East, North Africa or Asia; 200 others are Arabs living in Israel, some of them fervently pro-Nasser. The largest foreign contingent is 250 students from the U.S., and 100 others come from black African nations. Students are supposed to read English, but most teaching is in Hebrew. Recently an Israeli was surprised to see two Africans conversing in Hebrew, but the explanation was logical. "He's from French-speaking Cameroun and I'm from Liberia," said one of the pair. "Hebrew is our common language."

International Flavor. Hebrew University takes its standards from a long, international tradition of scholarship. Among its founders 40 years ago were Philosopher Martin Buber and Chemist Chaim Weizmann, Israel's first President. Sigmund Freud and U.S. Supreme Court Justice Benjamin Cardozo served on the board of governors. Working at the school now are such scholars as German-born Gynecologist Ber... Zondek, co-discoverer of the A-Z ... for pregnancy; Yigael Yadin, De... Scrolls expert and former chief of ... of the Israeli Army; and Monetary ... orist Don Patinkin, one of the A... cans who comprise 10% of the ... sity's full professors.

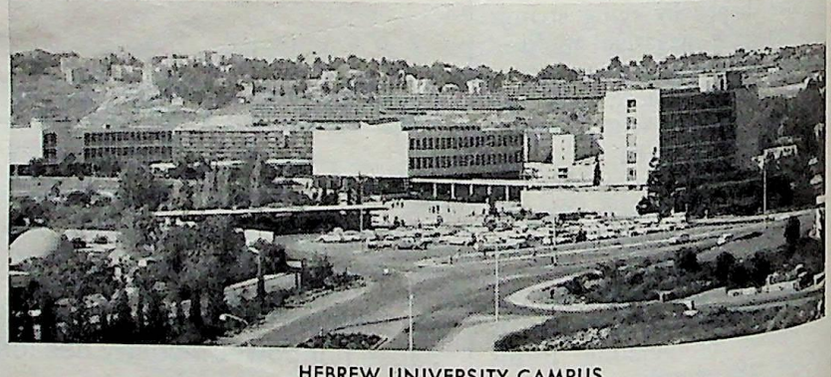
The university has other links to ... U.S. Washington pours money ... in the form of research contracts, ... scale that many a U.S. school ... envy. The projects, worth $2,0... this year, include research in ... for the U.S. Agriculture Depart... solid state physics for the Defense ... partment, radiation for the Atomic ... ergy Commission, and improvement ... lie detector tests for the U.S. Air Fo... U.S. Jewry also contributes heavily ... the university; though the Israeli ... ernment supplies 60% of the school ... operating budget of $11 million, ... of the balance, as well as the ... chunk of its $53 million construc... drive, has been collected in the U.S.

SCHOLARSHIPS

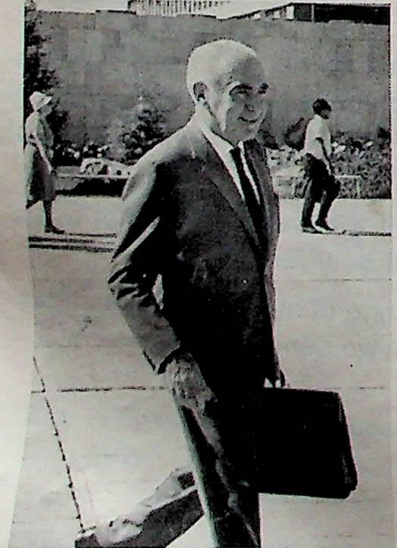
With Strings

According to Yale legend, a scho... ship to that school awaits any son of ... Indian maharajah who cannot ... his own elephant to carry him ... the campus. Eccentrically conditio... scholarships, though deplored by ... leges, open some novel opportunities ... this time of year, when the only ... harder than getting into college is ... ting into college cost paid. Even ... schools such as Harvard, where libe... minded donors have piled up a siz... dollar pool that any needy student ... dip into, restricted funds are still ...

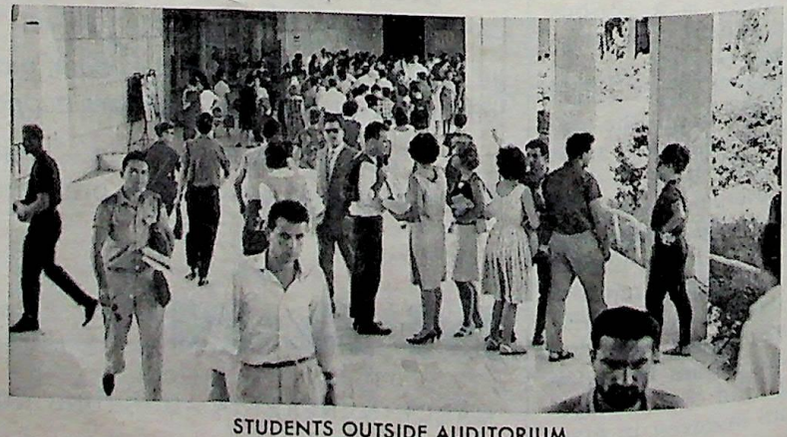
DAVID RUBINGER



HEBREW UNIVERSITY CAMPUS



PRESIDENT ELATH



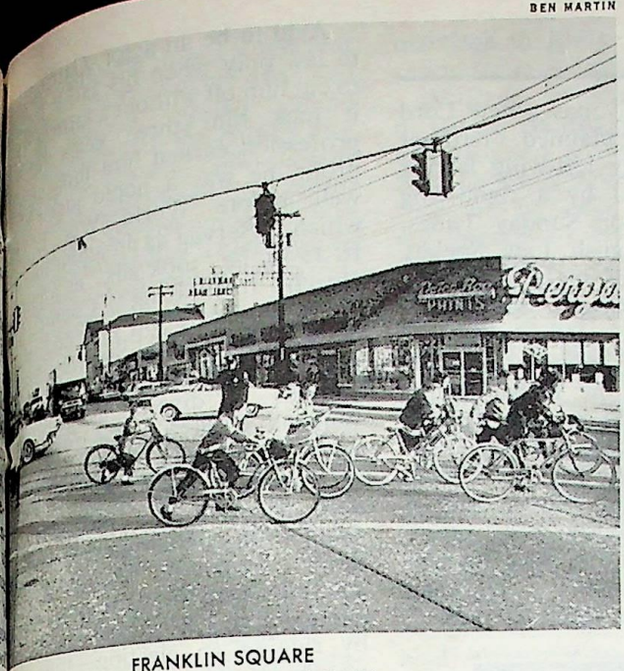
STUDENTS OUTSIDE AUDITORIUM

Among students and faculty, an awesome sense of direction.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BEN MARTIN



FRANKLIN SQUARE

Anybody there named Smith.

C.B. & Q.'S PUSEY

...ted and awarded on the theory that ...ey release unrestricted money.

Harvard President Nathan Pusey's ...dergraduate days in Cambridge were ...riched by a restricted scholarship. As ...transplanted native of Council Bluffs, ...wa, he was eligible for aid offered by ...harles Perkins, president of the Chi...go, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, ...ose trust fund gave preference to ...uths "who come from the territory in ...wa served by the C.B. & Q. Railroad." ...rinceton engineering students from ...tates served by the St. Louis-San Fran...sco Railway Co. can apply for a spe...al scholarship. At N.Y.U., would-be ...achers tap funds given by Mrs. Finley ...Shepard,* daughter of Railroad Mag...ate Jay Gould, if they happen to live ...long railroads Gould controlled.

A Switch of Ground Rules. Cornell's ...harles Green fund is reserved for stu...ents who either attended the Schuyler...ille Union Free Academy or lived at ...he Masonic Home in Utica. A Buck...ell grant, new this year, provides full ...id for students who graduated from ...Mount Carmel (Pa.) High School, lived ...n the town (pop. 10,760) for at least ...en years before applying for help, are ...ot habitual users of tobacco, narcot...s or alcohol, and have never taken ...art in "strenuous athletic contests." ...Bucknell found four qualified appli...ants. Wayne State University, on the ...ther hand, rejected a scholarship re...tricted to a student "who does not ...moke, drink, gamble, go to church or ...therwise endanger his health."

Whose many other philanthropies included ...ounded veterans of the Spanish-American ...War, the Red Cross, and Master Swindler ...Easton Bullock Means, to whom she report...dly paid at least $100,000 in 1932 for the ...source of threatening letters sent to her and ...called "Agents of Moscow." Means was never ...ried for defrauding Mrs. Shepard; he had al...eady been indicted for cheating Mrs. Evalyn ...Walsh McLean, owner of the Hope Diamond, ...of $104,000 for promising to return the kid...napped Lindbergh baby. He was sentenced to ...25 years in prison, died after six.

Some colleges ignore the letter of the law for the sake of the spirit. U.C.L.A. for several years interpreted "handicapped" students supported by the Will Rogers Fund to mean financially handicapped. Other colleges plead with donors or their heirs to liberalize the ground rules, and often win. Adelphi University on Long Island accepted a scholarship reserved for applicants named Smith from nearby Franklin Square, which proved to be short of smart Smiths. Finally the dean of students successfully appealed to the donor to limit his restriction to qualified residents of Franklin Square, and a bright lad named Montgomery won the scholarship.

California's Occidental College received an endowment intended for widows from Orange County who promised not to join any "organization with a selective membership"—meaning a sorority. After three years of looking, the school broke the condition in court. Amherst appealed to the New Jersey Supreme Court and finally won the right to $200,000 that had been reserved for "Protestant Gentile" boys who did not drink or smoke.

No Encore for Pianists. The first appeal to a court was taken by venerable Harvard—and over its first scholarship gift. In 1643, Lady Ann Mowlson, the former Ann Radcliffe and the college's namesake, gave Harvard £100 to maintain a poor scholar. Harvard took the money, but twelve years later decided to spend it instead on buildings. The court blocked the move; Harvard has not contested a grant since.

Calvin L. Crawford, financial director of Long Island University, says hopefully that the day of "giving scholarships for redheaded piano players of Scottish descent from Oshkosh is largely over." Colleges may eventually refuse all conditional gifts and break all restrictions. Until then, any students who fit the terms of a scholarship with a string attached might just as well pull the string.

TIME IS MONEY

A Deposit Account with Lombard Banking Limited means all these things:—Real Financial Stability and an interest rate of 5%—the maximum safe and sure rate for your money to earn. Immediate interest accruing day by day paid or credited half-yearly. Withdrawals are easily made subject to the terms you arrange. Deposits accepted from any country in the world. No U.K. tax deducted. Complete privacy. No charges.

To earn 5% per annum the minimum initial deposit is £100, the minimum period of deposit and notice of withdrawal is six months. Your Deposit with Lombard Banking Limited is supported by paid up capital and reserves in excess of £12,000,000. Write now to the General Manager for further particulars and your copy of Deposit Account Booklet No. A.O. 306.

LOMBARD BANKING

LIMITED

Head Office:
Lombard House, Curzon Street, Park Lane, London, W.1.
GROsvenor 4111 (30 lines)

EVERY WEEK

Every week TIME's cover story puts a figure into focus—takes a newsmaker, examines his career, probes his motives, weighs his acts and opinions.

But what's the controversy boiling around him—what threshold of achievement has he taken mankind across? This is the news significance of TIME's story—the story of one individual as he affects us all.

It's one of journalism's most thorough and far-reaching explorations. You find it every week in TIME.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

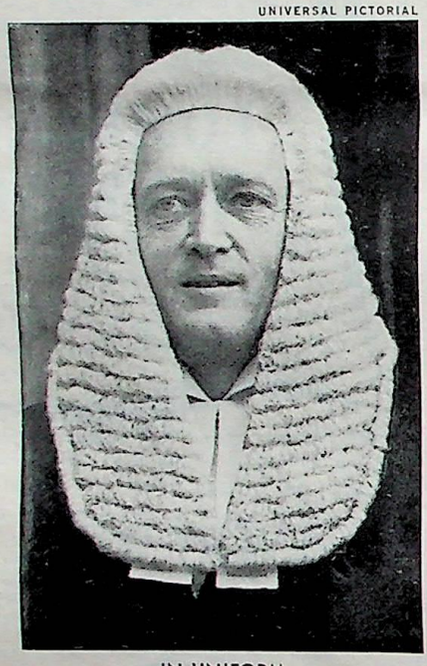
LAWYERS

Labor's Lord High Chancellor

Sweating uncomfortably under the incongruous TV lights, Britain's nobly dressed bishops, judges, peers and politicians jammed the House of Lords last week as Queen Elizabeth arrived in a glass coach and took her seat on a gilded throne. Up strode a graceful man in a wig, damask robe and black velvet breeches. Kneeling, he handed the monarch her speech. Kneeling, he took it back after Elizabeth had read it—thus opening Parliament with a ritual that has scarcely changed at all since the first Elizabeth performed it 400 years ago.

His task done, Gerald Austin Gardiner, 64, the Labor Government's Lord High Chancellor, returned to the 20th century and a tough legal challenge: a complete reformation of outdated British law.

UNIVERSAL PICTORIAL



IN UNIFORM

CAMERA PRESS—PIX

IN MUFTI

"What system of law is this?"

Infants & Idiots. With its costumed ceremony and appointed judges, its strict division between solicitors who do office business and barristers who try cases, British law combines a reputation for incorruptible justice and maddening resistance to change. As one archaic result, British laws, which have no written constitution behind them, are now so entangled in 43 volumes of parliamentary acts going back to 1235 that finding the law on a single point may require a look at 60 different acts, 99 volumes of legislative orders and 350,000 reported cases. "What sort of system of law is this?" asks London Barrister Gardiner. "English law is in a state in which it cannot be allowed to remain."

In giving him power to prune the legal thicket, the Labor Government has chosen a barrister who is said to know more about common law than any man alive. Rarely has a new Lord Chancellor been so acclaimed. Gardiner is "probably the only left-wing lawyer unreservedly admired by a right-wing bar," says the London Sunday Times. The nonpolitical English Law Society predicts that "he will make the form of the law a living thing in the lives of the people."

Lord Chancellor Gardiner has a job centuries older than the Prime Minister's, a title once held by two English saints (Becket, More) and Francis Bacon, a $34,000 salary that is tops in the British government, and the unique power to simultaneously help make, execute and interpret the laws of Britain. As the government's chief legal adviser, Gardiner is a top-level Cabinet officer. As head of the legal profession, he appoints judges and Queen's Counsel (senior barristers). As Speaker of the House of Lords, he perches on the symbolic Woolsack, also presides when the Law Lords (selected lawyer members) act as Britain's final court of appeal. Besides all that, he is guardian of all British infants, idiots and lunatics.

Blue-Blood Socialist. The tall, brilliant son of a British shipping tycoon and a German baroness, Gerald Gardiner seemed destined to be a Tory rather than a Laborite. He grew up on a vast Kent estate, went through Harrow, the Coldstream Guards and Oxford's Magdalen College. So elegant that he used only French toothpaste, he inspired Oxonians to form the "Society for Ruffling Gerald Gardiner's Hair," won glowing tributes as an amateur actor, and debated his way into the presidency of the Oxford Union. Oxonian Evelyn Waugh later wrote that "he had then the same elegance of appearance and cold precision of phrase and enunciation that have impressed themselves on so many juries."

Avid to be an actor, Gardiner [illegible] to law only when his father [illegible] to cut him off without a farthing. [illegible] it took him three years before [illegible] profession earned him three guineas [illegible] profit, he was a noted junior barrister [illegible] well before World War II, during [illegible] which he served as an ambulance driver [illegible] In 1948, he "took silk" as a Queen's Counsel, King's [illegible] for hot preparation and cool [illegible] Gardiner was soon earning $50,000 [illegible] year in famous libel cases [illegible] litigants as diverse as Liberace [illegible] Winston Churchill. In 1960 Gardiner [illegible] won a slander suit for Randolph Churchill [illegible] ill (called "coward" by a Tory [illegible] and defeated an obscenity [illegible] against the publishers of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. In 1961 Gardiner successfully prosecuted Communists [illegible] captured the Electrical Trades Union [illegible] by rigging an election—thus clearing up the biggest labor fraud in British history.

Had he not been a passionate opponent of capital punishment, let alone a Socialist, Gardiner would have been appointed a judge long ago. Now he can be all three. Besides pressing to end the death penalty, Gardiner is expected to lobby for tighter corporation laws, broader legal aid, improved sex education and anti-discrimination laws aimed at Britain's growing racial problems. Gardiner personally favors liberalized abortion laws and the legalization of homosexual acts between consenting adults, but he recognizes that decision on such issues belongs to the Commons. Gardiner's top priority is a permanent government commission to survey the whole field of English law and gradually try to bring it "up to date," notably in relation to science and technology. If his commission fulfills his dream, the Lord Chancellor can take credit for a legal miracle.

Face on the Courtroom Floor

Striding into an Anchorage [illegible] summer, an Alaskan state trooper [illegible] out his pistol and seized $6,000 [illegible] money belonged to the local bar association, and the trooper was [illegible] orders of the Alaska Supreme Court, which has stirred up a raging feud [illegible] effort to put Alaska's 211 lawyers [illegible] the court's tight control. So determined is the court that it has even [illegible] disband the state bar association.

Alaska's bar is now suing [illegible] bench in a three-judge federal court and is bitterly assailing such new rules as a $600 bond requirement for [illegible] seeking jury trial in a civil case. This week, with their suit still in the [illegible] of litigation, the lawyers scored an out-of-court triumph—they engineered the defeat of the one Supreme Court [illegible] who had the bad luck to be up for election this year.

Mild-mannered Justice Harry Arend, 61, a veteran of 30 years in Alaskan law, had no opponent on the ballot; all he needed was a single

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

of the total vote to win a ten-year
. Instead, both Republican and
ocratic lawyers blasted Arend
s the state, decried the court's jury
rule, its 3% share in child-support
ents and its upholding of the recent
ction of two Seward schoolteachers
"immoral conduct" of trying to
the school board and superintend-
The lawyers not only captivated
eachers, but they won over
other Alaskan voters to kick
Arend off the bench. Now the
or will have to appoint a new
. Meanwhile, the bar has only two
nts on the bench to go.

ONSTITUTIONAL LAW

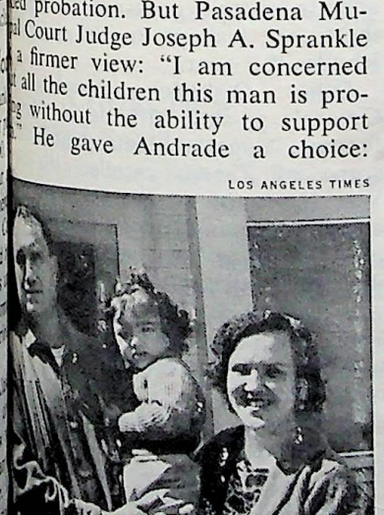
Difficulties of
ng Desterilized

sterilization a legal alternative to
Can a court require such an opera-
or a man convicted of nonsupport
s children? And if the man is co-
into submitting to the operation
st his will, what if he later wants
children?

ch are the questions facing the Cal-
a Supreme Court in the case of
el Vega Andrade, 44, a Mexican-
ican whose troubles began when
jured his back, lost his job, and
separated from his wife. Andrade
arly paid $120 out of his $200-a-
h medical compensation to help
ort his four minor children. After
years, Andrade's compensation
d. Since then, he has been basical-
pported by his common-law wife,
Martello, by whom he has a
-year-old daughter.

ding Taxpayers. Shortly before di-
ng him last fall, Andrade's first
charged him with nonsupport. He
ed guilty, and the county recom-
ed probation. But Pasadena Mu-
al Court Judge Joseph A. Sprankle
a firmer view: "I am concerned
t all the children this man is pro-
g without the ability to support
." He gave Andrade a choice:

LOS ANGELES TIMES



PETITIONER ANDRADE & SECOND FAMILY
A plea for fatherhood.

marriage to Elma Martello and sterilization by vasectomy*—or jail.

Andrade reluctantly chose sterile marriage. He got a job washing dishes and resumed payments to his ex-wife. Now he wants more children by his new wife, and he seeks to have the vasectomy undone—a feat successful in only about 50% of such cases. No one is more surprised than Judge Sprankle, who says he has "counseled" vasectomy in several hundred nonsupport cases. Andrade, who is the first to have complained, has roused a legal fuss without precedent in California.

Constitutional Caution. Until recently, eugenic sterilization of misfits was accepted as a social benefit that did not violate the Constitution's ban on cruel and unusual punishment. Speaking for the Supreme Court in the 1927 case of *Buck* v. *Bell*, Mr. Justice Holmes upheld Virginia's sterilization of mental defectives with the classic statement, "Three generations of imbeciles are enough." But scientists now consider many human defects to be as much a product of environment as of heredity. Compulsory sterilization of so-called congenital misfits is thus legally as well as medically debatable. Although 26 states permit such sterilization, they are so cautious in carrying it out that last year's U.S. total was only 467.

Andrade's lawyer, Phill Silver, has petitioned the California Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that California law permits only county superior courts to order sterilization, and only for two classes of persons—rapists of young children and state-confined sex degenerates. To Lawyer Silver, at least, a California municipal court judge has no right whatever to place fathers unable to support young children in the same category. Procedure that seemed perfectly proper to Justice Holmes in the '20s, Silver argues, is cruel and unusual punishment in the '60s.

Profane Comedy

In an age of almost complete frankness in plays, novels and movies, the question of where language becomes illegal obscenity continues to plague the courts. Groping for an answer, Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black argues that any ban on obscenity threatens free speech. Unwilling to go that far, his brethren have vaguely drawn the line at that which offends "contemporary community standards" and appeals mainly to "prurient interest."

Last week a three-judge Manhattan criminal court applied that test to Comedian Lenny Bruce, a nightclub social satirist who deliberately dips his wit in scatology. A two-judge majority found Bruce guilty of using words "patently offensive to the average person."

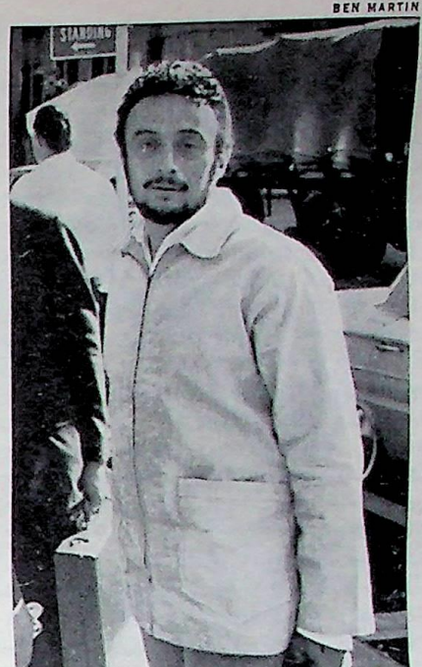
The judges broadened their definition by remarking that Bruce's language "clearly debased sex and insulted it." This very un-Victorian and quite contemporary observation points up the fact that much sexual humor in today's novels and plays is based on homosexuality, perversion and nonconsummation. In his nightclub act, Bruce used unscrubbed words that are common gutter patois for incest, sodomy and excrement. His words would hardly shock Army veterans, let alone Chaucer readers. But the two-judge majority found him guilty under a New York State law which forbids any "obscene, indecent, immoral or impure" public performances.

The dissenting judge argued that "a total absence of any guideposts" has mired the community-standards test in "judicial subjectivity"; that it forces judges to exercise the powers of "superlegislators, or indeed, of absolute monarchs." He suggested that the New York obscenity law is unconstitutional, and grandly advised that the whole question of defining obscenity should be left to "a federal constitutional convention." Meanwhile, unless a higher court reverses his conviction, Bruce faces three years in jail.

• • •

In a U.S. appellate court in Philadelphia last week, other judges had their say about obscenity as they upheld a five-year federal rap and $42,000 fine against Ralph Ginsburg, publisher of the leering (now defunct) quarterly *Eros*, whom a lower court had convicted on 28 counts of mailing obscenity. *Eros*, ruled the appellate court, was "an operation on the part of experts in the shoddy business of pandering to, and exploiting for money, one of the great weaknesses of human beings."

BEN MARTIN



COMEDIAN BRUCE
An insult to sex.

* A relatively simple operation in which a piece is cut out of the *vas deferens*, the duct through which male spermatozoa flow from the testes. It causes no change in the physiology of the sex act, merely ensuring that there is no sperm in the male ejaculation.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PRESBYTERIANS

Dr. Wednesday

One way to make a Sunday sermon attractive is to deliver it on Wednesday. In big cities, midday in midweek finds thousands of office workers hungering in the spirit as much as in the body. The foremost respondent to this need is St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church in downtown Sydney, Australia, filled every Wednesday noon to its 1,000-seat capacity, while an overflow crowd of 300 or more watches from an adjoining hall on closed-circuit television. All have come to hear the "Wednesday tonics" of the Rev. Gordon Powell, 53.

Take a Deep Breath. Powell started preaching Wednesdays in St. Stephen's twelve years ago, at the suggestion of a secretary from a nearby government office. Within a year, attendance at the yellowing sandstone church more than trebled, while collection-plate revenue soared from $6,750 a year to $2,250 a week. The services are also broadcast on 21 radio stations, reaching hundreds of thousands of Australians. Last week a record crowd was on hand at the church as Australian Runner Betty Cuthbert and Yachtsman Bill Northam placed their Olympic gold medals on a table before St. Stephen's pulpit, in Powell's version of a ceremony observed by ancient Olympic heroes, who placed their wreaths of victory on altars dedicated to the gods.

A dentist's son who was an air force chaplain in wartime, Powell served churches in Scotland and Port Adelaide before his call to St. Stephen's in 1952. No fire breather, he begins his 25-minute sermon by telling a few mild, clerical jokes and asking the congregation to take a deep, tension-easing breath: "Relax—give yourself over to God." Like Norman Vincent Peale, he spends more time analyzing modern ills than expounding theology; his chatty sermons are lightened by references to such contemporary phenomena as booing cricket umpires, which he deplores, and cosmetics, which he endorses ("God made women beautiful, and they should develop this talent"). When he recently took his text from the Sermon on the Mount—"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth"—Powell turned it into a homily on how to live with an inferiority complex.

Free Sundays. "Dr. Wednesday," as Powell is called, estimates that only about a fourth of his listeners are Presbyterians, takes pride in the fact that six denominations are represented in his 80-voice volunteer choir. Some worshipers admittedly go to St. Stephen's, as one girl explained to Powell, in order to "get church over in half an hour on Wednesday, and then have all Sunday free." Most Wednesday regulars are devout Christians who loyally attend their neighborhood churches on Sunday, but find at St. Stephen's a spiritual pickup available nowhere else. "I've got a large number of Anglicans at my Wednesday services," says Powell, who gets along fine with other pastors, and has never been accused of congregation stealing. "The Anglican archbishop knows that I'm not taking them away from any of his services."

DAVID MILLER

POWELL (RIGHT) & OLYMPIANS CUTHBERT & NORTHAM AT MEDAL CEREMONY
"Relax—give yourself over to God."

ORTHODOXY

Rhodes to Rome

As the burning Aegean sun climbed toward high noon, fishermen on Rhodes eyed the last of the bevy of bikini-clad tourists from Germany and Sweden stretching languidly on the island's white sands. Inside Rhodes's ancient, icon-laden cathedral, where the air was dusky with incense, a choir chanted the solemn hymns of the Byzantine Divine Liturgy, concelebrated by 14 bishops. Thus began the historic conference of the world's 14 Orthodox churches to take place in the past four years.

Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras of Constantinople, "first among equals" of the Orthodox prelates, proposed the conference, but, following tradition, neither he nor the other major patriarchs were present. Chairing the secret opening sessions for Athenagoras was his deputy, Metropolitan Meliton of Heliopolis, perhaps the most influential man present was Metropolitan Nikodim of Leningrad, the chief diplomat-bishop of the world's largest Orthodox body, the Patriarchate of Moscow.

Influence & Pressure. The major topic of the conference was the touchiest issue that now faces Orthodoxy: how to initiate and carry on the theological dialogue with Rome that Athenagoras and Pope Paul VI agreed to when they met in Jerusalem last January. Merely putting the subject on the agenda forced the Orthodox Church of Greece to boycott last year's Rhodes meeting, partly because the Greek bishops are fearful of Rome's power and partly because Athens' Metropolitan Chrysostomos is jealous of Athenagoras' growing influence in Orthodoxy. Strong pressure from some progressive metropolitans and from the government persuaded the Greek bishops to send delegates to Rhodes this year.

Other Orthodox churches shared Greece's go-slow attitude. At the conference, Yugoslav Metropolitan Dionisije scene of Zagreb recalled the World War II enmity of the Orthodox Serbs and the Roman Catholic Croats. Metropolitan Alexander of Emesse insisted that the Patriarchate of Antioch was worried that the Vatican Council would approve a declaration on anti-Semitism which the Arabs see as an implied German recognition of Israel. Meanwhile, Athenagoras and his deputies hoped to consider the views of the World Council of Churches—all but three of the Orthodox bodies belong—which might that serious negotiations with Rome would not lessen Orthodox interest in ecumenical talks with Protestants.

Words of Love & Peace. During the first days of discussion, the delegates disagreed on the timing of the meeting. Athenagoras and the patriarchs of Antioch, Alexandria and Jerusalem wanted the conference to set a definite time and place, as soon as possible. The Russians, on the other hand, want to wait

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TREVIZAKIS

METROPOLITAN MELITON
From distrust to dialogue.

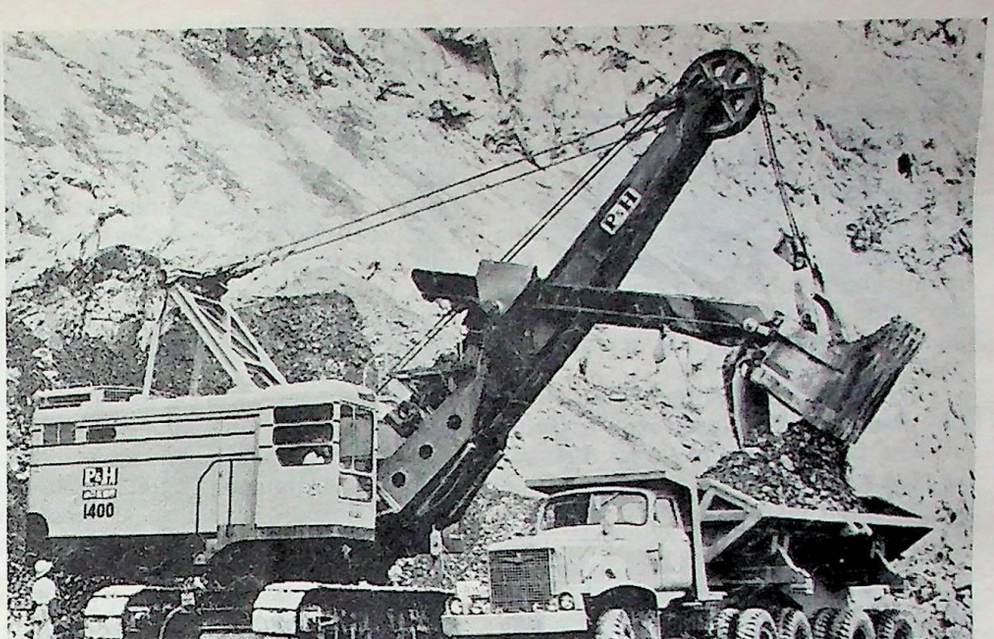
Vatican Council is over. All the
ches agree that one condition for
ialogue is acceptance by Rome of
Orthodox as equal partners, not as
matics petitioning for a return to
fold. The delegates also agreed
imously to form a committee of
tes who would inform the Pope of
conference's proposed ground rules
e discussion.

e sign of the delegates' openness
their warm response to a greeting
the Pope, who had prayed that
Holy Spirit would guide their delib-
ons and reminded them of the ven-
on for Mary that both churches
in common. "We sincerely appreci-
e words of love and peace," the
gates replied in French. "We are
wing the road of the Lord's com-
ments in the expectation of per-
ng the will of our Lord Jesus Christ
s church."

CHURCHES

ers: Big & Small

hat to give the church is solely up
e individual conscience—but what
body else is giving does have a
ain guideline interest. Last week the
onal Council of Churches reported
latest averages (for 1963) of Prot-
nt bodies. As usual, members of the
Holiness sects proved most zealous
pport of their churches: the 53,601
e Methodists led the nation, with an
rage of $358.17 each, and the 30,-
communicants of the Pilgrim Holi-
Church gave $264.20. Among ma-
church groups, the 937,558 South-
Presbyterians averaged $109.46,
owed by the Lutheran Church-Mis-
ri Synod with $102.26 and the Unit-
Presbyterians with $90.46. The low-
per-capita donations were reported
the nation's two largest Protestant
ies: Methodists averaged $59.60 in
ths. Southern Baptists, $53.49. Total
r $2,858,600,845, up $58 million
m the year before.



P&H Shovel for Top Profit in Heavy Digging

KOBE STEEL WORKS, LTD.

Established 1905

KOBE, JAPAN Cable "KOBESTEEL KOBE"
TOKYO OFFICE Cable "KOBESTEEL TOKYO"

MAIN PRODUCTS: CIVIL ENGINEERING & CEMENT MACHINERY · CHEMICAL MACHINERY · OTHER GENERAL INDUSTRIAL MACHINERY · STEEL WIRE RODS · STEEL BARS & SHAPES · STEEL PIPES & TUBES · ARC WELDING ELECTRODES · STEEL CASTINGS & FORGINGS · LIGHT METAL ALLOY CASTINGS & FORGINGS · TITANIUM PRODUCTS · NON-FERROUS METALS · SMALL TOOLS

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o People's Stores Corp. (Ava House), 232 Sule Pagoda Road, Rangoon.

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$ 400; 3 yrs, NT$ 800; 5 yrs, NT$ 1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S. $11.25; 3 yrs, U.S. $22.50; 5 yrs, U.S. $33.75), TIME International, 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam 18, Netherlands.

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Henry Luce III, Arthur Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. C. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

FOOTBALL

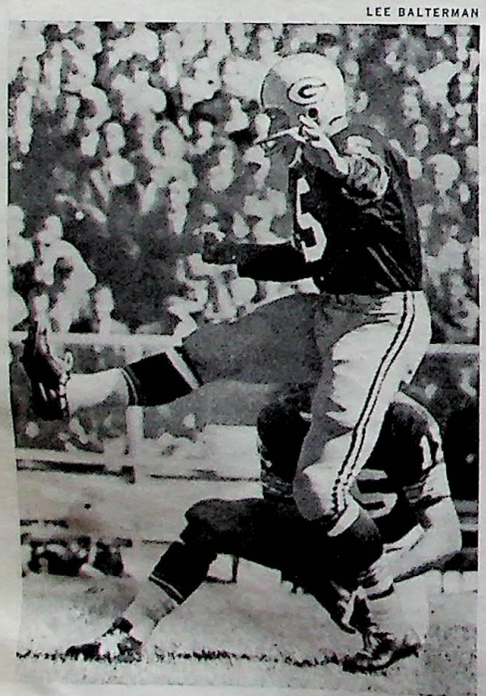
Points for Perfection

The game has changed a lot since the days when a field goal was worth five points and a touchdown only two. But the name is still football—as the folks in Green Bay, Wis., are learning, to their everlasting surprise.

Green Bay is the home of the Green Bay Packers, heavy preseason favorites to win their ninth National Football League championship. It is the home, too, of Paul ("Golden Boy") Hornung, 28, who set an N.F.L. record in 1960 by scoring 176 points—86 of them with his toe. But this year the gold has turned to brass. The first time the Packers played the Baltimore Colts, Hornung missed an extra point and Green Bay lost, 21-20. Next time he missed five field goals in a row and the Packers lost again, 24-21. Two weeks ago he tried another field goal against the Los Angeles Rams. The Rams blocked it; Safety Man Bobby Smith scooped up the loose ball, scampered 94 yds. for a touchdown, and the Rams won, 27-17.

Toeless & Barefoot. In the pros, extra points and short field goals are supposed to be automatic. Not this season. Don Chandler of the New York Giants was the N.F.L.'s top scorer in 1963 with 106 points; this year he has missed two extra points and eight out of 15 field goal attempts. Things are no better in the American Football League. After they barely edged Houston, 20-17, missing three field goals in the process, the A.F.L. Champion San Diego Chargers started looking around for a new place kicker. And whom did they come up with? Ben Agajanian, 45, a toeless wonder (he lost four toes on his kicking foot in an elevator accident) who had bounced around 14 pro teams before retiring for the third time last year. Last week old Ben kicked a field goal and four extra points as the Chargers beat Oakland, 31-17, then flew off to Green Bay to moonlight as a doctor for Hornung's ailing toe.

LEE BALTERMAN



GREEN BAY'S HORNUNG
Unimpressive.

The most exciting kicker of the year does everything wrong too—but makes it work right. A Hungarian refugee who boots the ball soccer-style—off the instep of his right foot—Pete Gogolak of the Buffalo Bills has hit on 31 out of 32 extra points, 11 out of 18 field goals. He insists that he gets "more distance, more power, more accuracy," and he may signal a whole new fad in kicking. Princeton and Maryland have soccer kickers too, and Coach Duffy Daugherty at Michigan State has imported a barefoot kicker from Hawaii named Dick Kenney. Kenney kicks the ball off the end of his bare toes. "I can tell if it's good by the way the shock goes up my leg," he says. He tied a Michigan State record by booting a 49-yd. field goal against Southern California. Says Daugherty: "We've got an electric sock for Kenney when the weather gets cold. If he makes the field goal, he gets to put his foot back into the sock. If he misses, we'll make him stick it in a snow bank."

Laces Front, Head Down. Such newfangled notions do not impress an old pro like Cleveland's Lou ("The Toe") Groza, the dean of place kickers and top point scorer (with 1,404) in football history. At 40, Groza cuts a comical figure as he waddles onto the field —belly hanging over the waist of his practically padless pants. But the players don't snicker. A proud perfectionist who boots 30 or more field goals a day in practice, Groza hit on 15 out of 23 field goals last year.

"Timing is the key," says Groza. "I put the ball into the air exactly 1.3 seconds after the center snaps the ball. If we take 1.5 seconds, chances are the ball will be blocked." That is only part of it. Agajanian, for instance, wants the ball placed precisely 7 yds. behind the line of scrimmage; 6 yds. and a big lineman can reach up to block it, 8 yds. and the ends have an extra split second to reach the kicker. Groza insists that the center spiral the ball back so the holder receives it with the laces pointing away from the kicker. "Kicking into the laces cuts your distance," he explains. The instant the ball is snapped, Groza starts forward, lands on his left foot exactly 5 in. behind the ball, locks his right ankle and knee into a rigid position, keeps his head down—and thump! Arnie Palmer should have a wedge shot like that.

Because the kicking specialist plays only a few minutes a game, shudders at thoughts of bodily contact ("They used to laugh when I'd kick and [illegible] the bench," says Agajanian), [illegible] practically no limit to how long [illegible] collect his tidy $15,000 or so each [illegible] Besides, there is no great rush of [illegible] youngsters panting after the [illegible] job. "Nobody learns how any [illegible] says Groza. "The trouble is [illegible] body has to hold the ball for [illegible] and what kid wants to hold [illegible] for somebody else?"

PRIZEFIGHTING

Playing Grownups

One thing about Cassius Cl[illegible] somebody new every time [illegible] First he was the man-child, the [illegible] chatterbox who dabbled in verse, [illegible] the girls ("foxes," he called them) [illegible] around in a tomato-red Cadillac, [illegible] made everybody laugh when he [illegible] nounced that he was going to [illegible] heavyweight champion of the [illegible] Next he was the sneering champ [illegible] Miami last February hooting [illegible] crites! Whaddya say now, huh? [illegible] the greatest now?" And then he [illegible] mysterious Black Muslim, Muhammad Ali, visiting the United Nations, [illegible] ing Africa, huddling with Nkrumah [illegible] Ghana.

What next?

Goodbye Foxes. Last week C[illegible] was in Boston training for his N[illegible] rematch with ex-Champion Sonny [illegible] ton. The tomato-red Caddy was [illegible] replaced by a block-long black [illegible] sine and a Muslim chauffeur who [illegible] a fuzzy fur hat. Gone, too, were [illegible] foxes—Clay is a married man [illegible] and most of the 25 extra pounds he [illegible] put on this summer. This time C[illegible] was every inch the grownup pro [illegible] fighter, determined to prove that [illegible] happened last time was no mistake. [illegible] rock-hard 215 lbs. ("I'll be down [illegible]

CLEVELAND'S GROZA
Unimpressed.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

FRED KAPLAN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

CASSIUS, WIFE & CHAUFFEUR

SONNY & SPARMATE

The week before Christmas.

fight time"), he was running four miles a day (one of them backward), boxing as many as nine rounds in an afternoon, studying movies of Liston in action, hitting the hay precisely at 9 each night.

Only now and then were there flashes of the old fun and games. He was thinking, he said, about going into business—manufacturing "Sonny Liston Sit-Down Stools." He hinted at a sinister plot to cheat him out of his title. "All I want is justice," he said. "I'll have 15 people flown in from the U.N. to observe the fight." He promised to wear his championship belt into the ring, "and if I lose, I'll give it to him right there." He guaranteed a knockout, briefly reverted to verse to name the round:

Nine will be fine
If he makes me sore, I'll cut it to four.

Hello Sonny. All of which helped typo the gate and make Sonny Liston mad. One after another, would-be sparmates showed up at the Liston camp, figuring to pick up an easy $250 a week waltzing with the challenger. One after another, Liston packed them off to the hospital—one with badly bruised ribs, another with a cut that took eight stitches to close. "No more of this ain't gonna happen to me," muttered Alonzo Johnson, the seventh to quit. The hero of the hour was a pug named "Big Train" Lincoln, who managed to absorb 35 rounds of punishment before he spat out a tooth and sighed: "This is a hell of a way to make a living."

Trimmed down to svelte 210 lbs. (8 lbs. less than he weighed for the fight in Miami), Liston was in the best shape of his career—the toughest-looking 40-year-old (or so) around. "A kid hangs up his stocking at Christmas," said Liston, "and he has to wait until he wakes up in the morning to see what he got. Clay is like that kid. He'll know what happened when he wakes up." Bookmakers agreed: they installed Liston as a 1-2 favorite to become the second man in history (the other: Floyd Patterson) to regain the heavyweight championship.

SCOREBOARD

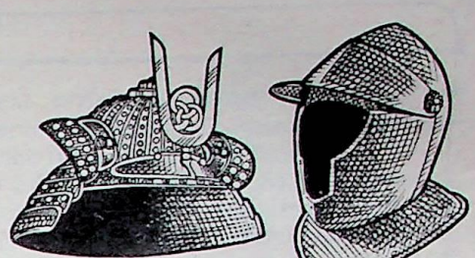
Who Won

▶ Baltimore's Hank Bauer, 42: the Associated Press poll for American League Manager of the Year. Bauer's Birds were figured as also-rans by the experts, but their granite-chunk skipper (TIME cover, Sept. 11) kept them in first place for most of the season before they finally fluttered back to third—thus earning himself 53 out of the 83 ballots cast by sportswriters.

▶ Jack Nicklaus: the Australian Open Golf Championship, with a sizzling five-under-par 67 in an 18-hole playoff against Aussie Pro Bruce Devlin. The money was measly ($1,787), but it was Jack's first win in three trips Down Under, and the first U.S. victory in the Open since Gene Sarazen won it in 1936.

▶ Penn State: the season's biggest football upset, roaring over, under, around and through second-ranked Ohio State 27-0. Only 3-4 on the season, Coach Rip Engle's Nittany Lions suddenly found their claws, held Ohio State to minus 14 yds. in the first half and five first downs all afternoon, while administering the Buckeyes' first goose egg in 45 games. Unbeaten Notre Dame hung on to its No. 1 ranking by standing off a second-half drive by inspired Pitt to win 17-15. Other scores:

Michigan State 21	Purdue 7
Maryland 27	Navy 22
Michigan 21	Illinois 6
Syracuse 27	Army 15



WHAT JAPANESE BANK IS OLDER THAN THE BANK OF ENGLAND?

The 281-year old Mitsui Bank.

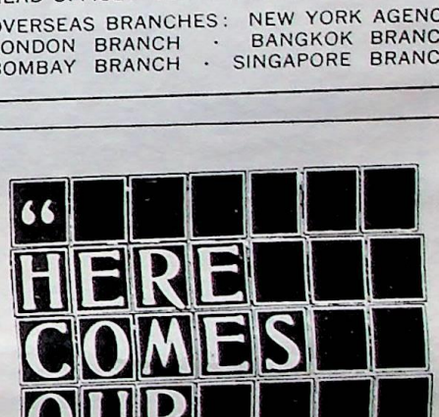
The first Mitsui Exchange House was founded in 1683. From it has grown a vast complex of industries, embracing every aspect of modern business life.

Because the Mitsui Bank still occupies a central position in this great business group, it can be of special help to you in your dealings with Japan.

We are experts in foreign trade and exchange. We are modern, fast, and conscientious. You'll find our branches or correspondent banks in every major city of the world.

THE MITSUI BANK, LTD.

HEAD OFFICE: YURAKU-CHO, TOKYO, JAPAN
OVERSEAS BRANCHES: NEW YORK AGENCY
LONDON BRANCH · BANGKOK BRANCH
BOMBAY BRANCH · SINGAPORE BRANCH

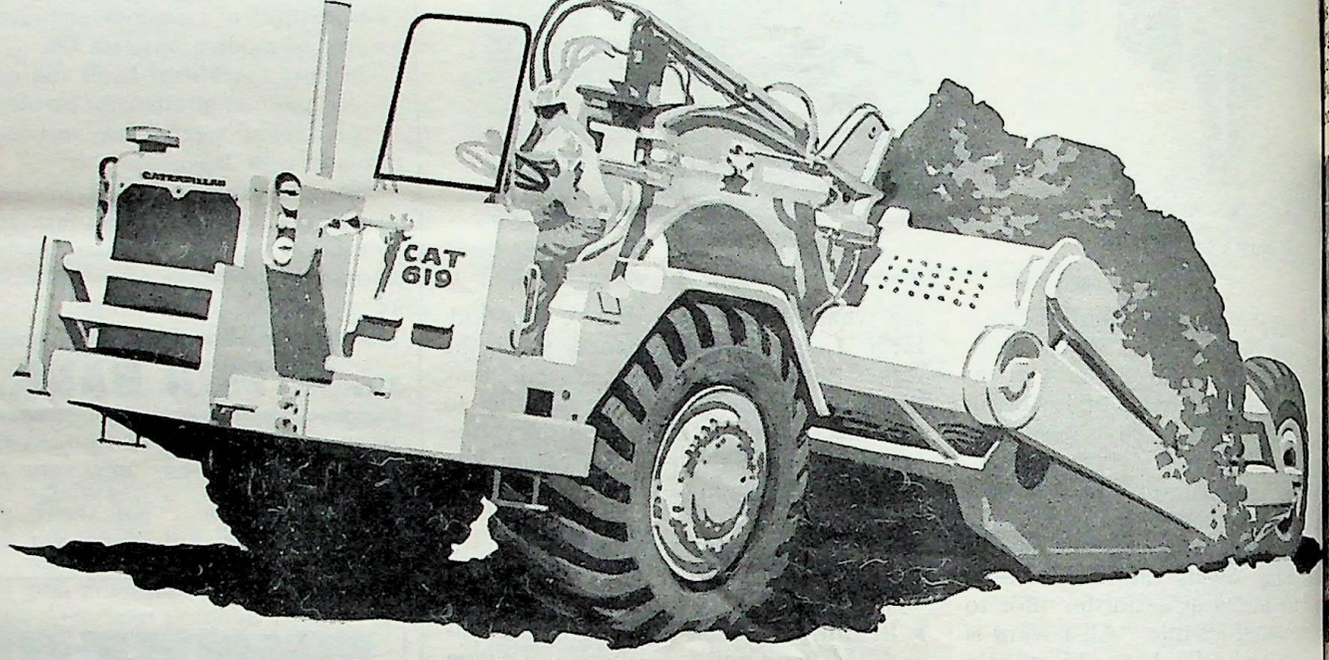


These words were once spoken of France's Jean Anouilh by a director of acknowledged ability—and doubtful foresight. TIME quoted him in a searching article on the playwright. Just such commentary gives TIME's features on famous people authenticity and bite. It's in evidence throughout the wide ranging Show Business section, which gleans theatrical news from every corner of the world. Small wonder millions of families around the world read TIME. It keeps them up-to-date on the very business there's no business like.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

When you compare Tractor-Scrapers



Caterpillar Quality has so much more to offer

In earthmoving Quality is a measurable asset, one that means more work at less cost. It can be calculated in the seconds it takes a Caterpillar Tractor-Scraper to load . . . in the speed of its return for a fresh load . . . in the thousands of hours it works with a minimum of servicing stoppages. One such quality-built machine is the 250 H.P. (flywheel) Caterpillar 619C. The 619C is economical for the smaller jobs and fast enough for the larger projects. Study the features of this fast, productive machine—Cat power shift transmission to match conditions; top speed 31 MPH; 18 cu. yd. heaped capacity; easy maintenance and servicing; unequalled operator comfort. Features like these coupled to Caterpillar Quality give owners the highest production, greatest reliability and lowest operating costs. *There are 10 Tractor-Scrapers in the Caterpillar range with capacities from 18 to 54 years heaped. Flywheel horsepower ranges from 250 to 785 H.P.* When your plans include Tractor-Scrapers it pays to see your local Caterpillar dealer first.

CATERPILLAR

Caterpillar and Cat are Registered Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

GOVERNMENT

The Outside Insiders

Now that Lyndon Johnson has won the Presidency in his own right, U.S. businessmen—many of whom supported him—will watch closely to see what kind of economic policy he will pursue. Johnson faces the complicated problem of keeping the economy expanding and prices relatively stable while simultaneously trying to solve persistent unemployment, budget deficits and payments imbalances. Some clues to his future course can be found in the large group of private, non-Government economists he has been calling on for advice. Already at work on many economic projects for Johnson, these men versity of Wisconsin with Heller, landed his first Government job (in the Treasury) through Heller after World War II, now frequently discusses the economy with the CEA chief. Specializing at the moment in federal-state relations, Pechman this week will hand to the President a lengthy report that recommends methods for channeling a portion of federal tax revenues back to the states. "Johnson and his aides seek advice and know how to use it," says Pechman. "They have turned to consultants because they find it increasingly difficult to attract men to Government jobs."

Pechman shares honors in influence with Paul Samuelson, 49, M.I.T.'s globe-hopping author of a bestselling university economics text and a close adviser rent review of excise taxes. He has served on economic missions to countries from Burma to Germany.

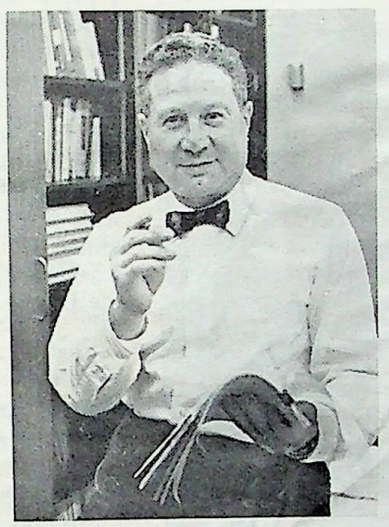
▶ Edward Bernstein, 63, an international-money-policy expert who edits an economic newsletter (subscription price: $1,000 a year) widely read in the Federal Reserve System. This week Bernstein will hand in to the White House a report on how to improve balance of payments statistics so that the Government can better analyze them.

▶ Robert Lampman, 44, of the University of Wisconsin, the major economic adviser on the President's anti-poverty program. He favors greater federal tax rebates for lower-income families.

▶ James Tobin, 46, former member of the President's Council of Economic

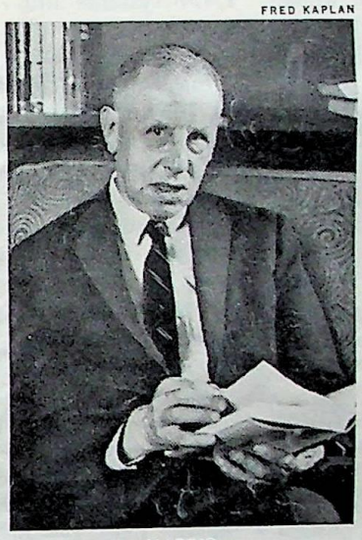
WILL RAPPORT

SAMUELSON



PECHMAN

FRED KAPLAN



HARRIS

WALTER BENNETT

BERNSTEIN

A fraternity linked by bonds of philosophy and service.

n generally be expected to make their fluence felt in favor of higher spend-g, lower taxes, planned deficits and sy credit.

The activities of these advisers are ore or less coordinated through the esident's Council of Economic Advis-s, but they range far beyond the usual ope of the CEA. Walter Heller, au-or of the tax cut and the most influen-al chairman in the CEA's history, is pected to resign soon and return to e University of Minnesota, though the esident is eager to keep him on. Hel-r's replacement could well be Michi-n's Gardner Ackley, 49, a somewhat sister but equally activist CEA mem-r. Whoever heads the CEA, the band outside economic advisers is certain be used increasingly by the Adminis-ration. Spread from coast to coast, this aternity is linked by bonds of friend-hip, philosophy and years of service to-ether in universities and Government. Two probably rank above the rest on the influence chart. One is Joseph Pech-an, 46, the short, greying economist at the Brookings Institution, who im-portantly shaped the form of the tax cut and now is lobbying for a reduction in excise taxes. Pechman went to the Uni-to Johnson—as he had been to Kennedy. Samuelson was a moving force behind the decision to tax purchases of foreign securities, and was asked by Johnson to critically appraise details of the 1965 budget before top Government aides knew of them. At Johnson's behest, he will soon suggest an overall, long-range approach to economic policy designed to further stretch out recovery periods. He believes that "the Government doesn't usurp the role of the private economy but rather helps it to reach its potential."

Among the others who have become regular advisers to the Administration:

▶ Seymour Harris, 67, who has sought the sun at the University of California at San Diego after four decades at Harvard, now jets to Washington for about five days a month to give his advice. He has mobilized 25 top economists to brief Douglas Dillon and his Treasury officials, argues that "completely free enterprise doesn't work—it needs Government help to protect it from abuses and excesses."

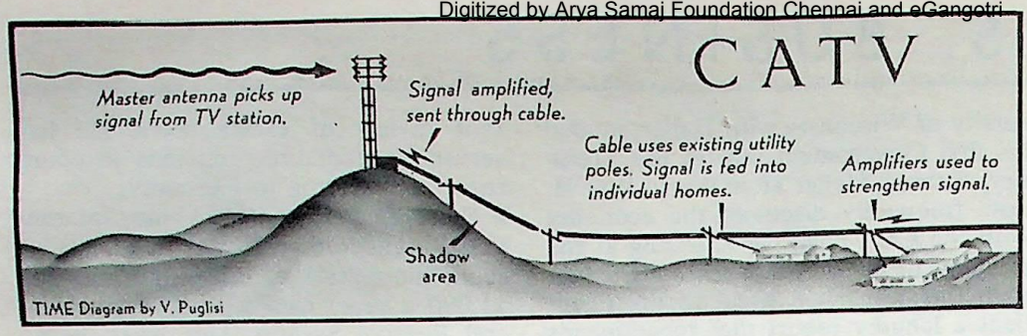
▶ Richard Musgrave, 54, one of Harris' monthly consulting group, a Princeton professor who is making a major contribution to the Government's cur-Advisers, a prime Government consultant from his post at Yale. Among his specialties: consumer behavior and balance of payments. Another Yaleman is Arthur Okun, 35, a former CEA staffer who has helped to form the Government's tax policy.

▶ A Harvard group, which includes Carl Kaysen, Alvin Hansen, Arthur Smithies, and James Duesenberry. A noneconomist, Don K. Price, dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Public Administration and a former Tennessee newspaperman who became a Rhodes Scholar, is a top consultant to the Budget Bureau. Though John Kenneth Galbraith recently saw the President, he is generally less affluent nowadays in terms of influence in Washington.

Economic issues are becoming so complex, and economic statistics so overwhelmingly complete, that no Government agency feels that it has enough expertise to deal with them. The Budget Bureau, for example, needs a 33-page booklet simply to list its consultants. Many Government officials take the position that the outside economists, not bound up with existing policies, are apt to be more critical and accurate than the men who are.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



LABOR

There They Go Again

The United Auto Workers do not seem to know when to stop. Having cowed Chrysler into submission, struck American Motors and General Motors, and won from Detroit's Big Four the biggest wage and benefit settlement in history, it might reasonably be presumed to be satisfied. Yet last week, while the last workers were returning to G.M. after a 31-day strike that cut October auto sales 27%, U.A.W. workers at Ford launched their own strike. Ford and the union reached a strike-free national settlement in September, but have been quibbling ever since over local nonwage issues. When the deadline set by the union arrived, 27,000 workers marched out at nine Ford manufacturing and assembly plants, and the threat of a strike hung over two other plants that were operating without contracts.

In the niggling that has been typical of auto negotiations this year, bargaining broke down over the fine print in the contract—seniority rights, job assignments, paid wash-up time, added protective clothing. The primary sticking point was overtime schedules; the union demanded that they be equalized and that workers not getting their fair share of overtime during a certain period should be paid the equivalent amount in cash even if they had not worked any overtime. Ford would have none of this, and the strike was on. It immediately cut Ford's passenger car production by 16%, its truck output by 34%. Its continuance not only would threaten the industry's fond hopes to run up another record auto year, but could trigger the dampening reaction in the economy that economists have been fearing since the beginning of the labor negotiations—which have certainly turned out to be more difficult and unpleasant than anyone could have expected.

INDUSTRY

The Big Wire

The weakest thing about the prospering U.S. television industry is its broadcast signals. Blocked by mountains, bothered by airplanes, bounced by hills and high buildings, they generate only ghosts on TV screens in many parts of the nation. To remedy this bothersome situation, a controversial industry has grown up across the U.S. Called CATV (for Community Antenna Television), or cable TV, it banishes ghosts and vastly increases TV reception by grabbing the signals of TV stations out of the air with towering antennas, amplifying the signals and piping them into homes by coaxial cables strung on telephone or utility poles. Serving mostly outlying areas, cable TV has grown into a $750 million business that includes 1,450 systems and 1.6 million subscribers spread over all states except Alaska and Rhode Island.

Inevitable Control. More companies are set up every month to bring CATV to more communities, most of them operating on local franchises that give them exclusive rights to a certain area. The biggest CATV company is H & B American Corp. of Los Angeles, which owns 30 scattered systems serving 80,000 subscribers; it is followed by TelePrompTer Corp. of New York, whose 16 networks serve 60,000 customers. Their success in the field has already attracted several major corporations: CBS, Warner Bros. and RKO General all own CATV systems, and General Electric and Litton Industries are studying the field. Of the 522 television stations in the U.S., fully half have some interest in cable TV, among them Lady Bird Johnson's KTBC in Austin, Texas. So fast has cable television grown that the inevitable is happening: the new Congress will soon get legislation aimed at putting the industry under federal control.

The Government thus far supervises only the 250 cable TV companies that are classed as common carriers because they use microwave equipment to pick up and transmit programs. Most companies use ordinary towers that require only a local franchise. Organized for as little as $250,000, CATV companies charge installation fees of $5.50 to $30, offer viewers excellent reception of up to a dozen channels for monthly rentals that average $5. The systems operate with a minimum of personnel and 98% efficiency, are expected to return investment within nine years.

From Towns to Towers. This efficiency and profitability have involved CATV in a hot debate. Though it does not generate its own programs, for example, many people see it as a form of controversial pay TV, which last week got a setback in California (*see* SHOW BUSINESS). Networks have mixed feelings about CATV, but TV stations resent its frequent disruption of local markets with outside channels. Cumberland, Md.'s Potomac Valley TV provides five Washington channels to its 18,000 subscribers, and Pa... Valley TV in Lansford, Pa., a ... industry pioneer, picks up New Y... and Philadelphia as well as Scra... TelePrompTer plans a Farming... N. Mex., system that will use twelve ... crowave relays to bring in Los Ange... 800 miles away. Cable TV's profitab... also upsets the telephone compa... which rent the poles for CATV ... at modest costs. The onetime $1... charge per pole has risen to $... Southern Bell recently announced ... it would limit new CATV service ... in some instances is willing to lea... own equipment for CATV.

With rural areas pretty well cov... CATV companies are now turning ... the cities. To overcome skyscra... ghost effects and provide the strong ... ception that good color TV requ... TelePrompTer has filed an applic... for a franchise to equip any of 625 ... Manhattan households with cable ... ception. If the idea succeeds in ... York, it may spread to other cities. ... deed, cable TV companies optimis... ly foresee a system in which telev... will no longer depend on broad... alone, but will be sent over a m... wave-wire combination everywhe... the U.S.

INVESTMENT

Many Happy Returns

The world's biggest manufacture... more owners than Baltimore or H... ton has people, and last week ... 1,150,000 investors had good reas... rejoice. General Motors Corp., rep... ing record nine-month profits of $... billion on alltime sales of $13 b... voted a year-end extra dividend of $...

G.M.'S MOTT
The good sense to get in early

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...are. With higher dividends for the first three quarters, that will raise G.M.'s big payoff from $4 a share last year to $4.45 this year, and give some 250,000 shareholders enough for a down payment on a new Chevy or even a '65 Cadillac. While G.M.'s calculated munificence will reverberate throughout the economy, the biggest individual beneficiaries will be five elderly men who had the good sense to become the largest shareholders in the firm. All but two of them got in very early, when both the company and U.S. income taxes were modest.

Profitable Sellout. The largest dividend goes to the legendary Alfred P. Sloan Jr., 89, who merged his small New Jersey roller-bearing plant into G.M. in 1916, later became its chief executive and brought order to its chaotic divisions. Today he is a vigorous member of G.M.'s finance committee and has 688,046 shares, which will yield him $3.1 million this year. Close behind, with 645,176 shares, is John Lee Pratt, 84, who came to the company from Du Pont in 1919 and rose to become a G.M. vice president. Now a retired Virginia farmer who shuns publicity, Pratt so successfully keeps out of public view that he is not even listed in *Who's Who*.

The only member of the big five who bought into G.M. in recent times is Richard King Mellon, 65, Pittsburgh's leading banker, urban renewer, celebrated big-game hunter and U.S. Army lieutenant general (ret.). A G.M. director, Mellon owns 240,000 shares, most of which he bought when he diversified the family's investments shortly after World War II. Next to him, with 155,-000 shares that stem from his family's role of one of Canada's biggest auto manufacturing firms to G.M. in 1918, is R. (for Robert) Samuel McLaughlin of Oshawa, Ont. Though he is 93, McLaughlin still puts in several hours a day as chairman of G.M. of Canada Ltd., likes to show off his fitness by urging companions to "feel my muscle" and to punch him squarely in the stomach.

The Great Giveaway. G.M.'s fifth-ranking shareholder, Charles Stewart Mott, a spry 89, used to be its largest by far—until he gave away 1,826,421 shares to the Mott Foundation, which underwrolls just about all the cultural, social and athletic activity back home in Flint, Mich. (TIME, June 28, 1963). Not counting the 679,800 G.M. shares held in trust for his wife and children, Mott still owns 101,722 shares left over from the sale of his wheel-and-axle company to G.M. in 1906. He never misses a G.M. monthly board meeting, although he often has to fly to Manhattan from his winter estate in Bermuda. He also keeps an active hand in the management of the other properties that he endowed in the Mott Foundation, notably half a dozen water utilities and four Michigan department stores. "I prefer to be known by what I do, not by what I have," says Mott, smiling through a white mustache. So far this year, the Mott Foundation has given away $8,000,000 for children's clinics in Michigan—all of which will be covered by its 1964 G.M. dividends.

MANAGEMENT

All in the Family

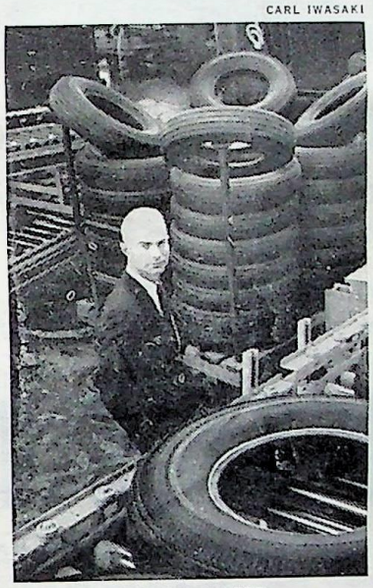
In a day when U.S. business is typified and dominated by such publicly owned giants as General Motors, profits are also pouring into the coffers of quite a different kind of company: the family-owned firm. Many big and brawny U.S. companies are still family-owned—and have no intention of sharing with outsiders their hard-earned prestige or profits. They tower in fields as varied as mining, retailing, proprietary drugs and investment banking, and turn out such well-known products as S. & H. Green Stamps, Caloric ranges, Johnson's Wax, Mennen toiletries, Ex-Lax and Old Fitzgerald—the last of which has a president with the wonderful name of "Pappy" Van Winkle.

Though their numbers have gradually declined with the spread of merger-seeking corporations, firms that have stuck to private ownerships have proved that they can compete with and outdo the Goliaths by concentrating on specialty products. San Francisco's family-owned Levi Strauss & Co., the behemoth of blue jeans, has a new wrinkle—or, rather, an unwrinkle. It has just begun worldwide marketing of hot-selling "Sta-Prest" pants, which are treated with resin, then baked in 325° ovens until they have a permanent crease. Strauss President Walter Haas Jr. is convinced that almost all clothes will eventually be so treated to make them wrinkle-free.

No Pressure, No Proxies. Like Levi Strauss, which is run by four heirs of its founder, most family-owned businesses stay that way simply because the owners want to be their own bosses. There are other advantages of family ownership, of course. The family firms have the asset of secrecy, a particular plus in the brutally competitive clothing or package-goods businesses, where products are often pirated. Relieved of shareholders' probing questions and pressures to declare dividends, family managers can reinvest all their profits or, for that matter, take a bad loss without having to worry about criticism. Says Roy Goodman, president of Brooklyn's prospering Ex-Lax Co. (500 million chocolate tablets a year): "We have flexibility in the decision-making process. We can get many things done without going through a hierarchy of management."

On the other hand, family firms have some congenital weaknesses, and Wall Street has tended to play these up in its constant importuning of such businesses to go public. Among them: the problem of signing up and holding able executives who know that the sweetest plum is often reserved for the boss's son. Perhaps the worst fate that can befall a family-owned company is to have at its head a grandpa who thinks that the old ways are still the best.

CARL IWASAKI



GATES'S GATES

BEN MARTIN

MENNEN'S MENNEN

JOYCE WILSON

LEVI STRAUSS'S HAAS

My son, the president.

Profitable Intangibles. Some clannish companies eventually sell out or merge: Q-Tips, for example, recently merged into Chesebrough-Pond's, and Breck Shampoo into American Cyanamid. A much larger number of successful and independent businesses find ingenious ways to overcome the hurdles. Charles Cassius Gates Jr., president of Denver's Gates Rubber Co., has led his company abroad and diversified it so widely that it now has both egg factories and a mutual fund. To overcome the disadvantages of nepotism, Seattle's Simpson Timber has ruled that the only job open to the owners' family is the chairmanship, which is currently held by William G. Reed, 56. Racine's wax-making S. C. Johnson & Son turned the presidency over to an outsider to give 36-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"I call **CAMPARI** *my aperitif but John insists it's THE aperitif"*

CAMPARI

OBTAINABLE IN ALL GOOD BARS, HOTELS & CLUBS ALL OVER THE WORLD

A World Leader in Telecommunications and Electronics

NEC

Nippon Electric Company Limited

P. O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

You read advertising news in these columns

So do millions of others.

If you have a product that is news...which people should be interested in, why not tell them about it here? Ask for information from... **TIME** The Weekly Newsmagazine

year-old Samuel Curtis John... chance to get further seasoning ... ecutive vice president.

Family firms often woo and ... able executives by holding out ... profit sharing, and quite a few ... found excellent managers among ... men who had the good sense to ... the bosses' daughters. There are ... valuable imponderables. "We ... consistent record of good growth," ... Mennen Co. President George ... "and family pride has something ... with it. After all, the products carry ... name." Another factor that helps ... produce good results is the feeling ... tradition, purpose and loyalty that ... vades family-owned firms. These ... tributes that big manager-run ... nies, for all their size and strength, ... a lot harder to produce.

THE ECONOMY

Ballots for Borrowing

There was a lot of money riding ... last week's elections. In the ... largest borrowing referendum in ... voters in 23 states had to decide ... proposed bond issues to raise more ... $2.9 billion for new roads, airports, ... minals, schools, parks, subways, ... walls, water and sewer mains and ... renewal. Their decision: overwhelming ... approval of well over two-thirds of ... bond issues, ranging from $1,5... for new firehouses in Omaha to ... million for schools and parks in ... ifornia. For the U.S. economy, the ... billion in new state and local borrowing ... thus voted means an added stimulus ... that will spread through many ... tries and areas.

The U.S. construction industry ... to be the biggest beneficiary of ... windfall, though the actual spending ... be sufficiently spread out so that ... sudden spurt in jobs or contracts ... likely. But thousands of other business ... are already getting a boost from ... and state expenditures, which are rising ... ing fast and have now passed the ... billion-a-year mark. While federal ... revenues have risen 42% to $8... lion a year since 1953, state and ... revenues have spiraled 134% to ... billion—frequently distressing both ... individuals and the corporations ... have to pay the tab.

Under such pressure, state legislatures are becoming somewhat reluctant to enact new tax laws, instead are turning more and more to the bond market. States, counties and cities are now borrowing about $10 billion a year through tax-exempt bonds. With the supply of investable money at an alltime high, the market has no trouble filling the demand among commercial banks and insurance companies. And the ... voters, however much they dislike ... and taxes, are usually willing to go along with bond issues to get ... they want for their communities, especially since that way, the ... reckoning can be postponed.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

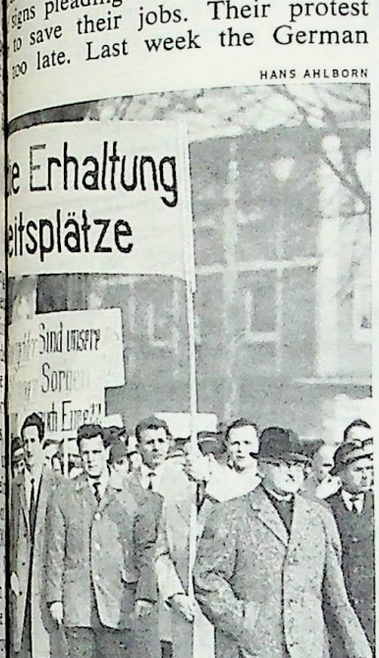
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WEST GERMANY

...nt-Out Coal

...the drab coal-mining towns of the ...r and the Saar, the mood was as ...as the fall weather that lay over ...countryside in a chill and foggy ...et. The roll of muffled drums ech- ...hrough the streets as thousands of ...rs and their families silently ...hed in protest, bearing black flags ...igns pleading for government ac- ...to save their jobs. Their protest ...oo late. Last week the German ...

HANS AHLBORN



MINERS DEMONSTRATING IN RUHR
Slipping on oil.

...industry announced plans to close ...n 36 mines that produce a quarter ...West Germany's coal and employ ...e than 60,000 miners, fully 17% of ...industry's working force. At the ...alie mine in Essen, center of the ...strial Ruhr, dust-covered workers ...handed "death warrants" as they ...rged from the mines, and went off ...rood over their beer.

...ermany has been brooding about ...mines for years. Once the power ...ce of the nation's industry and still ...olitically potent force, coal has ...ched its share of the country's fuel ...ket plunge from 92% in 1950 to ...e today. Rising production and ...r costs in the old mines are par- ...y responsible, and so are cheaper ...ign coal prices; U.S. coal, highly ...mated and easier to dig out, un- ...ells German coal by $2 a ton in ...rmany, and only a miserly quota ...ps it from flooding the German mar- ... Coal's greater rival is oil, which ...been sweeping the country as a ...ting and industrial fuel at the same time that better technology has enabled such industries as steel to use less coal. In six years, the use of oil in West Germany had jumped 421%.

Bonn imposed stiff excise taxes on fuel oil some time ago, and persuaded coal companies to close 37 mines and 122 coalpits by offering aid and incentive payments. Coal's decline has continued inexorably, and mountains of unsold coal have piled up throughout the Ruhr, the Saar and other coal-producing regions. Last week's mine closings were to meet the deadline for federal aid, since most of the mine owners—even some who are operating at a profit—see little hope for the future. The government was reluctant to put import quotas on oil, as the coalmen wish, but tried to cool the crisis by giving the mines until Dec. 31, 1966—beyond two crucial elections—to begin phasing out. Though miners are reluctant to leave their trade and their homes, they should have no trouble getting new work. In prosperous Germany, jobs are still going begging.

INDIA

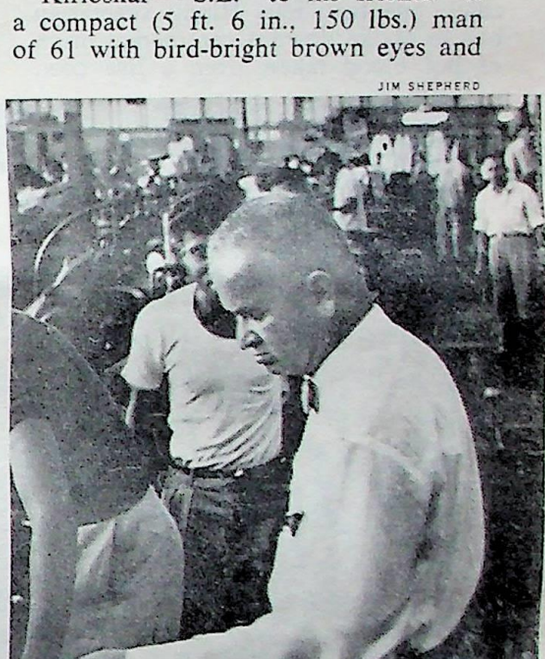
Ancient Gods & Modern Methods

While a ceremonial fusillade of firecrackers sounded outside, a black-capped Brahmin pandit recited Sanskrit prayers last week in a factory conference hall at Poona, outside Bombay. It was the time of year for worshiping Lakshmi, the Hindu goddess of wealth and prosperity, to whom all wise Indian businessmen annually offer their order books for a blessing. With his workers during the ceremony, his feet bare and his forehead glowing with a dot of vermilion, sat Shantanu Laxman Kirloskar, the U.S.-educated head of India's Kirloskar group, a seven-company combine that sells $46 million worth of farm and industrial equipment a year in 42 nations on every continent. Shantanu Kirloskar's respect for ancient rites is matched by his interest in modern and aggressive management. From the ceremonies, he set off on a flying trip to the U.S., Canada and seven Latin American cities to seek new sales outlets for his thriving companies.

Steel Plows for $8.40. The Kirloskar companies not only dominate their field at home (by producing 65% of India's diesel engines, 40% of its centrifugal pumps, 36% of its electric motors), but also symbolize the gradual change in India's old image as a mere exporter of raw materials. Nearly 20% of Kirloskar's diesels are sold abroad, from West Germany to California, and from the West Indies to the Persian Gulf. Kirloskar plants also turn out a neatly complementary array of products that range from air compressors to vertical turret lathes, from sluice valves to torque converters. But Kirloskar is proudest of his contribution to the revolution in farm methods that food-shy India so badly needs. Although four-fifths of the Indian peasant-farmers still use wooden plows, Kirloskar is busy selling them steel ones at enticingly low prices: $8.40 to $24.15. More important, he is persuading many farmers to shift from bullock muscle to diesel engines to pump water for irrigation.

Kirloskar—"S.L." to his friends—is a compact (5 ft. 6 in., 150 lbs.) man of 61 with bird-bright brown eyes and

JIM SHEPHERD



KIRLOSKAR AT POONA PLANT
Shifting from bullocks.

a penchant for gay-toned bow ties. After graduating from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1926, he got his little family-owned motor company to branch out into planters, seeders and harrows, invented a machine that speeded peanut shelling by 600%. Kirloskar has been branching out ever since, often by collaborating with foreign manufacturers. He runs his empire of nine scattered plants and 11,000 workers with a light hand. "I direct by invisible authority," he says. "If things are running right, I don't interfere." He keeps in touch by flying from plant to plant in his private twin-engine Beechcraft, relaxes in his Poona home by listening to Western classical music on a stereo hi-fi.

Sugar Cane & Cow's Blood. Almost alone among Indian industrial complexes, Kirloskar has no roots in textiles. Its founder, Shantanu's late father, was a Bombay teacher who began by repairing bicycles and manufacturing plows 60 years ago. So suspicious were Indian farmers about the quality of local iron-

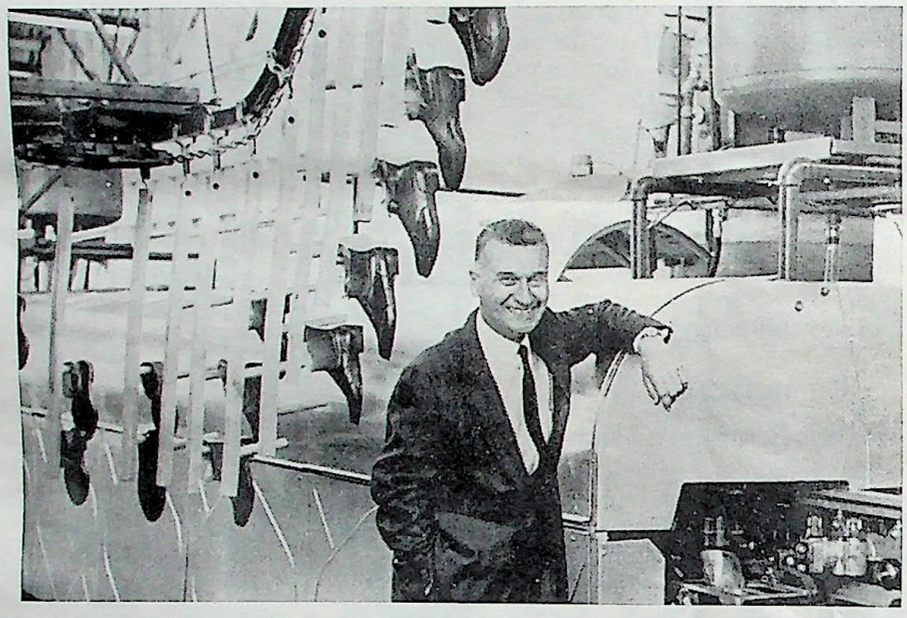
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

work that it took the elder Kirloskar two years and myriad demonstrations to sell his first six plows. What he learned has governed the company's sales approach ever since. Says S. L.: "The farmer is not a fool. He is a businessman. You have to prove things to him." To prove to skeptical farmers that a sugar-cane crusher he invented would extract more juice than old models, Kirloskar borrowed already-crushed cane and extracted plentiful juices from it. Sales soared. Abroad, his salesmen have surmounted even more trying obstacles. Before closing the sale of an engine to an African chief, one fastidious Hindu vegetarian had to choke down a ceremonial drink of hot blood taken from a live cow.

works and now turn out shoes for the East Bloc. In a memorable lawsuit that lasted nine years, Jan and Thomas quarreled over the remains. Jan lost but was allowed to retain Bata's Brazilian plant.

A Canadian citizen since 1942, Thomas Bata at 50 is one of the nation's most successful businessmen. He is also one of the most modest in his habits: he does not smoke, drinks sparingly, entertains mostly at business lunches, but allows himself the flair of driving a '64 Mustang. Bata alternates between his Toronto office and his principal manufacturing plant at Batawa, a small town 110 miles east of Toronto named after the company. He frequently wears odd shoes to test his own



BATA AT BATAWA
Something like Henry Ford.

CANADA

Shoemaker to the World

The world walks in everything from sandals and slippers to sabots and bare soles, but its largest shoemaker covets every foot—and aims to cover it. This year Canada's Bata Ltd. (pronounced Bot-ya) will produce 190 million pairs of shoes in 3,000 styles sewn in 80 plants scattered over 67 countries. It has opened 16 plants in the past three years, last week opened another on tiny Mauritius in the Indian Ocean, and plans to build two more soon in Uganda and France. To run this mixed shoe bag more effectively, Bata next month will move into a modernistic headquarters in new suburban Toronto.

Loss to the Nazis. Canada is Bata's adopted home. The firm was organized in Zlin, Austria (later Czechoslovakia), in 1894 by young Shoemaker Thomas Bata, who got an idea for making shoes faster and cheaper with assembly-line techniques. Bata's idea worked so well that he soon branched out, at his death in 1932 owned plants in 27 countries. His heirs, Half-Brother Jan and Son Thomas Jr., later lost part of this empire to the Nazis and then to the Czech Communists, who expropriated the Zlin against competitors', stresses the low-price policy (no Bata shoes cost more than $18 a pair, and prices range down to a 60¢ sneaker) laid down by his father. "We have the same basic idea as old Henry Ford," he says. "Turn out cheap good shoes for the mass market but give them style and quality."

Two Apiece. Bata's annual sales are estimated to be around $400 million. But the company is controlled by an interlock of trusts and foundations, and the seven regions into which Bata has decentralized operations keep separate, and secret, books. Bata himself is as interested in world affairs as in money. He reads foreign policy treatises for relaxation, travels 150,000 miles annually with his svelte wife Sonja, 38, inspecting regions and making courtesy calls on Presidents and Prime Ministers. Bata hires local labor for each plant but likes to shift key men from country to country: his Algerian plant is run by an American, a Chilean is in charge of Mexico, and at Batawa the chiefs for testing and efficiency are an Indian and a Pakistani. "We are cross-pollinators," says Bata. "We have no preferred nationality." Whatever the race or nationality, after all, all men have two feet.

MILESTONES

Married. Mickey Spillane, 46, ... poor man's Marquis de Sade (70 ... copies of ten sex-and-violence ... who carried it to a logical conclu... last year when he played his Mike H... mer in Hollywood's *The Girl H...* and Sherri Malinou, 23, bit-part ... actress; he for the second time; in M... bu Beach, Calif.

Divorced. By Peggy Lee, 44, ... bluesy jazz singer: Jack del Ri... her bandleader and fourth husband ... grounds of mental cruelty; after ... months of marriage; in Los Angeles.

Died. Richard McKenna, 51, ... ist, a onetime Navy chief mach... mate who proved that a good story ... itself, in 1963 won unanimous cr... acclaim and a small fortune with ... *Sand Pebbles*, a semi-autobiograph... first novel of naval derring-do ... China of the 1920s that was printed ... ten languages and snapped up by H... wood for $200,000; of a heart at... in Chapel Hill, N.C.

Died. Ralph Schneider, 55, ... founder and board chairman of D... Club Inc., a Manhattan lawyer wh... 1950, with Credit Financier Frank ... Namara and Broadway Producer ... fred Bloomingdale, organized the ... now-pay-later club that triggered ... credit card boom, coining so m... money (1,300,000 members at $10 ... nually; 7% of each tab from the res... rant), that Schneider was soon en... a $600,000 yearly income; of a h... attack; in Manhattan.

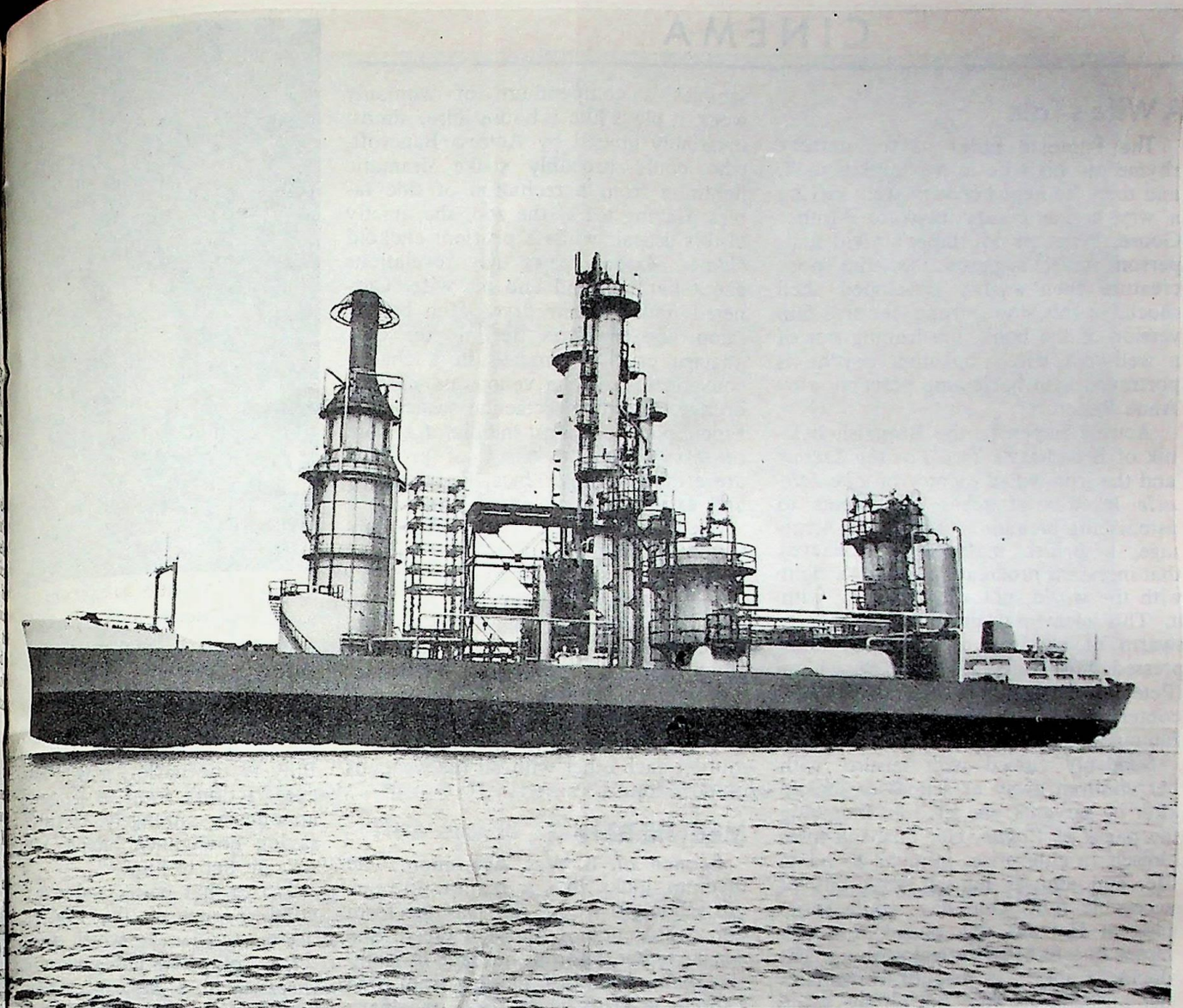
Died. José Guizado, 65, President ... Panama for 13 days in 1955, somet... of a record for brevity even in that ... of the world, who moved up from ... President after the assassination ... President José Antonio Remón, ... shortly found himself in jail as the m... termind behind the plot, was sentenc... to six years and eight months (so ... because "this was his first crime" ... which he served two years before ... government discovered that he was ... nocent after all; of a heart attack ... Miami Beach.

Died. Arthur Klein, 79, vaude... booking agent who in 1909 saw Al ... son perform in a small Texas town ... a group of blackface minstrels, w... a year was booking him at $1,75... week to wail *M-a-m-m-m-m-m-y* on ... big-time Eastern circuit; of a heart ... tack; in Manhattan.

Died. Dudley Figgis, 81, presid... (1943-49) and chairman (1948-50) ... American Can Co., who went to w... for American as an office boy at 16... chief executive saw it become a $... in the field; after a long illness; in ... Orange, N.J.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



An ocean-going chemical plant?

Unfortunately, no one has sent us that kind of order. *Yet*. But the idea is not without merit. No rent to pay. Ready access to raw materials. And markets. And no worry about contaminating rivers, beaches, or harbors with industrial wastes.

Until we get such a challenging order, we'll have to content ourselves with building superior ships and chemical plants. *Separately*. We take pride in our ability to use imagination in the solution of difficult engineering problems. *Example:* Our leadership in the application of modern automation systems to cargo-liners and tankers. We also excel in such fields as engines, land development machinery, electrical machinery, steel structures, and industrial machinery and equipment. May we help *you*?

B & W Diesel-Engine Senior Licensee

MITSUI
SHIPBUILDING & ENGINEERING CO., LTD. Tokyo, Japan

☐ HEAD OFFICE: Mitsui Main Bldg. 1, 2-chome, Nihonbashi-Muromachi, Chuo-ku, Tokyo, Japan. Telex No. TK 2821. Cable Address: MITUIZOSEN TOKYO. ☐ NEW YORK SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE: 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N.Y., U.S.A. Telex No. RCA NY 222761. Cable Address: MITUIZOSEN NEWYORK. ☐ DUESSELDORF SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE: Vorsorgehaus Duesseldorf, Berliner Allee 22, Duesseldorf, West Germany. Telex No. 08-582199. ☐ LONDON SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE: c/o Mitsui & Co., Ltd., Bucklersbury House, 83 Cannon Street, London E.C. 4, England. Telex No. UK 28881. Cable Address: MITSUI LONDON ☐ OVERSEAS AGENTS: Branch Offices of Mitsui & Co., Ltd. in all major cities abroad. ☐ NORWEGIAN AGENT: P. Kopaas Shipping Agency A.S., Pilestredet 33 (Shell Bldg.), Oslo 1, Norway. Telex No. OSLO 1578. Cable Address: BAILINORO.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

A Wife's Tale

The Pumpkin Eater of the nursery rhyme put his wife in a pumpkin shell, and there he kept her very well. Giving a wry contemporary twist to Mother Goose, Penelope Mortimer's vivid first-person novel suggests that the poor creature then swiftly developed shell shock. In this slow, strong, incisive film version of the book, the ironing out of a well-kept wife's unkempt psyche is portrayed with harrowing perception by Anne Bancroft.

Actress Bancroft, the Bronxish beatnik of Broadway's *Two For the Seesaw* and the iron-willed mentor of *The Miracle Worker*, stretches her talents to astonishing breadth as Mrs. Jake Armitage, a British matron who believes that incessant procreation is what's right with the world, not what's wrong with it. This elemental drive brings her a swarm of children and several hard-pressed husbands, the last of whom (Peter Finch) jolts her out of bovine contentment by becoming a rich and famous screen writer.

Suddenly cursed with leisure, with her children away at school or looked after by servants, she sits idly thumbing the pages of *Vogue*. Her husband loses himself in enterprises inimical to home life, and amuses himself with bits of accessible fluff. One day, while shopping at Harrods, the placid wife collapses in a fit of hysterical sobbing. The doctor comes. "A beautiful woman," her husband growls, "but all she wants to do is sit in a corner and give birth." She submits to sterilization at her husband's urging, only to learn that he has got another woman with child. Her pumpkin shell bursts. Alienated from husband, family and self, she flees into a brief affair, at last learns to accept her husband as flawed, faithless, tender, selfish and, for her, inevitable.

Though *Pumpkin Eater* in outline resembles a compendium of womanly woes, it plays like a house afire, almost invariably ignited by Actress Bancroft, who could probably strike dramatic lightning from a recitation of tide tables. Having tea at the zoo, she quietly distills despair while a prurient cuckold (James Mason) spews ugly revelations about her husband and his wife. Cornered under a hair dryer at a beauty salon, she blanches, feeling her own anguish cruelly parodied in a chance conversation with a venomous, cast-off drudge. And her spectacular scenes with Finch, pitched against the din of a more or less anonymous army of progeny, are a litany of love, hate, lies, jealousy and excruciating domestic boredom.

Scenarist Harold Pinter and Director Jack Clayton (*Room At The Top*) show proper scorn for the easy tricks of melodrama. Their unsentimental aim is to take a marriage apart and nail up the bleeding pieces for honest scrutiny. Often as not, they succeed, finding lethal words and crisp images to express the timeless battle that Author Mortimer describes as "men and women who murder each other with all the weapons of devotion."

WALTER DARAN

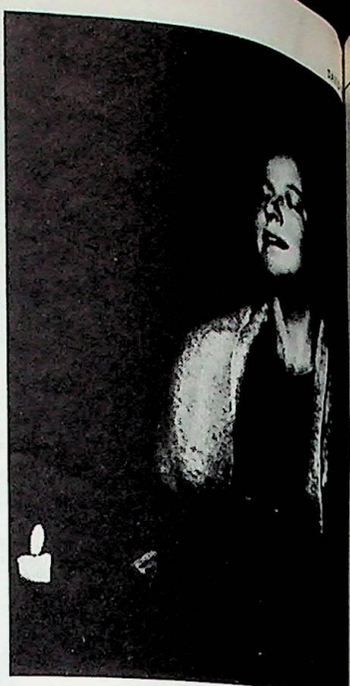
BANCROFT IN "PUMPKIN"
A litany of love, hate, jealousy.

Medium Rare

Séance on a Wet Afternoon. The medium looks like a plump 40-year-old schoolgirl whose face has the form and consistency of unbaked bread. She speaks to her timorous husband in plaintive, halting phrases, pausing from time to time to brush away some imaginary disturbance in the middle of her forehead. "Arthur wants me to be recognized for what I am. What we're doing is not . . . *wrong*, Billy."

Billy dutifully agrees. What they are doing is planning a kidnaping, though his wife prefers to call it "borrowing a child." The idea originated with Arthur, the medium's dead infant son and favorite contact on the Other Side. Once the victim and the ransom money are theirs, the medium can go to the child's parents to divine where both can be found. She will thus be assured of the fame her phenomenal powers deserve, and no harm done.

It is all very mad, very English, and very nearly preposterous. But for viewers eager to empty their minds and concentrate on such creepy business, Writer-Director Bryan Forbes (*The L-Shaped Room*) works an aura of disaster into every nook and passageway of a turreted old mansion. As the demented psychic, Myra, Kim Stanley manages so many subtle shifts of mood that she seems simultaneously sweet, bitchy, poignant, and a deadly menace. The kidnap scene is a cinematic whirlwind, with the camera cutting and lashing across the landscape to build to a moment of crisis when the victim (Judith Donner) locks herself in the back of a limousine while Billy (Richard Attenborough) fumblingly tries to



STANLEY IN "SÉANCE"
Disaster in every nook.

out his wife's instructions about chloroform.

At last the ransom is collected, the child falls ill, and Myra sends Billy to the parlor, a wild look in her eye. "I don't want to let her go," she announces strangely. "Arthur will be saying how much happier she'll be if we sent her to him—"

Up to that point, and even a little beyond, *Séance* is the kind of mind-drying thriller in which every viewer seems split. The film's climax dissolves suspense in a game of guesswork that may provoke discussion among viewers but also suggests that Scenarist Forbes may have sat down at his table and waited for someone—or something—to tap out a message that never came.

In Praise of Cowardice

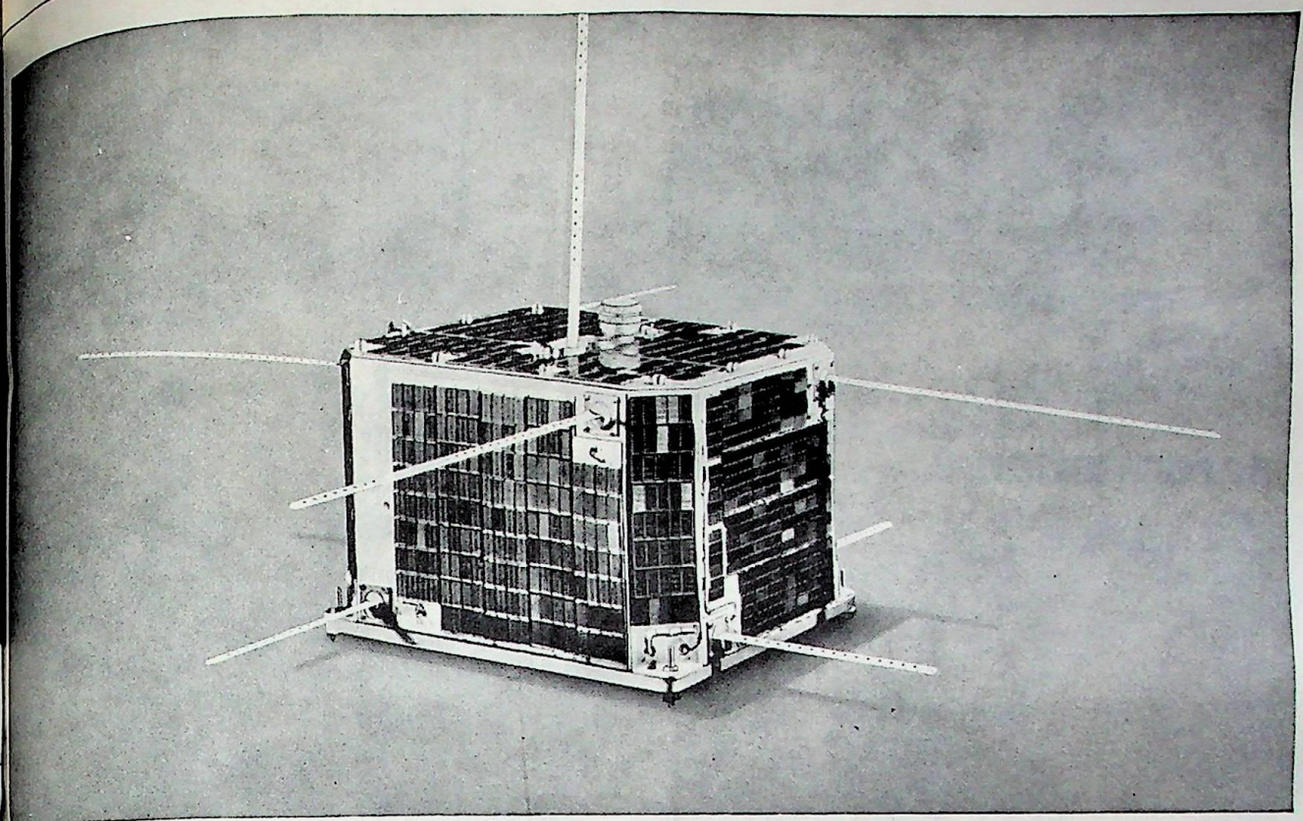
The Americanization of Emily. As long as valor remains a virtue, the unheroic hero of this film, "we" will have soldiers. So I preach cowardice. Cowards run at the first shot. If everybody did, we would never get to the second shot. I'm a coward, and I say cowardice will save the world!"

Playwright Paddy Chayefsky has wrote the script for *Emily*, obviously intended a black comedy in the style of *Dr. Strangelove*, a savage sneer at war and all its bloody works. But if Stanley *love* with cheery ferocity reminds audiences that every cloud has a tium lining, *Emily* in confused conclusion manages to suggest that every man value has a wormy caramel center.

The film, praise be to Paddy, starts before it turns sweet. The coward (James Garner) is a fat cat who finds that military life in London in the years before D-day is just his bowl of cream. While millions of Britons queue for rations, the hero inhabits an Eden flowing with rivers of bourbon, steaks of sirloin and herds of gorgeous girls. He will do almost anything for a

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Up until now most satellites cost millions to produce. This one is an exception.

This ITT-built satellite carries a price tag of well under $250 thousand. The U.S. now has a relatively inexpensive space vehicle with many potential uses. It could be designed for communications, or any number of scientific experiments like the measuring of radiation in the atmosphere; it can be used for pinpointing locations on earth. In fact, that's what it is doing at this moment. All 40 pounds of it is circling the earth about every hour and 40 minutes at an altitude of 600 miles. It was successfully orbited early this year by the U.S. Air Force Space System Division as part of an overall program of geodetic measurement, managed by the U.S. Army.

Working in conjunction with four ground stations, the new satellite's job is to receive and retransmit radio signals which permit determination of accurate data on the exact positions of continents, islands and other landmarks. It will eventually help eliminate the margin of error that now exists in cartographic computations.

This is another of the advances made by ITT—world's largest international supplier of electronic and telecommunication equipment. Facilities in 51 nations doing business in 115 countries and employing 179,000 people.

For information, contact your ITT representative or write: ITT Far East and Pacific, Inc., 24 Des Voeux Road, Central, Hong Kong. World Headquarters: International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Ave., New York, New York 10022.

ITT SYSTEM REPRESENTATIVES AND ASSOCIATES:

AUSTRALIA Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Sydney / BURMA Fairweather Richards & Co., Rangoon / CAMBODIA Ets. Denis Freres, Phnom Penh / CEYLON Brown & Co., Ltd., Colombo / HONG KONG AND MACAO Shewan Tomes (Traders) Ltd., Hong Kong / INDIA Standard Telephones & Cables, Ltd., New Delhi / INDONESIA ITT System Representative, Djakarta / KOREA Hae Nin Commerce Company, Inc., Seoul / MALAYSIA Paterson, Simons & Co., Kuala Lumpur; Paterson, Simons & Co., Ltd., Singapore / NEW ZEALAND Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Wellington / OKINAWA Williams International Inc., Naha / PAKISTAN Internom Trades and Constructions, Ltd., Lahore / PHILIPPINES ITT Philippines Inc., Manila / TAIWAN Taiwan Trading Corp., Taipei / THAILAND International Engineering Co., Ltd., Bangkok / VIETNAM S. A. pour le Riz et l'Industrie, Saigon.

worldwide electronics and telecommunications

ITT

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE "WELCOME SERVICE" IS THER

Air France does more than fly you to your destination speedily and comfortably. It provides its passengers with a comprehensive range of additional services and facilities — among them the **WELCOME SERVICE.**

DON'T HESITATE TO CONSULT IT

When you arrive, you may want some practical information on the town or city where you're staying, and its environs ; information about hotels, restaurants, museums, doctors, religious services, excursions, etc. The Welcome Service can answer all your queries and give you useful advice to help you make the most of your stay in the locality. Thanks to the Welcome Service, you need never be lost in a strange city.

THE WELCOME SERVICE OPERATES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

There are more than 140 Welcome Service all over the world. You'll find them at the Air France offices in major capital cities, and such smaller places as Cannes, Nantes, Cleveland, Paramaribo, and even Colomb

AIR FRANC

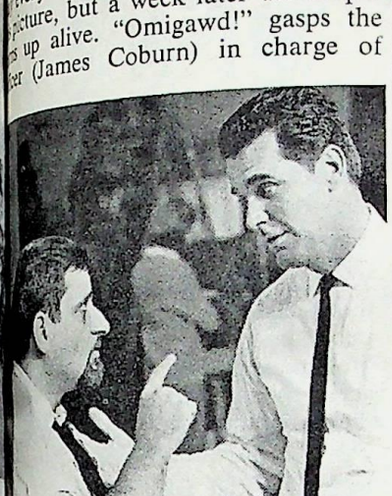
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIR

à Votre Servi

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...r. Happily, there is a serpent in this ...adise: an admiral (Melvyn Douglas) ...ve concerned about congressional ...earings ("They're tryin' to scrap the ...avy!") than he is about the Germans. ..."I've got it!" the admiral bellows ...e night in a manic epiphany. "The ...e dead man on Omaha Beach *must* ...*a sailor!* We'll build him a monument ...the Tomb of the Unknown Sailor." ...egrams crackle, Joint Chiefs har...orth, orders arrive, engines clamor, ...chine guns cachinnate, and sure ...ugh, the first dead man on Omaha ...ach turns out to be—Garner. Next ...every daily in the U.S. front-pages ...picture, but a week later the corpse ...es up alive. "Omigawd!" gasps the ...cer (James Coburn) in charge of



CHAYEFSKY & GARNER IN "EMILY"
Heroes have caramel centers.

...ic relations. "Instead of a dead hero ...e got a live coward!"

The situation presents obvious op...rtunities, and before he succumbs ...a cynical conclusion Chayefsky takes ...e of them firmly in hand. He writes ...uple of smartingly satiric scenes and ...s together some pretty shrewd paci... repartee. Naval officer proudly: ...e was the first dead man on Omaha ...ach!" Civilian innocently: "Was there ...ontest?" But Chayefsky dissipates the ...in force of his satire by chasing the ...in chance for commercial success. ...aims most of his episodes at the ...ience for bell-bottom farce—Actor ...ner plays them like a nightclub com... imitating Fred MacMurray. Chayef...ky further confuses the issues with a ...y interlarded love story—Actress ...ie Andrews plays it as though abre...ing a childhood crush on Greer Gar...n. "All those men moaning," Julie ...rnulously murmurs to another young ...man. "When they healed, they'd ...e hoping to spend their last nights ...leave with me. I couldn't say no to ...m, could I? I'd just lost my husband ...Tobruk, and I was overwhelmed with ...derness for all dying men. As I say, ...grotesquely sentimental . . . but ...atever are you doing with your hair?" ...Tearing it out by the roots, dear.

Will your lift truck clutches

take 10,000 hours of stop-go,

forward-back, without repairs? Probably not, unless they're Hyster trucks equipped with the oil clutch designed and built by Hyster.

HYSTER

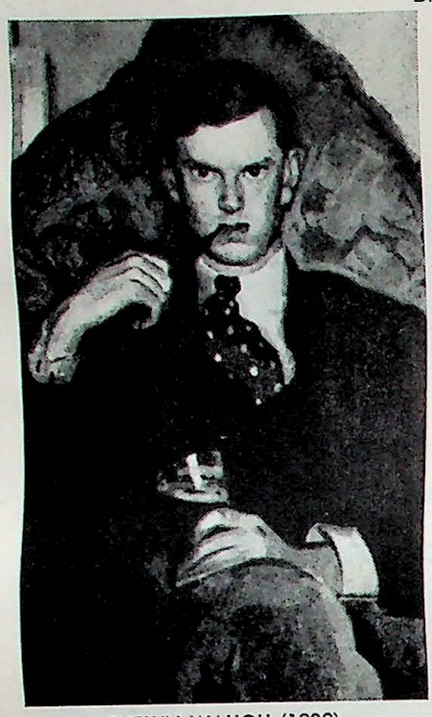
HYSTER COMPANY

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION, P. O. Box 328 • Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A. Overseas manufacturing sales and service
INDUSTRIAL TRUCK DIVISION—Lift trucks, mobile cranes, straddle carriers • TRACTOR EQUIPMENT DIVISION—Construction and logging equipment; Heavy-duty trailers.

MANUFACTURED IN: Portland, Oregon (Home Office) • Danville, Illinois • Peoria, Illinois • Kewanee, Illinois • Canada • Australia • Brazil • England France • The Netherlands • Scotland • The Philippines

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



EVELYN WAUGH (1929)
Pulled by the lure of the past.

Mid-Victorian in Exile

A LITTLE LEARNING *by Evelyn Waugh.* 234 pages. *Little, Brown.* $5.

I should like to bury something precious in every place where I've been happy and then, when I was old and ugly and miserable, I could come back and dig it up and remember.

—Lord Sebastian Flyte,
in *Brideshead Revisited*

Arthur Evelyn St. John Waugh is a man with a lifelong and unswerving hatred of the 20th century's industrialized, democratized ways. From his first irrepressibly comic, murderously sardonic novels (*Decline and Fall, Vile Bodies*), most of Waugh's books have had as their real subject the loss of a golden age. Looking back, the Oxford and Mayfair targets Waugh satirized in the '20s and '30s have largely vanished, taking with them half the early novels' humor but leaving the rage intact. After World War II he suddenly turned earnest: *Brideshead Revisited* is a frankly elegiac lament for the passing of a golden youth and innocence. Most readers mourned the change.

Now 61, Waugh has decided that his own time has come to dig up the past and remember. In this reticent, ironic, quietly elegant first volume of autobiography (he plans two more), Waugh takes his life through school and Oxford, ending on the eve of his first literary success. He insists that from early childhood he sensed "another age which I instinctively, even then, recognized as superior to my own." This nostalgia for "the Mid-Victorian ethos" later came to be a fixed theme of Waugh's books—and of his religion, his Tory politics, his testy and forceful prejudices.

Glow of Happiness. Typically, Waugh "follows the old fashion" of autobiography and begins not with himself but his ancestors. With warmth, wit and antiquarian zeal he traces them through four generations of the solid, comfortably moneyed professional class that saw the flowering of the British Empire. Waugh himself was born near London in 1903, given the name Evelyn "from a whim of my mother's. I have never liked the name." He borrows an anecdote from much later in life to illustrate why: "Once during the Italian-Abyssinian war I went to a military post many miles from any white woman, preceded by a signal apprising them of the arrival of 'Evelyn Waugh, English writer.' The entire small corps of officers, shaven and polished, turned out to greet me each bearing a bouquet."

His childhood in Edwardian England he remembers as idyllic, "an even glow of pure happiness." His memories of boyhood are vividly visual, from his nursery wallpaper (a pattern of medieval figures) to the beauties of the countryside and villages, which were rapidly being destroyed by urbanization in "the grim cyclorama of spoliation which surrounded all English experience in this century." He remembers loving the old-fashioned lighting, he even claims he loved the antique plumbing.

Violence & Hardships. Waugh's one-chapter portrait of his father is a charming and loving memorial. Arthur Waugh was plump, modest and kind, a publisher and man of letters in the old-fashioned sense who "genuinely liked books—quite a rare taste today." He was also unceasingly histrionic. "In greeting visitors he was Mr. Hardcastle; in deploring the ingratitude of his sons, Lear. Between these two extremes all the more likable of Dickens' characters provided him with roles." Though well-to-do, he could not sign a check without moaning: "They will bring me to a pauper's grave." He could not pass a looking-glass without recoiling from his reflection, "crying, in the tones of the ghost in Hamlet: 'O horrible! Most horrible.'" Several evenings a week, this remarkable dramatizer would read aloud to his family. "In these recitations of prose and verse the incomparable variety of English vocabulary, the cadences and rhythms of the language, saturated my young mind."

The transition to the "violence and hardships" of British public-school life was painful and severe. The experience may well have seemed unarguable evidence, the reader surmises, that change is not likely to be for the better.

Stung to Life. Waugh entered Oxford in 1922, and felt "reborn in full youth." He did the right thing by neglecting his studies almost totally, drinking heavily and getting deep into debt, just as he has described it repeatedly in his novels. It's all here: the brilliant, idle, artistic young men, the champagne, the escapades, the anecdotes, the high teas with the "honeybuns and anchovy toast" that are almost a trademark of

WOOD ENGRAVING BY WAUGH (192
Saved from the grave by jellyfish

Waugh's Oxford. And yet it is not
the account is somehow crabbed
uncertain, the champagne flat, the
life figures pale beside the fiction
acters Waugh created out of them
the inimitable flavor of that
toast, the reader will find himself
visiting *Brideshead* instead.

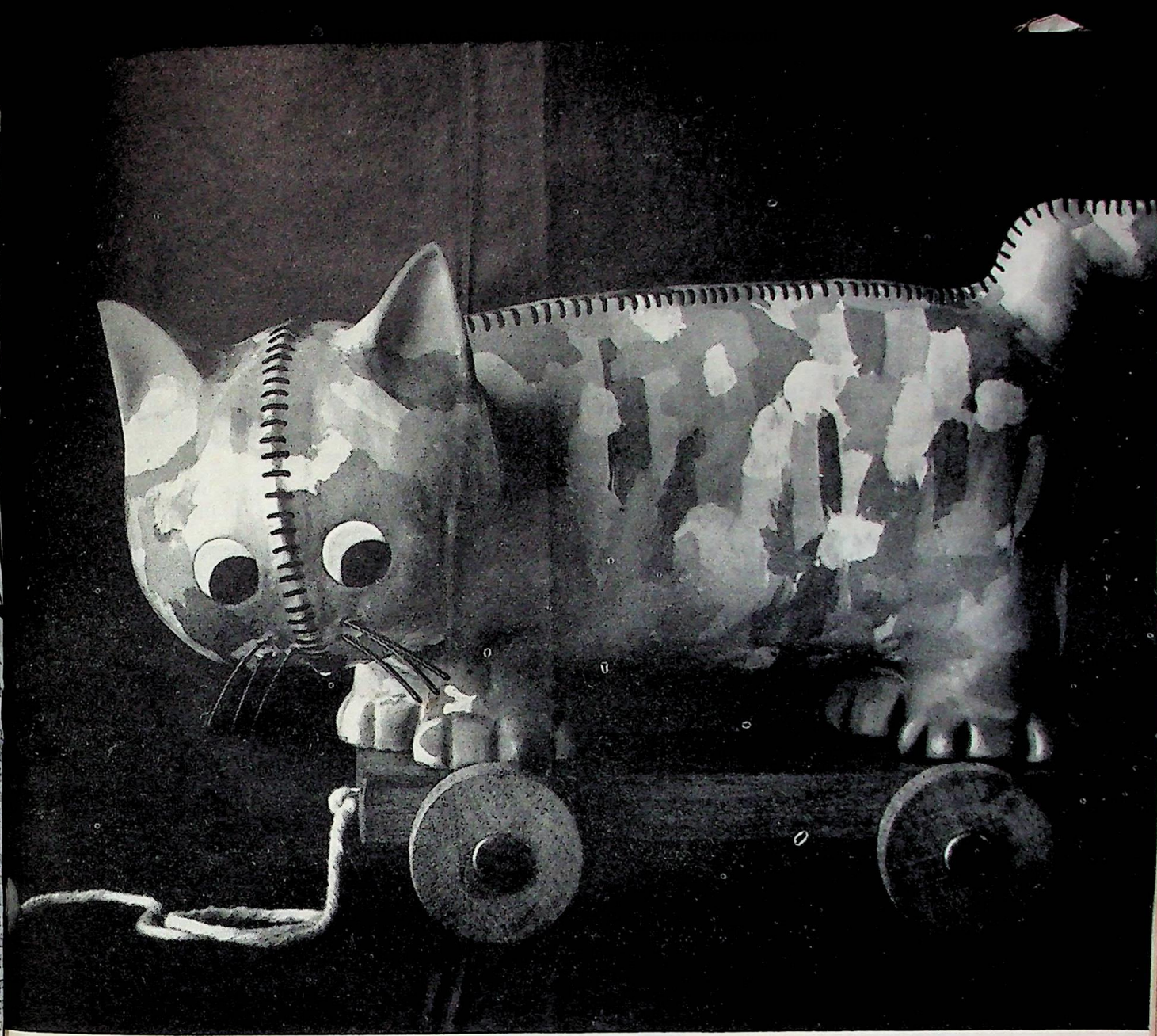
Leaving Oxford after three
and without a degree, Waugh
in art, kept on with his friends
high expenses, finally had to look
work. He found himself fit for
but to join that "heterogeneous
definable underworld" from which
school masters were drawn. In
tion he took a job at a poor
the seacoast in North Wales. It
give him much of the locale
acters of his first novel, but
gave him the worst year of his life:
boys were unruly, Waugh hardly
petent. "Weeks passed in deep self-
Near the end of the school
decided on suicide. One June
piled his clothes on the beach,
note, and swam slowly out to
melancholy was arrested by
which stung him back to land
Still ahead were his books, his
two marriages, his conversion to
man Catholicism. Still with him
conviction that "to have been born
a world of beauty, to die amid
is the common fate of all us exiles

Truth Is a Snake

A MAN IN THE WHEATFIELD
ert Laxalt. 178 pages. *Harper &*
$3.95.

Smale Calder kept rattlesnakes
tamed them, talked with them,
crawl on his arms and shoulders
dart their tongues in his face.
they meant the cruel beauty of
and his control of them was a
of nature at its deadliest. When
showed up in the sun-drenched

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar



90 ways to skin it

You can do nearly anything in plastics today.

Even skin a cat.

And with the over 90 Monsanto plasticizers available to you, you can make that cat fire-proof, make it abrasion resistant, even make it conduct electricity.

Other Monsanto plasticizers can give you resistance to the damaging effects light has on some plastics, give you heat stability, minimum taste, resistance to extraction by oils and greases. Monsanto plasticizers give you so many different choices as to the final properties your plastic products will have that your only problem is deciding which one to use.

And even here, Monsanto can help you. We've set up the Plasticizer Council to take the results of applied research and put them at your disposal in the form of technical service to answer your specific needs.

And our technically trained local representatives can help you.

Ask them how many different ways there are to skin a cat with Monsanto plasticizers.

If you've read this far, the length of their answer shouldn't surprise you.

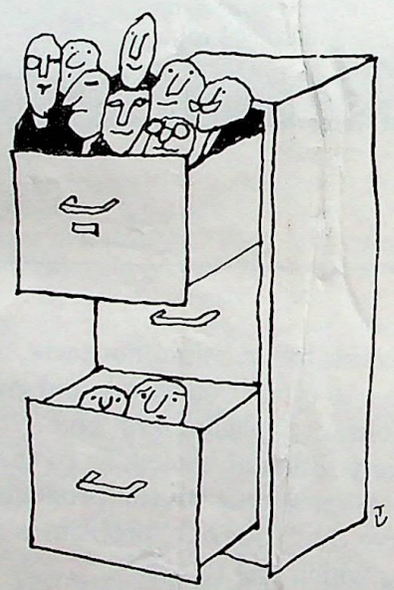
Monsanto, St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.

Monsanto

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

How many TIME International readers in business hold executive or managerial positions?



8 out of 10.

Presidents, owners, managing directors, chief engineers, superintendents, department heads. These are some of the men who read TIME. Men at the top and those who will soon be there. (64% have a direct hand in company purchases.) In positions of high authority, as high-income consumers—they wield influence and buying power vastly out of proportion to their numbers. To them, TIME Magazine's weekly evaluations of world business and world affairs are a necessity. To you, TIME is equally necessary in *any* selective marketing plan in *any* world market. *Talk to the right people in the right place...in TIME.*

TIME

TIME Atlantic. TIME Canada. TIME Latin America. TIME Asia. TIME South Pacific. And their regionals.

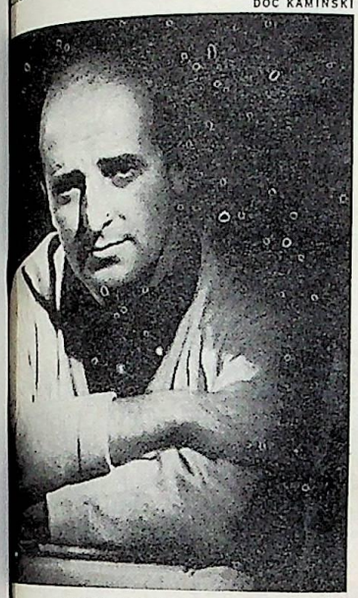
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

village in the Southwestern desert, ly knew about his peculiar hobby. mayor, a paternalistic despot who created the town and peopled it ly with fellow immigrants from knew Smale Calder as an alien— American." The priest, Father Lazzaroni, knew at first sight Smale Calder was the devil. Then ories about the rattlesnakes began ead.

for Death. In a first novel as l down and sun-bleached as the self, Robert Laxalt makes the ople's envenomed reactions to kes into a fascinating, ambigu- egory of men's various ways of ting fear and the presence of When the people learn that Cal- llects rattlers, they call on him ove the snakes that infest their

DOC KAMINSKI



ROBERT LAXALT
The cruel beauty of reality.

lds. After the local barber re- Calder has been seen playing snakes in the pit he has built m, the farmers begin bringing milies in on Sunday afternoons

audience, larger each week, is l, transfixed with excitement; watchers secretly lust to see The merchants prosper as the draw trade to the village. The bring small animals, even their es, to sacrifice to the snakes. Savio preaches against this idol- t feels himself spiritually empty serted by his God.

s in Wait. Then one child, the lonely and slightly crazed or- ecretly tries to imitate Calder e snakes; he dies horribly. Ap- Calder refuses to continue the ites—and the town erupts in The villagers are enraged not so at the death of the child as at be- ived of their superstitious sport. course of the riot, Calder is one of his own snakes while protect it.

y is a difficult art and an al- gotten taste. But Author Lax- alt has chiseled out a narrative that is lapidary, unadorned and original. He falters at a couple of points when he slips into direct explanation. Overall, he succeeds powerfully in creating a novel that leaves in the mind a sense of truth lying in wait, with a dry rustle, coiled to strike.

A Curtain Half Lifted

MEMOIRS: 1921-1941 *by Ilya Ehrenburg.* 543 pages. *World.* $6.95.

When he was asked what he did during the Terror of the French Revolution, the aristocrat Emmanuel Sieyès replied, "I survived." If Soviet Novelist Ilya Ehrenburg were asked about his own activities during the 20-year Stalinist terror, he might well give the same answer. Considering that just about every eminent Russian writer and artist was exiled, executed or hounded to suicide by the paranoid dictator, Ehrenburg's survival is one of the most remarkable literary achievements of modern times.

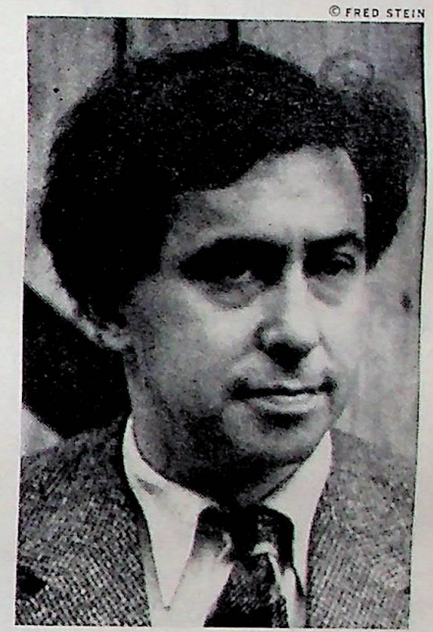
No one quite knows how he did it. Ehrenburg claims it was pure chance; others say he made a deal with Stalin. Certainly he was as nimble and tricky a performer on the teeter-totter board of Communist politics as the world has seen. He was unique in being allowed to live abroad most of the time between World Wars. Back in Russia during World War II, he was Stalin's chief propagandist and heaped praise on his boss. After the war, though a Jew himself, he aided Stalin's ferocious purge of Soviet Jews by ridiculing Jewish solidarity and calling Israel a "laughable dwarf capitalist state."

After Stalin's death, Ehrenburg led the fight for freer artistic expression, and his 1954 novel, *The Thaw*, gave the new literary movement its name. In his *Memoirs*, which have been running, off and on, in the Soviet press since 1960, he has tried to present an unbiased picture of the recent Russian past. It is a gallant and encouraging try, but unfortunately—thanks to a combination of Ehrenburg's cautious temperament and official censorship—it only lifts the Iron Curtain half way.

Corruption of a Caraboid. This second volume of memoirs (the first carried Ehrenburg from his Moscow childhood through World War I) deals largely with writers and artists, good, bad and indifferent, whom Ehrenburg met in the capitals of Western Europe in the interwar years. Ehrenburg seems almost under a compulsion to mention as many as possible, as if to atone in some slight way for their "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short" lives. His portraits are touching, affectionate, anecdotal, but he scrupulously avoids discussing the writers' ideas. Only obliquely does he hint that many of the Russian writers were victims of Stalin, and by the time of their death thoroughly disgusted with Communism.

Ehrenburg is equally vague about himself. He expresses few of his own thoughts, has scarcely any explanation for the abrupt shifts in his career. A confirmed skeptic in the 1920s, he was dubbed "the caraboid," the name of a beetle which ejects a fine stinging spray. In his early novels, *Julio Jurenito* and *The Stormy Life of Lasik Roitschwantz*, Ehrenburg mocked Right and Left, capitalism and Communism (when *Roitschwantz* was republished in the U.S. in 1960, it was much to his embarrassment). But in the 1930s, he became a militant Communist, began cranking out "social realism" clinkers that glorified the Russian regime. His reasons are unconvincing: "I came to realize that a soldier's fate is not that of a dreamer, and that one ought to take one's place in the fighting ranks. I did not renounce what I held dear, nor did I repudiate

© FRED STEIN



ILYA EHRENBURG
A nimble man on the teeter-totter.

anything, but I knew that I would have to grit my teeth and master that most difficult of disciplines—silence."

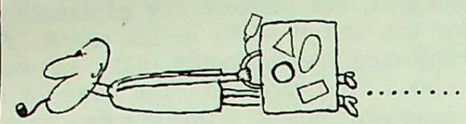
Roar of Cannon. Master it he did. When one close friend after another was hauled off to his death during the bloody purges of the late 1930s, Ehrenburg never said a word. Nor does he offer a word of reproof today.

Ehrenburg is at his best when he is simply reporting what he saw. Assigned by Izvestia to cover the Spanish Civil War, he is sharp, biting, witty. He describes how the Anarchists, numbering in the tens of thousands, caused havoc in Republican ranks. Not believing in law, order or discipline, they confiscated all cash in areas they controlled, cut off all medical supplies on the grounds that "nature is a better healer." Ehrenburg showed them Soviet films on proper revolutionary behavior, but the Anarchists laughed in all the wrong places.

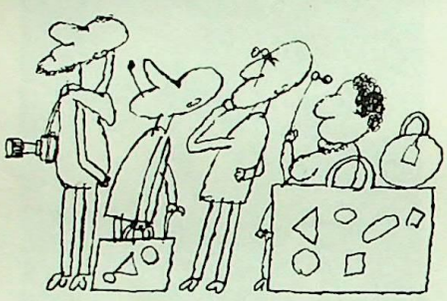
Ehrenburg nevertheless shows flashes of awareness of his—and Communism's—vast errors, and he promises to say more about Stalinism in future volumes. "I shed the light of art too timidly, too meanly, too intermittently on this world

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



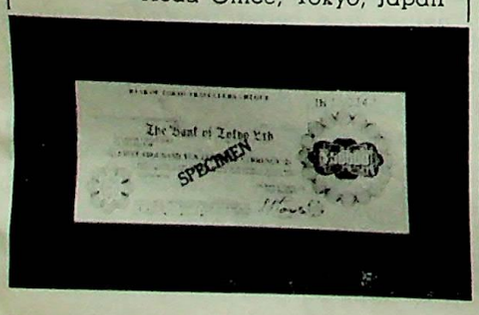
How to avoid the rush at exchange counters



The tourist season in Japan is all year. No matter when you arrive, the best way to avoid the rush at exchange counters is to convert your money before leaving your country. Bank of Tokyo has outlets all over the world where you can purchase Yen Travellers Cheques. As the saying goes, one shouldn't go anywhere in Japan without Bank of Tokyo Yen Travellers Cheques.

BANK OF TOKYO

Head Office; Tokyo, Japan



What I was depicting! I am certainties not in the quality of such gifts as I have, but in spiritual hastiness, in the fact that we were blinded by tremendous events, deafened by cannonades, by roaring, by intensely loud music, so that at times we ceased to detect the nuances, hear the heartbeats, and so lost the habit of discovering that spiritual detail which is the living tissue of art."

Also Current

DRIVE, HE SAID *by Jeremy Larner.* 190 pages. *Delacorte.* $3.95.

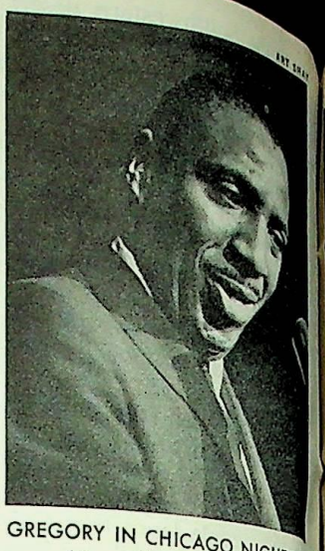
In winning the $10,000 Delta Prize, this short but flatulent novel was the unanimous choice of three eminent judges—Critic Leslie Fiedler, and Novelists Mary McCarthy and Walter van Tilburg Clark, who is quoted as having found it "gigantically laughable." Well, maybe. But unlike *Candy*, the bestselling pornographic novel that passes itself off as a satire on pornography, *Drive, He Said* is serious as all get out. Most of its fun is unintentional. Thus, in one chapter, Basketball Player Hector Bloom and his chick Olive spend a busy evening nuzzling each other outside a diner, are chased over hill and dale by a Cadillac jammed with knife-wielding rapists (strangely, they seem to be baddies), make passionate love to celebrate their escape. Then Hector, "in his last thought before he curled into the grip of deepest sleep, yearned for the clean true feel of a basketball."

UNFINISHED FUNERAL *by Niccolò Tucci.* 192 pages. *Simon & Schuster.* $3.95.

The reign in Spain, postulates the author, is "the cult of virility," and woman's fate is to be "enslaved and betrayed." On the reader's acceptance of this arch axiom teeters this over-suave tale. Its stagy business, and that of the Duchess of Combon de Triton, is to make her "appallingly stupid" duke the first faithful husband in Spanish history. Her scheme is to win his compassion by feigning illness and his awe by submitting to surgical cures without anesthesia or a whimper. Some 30 agonizing operations later, the duke commits suicide. Now the widow, whose "only joy is to make others stay out of their own lives," can begin to "enjoy" her two children. "You may do what you want, but not before my death, which is quite near, I feel." At the faintest threat of their self-realization, back to the operating table goes the duchess. Tucci's style and setting may be drawing-room comedy, but life, as he reports it, is theater of the absurd.

NIGGER *by Dick Gregory.* 224 pages. *Dutton.* $4.95.

In this rather premature autobiography, Comedian Dick Gregory aims to laugh the word nigger out of the English language. "Wherever you are," he writes in the dedication to his mother, "if you ever hear the word 'nigger' again, remember they are advertising my book." The trouble is that Gregory is always



GREGORY IN CHICAGO NIGHTCLUB
More than skin deep.

hogging the stage, and will not [let] one else in on the act. All the [w] his audience; everyone is either [l] ing uproariously at him or [s] with rage. But his humor is [m] skin-deep. When a Southern [p] phoned to congratulate him [o] death of his son from pneumonia, plied: "I'm glad, too. I had five dollars' worth of insurance on [h]

NIGHT LIGHT *by Marie Bard* pages. *Doubleday.* $4.95.

The Kingfish is dead, but the political catfish still fatten in Lou back bayous. One of the clever hungriest, in this effective first n Frank Creighton, a country lawy plans to realize his kingfish-size p ambitions with the aid of his statehouse connections and oil m But his wife is a shy, gawky Cajun who is tortured by Creighton's reck less use of her in his regimen of p conviviality. At first she escapes i coholism; then she leaves and thr to divorce and disinherit him. C ton's reaction is to plot her m The ensuing climax is an intricat perilously swaying gothic constr Louisiana-born Author Marie D Bardos keeps it under control, a barely, by the strength of her ta edge of the brooding moods and ly ingrown personalities of this Latin part of the U.S.

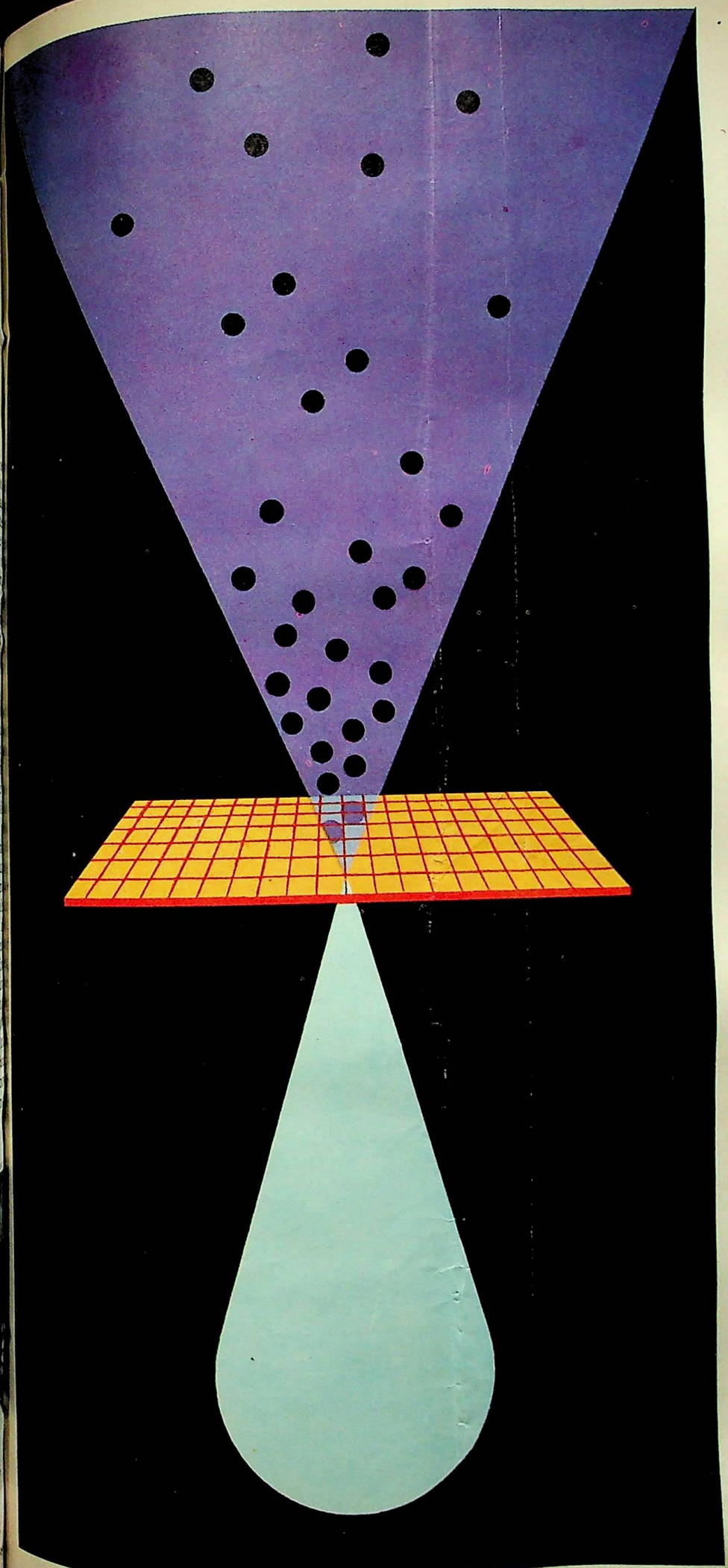
BARDOS
Less than complete co

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

GO NIGHTCLUB
in deep.
, and will not
e act. All the
ryone is either
at him or
s humor is
a Southern
ratulate him
rom pneumonia
too. I had five
nsurance on
by Marie Barc
$4.95.
dead, but the
ll fatten in Lou
of the clever
effective first
a country lawy
s kingfish-size
he aid of his
tions and oil
shy, gawky Ca
Creighton's
is regimen of
rst she escapes
e leaves and th
sinherit him.
to plot her
ax is an intric
gothic
uthor Marie
nder control
rength of her
ng moods and
nalities of this
U.S.

BARDOS
an complete
IME, NOVEMBER



Filtering

HOW JOHNS-MANVILLE FILTER AIDS HELP YOU CONTROL CLARITY

Because of their unique, porous structure and highly irregular particle shapes, Celite® diatomite filter aids give liquids maximum clarity at the fastest flow rates obtainable. Celite is quarried from the world's largest and purest diatomite deposit and processed in one, closely controlled, continuous operation. You are assured of dependable, exceptionally uniform shipments, from a full selection of grades. Here, as with all Johns-Manville products, you can count on the right materials for the job, as well as on the help of your J-M Resident Engineer.

Your Johns-Manville Distributor invites queries on filter aids as well as mineral fillers, insulations, friction materials, tapes, building materials and packings. Contact the J-M Distributor in your country or write: Johns-Manville International Corporation, Box 280, New York, N. Y. 10016, U.S.A. Locations: Beirut · Buenos Aires · Goteborg · Hong Kong · Lagos · Lima · London · Madrid · Mexico City · Milan · Paris · San Juan · São Paulo · Wiesbaden.

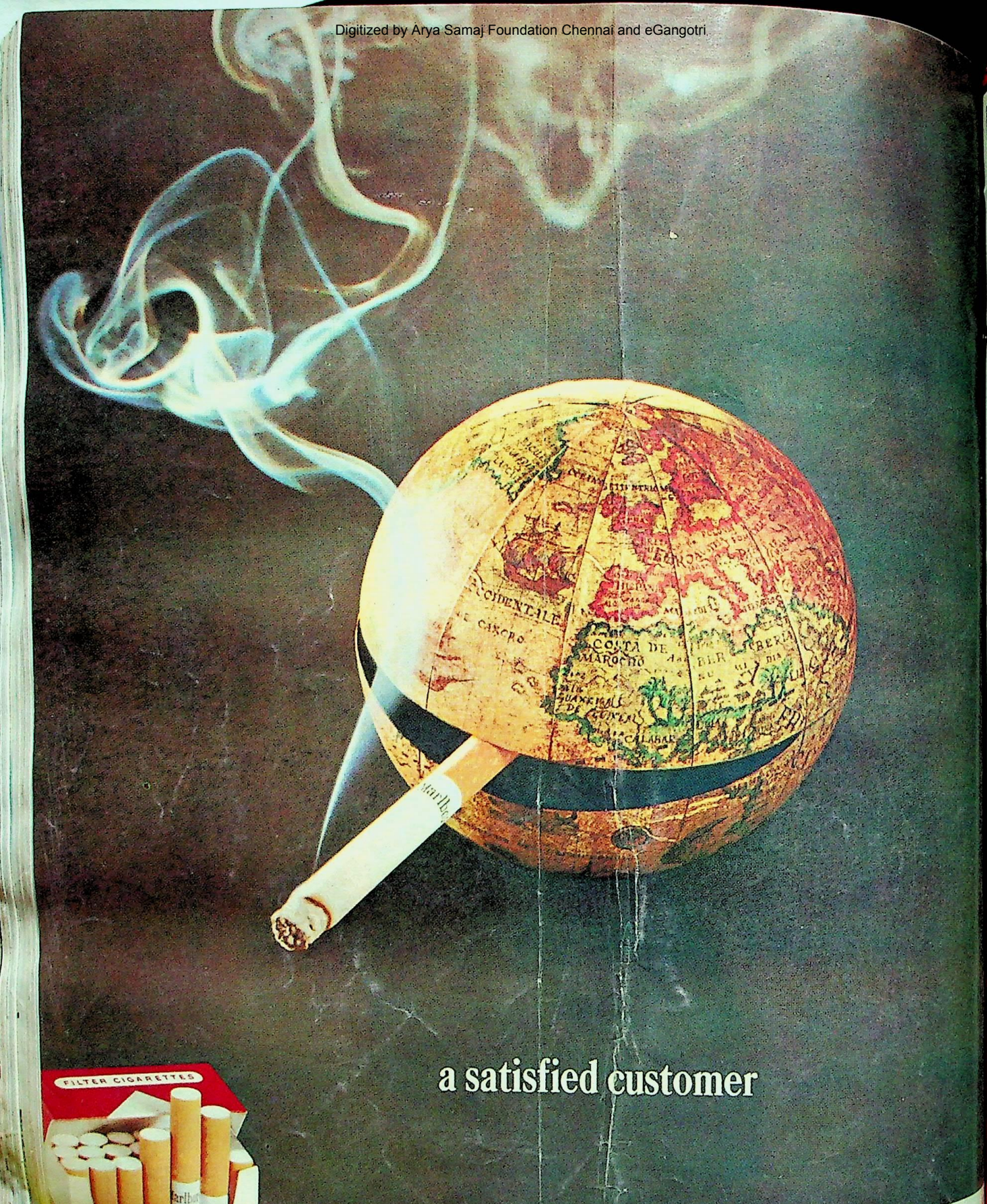
Johns-Manville International

Over 100 years' experience

JOHNS MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



All the world enjoys a Marlboro. For everyone knows the special quality of this fine Americ
cigarette. Marlboro's full-flavored blend comes from the land that grows most of the world's bes
tobaccos. People everywhere have made it the best-selling cigarette in the famous Flip-Top bo
For richer taste and a fine Selectrate filter try Marlboro. You get a lot to like, a lot to satisfy y

America's finest cigarettes have a quality all their own . . . from Philip Morris International.

OTHER PHILIP MORRIS INTERNATIONAL CIGARETTES: **MARLBORO,** FILTER, FLAVOR, PACK OR BOX. **PARLIAMENT,** RECESSED FILTER. **PAXTON,** HUMIFLEX PLASTIC PACK.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

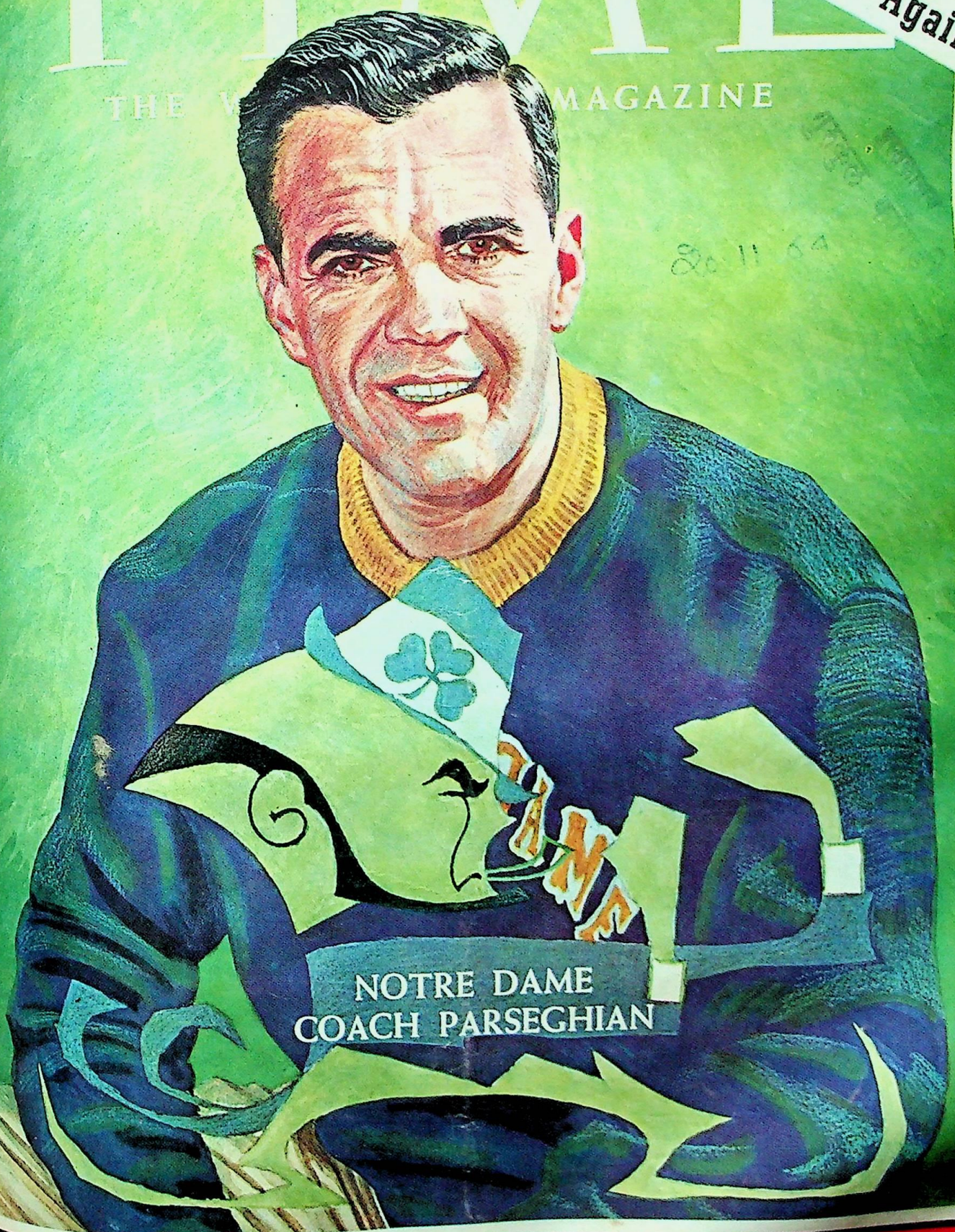
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ASIA EDITION

The Fighting Irish Fight Again

TIME

THE W[illegible] MAGAZINE



NOTRE DAME
COACH PARSEGHIAN

CAMBODIA K 1.50 · CEYLON Rls. 13 · EAST PAKISTAN Rs. 1.50 · FIJI 2/6 · FR. POLYNESIA FP 30 · GUAM 30c · HONG KONG HK$2.00 · INDIA Rs. 1.50 · INDONESIA Rs. 4.75 · JAPAN ¥ 70 · KOREA ¥ 70 · LAOS K 125 · MALAYSIA M$1.00 · NEPAL N.Rs. 2.40 · OKINAWA 30¢ · PAKISTAN Rs. 1.50 · PHILIPPINES P1.00 · SAMOA (U.S.) 30¢ · TAHITI FP 30 · TAIWAN NT$3.00 · THAILAND 8 T · U.S. ARMED FORCES 35¢ · VIET NAM VN$20 · WAKE ISLAND 30¢ · WESTERN SAMOA 2/3

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

In Geneva—the right bank in the right place

These are some of the men and women who work in our Geneva branch. Altogether there are 867 Citibankers in our nine European branches . . . all of them with the banking knowledge and local experience to meet your international banking needs. The people who staff our complete banks-on-the-scene in 40 countries on 5 continents make Citibank the right bank in the right place to serve you.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK

PARTNERS IN PROGRESS AROUND THE WORLD

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Now! Lockheed's Hercules answers the need for a medium range, all-purpose airfreighter

Here is the commercial Hercules: A 340-mph turboprop airfreighter designed from scratch to haul heavy cargo—up to 50,000 lbs. of it, as is, where it is, where it needs to go.

An airlifter service-tested for nearly eight years, logging more than 240 million miles throughout the world, operating from low grade strips — even unpaved fields — at sea level and high altitude, from the arctic to the desert.

Now Hercules is ready to go to work for air carriers and for industry; wherever need exists for a rugged, 200-2,000 mile cargo-lifter that will drop operating costs 15-20% below comparable medium range fan jet freighters or fully depreciated piston powered planes.

Hercules loads up fast through truck-bed height, full opening rear cargo doors. It takes pallet loads, truck loads, dozers, vehicles, drill pipe, machinery, mining equipment. It swallows 8x8x40-foot standard rail-truck-ship containers. No special ground-handling equipment required for loading. Fast turn-around, too; Hercules has built-in ground support and single point ground level refueling to reduce service time.

By every standard, Hercules is the perfect feeder freighter for long range jet transports; the ideal cargo plane for industrial airlift. Available fully certificated by September, 1965.

For additional information concerning the Hercules, contact Commercial Transport Sales, Lockheed-Georgia Company, Marietta, Georgia, U.S.A.: A Division of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

LOCKHEED

CC-0. Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 18

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* A memorial tribute to the late President Kennedy, retracing the main events of his Administration. The many off-screen narrators include Adlai Stevenson, McGeorge Bundy, Hubert Humphrey, Allen Dulles and Theodore Sorensen.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). The second of two original Hollywood-produced films to be aired on TV this season. *The Hanged Man* stars Edmond O'Brien, Vera Miles and Robert Culp, is a suspense story involving a man's attempt to avenge the death of a friend believed murdered by a union boss. Color.

THE DINAH SHORE SPECIAL (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Dinah and Guests Polly Bergen, Hugh O'Brian and Buddy Ebsen take off on the average American home.

Thursday, November 19

AN HOUR WITH ROBERT GOULET (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Robert Goulet faces up to his first TV special with the aid of Leslie Caron and Terry-Thomas.

Friday, November 20

THE BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Bob Hope's guests are Trini Lopez, Donald O'Connor, Stella Stevens and Richard Chamberlain.

Sunday, November 22

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-12 noon). A look at Greek and Roman mythology.

WILD KINGDOM (NBC, 5-5:30 p.m.). Life of a leopard family and cub. Color.

JOHN F. KENNEDY MEMORIALS (NBC and ABC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). NBC News correspondents recall the late President's White House years by use of film clips. ABC looks at the personal life as well as the political career of John F. Kennedy, features a seventh-grade teacher, a Choate schoolmate and Close Friends Lord Harlech (Sir David Ormsby Gore) and Kenneth Galbraith.

Tuesday, November 24

WORLD WAR I (CBS, 8-8:30 p.m.). Life in the trenches and the biggest battle of all—the 1916 battle of the Somme.

THE BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Dancers Patricia McBride and Edward Villella, Pianist André Previn, and the Brothers Four. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

A SEVERED HEAD, by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley, is a most unusual play to encounter on Broadway. It is a sex farce adapted from a novel by an Oxford University professor of philosophy (Miss Murdoch), and its true subject is the nature of reality. Acted with uncommon skill, it is a delectable repast of fun and thought.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR. Period songs, sketches, gauze-clad music-hall girls and blown-up film stills have the cumulative impact of an artillery barrage in Joan Littlewood's biting satire on World War I.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. Zero Mostel seems to expand physically to fill the stage with yeasty joy, pain and mystery in this musical based on Sholom Aleichem's tales of a poor Jewish dairyman, his family and friends in 1905 Russia.

ABSENCE OF A CELLO is a bright, laugh-every-other-minute comedy demonstrating that a free-spirited scientist cannot be stamped into a cog-sized mold.

Off Broadway

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY has been boldly extrapolated from the celebrated James Thurber story. The young adaptors have not been cowed by the sanctity of the master, and the clever lyrics, melodically oriented songs, and infectious *joie de vivre* of the cast make this a thoroughly pleasant musical evening.

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS. A rock-'n'-roll number, *I Wanna Hold Your Handel,* spoofing the composer and the Beatles, is one of the highlights of this revue imported from the campus on the Cam. The fun flows as seven manic but unassuming Britons set out to tickle a rib rather than wash a brain.

RECORDS

Ballads & Broadway Hits

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF (RCA Victor), recorded by the Broadway cast, has warm, old-fashioned songs by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick. Zero Mostel, as Sholom Aleichem's earthy innocent, Tevye the Dairyman, brightens whatever he sings—the reverent *Sabbath Prayer,* the nostalgic *Sunrise, Sunset,* and the wonderful intoxicated gibberish of *If I Were a Rich Man.*

BARBRA STREISAND: PEOPLE (Columbia). Streisand has so much zest that when she sings the blues (*Supper Time*), they sound strictly temporary. Her special forte is in kindling the first flying sparks of an affair (*People*) and feeding the quickening flames with tenderness (*I'm All Smiles*) or wit (*When in Rome, Love Is a Bore*).

MY FAIR LADY (Columbia). The sculptor Pygmalion stopped after producing one fair lady, but Columbia Records has no quota. There is a *Fair Lady* to swing to (by André Previn), another to sway to (by Sammy Kaye), one to weep by (Andy Williams), and one to sleep by (Percy Faith). There is also the new movie soundtrack, which has Rex Harrison in fine, fierce fettle. But Soprano Marni Nixon, dubbing in the voice of Eliza for Audrey Hepburn, sings with more finish than fire. Lovers of Broadway's fair lady, Julie Andrews, will insist on the original-cast recording, which has sold 5,000,000 copies.

THE VERY BEST OF COLE PORTER (M-G-M) is one of a seven-disk series that includes "the very best of" Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Kern, Romberg, Lerner and Loewe, and Berlin. The records have too many humdrum instrumental numbers, but occasionally are brightened by the voices of singers worth listening for: Lena Horne, Judy Garland, Mel Tormé, Rosemary Clooney, Helen Traubel, Kate Smith and Maurice Chevalier. The Porter, for instance, has Louis Armstrong (*You're the Top*), Eartha Kitt (*Always True to You in My Fashion*) and Margaret Whiting (*Just One of Those Things*).

ANTHONY NEWLEY: IN MY SOLITUDE (RCA Victor). British Actor Anthony Newley has a rare knack: he sings about love without sounding either slick or lovesick. His diction is equal to his conviction, and he may well corner the more sophisticated heart market. Even tired songs (*See Your Face Before Me, For All We Know, The Party's Over*) sound fresh.

THE DEFINITIVE PIAF (Capitol; 2 [illegible]) consists of 22 fine performances, including *La Vie en Rose* and *La Goualante du Pauvre Jean.* Piaf celebrates the joys of love in a voice already pregnant with sorrow and then suffers gallantly the heartbreak she knew was coming. After all, "without a lover, one is nothing."

CINEMA

THE PUMPKIN EATER. Anne Bancroft [illegible] trays with dazzling perception a [illegible] British matron who endures three husbands, a swarm of children, and a [illegible] ous collapse before she realizes that [illegible] not well in her pumpkin shell.

SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON. [illegible] by voices from Beyond, a demented [illegible] dium (Kim Stanley) and her timorous mate (Richard Attenborough) plot a kidnaping in this throat-drying English thriller that casts a spell nearly all the way.

MY FAIR LADY. The movie version of the Lerner-Loewe musical classic is bountiful, and beautiful as ever, with Rex Harrison repeating his Shavian tour de force opposite Audrey Hepburn, who is a passable flower girl and a Lady to none.

A WOMAN IS A WOMAN. France's Jean-Luc Godard glorifies the offbeat antics of a Parisian stripteaser (Anna Karina) with some gay, giddy improvisations inspired by New Wave *esprit* and a host of old Hollywood musicals.

WOMAN IN THE DUNES. A man and a woman trapped in a sand pit get down to the gritty substance of Everyman's fate in this luminous, violent allegory by Japanese Director Hiroshi Teshigahara.

TOPKAPI. Men, money and empire send Melina Mercouri on a merry chase through Istanbul in Director Jules Dassin's fastest, funniest caper since *Rififi.*

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY. Robert Shaw is superb as a big, genial Irishman who swamps his life and his wife (Mary Ure) in a torrent of blarney.

MARY POPPINS. A magical London nanny (Julie Andrews) whips up some diverting fun in one of those candy-clever neverlands that Walt Disney lights in.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Youthful indiscretions set off a sunny Sicilian nightmare in this tragicomedy by Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*).

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. In an often hilarious comedy, John, Paul, George and Ringo demonstrate that Beatlemania, even as they take it—with a grain of salt—can be quite a tolerable affliction.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. At a seedy resort for shady people, Ava Gardner, Richard Burton and Deborah Kerr [illegible] the ends of their ropes while untangling some of Tennessee Williams' best lines.

BOOKS

Best Reading

A LITTLE LEARNING, by Evelyn Waugh. In the first volume of his autobiography the great English satirist looks back on his sunny, comfortable childhood. If he does not quite pin down how he gained the mastery of prose and satire, he gives a lively account of the whims and eccentricities of his Oxford years and the remarkable companions who were to turn up in his novels.

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, Quellenstraat 18, Amsterdam, Netherlands. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc. at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago.

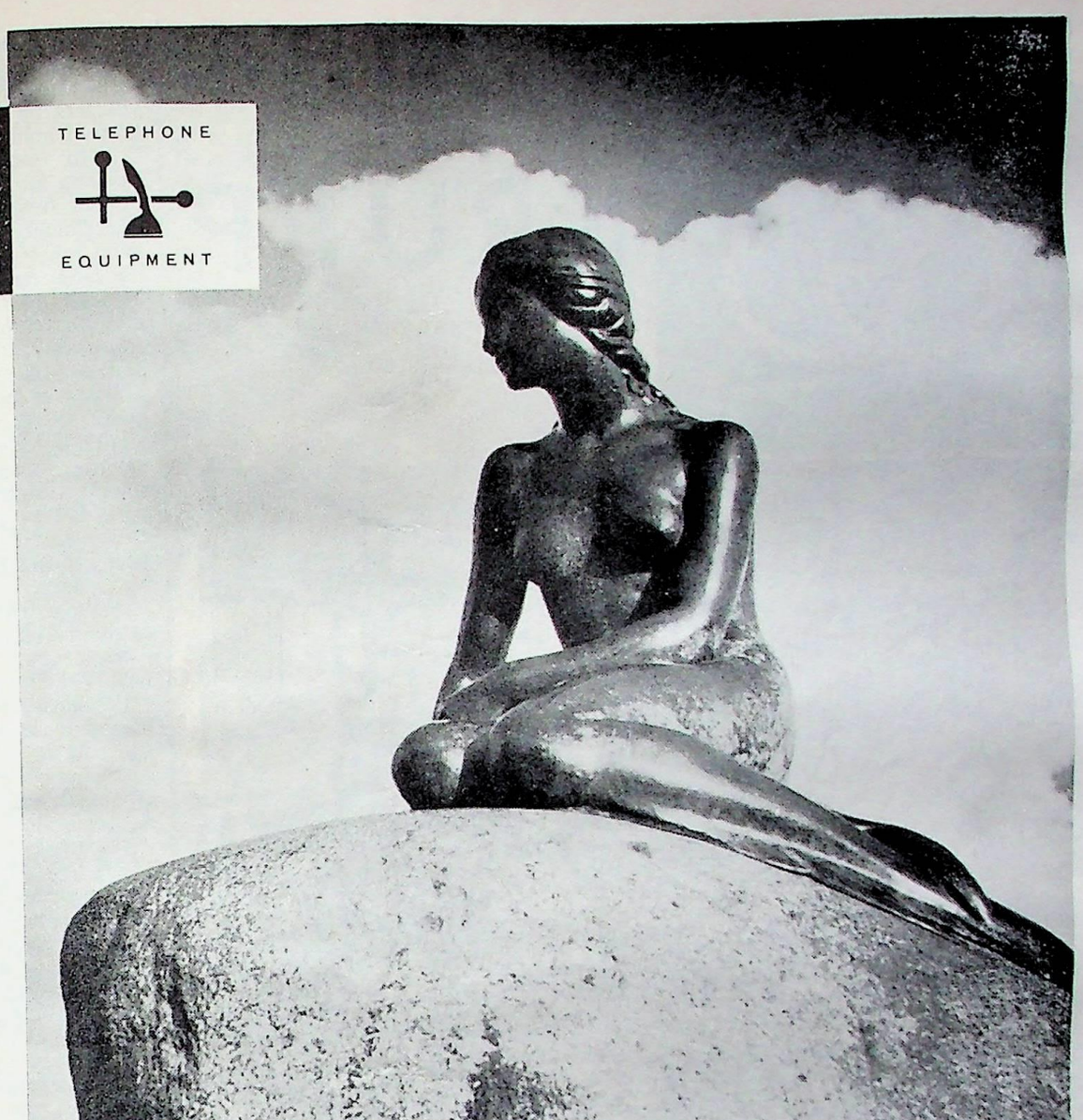
CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection. Haridwar

* All times E.S.T.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Ericsson LM

TELEPHONE EQUIPMENT



"The Little Mermaid," in Copenhagen's busy harbor

Why Four Out Of Five Automatic Telephones In Denmark Are Connected To Ericsson Equipment

Denmark's changeover to wholly automatic telephone equipment began in the late Forties. At that time Ericsson's modern crossbar switching system was selected – in competition with other leading systems – for the cities of Copenhagen and Aarhus.

Today Denmark is well along toward automatization of its telephone service. And four out of five automatic telephones are connected to Ericsson equipment.

The reliability of this equipment is a major reason why Ericsson is now delivering more than 200,000 additional lines of crossbar equipment in Denmark.

Telephone administrators in Denmark and more than 70 other countries specify Ericsson when they want the finest in modern systems or components – equipment that features realistic initial cost and negligible maintenance.

L. M. ERICSSON TELEPHONE COMPANY

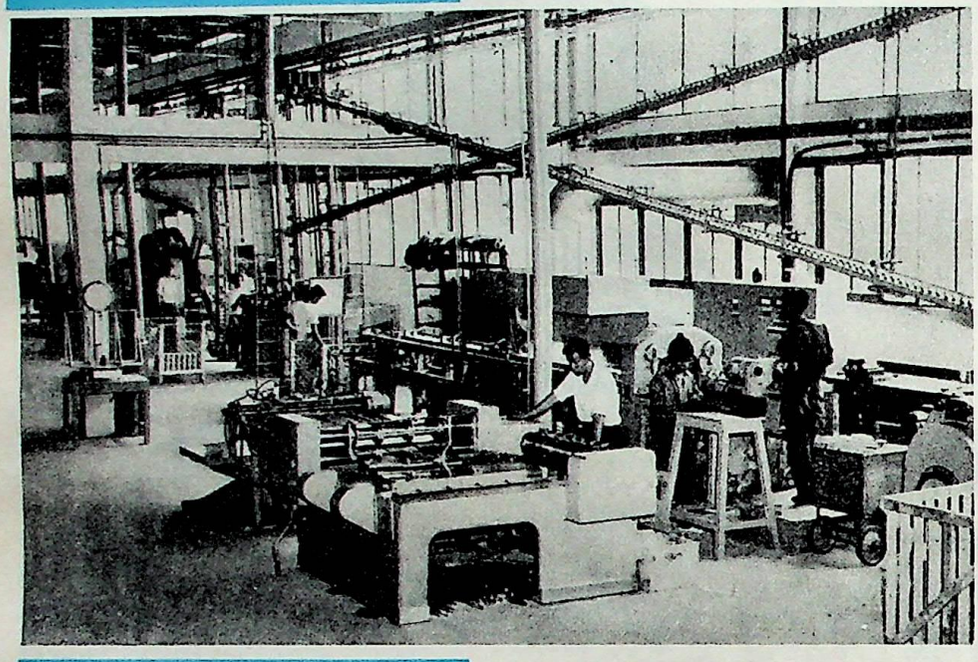
World Headquarters: STOCKHOLM 32

MANUFACTURING FACILITIES ON FOUR CONTINENTS / SALES ORGANIZATION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

KRUPP



Complete automatic can making line in a food preserving factory in Thailand.

LET KRUPP HELP YOU FIND THE BEST SOLUTION

More than 150 years of experience and more than 100,000 employees in modern research centers, engineering and production departments are your guarantee for the highest return on your investment.

KRUPP design and build complete industrial plants, locomotives, heavy trucks, ships, excavators, bulk-handling equipment, cranes, can-making machinery, tools, chemical process equipment, civil engineering structures, etc.

The complete catalog of products and services comprises some 3,000 items. 355 agents represent KRUPP in 116 countries, and KRUPP sales engineers are stationed in many parts of the world.

Further details are given in our publication No. 42/64 Write for a copy to

FRIED. KRUPP · ESSEN

A MAN IN THE WHEATFIELD, by R... Laxalt. This spare, original novel abou... man who tames snakes and alarms ... villagers by his powers becomes an ... gory of man's ways of confronting dre...

COLD FRIDAY, by Whittaker Chambe... Looking back on his earnest years at C... lumbia and the ideologies that shaped ... life, Chambers shows warmth and detach... ment missing from *Witness*. In particular, the intellectual zeal of the '30s, which de... manded that an idea become compulsion and that conviction turn into action, comes alive through Chambers' recon... eration of his motives and acts.

SHADOW AND ACT, by Ralph Ellison. The author of *The Invisible Man* turns his at... tention to the situation of the Negro in America, but is wise enough to reject easy solutions or histrionic demands.

OF POETRY AND POWER, edited by Eda... Glikes and Paul Schaber. A collection of poems inspired by the death of Presid... Kennedy. The contributors and their fee... ings range from religious poetry through existential stoicism to beat anger.

MARKINGS, by Dag Hammarskjöld. The late U.N. diplomat kept constant count with himself throughout his demandi... life by recording the outlines of his mind and soul in these journals. It is an astonishing and often eloquent testament of a God-obsessed Christian who measured his actions against his creed.

FOR THE UNION DEAD, by Robert Lowell. These very personal poems reflect Lowell's old preoccupations—madness, genius, ... —but the despair of his anguished earlier work has been replaced by a balance that adds a new dimension to Lowell's already considerable power.

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOWS, by John Cheever. In these short stories, the author keeps a tight grip on his own ... tures of exurbia: the proletariat of ... presidents, the charming, irrelevant ar... tocracy and the winning eccentrics who compose a swimming-pool society.

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. A complex, ... manding novel about divorce, a custody case, and a gentle man's slow recovery from the brutalization of both. Bellow's writing is consistently brilliant, but his ... tended reveries slow the pace and keep the novel from being a unified work.

Best Sellers

FICTION

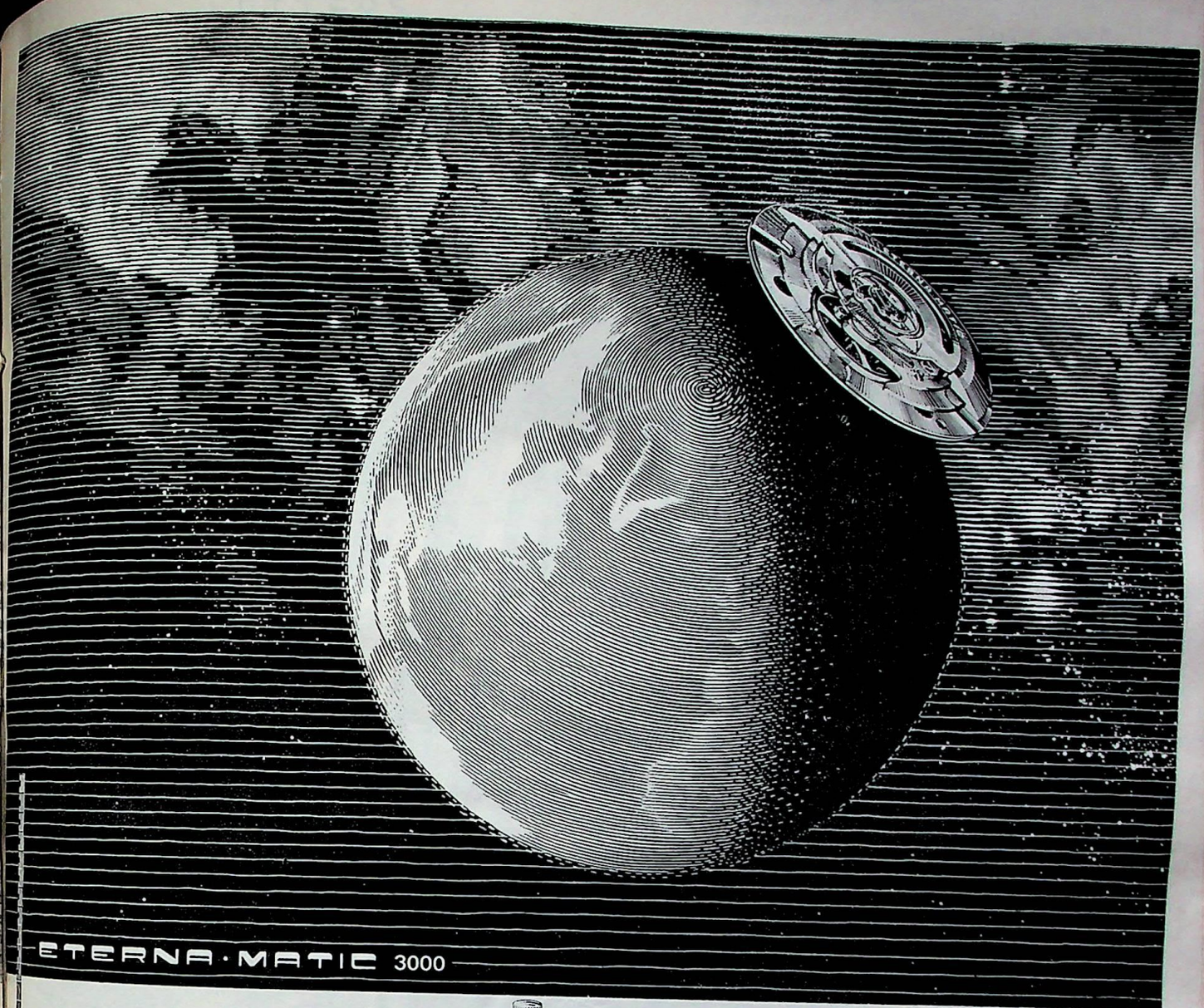
1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (3)
3. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (2)
4. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (4)
5. Julian, Vidal (6)
6. This Rough Magic, Stewart (5)
7. Armageddon, Uris (7)
8. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (8)
9. The Man, Wallace (9)
10. The Lost City, Gunther (10)

NONFICTION

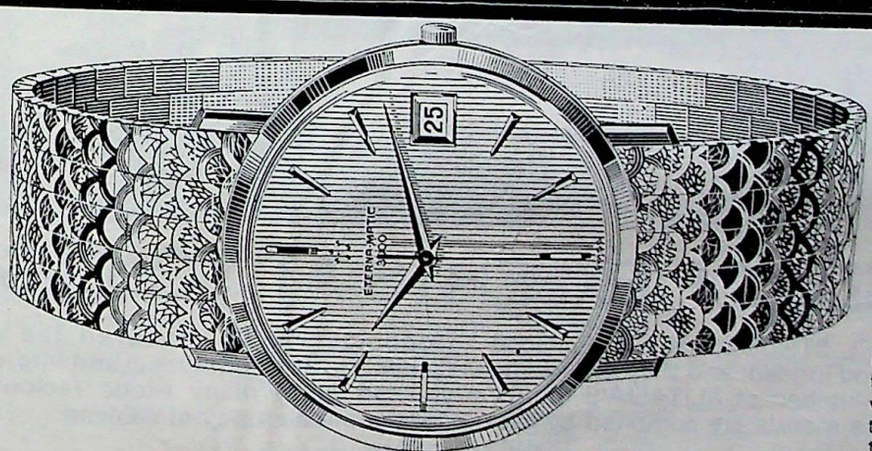
1. Reminiscences, MacArthur (1)
2. My Autobiography, Chaplin (2)
3. Markings, Hammarskjöld (8)
4. The Italians, Barzini (3)
5. The Warren Commission Report (6)
6. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (5)
7. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
8. Future of Man, De Chardin
9. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (9)
10. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (10)

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



...still thinner



Eterna·Matic 3000 "Dato" by far the thinnest automatic calendar watch with centre second. (Illustrated watch: Ref. 746 TB / 210–1466)

A capsule history of a significant watch achievement

1949: Eterna·Matic, with its revolutionary ballbearing-mounted selfwinding system, created a technical sensation.

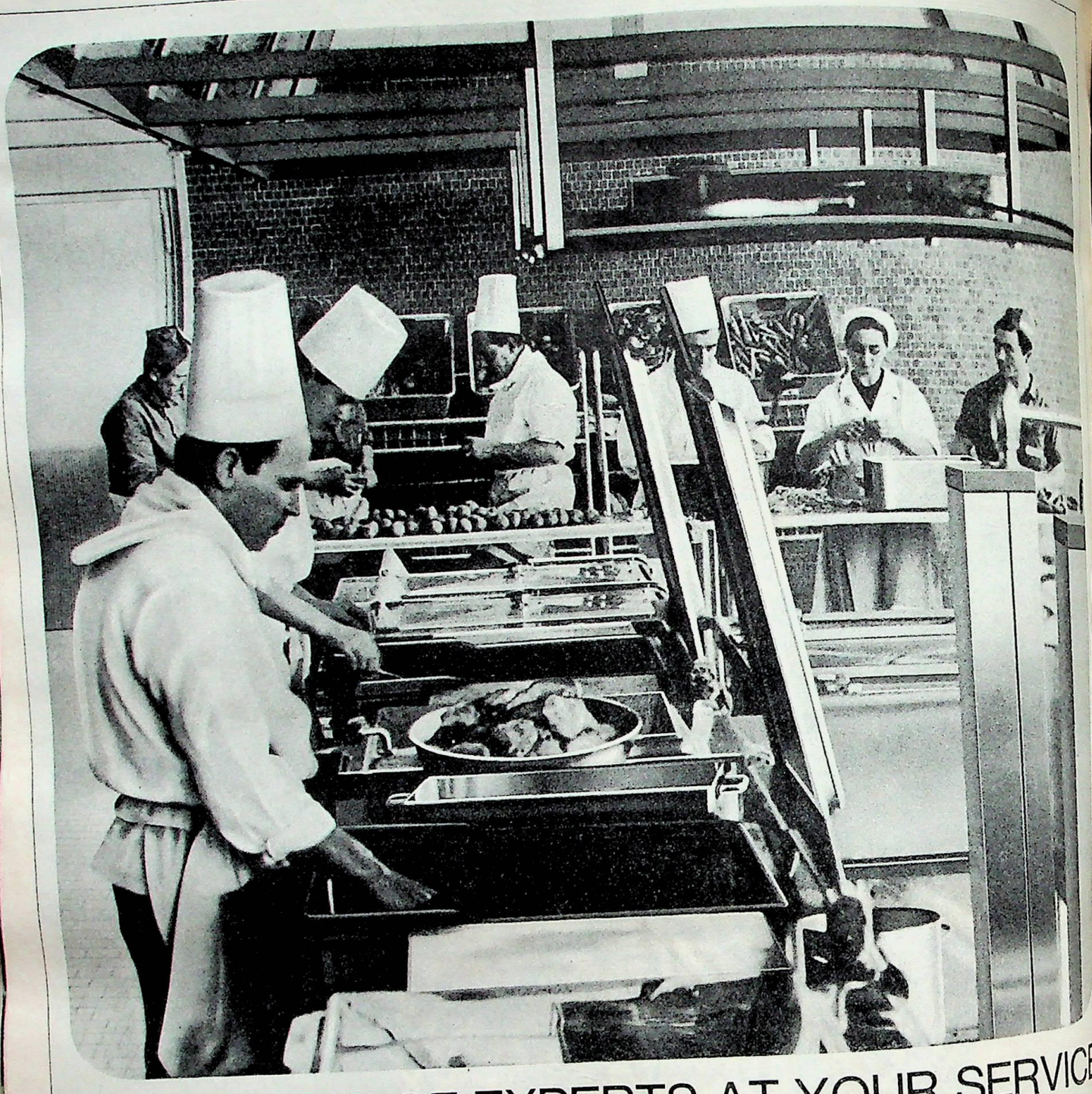
1956: The "Centenaire" series brought still another great success: the first really thin automatic watch.

Today: The progress attained by pioneers of research and technology has made it possible, for the first time, to produce a startling new design: the Eterna·Matic 3000 "Dato": a model of precision and endurance, yet by far the thinnest automatic calendar watch with centre second.

ETERNA·MATIC 3000

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



THOUSANDS OF EXPERTS AT YOUR SERVICE

THEY MADE THE APFEL STRUDEL IN ROME. Good Italian chefs are very good indeed: and they have some of the very best in the kitchen of ALITALIA'S Supply Centre at Fiumicino. The menus are compiled by gastronomes who've savoured the world's favourite dishes. On all international and intercontinental flights you can enjoy many exotic recipes, as well as the delicious Italian way of cooking.

ALITALIA AIRLINES

ALITALIA IS IN ALL OF ITALY AND GOES EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

...sse Fault?

...Nixon's attempt to blame Rockefel... for the disastrous Republican defeat ...v. 13] is worse than Goldwater's pa... ...e refusal to admit that his concept of ...ionary conservatism is now repudi... ...y the overwhelming majority of the ...rican people. Obviously, Nixon is de... ...ely trying to mitigate his own ... by shifting blame onto Rockefeller.

STEWART S. LEE

...town, Pa.

...At a time when the party needs, ...e all else, a united effort of its mod... ...and liberal elements if it is to sur... ...the conservative fiasco, Mr. Nixon ...es to vent his spleen on Governor ...efeller, who would not sacrifice prin... ...with Mr. Nixon's gay abandon.

ALICE SPECHT

...Diego

...Had Nixon supported Rockefeller, ...tion or Romney before the Conven... ...some of us Republicans might have ...a candidate to vote for.

MRS. S. P. LAGON

...ford, Mass.

...Richard Nixon was right in rebuking ...efeller for trying to divide the G.O.P. ...in praising Scranton for preaching ...Scarcely 24 hours after Goldwater's ...t, Rockefeller zeroed in on him with ...ed boots. It takes no courage to kick ...n when he is down, while his wounds ...still raw and bleeding. Rockefeller ...s to be a compulsive wrecker, whether ...a home or a party.

EVELYN CRANE

...ywood

...One can't help feeling a little sorry ...Richard M. Nixon. First he lost the ...idency, then the governorship of Cali... ...and now, after knocking himself ...campaigning for a man in whom he ...r really believed, the prize of becom... ...Secretary of State has slipped from his ...p. Will the man ever give up?

TED BACH

...gne, Ore.

...Senator Goldwater handed our orig... ...Republican Party back to us along ...our dignity and self-respect. If Sen... ...Javits and his leftist liberals think ...26 million Americans are going to ...d our newly regained Republican ideals ...reedom back to them just to be again ...aded, then they don't know what it ...s to love one's country enough to ...and die for it!

(MRS.) HELEN CLARK

...rmington, Mich.

...Landslide

...We Goldwaterites are not killed off, ...you liberals think. We are very much ...e and will live to tell the story.

...enix

NANCY JOHNSON

...From the past election, I learned ...I am not a liberal; I am not even a ...dle-of-the-roader. I am a conservative, ...g-waving, Communist-hating, Amer... ...first conservative. In the next four ...rs, if every one of us flag wavers takes ...upon himself to bring one or two people ...round to his way of thinking, 1968 will ...a very different story.

...ket, N.J.

WILLARD C. BORDEN

Sir: I do not for one moment feel that this election was a "mandate" for Johnson. It was rather a unanimous declaration of fear. We evidently have become a nation of people who would rather live on their knees in slavery than die in freedom.

(MRS.) GINNY RAMSAY

Bridgeville, Pa.

Sir: I was the Republican nominee for Secretary of State of West Virginia in Tuesday's election. As such, I polled 60,000 more votes than Goldwater and Miller. While I attribute my defeat to the head of the ticket, I still think Goldwater is right. What you have just witnessed is not the end of an era—it is the beginning of a revolution.

LOUIS REED

Elizabeth, W.Va.

Sir: Re Dean Burch: Yogi Berra's reward was being fired for not taking the World Series. What would Burch suggest for the manager of a '64 political-pennant contender who strengthened his pitching staff for the race by trading Abe Lincoln for Strom Thurmond?

LEROY WOLINS

Chicago

Sir: Oh well, we put up with one year of corn. Four more crops won't kill us.

ABRAHAM K. GEHMAN

Bally, Pa.

Sir: Goldwater's overwhelming defeat has shown the rest of the world that the U.S. has come of age.

LINA WEAVER

Nelson, New Zealand

Sir: Negroes should be very proud of our country. I am. There is no white backlash.

L. P. KIRKLAND

Pago Pago, American Samoa

Sir: As a Pennsylvania Democrat in Louisiana, I was not even reassured by the polls. However, on election night I went to sleep content to know that the rest of the country did not want to maintain segregation at the cost of annihilation, and happy to forget the unspoken undertone: "In our hearts we know he's white."

(MRS.) SUSAN M. PIVER

Barksdale A.F.B., La.

Sir: Consider me one Republican who will be happy to swap the electoral votes of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Louisiana, South Carolina and Arizona for those of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and California—for starters.

DAVID APKER

Carlsbad, N. Mex.

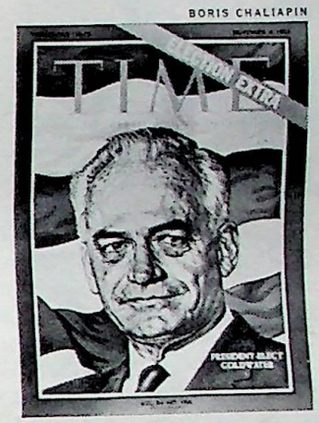
Sir: Fess up, now! For the cover of the Election Extra [Nov. 4], did you have a "stand-by" picture of, oh, what was his name?

PHIL DORLON

Stuart, Fla.

▶ *His name on the cover (see below) was President-elect Goldwater.*

BORIS CHALIAPIN



Sir: It appears that many political analysts have overlooked the most significant reason for George Murphy's senatorial victory in California. A few days before the election, Walt Disney publicly endorsed Mr. Murphy in a full-page ad printed in major newspapers throughout the state. A vote against Murphy would have been a vote against Disney. That's like voting against apple pie. Mr. Murphy was carried into office by clinging to Mary Poppins' coattails.

RAY L. LANE

Altadena, Calif.

Sir: How I envy America's having a Government with a working majority.

JAMES GOODLET

Georgetown, Ontario

The Problem of the Cities

Sir: Your excellent article on urban renewal [Nov. 9] stressed the often handsome new construction that accrues to the city after such redevelopment. However, a tremendous hidden social cost is incurred, which accounts for much of the vociferous opposition to all renewal. When large, densely populated areas are cleared, many people and businesses are displaced. Most of these people are poor, and many belong to ethnic minorities. They do not disap-

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
5 Ottho Heldringstraat
Amsterdam 18, Netherlands

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

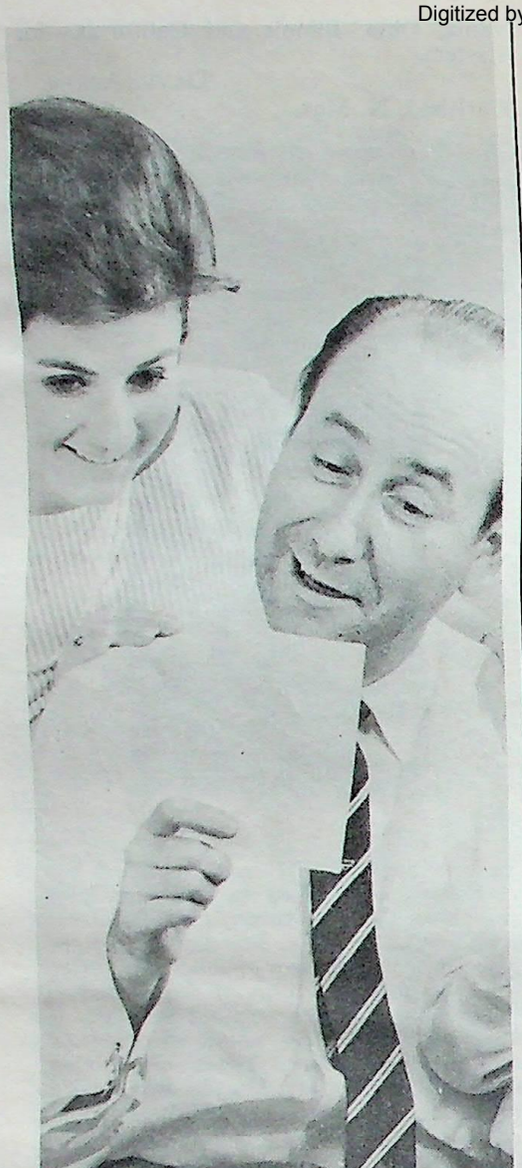
name

address

city country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Oh!

I'm proud of you, dear. Never thought you could take photos like that. Well, but with a Petri 7S .....

PETRI® 7s

Our newest feature, the automatically controlled Circle-Eye exposure meter system guarantees you superb pictures every time.

PETRI CAMERA COMPANY, INC.
Tokyo, Japan

pear from the earth but, rather, crowd into other low-rental areas, creating new slums. But in many instances, the marginal businesses in the renewal areas do disappear. These businesses, often viable only because of low rents, are employers of the semiskilled and the unskilled, the self-same people forced to relocate.

Thus urban renewal will have only a cosmetic effect on our cities, and the billions of dollars invested will be lost, unless it is combined with comprehensive programs of low-cost housing, education and social services designed to bring the marginal people and businesses back into the main stream of our society.

ALAN G. RUDOLPH
School of Architecture
Pratt Institute
Brooklyn

Sir: Urban renewal causes the disruption and displacement of large numbers of small businessmen in Philadelphia. The Redevelopment Authority publicly admits that only 50% of the small businessmen in a project area survive and relocate. If the authorities in planning and programming will permit small business to participate in the planning for the entire city as well as locally, guarantee to the businesses whose properties are condemned the right to relocate, and provide adequate compensation for the loss of good will and other damage, the tragedy could be avoided.

SIDNEY MARKIND
United Business Men's Association
Philadelphia

Sir: Your inspiring coverage of urban renewal came too late to assist as additional ammunition in our efforts for the passage of Baltimore County's $3,816,000 urban-renewal bond issue. Our high hopes and three years of planning for this potentially great area have been defeated at the polls. Communities contemplating urban renewal would do well to profit from our temporary failure and wage an all-out campaign to educate and stimulate all citizens with renewed economics.

(MRS.) ADLYN F. SHERMAN
Stoneleigh, Md.

Sir: Your article on "Remaking the American City" was an outstanding example of TIME's unique ability to handle a complex in-depth story. Both its scope and depth are a tribute to the team you assigned to prepare the article. I feel sure, however, that you will forgive us for expressing some concern over the omission of the name, the Plaza, in your description of the marble-faced circular apartment building under construction on Philadelphia's Benjamin Franklin Parkway. It would be like our referring to your new home as "the top floors of a new building for a national weekly newsmagazine."

MAX WM. KORMAN
Hyman Korman, Inc.
Philadelphia

Sir: I hope those urban planners make allowance for such little things as sidewalk cafés and coffeehouses where pedestrians can relax over a 25¢ cup of *espresso* for an hour or two, absorbing all this renewal.

J. DUFFY
New York City

Sir: The greatest sin of most urban renewal is that slab-sided high-rise buildings negate the human scale. Who wants to live in an aseptic Wheaties box?

JIM MCCREA
Lakewood, Col.

The Middle Eastern Way?

Sir: Your story about vengeance in Sicily [Oct. 30] aroused thoughts of other "honorable" countries in the Middle East. Here, honor can be regained only by the slaying of the female by the nearest blood relative, without even inquiring as to the identity of the male lover. To make the "washing of shame"—as this kind of murder is called—more effective, it is carried out by a hand-wielded instrument such as a dagger, which is handed to the police, dripping with blood. Maria's fate should have been sealed by her father with a meat-cleaver knife in the dining room, where he first heard of the soiling of his honor.

JA' FAR ALI
Baghdad

Southern Justice

Sir: Your interesting article, "Those Kennedy Judges" [Nov. 6], implicitly raises important questions for the coming Congress and administration. You point out that the late President Kennedy, to accommodate Senator Eastland of Mississippi, who chairs the Senate Judiciary Committee, appointed some racist federal judges. Eastland was given this powerful post by the Democratic Senatorial Caucus. Seniority is not a law of the majority caucus and is frequently violated. Hence, morally opprobrious, the Democratic rationale that the Eastlands had to be accommodated to keep Mississippi and the rest of the South in the Democratic fold is not always valid. Eastland and Stennis of Miss. did not support L.B.J., do not support the Kennedy-Johnson program, do not support the Democratic platform, do not support the right of all Americans to vote. No committee assignments should be given to those who opposed the Democratic platform and opposed the national ticket. Let the racists follow Strom Thurmond into Goldwater country.

RICHARD ROE
Berkeley, Calif.

All That Glistens Isn't Martin Luther's Wedding Ring

Sir: The item about the discovery of Luther's wedding ring [Oct. 30] is of particular interest to us. We think that we had the authentic wedding ring of Martin Luther. Besides the engraved date and the names, our ring also has on it the Luther rose and the red stone signifying blood.

SARI [illegible]
San Francisco

Sir: In the early '40s, my brother was given a ring represented as Martin Luther's engagement ring. It had been purchased at the Jewelry Exchange in New York from a Russian refugee. Inside the band is visible "Martin Luther-Katharina von Bora," and under a magnifying glass the 1525 can be seen. We had it appraised at the time, and could find out only that the silver was old enough to date the ring correctly, that the engraving was probably done in the 16th century, and that the ruby was genuine.

ALANA M. ROSSO
La Grange Park, Ill.

▶ *Several copies of Luther's ring were made around 1817 to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the day Luther nailed his 95 theses on the Wittenberg Church door, though museum officials in Saxony are still examining the newly found ring that is believed to be Luther's original wedding ring worn by Luther's wife in the Leipzig museum.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

HEDLEY DONOVAN
ANDREW HEISKELL
JAMES A. LINEN
THOMAS GRIFFITH

HENRY R. LUCE
ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George Baker, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, William Bowen, Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, William Barker, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Ronald P. Kriss, Norton Leonard, Marshall Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Martin, Robert McLaughlin, John McPhee, O'Neill, Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Bachman, John Blashill, Jon Borgzinner, Gurney Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Clell Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Alton L. Clingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer Johanna Davis, Arnold Howard Drapkin, Gregory Dunne, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Grossman, Robert F. Jones, Horace Leon Jaroff, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Ray Kennedy, George Love, Jason McManus, R. Levitas, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, Barry Osborne, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, E. Smith, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson, G. Warner.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.
Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Ruth Annan, Nancy Priscilla B. Badger, Jean Bergerud, Karen B. Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, Byrnes, Nicolette Caliendo, Anne Chisholm, Cooil, Gillian Coxhead, S. Spaulding Davis, DeLucia, Monica Dowdall, Rosamond Draper, Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Joanne Funger, Leah Shanks Gordon, Patricia Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Hollister, Andria E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Jane Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Martha Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Erika Kraemer, Susan Krieger, Judith Martha McDowell, Evelyn Merrin, Nancy Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Jean Pascoe, S. Marion Pikul, Wendy Kupsick Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Statler, Frances Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Fortunata Sydnor Mary Vanaman, Susanne S. Washburn, Nancy Williams, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Cook Jr., Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, Jean Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacLoye W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, William Radeges, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin H. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Clark, Stephen Porterfield, Miriam Rumwell. LOS ANGELES: Paul Berges, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert Moser; Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. Whitter. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Christopher Joy, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA: Dunton: Harry Johnston, Arlie W. Schardt, Roger M. Thuma. BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Robert A. Ellis, Hugh Greenway, John L. Wilhelm. DENVER: Barron Parker. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, Benjamin W. Cate, A. J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: John M. Mecklin, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.
Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Charles Champlin, Curtis Prendergast, Barry Farrell, Judson Good-Jeremy Main, Friedel Ungeheuer. BONN: James Bell, Nickel, Samuel R. Iker. ROME: Robert E. Israel Shenker. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. BEIRUT: de Carvalho, Lee Griggs. HONG KONG: Frank Loch, Loren Kessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw, James NAIROBI: Peter Forbath. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan Randal. NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. Jerrold L. Schecter, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Shirley. OTTAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. BUREAU: Martin Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman, Ed Ogle. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold Duncan. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO DE Roger Stone, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS.....Lawrence E. Laybourne
GENERAL MANAGER.....John J. Frey
.....James A. Thomason

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR.....Edgar R. Baker
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR.....David W. Ballard
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN.....Yasuo Kitaoka
INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....William S. Honneus
EUROPEAN ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

OCT. 8, 1956

ONE lucky thing about the Notre Dame football coach, Ara Parseghian, wrote a Midwest sports columnist last week, was that he hadn't made the cover of TIME. This wry little note took public notice of a myth that is a continuing topic of conversation among journalists —particularly sportswriters. It is known as the TIME cover jinx.

No one knows just how the myth got started, but it has persisted for 30 years. Any sports figure who gets on the cover of TIME, goes the mythology, is doomed to defeat—in a phrase, has had it. TIME Subscriber Ara Parseghian saw that jinx note in the sports column while Correspondent Marsh Clark was interviewing him for this week's cover. He smiled rather bravely and allowed that he wasn't worried. However, while there is no computerized or even uncomputerized evidence to support the myth, it can be said that someone almost always loses in sports. And so Sport Writer Charles Parmiter waited rather impatiently through much of the game last Saturday afternoon before he started putting the final touches on his Parseghian story. The cover press was running. Was the jinx at work?

Look who lost the big football game of the season. None other than Michigan State Coach Hugh Duffy Daugherty, who has had only one losing season since 1954, who hadn't lost to Notre Dame since that year and who had never lost a game to Ara Parseghian. Duffy Daugherty was on the cover of TIME, Oct. 8, 1956. Jinxed!

HMM," said the researcher, "it looks like a pan of worms." That was at an early stage of the project that produced the BUSINESS section's map of the million miles of pipelines that lie like a set of ribs under the surface of the U.S. From the idea, through the pan-of-worms stage, to the printed page this week, the map was three months in production.

Once all the data had been gathered, the big problem for Cartographer R. M. Chapin Jr. and his staff was to get it all on a two-page map and still make it clearly readable. The rather large aim was to differentiate among natural-gas, crude-oil and product pipelines, to show oil-field areas and natural-gas fields, and to rank refinery areas by size. Besides high cartographic skill, all this called for a special printing process. For the U.S. editions, the map was printed in eight colors—yellow, magenta, green, grey, gold, pink, blue and black. To get sharper differentiation between the lines and patterns, it was printed as if it were a piece of fine art—by sheet-fed offset on heavy paper—and then was bound with the rest of the magazine, which came off rotary letter presses. For the overseas editions, which are always printed offset, the problem was different: press limitations prohibited use of eight colors, so a pattern had to be devised for use of five colors—red, blue, black, yellow and tan.

So far as we know, no one—not even in the industry—has produced such a map of the U.S. pipeline network. And, considering the time, skill, care and cost involved, we're not surprised.

INDEX

Cover Story.....56 Color: Pipelines.....33

Art.....52
Books.....66
Cinema.....63
The Hemisphere.17
The Law.....60
Letters.....7
Medicine.....28
Milestones.....41
Modern Living...47
People.....27
Press.....43
Religion.....51
Science.....62
Show Business..49
Sport.....56
Theater.....42
Time Listings.....2
The U.S.....11
U.S. Business...31
The World.....18
World Business..40

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Pipelines for industry?

Propellants for spray packs?

HOECHST HAS IT

These pipelines are enjoyed not only by engineers. Non-technical people, too, tend to take a long look at them, especially where the liquid can be taken internally. Of course for large irrigation schemes, for the transport of liquid cement or for drainage purposes, it would probably be better to use rather more stable pipes – pipes from ®HOSTALEN, for example, the tough, reliable polyethylene from Hoechst. But perhaps pipes are not your line. Maybe you're spraying pesticides on fruit trees or "snow" on Christmas trees? Then need a spray pack – and a spray pack needs an unseen but reliable safety propellant like ®FRIGEN, which Hoechst makes for all purposes from putting on sun oil to putting out fires. Plastic for pipeline? Propellant for aerosol? – Hoechst has it.

Farbwerke Hoechst AG.
Frankfurt/M. Germany

Hoechst can help you – in over 100 countries.

HOECHST A century of Chemistry

Hoechst products: dyestuffs, textile auxiliaries, intermediates, pharmaceuticals, sera and vaccines, chemicals, raw materials for the paint industry, plastics, fibers, films, fertilizers, plant protection agents, design and construction of chemical plants

RA 50 – E

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
November 20, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 21

THE U.S.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

NATO's Dilemma

Of all the difficulties deferred until after the U.S. elections, none has greater implications for U.S. and free-world security than the strain within the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Last week, in conferences with Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, President Johnson discussed the NATO problem at length. McNamara also held long consultations in Washington with West Germany's visiting Defense Minister Kai-Uwe von Hassel; U.S. Under Secretary of State George Ball was in Europe trying to sell the idea of a multilateral nuclear force (MLF), and former German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer injected himself back into the discussions with a visit to Charles de Gaulle to "try to clarify existing difficulties between France and Germany."

Blame It on Charles. While recognizing NATO's problems, U.S. officials show a distressing tendency to 1) place the responsibility for solutions on the European allies and 2) blame everything on De Gaulle. Thus, Rusk said, "When one talks about NATO needing reorganization, I am sure it is quite clear in the organization that the members of NATO would study with great seriousness any proposals made for changing the organization." But, he added, "we haven't had those proposals." And he pointed the inevitable finger at France, saying: "We sometimes are puzzled by some of the things that we hear from a capital like Paris, when general expressions seem to have very little content in terms of specific ideas or specific proposals." This attitude is put more bluntly in the Pentagon, where a NATO specialist declares: "There is nothing wrong with NATO except Charles de Gaulle"—a view echoed by many U.S. cartoonists anxious to use their most savage pens (*see cut*).

All this amounts to a vast and dangerous oversimplification. To be sure, De Gaulle's blackball of Britain's proposed entry into the Common Market, his insistence upon developing his own nuclear force, his outright opposition to the U.S. plan for a multilateral nuclear force, his vision of a unified continental Europe dominated by France, all have been major irritants within the NATO alliance. Yet the full weight of NATO's problems cannot be justly heaped upon the unbending shoulders of De Gaulle.

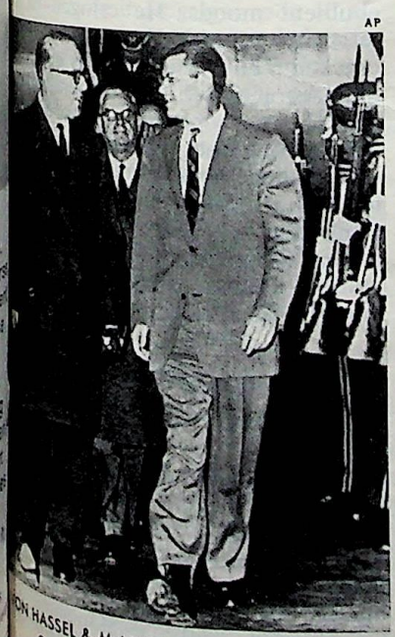
Points of Conflict. The power relationships among the allies are not nearly so simple as when NATO was created in 1949. The U.S. then was not only the sole nuclear power but the overwhelming economic power. Most European nations were still rebuilding their war-shattered economies. In the practical terms of dollars and military capability, the U.S. was NATO and NATO was the U.S., and Europe was content to have it that way. Now, nearly all of Europe is thriving. Britain and France have a nuclear capability, however limited, of their own. West Germany yearns for the same. With growing independence, new tensions are natural.

At the same time, the Communist threat against Europe has eased, and so has some of the feeling of urgency that bound NATO together. NATO's defenders insist that this is due in large part to NATO's very effectiveness. In any event, the allies now feel freer to pursue narrower national interests.

Even on matters of basic strategy, there are points of obvious conflict. France, Italy and West Germany object to the U.S. emphasis upon "flexible response" if it means that NATO would not employ even tactical nuclear weapons against Communist aggression. Bonn understandably balks at any strategy that places the Rhine as the point at which all-out retaliation would begin. Recent training exercises by French troops indicated that French generals are more interested in defending French territory than in meshing with NATO. And all the other allies shudder at the prospect of giving quarreling NATO members Greece and Turkey any sort of access to any sort of nuclear weapons.

So far, the only specific proposal to ease NATO tensions is the U.S.'s MLF concept of a 25-vessel fleet of Polaris-missile-equipped merchant ships, manned by mixed crews from NATO nations. This is aimed at reducing the resentment of the allies against U.S. veto power over the use of nuclear weapons and at checking the proliferation of such weapons. The MLF missiles would cover Communist airfields and medium-range missile sites that now threaten Central Europe.

In trying to sell MLF, George Ball offers it as only a first step toward greater nuclear cooperation, concedes that the issue of who would control the firing of missiles in such a mixed force must still be resolved, professes willingness to listen to any modifications of the whole idea. Actually, only West Germany seems at all enthusiastic about MLF, and even the Germans are caught in crossfire from De Gaulle, who hints at breaking off his recent agreement to cooperate and consult with Bonn on



AP

VON HASSEL & McNAMARA IN WASHINGTON
Some fundamental changes.

MAULDIN—CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

"WHY DO YOU AMERICANS STAY WHERE YOU'RE NOT WANTED?"

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

foreign policy, defense and cultural affairs if the Germans join MLF.

Whatever the fate of MLF, it is obviously no complete answer to NATO's problems. Those problems arise from fundamental changes in allied relationships. As such, they require some fundamental rethinking about the NATO edifice—and what Europe should be.

Going It Alone

A quarter-spin around the globe from NATO's Europe lies another deferred problem. Viet Nam is not an area in which the U.S. must either deal with allies or depend on them. If there is to be a solution in Viet Nam, the U.S. must pretty much go it alone.

Emerging from his Texas talk with President Johnson last week, Defense Secretary McNamara purported to see some light on the horizon. "At last," he said, "we have a civilian government, a government that gives some indication of being able to develop a consensus among the hard groups in the nation and move the nation ahead to a more effective response to the Viet Cong guerrillas who are attacking and harassing the people . . . So I think that today, compared to a month ago, we can look forward with greater confidence."

As McNamara must have known, all this begged the fact that the last previous civilian South Viet Nam government, that of Ngo Dinh Diem, was overthrown by a military junta with at least the tacit connivance of the U.S., that the new government is the shakiest anywhere in the world, that militarily the South Viet Nam war has been going from worse to worst, and that any expression of optimism was pure whistling in the dark.

How to Do It? As late as last May, before the U.S. political campaign really got under way, the U.S. had at least four options as to what to do about Viet Nam. They were: 1) to follow the advice of such men as Charles de Gaulle and join in a scheme to neutralize the war-torn area, 2) to expand the war and win it, 3) to get out, or 4) to muddle along as before, at least until after the election.

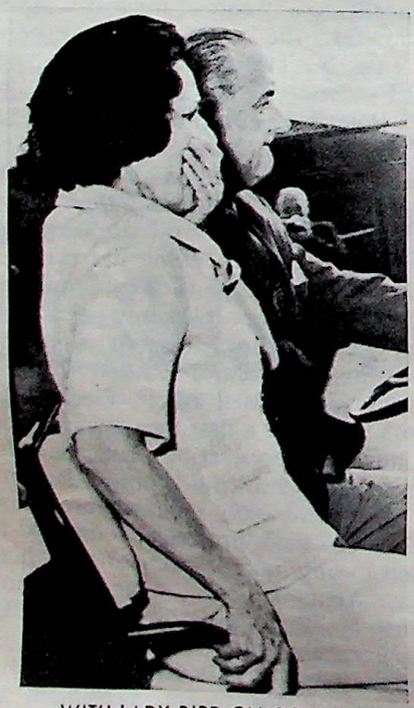
President Johnson took the fourth choice. But now that the election is over the U.S. cannot keep on muddling along, and the success-filled Communists are not likely to settle for any sort of meaningful neutralization. That leaves two alternatives: win or get out.

Getting out would be a horrifying political humiliation, particularly since President Johnson said time and again during his campaign that the U.S. would never desert its friends in Southeast Asia. And that would seem to leave just one choice: winning.

But how to do it? The President has ordered all the involved agencies of government—the State Department, the Pentagon, the CIA, USIA and AID to review and re-form each of their plans for dealing with Viet Nam. Some old ideas have been newly advanced. The most obvious answer is to extend the war to North Viet Nam with bombing raids and stepped-up guerrilla attacks. But the Administration is most reluctant to make such a move, fearing that it would bring the U.S. into a dangerously real confrontation with Red China.

Nibbling at the Edges. Thus, under apparently more favorable consideration are such notions as launching air strikes against the Laotian section of the Ho Chi Minh trail from North Viet Nam or pressuring Cambodia, which serves as a sanctuary for Viet Cong raiders, by cutting off Cambodian shipping that moves down the Mekong River through South Viet Nam to the sea. "We shall start," said a high State Department official, "by nibbling around at the edges."

Nibbling around the edges has been largely a Communist tactic in Asia, and so far it has won only for them and not for the West.



WITH LADY BIRD ON GOLF CART
A few anxious moments.

THE PRESIDENCY

Along Friendship Walk

Around the L.B.J. ranch, folks stroll along "Friendship Walks." They are paths of cement squares inscribed with the signatures of the rich and the famous who have caught the President's fancy on visits to the 400-acre spread. The walk, a sort of presidential version of Grauman's Chinese Theater forecourt, already includes the names of John Kennedy, all seven original U.S. astronauts, and Germany's Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. Last week, in a favorite ranch ritual, Lyndon added two new ones as Mexico's President-elect Gustavo Díaz Ordaz and Wife Guadalupe stooped to etch their signatures with nails in the fresh cement.

The purpose of the Díaz Ordaz visit

L.B.J. GREETING DIAZ ORDAZ
A new name underfoot.

was a round of private talks with son on trade, migrant labor, the for Progress, and the like. But they began, the Mexicans fou how extensive L.B.J. hospitality Lyndon jockeyed out to meet t Ordaz plane on the asphalt run hind the ranch house in his elec cart, the same one in which h Lady Bird a few anxious mom reening around the grounds t day (*see cut*). Díaz Ordaz wa for him, and with a grin even than the President's own, wrapp don in a bear-hug Mexican while his wife planted a kiss o Bird's cheek.

Through dinner and showtime dent Johnson was in one of h ebullient moods. He cringed in terror as Spanish Dancer Mary cracked a bull whip over his head Star Attraction Eddie Fisher go up in his microphone while croo way among the tables, it was who rushed to the rescue and un him. Then, just in case someone think that Rancher Johnson ha too citified in his ways, the show up with a demonstration of she ing by a band of hill-country co

THE ADMINISTRATION

A Tough Act to Follow

To the L.B.J. ranch from L last week came a telephone c President Johnson. The caller w ter Heller, 49, chairman of the dent's Council of Economic A who was reporting in after a Pa ing of the Organization for E Cooperation and Development ing their conversation, the P asked whether Heller would re

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ING DIAZ ORDAZ
me underfoot.

ecision to leave the Government. answer was still no.
Months ago, Heller had decided to rn to the University of Minnesota's conomics department, where he was n Hubert Humphrey brought him ashington in 1960 to meet newly ed John Kennedy. Heller delayed departure until after the election, ow he was determined to go.
succeed him, Johnson named er Ackley, 49, a former Univer- of Michigan economics professor has been a member of the Council conomic Advisers since 1962. To e vacancy left by Ackley's move ohnson picked Arthur Okun, a economist and since 1961 a CEA ember.

With Influence. Heller's will be a act to follow. He was certainly ost influential chairman in CEA y, and probably had the presiden- ar as exclusively as any other sin- conomist in U.S. history. It was who, over the initial objections reasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, ssfully argued President Kennedy cking a tax cut. And it was Heller in effect changed the nation's eco- c course by winning first Kennedy, Johnson, over to the philosophy eficit spending as a stimulant for glish economy.

anything, Johnson embraced Hel- eliefs even more aggressively than edy. He has already assigned a force to study a Heller scheme to over a fixed amount of federal in- -tax money to states and localities ep the boom booming. This would n taking money from upper-income s and states and giving it to poor- es, and while that plan may never to pass, it is indicative of the omic line fathered by Heller.

While Ahead. But Ackley is ev- it as activist and liberal as Heller. s recognized as the CEA's expert omestic monetary policy, was one e leaders in urging Kennedy to at- the balance-of-payments deficit by sing an interest equalization tax. can be expected to fight for the tenance of present wage-price elines, work for continued easy t, try to devise new means of re- ng unemployment, and in general w the blueprint of his predecessor. he is cautious about predictions and ewhat wry about his promotion. lter had enough sense to get out e he was ahead," he says.

sis in Staffmanship

f all the top White House staffers have, in the last few weeks, ex- ed publicly or privately their desire get out, actually do resign, there be only one left. That will be Mc- rge Bundy, Special Assistant for Na- al Security, who obviously figures n if he hangs around long enough will get Dean Rusk's job. As for others:

Larry O'Brien and Kenny O'Donnell, the last of Kennedy's Irish Mafia, served Lyndon loyally and effectively during the campaign but have quitting on their minds.

▶ Bill Moyers, 30-year-old lay preacher who took over as staff supervisor after the enforced leave-taking of Walter Jenkins (who, it was reported last week, is out of the hospital and feeling much "improved" at home), suffers from bleeding ulcers, is anxious to get back to the Peace Corps job he once held.

▶ Jack Valenti, the Man Friday most often seen whispering into Lyndon's ear, has professed that he would like to get back to Texas to make some money.

▶ George Reedy, press secretary, seemed about to fall apart trying to keep up with Johnson in the final days of the campaign. Reedy would like to stay on but not at the breakneck pace of the past few months.

▶ Horace Busby, speechwriter, makes few bones about his intention to return to private life.

▶ Richard Goodwin, speechwriter and general idea projectionist, was a Kennedy discovery. But at 32, Goodwin is a young man in a hurry, and he has a highly developed sense of his own importance. Goodwin is still smarting at Lyndon's recent insistence that he, the President, writes every word of his own speeches.

And so it goes. Some of these men will, under Johnson's blandishments, change their minds. But more important is the fact that Johnson has no knack for getting or keeping good staffers around him. Last week he called on Washington Lawyer Clark Clifford, who helped Harry Truman and Jack Kennedy in the White House, for advice and assistance on the staff situation.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

Hubert's Holiday

Just before Vice President-elect Hubert Humphrey left for his post-election vacation in the Virgin Islands, he taped a television interview during which he discussed the exhausting length of the U.S. presidential race. "What we really find ourselves doing with these long, extended campaigns of two and three months is replaying old material," said Hubert. "Therefore I think that you tend to become tired, the public becomes a little tired."

But even on vacation, Hubert acted as if he wouldn't really mind if the campaign went on twelve months a year. His Caribair plane had barely set down at St. Thomas Island's airport when Humphrey burst past his Secret Service guards and began grabbing hands in the enthusiastic crowd. He made a speech, then went with his family to Laurance Rockefeller's beach house at Caneel Bay Plantation, a resort on St. John Island. There, he changed into shorts, sports shirt and straw hat.

AP

HUMPHREY & SON AFTER THE CATCH
The juices kept flowing.

He looked enormously relaxed, but he still couldn't quite turn off the campaign juices. During a shopping trip to Charlotte Amalie, he bought a can of salted nuts, a tax-free wrist watch—and strode up and down the streets all but searching for more hands to shake. He went deep-sea fishing, boated a 6-ft. 6-in. sailfish, posed afterward for bare-chested photographs with his son Bob, 20. To prove his prowess, Hubert proudly flexed his biceps too.

Thus, as tired of campaigning as he —and the public—might have been, Hubert on a holiday turned out to be little different from Hubert on the hustings.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

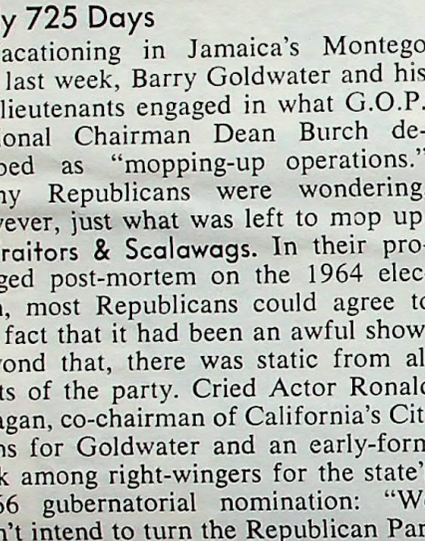
IDAHO'S SMYLIE
Talk it over.

REPUBLICANS

Only 725 Days

Vacationing in Jamaica's Montego Bay last week, Barry Goldwater and his top lieutenants engaged in what G.O.P. National Chairman Dean Burch described as "mopping-up operations." Many Republicans were wondering, however, just what was left to mop up.

Traitors & Scalawags. In their prolonged post-mortem on the 1964 election, most Republicans could agree to the fact that it had been an awful show. Beyond that, there was static from all parts of the party. Cried Actor Ronald Reagan, co-chairman of California's Citizens for Goldwater and an early-form pick among right-wingers for the state's 1966 gubernatorial nomination: "We don't intend to turn the Republican Party over to the traitors in the battle just ended." Between rounds of golf, Goldwater himself took time out to lambast such middle-roading Republicans as Governors Nelson Rockefeller of New York and George Romney of Michigan and Senators Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania and Thomas Kuchel of California as "so-called Republicans." Barry suggested that "the time has come for a real realignment of the parties," naming them "liberal and conservative," not "Democratic and Republican."



PENNSYLVANIA'S SCOTT
Throw them out.

South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond, whose recent bolt to the G.O.P. probably saddened more Republicans than it did Democrats, voiced the hope that the G.O.P. "eventually will become the conservative party in the nation, in spite of Rockefeller and his ilk." If not, added Thurmond, whose losing Dixiecrat defection from the Democratic Party in 1948 had apparently taught him nothing, "then some other party would have to arise."

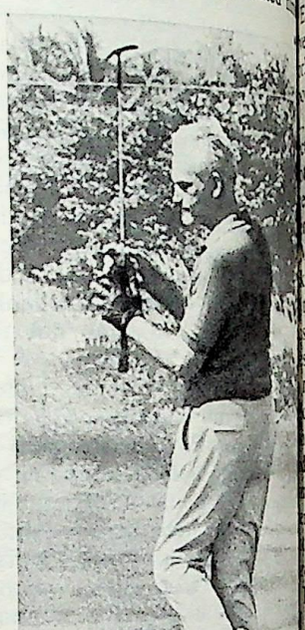
If Thurmond was anxious to drum the liberals out of the party, some liberals and moderates were equally eager for a purge of ultraconservatives. Senator Scott, who barely survived the Johnson landslide in his bid for re-election, insisted that "Southern scalawags" and the "hard-core radical right" be thrown out of the G.O.P. "The present party leadership," he said, "must be replaced —all of it." Some moderates were upset over reports that the G.O.P. had wound up the 1964 campaign with a $1,200,000 surplus instead of the usual deficit, suggested that the money was withheld to strengthen Goldwater's grip on the party.

Trying hard to make themselves heard above all the noise, a few Republicans sensibly pleaded for unity. "We're not going to improve our situation by cutting each other up," said Iowa's Senator Jack Miller. Washington's Governor-elect Daniel J. Evans, a 39-year-old engineer who upset two-term Democrat Albert Rosellini, urged the party to "reconstruct our framework in terms that will encompass a variety of opinion." Former Vice President Richard Nixon, who had reinstituted himself as the favorite target of some cartoonists by attacks on his fellow moderate Nelson Rockefeller, now called for a centrist leadership that would make enough room for both liberals and conservatives—but not for "the 'nut' left or the 'nut' right." In case anybody was wondering who might qualify as a centrist leader, Nixon pointed out: "I'm perhaps at dead center."

A New Unity. Almost submerged in the bickering over the party leadership was an even more important question. What were the party's goals to be? From Maine's Governor John Reed, a moderate, came a reminder that while Barry Goldwater was overwhelmingly rejected at the polls, it would be unwise to jettison everything that he stood for as well. "The emphasis which he placed on restraining the growth of big government, on the importance of moral standards, on strength in the face of the Communist menace, should not go unheeded," said Reed at the Yale Political Union. What was really wrong with Goldwater's candidacy, he added, was that he and his aides "lacked the ... to compromise when party ... so essential."

A host of plans are in the ... fashion a new unity. The 17 G... Governors and Governors-elect ... meet next month to establish ... leadership agency that, in the ... of Idaho's Robert Smylie, chairm... the Republican Governors Associ... would combine the features of "a f... convention and a continuous co...

Massachusetts Attorney Gen... ward Brooke, who holds the ... elective office ever attained by ... called for a full-dress conve... 1965 to rewrite the party's cons... 1964 platform and to begin ... toward the 1966 elections. Al... same lines, Wisconsin's Repres... Melvin Laird, who ingratiated ...



BARRY IN JAMAICA
Mop it up.

with the Goldwaterites by keep... Platform Committee in line ... Francisco but remains accept... most G.O.P. moderates, called ... formation of a broad-based "co... leadership" to fill "the vacuum ... now exists.

Motion & Emotion. Where ... the frantic motion and emotion ... For the time being, probably ... —and as far as the G.O.P. is co... that is just as well. "The blood ... too hot and we're still too close ... disaster" to make any major ... said Nixon. "The first of the ye... be the time to decide." Inasmuch ... hasty purges would leave scars ... G.O.P. can scarcely endure in ... battered condition, Nixon has ... At the moment, the loudest ... for the scalp of National C... Burch as a symbol of the ... candidacy. Barry says he ... keep Burch, who is supposed ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...il after the 1968 convention. But the ...ational Committee is tentatively sched... to meet in Chicago on Jan. 10, and ...veral members are expected to call for ...o-confidence vote at that time.* Whether Burch survives the vote or is ...rced out, the fact is that the party ...annot afford to waste too much time. ...for the G.O.P., 1966 is a must year, ...h elections for a new House, one ...d of the Senate, and governorships ...ch key states as New York, Penn...ania, Ohio and California. And 1966 ...k all that far off. Said Idaho's Smylie ...week, doing some quick computing: ...'s in 725 days."

LABOR

...d I Love You"

Every inch the husky, handsome, ...er-haired leader type, United Steel...kers President David McDonald ...d before 900 workers in Midland, ... and presented his case for re...tion. He wanted a new term, he said, ...t for personal pride, but because I ...e you. I can only say I'm heartsick ...r what has happened."

McDonald, 62, has ample cause to be ...k of heart: after twelve years as head ...the union dealing with the nation's ...st basic industry, he is, by every ...sent standard, a less than even choice ...retain his job in the elections to be ...d next Feb. 9. McDonald is, in fact, ...fronted by a rank-and-file revolt, ...d beneath a multitude of more formal ...mplaints festers the grievance of the ...n in the mills that their president is ...t one of them and does not really ...e about them.

To many of the fire-eating unionists ...the open-hearth and blast furnaces, ...Donald has been suspect from the ...rt. A college graduate (Carnegie ...ch, '32) who once aspired to a career ...the theater, he was a mill clerk when ...attracted the attention of the union's ...nding president, Philip Murray, with ...s organizational talents. Murray se...ted McDonald as secretary-treasurer ...the union in 1942, made it clear that ...Donald was his heir apparent. When ...urray died in 1952, McDonald ...pped almost automatically into the ...sidency.

The Good Life. His control was shaky ...om the start. He moved into an Amer...n Locomotive Co. strike early in 1953, ...gotiated a private settlement with the ...n's president—and saw his own strike ...mmittee promptly repudiate the ...reement. He further alienated the ...k and file by successfully backing a ...ny, without significant mill experi...ence, for a union vice-presidency in 1955 against the candidacy of the Buffalo district's rough-hewn Irish leader, Joseph P. Molony. The extent of the Steelworkers' restlessness was demonstrated in 1957 when Donald Rarick, a relatively unknown Irwin, Pa., local leader, protesting a union dues hike, ran against McDonald for president, polled 223,516 votes to McDonald's 404,172.

Instead of seeking rapport with his members, McDonald grew increasingly aloof. He golfed with steel executives, used his $50,000 salary (he also gets a generous expense account) to patronize nightclubs from Manhattan to Los Angeles and in many other ways enjoy the good life. In addition to his seven-room fieldstone home in a Pittsburgh suburb, he bought a second house in Palm Springs, and spent much of his time there.

High living by union leaders is a common complaint among rank and file these days (*see* U.S. BUSINESS). Yet anti-McDonald Steelworkers peg their campaign more formally to the charge that he has neglected the problems of the union's 2,600 locals. While overall wage patterns and working conditions are negotiated in union contracts with the big steel companies, locals are bound by no-strike pledges in arguing local grievances—and the grievance machinery has completely bogged down. It takes three years for some such cases to be resolved. Instead of working to soothe such gripes himself, McDonald has been in the habit of sending out his competent, hard-working secretary-treasurer, I. (for Iorworth, a name of Welsh derivation) W. (for Wilbur) Abel, 56.

Out of the Show. McDonald's loss of popularity has become "Abe" Abel's gain. "McDonald has been moving away from us for years," growls the union's Milwaukee district director, Walter J. Burke. "McDonald has attended one district conference and come to Milwaukee one other time for the dedication of a union hall. Abel's been here 30 times or more. Abel's name is a legend among the members. He eats with them, talks with them and knows their problems." Complains the Chicago-Gary area's Director Joseph Germano, head of the Steelworkers' biggest (128,000) district and a long-time loyal McDonald friend, who last week announced his support of Abel: "Our people are just not part of the show any more. They don't feel like hanging around lobbies waiting for news. Abel has always been willing to meet with the people. McDonald hasn't been available."

Abel, who occupies an office just 20 paces away from McDonald's at Steelworkers headquarters in Pittsburgh, is a onetime Canton, Ohio, mill hand and foundry worker who was one of the union's first organizers in 1936. Easy-going and modest, he was pulled to the top by Murray and has worked willingly for the flashier McDonald ever since 1953. Abel's decision to challenge McDonald represents a big personal gamble. He could have ridden out four more years in his present job and retired at $17,500 (half of his $35,000 salary) a year for life. If he loses, he will be out of a job.

JACK D. MAHONY

STEELWORKERS' ABEL & McDONALD
Only 20 paces away, but so far apart.

Although the dissidents claim that a majority of the union's 30 district directors are with them, Abel's main strength lies in the Midwest, where Germano and Burke lead younger Steelworkers who are more interested in wage increases than in McDonald's emphasis upon "total job security."

Logic & Reason. Yet Dave McDonald can muster some strong arguments in his fight for survival. Although he has not negotiated a general wage increase since 1959, Steelworkers draw an average $3.70 an hour, plus 67¢ hourly in fringe benefits—one of the highest rates in manufacturing. McDonald held out stubbornly against company demands for greater author-

*A strikingly similar situation developed after ...n Dewey's 1948 defeat. With an angry co... ...n as "a symbol of Dewey misrule" and de... ...nding his departure, then National Chair... ...n Hugh Scott called a meeting of the com... ...ittee in wintry Omaha, Neb., in January 1949. ...Scott laughingly recalls it, he deliberately ...ose an inconvenient site in hopes of reducing ...endance. His strategy seemed to work, for ...survived a confidence vote by a four-vote ...argin. But six months later, he resigned.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

over local working conditions in the record-breaking 116-day nationwide steel strike in 1959, emerged with a healthy wage hike too. He pioneered the labor-management Human Relations Committee, an approach to bargaining that other industries are studying. He recently won a 13-week sabbatical, or vacation with pay, once every five years for all hourly workers in the top half of the seniority ranks at each steel company.

McDonald turns angry at charges that he leads too soft a life, particularly in Palm Springs. "I have a perfect right as a citizen to invest in a

EVELYN STRAUS—N.Y. DAILY NEWS

FEIN & WIFE

piece of property anywhere," he declares. As for Steelworkers' complaints that he is not tough enough in bargaining any more, McDonald has a ready reply. "I've never seen anybody get a labor contract yet by pounding the table," he says. "You get it by the use of logic and reason and arbitration and by no other way."

Such reasonable talk may be deceptive. For with a power struggle going on within the union, there is little doubt that both Dave McDonald and the Abel faction will lead the Steelworkers into new militancy at the bargaining table when contract negotiations reopen this winter.

CRIME

The Madam's Mark

Poets are fond of saying that life imitates art—but does it have to imitate television? The fact that it doesn't is perhaps the reason that 32-year-old Mark Fein last week was on trial for his life.

As the prosecution told it, Fein shot his bookmaker to death in October, 1963, to avoid paying off a $23,890 World Series bet on the New York Yankees, stuffed his body into a trunk, and persuaded a bosomy, redheaded prostitute named Gloria Kendal to dump the trunk in the Harlem River for him. Somehow, the body floated clear, and when it was discovered a month after the murder, Gloria phoned Fein in a snit. "Don't you ever watch TV?" she asked him. "Didn't you ever hear of cement?"

$2,000 Tab. If Fein had no weakness for television, he had a couple of others to make up for it. As president of his father's thriving tin-can and cardboard-box business, he seemed to have everything he needed—the best clothes, a sleek, white Lincoln Continental, an eight-room Park Avenue apartment in

WITNESS KENDAL
After vodka, a glimpse of Ruby.

which he maintained his attractive wife, Nancy, and their three children. But Fein, slender, bespectacled and Milquetoast-mild in appearance, frittered away a small fortune on a pair of extracurricular pursuits—gambling and Gloria Kendal. In her 37 years, the last 16 of them spent as a prostitute and a madam, Gloria has been known by at least 13 other proper names and by any number of improper ones. Whatever her name, Fein certainly did like her game. According to the prosecution, he spent up to $700 a month "in return for the sexual favors rendered by Gloria and her girls," once ran up a $2,000 tab before paying it up.

Despite Fein's lucrative patronage, Gloria turned up last week as the star witness against him. On the stand in Room 1313 of Manhattan's Criminal Courthouse, she was a symphony of colors and curves, all sharps and no flats. One day she sported a clinging lavender suit, another a fuchsia sheath that kept the all-male jury wide-awake.

In her testimony, Gloria described in an incongruously little-girlish voice how Mark Fein had phoned her Oct. 10 in an obviously agitated state. He asked her to hurry over to the secret, $178-a-month apartment he maintained on East 63rd Street under the name Weissman to pursue his many outside interests. "I walked in and there was a big trunk in the middle of the living room," said Gloria. "What do you [illegible] is in the trunk?' " she quoted [illegible] asking. She said she did not know. [illegible] he told her: " 'It's the body of a [illegible] man, my bookmaker, Ruby.' "

Thump, Splash. Reuben ("Ruby") Markowitz was a [illegible] Brooklynite known to his more [illegible] acquaintances as a $90-a-week [illegible] clerk. But Fein knew better. [illegible] quoted Fein as saying: " 'I had to [illegible] him this afternoon to pay him the [illegible] I lost on the World Series. I met [illegible] 4 o'clock. He came up here. [illegible] talking. We had words and I [illegible] Please, Gloria, help me. You're the [illegible] one. There is nobody else I can [illegible] I can't call my family or friends.' "

Fein asked her to help him dispose of the trunk. "I took a good drink of straight vodka, and then asked him if he sure the man was dead," Gloria testified. " 'Gloria, he's stone-cold dead,' " she quoted Fein. "He lifted the lid of the trunk and I saw part of an arm. I said, 'Spare me the gory details.' " Then Gloria: "I just wanted to be assured I was not getting rid of a trunk with a live body in it."

Fein asked Gloria to get a friend to help. "Why call a friend?" she demanded. "I'm strong." "But Gloria," protested Fein, "the trunk is very heavy." Gloria called two friends—Geri Boxer, 22, who described herself as a free-lance writer with a psychology degree from Fairleigh Dickinson University, and David Broudy, 32, a onetime cab driver-hairdresser. Gloria then sent Fein home, "because he was in pretty bad shape." He drove to the Harlem River with Gloria and others and pushed the trunk in. "There was a thump and a splash," she said. When the body surfaced, there was an even bigger splash.

"I Should Say Not!" Gloria's two friends corroborated parts of her story, but not all of it. Geri Boxer, who testified she became friendly with Gloria because she is "accomplished in a lot of ways that a college girl wouldn't be," said that she helped dump the trunk but did not know what was in it. Broudy said Fein told him that someone else had shot the bookie.

After Gloria put in two days on the stand for the prosecution, Defense Attorney William Kleinman had at her. "You cannot decide this case," he had warned the jury, "until you have probed very deeply into Gloria Kendal and her friends." Kleinman got Gloria to admit that she had continued to ply her trade during two marriages, that she had once had "a romantic attachment with a female," that she had given at least two accounts of the shooting, that at one point denied to police that she had ever admitted shooting Ruby. She also seemed rattled only when Kleinman interested in how much she charged for her services, asked: "Your fee was not $5?" Replied Gloria in a huff: "I should say not!"

At week's end Kleinman was still cross-examination; the trial was expected to go on for another week or more.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

EL MERCURIO

FREI
Back from ruin.

CHILE

Now to Toil

The red, white and blue inaugural ting was down from the lamp posts buildings throughout Santiago, and distinguished visitors had returned to such faraway places as Ghana Senegal. Last week Christian Dem- Eduardo Frei, 53, Chile's newly- alled president by virtue of a unding victory over Communist- ted Salvador Allende, called his first inet meeting and got down to the of pulling his country back from cliff edge of financial ruin.

Frei (pronounced *fray*) had no illu- s. "The facts cannot be cloaked," said. Chile's foreign debt is $2.3 bil- with amortization and interest e swallowing 50% of export earn- Gold and dollar reserves are down scant $160 million. And then there flation. "My great enemy," groans . "From last November to this No- ber it climbed 47%. This cannot on."

o cure the ills, the tall, scholarly has more than a few ideas. Among e in the hard-planning stage: dou- g Chile's 630,000-ton annual copper duction in six years, vastly expand- the hesitant land reform program un by his predecessor Jorge Ales- ri, building such resources as pulp- ding trees and the fishing potential Chile's endless coastline. To help , the new president has put together of Latin America's most competent inets, drawing men from the top ks of the professions, business, labor l government.

"What we need is time," Frei begs. e big U.S. copper companies in Chile m to agree, are talking about paying r 1965 taxes in advance. Even be- re his inauguration, Frei sent two top es, Senator Radomiro Tomic and Foreign Minister Gabriel Valdés, to Washington to ask that Chile be permitted to reschedule and delay upcoming heavy payments on her $350 million debt to the U.S. Chances that the request will be granted are good.

After winning 56% of the vote, Frei has a clear mandate for reform. His problem will be Chile's contentious Congress. Frei's Christian Democrats hold only 32 of 192 seats. New congressional elections are scheduled for March, and by then the President hopes his legislative programs will have won the public support necessary to gain a majority.

BRAZIL

The Early Bird

The convention hall in São Paulo rocked to thunderous chants of "La-*cer*-da! La-*cer*-da!" Brazil's revolution was only six months old, and new presidential elections are not scheduled until Nov. 3, 1966. But Carlos Lacerda, 50, the mercurial Governor of Guanabara (Rio) State, is off and running full tilt for the presidency. Accepting the unanimous nomination of his National Democratic Union, Lacerda immediately boarded a campaign "Train of Hope" for a whistle-stop tour of 18 towns, standing on the back platform and fervently promising "a land of tranquillity, a government which functions without fear of demagoguery, without fear of dictators."

Brazilians know Lacerda as a politician in perpetual motion, the man whose unceasing attacks forced Jânio Quadros to resign and focused opposition on his successor, the Leftist João Goulart. He is a hard man to feel neutral about. In blazing headlines around the country, pro-Lacerda papers took up the cudgels for his "most noble civic and moral propositions." Anti-Lacerda papers vilified him as a "murderer" and "torturer." As he neared Rio last week, political enemies narrowly missed in an attempt to dynamite his train. Brazil's three other major political parties hastily announced plans to nominate their own candidates for 1966 to combat Lacerda.

Even while they were scrambling to catch up, Lacerda went spiraling on, flew to Manhattan for a *Reader's Digest* luncheon in his honor. "We shall never present a bill for the services Brazil rendered to all peoples in destroying a Communist occupation," he said of the revolution. However, it would be helpful if the U.S. would underwrite Brazil's currency by "the immediate creation of a fund to aid our effort against inflation," and also "would accept paying a better price for coffee." Suggestions like that store up political treasure back home for campaigning Carlos Lacerda.

BOLIVIA

"State of Anarchy"

"So far as we can see," said a foreign diplomat in La Paz, "we are living in a state of anarchy." One week after President Víctor Paz Estenssoro had been toppled by a military uprising, about the only thing General René Barrientos and his junta of colonels had proved was that it is easier to foment a revolution than to run a government.

Rioters had opened the jails, spilling hundreds of criminals onto the streets. A mob ransacked Paz Estenssoro's home so completely that even the toilets were carried away. The stories circulating about the ex-President verged on the ludicrous, among them that he had stolen four times the national budget in U.S. aid funds.

In the wake of it all, Barrientos seemed at a loss about what to do, or even where to start. He kept repeating his democratic ideals and desires for economic stability. "Bolivia," he insisted, "must keep particularly close relations with the U.S." He talked about disarming both the peasant militia of Paz Estenssoro and the militant tin miners of Leftist Juan Lechín to avoid further trouble. Yet he allowed Lechín to grab control of all the country's most important unions, bowed even further by promising the unions joint control with management in running the nationalized tin mines. In the past when the miners had such a voice, they featherbedded costs so high that Bolivia was no longer able to export tin at a profit.

In alarm, Washington suspended the U.S. aid program, which has pumped more than $300 million into Bolivia since 1952. The U.S. also purposefully delayed recognizing the new regime, though most observers felt that U.S. recognition was bound to come eventually.

CAPRI

LECHÍN
Up from the mines.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

JAPAN

Toward Leadership

Propped up in bed in a Tokyo hospital, retiring Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda, recovering from a throat tumor, took up writing brush and rice paper. At the plea of his hopelessly deadlocked party, he stroked off a note choosing his own successor. Two hours later, Eisako Sato, 63, the dynamo of five former Cabinets, became the tenth Prime Minister of postwar Japan—and, all but inevitably, a man destined to guide his nation along a new course, for, after 19 years of penance, Asia's only fully industrialized country seems about to reclaim its place as a world power. Said Sato in his first nationwide television address as Premier: "Japan's international voice has been too small." How would it be made louder?

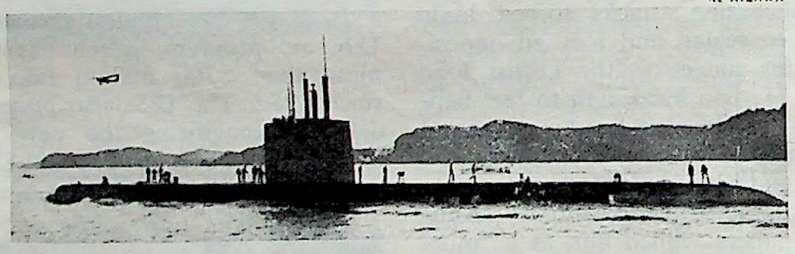
Natural Place. Obviously the Japanese no longer dream of empire or of the tyrannical "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere" that led them to war. But Japan wants gradually to free itself of its dependence on the U.S. and take a role in the free world's fight for peace. Thanks to Ikeda, it is already quietly giving $600 million a year in aid to underdeveloped nations, and this summer pledged more if necessary. It would like a permanent seat on the U.N. Security Council. Its government has been considering offering Japanese troops as a permanent U.N. security force. It would like to be given a free hand with its giant cultural cousin, Red China, both to win a place in the potentially enormous Chinese market and to try to conciliate between Peking and the West.

Washington sometimes seems nervous at the thought of a too independent Japan, which is bound to the U.S. in a protective—but also restrictive—mutual security treaty that runs through 1970. Actually, given the present dangerous unbalance in the Far East, nothing could be more advantageous to the U.S. than a strong Japan resuming its natural place as the economic and political leader of Asia.

To achieve this will not be easy. Japan has many clients in Asia but few friends. Their fellow Asians consider the Japanese a strange hybrid of Oriental past and technological present. Despite Japan's impeccable—indeed, almost mouselike—postwar behavior, its very forward stride manages to recall to some the brutalities of industrialized Imperial Japan. Less than two months ago, Japan's proposal to send out its own peace corps was rebuffed unanimously in Asia—although it was welcomed in Africa.

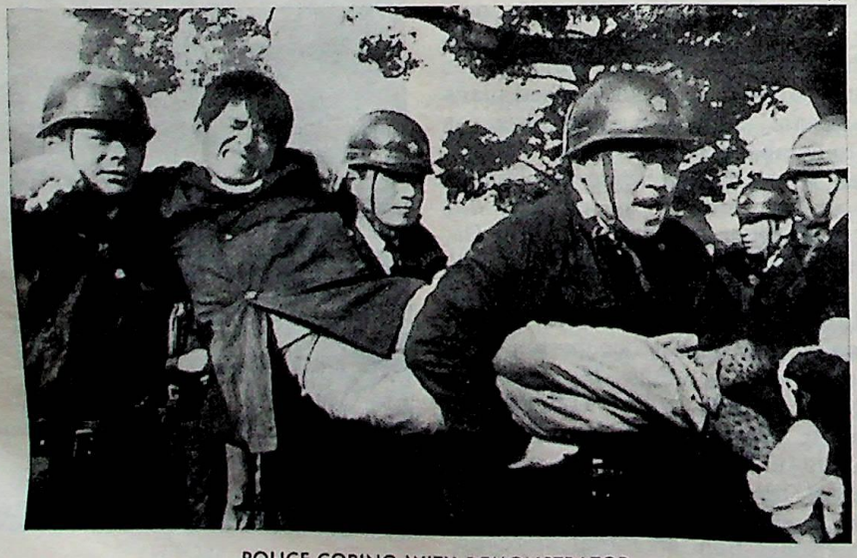
National Pride. Above all, Japan itself is still ambivalent about playing a strong international role. By and large, the Japanese still dread the prospect of rearmament, which is the only means by which their great economic power can express itself as a political power. But amid unprecedented prosperity and new national pride, the Japanese are gradually beginning to understand the responsibilities that go with lead-

K. AIZAWA

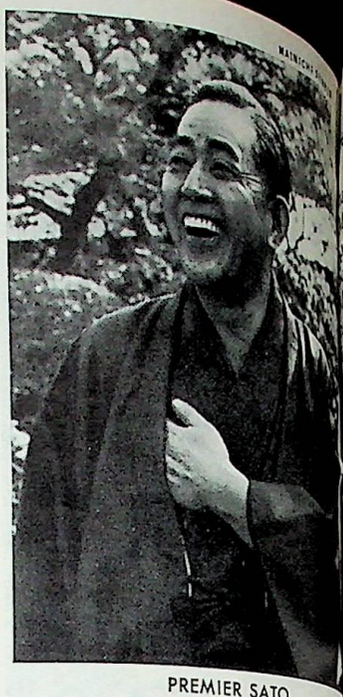


NUCLEAR SUB SEADRAGON AT SASEBO

AP



POLICE COPING WITH DEMONSTRATOR
Learning about the uses of power.



PREMIER SATO
Speaking with a bigger voice.

And they are learning that all powers must somehow create an atmosphere in which they will be acc as leaders.

Fortunately, no man is better pared to create the atmosphere provide the leadership—than th Premier. A career bureaucrat, Sa one of the chief architects of J miraculous industrial expansion important ministry of trade and merce he became one of the fo exponents of Japan's increased national involvement. Although h for the premiership, Ichiro Kon worldwide acclaim as the top or most responsible for the success Tokyo Olympics, Sato really ha inside track. He has been Ikeda apparent for more than four ever since his elder brother, No Kishi,* resigned in the wave o riots that forced the cancella President Eisenhower's projected

Ironically, Sato's first potentia was a threatened wave of leftist protest against another U.S. v the nuclear submarine *Seadragon* called last week at the Sasebo base on the southern island of K But Japan has come a long wa 1960. There were some nasty demonstrations in Tokyo and else whipped up by the Socialists an gakuren, the far-left student or tion. Cops banged heads as b banners inveighed against *Se kuro bune*—the Black Ship of lightened Peace Era. But the wingers were divided and the generally unimpressed by scare about the dangers of nuclear ra Most Japanese calmly watched rival of the submarine on tele sebo itself was so quiet that S crew took turns going shopp

* Who adopted his wife's maiden common practice in Japan.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

AUSTRALIA

Isolated Shape-Up

"The risks in this corner of the world have increased," said Australia's Prime Minister Sir Robert Gordon Menzies, speaking of Southeast Asia and the South Pacific. He was putting it mildly. Moreover, in the entire "corner," the country perhaps least prepared to defend itself is Australia, whose Diggers fought fighting men distinguished themselves in two world wars. In the past decade, Australia has enjoyed so much growth and prosperity that it has become known as the land without a crisis, and its defense structure shows it.

Radar 9 to 5. The speediest operational craft in the Australian air force are seven-year-old, subsonic F-86s, which are only slightly faster than modern jet trainers. The air force is even short of these monkeys, must farm out repairs to private mechanics. Australia's combat fleet consists of 14 antiquated vessels—the aircraft carrier *Melbourne*, three destroyers (there were four until the *Melbourne* accidentally sliced one in half last February), and a handful of frigates and minesweepers. The northern port of Darwin is garrisoned by only 150 troops; its coastal guns have been dismantled and sold to Japan as scrap; Darwin has no antiaircraft batteries, and until last month the single radar station operated from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mondays through Fridays only. With the increasingly gloomy outlook in the South Viet Nam war, the Indonesian raids on Malaysia, not to mention the Red Chinese bomb, something obviously had to be done. The most immediate worry: Indonesia (pop. 100 million), with which Australia shares a jungled border on the island of New Guinea; since Australian troops are helping to fight Indonesian infiltrators in Malaysia, Sukarno could easily retaliate by sending infiltrators into Australian-controlled New Guinea.

Prime Minister Menzies' government has tried to shape up defenses. Standing by its Commonwealth and SEATO commitments, Australia reinforced its expeditionary force in Malaysia, increased the number of Australian military advisers in South Viet Nam to 60. To bolster home defenses, the government ordered 100 supersonic Mirage jets from France and 24 TFX (now known as the F-111A) fighter-bombers from the U.S., plus three U.S.-made missile-firing destroyers and four British Oberon submarines. Last week Menzies carried the beef-up further, announced the reinstatement of the draft, which had been dropped in 1959.

Conscription for Protection. Under the new draft, young men will register upon reaching age 20, serve two years of active duty. The first 4,200 are to be inducted during the latter half of 1965, after which inductions will continue at the rate of 6,900 men a year—which will increase army manpower from 22,000 at present to 37,500 by 1966. There are to be more equipment refinements, and two new airbases will be constructed—one in New Guinea; several other strips will be renovated across Australia's northern tier. The buildup will cost nearly $500 million over the most recent defense commitments for the next three years. But the new measures, which will take years to implement, are being criticized as too little too late. Said Arthur Calwell, leader of the Labor Opposition and longtime critic of the government's military policies: "It's taken the government 14 years to discover that Australia is defenseless."

COMMUNISTS

They Are Talking

Somehow or other, Red Chinese Premier Chou En-lai could not bring himself to leave Moscow. Perhaps it was the tonic weather—snow flurries and freezing temperatures. Maybe it was the charm of his hosts, burr-browed Leonid Brezhnev and cozy, cadaverous Aleksei Kosygin. More probably, Chou, who was closeted with B. & K. at least once a day for most of last week, felt he was getting somewhere with his Russian adversaries—not fast but fast enough. After all, Peking's great enemy, Nikita Khrushchev, had been sacrificed; now both sides could make at least limited concessions.

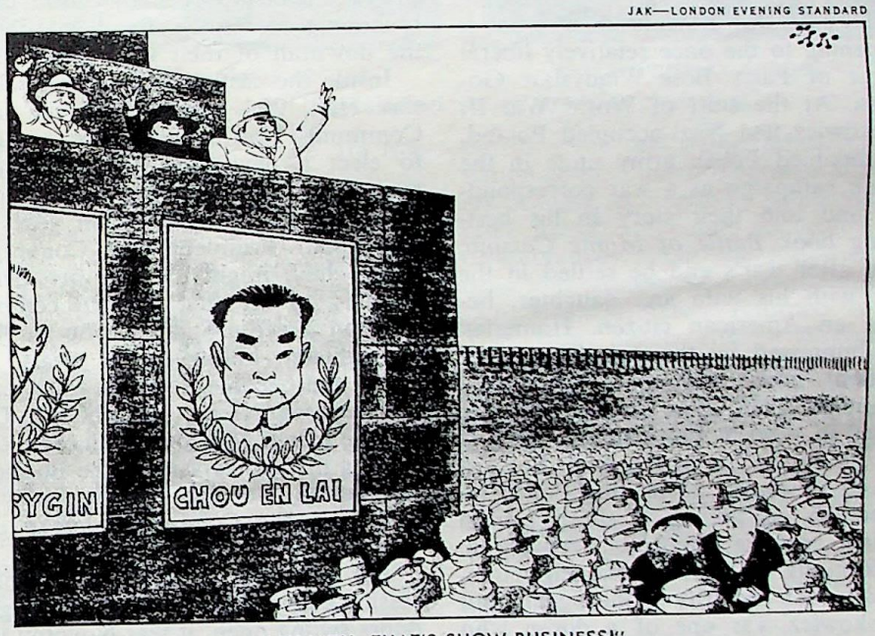
Token Aid. According to rumors filtering out of the Kremlin sessions, Chou had finally agreed to a conference of Communist parties. But the meeting, originally called by Khrushchev for Dec. 15, would now not take place until next spring, after a series of preliminary talks between Russian and Chinese ideologues. And instead of reading Peking out of the Communist movement, as Khrushchev had intended, the conclave will undoubtedly focus on restoring Red unity.

In return for the Chinese agreement to attend the meeting, however modified, there seemed to be at least token resumption of Russian aid to the Chinese. Tass reported that a 20,000-kw. turbine, built by the Russians for a Chinese hydroelectric project, would soon be delivered; Izvestia ran a photo of a Russian engineer supervising pro-Peking North Koreans building a technical school.

Russia and China evidently also agreed to stop calling each other dirty names. B. & K. even began patching up relations with Albania, Red China's vociferous ally in Europe, whose propagandists have called Khrushchev's followers "veritable criminals and sinister schemers." Radio Moscow beamed a message of good will to Tirana, praising Albania's "sovereignty and position in the world" and reiterating faith in the Soviet Union's "sublime internationalist duty" of aiding all fraternal parties. But the Albanians, cocky as always, refused to end their "open ideological war" on Khrushchevian revisionism.

Wary Hope. Western observers watched hawklike for signs of uncordiality between the Russians and their Chinese visitor; naturally there were some, and the conclusion was widespread that the talks had "failed." Actually, after years of bitterness, they could hardly have "succeeded" in one week, and the significant fact remains that they took place at all.

JAK—LONDON EVENING STANDARD



"AH WELL, THAT'S SHOW BUSINESS!"

The basic differences between Russia and Red China certainly could not be talked away, as a Pravda editorial on the day of Chou's departure indicated. Said Pravda: "The Soviet Union is firmly against all plans designed to heat up the international atmosphere." Clearly, Moscow was not ready to buy Peking's hard line—at least for the moment. But by the time Chou finished his long goodbye and flew home to Peking, a Sino-Soviet dialogue had been established for the first time in 16 months. The olive branch had been offered to all warring parties in the Communist movement, and the acute embarrassment brought about by Khrushchev's boorish intransigence had been transmuted into a glow of wary hope. How healing this might be for Communist prestige with the "nonaligned" was illustrated by the report that Algeria's

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Ben Bella had been driven to the brink of a nervous breakdown by the necessity of choosing between Moscow and Peking. Such emotional disturbances should at least be eased by Chou's visit.

POLAND

A Symptom

The heavy-set man in a neatly pressed blue suit and beret stepped out of Warsaw's shabby district court at 127 General Swierczewski Street into a welcoming crowd of 300, mostly writers and students. They surrounded the old man and patted him on the back. Two girls embraced him and handed him red roses. Said he: "All the nice people seem to be here." Melchior Wankowicz, 72, one of Poland's most popular novelists, had just been convicted by the not-so-nice people in courtroom No. 16 of "slandering the People's Republic of Poland."

The case was a symptom of what is happening to the once relatively liberal regime of Party Boss Wladyslaw Gomulka. At the start of World War II, Wankowicz fled Nazi-occupied Poland, accompanied Polish army units in the Italian campaign as a war correspondent, and told their story in his best-selling book *Battle of Monte Cassino*. Soon after war's end he settled in the U.S. with his wife and daughter, became an American citizen. Homesick and impressed by the new intellectual freedom under Gomulka, he visited Poland in 1958, then four years later settled in Warsaw permanently. At first he was lionized by the regime. But last March he joined 33 leading Polish intellectuals in issuing a sharp protest against growing intellectual repression.

Promptly the police obtained retractions from a majority of the signers, but Wankowicz was one of a dozen who refused to recant. Then suddenly, on the night of Oct. 5, he was arrested. Chief evidence produced at his trial was a speech critical of the government that he had written in June; he never delivered it, but had allegedly sent a copy to his daughter in Washington. Under a decree dating back to the Stalin era, Wankowicz was sentenced to three years in prison. The judge cut the sentence in half because of a recent amnesty and allowed him to go home pending appeal.

By Stalinist standards this was mild treatment, but was nevertheless clear warning to Polish intellectuals to stop their criticism. To judge, however, by Wankowicz' enthusiastic reception after the trial, at least some of them were flouting that warning.

AP

WANKOWICZ AFTER TRIAL
Roses for the convict.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Disappointment in Prague

A large crowd had gathered around Prague's ancient Hradčany Castle, clearly hoping to witness the beginning of the downfall of their Communist boss.

Inside the castle's vast Gothic Vladislav Hall, 294 Deputies of the tame Communist Parliament were gathered to elect a new President. For weeks there had been hints that dour Antonin Novotny, 59, who for seven years has been both President and Communist Party chief, might lose the presidency, possibly as the first step to complete oblivion. Once a Stalinist who survived by ruthlessly killing off his rivals, Novotny had become a slavish follower of the deposed Nikita Khrushchev. During the recent Moscow ceremonies celebrating the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, Novotny was noticeably absent from the Communist lineup atop Lenin's Tomb.

But when the Prague parliamentary session ended and the castle's great glass doors swung open, it was Novotny who stepped out on the balcony, having been "unanimously re-elected" for a new five-year term. He had survived once again, obviously having persuaded his critics that this was no moment for another Communist shake-up.

Capitalist Magic. The crowd outside the castle faced Novotny in grim silence —and with good reason. Under Novotny's inflexible, inept rule, potentially rich Czechoslovakia has suffered a continuous economic crisis. Industrial production has fallen, productivity has stagnated, and last week the official news agency blandly conceded that Czechoslovakia would be compelled to buy 2,200,000 tons of grain abroad because of a disastrous domestic harvest.

Such dismal conditions have forced Communist planners to resort to that old capitalist magic, the profit motive. In its latest decrees, the government encourages factories that show a profit to reward workers with pay boosts and bonuses, while enterprises running a deficit will have to lower wages to bring them in line with productivity. By year's end 162 hopelessly inefficient factories employing 60,000 workers are to be closed down. In another concession to free enterprise, the government is permitting barbers, tailors, shoemakers, locksmiths and other small entrepreneurs to open private shops.

Old Party Hacks. Like Khrushchev and his successors, Czechoslovakia's young Communist technocrats led by Economics Professor Ota Sik, 45, are apparently more concerned with increasing production than with Marxist dogma. But while the reformers have sold their economic approach to the party's Central Committee, they have not been able to bring about a shake-up in the regime's power structure.

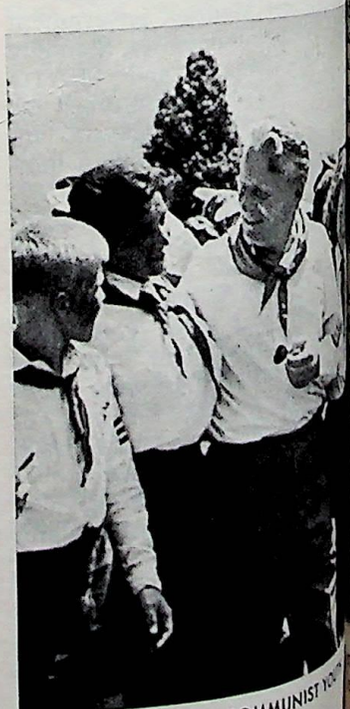
Implementing the liberalized economic program will be difficult while Novotny remains in charge, determined to protect the old party hacks who are running most of Czechoslovakia's economy. As Novotny explained not long ago: There is no need to fire an old comrade" just because he can't co

ITALY

Why Communism Hangs On: The Comrades Are Middle Cl

The record of Bologna's Giuseppe Dozza, 63, reads as it came out of a good-gover primer. In four successive term has stood for fiscal responsibil balanced budget and incentives dustry. He is campaigning for term this week on a platform of taxes, lower living costs and breaks for small businessmen. H raised Bologna's credit so high consortium of banks recently the city an $18 million loan. Ev enemies concede that Dozza honest and efficient. In fact, th unorthodox thing about him is is a Communist.

His clean, competent admini of Bologna, a city of half a milli ple on the edge of the Po Valle classic example of why non-C



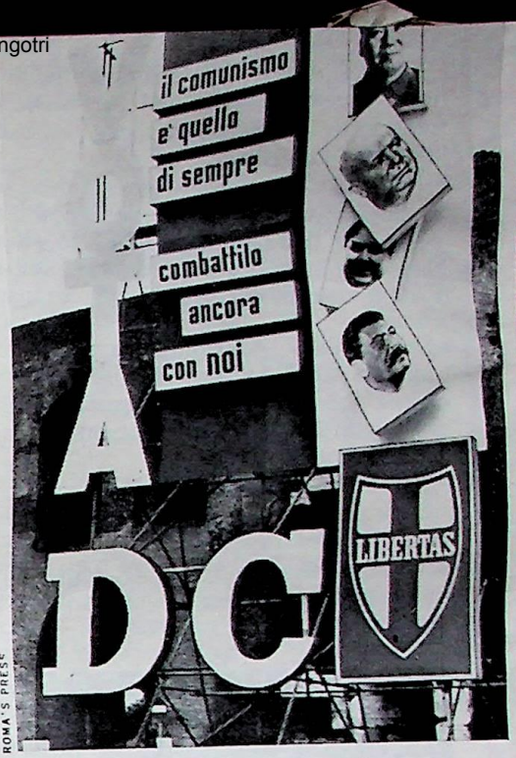
NOVOTNY & COMMUNIST
Silence for the boss.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

FRANCO VILLANI

MAYOR DOZZA PLAYING SOCCER



ROMA'S PRESS

ANTI-RED DISPLAY IN ROME*

Help for small businessmen, strong arms for dissenters.

...ists find it so hard to break the Red ...p on so many Italian cities and ...wns. In next week's municipal elec...ns, 6,724 communities will vote for ...cal officials, and sharp Communist ...ains could bring down the virtually ...hirty-two center-left coalition govern...ment of the Christian Democrats and ...Socialists. While Italy is beset by in...flation and strikes, the coalition parties ...e campaigning largely on the argu...nt that Communists are Commu...ts no one using Khrushchev's ouster to ...derline the point; the Christian Dem...crats even put up portraits of Khru...chev, Malenkov, Stalin and Mao ...se in Rome's Via Veneto to recall ...e jungle warfare in the Red world. ...e Communists counter by sticking to ...ir economic issues and by pointing ...Mayor Dozza and the *rinnovatori* ...(renovizers) elsewhere to show that ...Communism has indeed changed.

Shaky Church. In Dozza's pre-elec...n pamphlet, *What We Have Done*, ...e word Communist appears only ...ce in 63 pages. Dozza and his com...es are called the Gruppo Due Torri ...(the Two Towers Group), a reference ...the pair of medieval leaning towers ...the city's center which are the sym...bol of Bologna. Red election posters ...the parks and piazzas are similarly ...free of the hammer and sickle, and ...VOTA DUE TORRI!

Rocky, amiable Mayor Dozza has ...been remarkably successful in abandon...ing the conventional class struggle and ...reaching over the middle class. He had ...organized 3,000 shop owners and store...keepers into a merchants' federation, ...which helped them fight against super...market and chain-store competition. ...Red public officials have been well ...versed in Communist administration ...methods, and are qualified for their ...jobs; each is screened for personal ...honesty.

Dozza thrives on paradox. When ...Bologna's Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro ...ordered the shaky old church of San ...Giorgio torn down, it was Dozza who ...insisted on repairs to preserve it as an ...historic landmark. In 1956, when a ...Christian Democratic candidate for ...mayor tried to undercut Dozza by ...promising sweeping social-welfare pro...grams, the Red mayor branded his ...scheme financially irresponsible, and ...was re-elected by a landslide.

Created Capitalists. One of Dozza's ...lieutenants is Guido Fanti, a 39-year-...old Communist bureaucrat who boasts ...that "each year we help scores of ...Bologna workers to become small-fac...tory owners. So you see, we are ac...tually creating capitalists." Asked if ...Communism should be making capital...ists, Fanti shrugs: "Marx taught us that ...we should aim at the transformation of ...society within the realities of a given ...situation. That's what we're doing here ...in Bologna. It's not the way the Rus...sians do it, but we must be realistic." ...Each neighborhood has its own Com...munist Casa del Populo that offers ...everything from a wine cellar and li...brary to a game room. There are free ...courses in stenography and foreign ...languages, as well as clubs for everyone ...from bridge players to fishermen.

Amid all this benevolent ward-heeling, it is tempting to believe that Communists have really turned into democrats. But every so often, something happens to remind the forgetful that they haven't. One Red city councillor dared to criticize Mayor Dozza for acting too arbitrarily. Dozza agreed to a meeting at which the councillor would supposedly be allowed to spell out his grievances. But when the disgruntled comrade showed up, he found the atmosphere less than encouraging to free speech: the room was packed with tough, blue-collared workmen who closed threateningly around him. "All right, let's discuss," said the leader of the bully boys. But he did not even have to use strong-arm methods. The dissenter collapsed with a mild heart attack and was carried out feet first.

GREAT BRITAIN

Could Have Been Worse— But Is It Good Enough?

Britons love to buck the tide. While even Russia and the satellites are marching their economies away from centralization and toward the profit motive, Britain's new Labor government is charging right ahead to renationalize the steel industry.

In the House of Commons last week, the Tories were joined by the small Liberal Party in an attempt to condemn Labor for its announced steel plan. Britain's steel industry certainly needs some measures to make it more competitive in the world market, where last year it ranked fifth in output (behind the U.S., Russia, West Germany and Japan). British steel, though technologically advanced, suffers from too many inefficient small firms, and Labor economists argue that if the industry is not nationalized, a massive number of mergers, leading to monopoly situations and price fixing, are bound to occur. The Conservatives admit the problem, but deny that nationalization is the answer. Iain Macleod, lately returned to the Tory front bench after a disgruntled self-exile in journalism, called steel nationalization "the application by small and foolish men of a 19th century solution to a mid-20th century problem."

With its thin majority, Labor had to haul in M.P.s in wheelchairs and on crutches to save itself, 307 to 301. Had the motion passed, Prime Minister Harold Wilson's government could have fallen.

Still Compassionate. With the opening steel skirmish won, Wilson turned coolly to the next item on his agenda, an emergency "autumn budget" designed to ease Britain's painful $2 billion balance-of-payments deficit until the regular budget is drawn up in April. At the same time, Wilson saw a chance to nail down votes for a probable spring election by passing some promised social-welfare measures.

It was the first parliamentary test for the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, James Callaghan, 52, who tried to symbolize new approaches by carrying his speech in a plain manila envelope rather than the traditional battered attaché case. Known as "the Mod from the Treasury" because of his sharp wardrobe, Callaghan on this occasion was all business, shunned the customary tumbler of "amber liquid" resorted to by Chancellors during their long, dry budgetary speeches. But Callaghan was less of an innovator in the budget *itself*. Main points:

▶ From cough drops to corn plasters,

* "Vote D.C. [Christian Democratic]. Communism Is the Same As Ever. Fight It Again Along With Us."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

all prescriptions written under the National Health Service will forthwith be free: a 28¢ prescription charge on each item was abolished.

▶ Widows' pensions were tripled (to $4.20 a week), old-age and disability payments increased by 20%, to show that even in times of economic stress, Britain can be "humane and compassionate."

▶ An already punishing gasoline tax was increased by sixpence (7¢), thus raising the cost of one "Imperial gallon" (a fifth again as capacious as its U.S. equivalent) to 75¢.

▶ Income tax, which is paid by companies as well as individuals, was raised in the higher brackets by sixpence on the pound, thus bringing the British tax rate back to approximately where it was in 1959, when the Tories cut it. A previously programmed capital-gains tax was deferred until April, to the temporary relief of businessmen.

Ledger-Demain. With an eye to foreign trade, Callaghan took care to affirm that the 15% import duties announced last month were only temporary, to be lifted when and if Britain's balance-of-payment problems are eased. All told, it was a fairly effective act of ledger-demain; the gas-tax increase was passed by a ten-vote margin, the income tax by 26. The budget's impact is decidedly deflationary, since it will take nearly $600 million in purchasing power out of the economy. Some experts believe that this is just what is needed right now.

On the whole, the British business community felt that the budget could have been worse ("Insidious but less drastic than feared," said the Daily Telegraph), and as a result the London Stock Exchange registered relief with a two-day rise. But the great danger in Labor's stopgap budget is that the deflationary tax increases might seriously reduce incentives in the British economy.

LUXEMBOURG

The Grandest Duchy

The smallest member of NATO was the one least troubled by the alarms and arguments over European defense. Although Luxembourg was for centuries fought over by France and Germany, its 153 turreted castles now serve as tourist attractions, and last week its 327,000 subjects were concerned with a purely sentimental occasion. It was one of those episodes suggesting that, despite the new Europe's growing pains, the old Europe somehow goes on.

"*Charlotte, mir hun ek guer!* [Charlotte, we love you]," cried thousands of weeping, waving burghers, crowding around the palace, right across the street from the showrooms of the capital's chief undertaker. At 68 the longest-ruling monarch in Europe, Grand Duchess Charlotte abdicated in favor of her son, Jean Benoît Guillaume Marie Robert Louis Antoine Adolphe Marc d'Aviano, 43, who promised to strive to "ban all that remains of moral and material misery" in his domain.

UPI

WIFE WATCHING NEW GRAND DUKE TAKE OATH
The old Europe somehow goes on.

The task ought not to be taxing, since under his mother's rule, which began just after World War I, Luxembourg came to enjoy the highest standard of living in Europe. There is no unemployment in the duchy's 999 sq. mi., industry is booming, and $70 million in U.S. investments has gone into Luxembourg in the past decade. Grand Duke Jean and his wife, sister of Belgium's King Baudouin, should have plenty of time for their favorite sports—skiing, swimming and golfing.

As for Charlotte, she will be able to tend her rose garden, aided by her husband, Prince Félix of Bourbon-Parma, 71. A descendant of France's Sun King Louis XIV (1643-1715), the prince long ago stopped gambling with the family fortune and in old age has turned dutiful and thoroughly bourgeois—in fact, Luxembourgeois.

SOUTH AFRICA

The Other Vast Wasteland

It is afternoon, and the Bantu boy is in the living room cleaning carpet. Someone has left the TV The boy looks up at the screen, chorus line of white girls in scanty tumes. Suddenly seized by lust, he upstairs and rapes the lady of the

The scene is hypothetical, but it been endlessly conjured up to ex why Africa's most technically ad nation still lacks mass televi white-ruled South Africa, the g ment refuses to permit TV on ground that it would corrupt both white minority and nonwhite majo Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd more or less put TV in a category atom bombs and poison gas. "They modern things, but that does not they are desirable. The government to watch for any dangers to the pe both spiritual and physical." Minist Posts and Telegraphs Albert He has put the government view ju bluntly: "The effect of the wron ture on children, the less deve and other races can be highly mental." He is on record with pledge: "As far as I am conce we will never have television."

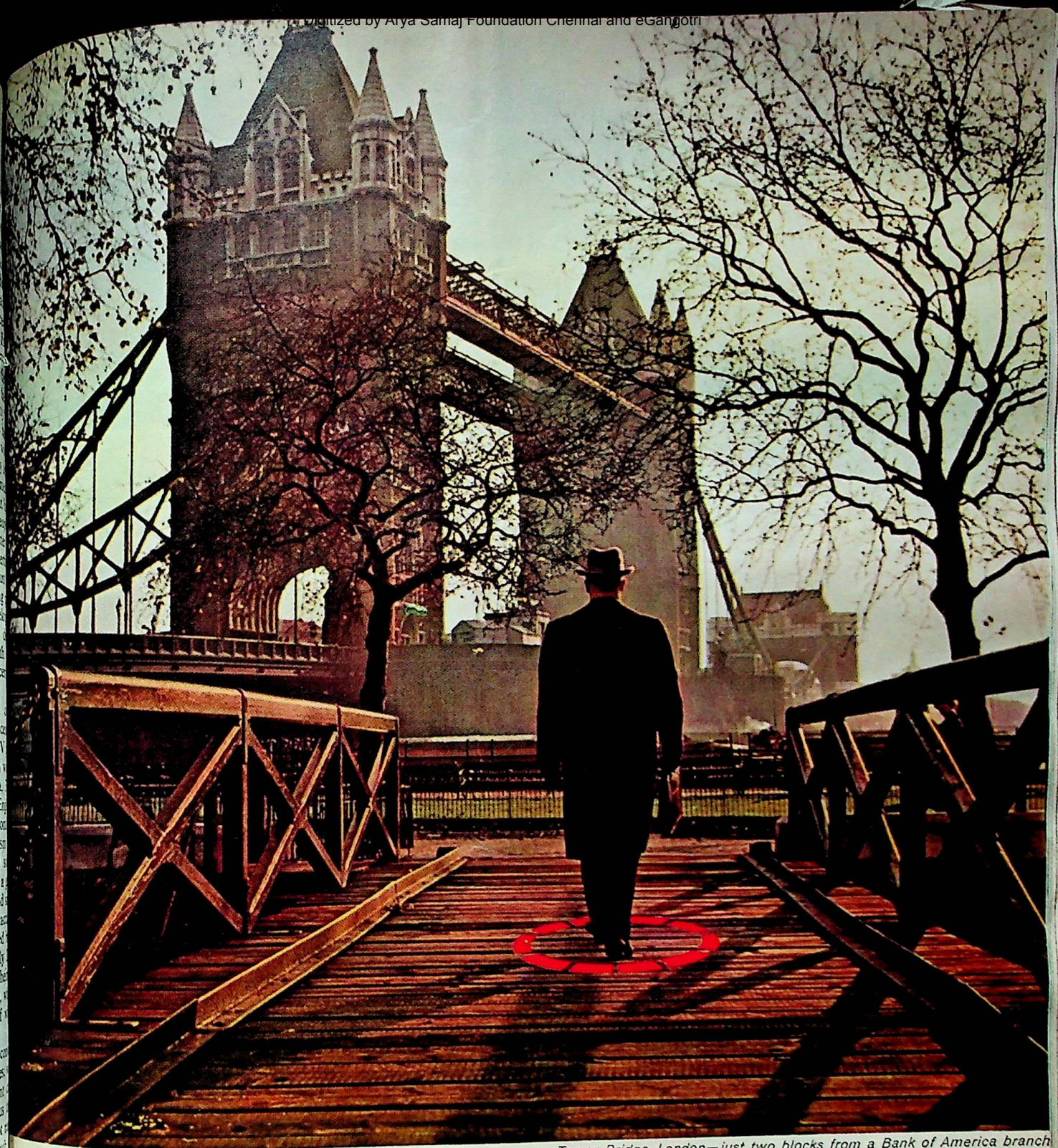
The Nationalist government, posed mostly of Dutch-descen Boers, also fears that canned TV grams from the U.S. and Britain further "anglicize" South Africa, of whose white population is En speaking. Beyond that, the Nation feel that Anglo-Saxon liberalism flected in such programs could undermine *apartheid*—although a packager ought to be able to find pretty safe fare. Still, Hertzog a South Africa's English-dominated ness community, and specifically mond Tycoon Harry F. Oppenhe of plotting to bring in television, could mean "the destruction of South Africa."

Meanwhile, South Africans co themselves by going to the movies a logic of sorts the government siders the movies less dangerous TV, because at least they do not everyone's home free. Oddly, Sou ricans also keep buying TV sets— when the time comes." Popular sure for TV is growing, and closed-circuit transmissions for trial and medical groups have be mitted. Reportedly, Verwoerd the promise of TV as a vote-g device to enhance his party's ev victory in the next election. A even beginning to dawn on some born Nationalists that television, strict government control, could powerful tool to spread their gospel in black and white, and even color.

* Even though, by latest count, 15 rican countries have TV. Among ex-French Congo, Gabon, the Ivory Kenya, Liberia, Nigeria, Senega Leone, the Sudan, Uganda.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



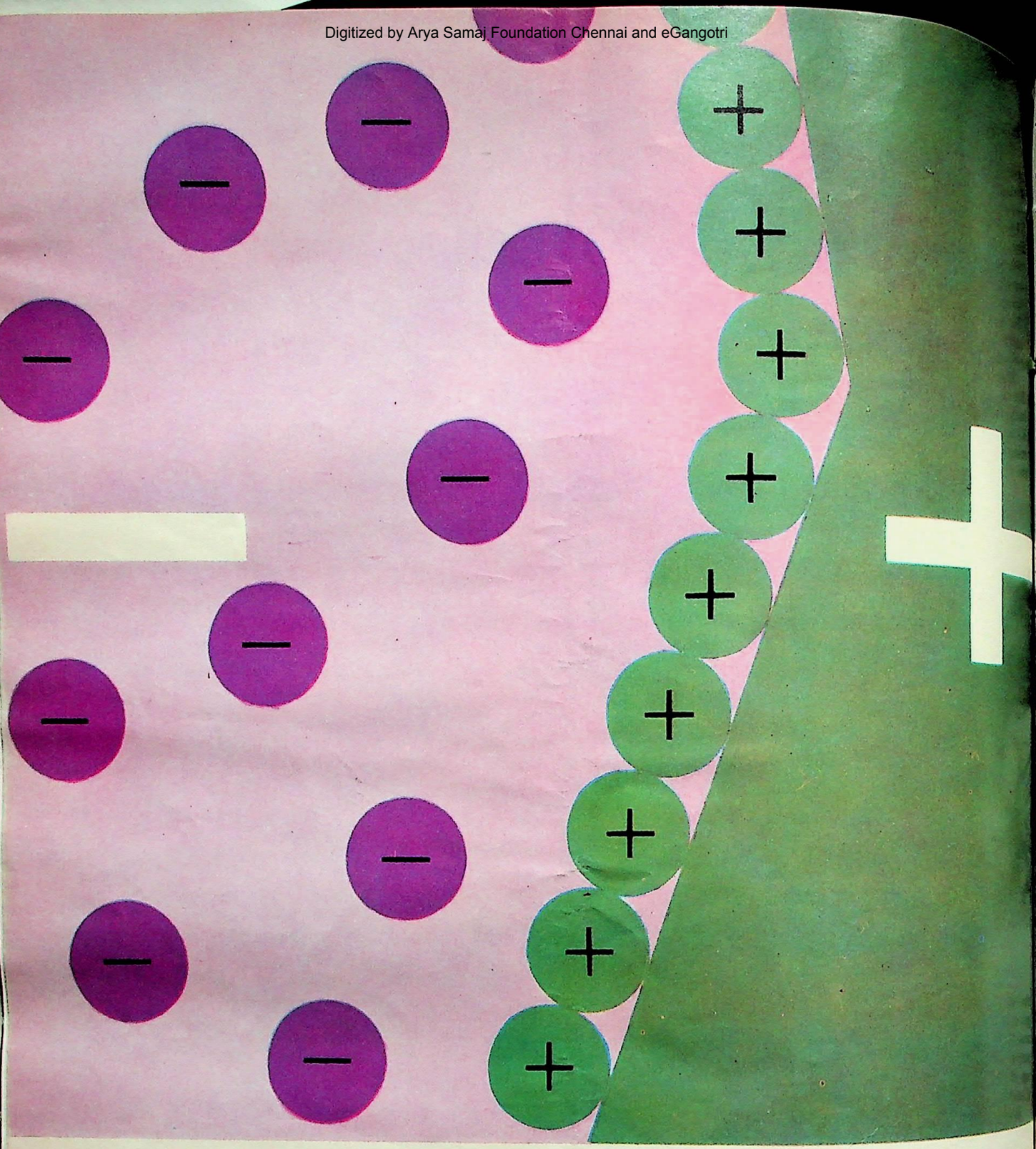
Tower Bridge, London—just two blocks from a Bank of America branch

Man-on-the-spot...in London. From the docks of London to the harbors of South America—wherever you do business overseas—our men can help steer your company into profitable commercial channels. Here at home, too, **BANK OF AMERICA** can put a man to work for you where it counts: on the spot. Next time you need person to person service anywhere in the world, see Bank of America—first in banking.

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST & SAVINGS ASSOCIATION*—San Francisco, Los Angeles / BANK OF AMERICA (INTERNATIONAL)—New York: Amsterdam • Bangkok • Bombay • Buenos Aires • Caracas • Chicago • Copenhagen • Duesseldorf • Frankfurt/Main • Guam • Guatemala City • Hong Kong • Karachi • Kobe • Kuala Lumpur • London • Madrid • Manila • Mexico City • Milan • New York City • Okinawa • Osaka • Paris • Rio de Janeiro • Rotterdam • Singapore • Tokyo • Washington, D.C. • Yokohama • Zurich; BANCA D'AMERICA E D'ITALIA—Rome / CORRESPONDENTS WORLD-WIDE (*Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation)

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



rimed

POLES REPEL, unlike poles attract. This is the basic
of magnetism, first formulated by Peter the Pilgrim
269, and the basic principle of electrophoresis
ied, practically and economically, to paint by the
er, Jenson and Nicholson Group, today. Electro-
etic coating guarantees uniform-controlled thick-
of paint on articles of complex shape; makes
t waste negligible; eliminates fire and toxicity risks
conveyorised, requires minimum maintenance.
ectrophoresis is the movement of particles dispersed
liquid caused by passing an electric current through
iquid between two electrodes, acting as conductors.
electrically-charged particles are attracted to the
rode of opposite charge and deposited. In practice, an object to be primed is made to act as the electrode. The dispersed particles are resins and pigments of a special paint formulation electrophoretically thrown on the electrode to form a tightly-bonded layer of paint.

The B.J.N. organisation invest hundreds of thousands of pounds annually in paint science and research. Painting by electrophoresis is just one of many recent B.J.N. paint technology advances. Ford, Kodak, B.M.C., Jaguar, Singer, Hoover, Electrolux, are some famous names in world industry served by B.J.N. The Group's resources and products are serving industry in Great Britain, Ireland, India, Pakistan, West Indies, France, Australia, New Zealand, Portugal and East Africa.

B J N PAINT GROUP

Berger House, Berkeley ... London W...

BERGER, JENSON & NICHOLSON GROUP OF PAINT COMPANIES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

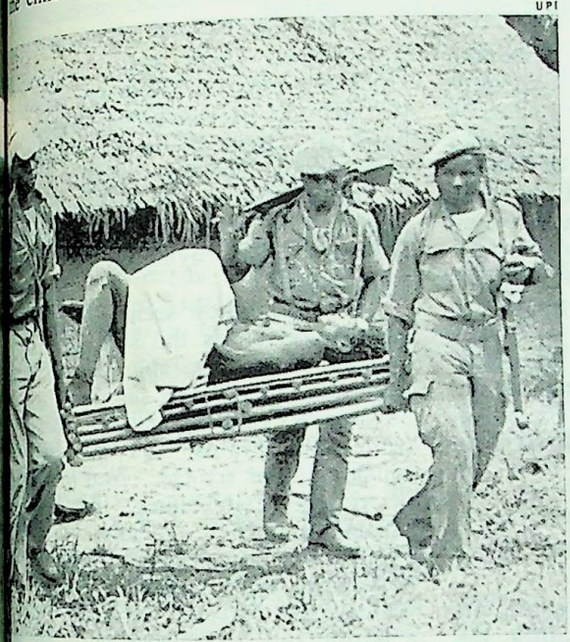
THE CONGO

The Hoodlum Rebels

"They took us outside and lined us up against the wall. This was it. But to amuse themselves they deferred to tots —no more than seven or eight years old. 'What shall we do with them?' asked the adults. The children devised a different fate for each of us. 'Cut that one's ear off and make him eat it,' or, 'Cut his stomach open,' or, 'Put his eyes out.' Two rebels kept sharpening their spears all the time. The children yelled, 'Let's get started. Kill the first one!'"

Such was the nightmare ordeal of 24 Europeans held prisoner by Communist-backed rebels in the Congolese town of Kindu, as recounted by a Belgian tin-mine employee. As things turned out, the children were disappointed, for at the last moment one of Moise Tshombe's government bombers buzzed the town, and the rebels fled. But this and other stories coming to light last week added up to a grim composite picture of the Congolese rebels.

UPI



WOUNDED OUTLAW

LLOYD GARRISON—THE NEW YORK TIMES

BELGIAN WIDOW

The children cried: "Kill the first one!"

Blackened Pavement. For all their claim of being "nationalists"—a label that in present-day Africa automatically draws a certain respect—the rebels are really just savage hoodlums on the loose. At Kindu airport, waiting to be flown out, a weeping Belgian woman told how rebel youths had speared and knifed her husband and two sons to death before her eyes in the family's backyard. In the village of Kibombo, three elderly Belgian men were murdered with shotguns.

Actually, the rebels have killed more blacks than whites. To deal with Congolese "enemies of the revolution," villagers would be assembled as a "people's court." A prisoner would be brought forward, and the crowd would be asked whether the accused was innocent or guilty. There was seldom any doubt about the verdict. In the square near Kindu's main shopping district, hundreds of Congolese were burned to death with gasoline in front of the local Lumumba monument. Following Kindu's recapture fortnight ago, government forces blew up the monument; the adjoining pavement was still cracked and blackened from the rebel burnings.

Captured documents showed that the rebel leaders themselves were having trouble with their chaotic troops. Commanders evidently had to field a steady stream of inspectors to keep the *simbas* (or "lions," as the rebel soldiers call themselves) in line. The rebels, like most Congolese, could not kick their tribal superstitions. One communiqué from a rebel officer ended with an urgent P.S.: "I beg *monsieur le colonel* to make sure that all bridges in our territory be washed with medicine to protect against bombardment."

Another guerrilla major reported that during an inspection trip he had been repeatedly arrested by leaders of the rebels' own youth wing, the *Jeunesse*, who "would not respect my rank." One loutish *Jeunesse* captain even threatened to have his fraternal superior executed for "troublemaking," until the major paid him a 3,000-franc ($20) bribe.

Do Nothing Inhuman. Of principal concern at week's end was the fate of 1,000 whites still trapped in rebel territory. Among the prisoners were 63 Americans, including the five-man U.S. consulate staff in Stanleyville, who have been held under guard for more than two months in a hotel room. With Tshombe's forces closing in, "President" Christophe Gbenye of the rebel "People's Republic" may try to use the whites as hostages to improve his bargaining position.

Kenya's Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta, chairman of an *ad hoc* Congo Reconciliation Commission set up by the Organization of African Unity, appealed to "all authorities in the Congo to do nothing that would be inhuman toward civilians in their custody."

CAMBODIA

Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Brave, Clean, Reverent & Snookie

Like the young bride always threatening to go home to Mother, Cambodia's neutralist Prince Norodom ("Snookie") Sihanouk more or less survives on the international scene by constantly threatening to break off with somebody. Last week, as Red Chinese Foreign Minister Chen Yi dropped by for Cambodian independence-day ceremonies, Sihanouk affirmed what no one doubted—that he was perfectly capable of renouncing "our monarchic and nationalist regime to adopt the Communist regime." Next thing, Snookie warned Russia and Red China that unless his economic problems are solved, Cambodia might abandon these nations and "align itself with the very rich United States so that they can meet the annual deficit of our national budget"—a suggestion that might no longer be very welcome in Washington.

Finally, Sihanouk made his gravest move of all, and this time he didn't just threaten. Drawing himself up to his full 5 ft. 4 in., Snookie solemnly severed Cambodia's relations with that well-known instrument of imperialism—the Boy Scouts World Bureau.

SAUDI ARABIA

A Brace of Kings

Long famed for its bleak deserts, eye-for-an-eye justice and profitable oil wells, Saudi Arabia last week had the added distinction of possessing two monarchs. Profligate King Saud, 62, who had reigned for eleven years, sulked in his ultra-modern Naziriyah Palace in the capital city of Riyadh. Just down the road in the Red Palace was Saud's half brother Feisal who two weeks ago was summoned to the throne by a *fatwa*, or religious edict, issued by a national council composed of 100 princes, assorted sheiks and the *ulema* (a body of learned men). At the same time the *fatwa* deposed King Saud, but he refused to abdicate, and no one knew just how to go about making him do it.

Deathbed Oath. The two men have long been antagonists. Their father, the late King Ibn Saud once said, "I wish that Feisal had been born twins and Saud had never been born at all." Nevertheless, Saud was the oldest son and was therefore named Crown Prince. On his deathbed, Ibn Saud made Feisal swear on the Koran that he would not seek the throne as long as Saud lived.

Keeping the oath was not easy. As King, Saud squandered fortunes on his pleasures, chief of which were a huge harem. Next to women, Saud liked air-conditioned Cadillacs best, and next to Cadillacs, intrigue. In contrast, Feisal was almost a puritan: though thrice married, he lives with only one wife at a time and, for the past 20 years, his consort has been Turkish-educated Princess Iffat. He speaks fluent French and English as well as Arabic, and has

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

tried to use his country's oil millions for the benefit of the people.

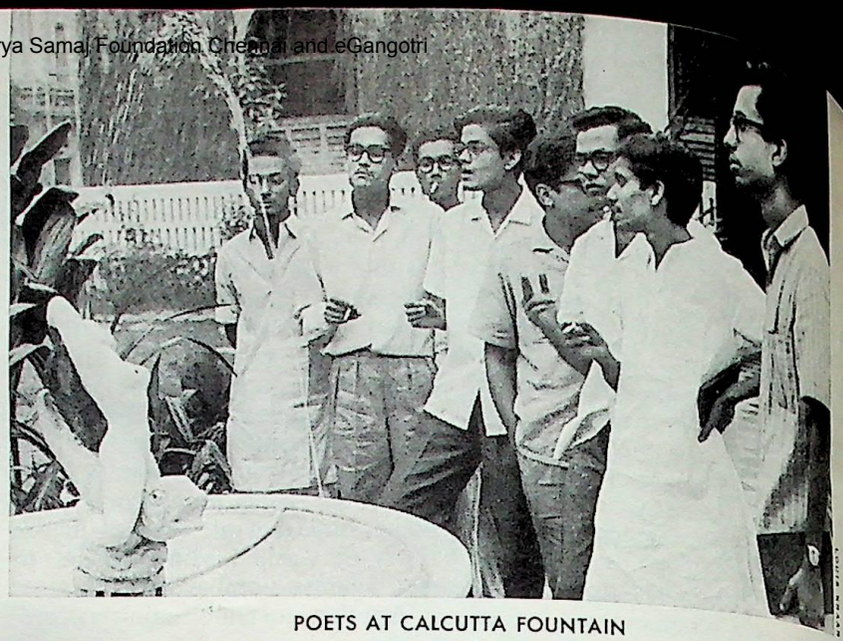
The pattern of Saudi Arabia has alternated between a few years of mismanagement and waste by nearly illiterate King Saud and then a few years of austerity under Feisal as Premier—until the King felt he could afford to get rid of him again. When Feisal was last called back to power in 1962 for another spell of reform, he decided to get tough. He cut down Saud's privy purse 30%, to a paltry $20 million a year. Cautiously progressive, Feisal also earmarked $500 million for schools, hospitals, roads and water projects. He promised to introduce movies next year, ordered the building of two TV stations and allowed female announcers on the air. As usual, Saud and his wastrel sons conspired with outraged Moslem mullahs who opposed such frivolities and protested that an educated woman is a defiled woman.

Sensible Heat. Last September Feisal attended the Alexandria conference of Arab nations and held a series of private meetings with Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser to patch up the dispute between their two countries over Yemen's civil war—which last week finally headed for an armistice. Back home, Feisal was depressed to find that King Saud and his sons had been up to their old tricks. Finally, Feisal decided to break his long-kept oath in favor of the national interest. He ordered the national council convened, and while the *fatwa* was being drawn up, Feisal traveled slowly across the country in a 400-car motorcade, making repeated halts to attract maximum attention. Met with the announcement that he was to be King in place of Saud, Feisal professed astonishment but, after prayer and deep reflection, accepted.

Since then, deposed King Saud has stubbornly remained inside his palace, comforted by his numberless wives and concubines, and encouraged by his sons. The throne, he said, "was given me by God and my father, and no one can take it away from me." Some of Feisal's advisers suggested cutting off the electric power to Naziriyah Palace, which would automatically shut down the air-conditioning plant, said to be the world's largest after that of the Pentagon in Washington. The sweltering heat, they argued, would bring Saud to his senses. But Feisal refused to take personal action against Saud, declared: "He is still here, and we shall do everything possible to ensure his comfort."

HARRY KOUNDAKJIAN

FEISAL & SUBJECTS
A brother who shouldn't have been born.



POETS AT CALCUTTA FOUNTAIN
And a sister in the Taj Mahal.

INDIA

The Hungry Generation

A thousand years ago, India was the land of Vātsyāyana's Kāma Sūtra, the classic volume that so thoroughly detailed the art of love that its translators still usually leave several key words in Sanskrit. Last week, in a land that has become so straitly laced that its movie heroines must burst into song rather than be kissed, five scruffy young poets were hauled into Calcutta's dreary Bankshall Court for publishing works that would have melted even Vātsyāyana's pen. The Hungry Generation had arrived.

Born in 1962, with an inspirational assist from visiting U.S. Beatnik Allen Ginsberg, Calcutta's Hungry Generation is a growing band of young Bengalis with tigers in their tanks. Somewhat unoriginally they insist that only in immediate physical pleasure do they find any meaning in life, and they blame modern society for their emptiness. On cheaply printed paper, they pour forth a torrent of starkly explicit erotic writings, most of them based on their own exploits ("In the Taj Mahal with My Sister") or on dreams. "My theme is me," says Hungry Poet Shaileshwar Ghose, 26, a schoolteacher. "I say what I feel. I feel frustration, hunger for love, hunger for food."

Three Widows. To all appearances, their appetites are unlimited. In a short story, Bank Clerk Malay Roychoudhury, 25, tells of a starving poet who first devours his fiancée, then his poems, notebook, then a building and Calcutta's huge Howrah Bridge. A poem by Schoolteacher Ghose crows that he impregnated three widows at a time and now I am lying in bed happy. What next?"

Absurd as they seem, the hungries see themselves as the spokesmen of betrayed and miserable people. "Our frustration is not just personal," says a 28-year-old geology lecturer. "It comes from the strains, the poverty, the squalor of our society." And in a series of violent manifestoes, the hungries singled out their enemies, including hypocrites, conventional writers and politicians whose place in society is "somewhere between the dead body of a harlot and a donkey's tail." To "let loose a creative furor," the hungries last summer sent every leading Calcutta citizen—from police commissioner to wealthy spinsters—engraved four-letter-worded invitations for a topless bathing suit contest.

Done-for World. With that, the entire Calcutta establishment rose up in rage. Newspaper editorials, quoting passages from their works, proved conclusively that they were dangerous and dirty—so much so that Calcutta's reading public began to look for them. Under civic pressure, the police hauled away 26 of the "poets" for questioning. Five were suspended from their jobs and booked on charges of obscene writing and conspiracy against society.

The evidence for last week's trial was irrefutable, but meanwhile the Indian government had been approached by sympathetic intellectuals at home and abroad. Looking for a face-saving exit, the Calcutta prosecutor temporized, requested a postponement of court. To celebrate their temporary freedom, the hungering beats raided an art gallery, beat up three painters, then walked happily away to resume their pursuit of the Hungry Generation's declared goal—"to undo the dongs of the world and start afresh from chaos."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The canvases, signed with a modest F. F., are never sold or exhibited and only rarely photographed. But last week, in an official film of *El Caudillo's* life that opened in Madrid, Spaniards had their first chance to view the fruits of Francisco Franco's hobby of 25 years, stabbed in his studio at the Pardo Palace near Madrid. Shown are two tidily academic works: a storm at sea, and a fuzzier unflattering self-portrait of the Commander in Chief of the Spanish Navy in his admiral's uniform. Son of a naval officer, Franco, now 71, was destined for a nautical career as a boy, but Spain's fleet was so depleted by the Spanish-American War of 1898 that the naval academy closed down and he was forced to go into the army instead.

. . .

During the French Revolution, Madame Tussaud got her start making wax busts of victims of the guillotine, which may be why even today the folks who run the museum she founded have an occasional soft spot in their hearts for losers. At any rate, the effigy of Barry Goldwater will not be melted down. It will be put in storage, and the museum's directors even feel that "he may be useful later on."

. . .

Apprehensively, her Mum and Dad watched Miss World being chosen in London on the telly. "I seem to be a jinx when I go to her contests," explained Mr. Sidney, a Dorset butcher, who must have been one of the few viewers not phoning in complaints. Why was that grandly designed Miss France not one of the finalists? Why was appetizing Miss Italy sinisterly left out? Popular Miss U.S.A. was vetoed, snarled her manager, because "British juries are prejudiced against American girls," a Texas leaguer that conveniently ignored the presence on the jury of such non-Britons as Tab Hunter and Paul Anka. Actually, the panel had a simple problem of a whole lot of lovely girls to pick from, and if green-eyed Model Ann Sidney, 20, winner of the $7,000 title, just happened to be Miss United Kingdom, by jingo, she was also 5 ft. 8 in. of absolute wow.

REUTER

MISS WORLD
While Mum and Dad viewed the telly.

. . .

One week before the big fight, when he turned up for the preliminary weigh-in, Heavyweight Sheik Cassius Clay, 22, was romping up and down Boston's Commonwealth Avenue, stopping trolleys and autos to ask if anyone had seen the "Big Bear," also known as Sonny Liston. Three days before the fight, Clay was rushed to City Hospital in an ambulance, after becoming ill during dinner, and doctors diagnosed a hernia. Surgery was immediate, and the match was postponed indefinitely. Liston's comment: "If he wouldn't run around in the streets, he wouldn't have anything wrong with him."

. . .

Her London publishers called it "a continuation of his writing skill" when Robin Jane Wells, 32, granddaughter of Novelist-Historian H. G. Wells, dashed off a children's tale about a blue elephant, called *Tuscan and the Paint*. With that kind of billing, it was only a question of time before someone asked her what she thought of her grandfather, whose 105 tomes, from *The War of the Worlds* to *The Outline of History*, made him one of the most influential authors of the early part of the century. "I hate to admit it," she confessed, "but I don't know much about his books. I don't read them."

. . .

Give a little, get a little is a natural thing to think. Pope Paul VI, 67, had just decided to donate his gold-and-silver, jewel-studded coronation crown (conservatively worth $12,000) to be used in a fund-raising campaign for those "who suffer misery." Now, here was English Actress Dorothy Tutin, 34, holding out a 1623 First Folio edition of William Shakespeare, after members of Britain's Royal Stratford Shakespeare Company had put on a performance in the Vatican. "What a beautiful memento of this occasion!" exclaimed the Pope, taking it and passing it to an aide. Frightfully sorry, blushed Dorothy, but please would he give it back: she had only meant him to give the $60,000 volume his blessing.

. . .

Possibly the hairdos were a little moplike, and here and there a trace of baby fat still lingered. But the 52 young ladies who met in Dallas for a crack at the Miss Teenage America title were long on animal spirits. Miss Teenage Tampa appropriately won the turtle race with her pet "Knight," while dozens of girls danced the monkey and the bird. Miss Teenage Memphis disapproved, saying: "I feel I cannot live for God and participate in the vulgarity of some of the modern dances." When the feathers settled, the winner was a gleeful soprano, Carolyn Mignini, 17, a Baltimore oriole who will use her $10,000 prize to study at Juilliard.

AP

MISS TEENAGE AMERICA
While the little monkeys did the bird.

. . .

For $1,000,000 or thereabouts, he got the famous blue-and-white zebra-striped upholstery, the potted palms, and a publicity agent thrown in to make weight. But John Mills, 50, a wartime Polish commando, doesn't really need him: as soon as he bought Manhattan's El Morocco (from Edwin Perona, son of the late founder), dozens of friends dropped by for a toot, from venturesome capitalists like Sherman Fairchild to Cinemactress Merle Oberon. After all, Mills already runs a triple-barreled London establishment (casino, nightclub, restaurant) that is loaded with big game, including Prince Philip and the Sheik of Kuwait. Though Mills says "I wouldn't dare" change the zebra's stripes, he is adding a few jolly wrinkles: discothèque, a Rolls-Royce with bar, and a Bentley to carry his more diffident guests to and fro.

. . .

While flying to Manhattan to sing in a benefit concert for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Soprano Coretta Scott King, 37, wife of the conference's leader, the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., 35, struck up a conversation with her seat mate, a white girl from Louisiana who recognized her. Was the topic race relations? Peaceful resistance? Well, not exactly, said Mrs. King. "We're both a middle child, and if you're a middle child and can survive, I've always said that you can survive anything."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THANATOLOGY

Death & Modern Man

Neither the sun nor death
can be looked at steadily.
—La Rochefoucauld

Modern medicine has steadily prolonged lives, slashed death rates and, for many patients, changed drastically the very process of dying. Yet, except for a handful of psychiatrists, medical men have paid only cursory attention to the problem they have thus inadvertently intensified: How are the fatally ill to be helped to face the end?

Medical scientists cannot even agree on the time when death technically occurs. Is it when breathing stops? Or the heart? Or when brain waves cease? Psychologists and psychiatrists assert that fear of death is universal, but disagree about its true nature. Freud compared it with fears of castration. Others believe that patients fear dying itself less than their own helplessness and uselessness in the process. Some believe the fear of death is the instinctual root of all other fears.

Family Attitude. From his own observations in Colorado General and Colorado Psychopathic hospitals, one thing of which Psychiatrist Richard Vanden Bergh can be sure is that patients are sometimes left terribly alone when the end is near. "All of us," he told a convention of nurses at the University of Colorado School of Medicine, "have seen the patient who is slowly dying of a chronic, debilitating illness and has been placed in the room farthest from the center of the ward. The doctors drop in briefly during rounds, glance at his chart, and leave almost immediately. The general attitude of the ward is: 'There's really nothing we can do for him—after all, he's dying anyway.'"

This attitude is as appalling to many physicians as it is to just about all ministers of religion. But what is to be done? The first question that arises is whether to tell a patient that he is dying. "Much depends," says the University of California's Dr. Alexander Simon, "on the attitude of the family and the patient's own attitude. There are some whom I would not tell about imminent death because they would panic." Another U. of C. psychiatrist, Dr. Robert D. Wald, believes that the opposite situation is more common: "The assumption is that people don't want to die. From my experience, I believe that—more often than is generally realized—people reach a point where they are willing to die." To Psychologist Herman Feifel of the University of Southern California, who has edited a book on *The Meaning of Death*, what the patient is told is less important than how he is told.

Who's Afraid? And what about the role of the family, now that so many more deaths occur in hospitals than at home? Psychiatrist Wald says tartly: "At death scenes, doctors and nurses are frightened of families. They feel accused by the relatives because they are revealed as not being all-powerful. Doctors tend to keep families away to protect their own self-esteem, though perhaps not consciously."

KOLLWITZ' "THE CALL OF DEATH"
For tearful relatives, a coaching problem.

There are, to be sure, many cases in which it would do no good to have the family stage a death watch because the patient is in a coma. And such cases are becoming vastly more numerous now that medical science has learned to prolong the body's life, or at least some signs of life, long after the mind has become irreparably clouded. But Dr. Vanden Bergh says that he, and most doctors, have seen many patients who were not only conscious but alert right up to the end. Even with a patient who is technically comatose, there is no way for an outsider to be certain how much he senses of what is going on around him.

Probably the only patients who must necessarily be deprived of the comfort of kinfolk are the growing numbers who are sent after surgery to ultramodern recovery rooms from which visitors are barred because of the danger of infection. In most cases, the presence of the family is a good thing. Even if the patient does not know the relatives are there, it is good for them to have the opportunity to learn to accept the imminent loss of a loved one. But relatives may need to be coached in deathside manners. If they have not already faced their own emotional problems, they may become depressed or tearful or even hysterical. Then, instead of their helping the patient, it is the patient who finds himself having to console his visitors.

Too often, says Dr. Wald, there is a woeful lack of communication between patient and family when death is approaching. "This," he says, "is the very time when communication could be freer and more rewarding than ever before. It is the time when old emotional conflicts can be resolved. I've attended many patients who were dying, and knew it, but had had no chance to discuss their fears with anyone. Many were glad to have the opportunity to talk."

What Is He Leaving? A major factor in all attitudes toward death is religious belief—or lack of it—in the hereafter. Some clergymen assert that such a belief is all that is needed to take the sting out of death. Others, like San Francisco's Rabbi Alvin I. Fine are more moderate. "The Judaeo-Christian tradition," says he, "offers a way of looking at death. Religious belief and understanding are definitely helpful in facing death." Psychiatrists, who tend to be agnostics, complain that the clerical attitude generally puts too much emphasis on where a person is going and too little on what he is leaving. Like Rabbi Fine, they believe that a philosophy of death is an essential part of life.

Modern skepticism is intensifying the problem of facing death, says the Rev. Joseph T. Alves, head of Boston's Roman Catholic Family Counseling. A social psychologist, Father Alves is directing a project for training "social volunteers" to help the lonely aged adjust to modern society's pressures and to comfort those who are incurably ill.

There is wide public misunderstanding, said Father Alves, of the full purpose of the Roman Catholic "sacrament of the sick." Long called "extreme unction," it is still too generally regarded as simply the last anointing before death. But in modern theology a broader and more ancient purpose has been re-emphasized. The sacrament is not only concerned with accommodation to death; it is a prayer to God to restore the patient to good health.

In the last analysis, each man must

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

make his own accommodation to death. Almost universal is the sentiment of Dr. Charles W. Mayo, recently retired from active surgery at the Mayo Clinic: "I hope that when I die, it will be quick. But if there is some delay, then I hope I'll have somebody I love with me—somebody to hold my hand."

DENTISTRY

Fluorides for Better Bites

Dentists have long been convinced that fluoridated drinking water can cut cavities in children's teeth by 60% or more. But fluorides may be even more valuable than that. At the annual session of the American Dental Association in San Francisco last week, Dr. Thomas K. Barber, associate head of Pedodontics at the University of Illinois College of Dentistry, reported that fluoridated drinking water can help eradicate bad bite—an affliction that affects more than half the 50 million children in the U.S.

Dr. Barber's statistics came from a study conducted in Evanston, Ill., after ten years of fluoridating its water. Among Evanston children in the 6-to-8 age bracket, said Dr. Barber, malocclusions were down 20%, while those in the 12-to-14 group had 17% fewer bad bites than teen-agers in nonfluoridated communities. Fluorides, explained Dr. Barber, reduce tooth decay in the important first permanent molars; early loss of these teeth may lead to bite abnormalities and eventual braces or similar tooth-straightening appliances.

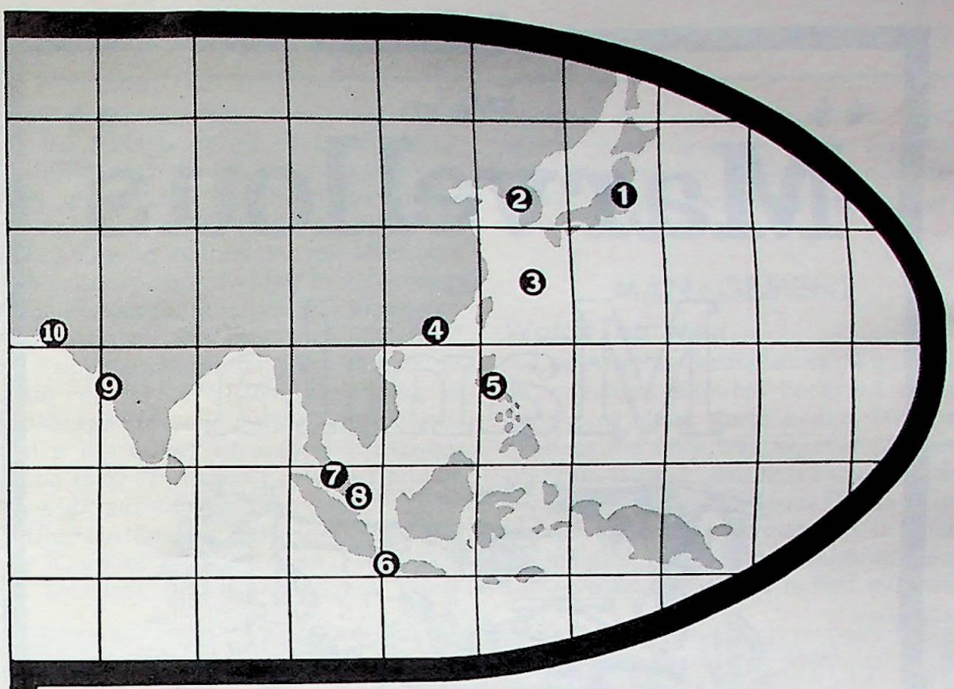
The Evanston study complements similar figures from the neighboring New York towns of fluoridated Newburgh and fluoride-free Kingston. Of Newburgh's teen-agers, 35.2% have normal bites, *v.* only 12% for their Kingston counterparts. Significantly, Kingston kids lost nine times as many permanent teeth, six times as many lower first molars. Reasoned Dr. Barber: "The benefits of fluoridation can be viewed indirectly as a factor in the reduction of malocclusion."

SURGERY

Repair of a Pitching Arm

By World Series time, the coldness and discomfort that New York Yankee Southpaw Whitey Ford had often felt in his left hand became a strength-robbing cramp afflicting his whole arm. But not until after the second game when he even had trouble shaving did Ford seek medical help from Dr. Martin L. Schulman of Long Island Jewish Hospital. The diagnosis: Pitcher Ford had an apparently complete blockage of the axillary artery, which carries blood through the shoulder toward the fingertips.

The artery had become blocked, possibly by fatty deposits, under the shoulder, where muscle and bone crowd it. Ford's well-developed muscles and his pitching profession aggravated the block: every time he threw a pitch, his



INTERNATIONAL

INSURANCE PROTECTION with LOCAL INSURANCE SERVICE

Throughout Asia, 55 branch offices and numerous agencies of the long established American Foreign Insurance Association are available to you for trained insurance assistance in the varying requirements of international business.

With AFIA you are secured by the multi-million dollar assets and the wealth of experience of the outstanding American insurance companies listed below.

WORLDWIDE AFIA INSURANCE

Member Companies . . .

AETNA • THE AMERICAN • BOSTON
FIREMAN'S FUND • GLENS FALLS
GREAT AMERICAN • HARTFORD FIRE
THE HOME • THE PHOENIX • RELIANCE
ST. PAUL F & M • UNITED STATES FIRE
WESTCHESTER FIRE

Combined assets over U.S. four billion dollars.

Principal offices in ASIA

JAPAN
① American Foreign Insurance Association
Tokyo Chamber of Com. & Ind. Bldg.
(C.P.O. Box 13) • Tokyo

KOREA
② American Foreign Insurance Association
Cho Heung Bank Bldg.
(International P.O. Box 1494) • Seoul

OKINAWA
③ American Foreign Insurance Association
AFIA Building, Highway No. 1
(C.P.O. Box 101) • Naha

HONG KONG
④ American Foreign Insurance Association
Jardine House (P.O. Box 2308)

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
⑤ American Foreign Insurance Association
120 Juan Luna Street (P.O. Box 1930)
Manila

INDONESIA
⑥ American Foreign Insurance Association
35B Djalan Nusantara (P.O. Box 2108)
Djakarta V/12

MALAYSIA
⑦ American Foreign Insurance Association
Lee Wah Bank Bldg. (P.O. Box 2155)
Kuala Lumpur

⑧ American Foreign Insurance Association
Denmark House (P.O. Box 46)
Singapore

INDIA
⑨ The Home Insurance Company
Universal Insurance Building
(P.O. Box 977) • Bombay 1

PAKISTAN
⑩ The Home Insurance Company
Qamar House No. 2 • Bunder Road
(P.O. Box 4780) • Karachi 2, W.P.

AMERICAN FOREIGN INSURANCE ASSOCIATION
world headquarters: 161 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10038

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"We're Marvellous in Manila"

It's nice to be appreciated and this is certainly the case in Manila. Cathay Pacific has long enjoyed a warm friendship with the people of The Philippines because Cathay Pacific's service is friendly and efficient on our 8 flights weekly between Manila and Hongkong. Naturally, the same marvellous service applies on flights to the other 16 major cities served by Cathay Pacific.

Spanning

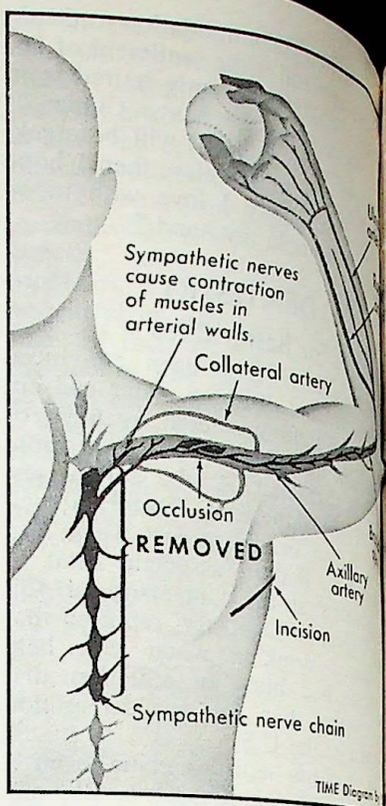
THE ORIENT

CATHAY PACIFIC

CATHAY PACIFIC serves: HONG KONG . BANGKOK
BRUNEI . CALCUTTA . DJAKARTA . JESSELTON
KUALA LUMPUR . MANILA . OSAKA/KYOTO
PHNOM PENH . RANGOON . SAIGON . SEOUL
SINGAPORE . TAIPEI . TOKYO . VIENTIANE

A BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE ASSOCIATED COMPANY

USA—167



muscles and bones would pinch the ... tery, constricting the vessel even as ... was straining to allow blood to ... through. The most promising ther... would be removal of the sympath... nerves that control the contraction ... smooth muscle in the arterial walls.

Ford chose to have the operat... done by famed Cardiovascular Surge... Denton A. Cooley at Houston's ... Luke's Episcopal Hospital. Last wee... with Schulman assisting, Cooley made ... 5½-in. incision under Ford's left arm ... into the chest. The surgeon then sep... rated Ford's ribs, and collapsed a p... tion of lung to expose a chain of nerv... running along the backbone like a str... of far-apart beads. About four inches ... the nerves were removed, and the inc... sion closed. The entire operation too... barely 90 minutes.

Next day a beaming Ford met wi... Houston-resident Johnny Keane, ... new Yankee manager. "I brushed m... teeth," said Ford, "and I think in a co... ple of days I'll shave." The operation ... said Dr. Cooley, was a success. "T... removal of these nerves permits bloo... to flow through collateral channels ... supply the muscles of the arm itse... and causes no interference with mu... cular power or sensation in his arm."

The only odd thing Ford will notice ... now is that his left hand will not pe... spire because the missing nerves con... trolled the sweat glands; it will fee... warmer than his right hand because ... blood vessels will be dilated. The m... axillary artery blockage cannot b... cleared up by drugs, and if Ford's ... cramps return next year, about the only ... thing left will be surgery to bypass the ... blocked artery with a piece of his own ... vein or a Dacron tube. But by week's ... end Dr. Cooley was a relieved optimist. ... "Now I know how the surgeon felt who ... operated on Caruso's vocal cords."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LABOR

A Common Thread of Trouble

Detroit's unexpected labor turmoil this year has had an unreal, occasionally downright unbelievable quality right from the start—but last week it turned into a full-fledged nightmare for the U.S. economy. As the United Auto Workers' strike against Ford entered its second senseless week, it seemed certain that some, and perhaps much, of the damage to the economy will be lasting. Any chance that the auto industry might top 8,000,000 units for calendar 1964, said Ward's Automotive Reports, has been K.O.d." The industry has already had one of its worst introduction periods in recent history, thanks to the 91-day General Motors strike, and two poor months back to back could make their effects felt this winter not only in Detroit but around the entire U.S.

Still unwilling to settle such noneconomic matters as longer wash-up periods and the allocation of overtime, members of Ford local unions continued to walk out. The company closed 24 plants from Alabama to Minnesota, laid off 33,500 nonstrikers to bring the total of men out of work to 59,000. Ford's passenger car production is already 75% below capacity and unless the walkout ends this week, said President Arjay Miller, the nation's fourth biggest company will screech to a complete stop. The U.A.W. aggravated the problem by also striking Mack Trucks and White Motor Co.

Angry Lieutenants. In fact, as the nation looked around last week, it was faced with a sudden storm of labor turmoil. After 12 to 15 months of comparative labor calm, strikes or the threat of strikes suddenly hovered over such important industries as paper, railroads, shipping, meat packing and steel. Through many of these disparate disputes ran one common thread: a rebellion against national union chiefs by angry lieutenants, ambitious local leaders and restless rank and file. A new and independent union that recently ousted two less militant A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions shut down two-thirds of the West Coast paper industry by calling the first strike there in 30 years. In steel, the prospects of a strike next spring have been heightened by a battle for the presidency of the United Steelworkers (see THE U.S.). And it is painfully obvious that Walter Reuther has had his hands full trying to control his disputatious local U.A.W. leaders.

This tendency to defy established union leadership is caused partly by a kind of anticolonialism on the part of locals that want to play a bigger role, partly by the political and technological challenges—such as automation—that have created a climate of discontent in U.S. unions. To many in the rank and file, labor's aristocracy seems old, aloof, often tyrannical, and too busy discoursing on foreign policy or participating in university colloquia to keep in touch with grass-roots concerns. Some annoying habits of union leaders that are ignored so long as they deliver—frequent travel, conspicuously high living—begin to pall when there is less left to deliver. Unionists call this the "high-hat issue" or "uppity unionism." To escape its onus, one U.A.W. troubleshooter in Pittsburgh refuses to wear white shirts, and a top officer of a food employees union says: "I wouldn't drive a Cadillac these days if you gave me one."

Unaccustomed Challenges. Recently the heads of the American Federation of Teachers, the International Longshoremen's Association and the State County and Municipal Employees Union have been ousted. The leaders of the Textile Workers Union of America, the Building Services Union and the Communications Workers of America have been forced to fight unaccustomed challenges, and the President of the United Rubber Workers was recently rebuffed by his rank and file when he attempted to raise dues. For the first time since he founded the International Union of Electrical Workers in 1949, moody, mercurial James Carey is being strongly challenged for the presidency. The United Mine Workers' $50,000-a-year president, Tony Boyle, is being challenged by a $130-a-week miner.

Many businessmen are finding out the hard way that the secure, experienced labor chieftains are more pliable and reasonable than the local leaders who have lately vaulted to power. In union politics, where it often takes up to 30 years to rise to the top, the temptation is great to make a quick mark through excessive militancy. By any measure, the sudden wave of union power plays threatens U.S. business with the prospect of more wage demands, rugged bargaining and bothersome work stoppages.

MANAGEMENT

Watch That Man

Los Angeles Businessman Norton Simon plunges into his backyard swimming pool three times a day, but that is about the only way he ever plunges. Working from a base that includes California's $400 million Hunt Foods & Industries and heavy investments in salad oil, matches, paint and publishing (*McCall's*), Simon plans his moves with the care and strategy of a Clausewitz. West Virginia's Wheeling Steel (1963 sales: $236 million) was surprised to find a few years back that Simon had quietly become one of its biggest stockholders, controlling 145,000 shares. Last week Norton Simon was elected Wheeling's chairman, replacing William A. Steele, who resigned a few weeks ago.

Simon will leave the actual running of the steel firm to others, but his takeover at Wheeling—where he owns only 8.8% of the stock—was certainly enough to make a few other people nervous. Among them: Leonard Goldenson, president of American Broadcasting-Paramount Theaters, which a few months back turned down a bid from Stockholder Simon (controlling more than 200,000 shares) to become a board member, and Roy W. Moore Jr., president of Canada Dry, which let Simon onto its board in August after first rebuffing his bid. Simon owns a 23% interest in Canada Dry v. 2% for the company's managers collectively. He is clearly a man to watch—close

J. EDWARD BAILEY

STRIKING WORKERS OUTSIDE FORD'S WAYNE, MICH., PLANT

Also at issue: uppity unionism and discourses on foreign policy.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

A Bird's-Eye Look At the Countryside

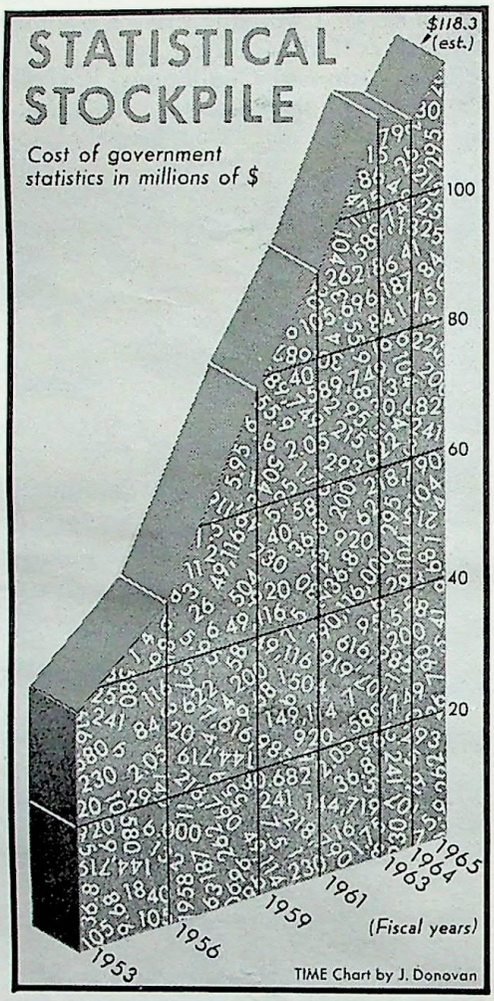
Who benefits the most when U.S. householders buy more furniture? What would happen to sales of a paint company if the Government cut back defense spending on aircraft and missiles? Which U.S. industries stand to be hurt most by Britain's new 15% levy on imports? What effect would the proposed $500 million cut in excise taxes have on various segments of the U.S. economy?

The answers to such questions have long been difficult or impossible to come by, although the Government is spending millions every year ($118.3 million this fiscal year, up 29% over three years ago) to provide the growing flow of statistics that pour from 14 federal agencies. Despite the proliferation of statistics, no one had ever devised a master plan that would pull them all together, and even the experts were largely left in the dark about how an event in one area of the economy could affect a business or industry in another.

Last week the Commerce Department proudly brought forth a major new aid that will prove invaluable in analyzing the U.S. economy and its parts. It is called the input-output table, and its 24,044 computations are the result of five years and three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of work by a 20-man staff in Commerce's Office of Business Economics. Basically, the staff divided U.S. industry into 86 groups, painstakingly put precise numbers on the intricate interplay of sales and orders among them and tied the whole works for the first time to such basic statistical yardsticks as national income and gross national product. It thus created the first really 3-D view of the U.S. economy. "Input-output," says George Jaszi, head of the Office of Business Economics, "is a bird's-eye view of the economy, like looking at the countryside from an airplane."

Fears of Regimentation. The new view will make business and Government predictions more accurate, enable a businessman to see how a change in consumer demand, Government spending or taxes will affect his own enterprise, give him a better insight into who are his customers' customers (a notoriously foggy order) and show him where he is missing markets in which his competitors are selling. It enables a paint company, for example, to figure out its sales drop on a $3 billion defense cut in missiles and aircraft. Input-output shows that the aerospace industry uses 0.245¢ of paint industry materials for every $1 of sales, and that a $3 billion drop in orders would thus mean a loss of $7,300,000 in sales to the industry. Knowing that it had 10% of the market, a paint firm could expect a sales drop of $730,000. Similarly, for each $1,000,000 rise in demand for household furniture, fabric makers can expect an extra $98,880 in sales, wood companies $182,000 and transportation and warehousing firms $65,000.

The input-output tables are the brainchild of Harvard Professor Wassily W. Leontief, whose work persuaded the Government to begin the preparation of such tables in the late 1940s. Fearing that the system would prove a wedge for Government regulation of the entire economy, a group of businessmen led by General Motors Economist Stephen DuBrul in 1953 persuaded Defense Secretary Charles ("Engine Charlie") Wilson to halt work on it. But the work got under way again in 1959 after Professor Raymond Goldsmith of Yale urged the Government to push ahead, and business fears of the tables have turned to open-armed welcome with the realization that they are an invaluable aid. Forty-five other nations are now working on their own input-output tables.



Enough Elegance. The tables will be revised every two or three years to register changes in the economy. Professor Leontief would like to see a further breakdown of the economy into 450 to 500 industries, feels that some federal statistics from which the tables are drawn are wanting (TIME, July 10). But he is pleased that his idea has been brought to the point where "the technician, not the philosopher, is needed. The tables will help end all the elegant economic theorizing that has up to now been done with too little data," he says. He is probably 85.6% correct.

Paying the Piper

Man has taken to burying many of the things that are important to him: his business records, the gold that backs his money, his nuclear missiles, and in some instances even his factories and food supply. Beneath a land that is becoming increasingly crowded on the surface, he has also buried the [illegible] through which flow much of his source of energy. Nowhere is this truer than in the U.S., where underground pipelines carry 42% of all the nation's energy fuels in a vast network that stretches four times the length of all its railroads and 3½ times that of its airline routes. The oil and natural gas that flow through this network (*see map, overleaf*) eventually turn turbines, heat buildings, power automobiles, and cook the food of the U.S. The whole process has produced a thriving pipeline industry.

Nearly 125 companies in the U.S. now transport energy by pipe. Last year they pumped 14.8 trillion cu. ft. of gas and 3.7 billion bbl. of crude oil or refined products. Snaking more pipe over rivers and bays, deserts and mountains, the industry this year will lay another 28,200 miles at a cost of $1.8 billion. The biggest of the new, the 1,600-mile Colonial Pipeline up the East Coast, last week advanced to within 500 ft. of its terminus at Linden, N.J. Trans-Canada Pipe Lines has just applied to the Federal Power Commission for approval to build a $200 million pipeline that will dip over the border into Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Three companies are competing to build a second gas line to link Texas and southern California at a cost exceeding $3 million. In Washington State the Olympic oil products pipeline is pushing southward to serve Seattle and Portland with oil from the rich fields of Canada's Alberta.

Cost & Controversy. The pipeline companies, which mostly have their headquarters in oil-rich Houston or Tulsa, are essentially transportation companies that shy from outright ownership of production facilities. The six major oil pipeline companies that move 75% of all U.S. crude oil shipments and 45% of all finished products—ranging from jet fuels to tractor fuels—are owned either by individual oil companies or by consortiums. Service Pipe Line Co., the largest (14,000 miles of pipe), is a Standard Oil of Indiana subsidiary, and runner-up Humble Pipe Line Co. (11,700 miles) does two-thirds of its business with parent Humble Oil. On the other hand, the 28 natural gas pipeline companies—led by Tennessee Gas Transmission (11,540 miles of main line) and El Paso Natural Gas (10,700 miles)—are almost all publicly owned.

With a few exceptions, pipelines are usually very profitable, although as common carriers they are closely regulated—oil lines by the Interstate Com-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NEW STEEL ARTERIES are burrowing through U.S. pastures, bayous and offshore waters at a stupendous rate, can carry everything from oil to molten sulphur. The 16-incher above, being laid through wooded hills, will move 135,000 bbl. each day—the contents of 425 railway tank cars—from the far northwest corner of Washington to Portland, Ore.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

INVISIBLE

A MILLION MI

From Alberta-British Columbia fields
Anacortes
Seattle
Spokane
WASH.
"Olympic" (under constr.)
Portland
Eugene
ORE.
"The Big Yard" — 1,367 mi., 36-in. dia.
Pac. Gas Trans.
El Paso
Great Falls
MONT.
Helena
Billings
Bismarck
N. DAK.
772 mi. to Edmonton
IDAHO
Boise
Cody
S. DAK.
Rapid City
WYO.
Casper
Rocky Mountains
P. G. & E.
Reno
NEV.
Salt Lake City
NEB
Des Moines
Platte
Sacramento
San Francisco
UTAH
Denver
Kansas City
KANS.
El Paso
COLO.
CALIF.
Las Vegas
Bakersfield
Santa Maria
P. G. & E.
El Paso
N. MEX.
Amarillo
Los Angeles
Offshore fields
ARIZ.
San Diego
Phoenix
Mid-America (LPG)
Tucson
Big Spring
El Paso
Gulf Pacific (proposed)

Natural gas lines: move 25 billion cu. ft. daily over 710,300-mile system
Crude oil lines: move 6.5 million barrels daily over 148,000-mile system
Product lines: move 3.5 million barrels daily over 57,000-mile system

Oil field areas: produce 7.7 million barrels daily
Natural gas fields: produce 40 billion cu. ft. daily

Refinery areas: can produce 10.1 million barrels daily

Over 600,000 barrels a day
300,000 to 600,000
100,000 to 300,000
30,000 to 100,000

0 100 300 500 mi.

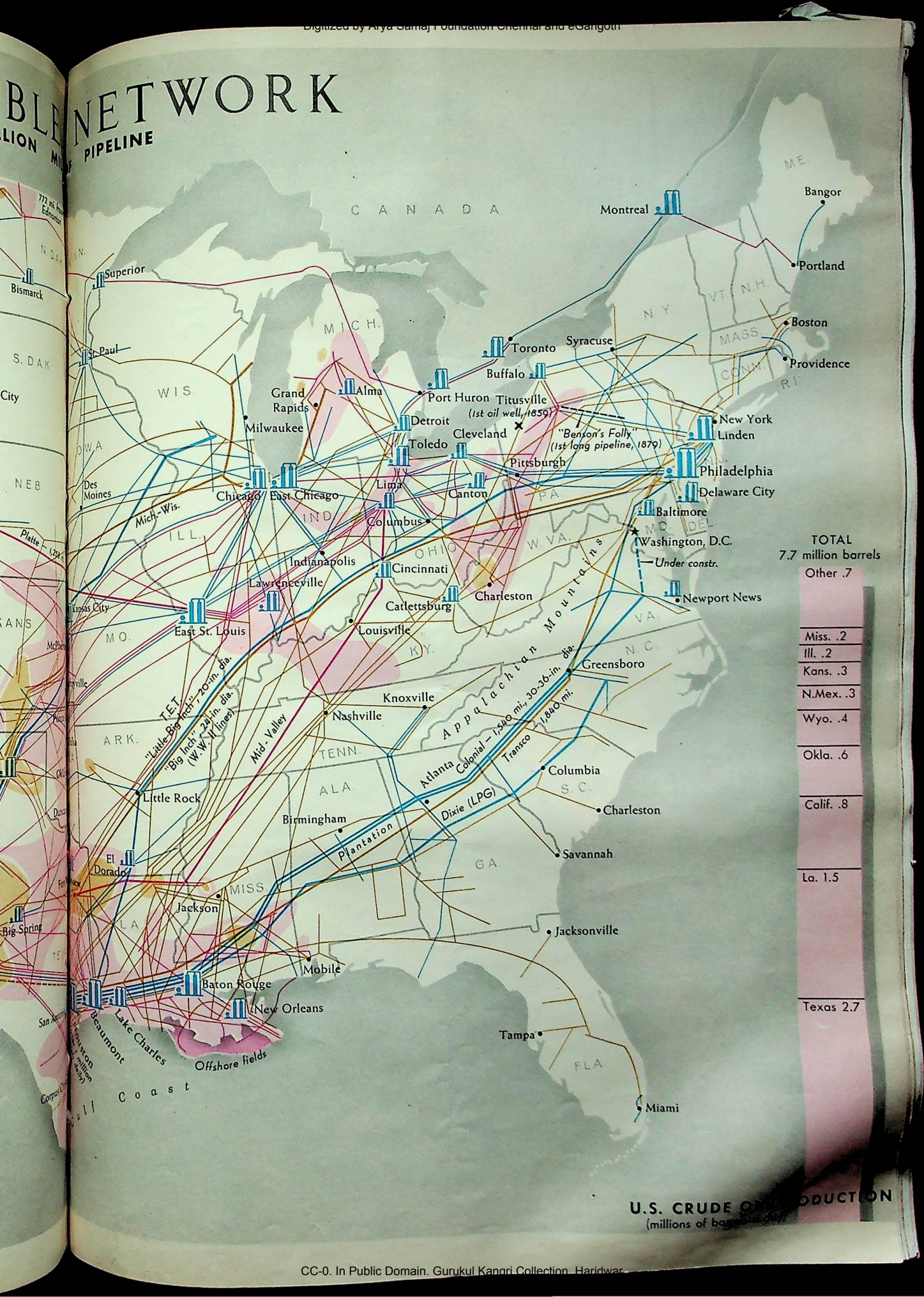
TIME Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NETWORK

PIPELINE



TOTAL
7.7 million barrels

Other	.7
Miss.	.2
Ill.	.2
Kans.	.3
N.Mex.	.3
Wyo.	.4
Okla.	.6
Calif.	.8
La.	1.5
Texas	2.7

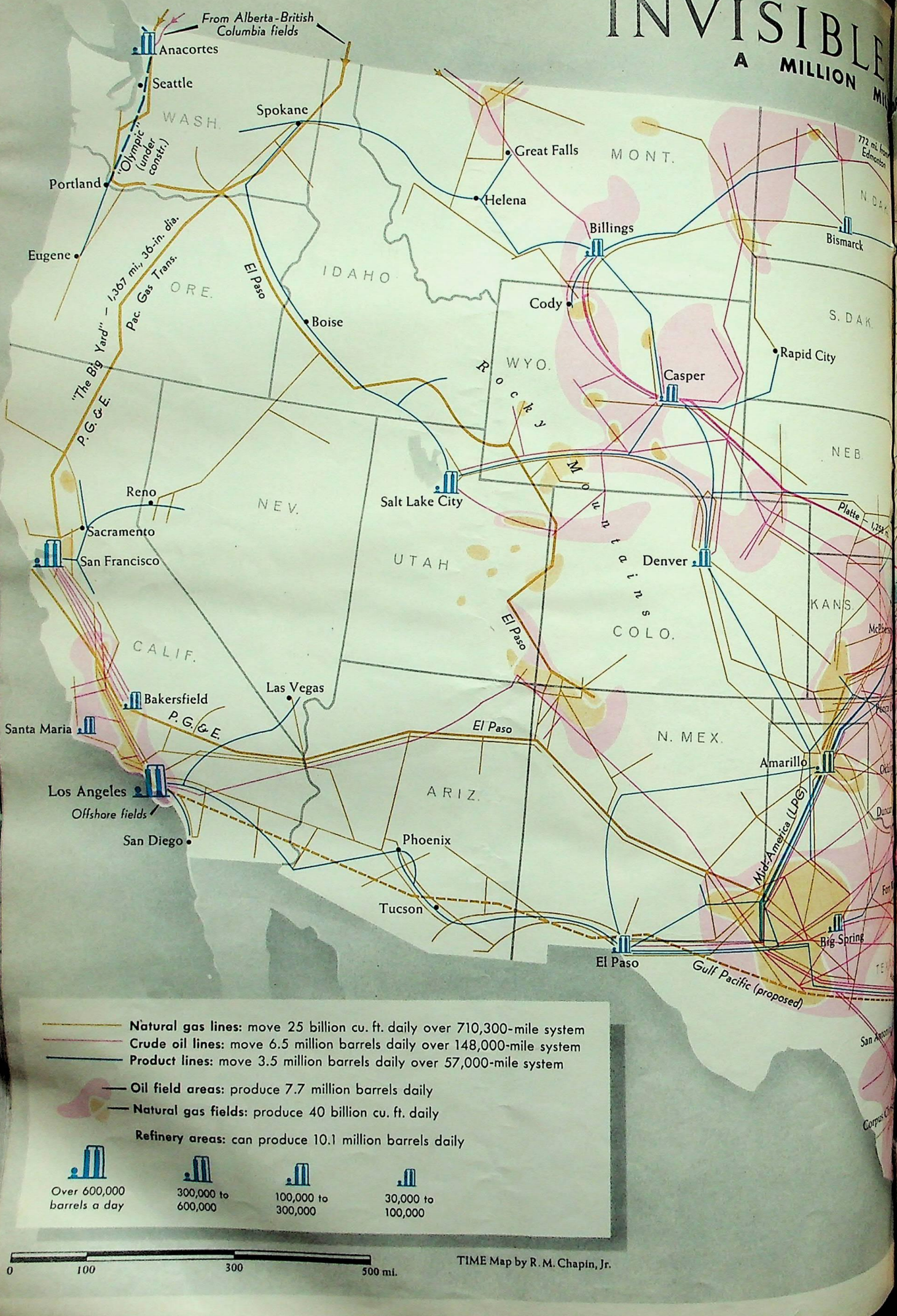
U.S. CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION
(millions of barrels per day)

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

INVISIBLE

A MILLION MI

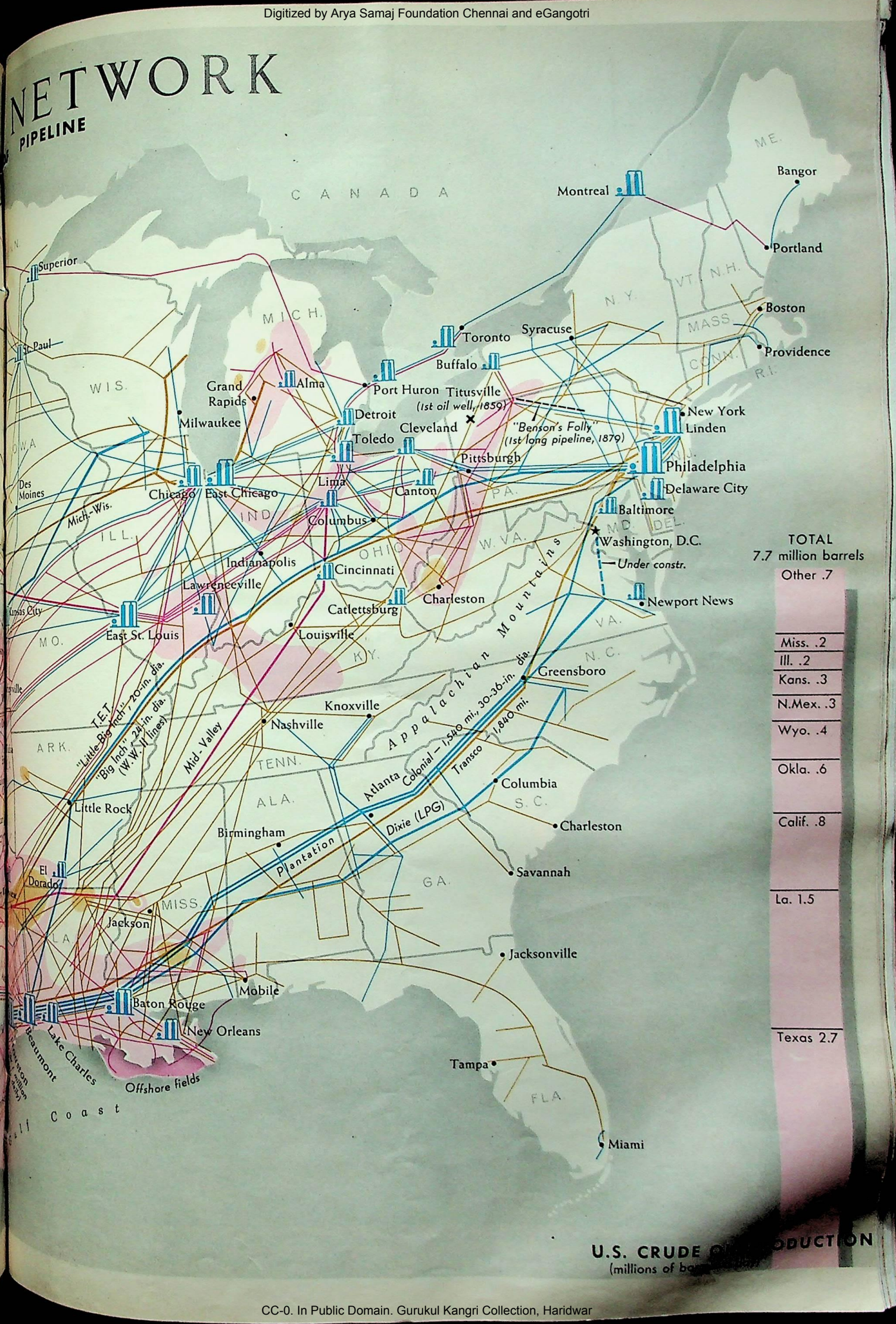


CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NETWORK

PIPELINE



TOTAL
7.7 million barrels

Other	.7
Miss.	.2
Ill.	.2
Kans.	.3
N.Mex.	.3
Wyo.	.4
Okla.	.6
Calif.	.8
La.	1.5
Texas	2.7

U.S. CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION
(millions of barrels)

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

J. ALEX LANGLEY

SEAGOING BARGE lays two miles of 10-in. crude-oil line every 24 hours as it plods south into the Gulf of Mexico below New Orleans. Parallel pontoons support the seamless welded pipe; diver "walks the line" [illegible] for telltale leak bubbles. Similar 150-man, air-conditioned Brown & Root barge is now at work in Persian [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

mission and gas by the Federal
er Commission. The industry's ris-
revenues reached $4.5 billion last
. The oil lines' share of this profit
es from simply carrying other com-
ies' crude or products for a fee, but
pipelines buy natural gas at the
head, resell it at the far end at cost,
an intricately figured fee. Because
ecurring battles over rate increases
the consumer-minded FPC, the gas
are usually involved in controversy.
recent rate case, El Paso Natural
was ordered to give back $155 mil-
with interest to California utilities.

Tiger & Thinner. The pipelines are
battling with the railroads, which
to remedy loss of shipments to
lines with pipeline systems of their
Southern Pacific operates 1,700
s of line along its right of way
El Paso to Oregon, and the Penn-
nia, Great Northern and Missouri-
sas-Texas all have sizable pipeline
stments. To offset such inroads, the
pipeline companies are diversify-
Tennessee Gas owns an insurance
pany (Tennessee Life), two Hous-
skyscrapers, three chemical compa-
and a bank; El Paso is half owner
Rexall Drug of a plastics company.

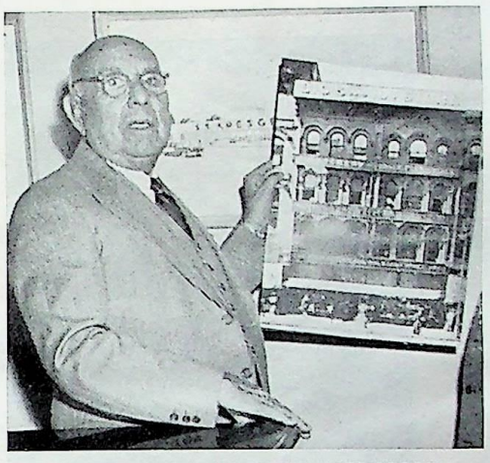
The brightest hope for improved
ings, however, lies in technological
nce. Pipeline companies this year
buy 1,600,000 tons of pipe from
companies, which have steadily
e their pipes longer, stronger and
ner-walled. The proposed Trans-
dia line, for example, would safely
45 miles of current in the Straits
Mackinac with improved pipe, and
has been laid 170 ft. deep in the
f of Mexico. By developing under-
nd storage vaults, gas companies
e also been able to keep up with
y winter demand and prop up sum-
prices. In the marshy New Jersey
adows, Transcontinental Gas Pipe
e Corp. is freezing thousands of
s of mud, scooping a hole out of
middle and filling it with gas chilled
-258° F. to liquefy it.

Hot Charcoal Aroma. The U.S. is
dly saturated with main lines now,
the rush to build distribution lines
tinues. The cost: from $100,000 a
e in rural Alabama to $1,000,000 a
e in suburban New York. The oil *v.*
competition is also heating up. The
industry already pipelines directly to
ch airports as Washington's Dulles,
w York's Kennedy and Chicago's
Hare, where jet fuel demand is heavy;
is also planning lines directly into
ighborhood service stations to replace
trucks, considering community
ts from which metered home oil
mers could draw directly as gas burn-
do. For its part, the gas industry is
ing a "total energy concept," in
ch pipelined gas will do everything
generate electricity to cool air and
water. Gas companies are already
nstrating a backyard barbecue that
ed by natural gas. It includes, they
, even the charcoal aroma.

MERCHANDISING

Strength in Variety

S.S. Kresge is a man as well as a variety store, and, at 97, he was recently called out of retirement to address the annual meeting of the chain that he forged. While stockholders applauded, old S.S. (for Sebastian Spering) got up and exhorted them to make Kresge "an outstanding five-and-ten-cent syndicate." That did not jibe with President Harry B. Cunningham's idea of his job, and he rose to his feet and said so. Smilingly, he reminded everyone that the nation's third largest variety chain (after F.W. Woolworth and W.T. Grant) has expanded far beyond its old dime-store stage and is, in fact, quite a different creature. This small semantic difference highlights a new philosophy that



KRESGE WITH PHOTO OF FIRST STORE
Replacing the tawdry with color TV.

has set all the variety chains off on their biggest spree of change and expansion.

Pheasant & Paperbacks. Most of the chains have begun to emulate the discount, drug and department stores that in recent years have lured away some of their traditional lower-priced business. This week Kresge will open seven more of its big K-Mart discount houses, bringing the total to 88 out of a chain of 870 stores. Last week Grant (1,097 stores) started building another of its huge Grant City stores, which are so much like department stores that they sell color TV sets and high-fashioned clothes. J.J. Newberry (548 stores) has opened 24 department stores under the name "Britts," and S.H. Kress is busy with plans to redesign the interiors of many of its 270 variety stores to make them look less jumbled. Declaring its intention of becoming the world's biggest discounter, giant Woolworth (4,192 stores in North America and Europe) has opened 16 "Woolco" discount stores and expects to add 11 more within a year.

The chains still stock plenty of merchandise that is tasteless or downright tawdry, but they are also selling more and more higher-quality, higher-profit items. Kresge's K-Marts now offer some 35,000 items, including such new additions as hi-fi sets and frozen string beans. Woolworth's stocks diamond rings at $99.95, electric organs at $79.95 and canned Scottish pheasant at $6.98, has become the nation's largest retailer of records (40 million last year) and paperback books (15 million). Already the world's largest restaurant chain (1,706 luncheonettes), it is also planning to serve liquor in some of its "Harvest House" restaurants outside the stores. Grant's has auto service stations and prescription pharmacies, and both Grant and Woolworth now offer 24-month credit plans.

Paint & Profits. To keep up with change, the chains are rapidly adopting self-service (Woolworth now has it in 80% of its stores) and moving toward larger stores. Grant's new centers

NEW STORE OPENING IN FLORENCE, ALA.

sprawl over 3½ acres of floor space. Woolworth is placing most of its new stores in downtown areas instead of suburbs because President Robert C. Kirkwood senses "a trend of rejuvenation in the center city." In declining fringe neighborhoods, Kresge has converted its old and unprofitable stores into small-inventory cut-rate stores that sell only limited lines—the fastest selling shades of paint, the most-in-demand sized bra (34).

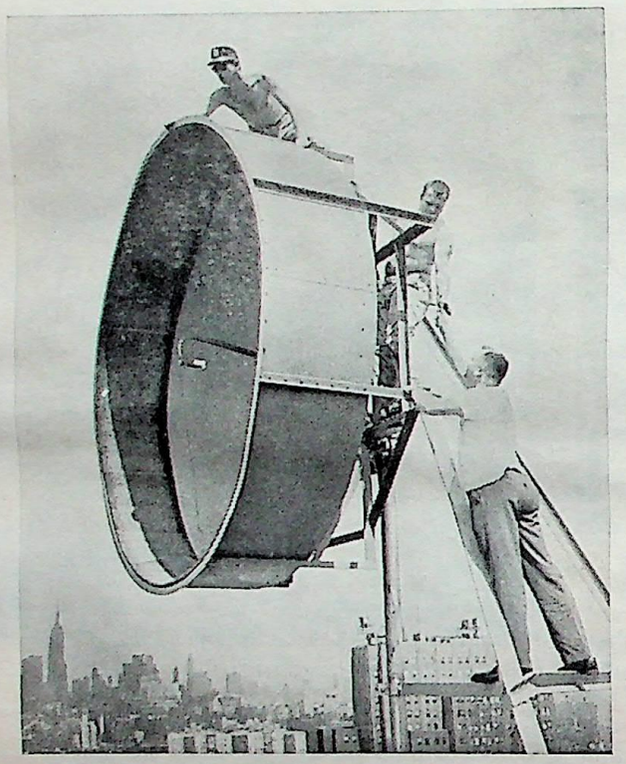
Though the costs of expansion and modernization run high, the chains are profiting from their new look. Woolworth, which announced record nine-month sales and earnings a fortnight ago, expects to increase its $1.2 billion sales by 15% this year; Grant's sales are running 10% ahead of last year's $699 million. After a money-losing 1963, the McCrory chain (583 variety stores) and J.J. Newberry have pulled back into the black. Kresge's sales ($504 million last year) are growing at a rate of 25% so far this year, and the company hopes to catch up soon with second-place Grant. Nothing would please S.S. Kresge more than to see that happen to his five and tens, by whatever newfangled name anyone chooses to call them.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

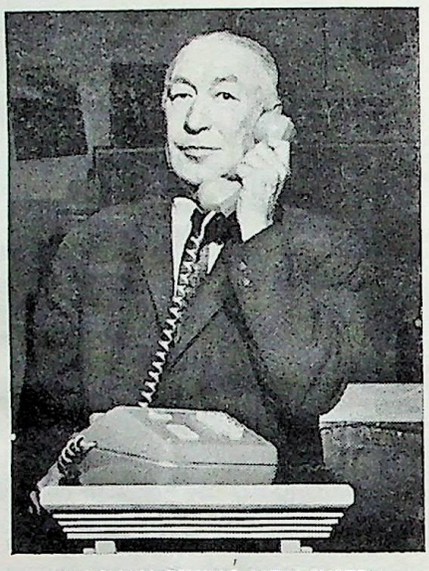
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

New Life in Old Wires

To millions of Americans, the 113-year-old Western Union Telegraph Co. means bicycling messengers in green uniforms, miles of wire-carrying poles along railroad tracks and yellow shafts of light from all-night offices. The telegram business still accounts for more than half of the company's revenues, but it is dwindling along with the poles and messengers. Venerable Western Union is transforming itself into a new kind of telecommunications giant, using the latest pushbutton automation to provide a range of services as broad as electronic wizardry allows. This week, from the top of its 24-story brick-pile headquarters in lower Manhattan, the company will inaugurate its biggest diversification yet: a 7,500-mile $80 million transcontinental microwave system that will transmit teletype, telephone, facsimile or computer-tape messages with equal ease.



MICROWAVE ANTENNA ATOP WESTERN UNION BUILDING



MARSHALL TRYING NEW SYSTEM

Flowers and H-bomb warnings fly through the air.

Stocks & Candy. Western Union has already gone a long way toward shedding its 19th century image. It operates a nationwide system for the Air Force designed to detect nuclear bomb explosions, an automatic teleprinter network that serves 9,129 customers in 2,000 U.S. cities and a private telephone system for the Philadelphia-Baltimore-Washington Stock Exchange. Its 30,000-mile facsimile-data-voice net serves the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and a bigger hookup works for the Pentagon. In September, it opened a "broad-band exchange service" to 19 cities that not only combines telephone, teletype and facsimile communication but enables computers to send data across the nation.

The source of all this bustle is Walter Peter Marshall, 63, the company's $141,000-a-year president. A Brooklyn-born, Manhattan-schooled accountant who is one-eighth Cherokee, Marshall got into communications accidentally by answering a help-wanted ad by All America Cables in the mistaken belief that it manufactured cables rather than sent them. After working up to executive vice president of Postal Telegraph, he came to Western Union in the 1943 merger that gave W.U. a monopoly on domestic telegraph business. When he became president in 1948, Western Union looked ready for the undertaker. With a creaking plant, antique methods and little research, it was losing money at a $1,000,000-a-month clip.

Marshall has rescued the company by automating to trim payroll costs from 69% of revenue to 57% last year, by closing unprofitable telegraph offices and by adding such new services as flower orders, wake-up calls and candy-by-wire in the 15,000 offices that remain. The company has made money every year since 1950, last year netted $16.8 million on $297 million in sales.

Frequent Clashes. Battling to revive Western Union, Marshall has repeatedly clashed with American Telephone & Telegraph (usually protesting to the FCC that A. T. & T. rates on its private-line networks are unfairly low), but the two companies see eye to eye about one thing: the future. Says Marshall: "A. T. & T. says the data and private-line business will grow to several billion dollars by 1970. I agree, and I expect our share to be in the hundred-millions." To keep W.U. healthy, Marshall plans to push data and private-line business still harder, mesh private telegrams into his teleprinter network, and use telegraph offices as merchandise outlets. Despite such changes, one W.U. tradition is still reasonably intact: singing telegrams remain available in 285 cities.

A Voice in Dissent

The world of economics is astir. G
ernment is taking an increasingly
hand in the economy; economists
testing new theories that are overt
ing older methods. It is a time w
those who prize ordered theories
predictable patterns are in the dis
minority. That minority nonetheless
its voices—and one of the most art
late is that of John Davenport, as
sistant managing editor of Fort
whose book on *The U.S. Economy*
just been published by Henry Reg

Davenport is a sort of Emers
economics, eloquently pleading the
for self-reliance, individualism, a
more humane order of things.
week, appearing before New Y
prestigious Economic Club, which
heard such speakers as John Ken
and Nikita Khrushchev, Daven
threw down the gauntlet in a sp
that, together with his book, is a
mony to what he calls the value of
ditional wisdom." He not only depl
the easy credit, deficit spending an
cipient inflation that he sees around
but criticizes many measures that
been welcomed into the mainstrea
economic thinking. He opposes
closed shop, considers minimum-
laws "ill-advised" and partly resp
ble for unemployment, argues that
15% tax on foreign securities boug
Americans is "definitely danger
and would like to revise the progre
features of the income tax laws. A
core of his philosophy is the belief
"manipulative government, instea
laying down the rules of the road, w
fact try to drive the car along the r

In his book, Davenport also take
at a number of highly regarded ta

▶ The idea that profits can be e
sive or fixed at some "reasonable"
is among the "fallacies" plaguing
economy. A company should be all
to charge what the market will
period.

▶ "The straight economic gains
unionism have been much overs
and, insofar as they occur, are al
always achieved at the expense of
workers."

▶ Government spending should
based on the intrinsic "merits" of
the money is spent for rather than
on or off to help the economy.

▶ The Government should encou
farmers to change crops or even
the land by progressively lowering
supports, since controls are "a ma
ing burden and danger."

Such views are not likely to get D
enport many invitations to Washi
these days, but he avoids partisan
by judging economic events against
goal of "human liberty and the
tion of government power." He ca
against "confusing what is with w
ought to be." No doubt many eco
mists will feel that Davenport has
up by equating what was with w
ought to be.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

And you should see the forms she typed!

Carbon paper does two things: it makes copies and it makes smudges on paper, desks, clothes, and skin. NCR Paper does only one thing: it makes copies. It doesn't smudge. It won't tear. NCR Paper makes clear, clean copies of whatever you write, type or print on the original.

Companies who have studied total forms costs find NCR Paper saves from 20% to 50% by reducing handling time. Employes stay cleaner, too. Your forms printer can supply samples and case histories of how companies, such as yours, save time, money and soap with NCR Paper.

NCR *Paper* / multiple copies without carbons

NCR

Be sure to visit the NCR Pavilion at the New York World's Fair • The National Cash Register Company • Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A. 45409

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COMMON MARKET

A Question of Exceptions

For months, one of the world's brightest hopes in the field of international business has quietly been getting nowhere. The Kennedy Round of tariff-cutting talks* in Geneva, which was envisioned as the first bold step toward a free-trading Atlantic Community, has been hung up by delays and disagreements since its opening in May. The negotiations resumed this week in Geneva, where each nation presented a top-secret list of sensitive and important products that it wishes exempted from the tariff bargaining. Last week, as 45 nations prepared to dispatch their lists to the 19th century Geneva villa where Leo Tolstoy once lived, a new crisis in the Common Market once more showed that France not only is lukewarm about the Kennedy Round but could frustrate it at any time.

After insisting that Europe must reach a common agreement to cut farm tariffs before it would negotiate about industrial tariffs, the U.S. recently relented and urged that tariff talks proceed, for the time being, without a common agricultural policy. Last week France agreed to give the Germans, whose high grain prices have proved a stumbling block, more time to come to terms. That seemed very magnanimous of the French—but they had something up their sleeve. When the Common Market Commission met in Brussels and proposed that the Six adopt a compromise list of 210 exempt items involving about 12% of the Market's imports, France balked. Having neutralized the Germans by its farm concession, France now demanded that another 130 items be tacked on to the industrial list, and Italy joined in with a demand for another 68. The additions could swell the Common Market lists of exemptions to more than 20% of the Market's imports —meaning further trouble for the Kennedy Round.

The U.S. has held its own list to less than 10% of the 5,000 items under negotiation. Among its exemptions: steel, lead and zinc, glassware, stainless-steel flatware. Even before adding to the list, Europe's protectionists had called for special protection for their aluminum, textiles, watches and sewing machines. Early this week, after desperate all-night bargaining, the French and their Italian allies gave in a bit, agreed to a list somewhat short of their original demands but much above what the Germans wanted.

Although the disputes strained Europe's unity, the French seemed unlikely to go so far as to break up the Common Market—if only because they have gained so much from it. Since 1958, the six members' gross national products have grown by an average 30% (*v.* the U.S.'s 23%, Britain's 16%), and their exports to one another have doubled. France has done much better than the average; its exports to the Market countries have nearly tripled, to $3.1 billion. If France is too protectionist to want any meaningful tariff cuts, it nonetheless could turn the market into a narrow, inward-looking organization. And if it persists in its demand for a lengthy exception list, it may well bog down the Kennedy Round for many more months.

* The name originated in honor of John Kennedy, whose Trade Expansion Act gave impetus to the "round," which is only one in a series of trade talks in recent years.

WORLD TRADE

A Taste for Yankee Food

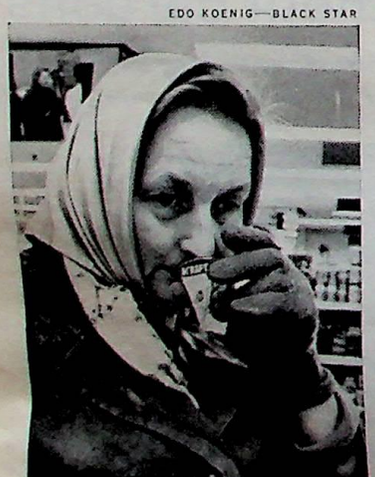
Who would have thought that canned *minestrone* could be sold to the Italians, instant *tortilla* meal to the Guatemalans, ready-to-serve treacle pudding to the British, or any culinary quickie to the French? The Americans, naturally—and U.S. food processors have done all that with remarkable success. Around the world, but especially in Western Europe, they are finding a ready market for foods processed the American way, whether they be ca... concentrated, dehydrated, frozen, cooked or ready-mixed. Last year ... food companies did a $3.7 billion ... ness in foods processed abroad ... this year they are investing about ... million more in foreign plants.

Nearly every major U.S. food ... pany has taken a bite. Since ... Campbell Soup has laid out about ... million to start operations in Brita... aly, Belgium, France, Mexico and ... tralia. Beatrice Foods, strictly d... only three years ago, now has ... joint ventures and franchise agre... to turn out dairy products, candi... snacks in 17 countries. Corn P... has built up an extensive world e... of 63 plants in 27 countries; B... has 30 overseas plants, General F... 23, Kellogg 19 and General Mills ... H. J. Heinz, General Foods and ... logg have all opened plants in ... Green Giant is building a veg... canning plant near Milan, and ... McNeill & Libby in July opened ... cannery at Vauvert in southern F... This week, to the distress of F... poultrymen, a company jointly ... by Ralston Purina and France's ... quesne opens a large poultry proc... plant in Brittany.

Beans and Biscuits. The reason ... success abroad are the same one... made convenience foods popular ... U.S.: growing incomes, less do... help, more women away at ... changing tastes. Many foreigner... course, do not take to such Am... gastronomic institutions as peanut ... ter and TV dinners, and some are ... wary of canned goods. But Amer... type fruit juice, instant desserts, ... chicken, ketchup, canned and pack... soups and precooked rice have ... prominent place on foreign shelve...

Kellogg and Quaker Oats have s... 73% of the growing market for ... fast cereals in Britain, Heinz 63... that country's $70 million-a-year ... bean market and 61% of its ca... soup bowl. Led by General Mills ...

EDO KOENIG—BLACK STAR



CHEESE IN GERMANY

K. AIZAWA

SOUP IN JAPAN

ANTONIO HALIK

HOT DOGS IN MEXICO

CEREAL IN BRITAIN

But not everyone goes for peanut butter.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...l Biscuit and Pillsbury, U.S. com... ...es now control half of the French ...t business. A Carnation subsidiary ...duces 85% of all the evaporated ... sold in France, and Corn Prod... ...Knorr soups have half the German ...et. In Germany, a Kraft Foods ...diary sells a line of 100 products, ...ding cheeses and complete pack... ...spaghetti or rice dinners.

...e Supermarkets. Many native ...e have also been given the Ameri... ...reatment. In Brazil, Internation... ...kers of Chicago cans and sells ...ils, the country's traditional black ...rice and pork dish. When Quaker ...moved into Italy, it found a win... ning product in precooked two-minute *polenta*, the cornmeal mush without which no meal in rural northern Italy is complete. Last week in Mexico, where the hot dog is becoming nearly as popular as the hot tamale, General Foods began selling jars of the fiery chocolate sauce called *mole*. Though the French have remained staunchly traditionalist in the foods they eat, they have developed a liking for modern baby foods. Reason: by introducing such baby foods as smoked ham, filet of sole and cream of bananas to please the parents' palates, Gerbers appealed to the buyers rather than the consumers, who have little choice in the matter.

MILESTONES

...rn. To Frankie Avalon, 24, rock... ...ler turned cinemactor (*Muscle ...t Party*), and Kay Deibel, 26, for... ...dental technician: their second ...t second son; in Los Angeles.

...rn. To Milton Apollo Obote, 39, ...e Minister of Uganda; and Miria ...e Obote, 28; their first child, a ... in Kampala.

...rried. Lance Reventlow, 28, auto... ...g son of Woolworth Heiress Bar... ...Hutton; and Cheryl Holdridge, ...California-born starlet (*A Summer ...ce*; he for the second time (his first: ...St. John); in Hollywood. Mom's ...ing present: a $500,000 mansion ...Benedict Canyon, near San Francisco.

...ed. Fred Hutchinson, 45, hot-tem... ...d, hard-driving manager of the Cin... ...ati Reds baseball team, a pennant ...er in 1961; of lung cancer, which ...ed him to retire last August; in ...lenton, Fla.

...ed. Jimmie Dodd, 54, impresario ...Walt Disney's TV kiddie show, the ...key Mouse Club*, from its beginning ...955 to its finale in 1959, who proved ...ond doubt that youth is a state of ...d by wearing his "mouseketeer" ears ...a crown and praising patience, pro... ...and Brussels sprouts as if they ...e the show's sponsors; after a short ...se; in Honolulu.

...ied. Heinrich von Brentano, 60, ...t Germany's benign, scholarly For... ...n Minister from 1955 to 1961, a ...der and former floor leader of Kon... ...Adenauer's Christian Democratic ...y, who as minister enthusiastically ...ed *der Alte's* support for NATO ...the Common Market, while quietly ...ting his own vision of a "Christian ...ern Europe" that would share a ...ge culture, religion and constitution; ...ancer; in Darmstadt, Germany.

...ed. Dr. Murdock Equen, 72, found... ...and chief of staff of Atlanta's Ponce ...Leon Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat In... firmary, who in the early 1940s came to the rescue of mothers everywhere by pioneering the use of tiny magnets to retrieve from the throats, stomachs and lungs of children all manner of metal objects previously removed by surgery or not at all; of a stroke; in Atlanta.

Died. Randall Davey, 77, leader of Santa Fe's art colony, best known for equestrian studies that convey the raw-edged excitement of race tracks with gaudy colors and slapdash compositions, but most appreciated for his brutally incisive portraits (at fees up to $10,000) of such notables as John Galsworthy and the late Defense Secretary James Forrestal; of injuries when his Jaguar overturned near Baker, Calif.

Died. Walter Deane Fuller, 82, president (1934-50), chairman (1950-57), and most recently director of the Curtis Publishing Co., business-side head of the company before its spectacular decline; of peritonitis following a ruptured appendix, just before he was to attend a directors' meeting to ponder Curtis' troubles; in Philadelphia (*see* PRESS).

Died. Montagu Phippen Porch, 87, British soldier, archaeologist and colonial civil servant, who in 1914 at the age of 37 met Lady Randolph Churchill (then 60) at a ball in Rome, married her four years later to become stepfather to Britain's future Prime Minister, Sir Winston, his senior by almost three years; in Glastonbury, England.

Died. Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel, 88, leader of New Orleans' Roman Catholics from 1935 to 1962 and his church's most outspoken integrationist in the hard-core South, a German-born, Harlem-trained priest who shortly before his retirement found himself the target of a Ku Klux Klan burning cross and the concentrated opposition of many prominent New Orleans Catholics (he excommunicated three), nevertheless went ahead and integrated all 153 parochial schools in his archdiocese; of pneumonia; in New Orleans.

How to place your portfolio under investment management starting with as little as $5,000

If the money you have today is to grow in the future toward more income, or for education, travel, leisure, retirement, it must be kept working full time to achieve your goals.

Yet you may find that you are actually losing ground due to inflation, taxes or lack of time for investment decisions.

To help solve this problem, clients in 31 countries have turned to The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan. It has, we believe, proved especially efficient in providing continuing capital growth supervision for portfolios of from $5,000 to $50,000—on behalf of people who recognize and can share the risks and rewards of common stock investments. The cost is modest, as low as $100 per year.

For a complimentary copy of a 42-page report describing this tested plan, its complete 8-year "performance record," and how it may help you now, simply write Dept. N-63

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A.
Investment Management · *Incorporated 1936*

THE FUND OF FUNDS, LIMITED

The Fund of Funds offers a portfolio of leading United States mutual investment funds and fund management companies, selected for comparative performance and future growth potential.

The Fund of Funds; IIT, *International Investment Trust;* and *Research Investing Corporation* (RIC) are offered under *The IOS* Investment Program.*

Nov. 10	Asset Value Per Share	Total Assets *(in millions)*
The Fund of Funds	$14.16	$94.2
IIT	$ 4.69	$ 7.5
RIC	$12.93	$14.0

* INVESTORS OVERSEAS SERVICES/largest Mutual Fund and investment program distributor specializing in the international market/1,000 Associates serve clients in 116 countries on six continents/complete financial planning services.

Executive Offices, Investors Overseas Services
119 rue de Lausanne Geneva, Switzerland

☐ *Please send a Prospectus and information for*

_____ *to:*
(insert name of fund)

NAME *(please print)* _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

COUNTRY _____ M

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Mirthful Dane

Comedy in Music. Funnyman Victor Borge knows how not to deliver a line. He swallows it, and then utters small digestive burps.

His face is a pliant mask of dismay and disdain. One never knows whether he regards his props—the microphone, the piano, the piano bench—as allies or enemies. Flailing away at Rachmaninoff, he skids clean off the piano bench, pulls out a neon-blue seat belt, fastens it with frosty dignity, and resumes his musical flight. He also keeps up a running gag with a treacherous watch that tells the day, month, year and altitude ("Today it is the 39th of February, 1216 B.C., and we are flying at an altitude of four feet below sea level").

Instead of doing a one-man show as he did nine years ago on Broadway, Borge this time does a kind of one-and-a-half-man show with Leonid Hambro as co-pianist and straight man. Borge sort of excludes him in, and satirizes the egomania of stars by scraping the mike head along the floor like a vacuum cleaner during Hambro's only solo number. Later, in a howling display of virtuosity, the duo intertwine legs, arms and hands and march their fingers up the keyboard in a centipede's version of Liszt's *Second Hungarian Rhapsody*. With the election over, Borge has also decided that the White House is in humor's public domain again: "I had the great honor [muttered aside] and vice versa to meet the President of the United States—Gentleman Bird. He approached me at 70 miles per hour, lifted me up by my ears, and pronounced me a Great Dane."

And so he is.

Three for the Seesaw

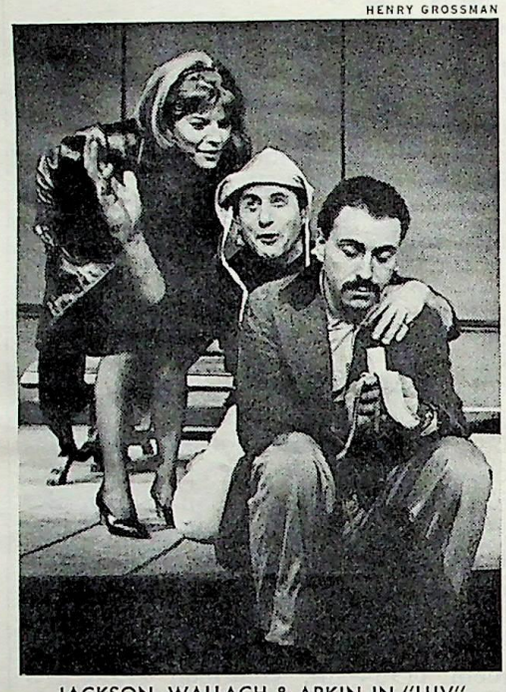
Luv, by Murray Schisgal. Three morose souls are raining laughs all over Broadway's Booth Theater. They suffer all the fashionable ills and itches that modern mind and flesh have fallen heir to. They go through an inferno of cocktail-party griefs, a slapstick, tongue-wagging, satirical jaunt of crippling hilarity.

It all takes place on a suspension bridge, and the plot is a shoestring. A beatnik's beatnik, Harry Berlin (Alan Arkin), is poised for a suicidal leap. Up comes natty Milt Manville (Eli Wallach), who recognizes him as a onetime classmate at Poly-Arts U. They swap case histories. Harry tells a tale of existential woe that started when a fox terrier mistook his pant leg for a hydrant: "I was nauseous, sick to my soul, I became aware . . . aware of the whole rotten senseless stinking deal." Mimed in outrageously funny fashion by Alan Arkin, Harry is so sick that he goes momentarily rigid with paralysis and then turns deaf, blind and mute.

Milt prates of the good things in life, but he, too, is gnawed by despair. "I'm more in love today than on the day I married—but my wife won't give me a divorce." It occurs to Milt that Harry might find a meaning in life by falling in love with Milt's wife, leaving Milt free to marry the girl he loves.

Ellen Manville (Anne Jackson) appears, and she not only has a case history but a graph to illustrate it. Vividly charted for each "seven-day period" over months and years, it shows how the number of Ellen and Milt's "sexual experiences" has plummeted. Ellen warms to Harry, even though he is a love-testing suitor who stomps on her foot, rips her dress to the waist and

HENRY GROSSMAN



JACKSON, WALLACH & ARKIN IN "LUV"

Change changes nothing.

throws her mink coat in the river. Four months later, the trio is back at the bridge, sadder still, and at curtain's drop Harry is being chased by a very persistent fox terrier.

What Playwright Schisgal has done is to turn the theater of the absurd upside down. Absurdist plays customarily use laughter to evoke despair. Schisgal uses the histrionic pretentions of despair to provoke laughter. Immeasurable credit is due Director Mike Nichols for keeping the pace on the wing and inventing cleverly apposite bits of business. One dry jump and three wet ones are taken off the bridge, all with acrobatic finesse. The performances of Wallach, Jackson, and Arkin are models of comic acting, perfect in control and timing, flawless in witty inflection of the lines.

With the traditional conservatism of comedy, Schisgal shows that where human nature is concerned, change changes nothing. Like the classic writers of comedy, he is involved with human limits, not possibilities, and with the saving common sense that mocks self-pity and self-absorption. Unlike his characters, he refuses to keep a straight face before some of the pious [illegible] sions of the contemporary world [illegible] stage—alienation, loss of identity, [illegible] ability to communicate, homosexuality, existentialism, Freudianism, self-exposure and the meaninglessness of it [illegible] In *Luv*, he devastates these themes in a holocaust of laughter.

Gabfest

I Was Dancing. Novelist Edwin O'Connor has always created characters with a tongue or two in their heads. In his first play, his hero is a retired vaudevillian, Waltzing Daniel Considine. Burgess Meredith acts, sings, and dances the part as if gazing nostalgically into the splintered mirror of a show-biz narcissus grown old.

Through Waltzing Dan's room troops his termagant sister (Pert Kelton), a scold who would rather be right than right; a mournful Jewish cronie much dismayed that a recently deceased and cremated friend might be occupying the ashtray at his elbow; a freshingly downbeat priest to whom God is all Greek and man is vile; a medical fraud who takes Polaroid pictures of his patients at each visit to trace their rate of decay. These fleshful characters are impaled on a [illegible] pick plot like canapés. The story should make the play go makes it—whether Waltzing Dan can coax long-ignored son (Orson Bean) giving him houseroom to die in.

O'Connor has a fine ear but [illegible] too much patience with the talk reveals character. If conversation drama, theater would be superfluous

Frozen Pizza

Something More! is masquerading a musical comedy. It is tune-deaf laugh-free. Lyrics like *"tortoni, moni,* and oh, my, *minestrone"* better eaten than heard. The setting Portofino, Italy, but the mood is as authentically Italian as frozen [illegible]

A middle-aged, Mineola, L.I., [illegible] elist packs himself, his wife and three children off to the *dolce* country in hopes of discovering enriched goodness that graced prose-and-life styles of Zola and Dostevsky, apparently because they had to attend the P.T.A. The soon marking time with an movie director, and the writer dallies with a local *marchesa* wickedly dots her toes with [illegible] At the moment of carnal truth, band flashes his children's photographs like an FBI agent making an and leaves, *virtus intacta.*

While *Something More!* threatens make the sleeping pill obsolete, it shake itself awake for two stagnant tering dance numbers featuring a of agile Corybantes, Paula Kelly, Jo Jo Smith. It is dispiriting to Arthur Hill and Barbara Cook, as elist and wife, dutifully pouring talents into such hackwork, but promises to be mercifully transi-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PUBLISHERS

Newspaper's Role

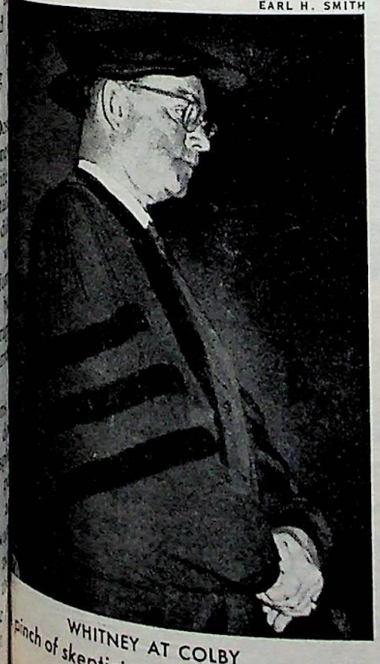
think it is clear," said John Hay ney, publisher of the New York d Tribune and former U.S. Am- dor to the Court of St. James's, though I have worked at journal- I am here primarily because I am ionaire." But it was as a journalist "Jock" Whitney had been invited oby College, in Waterville, Me., to Colby's honorary Elijah Lovejoy ship.* And it was very much as rnalist—and publisher—that Whit- spoke.

mething Lost. "It may be," Whit- aid ruefully of the paper he bought ears ago, "that there are worse ments in this country than running petitive morning newspaper in a bitterly competitive, sophisticated But I have never run across one. re, I think, at a point where to re into a competitive market re- s a great deal of money. And the still lies in monopoly situations e, too often, there is more income excellence. It is proper to ask her perhaps the newspaper's day come and gone and television and magazines are here to bury it.

We had a presidential campaign re- dable in the volume of its report- an election night remarkable in the of that reporting. In some in- es, there were barely 15 minutes ween the close of the polls and the uncement of who won. And who all this? The newspapers? Hardly. st uniformly, using the computers television brought and the speed

ized for the Colby graduate who, in in Alton, Ill., died at the hands of a mob ered by his antislavery editorials in the Observer.

EARL H. SMITH



WHITNEY AT COLBY
A pinch of skepticism and a lot of money.

that television demanded, the newspapers of this country produced the same morning-after papers they produced a generation ago.

"We seem to have lost something: a spirit of independence, a spirit of our own ferocity, [and this loss] has made us captive to the press release and the gentlemanly code of going to great lengths to avoid embarrassing anyone. There is no reporter who could not produce enough copy simply by collecting what is given away."

Ferocious Fairness. "But the privileges we claim for ourselves at every step are based on the old conception of ourselves as the public's watchdog, as the men a little outside our society, measuring it with a pinch of skepticism. If the press conferences become less productive because they are more polite, the fault may be ours. To be fair is not enough any more. We must be ferociously fair.

"Our task is to cut through the junk in the public mind by seeking the order that underlies the clutter of small events; to winnow out of the apparent what is the real; to cede to television and radio the mere repetition of activities and to look behind the bare event for meanings.

"The role we can play every day, if we try, is to take the whole experience of every day and shape it to involve American man. It is our job to interest him in his community and to give his ideas the excitement they should have. These are the excellences of our craft."

MAGAZINES

Rescue Work at Curtis

Ever since last month's palace revolt at Curtis Publishing Co. forced the resignation of President Matthew J. Culligan, the company has been looking everywhere for a new boss. The directors hired Boyden Associates, a management consulting firm, to help in the search, and the names of outsiders reportedly under consideration got an almost daily workout in the New York press. The list seemed endless: *McCall's* Publisher A. Edward Miller, former Oil Company Executive Raymond D. McGranahan, former FCC Chairman Newton Minow, and Shelton Fisher, McGraw-Hill publication division president. Then last week the Curtis board of directors announced that its search had ended at last. The man had been found right at home.

Making It Official. The new president and chief executive officer is John M. Clifford, 59, who joined Curtis, at Culligan's invitation, in 1962. The two men had been associates at Radio Corp. of America. At Curtis, Clifford, who had no magazine experience, rose quickly to the rank of executive vice president—Culligan's second in command. After Culligan stepped aside, Clifford became the company's temporary head. Last week's board vote made his elevation official.

FREDERICK A. MEYER

PRESIDENT CLIFFORD
A new boss and another lawsuit.

Even as the board acted, Edward Miller and Newton Minow made announcements of their own. Miller said he was leaving *McCall's* to become president of Alfred Politz Research, Inc., a market-research firm that already counts Curtis among its clients. Minow told newsmen that he was taking a temporary leave of absence from his duties as executive vice president and general counsel of *Encyclopædia Britannica* to work on Curtis problems as a "special counsel."

Some Fresh Worries. Behind the rash of personnel announcements, though, many problems remained. The *Saturday Evening Post*, with 6,500,000 circulation, is not only Curtis' biggest magazine, but its only serious money loser with an estimated $10 million deficit this year. The board decided to make the *Post* a biweekly, effective with the first week in January, hoping thereby to cut losses drastically. The decision will also cause the layoff of 250 employees at Curtis' Lock Haven, Pa., papermaking plant. Perhaps as a further economy, the board chose not to replace the two rebel leaders, Editor in Chief Clay Blair Jr. and Marvin D. Kantor, head of the magazine division, whose resignations were demanded last month.

Still unsolved is a problem involving Curtis' Ontario timberland, which borders on the Texas Gulf Sulphur Co. copper strike. That potential asset has been tied up by a stockholders' suit charging that the Curtis directors "unreasonably and fraudulently benefited" by concealing news of the strike until they had voted themselves sizable stock options.

And to add to Curtis' worries, William C. Newberg, former president of the Chrysler Corp., last week filed a $2,000,000 libel suit claiming damage from a *Post* article about a manage-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ment shakeup at Chrysler—the latest of some half-dozen actions generated during Clay Blair's "sophisticated muckraking" approach to journalism. Nor have Rebel Leaders Blair and Kantor had their last say. Both have brought suit against Curtis for the balance they claim is due them under unexpired contracts; both are collaborating on a book about Curtis' October revolution. Said Blair: "It will rock Philadelphia."

CRITICS

The Man with the Popular Mind

His column is concocted of bile and bilge. There is no barrier of good taste that he won't breach daily.

—TV Producer

The only TV critic in the nation who is rude, inaccurate, un-Christian and vengeful.

—TV Star

He's a murderer. Anyone who gives him the time of day has lost his mind.

—TV Network Executive

This man writes with his glands. I avoid him, because I would probably hit him if I saw him.

—TV Press Agent

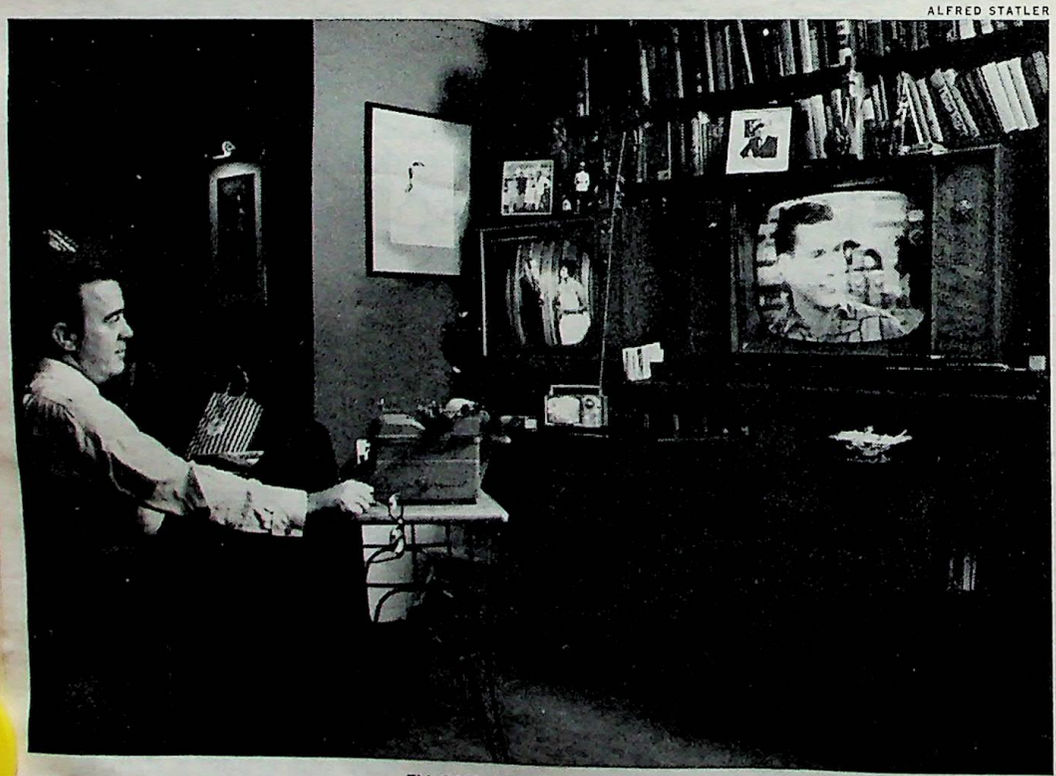
To all such acrimony, TV Critic Jack O'Brian, 50, responds with the unruffled self-assurance of a man who has managed to outstay most of his manifold detractors. His column, *On the Air*, has appeared in Hearst's New York Journal-American for 14 uninterrupted years. "I don't blame the people who hate my guts," says O'Brian. "I do have a capacity to cut very close to the bone, and these people must react. They can't very well blame themselves. So they blame me."

The Muscle. O'Brian's column ignores the conventions to which most TV critics subscribe. He seldom, if ever, indulges in lengthy think pieces; he finds he can contain his reaction to any given show or performer in brief, sharp, personal observations. And TV being TV, his prevailing attitude is aggressively hostile: he frowns on most of what he sees. Steve Allen, a TV performer who has repetitively borne the brunt of O'Brian's scorn, once assayed the critical content of a single column and counted 33 pans against only three bits of praise.

O'Brian lards his critical comment with gossipy, digressive asides. Before this year's presidential election, he solemnly informed his readers that Lyndon Johnson was Jack O'Brian's man. When Lawyer Roy Cohn, a personal friend, put in a guest appearance on TV, O'Brian seized the opportunity to describe his buddy as "articulate, poised, informed, brilliant and even humble"—virtues rarely lumped together in a description of Senator Joe McCarthy's onetime side-kick.

O'Brian's critics might forgive such departures from duty if he took a better view of them and their product. But the performers who bask in O'Brian's favor —Bert Lahr, Perry Como and Walter Cronkite, to name most of them—are vastly outnumbered by those who do not. O'Brian has excoriated Danny Kaye for 15 years on the grounds that Kaye's comic talent never escaped infancy. He is equally steadfast in his disapproval of Ed Sullivan ("Old Smiley"), David Susskind ("Little David"), CBS News Commentator Mike Wallace ("a vacuum") and scores of other performers who fall short of the O'Brian standards. "I'm not a Hessian soldier," says O'Brian. "I can't write what I don't believe. The muscle in my column is opinion, and I can't write anyone else's opinion but my own."

ALFRED STATLER



TV CRITIC O'BRIAN ON THE JOB
After six hours a day for 14 years, a hostile frown.

The Stand-In. Born in Buffalo, [illegible] the son of a New York Central [illegible] ductor, John Dennis Patrick O'[illegible] showed early signs of an incisive [illegible] taste. Soon after he joined the Buffalo Courier-Express as a cub reporter, O'Brian was assigned to audit a performance of the local philharmonic orchestra. Offended by a guest appearance of some juvenile accordionist, O'Brian took the orchestra so severely to task that the incident became a civic *cause célèbre*. When the orchestra changed hands shortly thereafter, O'Brian, with obvious satisfaction, claimed part of the credit.

Ambition brought him to New York, where the late George Jean Nathan, then theater critic for the Journal-American, helped him get a job on the paper in 1949. At the time, O'Brian had been the Associated Press's drama critic and sometime radio critic for [illegible] years. After a brief stint as a Journal-American rewrite man, O'Brian was assigned to do a radio-TV column. This was in the days when everybody who had a TV set was watching four to five hours a night and wanted to talk about it the next morning. O'Brian suddenly found himself a stand-in for millions of televiewers. "I'm no intellectual," he says. "I like what attracts me. I like the popular mind. About all I demand from TV is that it reach the targets it aims for."

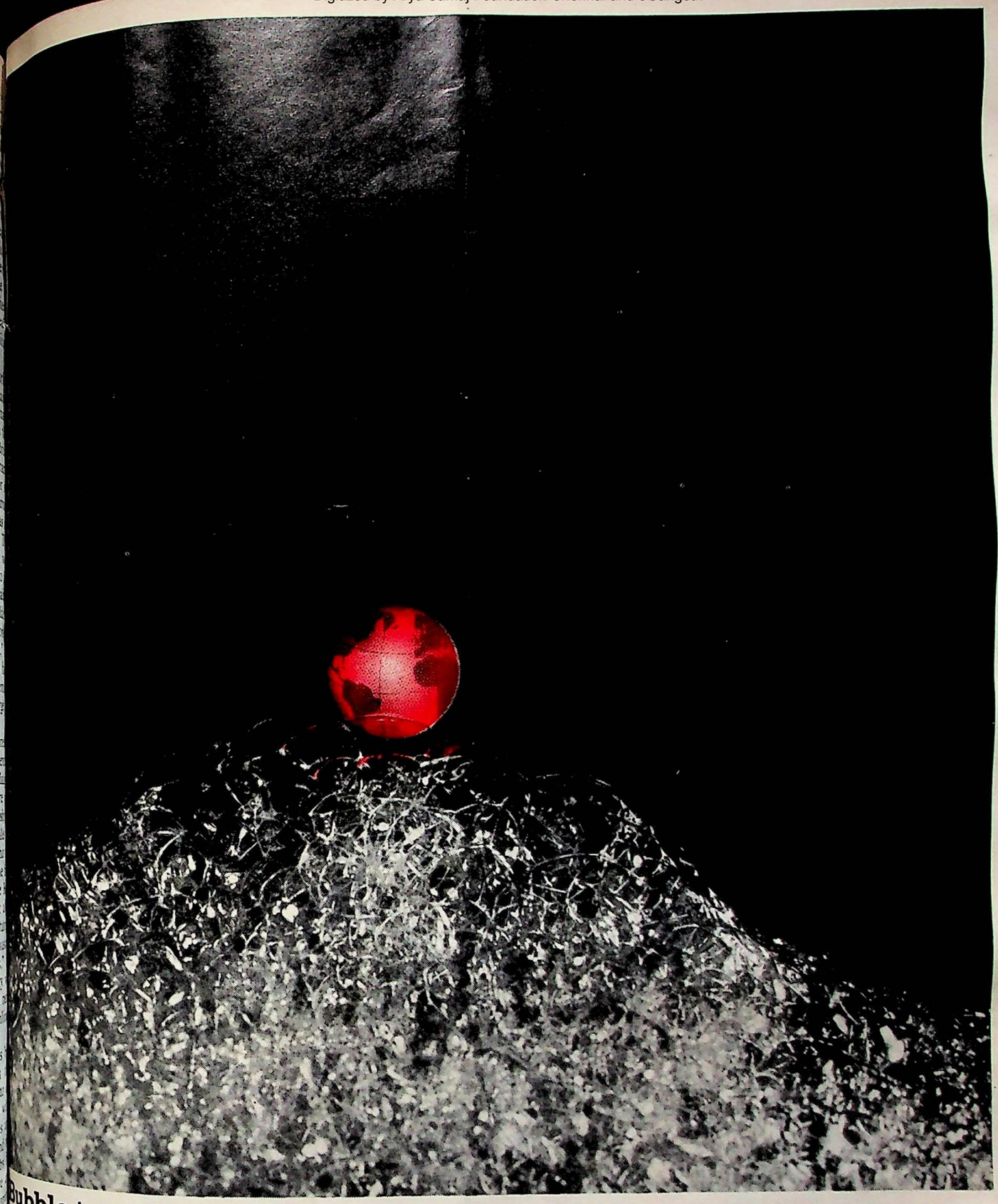
Six Eyes. He has stormed at profusion and what he considers meretriciousness or bad taste. His two daughters, Bridget, 7, and Kate, 6, are not allowed to watch "shoot 'em up" shows or waste a minute on Soupy Sales' slap-sticking echo of vaudeville which appears on TV's children's hour. The first time that Ed Sullivan booked the Beatles, O'Brian praised the act. But when the air waves filled with Beatle imitators, he called a halt. "If this vast mindless wasteland, this sump, continues," he wrote in his column, "it inevitably will encourage young people to forget cleanliness, ignore barbers, bypass cleanliness and turn into a nation of slobs."

O'Brian's effect on television is hard to measured, perhaps, by the fact that few of his detractors are willing to declare publicly against him. Almost without exception, network executives and press agents fulminate from behind the refuge of anonymity. Their barbs are toward well-insulated ears. There are six TV sets in O'Brian's six-room apartment on Manhattan's 73rd Street, but they command his undivided attention at least six hours out of every day.

After 14 years, that big, multiple [illegible] has finally begun to pall. "Who ever said there should be TV 24 hours a day?" O'Brian asked last week. He is thinking seriously of switching to one of six sets, he said, in favor of some broader battleground with a column conditionally titled "Jack O'Brian at Large." In its way, that ambition constitutes Jack O'Brian's most devastating TV criticism yet.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



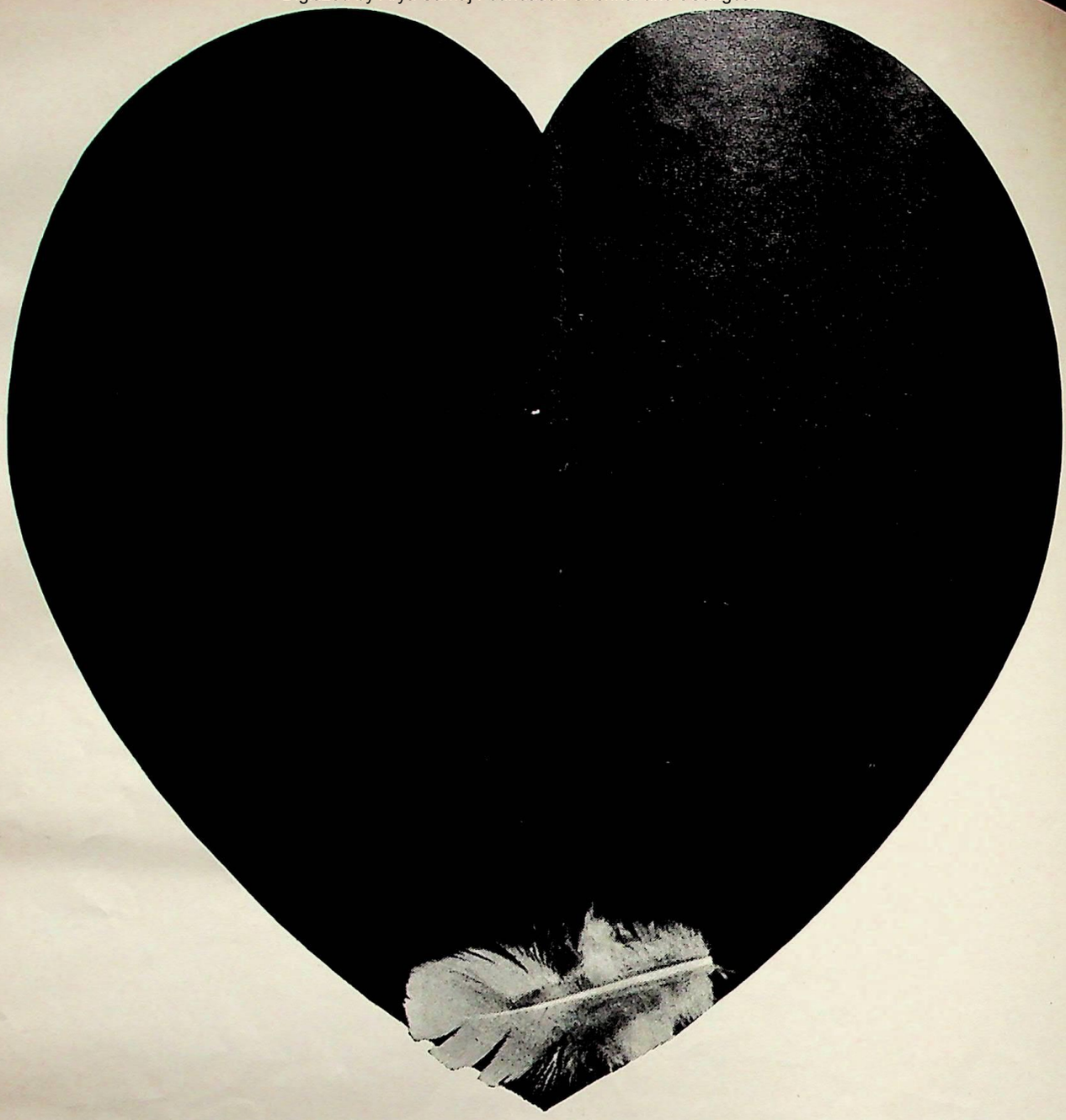
Bubble trouble!

Suds start in washing machines. And in industrial plants. In fact, they come from wherever detergents are used. As waste material they find their way to streams and rivers where they collect into mountains of foam that can pollute the water, endanger navigation and upset septic systems. But now from Esso: a revolutionary discovery through nuclear research. Esso has developed a new synthetic ingredient for detergents. Bacteria in water can now completely eliminate the detergent once the cleaning job is done. Yet this new detergent is a much stronger cleaner than its predecessors. Solving trouble like this is one more reason why Esso is the **World's First Choice!** Our local organization will assist with your chemical needs

ESSO

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



I have a soft corner for YOU!

In every Boeing I own
there's a deep-cushioned seat of luxury
specially made for YOU
tailor-made
with love, affection and care
love of our job
affection for you
and care
over the million little things
that make your flight supreme.
where you are concerned
dear passenger
my world is yours
for
I have a soft corner for you

AIR-INDIA

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MODERN LIVING

CUSTOMS

The Godot Game

The figures in no labor statistics, is the object of no time-motion studies, the subject of no sociological thesis. Nonetheless, taken in bulk, it probably consumes more hours out of more days than any national pursuit but television. The name of the game: waiting.

Sometimes the result is worth the term (the birth of a baby), sometimes not (the refusal of a loan). Either way, there is no alternative method for meeting a plane or departing on one, getting a tooth removed, a passport renewed, or voting. Like any routine, waiting takes its own time, has its own special rules, makes its own etiquette. The furniture, accordingly may be much the same, but the fellow who reclines expansively in a comfortable armchair while waiting an expense-account lunch guest is apt to assume a straighter posture than an identical chair when protesting outrageous alimony demands. Waiting for the P.T.A. meeting to begin, he brawls. Waiting for the loan officer to finish a phone call, he assumes the well-known suppliant's crouch, a kind of sidesaddle, lock-kneed pose designed to convey simultaneously fiscal responsibility and abject need.

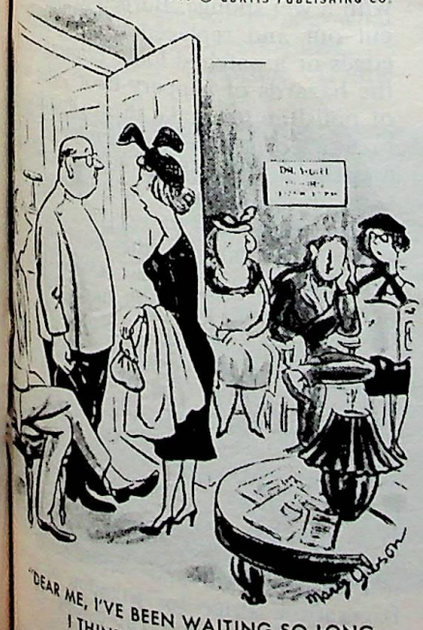
A Cue in Common. Nothing defines the waiting room and the nature of its occupants more precisely than the reading matter on display. Movie magazines, out of order in a banker's office or Government agency, are run-of-the-table at Central Casting, a must at the hairdresser's. General practitioners and advertising executives stick to the better-known periodicals; so, as a rule, do psychiatrists (though many patients, fearful of being caught engrossed in the *Reader's Digest* and branded a condensed personality, bring along a newspaper instead). Opticians invest in anything, so long as the print is good and dark; while pediatricians can get away with paper towels, stapled together, since anything not bound in cast iron will be in shreds before lunch time.

Basically, there are only so many ways to wait—standing up, sitting down, leaning over, slumping, and lying flat. But customers and patients, applicants and clients, all take a cue from their common mission, find a suitable code. Couples found in adoption-agency reception rooms affect an air of simple good taste (no jewelry other than religious medals), shun cigarettes, hum strains of lullabies every now and then. The same couple, accompanying their college-aged son to the admissions office of a select university, will dress with understated dash (a necklace of wooden, hand-painted beads for her, suede elbow patches and a Dunhill pipe for him), intersperse comments on their reading ("One always comes back to Ovid as if for the first time") with reminiscences of "the old days at Chicago."

Wait-It-Yourself. Waiting isn't paid by the hour, and the minimum-wage law does not apply. And, as the song goes, nobody else can do it for you; you've got to wait it by yourself.

But suppose it could be unionized? Union members in good standing could demand undertime.

BY PERMISSION THE SATURDAY EVENING POST © CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.



"DEAR ME, I'VE BEEN WAITING SO LONG I THINK I'VE RECOVERED."

BOB HENRIQUES

CAROLINE CHARLES

DAVID SIM

MARY QUANT

SY FRIEDMAN

JEAN MUIR

Nostalgia, roses and trailing black velvet.

FASHION

The Chelsea Invasion

Dashing as diplomats and espionage agents, grand as poets, even grander as kings, the British are notorious duds when it comes to fashion. Though endowed with better-than-average raw material, Englishwomen intent on clothes that set them off had to cross at least a channel, sometimes a sea, to find them. Left to themselves, they relapsed into the national uniform of high-necked blouses, sensible shoes, tweeds, frowned on those who, like Lady Godiva, did not. There were local designers, but they tended to turn out clothes for the Queen, or for anyone interested in dressing like her. All this has been changed by something called "The Chelsea Revolution," a group of young designers, all 30 or under, who have done more to change the shape of empire than anyone since Wellington.

Old Edwardian. Nobody was more astonished than the U.S. designers (who pride themselves on catering to the young) when the Chelsea girls invaded Manhattan in force this fall and bowled over nearly every buyer in sight. Suddenly Cincinnati looked more like Chelsea. So did Cambridge, Mass., and Carmel, Calif.

Actually, much of the Chelsea look is a revival of oldtime fashion ideas from older, more fashionable times. Nostalgia is the order of the day. Edwardian sleeves and bertha collars, ribbons, roses and trailing black velvet are the tricks of the trade. It is their high comic sense, however, that affords the Chelsea group the authority to unearth shades of the past, drop a street-dress hemline down to the ankles, cut a cocktail suit from a Victorian lace tablecloth.

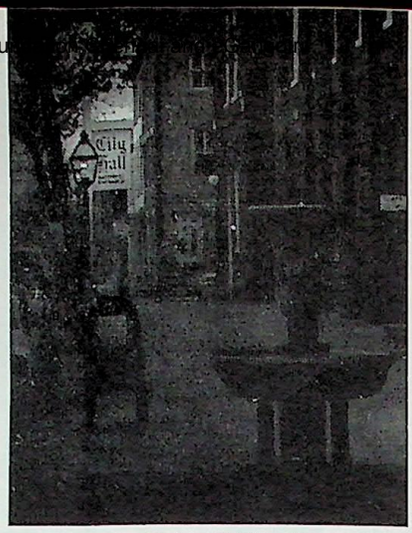
It began some eight years ago, when young Mary Quant, now, at 30, the *doyenne* of the group, grew weary of wearing her cousin's castoffs, set up shop, sewing and selling her own designs. Instantly British teen-agers, themselves weary of the butch look, flocked to the tiny Chelsea workroom, emerged looking more like Cossacks and guardsmen, sailors and hockey players. Audacious in concept, vivid in execution and realistically priced ($20 and up), Mary Quant's offbeat styles (a typical dress trimmed red flannel with black lace, included a striped bodice and a quilted hem) caused such a local stir that buy-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

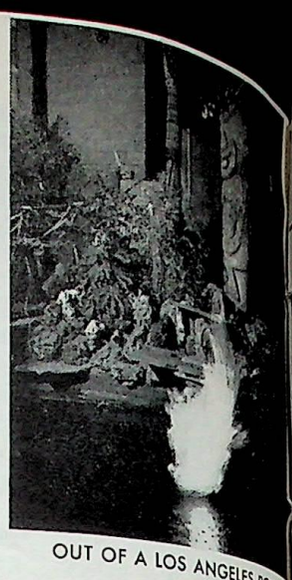
Digitized by Arya Samaj Fou

JIM MAHAN

GASLIGHT: IN A VIRGINIA DEVELOPMENT



NEAR ALEXANDRIA'S CITY HALL



OUT OF A LOS ANGELES POOL

Ladies look lovelier, the split-level more antique.

ers hurried over from abroad. Today, with a posh London office, a vast European market, and outlets in 45 American department stores, Mary Quant is a $3,000,000-a-year business.

Others were quick to queue up. Jean Muir, also 30, bolted her stockroom job at London's Liberty's, moved in on the boom with a fanciful collection of narrow coats, smock dresses and knickers that nick off just above the knee. Sally Tuffin, 26, and Marion Foale, 25, the pop artists of the group, popped up with wild prints, impossible color combinations and a dress, called "Gruyère," with holes in its sleeves.

Same Wave. But it is Caroline Charles, 22, who most precisely defines the essence of the Chelsea Look. Veteran of a peripatetic childhood (as the daughter of an army officer, she followed the campfires from Cairo to Germany to Surrey), a convent education ("I went through all the phases, from knitting to riding to weaving") and a short stint at art school, she put in an apprentice term selling dresses for Mary Quant, last year opened her own store in a Belgravia basement. Then Jordan's Princess Muna spotted her in one of her bright new coats in the lobby of the Dorchester Hotel, and Caroline found herself patronized by royalty. One commission led to another, and finally the arrival of a whole delegation from Macy's.

Currently in Manhattan to watch her newest collection take over Macy's show windows, Caroline Charles sees her success as part practical, part metaphysical. "We are all, you see," she says earnestly, "on the same wave length. We know that youth doesn't have to be kept under any more."

FADS

A New-Old Era

Onward, ever onward, sweeps technology toward a bright electronic world. And backward, ever backward, points the whimsical finger of fashion. Latest case in point: gas lamps.

That mellow old glow of mantled gas is bathing the front walks and herbaceous borders of thousands of ranch-styles, split-levels, Cape Cod saltboxes and California moderns—lending what their owners hope is a touch of antiquarian distinction in a fluorescent world. In 1914, before the miracle of cheap electricity made them obsolete, some 290,000 gas lamps illuminated U.S. streets. Today there are no fewer than 1,075,000.

The boom, not exactly discouraged by the gas companies, began in 1957 and has zoomed since then to the point where a single utility—the Arkansas Louisiana Gas Co.—is selling the old lights at the rate of 100,000 a year. Three years ago, New Jersey Natural Gas Co. had no more than 300 gas lamps in its area; today there are 20,000. The Washington, D.C., Gas Light Co. began offering lamps only four months ago, is now selling them at the rate of 280 a week.

Prices vary, ranging from about $25 for a plain colonial or modern lamp to about $500 for a refurbished antique. The lamps burn night and day, but even so, the total cost is a modest $1 to $4 a month.

Real estate developers love them. One development in Annandale, Va., called Camelot, has gas lamps in every yard with King Arthur-style spears on top of them—producing what the developer calls a "soft community atmosphere." With the new demand, suppliers are offering a variety of styles. Beverly Hills' gaslight is currently running to flaming torches—preferably crossed. An even fancier idea is to run a gas pipe up nearly to the surface of a decorative pool so that a jet of flame seems to be burning right on the water. The Houston Natural Gas Corp. has sold 30,425 of the new-old outdoor lamps —taking ads to proclaim that ladies look lovelier by gaslight: "No other illumination on earth is quite so glamorous." Another company is working on an indoor gas fixture that will save women from having to go outdoors for that glamorous look:

Obviously, it is only a matter of time before the electric light is relegated to the underdeveloped countries of the world, and the really up-to-date thing will be whale oil.

THE MARKETPLACE

New Products

Improvement, it is said, is something there is always room for, and nowhere it seems, is there so much room as the kitchen—gadgetry's chief breeding ground. A triad of the latest kitchen improvements, more meaningful than most:

▶ A new ductless hood for the stove just introduced by Puritron, uses electronics to cope with the smoke and grease that all too rapidly foul the usual hood's charcoal filter. A tiny ion tube of gold alloy releases a stream of negative ions when the hood is turned on, promptly attacking the positive ions in the air, around which the molecules of smoke and cooking odor gather. The precipitates the molecules on an easily washed aluminum filter—releasing fresh, clean air again. In three sizes and colors: $39.95-$69.95.

▶ Wall-to-wall carpeting is creeping into the kitchen—and making surprising sense there. The Roxbury Carpet Co. has developed a dense, shallow-pile nylon carpet in twelve colors, bonded to a three-sixteenths-inch sponge rubber backing that is so resistant to moisture stains that they can be easily removed with a wet sponge. Burned areas may be cut out and replaced without showing edges or a patched look. Eliminating the hazards of slippery floors, the wall of polishing to make them slippery, the breakage of any dropped plate or glass and the fatigue of the stand-up kitchen walkathon on vinyl or linoleum. The price: $10.95-$14.95 per yd.

▶ For the man in the kitchen, draft beer has been a luxury involving cumbersome kegs, bothersome deposits, troublesome returns. Now Atlanta Brewing Co. and National Can Corp. have introduced a gallon can of draft beer and a dispenser called a Tap-a-Keg Home Tap for sale at retailers in the South and Midwest. The can, which is 6 by 9 inches, is disposable; the Tap-a-Keg, a spigot and squeeze-bulb device, is re-usable. The beer is genuine draft, must be shipped and stored under refrigeration. Price for a gallon of suds: about $1.50; for the Tap-a-Keg: $4.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SHOW BUSINESS

THEATER ABROAD

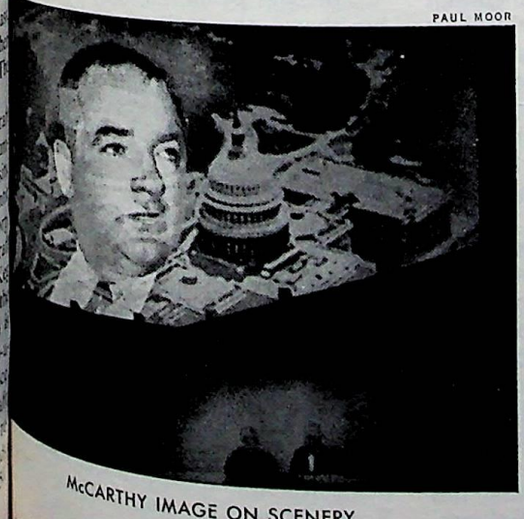
The Character Speaks Out

Mining recent history for villains and
heroes has turned into a profitable in-
dustry. By implying that Pope Pius XII
was guilty—at least by omission—of
not staying the Nazi slaughter of the
German Jews, Playwright Rolf Hoch-
huth in *The Deputy*, racked the stages
of Europe and Broadway with contro-
versy. Now another play, *In the Matter
of J. Robert Oppenheimer*, by another
German playwright, Heinar Kipphardt,
is playing in Berlin and Munich, has
become the talk of Europe. One key
difference: Pius was dead and unable to
refute the charges; J. Robert Oppen-
heimer, current Director of the Institute
for Advanced Studies at Princeton, is
very much alive, and furious.

Ostensibly the new Oppenheimer play
is based on the 3,000-page transcript of
the Atomic Energy Commission hear-
ings. And at moments, real-life testi-
mony reads better than *Strangelove*
or *Fail-Safe*, as when Oppenheimer
says: "In all Russia there are only two
targets where a hydrogen bomb would
make sense—Moscow and Leningrad—
whereas in the U.S. we have 50. Before
we opened the door to this horrifying
new world in which we live today, we
should have knocked. But we have
chosen to fall into the house together
with the door."

Where the play is flawed is not so
much in inflating Senator Joe McCar-
thy, who appears as a dark, looming
cloud over Washington, but rather in
that Oppenheimer himself sharply calls
improvisations which were contrary to
history and to the nature of the peo-
ple involved." Oppenheimer branded as
false the script's statement that Physi-
cist Niels Bohr disapproved of the work
at Los Alamos because he was wor-
ried about domination by the military.
"Bohr understood and welcomed what
we were doing," says Oppenheimer.

An even graver distortion is the script's assertion that Oppenheimer felt that in making the bomb, "we have done the work of the devil." "This is the very opposite of what I think," said the real Oppenheimer last week. "I had never said that I regretted participating in a responsible way in the making of the bomb." In a letter to Playwright Kipphardt threatening suit, Oppenheimer added, "You may well have forgotten Guernica, Dachau, Coventry, Belsen, Warsaw, Dresden and Tokyo. I have not."



PAUL MOOR

McCARTHY IMAGE ON SCENERY

"OPPENHEIMER" ON STAGE

He for one had not forgotten.

WALTER DARAN

TRUMAN & MacARTHUR

He plain didn't give a damn.

TELEVISION

The President's Week

It was like old times. There was Harry Truman ranting away in people's living rooms, almost as if it were 1950 and the old Zenith console with the round eye was down out of the attic.

Predictably enough, Truman was vigorously booting General Douglas MacArthur all over the inside of the tube. At 80, Truman seemed somewhat short of breath, but what there was of it would have curled leather. "Some of them get the big head," he said, assessing the man he fired. "I was the commander in chief, and I had to make up my mind what I would do with an insubordinate general . . . He was trying to get himself in good with one of the big parties of the government of the United States . . . He didn't fool anybody. Least of all did he fool me."

"Lincoln had to fire five generals. In fact he had to fire McClellan twice. McClellan was about as egotistical as MacArthur—and that's giving him his due, because I don't think he was quite as smart as MacArthur . . . After the surrender treaty, I named MacArthur the head of the occupation of Japan. And that's where his egotism came out." When Truman and MacArthur met at Wake Island, "some of the boys said he didn't even salute me," Harry went on. "I didn't give a damn."

Arrogant & Conceited. Harry apparently didn't give a damn either when, halfway through taping the two-part MacArthur series last March, he heard that MacArthur was gravely ill. "I'm going to die soon too," he snapped as he ordered the show to go on. "We're both old men. This is history." This free-swinging, give-'em-hell attitude makes Truman's vendetta extraordinarily lively television, at the same time giving the whole series the somewhat dubious hue of yellow journalism.

MacArthur's career is traced in old film clips from the prewar Philippines (young Ike appears as a fresh-faced staff officer running messages for "imperious" Mac) through the Pacific and Korean wars. MacArthur's military accomplishments are somewhat grudgingly acknowledged, but to prove his thesis what Truman seizes on with evident relish are such anecdotes as that of the general who had thought MacArthur's father was the most egotistical and self-centered man on earth—*until he met* MacArthur himself.

The Trouble with Generals. *Decision* is the first series ever to star a former President of the United States, and Tru-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

A World Leader in Telecommunications and Electronics

NEC

Nippon Electric Company Limited

P. O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for republication local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, or obtained from the Associated Press.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o People's Stores Corp. (Ava House), 232 Sule Pagoda Road, Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$400; 3 yrs, NT$800; 5 yrs, NT$1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S.$11.25; 3 yrs, U.S.$22.50; 5 yrs, U.S.$33.75), TIME International, 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam 18, Netherlands

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Henry Luce III, Arthur R. Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

man's unreined personality is the whole show. He will be keeping it up for 26 weeks. His program, syndicated in nearly 60 cities, is his ultimate personal soapbox, on which he intends to tell his version of the story—if not for once, for all. In future weeks he will discuss everything from the atom bomb to the Berlin airlift, but mainly he will simply aim his chin at the camera and let fly.

As a historical record, the program is matchless, because no book could give a sense of it nearly so well. It shows Truman at his off-the-cuff best—and worst. In this week's show, for example, he can't resist asserting that generals in general make lousy Presidents. Not only was Grant a bad one, according to Harry, but also "the very recent one, about whom I hesitate to talk now."

He hesitates for about 1½ seconds. "His name was General Eisenhower," says Truman blinking devilishly.

The Badge of Courage

NBC saved the fall's best new television series until after the election. *Profiles in Courage*, premièred last week and based on President Kennedy's book, proves to be a bracing antidote to the plethora of two-dimensional teledramas in which tinsel laurels automatically crown the good guy. Adult in theme, effectively written and excellently acted, the series will for 26 weeks focus on characters from American history, many obscure but united by a common bond—their willingness to risk and if necessary sacrifice their careers for their ideals. Happily scheduled for early Sunday evening, a prime kiddy viewing hour, it also packs a grown-up message, articulated by Kennedy himself in a 1957 recording of the conclusion of his book: "The stories of past courage can define that ingredient—they can teach, they can offer hope, they can provide inspiration. But they cannot supply courage itself. For this each man must look into his own soul."

Ruined Chances. Disconcertingly, for those who have read the book, the series started with two figures, one of whom was given only two paragraphs by Kennedy, the other mentioned not at all. Reason is that Producer Robert Saudek, who has been responsible for much of the best in television, from *Omnibus* to the New York Philharmonic, needed fourteen more profiles than President Kennedy had chronicled. But Kennedy himself approved the additional choices.

The series opened with Oscar W. Underwood, the Alabama Senator who could have stayed in the running for nomination in the 1924 Democratic Convention but chose to push for a plank condemning the Ku Klux Klan, thus ruining his chances and subsequently losing his seat in the Senate and his whole political career.

Hot Threats. Producer Saudek has hired good actors. Sidney Blackmer, who played the defense attorney in *A Case of Libel*, was an effective Underwood, and Victor Jory was full of smoke and chalk, manning the blackboards as Underwood's campaign manager. But best of all, the Underwood program gave a beaded-forehead depression of oldtime political conventions, with 103 ballots and whispered threats in hot hotel rooms. Ironically, it was good television about the good old days before political conventions were ruined by television.

BLACKMER AS UNDERWOOD
A defined, unbreakable ingredient

This week the show profiled one of Saudek's added starters, Mary S. Dowell, a Brooklyn schoolteacher who lost her job in 1917 because she refused to sign a loyalty oath or do Red Cross work. She was a Quaker and a pacifist and she knew what she believed, even though her hope for a marriage had ended when a boy who loved her died in France. Of the two shows so far, this one was somewhat better, largely because Rosemary Harris was so gently formidable as an embodiment of unbreakable principle.

BROADWAY

Return of the Icemen

This was going to be the season of the big thaw—the melting of the \$10 million glacier of box-office ice, which is Broadway's term for ticket scalping profits. But last week Manhattan's District Attorney arrested nine ticket scalpers on charges of scalping. Tickets for *How to Succeed* were selling for \$25 apiece, and the scalpers were said to be dealing in ducats for the lowly New York Mets.

To show why ice continues to flow, the D.A. released a list of the scalpers' customers, among them some of Manhattan's most upstanding corporations: First National City Bank, United States Steel Corp., American Telephone & Telegraph Co., Kenyon & Eckhardt Advertising Agency, the Chemical Bank New York Trust Co., Leeds Music Co. and Hanes Hosiery, Inc.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE VATICAN COUNCIL

A Mind of Its Own

Out of respect for the freedom of the Vatican Council, Pope Paul VI has stayed away from its working sessions and avoided expressing opinions on the matters before it. But because of his deep interest in the subject, he went to St. Peter's when the prelates began debating the schema on missions. Shunning the papal throne, he took a seat among the council's twelve cardinal-presidents and gave a brief speech on the schema. He pronounced it generally satisfactory and urged its approval as a basic text for further revision. The council fathers responded by rejecting the schema 1,601 to 311.

Bows & Arrows. Clearly, none of the prelates intended to affront the Pope. But as clearly, their vote indicated that the council does have a mind of its own, and that the bishops cannot be satisfied with platitudes. The schema was denounced in language so harsh that the moderator of the discussion pleaded with the bishops to be more moderate. Irish-born Bishop Daniel Lamont of Rhodesia, for example, complained: "We needed fire and they give us a candle. We wanted powerful weapons to do the battles of the Lord and they give us bows and arrows."

The harsh attack on the missions schema suggested that the third session of the council may be as unproductive, in terms of the volume of documents approved, as the second—although for a different reason. Last fall's session was frustrated by the dilatory maneuvers of the council's conservatives. This time the pace has been slowed by the progressive majority, which has called for radical revisions of every schema presented for debate. The missions document was one of seven shortened items that council authorities hoped would debate by without any trouble; the first three to be voted on were criticized so severely that they must be completely rewritten.

Reality v. Romanism. By and large, criticism of the third session's agenda has been in the interest of greater reality rather than Romanism, clarity rather than cliché. Challenging the schema on religious orders last week, Belgium's Leo Josef Cardinal Suenens attacked the "ridiculous complications" of nuns' flowing habits, "which give the impression that the church is growing old rather than trying to renew itself in order to meet the needs of the day."

Another schema, on "The Church and the Modern World," denounced nuclear weapons that have "effects greater than can be imagined" as "most wicked." Some European and Oriental prelates wanted to make this denunciation even more specific; but Auxiliary Bishop Philip Hannan of Washington and Archbishop George Andrew Beck of Liverpool argued that the schema said too much about banning the bomb and too little about disarmament controls. Beck said that the council should not be too quick to condemn governments that have kept the peace and freedom through the nuclear deterrent: "To turn the other cheek is a counsel of perfection addressed to individuals, not to governments that have a grave duty to defend the citizens entrusted to their authority." The schema was sent back for rewriting.

ECUMENISM

Turning Four Churches into One

Countless small-town main streets in the U.S. bear sad witness to obsolete ecclesiastical rivalry: once handsome Protestant churches that are closed or kept barely alive by a small, zealous congregation. In such places, low-level ecumenism and merger make spiritual sense—and how it can be done has just been shown by the 288 citizens of Schellsburg, Pa.

A peaceful farming village in the Alleghenies, Schellsburg had for more than 70 years supported four churches —St. Matthew's Evangelical Lutheran, Schellsburg Methodist, Schellsburg Presbyterian, and St. John's Reformed (United Church of Christ). But since World War II, the community's population has steadily dropped. None of the congregations numbered more than 85; none could afford a full-time minister. When the Methodist church burned in 1945, the congregation took to renting the Presbyterian church for twice-a-month services. Three of four congregations have operated a Sunday school in common since 1947.

Trial Marriage. Schellsburg was thus a classic example of the "overchurched" village, and in 1963 the Pennsylvania Council of Churches and denominational leaders persuaded the four congregations to undertake a trial marriage under the auspices of the United Church. Not only was St. John's the newest and largest of the four plants, but the United Church was able to supply a full-time minister, the Rev. Daniel Kratz, 32.

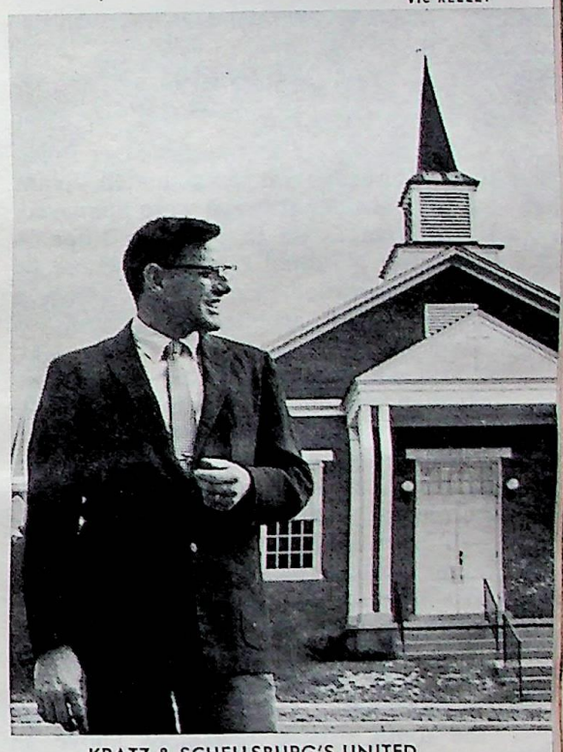
By trial and error, Kratz and lay leaders of the four congregations worked out an acceptable melding of the different church traditions. The teetotaling Lutherans of St. Matthew's were accustomed to using grape juice instead of wine at their Communion services, and were willing to adopt the other churches' usage of ordinary loaf bread instead of unleavened wafers. The Presbyterians, in turn, agreed to take Communion at the altar rail instead of in the pew. Both the Methodists and the Presbyterians accepted the phrasing of the Apostles' Creed used at St. Matthew's—Christ descended into Hell (rather than Hades), and the Holy Catholic (not Christian) Church.

To please the Presbyterians and Methodists, Schellsburg worshipers ask God in the Lord's Prayer to forgive them their "debts" at church services; in Sunday school they use the Lutheran "trespasses." For his order of worship, Kratz borrowed prayers from all four service books, and composed a few himself. Lutheran and United Church hymnals are used. At first, Methodists complained about the solemnity and intricate tonality of the Lutheran chants. Kratz satisfied their wish for more spirited songs by using revival hymns at Sunday school.

High Attendance. For a few church members, the new way of worship was too much of a shock, and they refused to attend the services. One conservative Presbyterian opposed the merger as a Communist plot. But the great majority of the four congregations liked the compromise forms and the experience of worshiping together in a large group. Except on Easter Sunday, attendance seldom averaged more than 25 for each of Schellsburg's four churches; now there is a regular congregation of 130 at the new church, including some families that previously belonged to no church at all.

Last month, after nearly a year of living with the experiment, Schellsburg's Protestants voted 101 to 25 to dissolve their four separate congregations. Next week, they will celebrate the first formal services of the newly organized United Church of Schellsburg. On hand will be officials of the four denominations and of the National Council of Churches, who believe that the give-and-take approach of the Schellsburg congregations is an example that can be followed with profit by other overchurched communities.

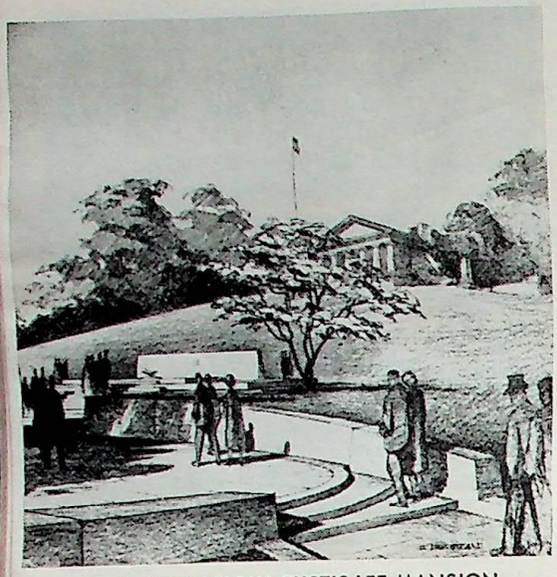
VIC KELLEY



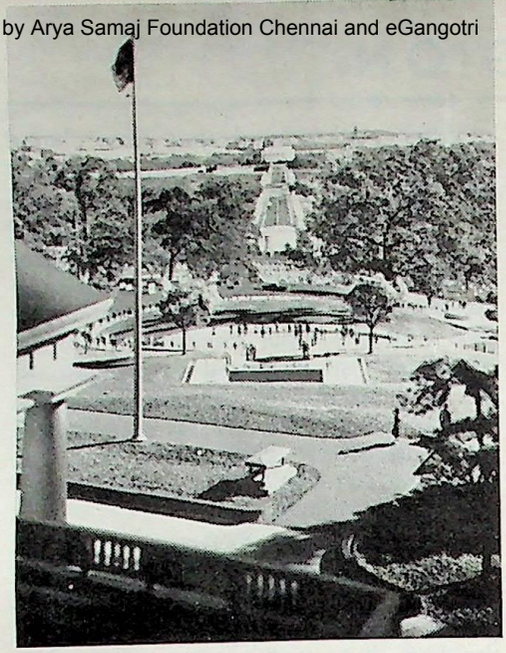
KRATZ & SCHELLSBURG'S UNITED
The Lutherans agreed to bread.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

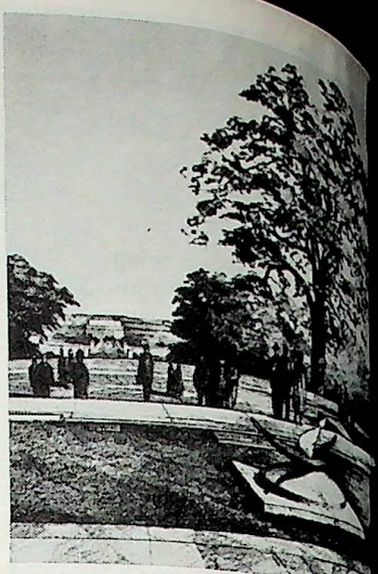
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



GRAVE BELOW CUSTIS-LEE MANSION



VIEW OF GRAVE TOWARD WASHINGTON
"I could stay here forever."



ETERNAL FLAME

MONUMENTS

A Tomb for J.F.K.

Almost a year to the day after President Kennedy was assassinated, plans for his permanent grave were approved. It will remain on that rolling slope in Arlington National Cemetery where he was first buried. Embellished with a minimum of architectural detail by Kennedy's friend, Architect John Carl Warnecke, the grave is far more modest than another illustrious tomb in Arlington, that of the Unknown Soldier.

Warnecke, 45, was a logical choice to design the site. Kennedy idolized his heroics as a Stanford University football hero and with his art adviser William Walton, picked him to renovate Washington, D.C.'s Lafayette Square. "This may be the only monument we leave," said Kennedy. His widow chose Warnecke to leave one more.

Approached by a circular walkway, the tomb rises a few steps above an elliptical plaza, completing a 1.3-mile axis with the large Lincoln Memorial across the Potomac. The graves, including those of his two dead infants, are marked by flat slate stones set in a grassy plot bordered by a low plinth, where the eternal flame, cupped in a modern version of a classic oil lamp, will continue to burn. Behind it, but subordinate to the classic-revival façade of the historic Custis-Lee Mansion atop the slope, is a low, short wall, flanked by flowering magnolias, which will bear the presidential seal and short quotations from Kennedy's speeches. How much the memorial will cost is not clear. "Don't know," commented Walton. "Glad I don't. Plenty."

The design is more an appreciation of a natural site than a monument of masonry. Visitors who will go there cannot avoid pondering the powerful poetry of the vista toward the capital. It was one of Kennedy's favorites. Some time before his death, he and a friend stood where he now is buried. Remarked the late President: "I could stay here forever." That came true too suddenly, but his observation has only enhanced his resting place.

ART

SCULPTURE

Toys for All Ages

The sculpture seems like the pastime of a thousand elves. Perhaps the tiny fellows actually exist in the mischievous mind of Alexander Calder, who, at 66, has all the mien of a beardless Santa Claus, right down to his habitual red flannel shirt. He has given so much to the world for so long that he is the U.S.'s best-known artist abroad. His fancies in metal strike many people as toys, but also remind them that toys are made to stimulate the imagination.

Calder began rebuilding toys for himself when he was eight. He would embellish them with a snippet of wire here and there, sometimes to give them more motion. From then on, a pair of pliers became his tool to remake the world. His toys are for all ages, and can be as ominous in their ease as fellow New Englander Robert Frost's poetry. Last week his bobbing mobile *The Ghost* and his sprawling stabile *Guillotine for Eight* met like stalactite and stalagmite in the great rotunda of Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum (*see opposite page*). Frank Lloyd Wright's architecture never had better tenants: a 361-piece retrospective that could equally well establish Calder as a wizard of the wind, a Wright Brothers' Rodin, or the greatest tinker of all time.

Ringmaster. Calder is a third-generation sculptor; his grandfather is still remembered in Philadelphia for his statue of William Penn atop the city hall. But Calder early abandoned the thousand-year tradition that insisted upon sculpture as a form-in-the-round whose contours were its boundaries. He embraced space with his mobiles, sometimes in a bear hug, sometimes in a fencer's riposte. He became known as the man who made sculpture move. Actually, the Russian constructivists and Dadaist Marcel Duchamp did it years before him, but no one has e made cubic feet dance and gambol has Calder. His work is the apothe of open form: space is his circus, three rings, all three dimensions.

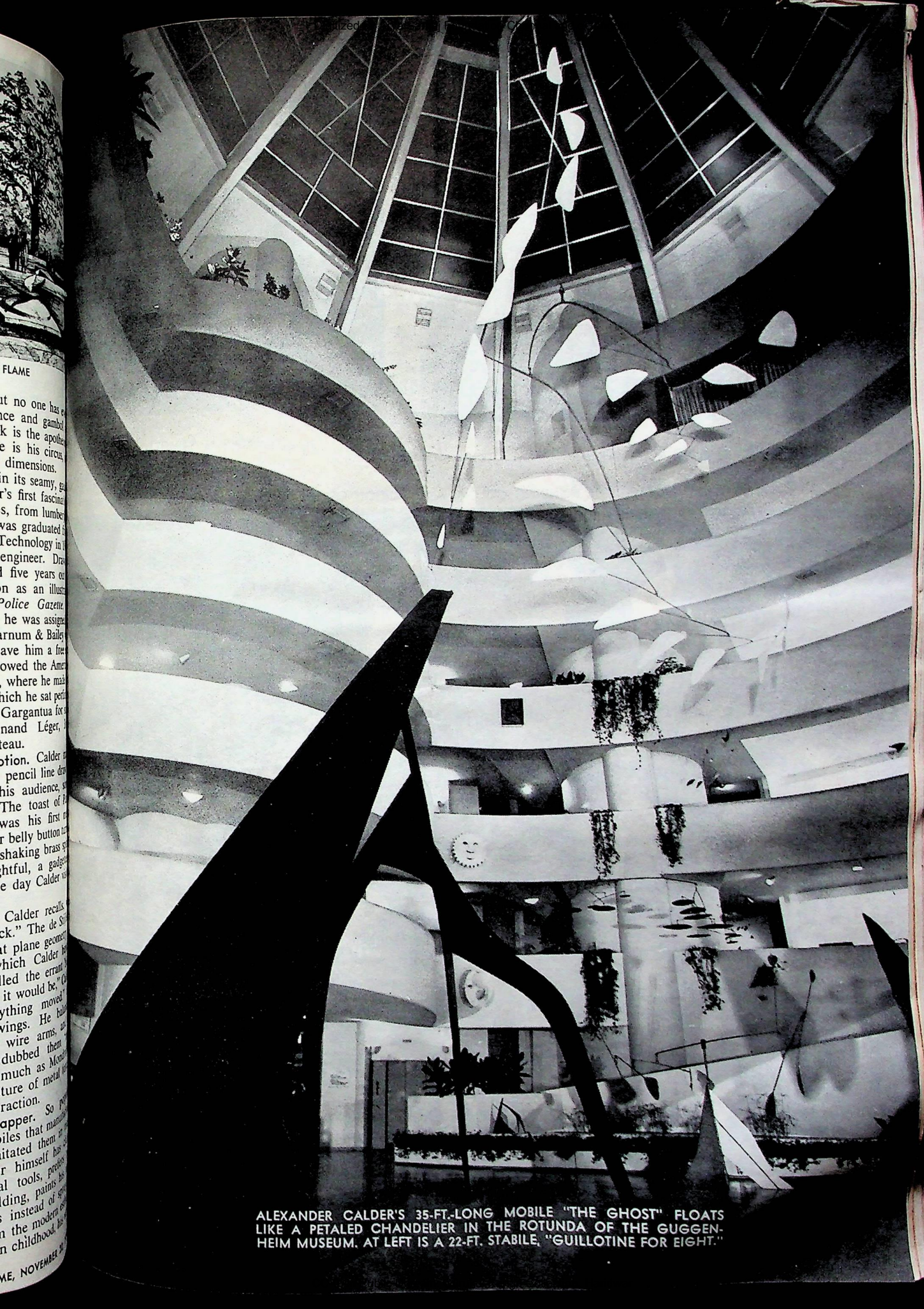
The circus itself, in its seamy, g splendor, was Calder's first fascina He tried many trades, from lumber to able seaman; he was graduated Stevens Institute of Technology in as a mechanical engineer. Dra came naturally, and five years o college he signed on as an illust for the *National Police Gazette*. his delight, one day he was assigne sketch the circus. Barnum & Baile so pleased that it gave him a fre trance pass. He followed the Ame artists' trail to Paris, where he ma own toy circus in which he sat perf ing like some child Gargantua for luminaries as Fernand Léger, Miró, and Jean Cocteau.

Mondrian in Motion. Calder his restless, looping pencil line dra wire, caricaturing his audience, times with barbs. The toast of Josephine Baker, was his first portrait in 1926; her belly button h into a shimmying, shaking brass g All that was delightful, a gadge daydream, until one day Calder v Mondrian's studio.

The 1930 visit, Calder recalls, "the necessary shock." The de S studio, with its neat plane geomet primary colors (which Calder ha forth stuck to) stilled the errant kee. "But how fine it would be," thought, "if everything moved gave Mondrian wings. He bu metal cutouts on wire arms, a 1932, Duchamp dubbed them biles." Almost as much as Mond forms, the stiff nature of metal Calder toward abstraction.

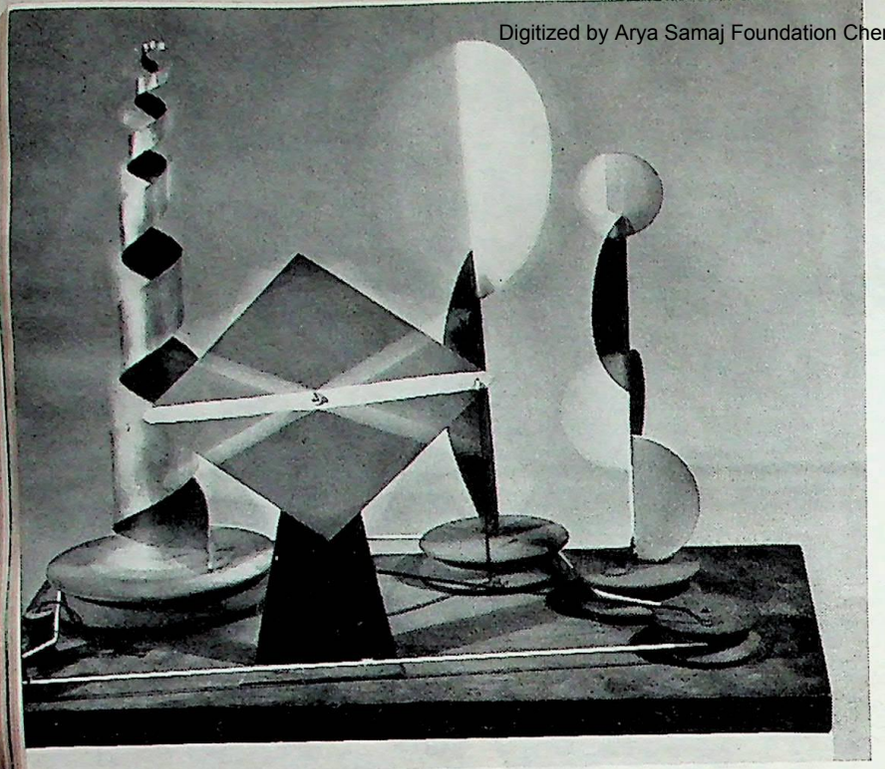
Patchwork Scrapper. So p were Calder's mobiles that ma ers have since imitated them production. Calder himself has to few mechanical tools, preferring ets instead of welding, paints his biles with brushes instead of spra them. Sprung from the modern e that sees wisdom in childhood, h

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

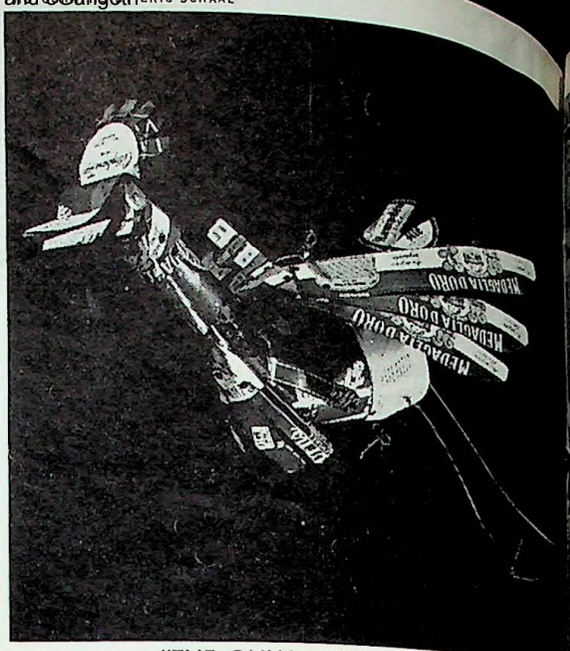


ALEXANDER CALDER'S 35-FT.-LONG MOBILE "THE GHOST" FLOATS LIKE A PETALED CHANDELIER IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM. AT LEFT IS A 22-FT. STABILE, "GUILLOTINE FOR EIGHT."

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



"MODEL FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR 1939"



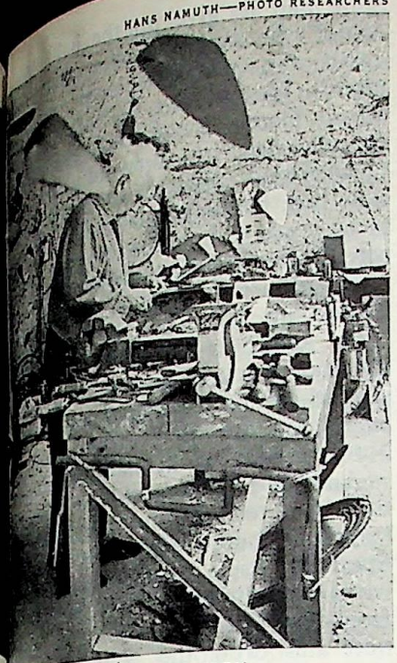
"THE ONLY ONLY BIRD" (1952)

A MULTIPLE EXPOSURE CATCHES THE BLENDING COLORS AND MOTION OF "BLUE AMONG YELLOW & RED" (1963)

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

HANS NAMUTH—PHOTO RESEARCHERS



CALDER AT WORK

Blunt as shears, innocent as a circus.

...e a comment on, rather than patent ap...roval of, the Machine Age. For the ...m of it, Calder makes his own family ...tchenware—ladles, forks, spoons—...sing leftover scrap metal; he snips out ...ys for his grandchildren and jewelry ...r his wife. He is, in effect, a sophisti...ated primitive who sees the root of ...rt in craft and invention.

In his studios in Roxbury, Conn., and ...sché, France, Calder builds up his ...alanced mobiles by trial and tumble. ...ays he: "It's like making a patchwork ...ilt. You can't predict." A mobile can ...e tiny as a hummingbird; others are so ...ntsize that airports find them favorite ...bby decor. One stabile, his *Teodelapio* ...n Spoleto, Italy, is the largest metal ...culpture in modern times; it is 59 ft. ...gh, weighs 30 tons, and trucks can ...ss underneath it. "If it's impeccable," ...e says, "it can be made into any scale."

Glittering Bird. The reason for Cal...der's unlimited scale is that he is a space ...robber. His mobiles stir through space ...ke tree branches in a breeze. His ...tabiles (unmoving sculpture) are sau...rian girders that seem to slunk through ...e landscape, yet loom with a delicacy ...l their own. Yet their universality is ...ot through with humility. Visitors to ...e Guggenheim wandered beneath huge ...tabiles, paused to observe his *The Only ...Only Bird* (*see opposite*); it is a pop-...e dodo made of beer and coffee cans ...hose title is drawn from a slogan on ...a can rather than being a claim to ...uniqueness. In its common materials, ...e tin bird outglitters a peacock.

Motion makes Calder's imagery. ...ine meanders, mobiles wobble, sta...biles broad-jump. His art is open and ...practical, restless and even coarse. ...unt as his shears permit, it also is in ...ve with innocence and in charge of ...material reality. It is "100% Ameri...can" as Léger once stated, yet as in...ternational an expression as any man ...who ever made happiness with his ...hands.

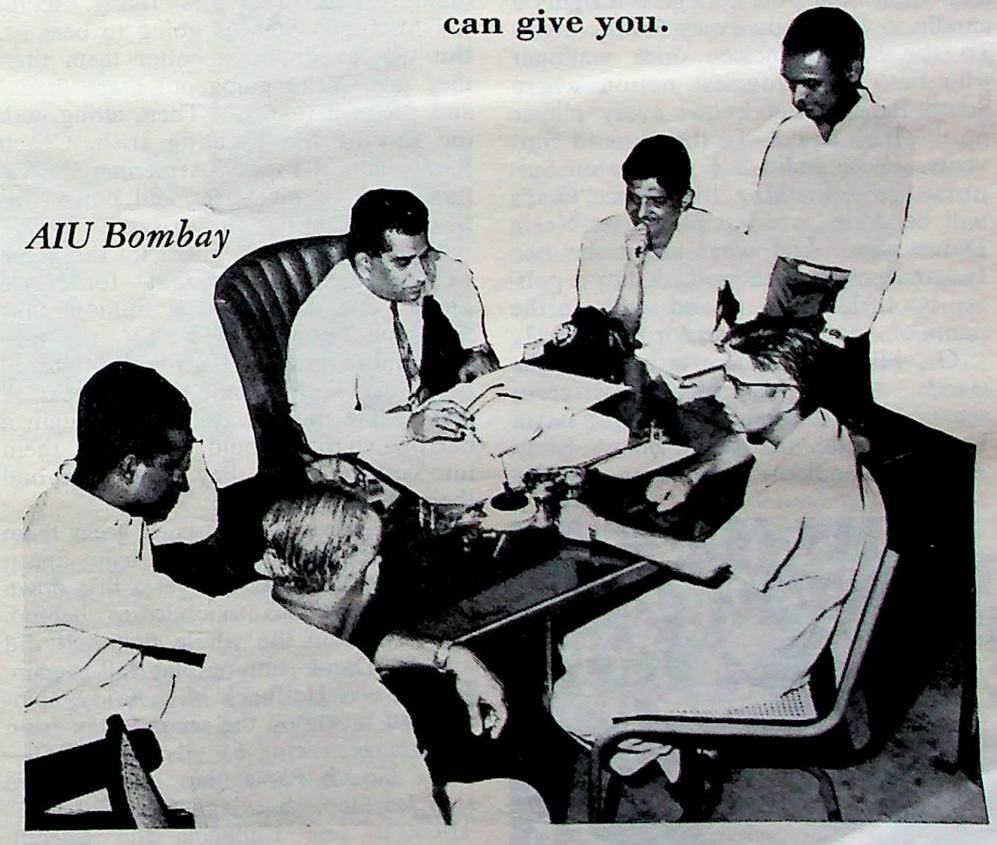
All over the world, *YOUR* LANGUAGE is the language AIU uses.

In local offices, experienced local staffs — with thorough knowledge not only of your words but also of your business and your insurance needs—are close at hand. Even when business requires travel around the globe, you will find AIU people speak of insurance protection and service in terms you understand.

YOUR LANGUAGE spoken here

Authoritatively yet cordially, professionally but plainly, AIU answers your insurance problems . . . in *YOUR* LANGUAGE . . . with service that only AIU can give you.

AIU Bombay



INSURANCE WORLDWIDE AIU

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL UNDERWRITERS

AIU offices in the Far East

Hong Kong	Kobe	Manila
Kowloon	Hiroshima	Bombay
Singapore	Fukuoka	Calcutta
Kuala Lumpur	Nagoya	Madras
Penang	Shizuoka	Gauhati
Saigon	Zama	Karachi
Bangkok	Sapporo	Chittagong
Tokyo	Naha	Lahore
Osaka	Seoul	Dacca

Offices, Agents, and Representatives Throughout the World

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Ara the Beautiful

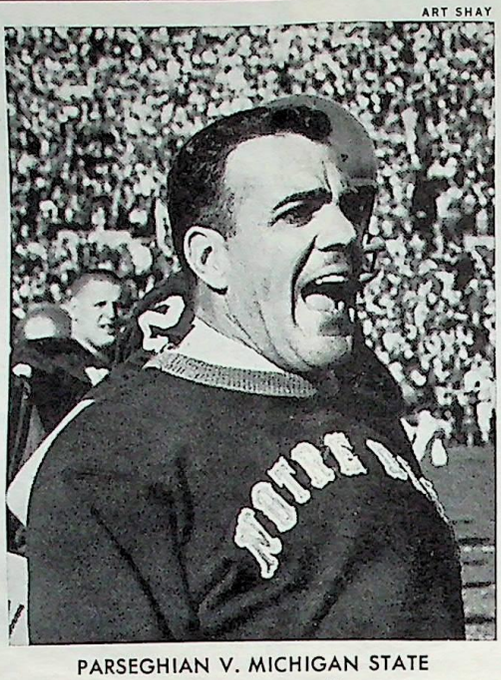
(See Cover)

Toilet-paper streamers festooned the trees. Strings of firecrackers chattered like machine guns. Signs were everywhere. SONS OF ERIN, UNITE! they said. RUB THEIR NOSES IN THE IRISH SOD! Sturdy young men stopped strangers, flashed their "Hate State!" buttons and inquired politely: "You wouldn't be a State man, now, would you?" South Bend, Ind., was no place for the faint of heart last week. Notre Dame, the No. 1 college football team in the nation, was taking on Archrival Michigan State—and the Fighting Irish were in a fighting mood.

The Irish had not beaten State in ten years; inside the Notre Dame stadium, Athletic Director Edward ("Moose") Krause surveyed the sellout crowd of 59,265 and sighed: "We could have sold 250,000 tickets to this game." He could have sold a million—to all the Americans, the vast Subway Alumni, to whom Notre Dame is and always has been the one and only college football team. To the Bronx taxi driver who has never seen the inside of a college but lights a candle to Our Lady every Friday night. To the San Francisco dock walloper who hasn't the foggiest notion where South Bend is but knows every player on the Irish squad. To the nuns in convents, whose radio-side prayers on Saturday go something like this: "God's will be done . . . but please let Notre Dame win." And what about the two Indiana priests who walked into a polling booth last Nov. 3 and wrote in the name of Ara Parseghian for President?

On His Knees. Down beneath the stands, wearing his lucky brown trousers and a blue sweater with NOTRE DAME lettered across the front, the Subway Alumni's candidate stood in the middle of the noisy locker room. "Everybody stay where you are!" he yelled. Then, pounding his fist into his palm, Ara Raoul Parseghian, 41, began to talk. "Boys (bang), you read the newspapers (bang). The predictors (bang, bang) say Michigan State is going to beat us. But we (bang) are a better team than they are. We're going out there (bang) and prove it (BANG)!" Then, along with the rest of the Fighting Irish, Coach Parseghian, a French-Armenian Protestant, sank to his knees and bowed his head. "Hail Mary, full of grace . . ."

ART SHAY



PARSEGHIAN V. MICHIGAN STATE
"More! More!"

Sportswriters had billed it "the game of the year." It was that—for Notre Dame and for the 35 million fans watching on nationwide TV, the millions more clustered around radios in bars and stores and barbershops. A good game might have been enough; a narrow victory would have sent them into ecstasy. What they got was beyond their wildest dreams.

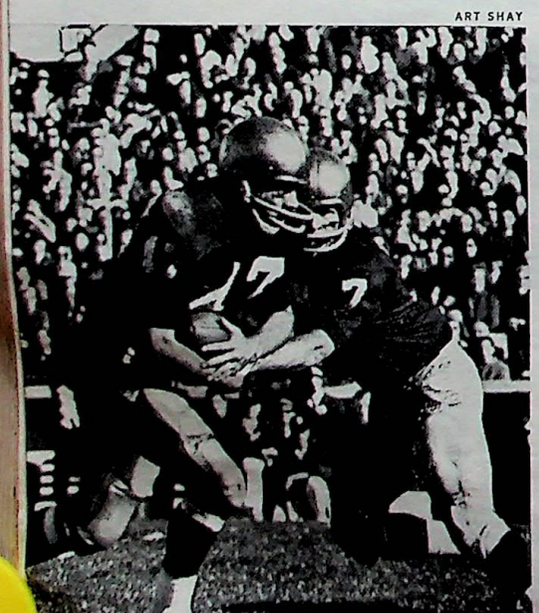
In the next two hours, a great team systematically took a good team apart. Michigan State did not get a first down until it was two touchdowns behind. Only twice in the whole first half did a Notre Dame running play fail to gain. First it was Halfback Nick Eddy, spinning off tackle on the second play from scrimmage, racing 61 yds. for a TD—while Coach Parseghian matched him step for step, shouting "Go! Go! Go!" Then it was Fullback Joe Farrell, cracking the Spartan line on three straight plays for 15 yds. On the fourth play, he faked a line buck and zigzagged downfield to take a pass from Quarterback John Huarte. That put the ball on the Michigan State eight. Another Farrell fake, another Huarte pass—touchdown.

Ara Parseghian prowled the sideline, lips peeled back over his teeth. "Pursuit! Pursuit!" he screamed at the Notre Dame defense, and again Michigan State had to give up the ball. "More! More!" he yelled at the offense, and again the relentless Irish began to march. The massive (219 lbs. per man) Notre Dame line ripped gaping holes in the Spartan forward wall, gave Quarterback Huarte so much protection that he could have tied his shoelaces and still had time to pass. A screen to End Jack Snow gained 15 yds., a flare to Fullback Bob Metcalf picked up 26. Then he turned Nick Eddy loose. In five carries, the 195-lb. halfback racked up 40 yds. and his second TD of the day. A pass to Snow was good for two extra points, and Notre Dame led at half time 20-0.

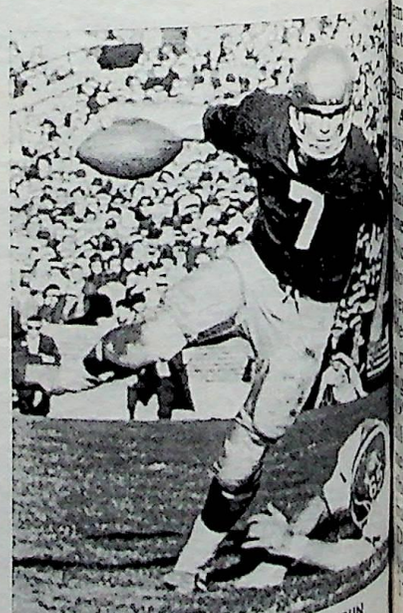
Anything & Everything. Back came the two teams, and the excitement leaped a notch. Desperate now, the Spartans tried anything—and for a while everything worked. They shifted from the T into a short punt formation and drew the Notre Dame line off side. They caught the Irish secondary napping, with a 51-yd. pass that cut the gap to 20-7. Luck helped a lot; two Notre Dame touchdowns were nullified. But now the aroused State defense was starting to harry Huarte. Somehow he still managed to get the ball away—sidearm, underhand, any way at all. And when he couldn't pass, he ran like a halfback—ripping out of the grasp of three tacklers for 21 yds. and a touchdown that made it 24-7. After that, the spectators stole the show. Twice, play was stopped while the sheriff's deputies chased fans around the field. That was enough to frighten even Parseghian. Off came the first team; in went the subs. Another Irish touchdown. Final score: Notre Dame 34, Michigan State 7.

The victory was doubly sweet because it was the sort of thing that wasn't supposed to happen in 1964—and did anyway. It was the season of surprises. This year the experts all guessed wrong. This was the year a Penn State squad that lost four out of its first five clobbered

ART SHAY



HUARTE HANDING OFF TO EDDY
Two for the nuns.



HUARTE ON TOUCHDOWN RUN
One for the subways.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

unbeaten Ohio State 27-0, the year Tex-
as did not win the Southwest Confer-
ence championship, the year mighty
Mississippi had to settle for a tie with
weak little Vanderbilt. It was the year
free substitution and the platoon sys-
tem came back to college football—if
the coaches were willing to take pen-
alties to get their subs into the game. It
was the year collegians outdrew the
pros—when attendance in the Big Ten
averaged 59,000 a game to 49,000
for the National Football League. And,
best of all, this was Ara Parseghian's
year, the year a restless vagabond from
Miami took over a demoralized Notre
Dame team that had spent five years
forgetting how to win—and taught
them how again.

It all started innocently enough, with
a 31-7 victory over Wisconsin. But
when Notre Dame licked Purdue to
the tune of 34-15, people began to
wonder, including Purdue Coach Jack
Mollenkopf. "They're big," warned
Mollenkopf, "as big as the pros." As
victory piled on victory, so did the pres-
sure. Everybody was laying for Notre
Dame. Air Force leaped into a 7-0 lead
on an intercepted pass. Notre Dame
still won 34-7. "That line," sighed Fal-
con Coach Ben Martin. "At first they
came like a wave and pushed the block-
ers back into our quarterback's lap.
Later they just picked them up and
threw them back." U.C.L.A. Coach
Bill Barnes thought he knew a way to
beat the Irish. "Play for breaks." Barnes
should have said a couple of Hail
Marys. Notre Dame won 24-0.

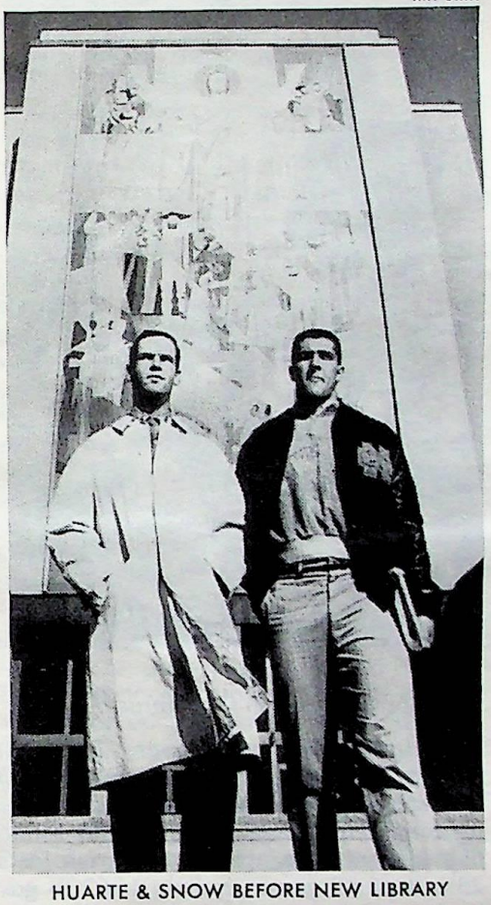
Brokenhearted. Stanford was next:
the Indians did not reach midfield in
the whole first half, did not get a first
down until 7 min. into the second, and
fell 28-6. But one tearful Irish line-
man was still dissatisfied: "I was real-
ly brokenhearted when they got that
touchdown," he said. Fully recovered
from an early-season injury, Navy's
brilliant Quarterback Roger Staubach
did his best to stop the Irish rampage
—with 19 completions in 36 pass at-
tempts. But Notre Dame's Huarte com-
pleted ten of 17 passes, and the score
was the measure of the teams: Notre
Dame 40-0.

After that, Pittsburgh figured to be
easy pickings. The Panthers had won
only two games all season. When Notre
Dame scored two quick touchdowns—
one on a pass from Huarte to Halfback
Nick Eddy that covered 91 yds.—it
looked like a rout. But then everything
went wrong. Halfback Bill Wolski fum-
bled on the Pitt two, and Snow dropped
a pass on the Pittsburgh goal line. Bang-
ing away at the Irish line, Pitt picked up
99 yds. rushing—16 yds. more than
all six of Notre Dame's previous oppo-
nents lumped together. Finally, it was
the fourth quarter, and Pitt had the
ball, fourth down and one on the Notre
Dame 16. Pitt gambled on making the
yard. The Irish held and eked out a
17-15 victory.

"Well," said Parseghian, "at least we won." With Michigan State out of the way, the Irish led the nation in rushing defense (63 yds. per game), ranked second in total offense (409 yds. per game), fourth in passing. Now, Iowa (season's record: 3 wins, 5 losses) and Southern Cal (5-3) were the only obstacles remaining in Notre Dame's path to the national championship and its first unblemished season in 15 years.

Ara Parseghian was not cheering yet. "With the kind of schedules you play today," he gloomed, "it's almost impossible to go through a season undefeated." But from Scollay Square to Fisherman's Wharf, the Subway Alumni, who thought anything was possible,

ART SHAY



HUARTE & SNOW BEFORE NEW LIBRARY
"You're gonna live with me."

sang still another chorus of the most famous fight song in the land:

Cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame,
Wake up the echoes cheering her name,
Send a volley cheer on high
Shake down the thunder from the sky.
What though the odds be, great or small,
Old Notre Dame will win over all,
While her loyal sons are marching
Onward to victory.

"Dear Sir." The nation's best-known football foundry is a Johnny-come-lately to the game. The University of Notre Dame was barely out of the log-cabin stage when Rutgers and Princeton played the first intercollegiate football game in 1869. The Fighting Irish had a school cheer in 1879 ("Rah, rah! Nostra Domina"), but they did not have a team to cheer for until 1887—eight years after the famed Golden Dome of Our Lady first cast its glint across the Indiana plains. It wasn't much of a team at that; in two years, Notre Dame lost three straight to Michigan, prompting the coach to dash off a plaintive letter to Yale's Walter Camp: "Dear Sir: Will you kindly furnish me some points on the best way to develop a good football team?" Whatever Camp's advice was, it worked: the Irish were unbeaten in 1892 and 1893; and in 1903, they ran up 292 points to their opponents' zero.

They also began to run out of opposition. Schools in the Intercollegiate Conference (today's Big Ten) flatly refused to play them, and the frustrated Irish had to content themselves with belting the likes of Franklin (64-0), Loyola of Chicago (80-0) and St. Viator (116-7). In 1913, casting around for games, Coach Jesse Harper hooked a whopper, Old Rivals Harvard and Yale had dropped off Army's schedule because the Cadets refused to sell tickets to their games. Desperate for a "filler," Army agreed to a $1,000 guarantee, and Harper's eager Irish headed East. Undefeated in four games, Army was a powerhouse—and there were chuckles all around when somebody discovered that the visitors had 18 players but only 14 pairs of cleats. Army was the overwhelming favorite: its line outweighed Notre Dame by 15 lbs. per man, and fans were so sure the game would be a slaughter that only 3,000 bothered to turn out.

The Rock. It was a slaughter all right—just like David and Goliath. In those days football was a mannerly game: teams were expected to punt on first down inside their own 20-yd. line and never, never throw a forward pass. The upstarts from Indiana punted only on fourth down—and passed the Cadets goggle-eyed. In one fantastic flurry, Quarterback Gus Dorais completed 12 in a row. His main target was a balding, bandy-legged end named Knute Kenneth Rockne, who at 5 ft. 8 in. and 145 lbs. was probably the smallest man on the field. Army defenders could not help admiring Rockne's courage; the game had barely started before he was limping noticeably. Late in the first period, with the ball on the Army 30, Dorais dropped back to pass. Nobody noticed Rockne, hobbling painfully down the sideline. Suddenly, the limp disappeared; he was running full tilt toward the Army goal, reaching up for the pass. Touchdown! Before the long afternoon was over, Notre Dame's passing attack had clicked for 243 yds. and two TDs, and the unknown Indiana school had upset mighty Army 35-13.

It had to be foreordained that Rockne would return as coach. And there he was in 1918, the son of a Norwegian carriage maker, carving his name as one of the game's enduring geniuses. He pioneered the platoon system, perfected the forward pass, lifted (so the famous story goes) the Notre Dame "box shift" from the routine of a dance-hall chorus line. His teams trav-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

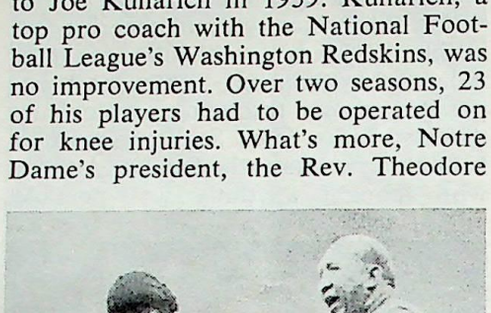
eled from coast to coast and South to the Gulf, playing 122 games and winning 105 over 13 seasons. Five times they were unbeaten; three times they won the national championship.

They called themselves Irish, but only a healthy handful were. Poles, Germans, Italians, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, everyone flocked to South Bend. One September, 90 high school captains turned out for the freshman team. No school in football history produced such stars: Frank Carideo, Marchy Schwartz, Johnny O'Brien and the incomparable George Gipp—Notre Dame's first All-America, who dropkicked a 62-yd. field goal in his first college game, gained 332 yds. against Army, and died of pneumonia at 25. There was the "pony backfield" of 1924 that averaged 158 lbs. per man and won immortality on the typewriter of Grantland Rice: "Outlined against a blue-grey October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden."

Then there was Rockne himself, the master psychologist who once ran the Four Horsemen behind a third-string line and shouted from the sidelines, "Show 'em your clippings! Show 'em your clippings!" He was the sly pessimist who advised, "Never tell 'em how many lettermen you've got coming back. Tell 'em how many you've lost." He was the locker-room orator who called his team together before the 1928 Army game and talked about George Gipp—his perfection, his ability to come through in the clutch, and his deathbed request: "Sometime, when things are going wrong and the breaks are beating the boys, tell them to go in there with all they've got and win one just for the Gipper. I don't know where I'll be then, Rock, but I'll know about it and I'll be happy." Notre Dame beat Army 12-6. But that was hardly surprising to Rockne: it had worked the first time he tried it—seven years before.

The Robot. Rocke died in a plane crash in 1931, and for a while it looked as if Notre Dame's football fortunes were riding the same plane: the Irish experienced their first losing season in 45 years. But in 1941, Notre Dame got a new coach—an Irishman, yet—and the leprechauns became giants again. Tough and tight-lipped, Frank Leahy had nothing in common with Rockne except a ferocious desire to win all the time. His players called him "The Robot," and he drove them mercilessly. "I want to see blood on the quarterbacks' hands when you snap the ball," he told his centers. Rival coaches accused Leahy of teaching "dirty football," of flagrant recruiting violations, of "twisting" the rulebook with his "sucker shifts" and faked injuries. But one thing nobody could argue with: his success. With such stars as Johnny Lujack, George Connor, Johnny Lattner, Leahy won four national championships, ran off a string of 39 games without a loss, retired in 1953 with an overall record of 87 wins, eleven losses, nine ties.

After Leahy, the deluge. Terry Brennan took over as coach, did reasonably well (32 wins, 18 losses)—except by Notre Dame standards—and gave way to Joe Kuharich in 1959. Kuharich, a top pro coach with the National Football League's Washington Redskins, was no improvement. Over two seasons, 23 of his players had to be operated on for knee injuries. What's more, Notre Dame's president, the Rev. Theodore



ROCKNE AS COACH
Borrowing from the chorus line.

M. Hesburgh (TIME cover, Feb. 9, 1962), was determinedly hauling up the school's academic standards, saw no reason to grant exemptions to football players. The upshot: Kuharich lost 23 out of 40 games, quit in 1962 to go back to the pros (he now coaches the Philadelphia Eagles). Finally, last year it was poor Hugh Devore's turn: he reluctantly agreed to fill in for one year as "interim" coach—and suffered through a dismal 2-7 season.

Football had not really been deemphasized at Notre Dame; it had deemphasized itself. In the golden years of Rockne and Leahy, the $500,000-a-year take from football paid faculty salaries, built dormitories and a stadium. Now, when the cost of Notre Dame's sports program was deducted, there was barely enough left over to pay the coal bill for an Indiana winter. The Irish still wanted a winning team —"We are dedicated to excellence," said the Rev. Edmund Joyce, Notre Dame's executive vice president—but not enough to pay for it. The school awards only 30 football scholarships a year, and they are strictly limited to board, room and tuition—no "walking-around money." Under those ground rules, what coach would gamble his reputation? What coach indeed—except Ara Parseghian?

"I'm the Greatest." The wonder is [illegible] it took him so long to get to South Bend. Handsome and raven-haired, Parseghian could pose for anyone's image of the spirit of Notre Dame—wearing Leahy's shoes and Rockne's suit. He has to win because the laundry bill is too high when he loses; his wife has to change the sweat-soaked bed sheets each morning. Navy Coach Wayne Hardin delights in telling of playing partners with Parseghian in a golf match a few summers ago: "We came up to the 18th hole and had to win it to take the match. Ara stuck one on the green about 40 ft. from the pin. He stepped up to putt, paused and asked: 'What state are we in?' 'We're in Pennsylvania,' I said. 'All right,' said Ara. 'Then I'm the greatest putter in the state of Pennsylvania.' He swung and, sure enough, the ball went over four or five breaks plunk into the cup."

It stands to reason that Parseghian must have been a beautiful baby. His father named him after a mythological Armenian king named "Ara the Beautiful," and his mother kept him in dresses until he was six. As soon as he graduated to pants, he started sneaking off to play tackle football with the older kids in Akron, and the only way mom could get him home was to come after him with the sawed-off broomstick she used to stir the family wash. As an eighth grader, Ara was everybody's nomination for Toughest Kid in school—even the Board of Education's. "They were having a lot of trouble with vandals breaking windows," recalls Older Brother Gerard, 43, a Toledo businessman. "So they just hired Ara to patrol the grounds. The checks came directly from the Board of Education. He was real proud of that."

At South High School, Parseghian is remembered as a kind of Jack Armstrong with Wheaties coming out his ears. "He worked like the dickens for his S," a classmate recalls. "If he saw somebody wearing a letter who hadn't participated in athletics, he'd take it away from him and tell him to turn out for the team." Ara's mother was violently against football; whenever she went to a game, she spent the afternoon hiding under the stands, praying for Ara's safety. It would have been kinder to pray for the other fellow. South High Coach Frank ("Doc") Wargo remembers one encounter against Steubenville High, an Ohio Valley team made up mostly of miners' sons. "Ara was tough. But Steubenville had a tough fullback too. On the first play from scrimmage the two of them met head-on, and you could hear the helmets crash. Both boys went down. After a few seconds, Ara jumped up. They carried their fullback out."

Call Him Hardnose. Parseghian enrolled at the University of Akron, spent two wartime years in the Navy, then back to football he went, this time at Miami of Ohio, a small school with a

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ART SHAY

PARSEGHIAN & FAMILY
Daddy makes the Late Late Show.

...nny knack for producing big-time ...aches—Army's Earl Blaik and Paul ...tgel, Ohio State's Woody Hayes, the ...os' Paul Brown, Weeb Ewbank and ...y Gillman. In 1947, a solid 190-lb. ...ttback, Ara led the Redskins to an ...defeated season, won All-America ...tion and a pro tryout with the ...eland Browns.

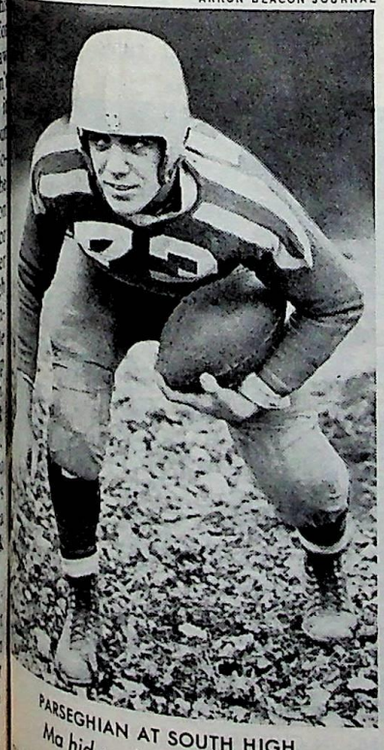
...Hardnose" was the Browns' name ...him, for the fierce way he slammed ...blitzing enemy linemen. He had a ...ankle, but he was still Coach Paul ...n's regular halfback. "He'd hurt it ...'d take him out of the game," re...bers Brown, "and next thing you ..., he'd be limping up and down the ...nes until he could walk on it again. ...d he'd beg me to put him back in."

...1949, another injury ended Par...ian's playing career permanent...Flicking through an opening in the ...more Colts' line, he cut to avoid ...backer, sprawled headlong with ...adly torn cartilage in his right ...His hip has never been quite right ..., and he is bothered by occasional ...ritis.

...Married, out of work, Parseghian ...looking for a job. "There was only ...thing Ara didn't want to do," says ...brother Gerard, "and that was ...ch. He thought coaches had to be ...to put up with the stuff they did." ...when Miami Coach Woody Hayes ...red him the freshman team, Parse...an leaped at the chance. Then every...g happened at once. The frosh team ...t undefeated. At season's end Hayes ...ked off to Ohio State. And at 27, Ara ...eghian became the youngest head ...ch in Miami's history. "I thought ...said all coaches were nuts," smirked ...ard. Sighed Ara, "Buddy, I've got ...bug."

...five years Parseghian won 39 ...es, lost only six—and two of those ...ories came at the direct expense of

AKRON BEACON JOURNAL



PARSEGHIAN AT SOUTH HIGH
Ma hid under the stands.

the pointer by Big Saturday. On March 14, three days before Miami was scheduled to play Indiana, he deliberately dressed the Redskins in tattered old practice uniforms, sent them through a ragged workout before the eyes of the grinning Hoosiers. Next day, faultlessly attired in new uniforms, Miami upset Indiana 6-0. Frank Leahy would have approved. Next year, against Northwestern, Parseghian even sought out Rival Coach Lou Saban to plead for mercy. Saban, says a Parseghian associate, "really swallowed all that stuff." Miami upset the Wildcats 25-14, and at season's end Saban was out of a job. Who was in? Parseghian, of course.

"They'll See You." When Parseghian arrived in 1956, things were so bad that Northwestern's student newspaper was calling for the school to withdraw from the Big Ten. Northwestern had lost 27 of its last 31 conference games, had not won any game at all in 1955. The only private school in the Big Ten, Northwestern's entrance requirements were the highest in the league, while its men's enrollment (3,936) was the smallest. Why not call it quits? Snarled Parseghian: "If I thought that way, I wouldn't be here. All right, maybe it's an obsession thinking we can do what everyone says is impossible. But we *can* win." No U.S. Marine recruiting officer ever crooned a smoother pitch. To Chicago high school athletes who thought about going away to school, he said: "Your future business contacts are here in Chicago. They'll see you out there, they'll know all about you."

The Wildcats never wound up higher than third in the Big Ten, but there were plenty of moments to savor: a 21-0 victory over Ohio State that ended the Buckeyes' 14-game unbeaten streak, the 45-13 crushing of Bud Wilkinson's Oklahoma team on nationwide TV—and the four straight victories over Notre Dame that, more than anything else, convinced the Irish that Parseghian was the man to put a new coat of gold on the dome.

In the Spotlight. Parseghian's move to South Bend last January was more like a homecoming than an arrival. He was introduced between halves of a basketball game, and the students gave him a ten-minute standing ovation. In mid-February, 3,000 turned out in two feet of snow for a mammoth pep rally. If it was spirit they wanted, spirit he gave them. At spring training he whipped out a letter written by a former Notre Dame player who had been seriously injured in an auto accident. Rockne couldn't have done it better. Voice quavering, Parseghian read the letter to the spellbound team: "Being a Notre Dame football player automatically puts you in the national spotlight, more so than players from any other school. Don't let those fans down. Be honest with yourself. Give that second and third effort. Bring Notre Dame football back where it belongs."

The spirit might be willing, but it takes a powerful amount of flesh to make a football winner—and the most optimistic experts did not figure Notre Dame for much this year. The school hadn't had a winning season in five years; 22 out of 38 lettermen had graduated from last year's squad that lost seven of its nine games. Parseghian rebuilt the team as though he were running a fire sale.

Out went Notre Dame's old uniforms and pads ("too heavy," he said), replaced by new lightweight gold pants, plain blue jerseys, and helmets whose color was keyed exactly to the Golden Dome itself. Out went the old split T formation, with its quarterback keepers, replaced by the pro-style slot T and the dazzling stacked I—in which three backs line up in a straight line behind the center, then shift suddenly to one side or the other. Out, too, went the old system of calling signals in the huddle. "In the pressure of the game," explains Parseghian, "you don't have time to listen to somebody yell '32' and ponder which hole is the three hole and which back is the two back. We just describe our plays in the most accurate way possible—like 'power sweep right,' or 'belly sweep left.' And we haven't had a badly busted play all season."

In spring training Parseghian wandered around the field like an Arab horse trader. He spent hundreds of hours studying last year's game films, analyzing each man's potential. Finally one day he sauntered up to John Huarte, a quiet Californian who had played just 50 minutes of football in two years, and said: "John, you're my quarterback for the season. I don't care if you throw six interceptions in the first game. You're my quarterback. You're gonna live with me ten weeks this fall." Parseghian's next visit was with Jack Snow, the 6-ft. 2-in., 215-lb. end whom he had singled out as Huarte's No. 1 passing target. Between them, Huarte and Snow have already

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ART SHAY

HESBURGH, PARSEGHIAN & IDOL
New gold on the dome.

broken practically all of Notre Dame's season passing records.

Finally, there was Linebacker Jim Carroll, a 225-lb. Georgian who was to be the key man in Parseghian's pro-style 4-4-3 defense. Last year Carroll was credited with 59 tackles; this year he has already made 120, to lead the team. He shrugged off a painful knee injury to stack up a last-ditch Pitt drive two weeks ago, and he was easily the angriest man on the squad last week when newsmen suggested the possibility of Michigan State's upsetting the top-ranked Irish. Maybe that's because he is Irish. "Listen," he growled. "We're No. 1. I've played with losing teams all my life, and nobody's going to take No. 1 away from me."

Nobody is going to take it away from Ara Parseghian either—not if the ever-living, ever-loving spirit of Notre Dame can help it. On a "Clobber Board" in the Notre Dame locker room, messages supposedly sent by rival teams are posted to stoke the fires of effort. "Your luck has run out," read one signed The Panther. "I will beat you this Saturday because I am bigger and stronger and meaner than you are." Everywhere the team goes, the coach goes—instructing, cajoling, just being there to keep an eye on everything. After the Wisconsin game, Parseghian told his wife Kathleen not to meet him at the airport—"I want to go with the team to the campus." Before the Navy game in Philadelphia, local Notre Dame alumni had a motorcade all arranged to whisk Irish officials from the airport to the hotel. Parseghian turned down the car, insisted on riding in the team bus.

For Ara Parseghian, the man who cannot stand to lose, the day begins at 5:30 a.m. with four cups of coffee, usually ends with a tranquilizer and the Late Late Show. Even when he eats, he has a pencil in the other hand, diagramming a play. Is there something he has forgotten, some minuscule detail he has overlooked, some new way to win? There has to be, there always is at Notre Dame. Last week, bone-weary, he paused in Memorial Building to confront a bust of Knute Rockne. "You," he said softly. "You started all this."

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

Unfair Integration

The modern South has learned its lesson: there is no legal justification for systematically excluding Negroes from juries. But what if Negroes are deliberately included? Such a maneuver, it turns out, would be equally unconstitutional.

In 1960 a Negro named Woodman J. Collins was convicted and sentenced to death for the "aggravated rape" of a white woman in Louisiana's Jefferson Davis Parish. On appeal, Collins' lawyer attacked the manner in which the parish impaneled the grand jury that indicted Collins. The parish is roughly one-third Negro, and, to make the grand jury "reasonably representative," the jury commission carefully placed six Negroes on a list of 20 veniremen. From those were drawn twelve grand jurors, including five Negroes. Despite this seeming fairness, argued his lawyer, the impaneling process discriminated against Collins, denying his right to equal protection of the laws under the 14th Amendment.

Nonsense, ruled the state Supreme Court and a U.S. District Court. But the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals found a "fatal defect" in the organization of the grand jury because "the basis of selection was race." Well attuned to local mores, the appellate court stressed the "somewhat paradoxical" effect of such selection—the widespread Southern phenomenon that fearful or complaisant Negro jurors have a tendency to be especially harsh on Negro defendants.

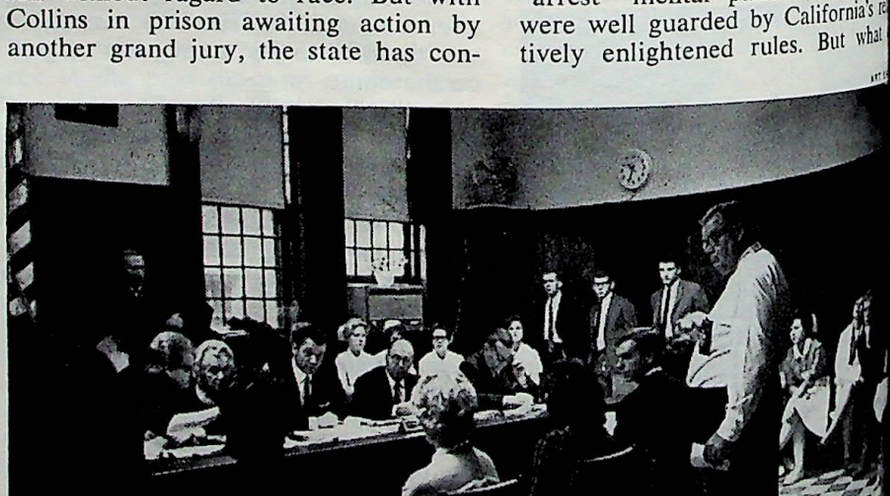
Louisiana has since enacted a law saying that grand jurors must be chosen without ragard to race. But with Collins in prison awaiting action by another grand jury, the state has continued fighting to uphold his orig conviction. Last week the state at ney general lost his last round w the U.S. Supreme Court refused to view the appellate court decision. effect, the Supreme Court thus sto by Justice Stanley Reed's 1950 d tum: "An accused is entitled to h charges against him considered by jury in the selection of which there h been neither inclusion nor exclu because of race."

COURTS

Mental Illness & Legal Remedies

To his co-workers at a Los Ang aerospace plant, Herbert Hill seem odder and odder. The angry ex-mari a purchasing expediter, refused speak, neglected his work, shoved chair at passers-by, rejected all psy atric help. Last month Hill's boss pealed to a special psychiatric cour the county general hospital. Hill arrested, examined by two court chiatrists, and diagnosed as a po tially dangerous schizophrenic. After informal hearing, at which he was resented by a public defender, the c sent Hill to Camarillo State Hosp and scheduled a jury trial to review commitment. But Hill responded well to treatment that in a few we the hospital advised the court to rel him. Now he is getting adequate vate medical care, and has a fair cha of recovery.

At some point in their lives, rou 10% of Americans will probably w up in mental hospitals—a statistic poses hard questions of civil liberty medical necessity. Though many cr vociferously decry the use of police "arrest" mental patients, Hill's rig were well guarded by California's re tively enlightened rules. But what



COMMITMENT HEARING IN CHICAGO
The defendant always wins.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

in Herbert Hill's position
ers
roughout the country?
No Railroading. The ancients had
al sanctions to exorcise demons by
ching or cutting open the bodies of
afflicted. The Middle Ages permit-
even worse therapeutic tortures.
onial Americans whipped the men-
deficient. But in 1773 Virginia
ed the country's first state mental
ital, and the law soon honed the
ic standard that involuntary com-
ent is justified for persons "dan-
s to themselves or others."
was so easy to pin this label on
es or unwanted wives, however,
in the 1870s reformers pushed
gh strict judicial safeguards
st railroading. Since mental hos-
s were then regarded as fearful
s, the law's chief aim was to make
that only the truly ill were commit-
Today's most advanced screening
dures require careful precommit-
medical examination, legal notice,
informal hearings before special
rs. Some judges follow up with per-
l bedside visits; the patient's legal
dies range from jury trial to writs
abeas corpus. Says one Chicago
: "It would take a massive con-
cy to railroad anyone."

No Restraint. But a new legal prob-
has arisen as a result of the mid-
's introduction of tranquilizers that
savage symptoms. Bars, screams,
jackets—all signs of restraint are
ppearing from mental hospitals as
remedies make mental illness more
table. The law's new problem is how
t should go toward liberalizing in-
ntary commitment procedures at a
when prominent psychiatrists ar-
for earlier admission (leading to
er discharge), long before patients
me "dangerous."

Some doctors now argue that admis-
should be governed entirely by
cal boards, without interference
m lay judges and juries. But lawyers
that even harmless neurotics might
d up in institutions that are still
marily geared to restraint. The con-
sus is that involuntary admission
uld be extended to nondangerous
ons only where hospitals are fully
pped to treat early symptoms. On
other hand, state hospitals are al-
ed to discharge patients without
t intervention. In many places, non-
gerous patients who succeed in go-
over the hill and staying free for a
are considered discharged, on the
ry that they must have come to
s with society.

In such advanced states as Illinois and
w York, the admission trend is none-
ess toward maximum medical con-
. Illinois is spending millions to re-
e massive, jail-like central hospi-
s with small, decentralized facilities.
e state has also restored to all men-
patients such previously denied civil
hts as voting and entering contracts.
ntal judges in Illinois now work
closely with medical advisers that,

in general, they decide only whether a committal involves bias or unethical conduct. Boasts one Chicago judge: "This is the only court where the defendant always wins. If he is released, it means he is well. If he is committed, it is for his own good."

Earlier & Faster. In matching the law to medical progress New York will probably lead all states next year when it puts into effect a new mental-health code based on careful bar studies and long experience with the psychiatric division of Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital, the world's biggest psychiatric admission center (18,000 cases a year). Bellevue's mental patients may be held for observation against their will for up to 60 days. In deciding whether they should go on to state hospitals, the judges manning Bellevue's 7th-floor courtroom are amply served by psychiatric advice, but they need far more information about the patients' families and financial backgrounds.

The new law thus provides a fact-finding state mental-health service with trained case workers who will not only tell judges more about patients, but also keep better case records for the information of friends, relatives and patients themselves. While retaining such remedies as habeas corpus, the new law will put medical and legal interests in better perspective. Involuntary admission will be by application of relatives, friends or public officers, plus a certificate signed by two psychiatrists. Within five days of admission notice must be given to the patient and three relatives or friends. Though hospitals will still be able to hold patients for 60 days, they must then get court permission and further court review after six months, one year, and every two years thereafter.

All this aims to get mental patients in earlier and out faster. If it works, New York may take credit for a major step toward putting admission to the nation's mental hospitals on virtually the same medical basis as admission to other hospitals—*while safeguarding civil liberties for citizens who must be denied some freedom in order to handle full freedom later on.*

TRIALS

To Find His Father's Killer

For 20 years, a resolute Tennessean named Welby Lee has searched for the hit-run driver who hurtled out of the gloom on a rural road and killed his father on New Year's Eve, 1944. With only a broken bumper guard as solid evidence, Lumber Merchant Lee, now 51, traced scores of cars, braced dozens of suspects and traveled 100,000 miles before he caught up last summer with Grover Jones, 55, now an Indianapolis handyman. Lee amassed 153 pages of circumstantial evidence, and Jones was indicted for second-degree murder.

FRED TRAVIS

LEE (HAND AT THROAT) WATCHING JONES ON STAND IN TENNESSEE

Bad luck for hunter and prey.

Last week Jones went on trial in Celina, Tenn. (pop. 1,228). Outside the tiny Clay County courthouse, where Judge Cordell Hull once sat, a bearded evangelist stood on the lawn shouting for sinners to repent. Inside, sweating from the heat of two potbellied stoves, a crowd of wide-eyed youngsters and tobacco-chewing old men listened intently as the D.A. thundered: "When you hit him, did he scream?" Said Jones: "I guess he did, but I wouldn't know because I didn't hit him."

Jones doggedly insisted that he was not even in Tennessee when Lee's father was killed. But as it turned out, both hunter and prey had bad legal luck. With the all-male jury reportedly ready to acquit Jones, the prosecution suddenly requested and won a *mistrial* on the ground that two jurors were relatives of two defense character witnesses. "It ain't fair to me," complained Jones, who may be retried in June. Vowed Lee: "This is not the end."

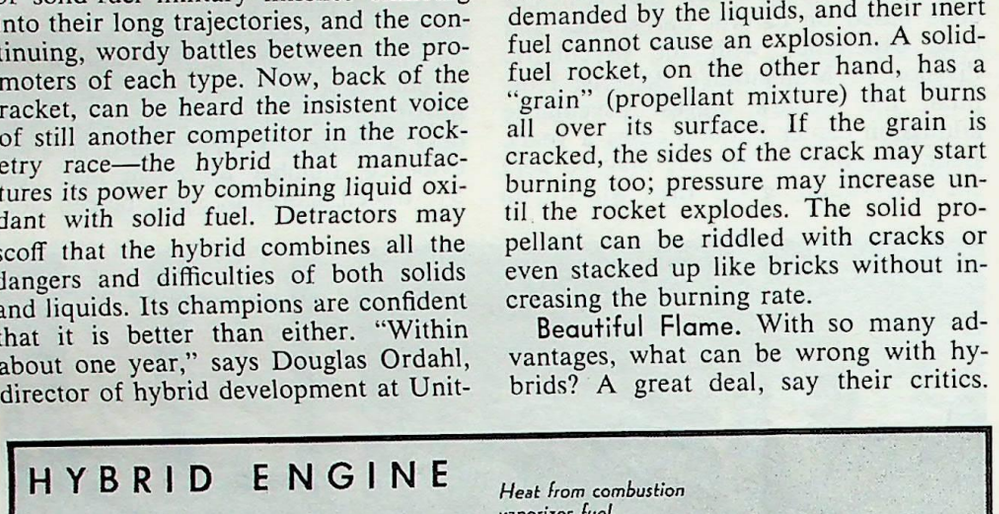
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SPACE

The Late-Starting Rocket

For years, the loudest noises in the aerospace business have been the rumble of liquid-fueled boosters blasting spacecraft into orbit, the sharper roar of solid-fuel military missiles climbing into their long trajectories, and the continuing, wordy battles between the promoters of each type. Now, back of the racket, can be heard the insistent voice of still another competitor in the rocketry race—the hybrid that manufactures its power by combining liquid oxidant with solid fuel. Detractors may scoff that the hybrid combines all the dangers and difficulties of both solids and liquids. Its champions are confident that it is better than either. "Within about one year," says Douglas Ordahl, director of hybrid development at United Technology Center of United Aircraft Corp., "a hybrid will perform in orbital flight and prove that it can do all the things we claim for it."



Fierce Fluid. A typical hybrid is a comparatively simple product of a complex science. It is basically a pressurized tank for liquid oxidizer, behind which sits a combustion chamber lined with solid fuel. The two propellants are usually hypergolic—they ignite spontaneously when they come in contact with each other. A valve permits a jet of oxidizer to squirt into the rear chamber, combustion begins, and a hot, high-temperature flame roars out of the nozzle. The oxidizer valve can be used as a throttle to reduce the thrust and the engine can be stopped and started any number of times, a maneuver that is difficult or impossible with almost all other types of rockets.

In all-solid rockets the oxidizer and fuel must be mixed together intimately, a requirement that rules out many high-energy combinations that would start reacting as soon as they came in contact. Hybrids have no such difficulty. Their fuel can be hopped up with a high proportion of high-energy powdered metals or metallic hydrides, but in the absence of an oxidizer, they remain as inert as an auto tire. The oxidizer may be a fiercely reactive fluid such as OF_2 (oxygen difluoride), but since it stays in its own tank until needed, it behaves itself. When the two components come together, they burn with extremely high specific impulse, the measure of rocket power.

Best of all, say their boosters, hybrids are free of the complicated plumbing demanded by the liquids, and their inert fuel cannot cause an explosion. A solid-fuel rocket, on the other hand, has a "grain" (propellant mixture) that burns all over its surface. If the grain is cracked, the sides of the crack may start burning too; pressure may increase until the rocket explodes. The solid propellant can be riddled with cracks or even stacked up like bricks without increasing the burning rate.

Beautiful Flame. With so many advantages, what can be wrong with hybrids? A great deal, say their critics. Worst of all is low-combustion efficiency; the fuel and oxidizer tend to escape through the exhaust nozzle before they have reacted. They burn as a long, beautiful flame, which wastes much of its energy on empty air. When the hybrid is throttled down by partially closing the oxidizer valve, its efficiency gets worse, sometimes falling as low as 20%.

But all such objections are out of date, insists U.T.C.'s Ordahl. He admits that early hybrids spat unburned propellants out their nozzles, but he claims that the habit has been cured by baffles that keep the propellants from escaping before they have mixed and burned. Baffles and other improvements, says Ordahl, have boosted combustion efficiency to 90% in some U.T.C. hybrids. Aerojet-General Corp. has a different kind of baffle that is said to get 95%. The Reaction Motors Division of Thiokol Chemical Corp. believes that good burning under variable conditions can best be had by injecting extra oxidizer near the rear of the combustion chamber or downstream from the baffles.

Looking into the future, the hybrid men see big hybrid space boosters using extremely cheap fuels: liquid oxygen and ordinary rubber. For extra performance in upper-stage rockets, they have high hopes for hybrids using fuel that is almost entirely powdered metal. If a little hydrogen is burned along with the metal and its oxidizer, the hybrid will become a "tribrid." Its specific impulse will rise into the range of the engines to be built nuclear rockets. But there will be nothing like the "nukes" for ease ties in cost and danger.

ELECTRONICS

Battles by Starlight

The sentry nervously stares at the ink-dark night. Among the rustling leaves and insects he hears a hostile sound. He raises his rifle presses an eye to a rubber cup at end of a tubular scope. Now blackness turns into an eerie green glow; sentry can see trees, bushes, rocks. enemy patrol is creeping toward he can spot the moving figures surprising ease.

So far, such scenes have been out only in practice, but the Army new night-seeing scope is proving practical that it soon will be made quantity for troops in the field. once on active duty, the new sight devices should prove to be a ma advance over the famed snooperscope that were so useful in World War The trouble with the snooperscopes that they needed their own light so —a searchlight that illuminated the with an infra-red beam. That was visible to the naked eye but could ily be seen by an enemy equipped relatively simple detection devices. snooperscope sniper often found himself a sitting duck, his own infra searchlight pinpointing his position

The Army's new night peeper has no such signature. It needs only faint light that comes from the moon stars or sky glow, which is never tirely absent. This light, bouncing targets, is focused on a semitransparent screen at the front end of an extremely sensitive electron tube. The screen photoemissive—it gives off electrons when struck by the faintest light. The photoelectrons are then speeded up high electrical charges so that when they hit a phosphor (luminescent screen in the tube, they make a much brighter image. The process is repeated three times, until it produces a picture thousands of times brighter than the starlit target viewed by an unaided eye.

The night-light scopes have $18 million of development behind them. They come in three sizes. The smallest which fits on a rifle or can be used as hand telescope, weighs only 5½ lbs. cluding its 6-volt batteries. Larger lb. scopes with a wider field of view meant for use with recoilless rifles other crew-handled weapons. The gest scopes weigh 40 lbs. and sit on tripods. Through their wide-angle lenses, a commander can keep track the stumbling confusion of a night tle. He can see his own forces along the enemy's, and hopefully send lightened orders that will result in starlit victory.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TODAY IN AUSTRALIA

What's new in this land of rapid growth and huge potential

Adds Up

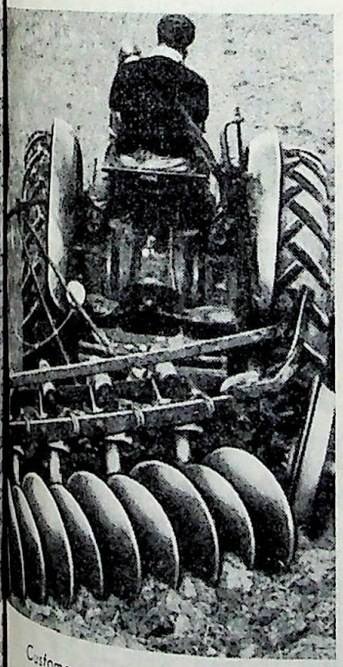
Australia is fast becoming one of the world's most "computerised" countries on a population basis. It is estimated that the Australian computer market is growing at the rate of about 35 per cent a year. When a new computer is operating in Sydney's Stock Exchange in January it will, says the Exchange Chairman, "put Sydney a full five years ahead of any other Stock Exchange in the world. Nowhere else is there a central system, equipped to do, to serve every data processing need of an entire broking community."

Sweet Story

Every last spoonful of sugar you used today may have come from Australia's large and fast expanding sugar industry—one of the country's biggest export earners. Last year Australian sugar production totalled about 1¾ million tons but after a planned £A50 million expansion programme is finished in 1965 this should be lifted well over 2 million tons of sugar annually, most of the export.

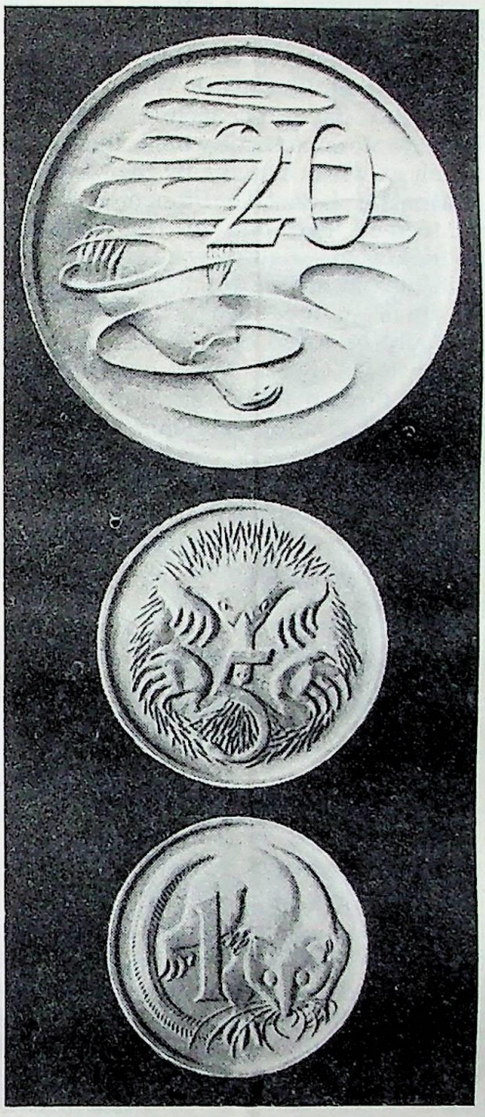
Ploughs

Some of the most peaceful nations don't want to beat down their guns to make ploughshares any more. Farmers around the world now prefer disc ploughs to the old mouldboard type—and an Australian company is one of the major suppliers of these discs to 30 countries. Farmers in Greece, Africa, South America,



Customers in 30 countries

Pakistan, Burma, the Philippines, New Zealand and many other South Asian and Pacific areas are customers of this Australian company (Sutton McKay Limited), one-third of whose output goes overseas.



To coin a new phrase

D-Day

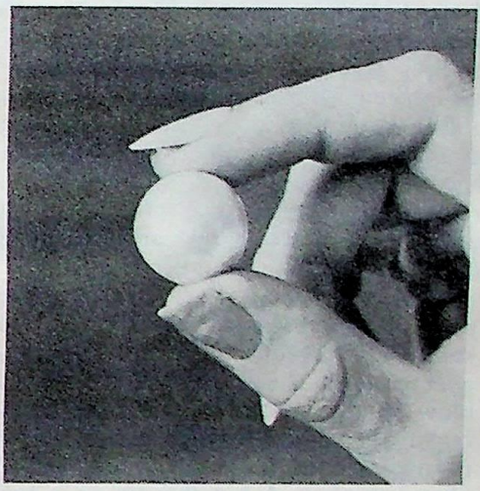
After a lifetime of pounds, shillings and pence, Australia will soon begin to count in dollars and cents. The old system of 12 pennies to a shilling and 20 shillings to a pound that came out from Britain will be replaced by a decimal system. Two dollars will equal one old pound and a whole range of attractive new coins featuring Australian animals has already been designed by an Australian artist. Cost of the business machine changeover will be around £A32 million. The Australian Government will recompense private enterprise for the cost of conversion.

Seats Please

When the horses gallop down the straight at Ipoh in Malaysia the cheering punters will soon be seated (or standing, depending on the closeness of the finish) in a £A1¼ million grandstand designed by a group of Australian architects. The design for the 750 ft. long grandstand holding 6,000 people won a world-wide competition held by the Perak Turf Club. Australia's well-known sports consciousness can be turned to profitable use

Pearly King

The first major crops of Australian cultured pearls have been exported from Sydney this year. They are the world's biggest cultured pearls, varying in size from 11 mm. up to 20 mm. The secret? Dinner-plate size Silverslip oysters which grow pearls 18 mm. in diameter in less than two years. The abundance in Australian waters of



. . . adding new lustre to exports

materials oysters eat contributes to the Silverslip's remarkable rate of growth. Experts predict that Australian pearl farming will be a multi-million-pound industry within a few years.

Matter of Hours

Come to Australia and judge the business opportunities for yourself. Qantas V-Jets—fastest Jets in round-world service—will fly you to Australia in a matter of hours from America, Europe, Asia and the Orient. Your Travel Agent or Qantas will show you how little extra it costs to include Australia in your next round-world itinerary. Ask Qantas all about Qantas air cargo offering fast, frequent service to all parts of the world, with renowned Qantas care.

AUSTRALIA'S ROUND-WORLD AIRLINE

QANTAS

44 YEARS OF DEPENDABLE SERVICE

QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED, in association with Air India, B.O.A.C.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Mistress to a Monument

LIFE WITH PICASSO *by Françoise Gilot and Carlton Lake.* 373 pages. *McGraw-Hill.* $6.95.

After nine years and two children, Françoise Gilot finally left Pablo Picasso, reportedly exclaiming: "I am not living with a man, but with a monument." Many women have tried to live with the monument who, as the greatest living artist, was bound to make it a monumental task. Françoise was his fourth long-term mistress, escaped becoming his second wife. Now, twelve years after the end of the affair, Françoise recollects in tranquillity—something she rarely had with Picasso—with the aid of the Paris art correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor.

In his courtship of Françoise, Picasso didn't show her his etchings—he showed her how to etch. Since she was a full 40 years younger than he, she had to pass acid-test encounters with Gertrude Stein, Braque, Matisse, Cocteau, and a dozen other greats before she could share his life. Yet, judging from her memoirs, crammed with incredible recall, she was a cool creature who passed the tests but, instead of sharing his life, only came to understand it.

Marriage Album. Everything had the power to stir Picasso's imagination. He kept owls, pigeons, even a smelly he-goat around the house. He loved to blow loudly on an old French army bugle. He was superstitious to a degree unsuspected in such an undisciplined liberal thinker. A hat thrown on a bed (meaning that someone in the house was going to die before the year was over) could throw him into a tantrum. Dancing was total depravity to Picasso, who was otherwise unbothered by convention.

Picasso was a collector of people as well as things. He constantly visited Françoise's predecessor, Dora Maar, who responded by conventionally snubbing Françoise when they met. It did not bother him a bit that his first wife, Olga, trailed Françoise around the streets. He even kept an entire apartment in Paris, where he had lived with Olga, intact. His suits were still there, moth-eaten to the seams; paintings were slathered with inches of dust. But Picasso regarded it as a kind of album of his first marriage. Taken to see it, Françoise began to think of Picasso as some sort of Bluebeard. Writes she: "I began to have the feeling that if I looked into a closet, I would find half a dozen ex-wives hanging by their necks."

Monster Love. To Françoise, Picasso seemed like one of his recurrent mythological figures—the minotaur. Painfully aware of his bandy legs and his small stature, Picasso believed that he could be loved only because he was a monster. "God is really only another artist," Picasso told Françoise. "He invented the giraffe, the elephant and the cat. He just keeps on trying other things. The same with this sculptor [himself]. First he works from nature; then he tries abstraction. Finally he winds up lying around caressing his models."

For a woman who spent so long with Picasso, Françoise writes as if love's labor's lost. But in the minotaur's caress, Françoise admits that she found herself. No woman could ask for more.

Misery in Eden

THE ARISTOS *by John Fowles.* 246 pages. *Little, Brown.* $5.

In British Author John Fowles's brilliant first novel, *The Collector*, one of the most cunning evil characters of modern fiction utterly vanquishes the good. As if to make amends, Fowles has now written a philosophical work whose theme is the *aristos*, Greek for the excellent in life. Good novels dom make good philosophers, versa; but Fowles is obviously in both fields.

JOHN FOWLES
Adrift in a boundless ocean.

Fowles's acknowledged mentor 6th century B.C. Greek thinker clitus, whose extant work consists of brief fragments declaring cry- that the universe is in flux, that ceaseless struggle of opposites: water, earth and spirit, love and Fowles shares Heraclitus' reverence life, his clear-eyed contemplation tragic, his love of paradox; and even more eloquent.

"I live in hazard and infinity," writes. "The cosmos stretches me, meadow on meadow of reach on reach of dark space, of stars, oceanic darkness and There is no god in it, no particular cern or particular mercy. Yet where I see a living balance, a tension, an enormous yet mys simplicity, an endless breathing And I comprehend that being is standing, that I must exist in haz that the whole is not in hazard and knowing this is being conscious cepting it is being human."

Designed to Want. Man is adrift raft in a boundless ocean, writes Fowles. "From his present dissatisfaction reasons that there was some cata ic wreck in the past, before which was happy; some golden age, Garden of Eden. He also reasons somewhere ahead lies a promised Meanwhile, he is miserably *en passe*. But if man were to find his writes Fowles, he would be much miserable. For man is made to and yearn: "We are designed to with nothing to want, we are like mills in a world without wind."

In fact, facing up to the finality death is a liberation; it makes life more precious: "The idea that death not absolute consoles the childish vidual, but prevents society from

S.P.A.D.E.M.

PICASSO'S MINOTAUR (1933)

ROBERT DOISNEAU

FRANÇOISE GILOT & FRIEND

Recalling goats, owls, pigeons and a hat on the bed.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

FOWLES
undless ocean.

Good novel
hilosophers,
s obviously

edged mentor
Greek thinker
work consist
declaring cry
in flux, that
f opposites:
pirit, love and
clitus' reverer
contemplation
paradox; and
.
and infinity," F
os stretches
neadow of
dark space,
darkness and
t, no particul
mercy. Yet
balance, a
ous yet mys
ss breathing
that being is
st exist in haz
ot in hazard
being conscio
human."
nt. Man is adri
ocean, writes F
dissatisfactio
vas some cata
st, before wh
golden age
He also reason
ies a promised
iserably *en pas*
to find his
would be much
is made to
e designed to
nt, we are like
thout wind."
up to the fin
; it makes life
e idea that
es the childis
s society from

If it were proved that there is
afterlife, life would be irretrievably
. It would be pointless; and sui-
a virtue."

he many another existentialist-type
. Fowles combines a cosmic pes-
sm with a reformer's drive to im-
the world. Less interesting and
owing on such topics as cybernet-
d birth control, he is nonetheless
ally sensible, and his strictures
against all dogmatic camps are
"A Christian says, 'If all were
ll would be happy.' A social-
ts, 'If all were happy, all would
d.' A mystic says, 'If all were
e, happiness and goodness would
matter.' A humanist says, 'Happi-
nd goodness need more analysis.'
xistentialist tries to commit him-
o what is best of the best philoso-
or the given situation."

e for a Truce. Fowles concludes
it is possible that some of life's
sies can be reconciled. Man is un-
sarily passionate on the one hand
quarrelsome on the other. The
emotion supports the other; and
violence of human history is the
consequence of this alternation.
es coolly urges a return to clas-
harmony, the "avoidance of wast-
ergy, of pointless battle, of unnec-
y suffering. There is no inescapa-
eed for man to be his own worst
y. Many other things are queuing
e that role."

hat Fowles means by "other things"
roblems of overpopulation, pover-
d ignorance. It is time, he writes,
an to come to terms with his ten-
and to get on with the practical
ss of making the world a better
o live in.

od Hatred

E FAMILY OF PASCUAL DUARTE *by*
o José Cela, *translated and with an*
duction by Anthony Kerrigan. 166
es. *Atlantic-Little, Brown.* $4.50.

ain's centuries of in- and over-
ing have produced bravery as well
emophilia—and an anti-hero like
al Duarte. He is a rogue in the
of being, like the fighting bull,
ally bred, running separate from
erd, amuck, savage and destruc-
He is a basic black part of the
ish conscience.

s family is what the Spanish call
podrida, or rotten pot, a mess. His
al father dies, literally, rabid. His
cile brother, whose ears were
ed off by a hog, drowns in an oil
Rosario, his sister, is the only one
ual even begins to love. She is a
e practically from puberty. His
ings for her are more than slightly
uous. When her lover seduces Pas-
's wife, Pascual kills him.

Pascual's cuckold horns become the
s of the sacrificial Spanish bull.
ng drawn blood, he charges on till
ores the very flesh that made him:
mother, whom he guiltily loves and

hates, who symbolizes Spain. "There is no deeper hatred than blood hatred, hatred for one's own blood," reflects Pascual. He hates his mother for her blasphemy, sluttishness, ignorance and indifference. She cannot even produce tears at the funeral of her younger son. Unconsciously, Pascual decides she will weep blood.

Knife in hand, he finds himself standing over the mother's bed, but he cannot kill her in her sleep. When she wakes, shrieking, he jumps on her and they fight, tearing one another's clothes until "her mouth found my nipple, my left nipple, and tore it away. That was the moment I sank the blade into her throat . . . Her blood spurted all over my face. It was warm as a soft belly and tasted like the blood of a lamb."

Though it has appeared in 13 Spanish editions and 16 translations (including one in England in 1946), this novel has waited 22 years for U.S. readership, in part because it is short in length, and certainly not sweet. Deep in the classic Spanish vein, it is a tragedy of blood, relentless as a *corrida*, cruel as an *auto-da-fé*.

JUAN DE JUAN

CAMILO CELA
Deep in the Spanish vein.

Tea & Tedium

CHILDREN OF VIOLENCE: MARTHA QUEST AND A PROPER MARRIAGE *by Doris Lessing.* 605 pages. *Simon & Schuster.* $7.50.

We are all prisoners of our mechanisms, of the harsh or easy tyrannies of our bodies and of society. Possession of intelligence does not change this galling truth; it merely makes us aware of it. The rebellious spirit is jerked short by the end of the chain.

This is the theme that slowly surfaces in these first two novels of what Doris Lessing plans as a five-novel-cycle. The heroine is a girl of middle-class English parents who was born and grows up in a British colony in Africa. Her name, Martha Quest, is recognized first as

T-6411

Just hold an Asahi Pentax

... AND YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHY THIS CAMERA IS THE ULTIMATE CHOICE OF DISCERNING PHOTOGRAPHERS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Asahi Pentax is a beautifully balanced instrument. It's smooth. Precise. Incredibly accurate. Very easy to handle. It *feels* right. Fast too. It's meticulously constructed for constant heavy handling. And the lenses are outstanding both in appearance and performance. Another real advantage of an Asahi Pentax is its *do-anything* versatility. The comprehensive range of high quality accessories enables you to build up a complete system which prepares you for any demand: from microphotography to extra long range telephotography, high speed action subjects to portraiture. *Just hold an Asahi Pentax at your dealer's soon!*

Asahi Optical Co., Ltd.
C.P.O. 895, Tokyo

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

lame symbolism and then as intentional irony. Martha is not questing for anything. Her father is an unsuccessful farmer and a passionate hypochondriac; her mother is a graceless worshipper of convention.

When the reader meets Martha in the mid-1930s, she is a 15-year-old rationalist who contemptuously understands everything about her parents except how they got that way. Yet by her early 20s, she herself is, by what seems at the time her own choice, the wife of a standard-model civil servant and the mother of a conventional child. Although she has "views"—she disbelieves vaguely in the color bar—she is accepted placidly by colonial suburbia. Then she discovers that she feels as if she were going mad. Older wives smile kindly and say, Yes, that's right, everyone feels that way.

In this situation, an American housewife would get a divorce or take a course in something. By the end of these 600 pages, Martha has indeed left her husband, and also joined a Communist Party cell. But Martha is moved to redecorate her mind by impulses that would prompt a less intelligent woman to change the slip covers in her living room. She serves the cause of world revolution because she is bored with serving tea cakes.

Doris Lessing has the rare skill to deal seriously with a female main character who falls into the large but artistically troublesome range between prostitute and nun. Perhaps because the novels are more autobiography than fiction, the author suffers curiously from her heroine's flaw of vision; she is unwilling to look with interest at anything outside Martha.

Blunted Needle

NOVA EXPRESS *by William S. Burroughs.* 187 pages. *Grove.* $5.

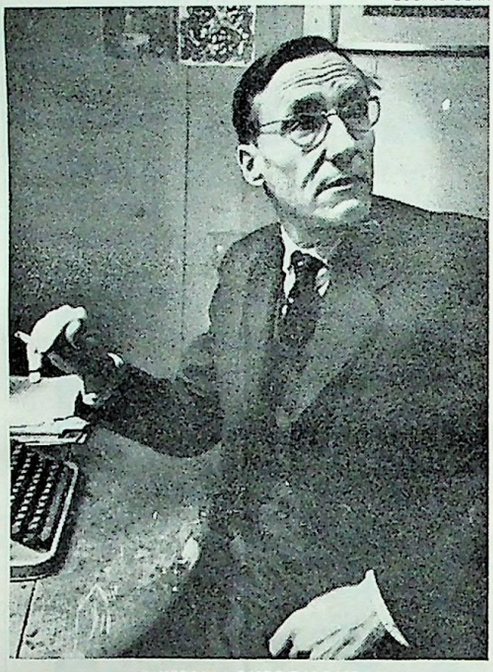
Nominally novels, William Burroughs' works are, more precisely, potluck: the cauldron, having flipped its lid, spills nightmare fantasies, sick jokes, narcotic dreams and polemics against pushers and in favor of the apomorphine cure. And, of course, concedes the author, "obscenity is coldly added as the total weapon."

With that sort of prospectus, the St. Louis-born Tangier expatriate was ordained as the high priest of the beats even before his first "novel," *Naked Lunch*, was off the Grove press. Now, in his second of what promises to be a Doomsday Quartet, Burroughs invokes a personal and "very inglorious Pantheon to give the modern world the needle in the same way Zeus and his gang broke up the ancient one." His Zenlike Zeus is the Persian Hassan-*i-Sabbah*, prophet of an 11th century cult of hashish takers.

Burroughs feels very close to Hassan; he says Hassan seems to dictate portions of his novels. Vying to usurp Hassan's dominion over earth are lesser but formidable rival gods, including 1) the lecherous ones of Venus, who are dosing man with the Orgasm Drug to draw him into fatal orgies; 2) the totalitarian of the Crab Galaxy, who have ready giant ovens to bake humans into insectlike critters in a hivelike commune; and 3) the plain old hophead gods of Uranus, who have become radioactive themselves and are plotting to frizzle Earthmen with their own radioactivity.

This unholy trinity constitutes the Nova Mob, a sort of celestial Cosa Nostra, and the book begins with "total disaster *now* on tracks" for earth, and "the whole planet absolutely flapping hysterical with panic." Any reader who hopes to learn in the end whether the

LOOMIS DEAN



WILLIAM BURROUGHS
Obscenity as a total weapon.

Nova Mob outwits the efforts of Hassan's Nova Police to save the world reveals a hidebound, un-hip fixation with the old plotted fiction.

Occasionally, Burroughs' hollow humor draws a hollow belly laugh, as when one Nova Mobster, The Subliminal Kid, eggs on the civilized world toward a mind-shattering collapse by playing over and over (on loudspeakers that cannot be turned off) unrelated sound tapes of jack hammers, jukeboxes and cocktail-hour persiflage. But mostly the novel is a stream of unpunctuated non sequiturs, in which coherence seems inadvertent and in which Burroughs' scatological and pornographic effects no longer seem to shock.

Also Current

LET IN THE SUN *by Woody Klein.* 297 pages. *Macmillan.* $5.95.

The house at 311 East 100th Street in Harlem enjoys a reputation for being the grubbiest slum building on the grubbiest slum street in the U.S. It has been the scene of countless fires, fights, arrests, knifings, suicides, and a few deaths that defy all explanation. Woody Klein, reporter for the New York World-Telegram and Sun, relates the depressing history of this house, all the more depressing because politicians, social workers, and no end of other do-gooders have been promising to clean it up for decades, and yet nothing has actually been done. The fault, Reporter Klein finds, lies largely with the lethargy of the city government and the profits to be had from slums. Avaricious landlords make a killing by collecting rents without making any repairs, then selling out quickly. Because they do not consider that owning a slum building is much of a crime, local judges usually hand down notoriously light sentences. On those rare occasions when slumlords are haled into court. But as the great housing reformer, Jacob Riis, once put it, "Murder is murder, whether it is done with an axe or with a house."

SHORT FRIDAY AND OTHER STORIES *by Isaac Bashevis Singer.* 243 pages. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* $4.95.

In every man there is a bit of devil that will not be exorcised. This is the informing spirit of the world of Isaac Singer, who was born in Poland 70 years ago and still writes in Yiddish though he has lived in the U.S. since 1935. In one characteristic fable, a deserted wife is consoled by an affair with a prankster posing as a demon; in another, a husband's daydream of adultery turns into nightmare when his genie procures for him a repugnant witch. Then once, in Singer's *The Last Demon*, to give an imp face unemployment, and it is then merely technological. Seeking final success, the imp tries to lure a villager into an affair with an official's wife. Grumbles the frustrated imp: 'I had my handkerchief ready if he should spit on me. So what does the man do? 'Why waste your breath?' he calls angrily. 'I'm willing. Start working on her.' " Who needs demons when man himself is a demon?

ARGEN THE GULL *by Frank Russell.* 238 pages. *Knopf.* $4.95.

Author Russell has zeroed in on one particular *Larus argentatus*, or herring gull, and produced an odd, passionate saga of its free life and very hard times. Russell scrutinizes "Argen's" birth from egg to watery grave 20 years later, an exceptionally long life span as calamity-prone gulls go. He shadows Argen in the flock and drifting solo, molting and mating, gorging and regurgitating, rising and falling in the pecking order. Without ever bringing man into his pages, Russell draws an obvious comparison between the life of the gull and man both caught in the grip of habit and driven by the search for home. So long as his big motivation remains unstated and merely implied, Author Russell flies straight and true, occasionally soaring in his prose to the seeming effortlessness of his subject. But when he succumbs to the temptation to personify, he is in trouble. In fact, he succumbs to gullibility.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

First on the Pacific . . . First on the Atlantic . . . First in Latin America . . . First 'Round the World

That wonderful Pan Am feeling

It's reserved for Pan Am travelers.

Wherever they go—Asia, throughout the Pacific, the U.S.A., Europe, Africa, the Caribbean, Central or South America or 'Round the World—they feel *better* because they're flying Pan Am. No wonder. Pan Am is the world's most experienced airline.

Pan Am's Experience means more to them—and to you—than all that we or anyone else can offer you on a Jet trip.

It means more than the convenience of hundreds of Pan Am flights linking major cities throughout the world. More than cuisine by *Maxim's of Paris* and matchless cabin service.

It goes much deeper than the fact that Pan Am's flight and maintenance crews are trained to U.S. standards. And there are none higher.

It goes far beyond the fact that Pan Am can be your home away from home, where you can get travel help in 900 offices throughout the world.

It has everything to do with your frame of mind—the good feeling that's yours when you know that you've chosen to fly the very best there is: the World's Most Experienced Airline.

For reservations, see your Pan Am Travel Agent, or Pan Am.

PAN AM

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE GREATEST NAME IN CIGARETTES

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING KING SIZE VIRGINIA

All over the world more people smoke Rothmans than any other King Size Virginia. For smoothness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you, try Rothmans King Size and you'll agree: Rothmans King Size really satisfies.

WORLD COPYRIGHT

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

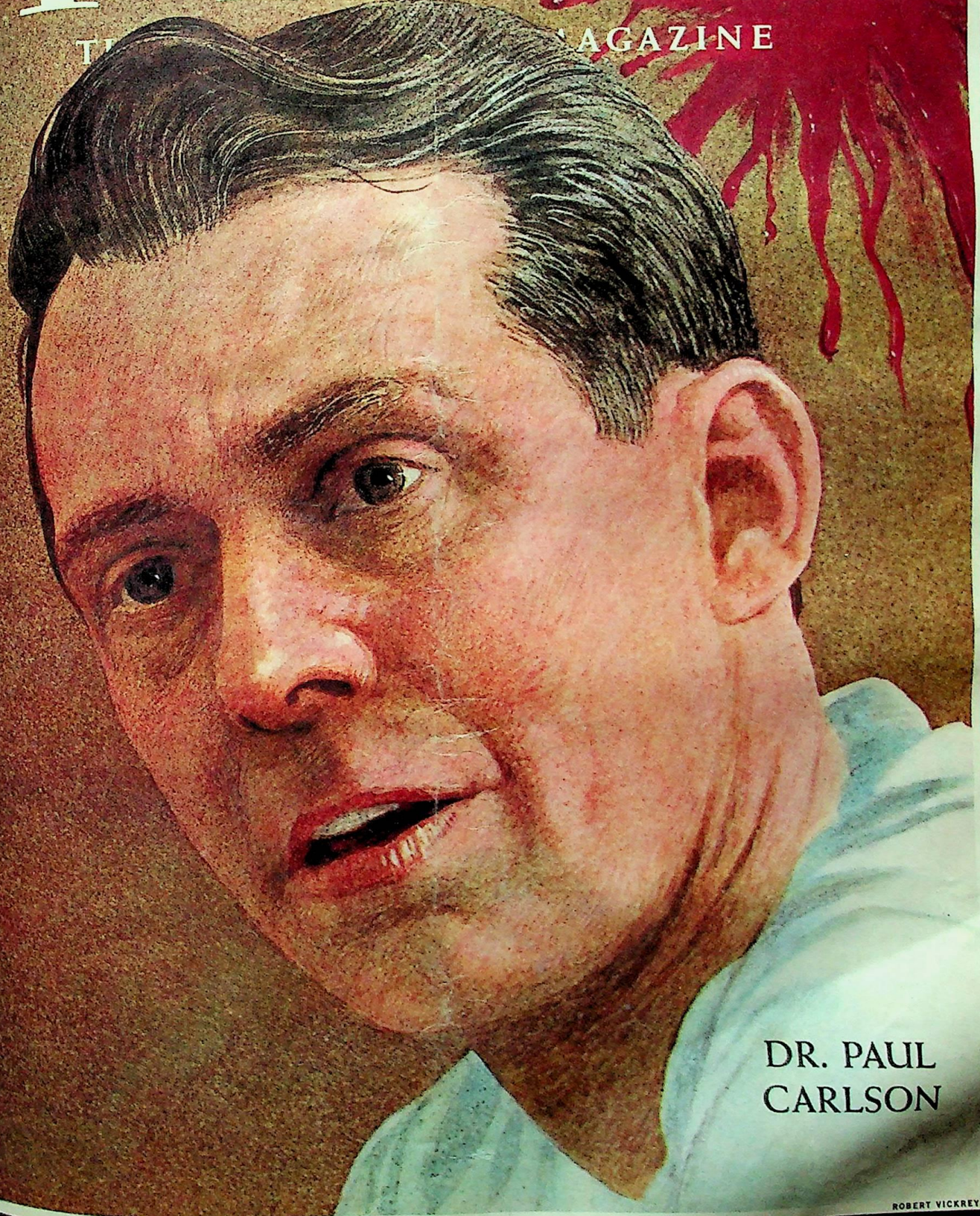
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ECEMBER 4, 1964

THE CONGO MASSACRE

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



DR. PAUL CARLSON

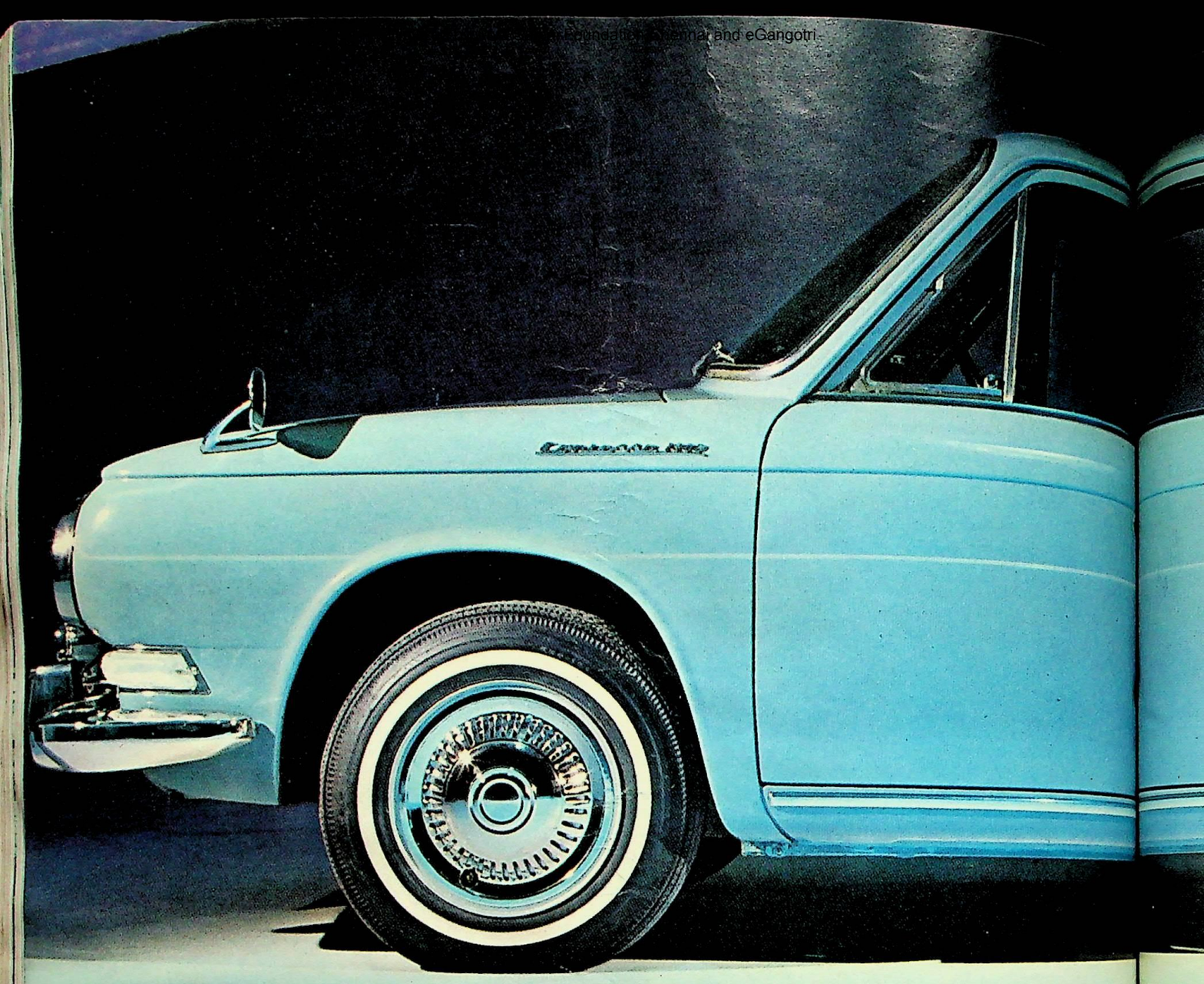
ROBERT VICKREY

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BERMUDA ... $1.50 GUAM ... 30¢ KOREA ... W 70 PAKISTAN ... Rs. 1.50 THAILAND ... B 7
BRITISH WEST INDIES ... $1.50 HONG KONG ... $1.50 PHILIPPINES ... P 1.50 U.S. ARMED FORCES ... 10¢
CANADA ... $1.50 INDIA ... Rs. 1.50 RYUKYUS ... $1.50 VIET NAM ... VN$20

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



THE NEW COMPETITION PERFORMANCE

Contessa 1300

Stile Torinese

■ Take a good look. The styling of Turin—Stile Torinese—is obvious. Designed by world-famous Italian auto stylist G. Michelotti, the beautifully executed Contessa 1300 possesses the classic look . . . with that unmistakable Italian flair.

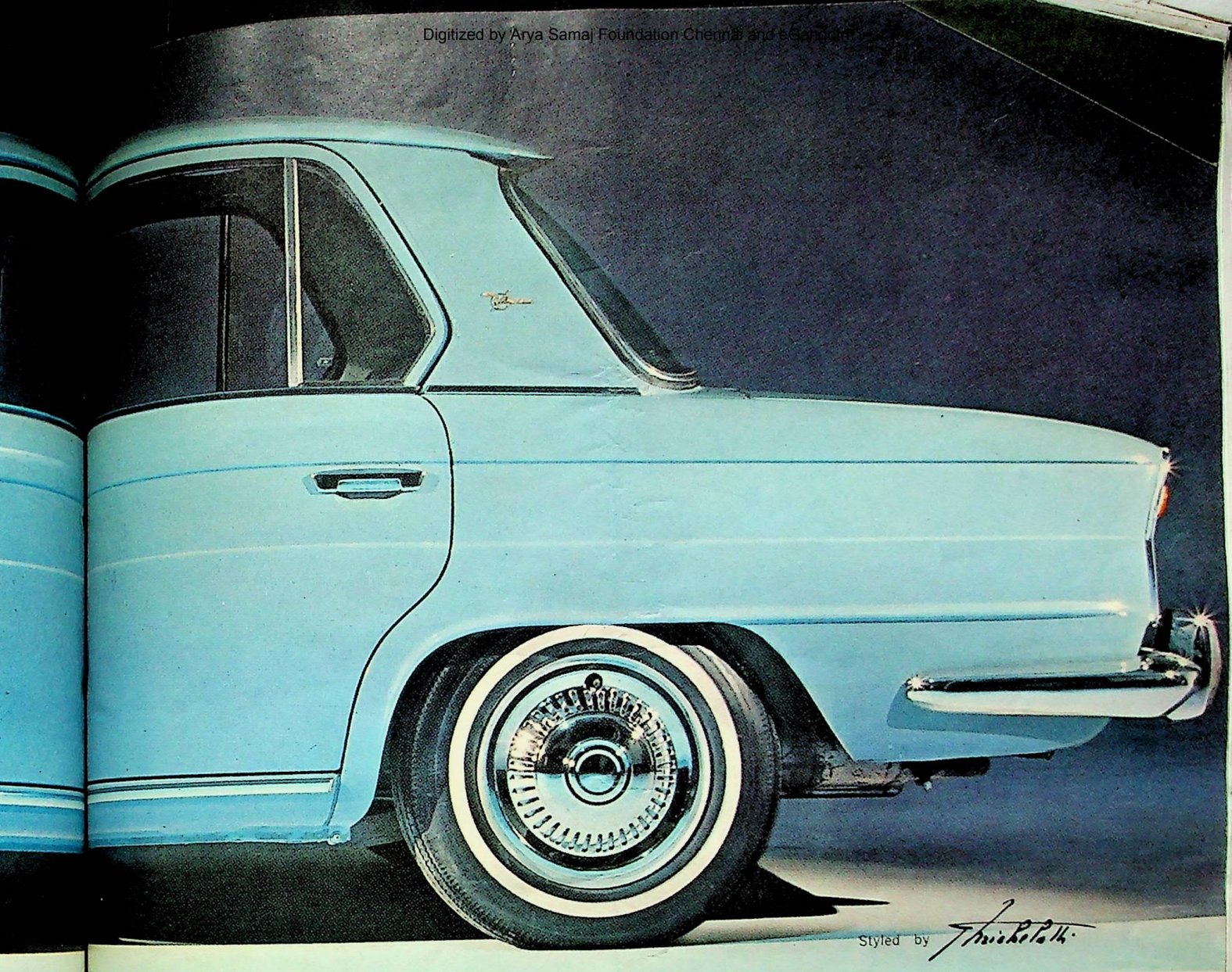
But wait till you drive it. You'll marvel at its competition performance. Shift into low. Tramp on the accelerator. You'll rip out like an impatient thoroughbred. Roar into a turn . . . flat, fast cornering with dead-accurate steering. Speed down the highway . . . remarkable handling ease and *stability*, even on slick conditions. Stop! You'll do it on a dime with swerve-free, no-dive tendencies . . . *thanks* to exclusive Optimum Balance and extra-large brakes.

Every one of Contessa 1300's beautifully crafted components is functionally designed to combine *competition performance* with cushioned riding comfort and care-free maintenance. Extreme

esponsive
hift or 4-
uspension
ench sea
ench type
he all-new
o discove
isit your

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Styled by Ghia

esponsive 1251 cc GR100 rear-mounted engine with 5-bearing crankshaft. Choose from standard shift or 4-speed stick shift, each with crunch-proof, all-synchromesh gear box. 4-wheel independent suspension. Rack and pinion steering. Luxurious interior appointments with new comfort-styled bench seats for standard shift model and bucket seats for stick shift model. Rear seats are bench type in both models. These and hundreds of other premium features are incorporated into the all-new design of the Contessa 1300.

So discover a new world of pure driving excitement . . . test-drive the Contessa 1300 today. Simply visit your nearest Hino dealer. Just seeing it will be worth the trip.

Hino HINO MOTORS, LTD.
Tokyo, Japan

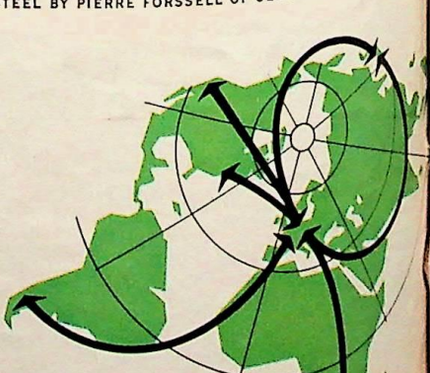
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

STAINLESS STEEL BY PIERRE FORSSELL OF GENSE, ESKILSTUNA, SWEDEN

SCANDINAVIAN MODERN is Forssell stainless steel ...and the touch of precision in air travel

Some say precision is an obsession with Scandinavians. The Scandinavians say nothing else will do—in fashioning stainless steel, or running an airline. This handsome tableware also suggests another trait, the inimitable Scandinavian way with food. The two talents, meticulous care and open-hearted hospitality, are important reasons why SAS is so successful in making travel a pleasure. Enjoy them next time you fly. And ship your air cargo by SAS for extra care, too.

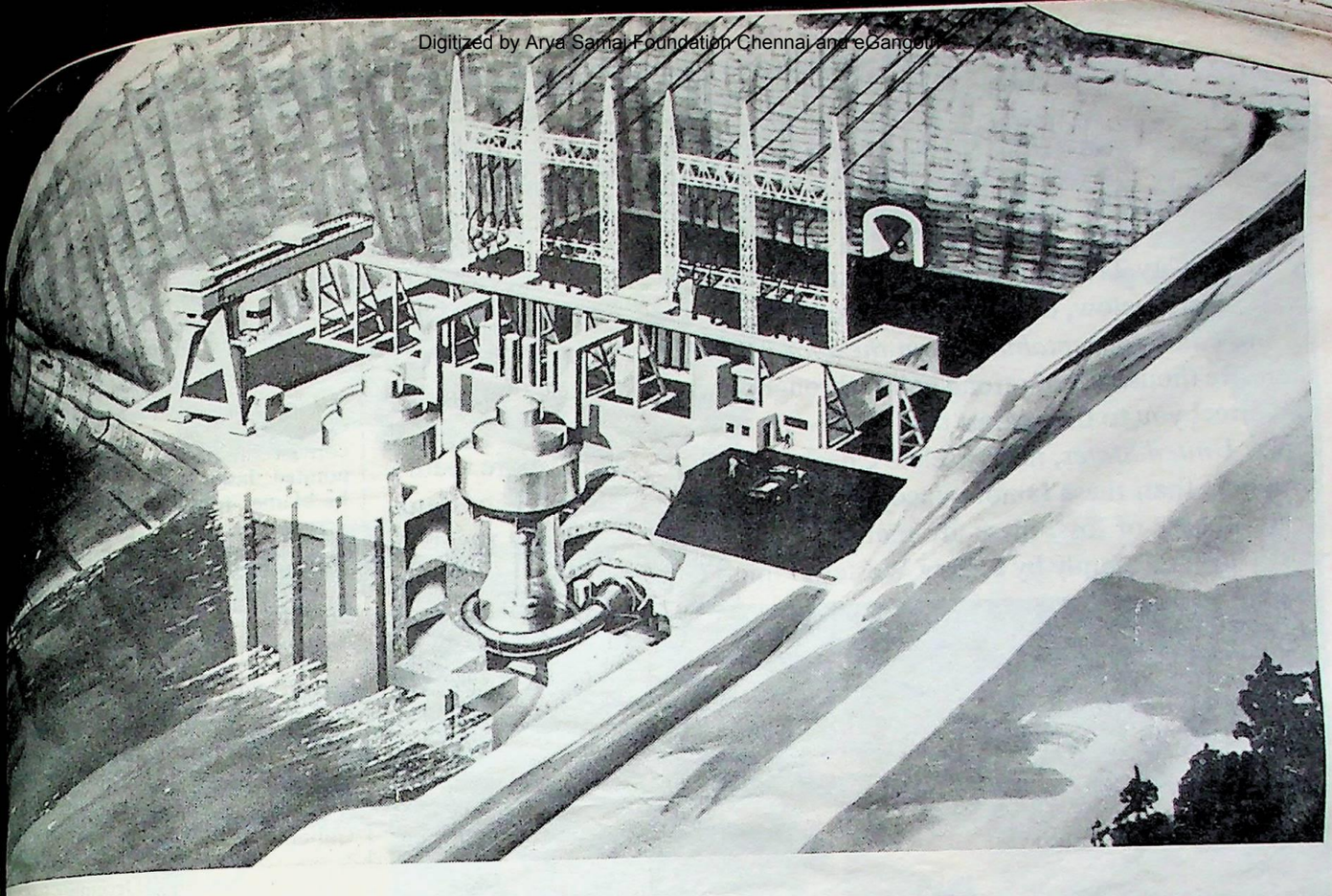


FLY SCANDINAVIAN MODERN—WORLDWIDE

SAS SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

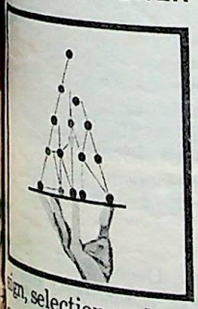
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



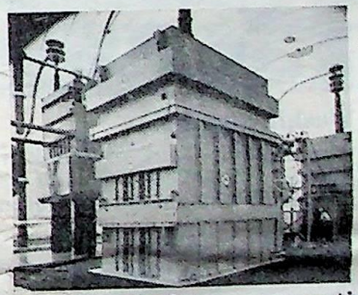
Unusual hydroelectric generating system for peak-demand periods: it needs no river

t the Taum Sauk pumped-storage project in Missouri, llis-Chalmers reversible pump-turbines send water 800 t uphill to a reservoir during low-demand periods — in single pumping stage. During peak demand periods, e water flows back through the turbines to generate ectricity.

OW TO GET HELP IN DEVELOPING YOUR OUNTRY'S POWER POTENTIAL:



If your country has latent power potential—oil, gas or other fuel reserves waiting to be utilized—you may well be interested in the help that Allis-Chalmers can offer. We are prepared to participate in handling all the details of constructing major generating facilities—initial design, selection and erection of equipment and structures, operator training and startup. A current project of Allis-Chalmers is the Pamba-Kakki hydroelectric development in Kerala, India. A-C not only designed the generating and power transmission facility, but provided and installed all the equipment for it — ranging from trash rakes to turbines to switchgear and transformers. Write for information on the full range of Allis-Chalmers project-management services for the power industry.



HOW TO CUT COST OF TRANSMISSION BY 50%:

Our specialists in high-voltage power transmission believe that it is more economical to generate power at the fuel source — and transmit it over long distances — rather than transport the fuel to a generating station near the point of use. They calculate savings of long-distance power transmission at 50%. Extra-high-voltage transmission makes these savings possible. For more than 40 years, A-C has been designing and building extra-high-voltage transformers. And during that time, not one of these transformers has suffered an insulation failure. Allis-Chalmers International, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201, U.S.A.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ALLIS-CHALMERS.

Through our world-wide network of factories, representatives, distributors and licensees you will find a single source for planning, manufacture and installation of equipment in basic fields such as these: generation, distribution and control of electricity; construction; cement, mining; agriculture; pulp and paper; sugar; public works; oil refining; food and chemical processing; textile manufacturing; metalworking and general manufacturing.

A-6412

ALLIS-CHALMERS

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam 18, Netherlands. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries listed elsewhere. Additional pages of regional editions numbered or allowed for as follows: South East Asia S1-S12, EMA Publ. Domain Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

CC-0

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

These 3 tests prove First National City Travelers Checks are "Better Than Money"®

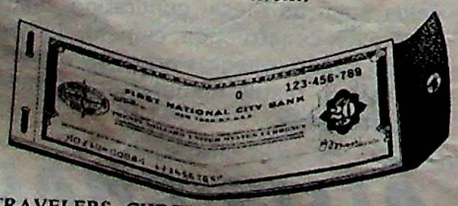
National City Travelers Checks are the best way to carry money. Actual tests, shown below, demonstrate three specific reasons: *ready availability ...immediate acceptability...on-the-spot refundability.* In case of loss, there are thousands of refund points throughout the world...leading hotels can direct you to the nearest one.

In the United States, no Travelers Check is more spendable, more readily available than these famous checks backed by First National City Bank. And, in case of loss, there are many thousands of U.S. refund points... easily located simply by calling Western Union Operator 25.

Test No. 1–Refundability–in Washington, D. C.
In this test, vacationing Mr. and Mrs. David Jalbert, of Brooklyn Hgts., N. Y., burned $220 of National City Travelers Checks; called Western Union Operator 25. Directed to Riggs National Bank, they received an immediate on-the-spot refund.

Test No. 2–Acceptability–in Waikiki
The S. Joseph Gores of Florissant, Mo., enjoy a ride in one of Hawaii's famous outriggers. They paid for this fun, as for all travel expenses, with National City Travelers Checks.

Test No. 3–Availability–in Mexico City
Dom Algieri, of Nutley, N.J., used additional cash to purchase more National City Travelers Checks. Banks everywhere carry them.



OFFICIAL TRAVELERS CHECK NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1964-65
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 2

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 7:30 p.m.).* Japan's top cameramen ... the lives of five Japanese from ... strata of society, all beset by the ... of adjusting to the nation's ... Westernized way of life.

Thursday, December 3

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 10-11 ... Guest Star Robert Redford is an ... convict intent on killing his ... pointed lawyer (E. G. Marshall), ... he blames for his life sentence.

Friday, December 4

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER ... ATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Roddy ... Dowall plays a dizzy young scientist ... a slapstick comedy of errors. Color.

12 O'CLOCK HIGH (ABC, 9:30-10 ... p.m.). While a stowaway on a bomber ... young clerk (Brandon de Wilde) is ... to operate the turret gun.

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10 ... p.m.). Guests are the brilliant ... May-Mike Nichols team, and Zsa ... Gabor.

Saturday, December 5

EXPLORING (NBC, 12:30-1 p.m.). ... sun as a source of energy is explained ... to children. Color.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (N ... 9-10:43 p.m.). Spencer Tracy and Rob ... Ryan in M-G-M's *Bad Day at Black R* ... 1955. Color.

Sunday, December 6

LOOK UP AND LIVE (CBS, 10:30 ... a.m.). Freedom inside and outside ... Roman Catholic Church is discussed ... a leading layman and two Jesuit theo ... gians, Father John Courtney Murray ... Austria's Father Karl Rahner.

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-12 noo ... A study of the human brain.

DIRECTIONS (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). ... crassly commercial side of Christmas ... sniped at in a play that finds Santa Cl ... bedeviled by consumer researchers ... pitchmen.

WILD KINGDOM (NBC, 5-5:30 p.m. ... The life of the golden eagle, America ... largest preying bird. Color.

G.E. FANTASY HOUR (NBC, 5:30-6 ... p.m.). An animated musical comed ... based on the saga of *Rudolph, the R* ... *Nosed Reindeer.* Color.

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7 ... p.m.). The story of Richard T. Ely, th ... University of Wisconsin professor wh ... was charged in 1894 with teaching su ... versive ideas.

Monday, December 7

SLATTERY'S PEOPLE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). ... reporter's right to keep secret his source ... is examined when state legislators threa ... en criminal libel proceedings.

Tuesday, December 8

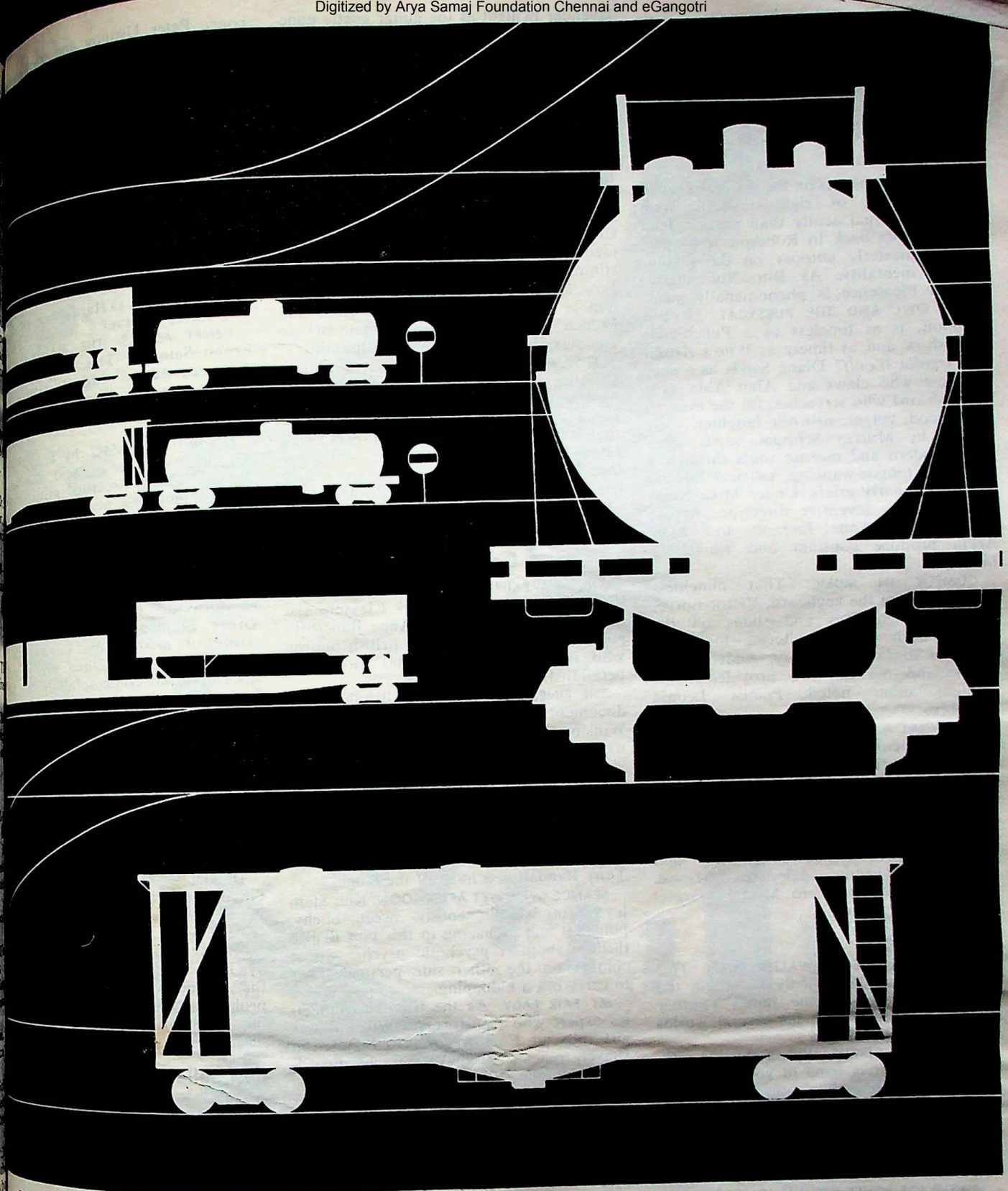
THE BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 ... p.m.). Maurice Chevalier plays host to ... Stanley Holloway and the puppet cast of ... *Les Poupées de Paris.* Color.

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8:30-9 ... 9:30 p.m.). As usual, utterly preposterous ...

* All times E.S.T.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



When it's time to ship your product, you have to get space.

(We make the best space to get.)

General American railroad cars and containers are the best space you can get to ship your products. We sell or lease a complete line of railroad cars, including special cars for the shipment of virtually all bulk liquid and dry commodities. Every GA car incorporates all the latest designs based on our continuing research. And these same advantages apply to our containers and container systems. Our name is General American International. Here's where you get more information. General American International—SARL, 105 Rue Lafayette, Paris 10, France; GATC—P.O. Box 832, Tokyo, Japan; Cable GENAMINT—Chicago.

General American International

135 South LaSalle Street · Chicago, Illinois 60690

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

but fun for that reason. In this installment, Agent Solo (Robert Vaughn) is ordered to destroy some germ-loaded missiles that are being used to goad the U.S. and the Soviet Union into atomic war.

THEATER

On Broadway

POOR BITOS hinges on the visceral French political sport of right-baits-left. With more intellectual acuity than passion Jean Anouilh goes back to Robespierre to perform a masterly autopsy on the revolutionary mentality. As Bitos-Robespierre, Donald Pleasence is phenomenally good.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT, by Bill Manhoff, is as timeless as a Punch-and-Judy show and as timely as *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Diana Sands as a sexy pussycat who claws and Alan Alda as a bookish owl who screeches, fill the evening with good, vulgar, neurotic laughter.

LUV, by Murray Schisgal, sends three very modern and morose souls through a slapstick, tongue-wagging, satirical inferno of cocktail-party griefs. Under Mike Nichols' brilliantly inventive direction, Actors Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin produce constant and rib-aching hilarity.

COMEDY IN MUSIC. That matchless mirthmaster of the keyboard, Victor Borge, riffles through gags and slides off the piano bench without altering his usual mask of disdainful dismay. Added notes, comic and musical, are provided by a straight man, noted Pianist Leonid Hambro.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR. Blending song and satire, *commedia dell' arte* garb and Brechtian notions, Joan Littlewood and her "thinking clowns" effectively depict the foolishness and ironies of the 1914-18 war.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF is a nostalgic folk-musical version of Sholom Aleichem's tales of life in czarist Russia and Aleichem's gentle dairyman, Tevye, brought to life by Zero Mostel's larger-than-life interpretation.

Off Broadway

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY. This engaging musical is lightly based on the days and dreams of the James Thurber character. Scenes from his several worlds are played with bounce.

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS. With a chuckle rather than a sneer, a band of young Englishmen keep their eyes on the oddball and carry a big slapstick in this hilarious revue.

RECORDS

Jazz

PHILLY JOE JONES & ELVIN JONES TOGETHER (Atlantic). Two top drummers (no kin) trade solos in triumphant tattoos and combine in layered rhythms to launch some short flights by Trumpeter Blue Mitchell, Pianist Wynton Kelly and other swingers. Philly Joe rattles the right stereo, Elvin the left.

COLLABORATION: THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET WITH LAURINDO ALMEIDA (Atlantic). The M.J.Q. and the Brazilian guitarist seem meant for each other, like gin and vermouth. Not that they are intoxicating; their colors are muted, their moods refined, their rhythms subtle. They can swing, but seldom do. In Bach's *A Minor Fugue* they demonstrate delicate counterpoint, and in the *Adagio* from the *Concierto de Aranjuez* they conjure up a lavender twilight as the guitar gently punctures the lingering ring of the vibraharp.

OSCAR PETERSON TRIO PLUS ONE (Mercury). The guest plus is Trumpeter Clark Terry, who makes himself right at home, tearing along breakneck above Ray Brown's bouncing bass in *Squeaky's Blues*, weeping into his flugelhorn in *They Didn't Believe Me*, choking out a funny song of his own called *Incoherent Blues*.

THE INDIVIDUALISM OF GIL EVANS (Verve). Evans, revered arranger for Claude Thornhill and Miles Davis, gathered a platoon of excellent musicians to stir musical colors with him (in *The Barbara Song, El Toreador*). The orchestration is sensuously full of woodwinds and French horns, and the arrangements so complex that they invite close listening.

IT'S MONK'S TIME (Thelonious Monk Quartet; Columbia). Monk stubbornly hammered out his style when nobody much cared, still has plenty to say now that he is in a continuous spotlight. Using his own dies to cut the rhythms and shape the harmonies, he remakes each song (*Nice Work if You Can Get It, Memories of You*). *Lulu's Back in Town* is one of his better top-to-toe transformations.

CINEMA

THE PUMPKIN EATER. A marriage is sliced open by Director Jack Clayton, and the raw wounds throb in Anne Bancroft's performance as an oft-wed British matron who is bored, betrayed and thoroughly befuddled.

THE FINEST HOURS. This skillfully edited documentary sums up the career of Sir Winston Churchill, often in his own words, and warms history with intimate views of Churchill's country retreats.

SEND ME NO FLOWERS. Married at last, Doris Day and Rock Hudson fluff up their pillow talk in a spoof about an ex-urban hypochondriac who thinks his wife's widowhood is at hand. As chief mourner, Tony Randall gets most of the laughs.

SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON. Kim Stanley seems simultaneously sweet, bitchy, poignant and menacing in this taut British thriller about a psychotic psychic whose contact on the other side persuades her to carry out a kidnaping.

MY FAIR LADY. As the irascible phonetics expert who transforms a grimy flower girl into an English rose, Rex Harrison suavely repeats for the camera his Broadway triumph in the Lerner-Loewe classic based on Shaw. Audrey Hepburn, in her full-blooming rose period, is a delight.

A WOMAN IS A WOMAN. A lissome Parisian stripteaser (Anna Karina) takes off in this giddy, free-form improvisation by French Director Jean-Luc Godard, who seems to have liberated his mind from all but youth, love, and a fondness for old Hollywood musicals.

THE SOFT SKIN. The emotional trigonometry of a love triangle formed by an aging intellectual, his wife and a pretty airline stewardess is worked out with Gallic elegance by Director François Truffaut (*The 400 Blows*), whose talent conquers triteness.

WOMAN IN THE DUNES. Japanese Director Hiroshi Teshigahara studies the human condition in a stunningly achieved metaphor—a man and woman trying to survive in a desolate sandhole.

TOPKAPI. For Director Jules Dassin's jewel thieves, getting theirs is only half the fun in this merry account of an Istanbul caper pulled off by Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov and other dr[illegible] reputables.

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY. Pla[illegible] perbly by Robert Shaw, Ginger [illegible] broguish, affable Irishman whose [illegible] just so much blarney.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY, by J[illegible] O'Hara. This is O'Hara's fourth large c[illegible] lection of short stories in as many ye[illegible] he has now sworn off to concentrate [illegible] novels. Maybe he shouldn't. The [illegible] volume shows O'Hara's brevity and [illegible] as a social observer.

HENRY ADAMS: THE MAJOR PHASE, by Ernest Samuels. This scholarly biography describes Adams' life of rather [illegible] despair, traveling often and behavi[illegible] Oliver Wendell Holmes put it, like old cardinal."

LIFE WITH PICASSO, by Françoise G[illegible] An odd mixture of acid and adu[illegible] comes from a discarded mistress who fers illuminating accounts of the ar[illegible] views of Picasso and his friends. Be[illegible] all are inside glimpses of the mu[illegible] monumental ego.

ARISTOS, by John Fowles. The a[illegible] of *The Collector*, a brilliant demonstr[illegible] el, turns to philosophy. His mentor Greek Philosopher Heraclitus, who wrote of *aristos* (the excellent in Fowles shares Heraclitus' love of para[illegible] his clear-eyed contemplation and, par[illegible] larly, his eloquence.

MARKINGS, by Dag Hammarskjöld, if it were some kind of Security C[illegible] document, the late U.N. Secretary-G[illegible] al described this strange and moving nal as "a white paper concerning my n[illegible] tiations with God." The book pro[illegible] in aphorisms, essays, and even [illegible] Hammarskjöld's mystical efforts to re[illegible] agonizing religious doubts.

OF POETRY AND POWER, edited by E[illegible] Glikes and Paul Schwaber. An anth[illegible] of poems—some elegiac, some ang[illegible] lamenting the death of John F. Kenn[illegible]

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WO[illegible] by John Cheever. In these short st[illegible] the author writes again of exurbia proletariat of vice presidents, the [illegible] ing, irresponsible remnants of old fa[illegible] lies, and the winning eccentrics.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss
3. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg
4. Julian, Vidal (4)
5. The Spy Who Came In from the C[illegible] Le Carré (5)
6. This Rough Magic, Stewart (6)
7. The Man, Wallace (7)
8. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (8)
9. Armageddon, Uris (9)
10. Last Exit to Brooklyn, Selby

NONFICTION

1. Reminiscences, MacArthur (1)
2. Markings, Hammarskjöld (3)
3. My Autobiography, Chaplin (2)
4. The Italians, Barzini (4)
5. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (7)
6. The Warren Commission Report (6)
7. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (5)
8. Future of Man, De Chardin
9. The Words, Sartre
10. Harlow, Shulman

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Fast..dynamic..expanding!

EFTA

COMECON

EEC

At the Intersection of the Markets

Port of Hamburg

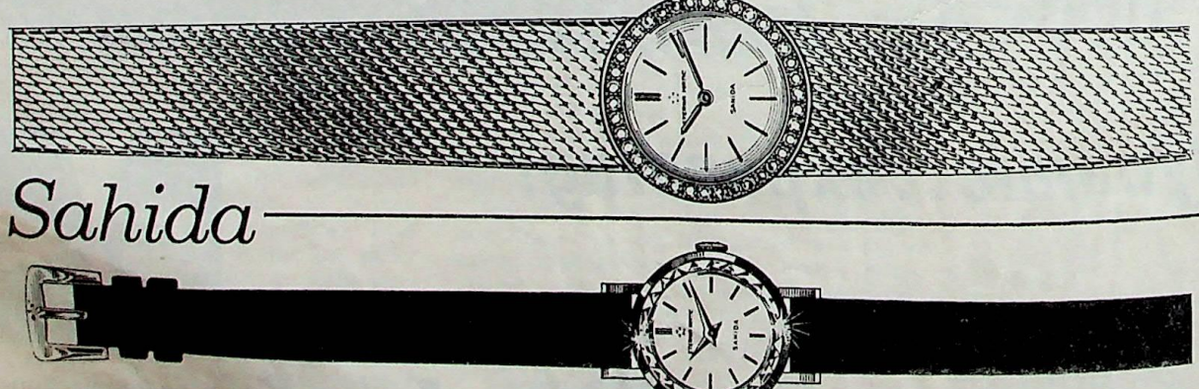
burg's harbour knows no rest. Work continues
y and night – round the clock – even on weekends.
s means prompt loading and unloading, and has
ned Hamburg its reputation as "a fast harbour".
ery week Hamburg invests more than $ 250,000
make its harbour more efficient.
morrow's demands are the standards of today.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Fully automated elegance! Enchanting «Sahida» - the very timepiece women have al craved. And now, for the first time, she can wear a divine combination of extravagant beauty and unrivalled self-winding Eterna·Matic precision.

What a joy! to own a lasting piece of precious watch jewellry and an exact timeke as well. So thin too! Thanks to the unique ultra-thin Eterna·Matic movement, «Sahida» is one-fifth slimmer than the thinnest ladies' automatic until now.



806 LE/121-1441
Sahida, extra-thin, au
18 ct. gold, 36 diamo
with beaty 18 ct. gold
No. 119

Sahida

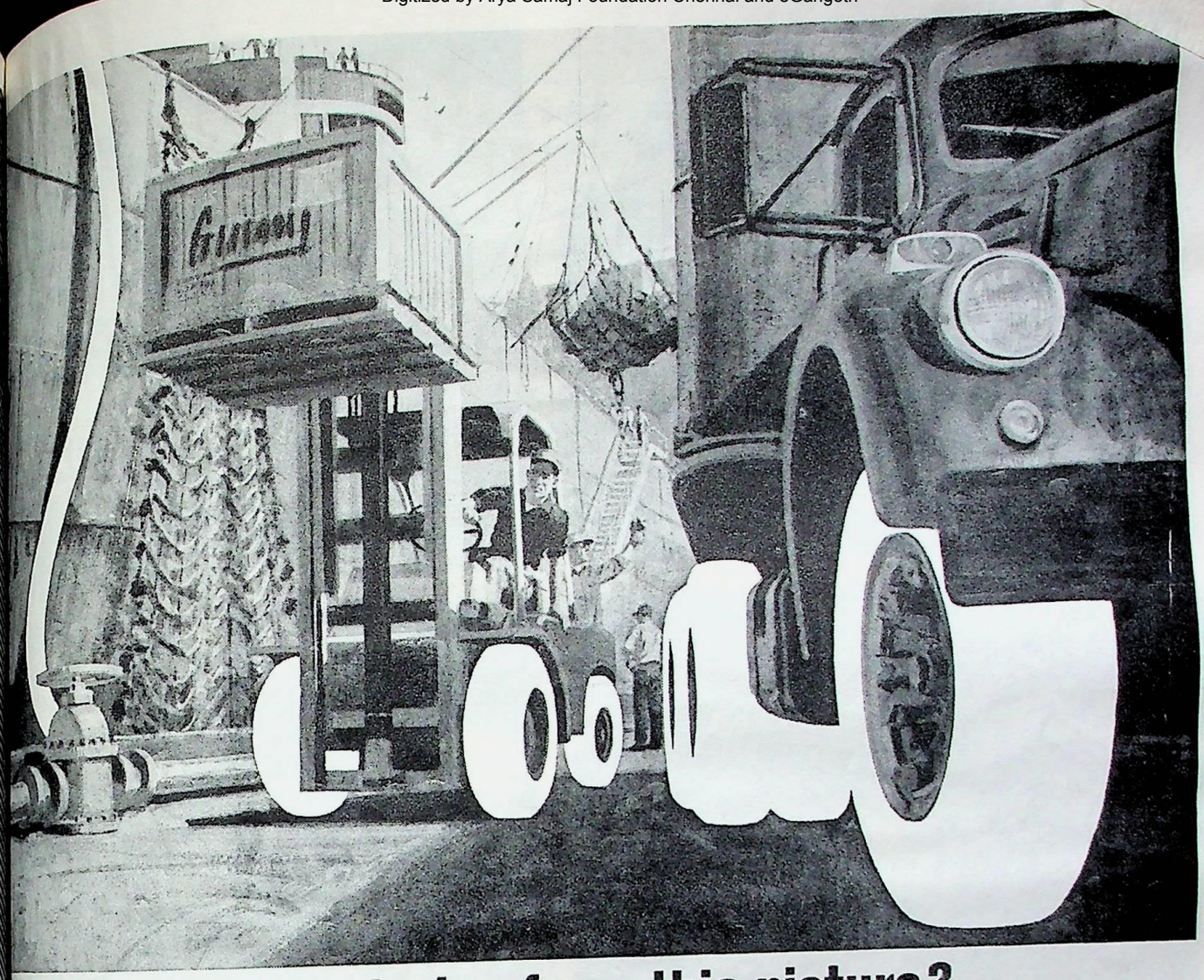
706 VS-1446
Sahida, extra-thin, au
18 ct. gold with diamo
sapphire crystal

ETERNA·MATIC

ETERNA S.A., GRENCHEN (SWITZERLAND)

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



What's missing from this picture?

(Three of **39,000 different B. F. Goodrich products** on the job around the world!)

ve away the B.F.Goodrich products and much would move on this dockside. But ngs do move—here and almost every- ere—thanks to more than 39,000 ferent products from BFG. ve some examples: tires for everything from airplanes to wheelbarrows—about 250 different types in all. Hose for every job, every climate, every specification. All types of conveyor belts. Quality, service and satisfaction are built into every B.F.Goodrich product.

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Don't these products belong in your picture?

DOCK LOADING HOSE is reinforced with nylon cord for extra strength, surprising lightness. Other advantages—highly resistant to surge and shock pressures, longer life, lower operating costs.

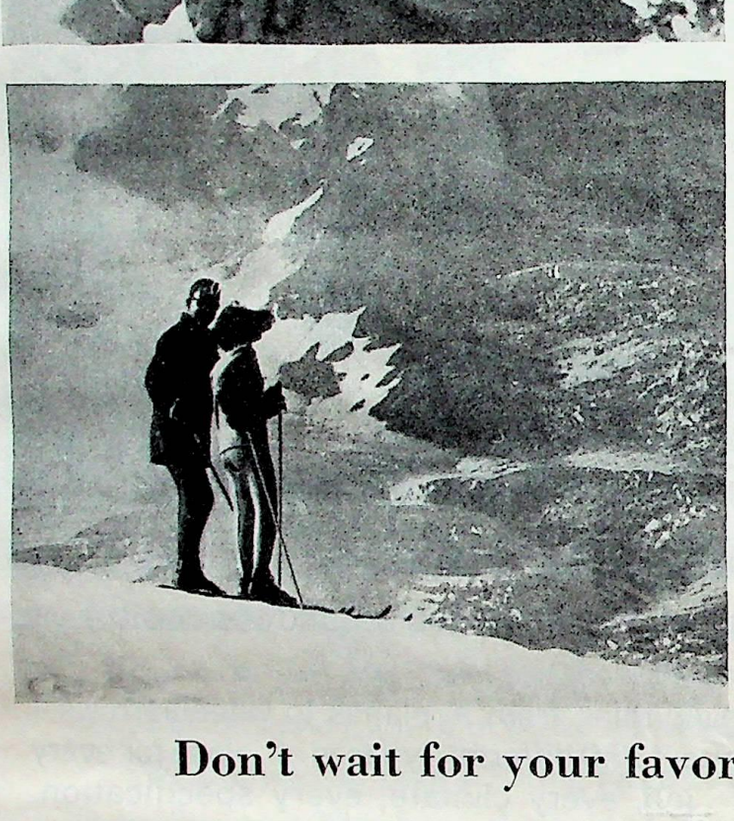
TIRES for power trucks and tractors soak up shocks and vibration in irregular floors; give fragile loads extra-gentle protection. Results? Better control, lower maintenance on equipment, less damage to loads.

32% EXTRA MILEAGE! This Extra Miler truck tire beat all other tires tested for mileage economy! Made with extra strong SUPER-SYN and a new 3-rib tread design for better traction, more even wear.

For complete information about any B.F.Goodrich product, write: International B.F.Goodrich, 500 South Main Street, Akron, Ohio, U.S.A.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Don't wait for your favorite season to come to you,

go to it.

Whatever time of year it is, there can be a snowy trail or a sandy beach waiting for you at the end of a Boeing jetliner flight. Boeing jets, in fact, fly to more than 200 cities in 100 countries where many an attractive bargain awaits the off-season traveler. (Not to mention the attractive off-season rates offered by many airlines.)

Record-breaking Boeing jets put the whole world in range of even a two-week vacation.

You'll arrive refreshed, ready for fun, with your whole vacation ahead of you.

Now flying Boeing jets: *Air Afrique, Air Canada, Air Congo, Air France, Air-India, Air Maroc, All Nippon, American, Ansett-ANA, Avianca, Braniff, BWIA, Continental, Eastern, El Al, Iberian, Indian, Irish, LIA, Lufthansa, National, Northwest, Pacific Northern, PIA (Pakistan), American, Qantas, Sabena, Saudi Arabian, African, TAA (Australia), TAP, TWA, Varig, Western, World.* In service later: *JAL*

BOEING Jetliner

LONG RANGE 707 • MEDIUM RANGE 720 • SHORT

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

...sing Bases

Re McNamara's plan to close mili-...stallations [Nov. 27]: for years I ...been hearing that the Federal Gov-...ment is getting too big and powerful. ...ernment projects benefit individual ...the people there are all for the ...—but if the project is not in their ...state, they are against it. Now that ...S. is trying to be a little conserva-...st listen to these same people bitch ...ller.

DARWIN B. HILL

...mmon, Mich.

When at long last a federal admin-...tion has had the good sense and ...age to take a positive step to cut out ...e causes of waste and expense, it is ...ching to read that some Congressmen, ...tors and Senators-elect are propos-...to sabotage this sound decision.

DOUGLAS CAMPBELL

...Cob, Conn.

(Deep breath): "We will terminate ...erations at 95 installations with a loss ...3,000 jobs. We will save $500 million ...this trimming of the defense budget." ...t breath): "We shall press for pas-... of laws for our war on poverty, ...ching new jobs. It will cost only $1 bil-..." (Under the breath): "We'll lose the ...ered 63,000 votes, keep the consoli-...d depressed-area votes." Result: an-...r sweeping mandate in '68.

JAMES M. MELLON

...bo

Add my name to those petitioning ...the resignation of Defense Secretary ...Namara.

DAVIS SHRYER

...st St. Paul, Minn.

...er Living

Your story about the fascinating ...n of Du Pont [Nov. 27] provided an ...ghtening picture of a famous name in ...e of the most baffling areas of modern ...ence and industry. Aside from wishing ...e company success in making Methuse-...s of us all, I hope that it enters the phar-...ceutical field in the traditional spirit of ...t price competition against those firms ...t were recently collecting scandalous ...fits from the sale of miracle drugs.

EMMELINE BARBOUR

...nconda, Mont.

Du Pont is far ahead of its com-...itors, but not as far as is suggested by some of the sales figures in your story. The sales of Union Carbide in 1963 were $1.7 billion, of Monsanto $1.2 billion. This year will find five companies in the billion-dollar class, with Allied and Dow also passing this milestone.

ALLAN E. SETTLE

Manufacturing Chemists' Association, Inc.
Washington

▶ TIME's *figures for Union Carbide and Monsanto were for the first-half 1963 sales rather than the whole year.*

Controversial Cop

Sir: When J. Edgar Hoover, a public servant, publicly sympathizes with Walter Jenkins, insults a leading citizen, berates a Government agency and vilifies our highest court [Nov. 27], then, sir, his public usefulness has come to an end.

JAMES I. MORTON

Madrid

Sir: Since Mr. Hoover's outburst, the American people have a right to know whether he is suffering from extreme stress or has personal animosity toward Dr. King—and if he is still competent in his powerful position.

MRS. RICHARD GRESLA

Muskegon, Mich.

Sir: Oh goody! Now the integrity of the head of the FBI, as well as his mental agility, is put on the chopping block. The Kremlin boys are laughing. Their work load gets lighter and lighter.

MRS. S. M. CONRAY

Pittsburgh

Sir: Are there not enough honest non-Communist, non-coward citizens in our country to stand behind J. Edgar Hoover? He is one man in our country who is neither a Communist nor a coward.

MARGUERITE G. HARRIS

Canoga Park, Calif.

Sir: It was phenomenal—and electrifying—for an American Government official to blast off unequivocally.

ROBERT J. KIRKLAND JR.

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

Bamboozled Trooper

Sir: As counsel for the Supreme Court of Alaska, I wish to comment on your article about the unfortunate controversy in Anchorage between bench and bar [Nov. 13]. It arose because of the efforts of the Alaska State Bar Association to defy regu-

QUEEN ANNE
the finest SCOTCH
wherever you are

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
5 Otto Heldringstraat
Amsterdam 18, Netherlands

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

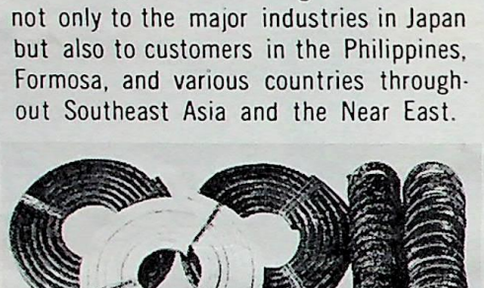
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PROGRESS WITH EXPERIENCE

68 YEARS OF THE VERY BEST IN ASBESTOS PRODUCTS AND INDUSTRIAL THERMAL INSULATION

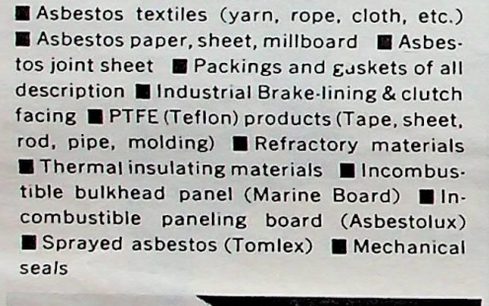
Nippon Asbestos Co., Ltd., a pioneer in the asbestos industry since 1896, is the largest and most experienced manufacturer of asbestos products in Asia. In addition to being a major supplier of materials for thermal insulation, it also contracts to do the installation itself, thereby assuring customers the maximum in efficiency and performance of the insulation.

The products and services of Nippon Asbestos Co., Ltd. have brought satisfaction not only to the major industries in Japan but also to customers in the Philippines, Formosa, and various countries throughout Southeast Asia and the Near East.



MAIN PRODUCTS:

■ Asbestos textiles (yarn, rope, cloth, etc.) ■ Asbestos paper, sheet, millboard ■ Asbestos joint sheet ■ Packings and gaskets of all description ■ Industrial Brake-lining & clutch facing ■ PTFE (Teflon) products (Tape, sheet, rod, pipe, molding) ■ Refractory materials ■ Thermal insulating materials ■ Incombustible bulkhead panel (Marine Board) ■ Incombustible paneling board (Asbestolux) ■ Sprayed asbestos (Tomlex) ■ Mechanical seals



SILICALITE Board & Pipe

Literature available upon request.

NIPPON ASBESTOS CO., LTD.

N.A.K.

TOKYO OFFICE: No. 3, 6-chome, Ginza-Nishi, Chuo-ku, Tokyo
CABLE ADDRESS: ASBESTOS TOKYO

lations issued by Alaska's Supreme Court. The state Supreme court had been requested by Alaska's senate to prepare these regulations, which conform closely to those of the Supreme Courts of Michigan and Wisconsin. The state trooper who served an order of sequestration upon the bank in Anchorage displayed his gun only because the bank's counsel falsely represented to him that the law required him to do so. The state trooper did this reluctantly and under protest. It is a sad commentary upon members of the Alaska bar that they would bamboozle a state trooper for no purpose other than to impugn the motives and methods of the state Supreme Court.

GEORGE COCHRAN DOUB
Weinberg & Green
Baltimore

Pigskin Experts

Sir: This year Notre Dame [Nov. 20] has proved something that I'm sure has been in the mind of Father Hesburgh ever since he initiated his program of "excellence": that it is indeed possible to have a great football team without compromising the academic standards of a university.

ROBERT F. KRAUSE
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Ind.

Sir: I am of Irish extraction, I'm a Roman Catholic, I'm a member of a religious order, I can't pronounce Parseghian, and I love to see Notre Dame lose for the same reason I love to see the New York Yankees lose. Am I still an American?

THOMAS SPRING, S.M.
Most Holy Trinity High School
Brooklyn

Sir: Re your remark, "the Fighting Irish were in a fighting mood," they certainly were! Not only was the Spartan football team beaten, but the Michigan State band was beaten up as well—with fists. Poor losers are one thing, but it is a sick age when we have college students who are such disgusting winners.

HUGH GARLOCK
Lansing, Mich.

Sir: Advancing an inflated pigskin toward a white line might not be beneath the dignity of man, but why must he also implicate his deities in such activity? Does the Mother of God really belong in a locker room?

STEPHEN B. SHUGRUE
New Brunswick, N.J.

Sir: We have thrilled and marveled at the *aggiornamento* of football at Notre Dame. Now TIME has divulged the reason. Hail Marys led by a French-Armenian Protestant—truly ecumenism on the playing fields of South Bend.

JOSEPH J. BURNS
Haddonfield, N.J.

Two Views of Union

Sir: Re your article "Ecumenism" [Nov. 20]: the interesting illustration given regarding the four churches that voted to combine into one United Church of Schellsburg augurs well for the solution of problems of church organization and effectiveness in communities of this size. May I commend you on the fine coverage of such an important event in the religious life of this community.

RALEIGH E. SAIN
Michigan Council of Churches
Detroit

Sir: I must disagree with TIME ... National Council of Churches on ... sertion that Schellsburg's United C... presents "an example that can be fo... with profit." You note that compro... was involved. Indeed so. A compro... of truths that Lutherans have been ... claiming for 447 years. The only valid ... sis for union is doctrinal agreement ... of faith. In view of the tremendous ... trinal differences among these four den... inations—Lutheran, Presbyterian, Met... ist, and United Church of Christ ... "merger" that took place in Schellsb... Pa., is ridiculous.

Ann Arbor, Mich. M. SCHWAN...

Preparing for Death

Sir: I pray I am only one of ... to commend you on your superb and ... passionate article on thanatology [Nov. 20]. The insight and sensitivity of its ... tent should do much to stir up the ... sciences of medical men as well as of ... ple of all religions to face their obli... at the time of others' death. Few ... in their secret hearts really want ... alone.

JAN PIN...
Alexandria, Va.

Unworried

Sir: Re the problems of a populati... plosion, as cited by British Physicist ... H. Fremlin [Nov. 13]: in the even... satellite mirrors are put in use to ... the polar areas, what becomes of th... ple living along the coast of each ... nent? As the polar regions melt, the ... can only rise higher on the conti... Thank God this thought does not ... me; but is this a flaw in Professor F... lin's theory?

(MRS.) JANE TEDD...
Miami

▶ *Not really. Physicist Fremlin's tong... cheek theory assumes that overpopu... will have already compelled billi... people to take up life on cramped ... forms high above the seas; rising ... of flood water would be the le... their worries.*

Counting Blessings

Sir: I have lived at length in Verwo... sunny and TV-less South Africa ... 20]. I have watched the "telly" ... gathering London skies; I have see... *TiVu* in my own bright Italy and ... tasted the fare offered on the Amer... tube.

My considered opinion leads me ... cry: Oh, for that southern air, unpo... by nought but a few sound radio w... I cannot help feeling pity for that ... ing popular pressure for TV" in S... Africa that can only be forgiven on ... ground that they know not what they ... for: stifled conversation and a culture ... places poetry and music at its lowest ... sible common denominator—the TV ... vertising jingle.

CLAUDIO TODESCHI...
Urbana, Ill.

Watery Surroundings

Sir: It was an astute and subtle obs... rapher who captured the "maritime ... ests" of Witness (and Body Dumped ... dal [Nov. 20] by picturing her with a ... of Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around U...*

JEFFERY L. BAR...
Cambridge, Mass.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Hedley Donovan
Andrew Heiskell
James A. Linen
Thomas Griffith
Henry R. Luce
Roy E. Larsen

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
Champ Clark, George Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Jesse L. Birnbaum, Gilbert Cant, Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker Hoffman, Charles P. Jackson, William Johnson, T. Leonard, Marshall Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Stein, John Koffend, Ronald P. Kriss, Jonathan Robert McLaughlin, John McPhee, Martin Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
John Blashill, Jon Borgzinner, Gurney Clell Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Alton L. Clingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer Johanna Davis, Arnold Howard Drapkin, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Gregory Dunne, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Leon Jaroff, Robert F. Jones, Horace Ray Kennedy, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, R. Levitas, George Love, Jason McManus, Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, E. Smith, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
(Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.
Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Ruth Annan, Nancy Priscilla B. Badger, Jean Bergerud, Dorothea Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, Rosemary Nicolette Caliendo, Anne Chisholm, Kathleen Gillian Coxhead, S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley Monica Dowdall, Rosamond Draper, Nancy Fiber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Funger, Leah Shanks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Andria E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Jane Jacob-Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Martha Keech, Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Kramer, Susan Krieger, Judith Liersch, Martha Evelyn Merrin, Marcia Minns, Nancy New-Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Pampel, S. Marion Pikul, Wendy Kupsick Sherman, Silverman, Elizabeth Statler, Frances Stevenson, Betty Suyker, Fortunata Sydnor Trapnell, Vanaman, Susanne S. Washburn, Nancy Williams, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Jr., Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, Jean Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil Mac-W. Miller Jr., John Mulliken, William Rade-Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin H. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Clark, Porterfield, Miriam Rumwell. LOS ANGELES: Berges, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Christopher Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA: Harry Johnston, Arlie W. Schardt, Roger M. BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Robert A. Ellis, Hugh Greenway, John L. Wilhelm. DENVER: Barron DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, Benjamin W. Cate, J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: John M. Mecklin, Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.
Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Charles Champlin, Curtis Prendergast, Barry Farrell, Judson Good-Main, Friedel Ungeheuer. BONN: James Bell, Nickel, Samuel R. Iker. ROME: Robert E. Israel Shenker. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. BEIRUT: de Carvalho, Lee Griggs. HONG KONG: Frank Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw, James NAIROBI: Peter Forbath. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan Jerrold L. Schecter, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Geoffrey OTTAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. Martin Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman, Ed Ogle. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold L. Duncan. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO DE Roger Stone, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Clara Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS.....Lawrence E. Laybourne
John J. Frey
GENERAL MANAGER.....James A. Thomason

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR.....Edgar R. Baker
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR.....
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN.....David W. Ballard
INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....Yasuo Kitaoka
EUROPEAN ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....William S. Honneus
.....Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

DECEMBER 4, 1964

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

IN the prospectus written more than 40 years ago, the founders of TIME promised to deal with "all subjects of importance and general interest." That's quite a charter, and the breadth of its range both challenges and delights the editors who follow it four decades later. In this week's issue, two major stories provide sharp illustration of its all-encompassing nature.

One is the cover story, which probes the savagery of the massacre in the Congo. The story is the work of a group of staffers and stringers spread all the way from Stanleyville to Seattle. Front-line men were our Leopoldville stringer, Oxford Graduate Robin Mannock, and a Kenya Indian freelance photographer named Priya Ramrakha. Moving with Congolese loyalist troops, they reached Stanleyville shortly after the massacre in which Dr. Paul Carlson was killed. Mannock, who was hit by shell fragments along the way, says after three years in Africa that he stays there because "I am interested in abnormal psychology." Our key reporter in the area, operating from Leopoldville, was West African Bureau Chief Jonathan Randal, who was on an earlier casualty list. He is on crutches as the result of an injury suffered when a piece of a statue of Patrice Lumumba, blown up by loyalist troops, fell on his leg.

As the story spread across and out of Africa, it called for reporting from our correspondents and stringers in Nairobi, Kampala, Dar-es-Salaam, Algiers, Paris, Brussels, Bonn, the United Nations, Washington, Chicago, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, Los Angeles and Seattle. As all the pieces of the week's bloody events and their historical perspective were put together in Manhattan by Writer Robert Jones, the story could only be described as one of primitive horror.

AT the other pole of interest is a story that can best be described as velvet and faille seen through the bubbles of good champagne. This is MODERN LIVING's report on the growing U.S. tendency to dress up for fun, developed by the color projects staff, with a story by Writer Johanna Davis and eight pages of color pictures by Ormond Gigli. What Photographer Gigli had to dodge most to get his pictures were frequent dangers of too much hospitality. In most places he and his assistant went, the usual greeting was something like: "I don't know about you fellows, but I'm going to have some champagne. Will you join me?"

Graciousness at one pole of interest and savagery at the other only set the outside points of the range of stories in this week's TIME. With what lies between in all the other sections, the editors are aiming to live up to that charter to cover "all subjects of importance and general interest."

INDEX

Cover Story...22
Color: Dressing Up For Fun...37

Art.....52
Books.....74
Cinema.....71
Education.....66
The Hemisphere.34
The Law.....46
Letters.....11
Milestones.....56
Modern Living...36
Music.....48
People.....35
Press.....67
Religion.....55
Science.....49
The U.S.....15
Show Business..69
Sport.....50
Theater.....47
Time Listings.....4
U.S. Business...57
The World.....22
World Business..62

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Coast to coast and throughout the U.S...

to the best of Europe and beyond...

TWA gives you one-airline convenience across half the world

If you're planning a business or pleasure trip to the U.S. or on across the Atlantic, consider the advantages of TWA. From San Francisco or Los Angeles, TWA offers daily service to Chicago, Detroit, Washington, Boston, New York and dozens more important cities in the U.S. Over the Atlantic, TWA flies to London, Paris, Rome, Frankfurt, Athens and all the way to Bombay. In all, 70 U.S. cities and 17 world centers in Europe, Africa and Asia are linked by TWA routes. It's a combination of commercial and vacation centers no other airline can offer. And only TWA shows wide-screen films* on transcontinental and transatlantic flights. For reservations, call TWA. Or see your travel agent and specify TWA.

Trans World Airlines Offices in: TOKYO . . . Imperial Hotel
HONG KONG . . . Room 104 Tak Shing House, 20 Des Voeux Road, C • MANILA . . . Hotel Filipinas
SYDNEY . . . Room 301 Shell House, 2 Carrington Street • BANGKOK . . . 37/3 Suriwongse Road

**Complimentary on all but transatlantic Economy. Then, optional at $1.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
December 4, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 23

THE U.S.

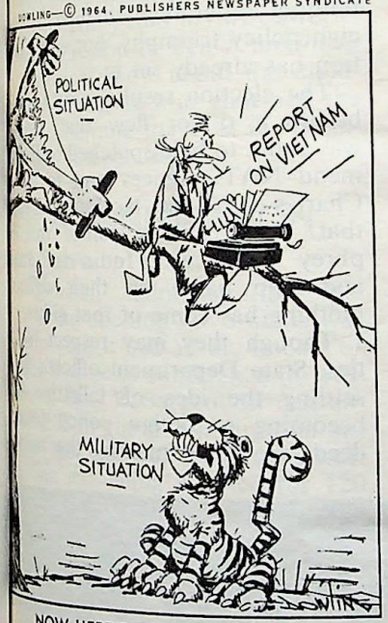
FOREIGN RELATIONS

"Just a Minute"

President Johnson recently recalled what the late Sam Rayburn once told him about making a decision. If the decision is big enough, Mr. Sam advised Lyndon, the thing to do is say, "Just a minute." Last week, in many foreign policy areas where Lyndon Johnson had actually said, "Just a minute," the clock was racing faster than ever.

Full Responsibility. In the Congo, where leftist-led rebels butchered at least 80 American and European men, women and children held hostage be-

BOWLING—© 1964, PUBLISHERS NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE



NOW HERE'S THE LOW-DOWN!

fore their lines, the U.S. provided a dozen C-130 Hercules transports to carry Belgian paratroopers to the rescue (*see cover story in* THE WORLD). President Johnson, who sat up until 4 a.m. at the LBJ Ranch to hear how the operation went, said he took "full responsibility" for U.S. involvement. There was little doubt that he would soon have to take responsibility for other decisions concerning the Congo.

In Europe, U.S. diplomats are still trying to promote a multilateral nuclear fleet (MLF) as an alternative to proliferating national forces. But France's Charles de Gaulle seems more adamant than ever against the idea, and Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson, under intense pressure from left-wingers in his own Labor Party, expressed serious reservations about the whole project. Next week Wilson will be in Washington to talk it over with Johnson.

At the United Nations, which begins its 19th session this week, long-anticipated trouble was brewing over Moscow's continuing refusal to pay up for peace-keeping operations in the Middle East and the Congo. Unless the Russians kick in this time, the U.S. will move to strip them of their General Assembly vote under Article 19 of the U.N. Charter, which ought to touch off the liveliest scene since Khrushchev took off his shoe. If and when that problem is settled, the long-nettlesome issue of Red China's admission to the U.N. is certain to follow.

"Dirty Feet." And then, of course, there is always South Viet Nam, where the latest U.S.-backed government is struggling to cope with student riots and where Communist guerrillas roam freely over more than half the country. Last week U.S. Ambassador Maxwell Taylor hurried back from Saigon, preceded by reports that he would urge that the war be expanded to North Viet Nam.

The Pentagon currently has at least five such plans under study, ranging from limited strikes at the spidery jungle trails that thread through border areas all the way to massive air and sea bombardment of Hanoi and other targets in North Viet Nam. President Johnson is not enthusiastic about any of them. Even after he sent U.S. planes over North Viet Nam during last summer's Tonkin Gulf crisis, he declared: "We still seek no wider war." Signs are that he is sticking to that position.

Taylor himself, when he took the job of ambassador last July, and for two years before that as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was an outspoken opponent of escalation as long as the government in Saigon remained unstable. But, says a ranking U.S. official, "Now that he has got his feet dirty, he may be changing his mind a little."

In an interview published by LIFE the week Taylor left Saigon, the ambassador suggested that bombing the infiltration routes, training camps and staging areas used by the Viet Cong might "contribute to a solution." Taylor carefully qualified the suggestion, noted that one of its drawbacks was the continued absence of a "viable society" in South Viet Nam. But one of the strongest points in favor of escalation, he said, was that "the government of North Viet Nam would be reminded that it cannot get off unscathed."

Nothing Horrendous. Taylor's remarks drew a reflex-action warning from Moscow against intensifying the war. It also alarmed some Administration officials, who took pains to discourage speculation that dramatic new measures would emerge from Taylor's meeting with the President this week. "The purpose of this meeting is not to make some horrendous decision," said a White House aide.

When Taylor arrived in Washington for a weekend round of preliminary

AP

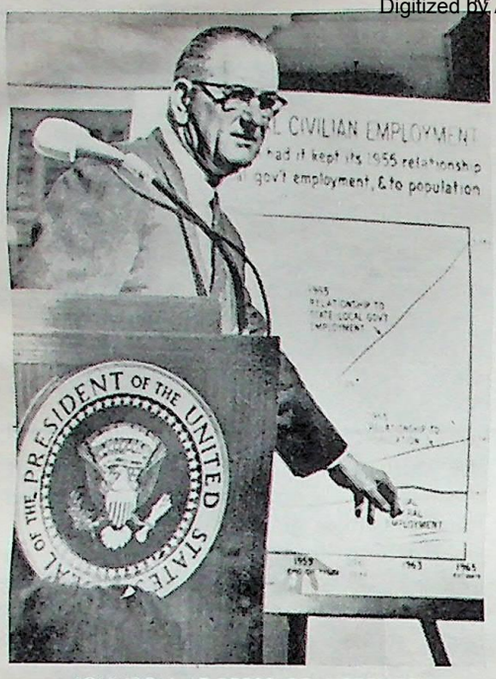
AMBASSADOR TAYLOR & MOTHER
And where were the fixed bayonets?

talks with Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, he was met by his 84-year-old mother and New York's Senator-elect Robert F. Kennedy, whose brother had brought Taylor out of military retirement and given him an active role in shaping Viet Nam policy. Questioned about his views on extending the war, Taylor sounded something like Barry Goldwater back-pedaling from a controversial comment. He had, he insisted, only mentioned extension of the war as a possibility. "I ran into stories which seemed to indicate that I was approaching Washington with fixed bayonets in order to put through my program," he said. "Such is not the case."

Whatever the outcome of his meet-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



JOHNSON AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Open season.

ing with President Johnson, Taylor says that he will not quit his post. "I have enlisted in this war for the duration," he said. Despite Taylor's denials that he will insist on extending the war, most military men believe that extension offers the only possible solution. They also feel that it cannot be merely a token extension, but will be costly in lives, money and material.

At week's end, Lyndon Johnson told newsmen that any talk about expanding the war was "somewhat premature." Said the President: "When you crawl out on a limb, you always have to find another one to crawl back on."

THE PRESIDENCY

On the Ranch

The President had been in Washington for only four days since the election, and nearly a month in the Texas sunshine had erased the marks of campaign fatigue. The relative isolation of the ranch protected him against Washington's nagging ceremonial duties, freed him to mull over foreign-policy issues and to chart the direction of the Great Society at home.

In a display of post-election charity, Johnson invited leading Democrats from Georgia, one of the few states he did not carry, to the ranch. Senator Herman Talmadge and Governor Carl Sanders each bagged an eight-point buck.

With the deer season open, so many hunters were prowling the area with rifles and telescopic sights that Ranch Road 1, which runs past the LBJ spread, was ordered closed whenever Johnson is there. According to some reports, Johnson actually was more concerned about photographers shooting from the road with long-range lenses and catching him in off moments, than about the danger from hunters.

Report Card. The President decreed total privacy for Thanksgiving Day, on which Daughters Lynda and Luci flew in from Washington to attend the Texas-Texas A. & M. football game in Austin and a traditional turkey, stuffin' and sweet-potato dinner at the ranch. After dark, Johnson hiked through the hills with the girls, discussed Lynda's studies at George Washington University and Luci's recent report card from the National Cathedral School.

At week's end he held his first give-and-take press conference in nearly two months, first spoke for 20 minutes, then answered questions for another 20.

He contended that the Atlantic Alliance is not in bad shape, argued that some "first principles" are neglected by press analysts. As Johnson sees those principles: "The ultimate essentials of the defense of the Atlantic community are the firmness and the mutual trust of the United States and Europe. The safety of the U.S. depends upon the freedom of Europe, and the freedom of Europe depends upon the strength and the will of the U.S." Johnson pledged that the U.S. will help its allies find "new and better ways by which all interested members of the alliance can increase their own sense of safety by sharing responsibility in the unified defense of the Alliance as a whole. We are not going to be adamant in our attitudes. We are going to try to be cooperative and helpful."

Chart Bearers. Johnson reported that Government agencies have submitted budget requests totaling more than $108 billion for next year, that there will be "a good many reductions," but that he "rather doubts" that he can hold the budget below $100 billion. Asked about the criticism of Civil Rights Leader Martin Luther King by FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, Johnson took a conciliatory tack, said that he hoped "that this would not degenerate into a battle of personalities." He smiled widely as he spoke on the healthy state of the economy, while aides bustled on and off the porch bearing charts like Wagnerian spear carriers. The President r... a record retail business for the ... mas holidays, declared that ... and expect" steel prices will ... stable next year.

More & Better Protection

Treasury Secretary Dougla... announced last week that Secret... protection of the President ... beefed up—which was what t... ren Commission recommend... months ago. Seventy-five new ... will be put to work by June, if Co... approves an extra $650,000 ... ation. This, said Dillon, is just ... step in a $3,000,000 plan that ... 20 months would add 205 new ... plus modern electronic data pr... and more scientific detection eq... Said Dillon: "The basic emph... be on more effective advance ... ventive work by the Service in ... tion with presidential travel."

THE VICE-PRESIDEN...

Available for Foreign Servic...

One of the triumphs of Hube... phrey's Senate career was his ... interview with Nikita Khrush... 1958. As Vice President, he w... nothing better than to repeat ... eign policy triumphs, but some... tion has already set in.

The election results were sca... before a rumor flew that H... was about to be dispatched to E... mend NATO fences and to ta... Charles de Gaulle. Nothing has ... that. Next came a rumor that ... phrey would visit India and ... and help patch up their diffe... Nothing has come of that either.

Though they may respect hi... ties, State Department officials ... settling the idea of talkative ... becoming a foreign policy for... deed, the story making the ro...

HUMPHREY, ACTOR PRESTON & STEVENSON BACKSTAGE
Closed door.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...partment is that Secretary Dean ...wrote a letter congratulating ...phrey on his election, but sug... that he limit his foreign policy ...s to ribbon-snipping ceremonies ...like; an aide persuaded Rusk ...the suggestion from the letter ...and a more tactful oral message. ...phrey has suffered other disap... ...nts. He had been tentatively ...d as head of the U.S. delegation ...inauguration of Mexican Presi... ...ect Gustavo Díaz Ordaz this ... But Senator Mike Mansfield ...ined that, as the President's leg... ...leader, he needed the assign... ...demonstrate his high standing ...the Administration. That made ... Johnson; he canceled Hum... ...appointment and put Mansfield ...place.

...Humphrey's foreign policy inter... ...re not easily discouraged. After ...-day visit to Huron, S.D., to see ...valid mother and drop into his ...r's drugstore (where he collected, ...other Ralph put it, "enough bath... ...supplies for six months"), Hum... ...last week flew into Manhattan ...nferences with Ambassador to the ...Adlai Stevenson and lunch with ...bers of the Security Council. One ...g Humphrey and his wife Muriel ...Robert Preston in *Ben Franklin in* ... a musical show about the diplo... ...old American who charmed the ...ch into helping the U.S. in the in... ...of its independence.

THE ADMINISTRATION

...gun Salvo

...e Johnson Administration last ...fired the opening salvo of its war ...verty—but it had all the impact of ...gun. In a news conference in Aus... ...Poverty Boss R. Sargent Shriver an... ...ced that of the $784.2 million ap... ...ated last October to fight the war, ...million was being ticketed for 120 ...jects in 32 states. Among them: $15 ...on to build or renovate 41 Job ...ps sites, and $12 million for com... ...ity-action programs ranging from ...sh lessons for Papago Indian chil... ...in Arizona to retirement commu... ...es in southwestern Louisiana.

...Shriver never did say just how he and ...181-man staff went about choos... ...recipients. But the standards cer... ...y must have been flexible. One ...ject, for example, was a $25,000 ...to a fruit-cake manufacturer in ...ayette, La.

ARMED FORCES

...w Big Gun

...On Nov. 6, 1937, Army Fullback ...e Ryan finally got into the Harvard ...e with the Crimson holding a 6-0 ...d. In quick succession, he 1) tackled ...Harvard runner so hard that the fellow ...fled and Ryan recovered, 2) bucked ...er a score on an Army fourth down, ...d 3) kicked the point after touchdown that won the game for Army, 7-6.

That glorious occasion is what is mostly remembered about John Dale Ryan, now 48 and a four-star Air Force general who still moves with the catlike grace of a 5-ft. 10-in., 175-pound fullback. Last week President Johnson named Ryan to succeed, effective this week, General Thomas Power as head of the world's most powerful military organization—the U.S. Strategic Air Command.

Ryan lacks the bulldozer force of SAC Predecessor Curtis LeMay, soon to retire as Air Force Chief of Staff, and he does not pretend to Power's burning brilliance. But he was a favorite of both LeMay and Power, and he knows SAC as perhaps no other man.

A World War II bomber pilot, Ryan flew 58 combat missions in Europe, on the final one lost his left index finger to flak; in SAC circles he is fondly, but not to his face, known as "Three-Finger Jack." In 1946 he helped plan U.S. atomic tests at Bikini atoll, then joined SAC, which was just being formed. With the exception of a year's tour as Air Force inspector general, he has been a SAC man ever since, most recently serving as Power's deputy commander. He knows all the tools of his trade, is an expert bombardier as well as pilot, knows his way around the inside of a jet engine and the innards of a missile.

Ryan takes command at a time of SAC transition, with 100 Atlas and 54 Titan I missiles being phased out, along with 400 B-47s, six airfields and 14 missile sites. But he will still have plenty left: 600 B-52s, 80 B-58s, 600 KC-135 jet tanker planes, 200 KC-97s, 54 Titan II missiles and 650 Minutemen (he will eventually have 1,000 Minutemen), all comprising 90% of the free world's explosive power.

UPI

FULLBACK RYAN (1937)

AP

GENERAL RYAN (1964)

At a time of transition.

LABOR

Staking the Claims

Meeting in Washington last week, the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s executive council was clearly happy with the results of the 1964 elections. "The will of the people has never been more clearly evident," said the council in the preamble to its statement of 1965 legislative goals. "They gave their mandate to the program of progress President Johnson has called the 'Great Society.' "

Labor itself could—and did—claim a major share of the credit for helping the people evidence their will. During the campaign, the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education staged a massive voter registration drive, distributed some 65 million pieces of propaganda, endorsed 354 congressional candidates, giving special attention to 89 marginal House seats, reported spending $894,000, although the actual figure for organized labor was probably closer to $20 million. In the aftermath, the investment looked good: the Administration is beholden to labor, and among the 91 new Congressmen to be sworn in on Jan. 4, more than 50 are considered more favorably inclined to organized labor than their predecessors.

In its legislative recommendations, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. gave top priority to the repeal of Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley law. The clause gives states the right to enact right-to-work laws, banning union shop contracts. Big Labor has been fighting it since 1947, when Taft-Hartley was enacted. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. figures that next year it will have at least 225 votes for the repeal of 14(b), provided of course that the Johnson Administration does not interfere. That seems unlikely, especially since Lyndon Johnson ordered a repeal

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

proposal included in the Democratic Party platform.

Other than that, labor asked, among many other things, increased unemployment compensation, a hike in the minimum wage from $1.25 to $2, double time for overtime, and a 35-hour week. While it will not get everything it seeks, the chances are that the next Congress will be more amenable to labor's claims than any since the early Roosevelt years.

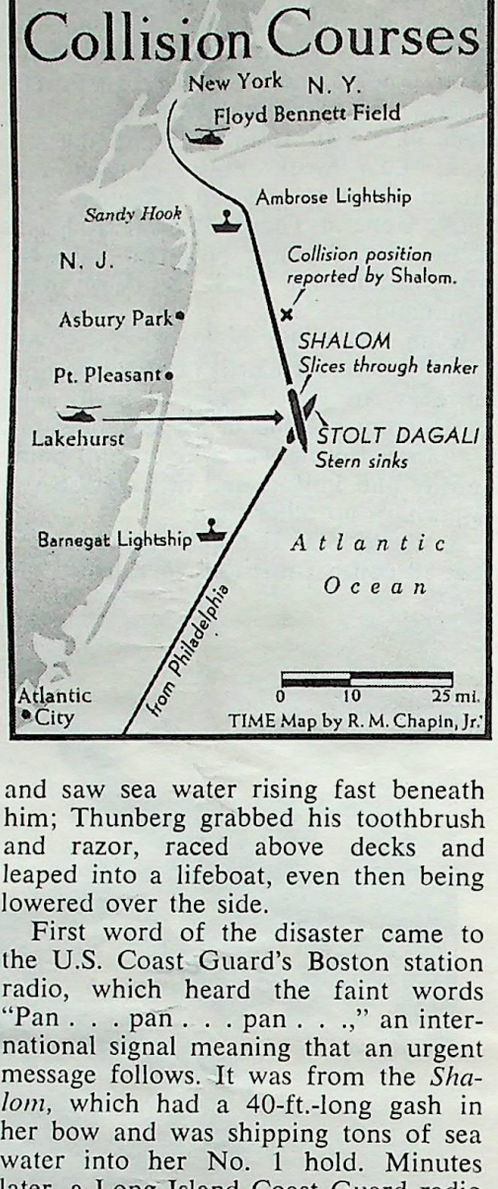
DISASTERS

Left to Be Answered

The expressive face, ordinarily lined with the reassuring smile marks of the luxury-liner captain, now was creased by weariness and worry. "I—I have had no sleep in such a long time," said Captain Avner Freudenberg, 53, a 31-year veteran of the sea, to reporters. "I cannot—you will understand—give any details now." In response to continued questioning, Freudenberg finally smiled painfully and said: "I will now shut up. I cannot give any details."

There were plenty of questions to be answered and plenty of details to be filled in by Freudenberg, skipper of the pride of the Israeli passenger fleet, the seven-month-old, $20 million *Shalom*, and by Captain Kristian Bendiksen, 54, of the 12,723-ton Norwegian tanker *Stolt Dagali*. The two ships collided early Thanksgiving morning in heavy fog 17 miles northeast of Barnegat Lightship, off the New Jersey coast.

The Unmistakable Sound. On the *Shalom* (Peace), just three hours out of New York on a Caribbean cruise, New York Pharmacist Stephen Tannenbaum and his wife Barbara were among the late-stayers at a Thanksgiving Eve party. Shortly after 2 a.m., they were dancing the cha cha cha in one of the ship's ballrooms when they were thrown to the floor and heard that horrifying dissonance—unmistakable to anyone—that means a collision at sea. On the *Stolt Dagali* (which means "Pride of Dagali," a Norwegian town), bound for Newark with a crew of 43 and a cargo of vegetable oil, Seaman Sverre Thunberg, 19, was jolted awake by that same sound, looked down from his bunk and saw sea water rising fast beneath him; Thunberg grabbed his toothbrush and razor, raced above decks and leaped into a lifeboat, even then being lowered over the side.



First word of the disaster came to the U.S. Coast Guard's Boston station radio, which heard the faint words "Pan . . . pan . . . pan . . .," an international signal meaning that an urgent message follows. It was from the *Shalom*, which had a 40-ft.-long gash in her bow and was shipping tons of sea water into her No. 1 hold. Minutes later, a Long Island Coast Guard radio monitored a distress call from the *Stolt Dagali*. The Coast Guard asked Washington's Federal Communications Commission for a radio fix on the vessels. Navy and Coast Guard helicopters and planes were dispatched from Brooklyn's Floyd Bennett Naval Air Station and the Lakehurst, N.J., Naval Air Station. Six Coast Guard cutters near the scene were given the emergency "go" signal, and two commercial vessels in the vicinity raced in to help.

On the *Shalom*, Captain Freudenberg ordered all watertight doors [illegible]. "We stopped immediately after the collision," he said. "There was no [illegible] not the crew and not the passe[illegible]. Then we heard the cries of men [illegible] water. We knew it was none of [illegible] people. We lowered lifeboats to [illegible] for them." The *Shalom*'s [illegible] picked up five of the tanker's crew.

As for the *Stolt Dagali*, it had [illegible] sheared in half by the *Shalom*'s [illegible]. The stern section sank almost [illegible] diately, taking 19 seamen with it [illegible] on the bow section were ten men, [illegible] cluding Captain Bendiksen.

Still Missing. The first rescue [illegible] copters hovered overhead, dro[illegible] flares to light the scene, descen[illegible] within 10 ft. of the 20-ft. swells, [illegible] up nine men and 13 bodies, the[illegible] Captain Bendiksen and the nine [illegible] from the bow section of the *Stolt D*[illegible].

By dawn, the rescue operation [illegible] over, and the *Shalom* was under[illegible] at slow speed back to New York. [illegible] missing were a lot of answers. [illegible] could the collision have occurred [illegible] tween two ships equipped with [illegible] that was reported to have been [illegible] on, functioning perfectly, and [illegible] watched? And after a journey [illegible] mere 50 miles how could the *S*[illegible] when it first radioed its position [illegible] the collision, give a reading 15 [illegible] away from where it really was?

CRIME

A Matter of Degree

An all-male jury last week de[illegible] ated for 19 hours, finally return[illegible] verdict of second-degree m[illegible] against Manhattan tin-can Ma[illegible] turer Mark Fein, 32, in the fatal [illegible] ing of his bookie (TIME, Nov. [illegible]. The crime is punishable by 20 ye[illegible] life. Second-degree murder is de[illegible] as killing in the heat of anger, w[illegible] premeditation. The definition do[illegible] necessarily fit the circumstances [illegible] Fein case, but the jury was not [illegible] to send a man to the chair on the [illegible] of the chief witness, Gloria Kend[illegible] scribed by a defense attorney as [illegible] procuress, this prostitute, this ma[illegible] this diabolically clever creature."

"SHALOM'S" BOW WITH 40-FT. GASH

FORWARD SECTION OF THE "STOLT DAGALI" AFLOAT

Ships that did not pass in the night.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE WARREN COMMISSION

The Witnesses

The Warren Commission last week received 26 volumes, totaling 17,741 pages, of the testimony and evidence on which it based its 888-page report on the assassination of President Kennedy. Included were more than 3,100 affidavits and statements from and interviews with some 550 persons, many of them technical experts, peripheral participants, and even people with some far-out ideas about how and why it happened.

But it was in the sometimes halting, often rambling, always chilling stories of those most immediately involved that the testimony had its impact.

Jackie

Chief Justice Warren, Commission counsel J. Lee Rankin and Bobby Kennedy spent 45 minutes with Jacqueline Kennedy in her Georgetown home when she told of the assassination. She sipped lemonade, replied softly to Rankin's gentle questioning. Excerpts:

A Quizzical Look. "In the motorcade, you know, I usually would be looking mostly to the left side and he was waving mostly to the right, which is one reason you are not looking at each other very much. It was terribly bright. Just blinding all of us.

"You know there is always noise in the motorcade, and there are always motorcycles beside us, a lot of them backfiring. So I was looking to the left. I guess there was a noise, but it didn't seem like any different noise really, because there is so much noise, motorcycles and things. But then suddenly Governor Connally was yelling 'Oh, no, no, no!'

"I heard these terrible noises. You know. And my husband never made any sound. So I turned to the right. And all I remember is seeing my husband, who had this sort of quizzical look on his face, and his hand was up, it must have been his left hand. And just as I turned and looked at him, I could see a piece of his skull, and I remember it was flesh-colored. I remember thinking he just looked as if he had a slight headache. And I just remember seeing that. No blood or anything.

"And then he sort of did this, put his hand to his forehead and fell in my lap. And then I just remember falling on him and saying, 'Oh, no, no, no,' I mean, 'Oh, my God, they have shot my husband.' And 'I love you, Jack,' I remember I was shouting.

"I used to think if I only had been looking to the right I would have seen the first shot hit him, then I could have pulled him down, and then the second shot would not have hit him."

Desperate Reach. Jackie said that she did not recall scrambling onto the back of the limousine in the instant after the President's head was shattered by the bullet. But Secret Service Agent Clint Hill, who sprinted up from behind and leaped onto the presidential car, later told the Commission what happened after he heard Oswald's first shot: "I had a hold of the handgrip [on the rear of the limousine] with my hand, when the car lurched forward. I lost my footing, and I had to run about three or four more steps before I could get back up in the car. The second noise that I heard had removed a portion of the President's head, and he slumped noticeably to his left. Mrs. Kennedy had jumped up from the seat and was, it appeared to me, reaching for something coming off the right rear bumper of the car, the right rear tail, when she noticed that I was trying to climb on the car."

Had Hill noticed anything that could have made Jackie reach out so desperately? "I thought I saw something come off the back, too, but I cannot say that there was. I do know that the next day we found the portion of the President's head. It was found in the street."

Hearing It Hit. When Connally himself was hit, his wife pulled him down into her lap. He was "conscious all the time, and with my eyes open, and then, of course, the third shot sounded, and I heard the shot very clearly. I heard it hit him. I heard the shot hit something, and I assumed again—it never entered my mind that it ever hit anybody but the President. I heard it hit. It was a very loud noise, just that audible, very clear.

"Immediately, I could see on my clothes, my clothing, I could see on the interior of the car which, as I recall, was a pale blue, brain tissue, which I immediately recognized, and I recall very well, on my trousers there was one chunk of brain tissue as big almost as my thumbnail, and again I did not see the President at any time either after the first, second, or third shots, but I assumed always that it was he who was hit and no one else."

AP

AGENT HILL SCRAMBLING ABOARD KENNEDY CAR
"The whole thing seemed unreal—unbelievable."

The Connallys

At one point during his testimony, Texas' Governor John Connally stripped off his shirt to show the scars on his chest. Repeatedly, his eyes filled with tears as he spoke.

Said Connally: "I heard this noise, which I immediately took to be a rifle shot. I instinctively turned to my right because the sound appeared to come from over my right shoulder, so I turned to look back over my right shoulder, and I saw nothing unusual except just people in the crowd, but I did not catch the President in the corner of my eye, and I was interested because, once I heard the shot in my own mind, I identified it as a rifle shot, and I immediately—the only thought that crossed my mind was that this is an assassination attempt."

When Connally's wife Nellie heard the first shot, she turned around to see Kennedy. "He made no utterance, no cry. I saw no blood, no anything. It was just sort of nothing, the expression on his face, and he just sort of slumped down. Then, very soon, there was the second shot that hit John. I never again looked in the back seat of the car after my husband was shot. I just pulled him over into my arms because it would have been impossible to get us really both down with me sitting and me holding him. So that I looked out, and all I could see were the people flashing by. I didn't look back any more."

Like Spent Buckshot. "The third shot that I heard I felt," said Nellie Connally. "It felt like spent buckshot falling all over us, and then, of course, I too could see that it was the matter, brain tissue, or whatever, just human matter all over the car and both of us. Mrs.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Kennedy said, the first thing I recall her saying was, after the first shot, and I heard her say, 'Jack, they have killed my husband,' and then there was the second shot, and then after the third shot, she said, 'They have killed my husband; I have his brains in my hand,' and she repeated that several times. And that was all the conversation."

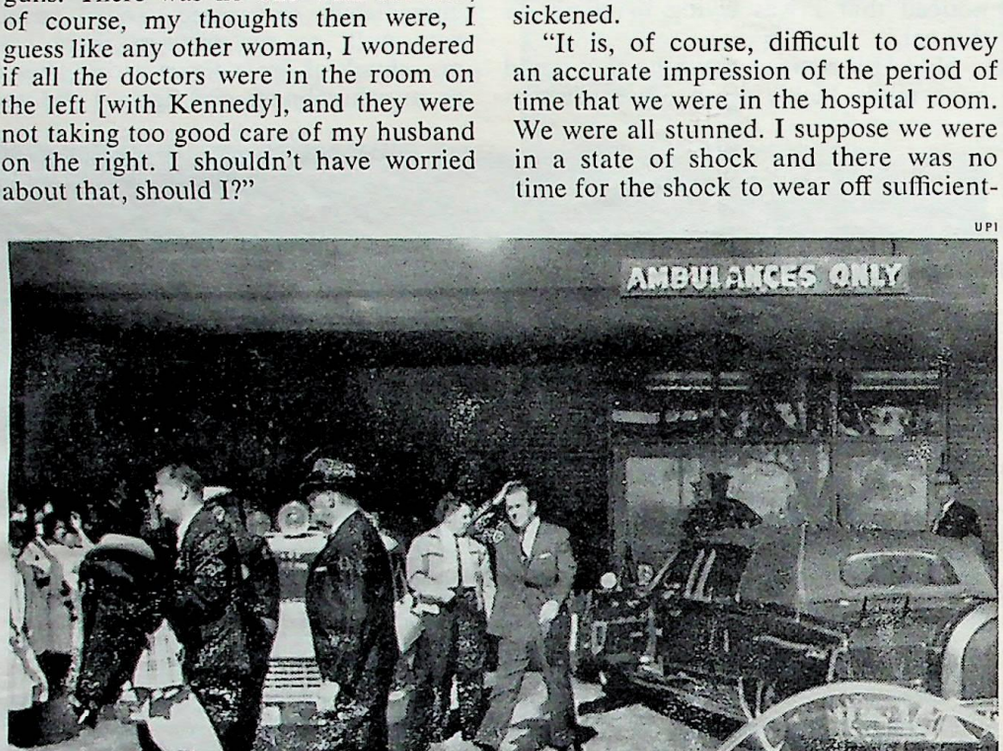
At the hospital, while her husband was in one emergency room and the President in another, Mrs. Connally recalled: "There were lots of what I assumed were Secret Service men rushing in with machine guns, I guess, or tommy guns. There was no one with me and, of course, my thoughts then were, I guess like any other woman, I wondered if all the doctors were in the room on the left [with Kennedy], and they were not taking too good care of my husband on the right. I shouldn't have worried about that, should I?"

"He's Gone." At the hospital, Johnson was escorted into a tiny room by Secret Service men and told to stay there—no matter what. There he learned of Kennedy's death.

"It was [White House Aide] Ken O'Donnell who, at about 1:20 p.m., told us that the President had died," said Johnson. "I think his precise words were, 'He's gone.' I found it hard to believe that this had happened. The whole thing seemed unreal—unbelievable. A few hours earlier, I had breakfast with John Kennedy; he was alive, strong, vigorous. I could not believe now that he was dead. I was shocked and sickened.

"It is, of course, difficult to convey an accurate impression of the period of time that we were in the hospital room. We were all stunned. I suppose we were in a state of shock and there was no time for the shock to wear off sufficiently so that the magnitude of our personal loss of this great man and good friend could express itself in words or in surface feelings. I suppose, actually, that the only outlet for the grief that shock had submerged was our sharp, painful and bitter concern and solicitude for Mrs. Kennedy."

UPI



PRESIDENTIAL CAR AT HOSPITAL (WITH ROOF BACK IN PLACE)

Amid chaos, time for compassion.

Lyndon Johnson

Vice President Johnson was riding two cars behind the Kennedys with Lady Bird, Texas Senator Ralph Yarborough and Secret Service Man Rufus Youngblood. "I was startled by the sharp report or explosion," Johnson wrote the Commission, "but I had no time to speculate as to its origin because Agent Youngblood turned in a flash, immediately after the first explosion, hitting me on the shoulder, and shouted to all of us in the back seat to get down. Almost in the same moment in which he hit or pushed me, he vaulted over the back seat and sat on me. I was bent over under the weight of Agent Youngblood's body. I remember attempting to turn my head to make sure that Mrs. Johnson had bent down. Both she and Senator Yarborough had crouched down at Agent Youngblood's command."

Later, aboard Air Force One, the air of unreality and disbelief persisted. Said Johnson: "We were ushered into the private quarters of the President's plane. It didn't seem right for John Kennedy not to be there. I told someone that we preferred for Mrs. Kennedy to use these quarters."

Bravery, Nobility, Dignity. From the plane, Johnson phoned Bobby Kennedy in Washington, and they decided that the presidential oath of office should be administered at Dallas' Love Field. Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach dictated the oath to a secretary aboard the plane. Dallas Judge [illegible] Hughes, who was to administer the [illegible] arrived, and Lyndon recalled: "A [illegible] minutes later Mrs. Kennedy and [illegible] President's coffin arrived. Mrs. John[illegible] and I spoke to her. We tried to com[illegible] her, but our words seemed inadequ[illegible] About a half-hour later, I asked [illegible] one to find out if Mrs. Kennedy [illegible] stand with us during the administra[illegible] of the oath. Mrs. Johnson went [illegible] be with her. Mrs. Kennedy came [illegible] stood with us during the momen[illegible] the oath was being administered. I [illegible] never forget her bravery, nobility [illegible] dignity."

Lady Bird

About a week after the assassina[illegible] Lady Bird Johnson dictated her re[illegible] lections on a tiny tape recorder—[illegible] marily as a form of therapy to hel[illegible] over the shock and horror of the e[illegible] rience." A transcript was sent to [illegible] Warren Commission.

After the shots, the Johnsons [illegible] "accelerated terrifically fast—faster [illegible] faster. Then suddenly they put o[illegible] brakes so hard that I wondered if [illegible] were going to make it as we wh[illegible] left and went around the corner [illegible] pulled up to a building. I looked up [illegible] saw it said 'Hospital.' Only then [illegible] believe that this might be what it w[illegible]

"As we ground to a halt—we [illegible] still the third car—Secret Service [illegible] began to pull, lead, guide, and hus[illegible] out. I cast one last look over my s[illegible] der and saw, in the President's c[illegible] bundle of pink, just like a drift of [illegible] soms, lying on the back seat. I th[illegible] was Mrs. Kennedy lying over the P[illegible] dent's body."

"God Help Us All." Later, Lady [illegible] found Jackie waiting outside Emerg[illegible] Room One. "You always think of [illegible] or someone like her—as being insul[illegible] protected," said Mrs. Johnson. "She [illegible] quite alone. I don't think I ever [illegible] anyone so much alone in my life. I [illegible] up to her, put my arms around her [illegible] said something to her. I'm sure it [illegible] something like 'God help us all.' [illegible] cause my feelings for her were too [illegible] multuous to put into words."

Lady Bird spoke next with N[illegible] Connally. "Then I turned and went [illegible] to the small white room where Ly[illegible] was. Mr. Kilduff [Assistant Press S[illegible] retary] and Kenny O'Donnell [illegible] coming and going. I think it was [illegible] Kenny's face and Kenny's voice th[illegible] first heard the words, 'The President [illegible] dead.' Mr. Kilduff entered and said [illegible] Lyndon, 'Mr. President.'"

Lady Bird recalled the tense [illegible] from the hospital to the airport. "[illegible] don said to stop the sirens. We [illegible] along as fast as we could. I looked [illegible] at a building and there already was [illegible] flag at half-mast. I think that is w[illegible] the enormity of what had happened [illegible] struck me."

Of the wait in the cabin of Air F[illegible] One before the takeoff for Washi[illegible] Lady Bird recalled: "It's odd at a [illegible]

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

e that the little things that come to
ur mind, and a moment of deep
mpassion you have for people who
e really not at the center of the trag-
. I heard a Secret Service man say
the most desolate voice, and I hurt
him. 'We never lost a President in
Service,' and then Police Chief
ry of Dallas came on the plane
said to Mrs. Kennedy, 'Mrs. Ken-
believe me, we did everything we
bly could.' "

I Want Them to See." Later, Lady
talked briefly with Jackie again.
looked at her. Mrs. Kennedy's dress
stained with blood. Her right glove
caked—that immaculate woman—
as caked with blood, her husband's
d. She always wore gloves like she
used to them. I never could. Some-
that was one of the most poignant
gs—exquisitely dressed and caked
blood. I asked her if I couldn't get
eone in to help her change and she
d 'Oh, no. Perhaps later I'll ask
y Gallagher, but not right now.' "

efore Lady Bird gave the transcript
e Commission, she had done some
ing. On the original, at the point
re she discussed Jackie's refusal to
ge her blood-drenched clothes,
y Bird had added: "Then with some-
g—if you can say a person that gen-
that dignified, had an element of
eness—she said, 'I want them to
what they have done to Jack.' "

nny O'Donnell

One of Kennedy's most devoted
s, Kenny O'Donnell, who had ar-
ged the Dallas trip to straighten out
party problem in Texas," was riding
e car behind the President when he
d Oswald's shots. "I saw the third
hit. It was such a perfect shot—I
ember I blessed myself. I was rath-
convinced that it was a fatal blow."
utside the emergency room, O'Don-
talked with Jackie. "I tried to in
e way imply that she might leave
come with us, at least to get her
of that room. She was covered with
od. Her response to me was that she
ld not leave her husband's body. I
zed that she was going to stay with
husband, no matter what anybody
and there was no possible way of
ng her to leave." O'Donnell ordered
asket, then tried to take Jackie out
she would not see it. "But she knew
at was going on," said O'Donnell.
e came out and said, 'No, I want to
ch it all.' And she stood in the door-
. And then they took it in, and put
e body in the casket."

The Law Must Be Met." At that
nt came a harrowing incident. "The
sket was brought out about halfway,"
d O'Donnell, "and a gentleman ar-
ed who said that we would not be
owed to remove the body from the
spital until the necessary papers had
en signed." O'Donnell agreed, assum-
g it would be done on the instant, but
out ten minutes passed. "I was getting
re concerned about Mrs. Kennedy's
state all the time—although she appeared composed, as she had from the beginning. Then a gentleman did arrive who has later been identified for me as a judge. The gentleman was very calm and cool and collected. If my recollection is clear, he said something to the effect that as of now this was just a homicide case, and there were certain things that had to be carried out, one of which I interpreted as an autopsy.

"My recollection is it was indicated to us that the President is dead, the hospital has to perform certain functions, and the law must be met, no matter who it is, at this moment. In my own mind, when they said autopsy, I realized we were talking not about hours, but perhaps even days, which was an impossible situation for Mrs. Kennedy."

"You Can't Do That!" Angered O'Donnell decided to ignore the demands of the Dallas officials. "We went

FRED WARD—BLACK STAR

THE RETURN TO WASHINGTON
An outburst was omitted.

in and took the body out," said O'Donnell. "Mrs. Kennedy stood right behind it, I think totally unaware of the problems that were then existing. We pushed the casket out through the hall. This first gentleman that had come in, who, I presume, was from the coroner's office, shouted very loudly, 'You can't do that! You can't leave here now!' Nobody paid any attention to him. We pushed out through another set of swinging doors. I remember a Catholic priest was between this and the doorway, and was praying. It was most disconcerting because we were concerned at all times that some moment they would say stop, and I hated to think what might happen to Mrs. Kennedy if she had to go back and go through this all over again. So we brushed them all aside and came out the same way we had come in, through the same doors."

In the presidential plane, O'Donnell urged the crew to take off quickly because "all of us were under the assumption or apprehension that at some moment we either might not be granted clearance to take off, or that the hospital may have in some way gotten the police to intercept us—the difficulty of that to Mrs. Kennedy was incalculable. I was in a highly desperate strait to get that airplane in the air and back to Washington."

Marina Oswald

In her more than 25 hours before the Commission (longest appearance of any witness), Marina Oswald spoke mostly through a Russian interpreter, haltingly told what it was like to live with Lee Harvey Oswald. Excerpts:

"He said that after 20 years he would be prime minister. I think that he had a sick imagination—at least at that time I already considered him to be not quite normal—not always, but at times. He was very much interested, exceedingly so, in autobiographical works of outstanding statesmen of the United States and others. I think that he compared himself to these people whose autobiographies he read. That seems strange to me, because it is necessary to have an education in order to achieve success of that kind.

"He was irritated by trifles. Such a small thing as, for example, dinner being five minutes late, and I do mean five minutes—it is not that I am exaggerating—he would be very angry. Or if there were no butter on the table, because he hadn't brought it from the icebox, he would with great indignation ask, 'Why is there no butter?' And at the same time if I had put butter on the table he wouldn't have touched it. This is foolishness, of course. A normal person doesn't get irritated by things like that."

At one point, Marina was thinking of returning alone to Russia. "He was very sad and upset. He was sitting and writing something in his notebook. I asked him what he was writing and he said, 'It would be better if I go with you.' Then he went into the kitchen and he sat there in the dark, and when I came in I saw that he was crying. I didn't know why. But, of course, when a man is crying it is not a very pleasant thing, and I didn't start to question him about why.

"I remember that he talked about Kennedy's father, who made his fortune by a not very—in a not very good manner. He said he had speculated in wine. I don't know to what extent that is true."

The night after Kennedy died, Marina saw Oswald in the Dallas city jail. "He tried to console me that I should not worry, that everything would turn out well. But I could see by his eyes that he was guilty. Rather, he tried to appear to be brave. However, by his eyes I could tell that he was afraid. This was just a feeling. It is hard to describe. He said goodbye to me with his eyes."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DR. PAUL CARLSON'S BODY

A single life with a special, tragic meaning.

AFRICA

The Congo Massacre

(See Cover)

The Simbas came at 7 o'clock. Grim-faced in their manes of monkey fur and feathers, they banged on the doors of the Résidence Victoria with spears and gun butts, roughly hustled their white hostages out into the street. For an hour, the skies over Stanleyville had pulsed with airplane engines and apprehension. Watchers on the rooftops saw parachutes bloom and fall over the airfield to the west; gunfire ticked closer in the near distance. The Belgians had come, and help for the hostages was on its way—fast, but for many not fast enough.

The Simbas marched the 250 whites out into the broad, dawn-pale streets near the monument of the late Patrice Lumumba, the wild leftist demagogue who was the Congo's first Premier and remains its leading martyr. The marble steps below the rain-blanched image were discolored with the blood of more than 100 Congolese executed in recent months: even before the rebels turned on the whites, they had brutally exterminated black opponents of their arcane revolutionary cause. At the monument, in the name of socialism and the Congolese People's Republic, the former mayor of Stanleyville had been eviscerated, his liver and kidneys eaten raw by a laughing rebel officer while the mayor slowly died.

No Scruples. The hostage column was marched into nearby Avenue Sergeant Kitele, then ordered to sit down in the street. "We didn't believe they would harm us deliberately," recalls U.S. Consul Michael P. Hoyt, who walked with one of his aides at the head of the column. "But there was always the chance of an accident. The firing kept getting closer. Then I saw one of the Simbas fire into the crowd and I saw people running. Everybody began running. I was not running properly and I fell down twice. My legs wouldn't function right. A guy ahead of me went over a wire fence. I decided it was best to keep down. I didn't hear any screams during the firing. Funny. I always thought that people being shot at screamed."

There were plenty of screams elsewhere. As the U.S. planes kept coming and stick after stick of Belgian paratroopers popped silk over the city, Radio Stanleyville shrilled its last message: "*Ciyuga! Ciyuga!* Kill them all! Men, women and children. Kill them all! Have no scruples!" The Simbas (Swahili for "lions") of Rebel General Nicholas Olenga did their best to carry out the order. In the Avenue Sergeant Kitele, according to some survivors, the command to fire was given by "Major Bubu," a deaf-mute ex-boxer addicted to hemp who served as personal bodyguard to Rebel Defense Minister Gaston Soumialot. Bubu's order could not have been a scream, but in its strangled, inarticulate ferocity must have expressed precisely the blood lust of the Simbas.

Rifles and Sten guns rattling, they fired point-blank into the seated hostages. The gunners picked women and children as their first targets. Many whites flopped onto the pavement, pretending to be dead. Others did not have to pretend. One Belgian child was cut in half by a Sten-gun burst. Parents who flung themselves over their children were stitched by the wild bullets that sprayed the crowd. A woman sat openmouthed as gunfire chopped down the people on either side of her. She somehow came through unhurt.

Not so lucky was a quiet, self-effacing American medical missionary from Torrance, Calif., who for two months had been a pawn of the rebel regime in its negotiations with the U.S., Belgium and the legal Congolese government of Premier Moise Tshombe. Periodic sentenced to death as an "Ameri spy," periodically reprieved when th seemed to go well for the rebels, Paul Earle Carlson, 36, caught a s of bullets through head and back he tried to escape the slashing gunf "Carlson was not singled out," s Mike Hoyt, who saw the surgeon "He arrived late at the rear of the umn with two other Americans. T started running and went over a w Then he started over. He just di make it. It made me sick. He had h through so much, and to be killed the very end."

Last Rites. Moments after Carl died, the Belgian paratroopers arri and at their approach the Simbas t to their heels. The troops secured airport, quickly fought their way town. Surprise, speed and Simba c ardice kept the slaughter near Lumu ba Square from reaching major p portions. But across the Congo Ri in Stanleyville's Rive Gauche sec the Simbas found 28 other victims. hostages were hacked to pieces on street. Among them were four Span nuns and a number of Spanish Dutch priests. According to a witn the priests were beaten and then th throats were cut. After similar tre ment, the nuns were placed on top them. The usual mutilations were c ried out on the sexual organs, and fe was cut from the bodies to be ea One Belgian who escaped said: " bought our lives with beer and mo The fathers and nuns had nothing ransom their lives with."

Of some 1,300 whites in Stanleyv all but 60 were rescued. Of the d at least 29 were Belgian, one Canadi two American—Carlson and an missionary, Phyllis Rine, 25, of M Vernon, Ohio.

The survivors, grey with shock a gaudy with bloodstains, hiked the

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

d a half to the airport. There bullet-
dded U.S. C-130 transports—winged
rebel ground fire during the airdrop
waited to fly them to Leopoldville
d safety. "It was not a happy, singing
oop," said Hoyt with grim under-
tement, "although I couldn't help
ing glad to be alive." By 10:27 a.m.
first transports were back in Leo-
ville. They were chockablock with
, dead, dying and wounded. They
coming all day: crisp white nuns
an old priest in a black Homburg;
little girls, bloodstained, holding
to their dolls; a mother and
ter in pajamas and no shoes; a
with its feet sticking out of an
ne bag.

The dead were set down in front of
U.S. Air Force hangar, and Belgian
tholic priests performed the last rites.
re had been no time yet to provide
ins. U.S. Ambassador George Mc-
rrie Godley watched two marines
se the Stars and Stripes over the
y of Dr. Paul Carlson. Someone
d taken a New Testament from Carl-
's pocket, to be sent to his wife.

The Question. A single life, or even
hundred, may not appear to mean
ch in the grim reckoning of Africa.
e tribes butchered each other for
turies before the white man arrived,
d in colonial days white soldiers killed
nless, nameless Africans. But Dr.
rlson's murder, along with the massa-
of perhaps another hundred whites
d thousands of blacks, had a special,
ic meaning.

Carlson symbolized all the white men
nd there are many—who want noth-
from Africa but a chance to help.
was no saint and no deliberate mar-
. He was a highly skilled physician
o, out of a strong Christian faith and
ense of common humanity, had gone
the Congo to treat the sick. His
ath did more than prove that Black
ican civilization—with its elaborate
ppings of half a hundred sovereign-
s, governments and U.N. delegations
—is largely a pretense. The rebels were after all, for the most part, only a rabble of dazed, ignorant savages, used and abused by semi-sophisticated leaders.

But virtually all other black African nations, including the more advanced and moderate ones, supported the rebels without even a hint of condemnation for their bestialities. Virtually all these nations echoed the cynical Communist line in denouncing the parachute rescue as "imperialist aggression." When this happened, the sane part of the world could only wonder whether Black Africa can be taken seriously at all, or whether, for the foreseeable future, it is beyond the reach of reason.

Naked Nuns. The U.S.-Belgian intervention was decided upon only as a last resort, when all negotiations had failed with the rebel regime of Christophe Gbenye—the bearded "President" of the Peking-backed Congo People's Republic, who packs a Colt revolver in his blue jeans and drives a Rolls-Royce. When the more or less Communist-backed rebels first launched their attack on the government, the U.S. helped Premier Tshombe only with relatively modest sums of money and supplies. He himself recruited white officers of various nationalities to stiffen the loyal Congolese army.

When the rebels captured Stanleyville last August, they treated the whites living there relatively well at first. But as the war began to turn against them, they grew increasingly venomous, until finally all whites were "Americans" and deserving of maltreatment or death. The rebel regime kept announcing that 10,000 Americans were fighting alongside Tshombe. Except for an occasional refugee's horror story, little was known on the outside about the fate of the whites during that period. But last week, the grim details were filled in.

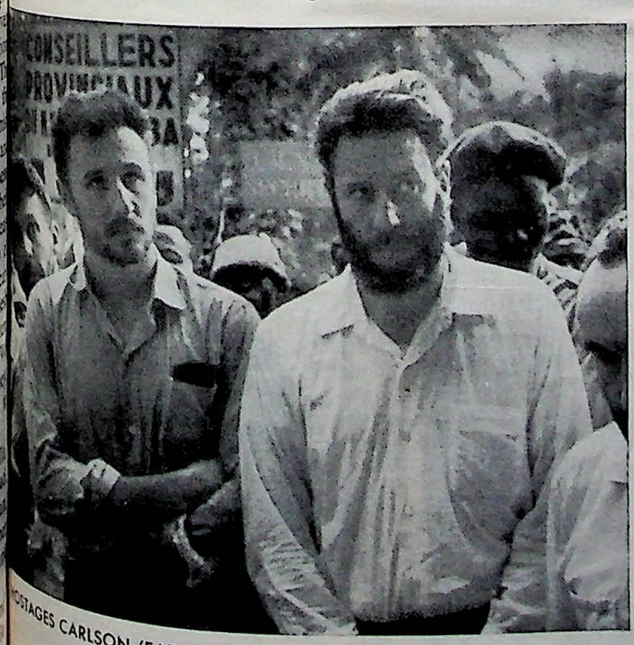
Anyone with a radio set—either transmitter or receiver—was considered a spy, calling in "Yankee" help against the cause. Sister Anne-Maria Merkens, another superior of a mission hospital at Bondamba, 300 miles northwest of Stan, owned a tiny transistor radio. Simbas in leopardskins appeared in mid-September, accused the nuns of sending messages to the Americans, even though the radio was only capable of receiving signals. They returned a few weeks later, killed the mission's cows, stole its chickens and rice. On their next visit, they abducted schoolgirls aged 7 to 14, spent the night sniffing dope, dancing and raping. Finally, in November they "arrested" Sister Anne-Maria and another nun, forced them to strip, and locked them up in Basoko with 16 other nuns, 23 priests and three civilians.

"The next day, Nov. 11, the Simbas heard two light planes overhead," Sister Anne-Maria recalled last week: "In rushed a Simba, who with a sweep of his spear brushed the table clean. Shouting accusations that we had summoned the Americans, the Simbas attacked the priests. They hammered them mercilessly with sticks and rifle butts until nearly everyone was covered with blood and bruises. Then we were marched outside, told to strip off all our clothes, and ordered to sit down." Naked, the nuns were beaten fiercely, locked up without food and clothing for 24 hours in a small room. "Again and again they promised to kill us or eat us alive or throw us into the river in sacks."

Finally the priests and nuns were taken to Stanleyville to join the rebels' other hostages. By now the leaders were trying to barter the lives of their prisoners for a cease-fire.

To the Inner Station. Negotiations started in Nairobi, under the auspices of Kenya's Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta, chairman of the Organization of African Unity's Congo Reconciliation Commission. Posturing in his orange sport shirt among the mangoes and moonflowers of Jomo's garden, the rebel "Foreign Minister," Thomas Kanza, presented his conditions: hostages would live if Tshombe's Congolese army im-

PETIT PARIS



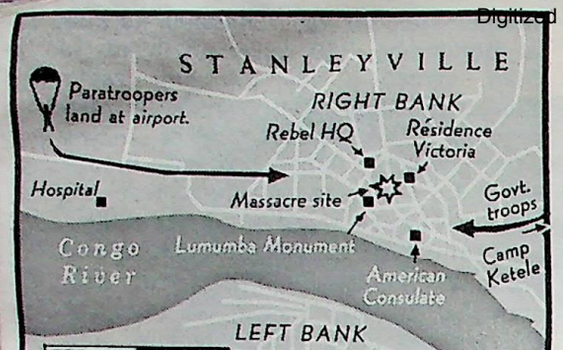
HOSTAGES CARLSON (FAR LEFT) & HOYT (RIGHT) DURING FINAL WEEK

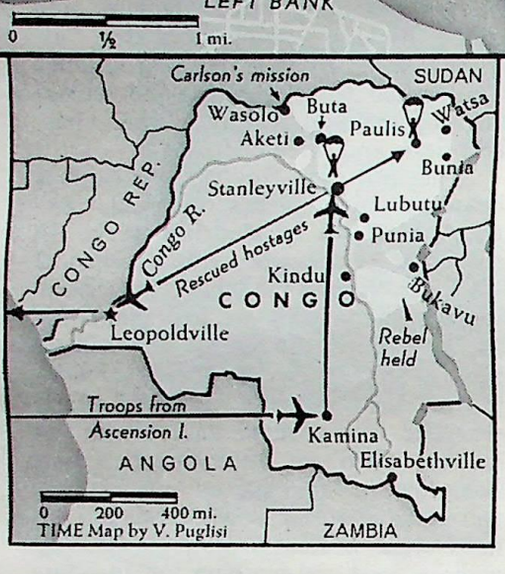
REBEL PRESIDENT GBENYE

A cynical game with human pawns.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri





mediately halted its drive toward the rebel capital. That was tantamount to demanding a legitimate government's surrender to the rebels.

Moreover, it was becoming increasingly clear that Gbenye's control over his savage Simbas was fraying, and that unless something was done immediately, the hostages in rebel territory would be massacred out of hand. U.S. Consul Hoyt and his four aides were under threat of death for most of their three-month captivity, at one point were told to eat slices of an American flag ("We just made like we were chewing it," said Vice Consul David Grinwis. "It was a very durable flag"). Early last week, Gbenye himself fed the fires by telling a cheering crowd: "As fetishes we will wear the hearts of Belgians and Americans; we will dress in the skins of Americans and Belgians."

On instructions from Washington, U.S. Ambassador William Attwood broke off the talks. To save the lives of the hostages, the 600 men of Belgium's crack Régiment Para-Commando, led by a stocky, balding Africa hand, Colonel Charles Laurent, 51, would have to live up to their motto: *Nec Iactantia Nec Metu* (Neither Boasting nor Fearing). They did.

From Ascension Island, where they had been in readiness for a week, the para-commandos flew in 14 U.S.-piloted C-130s to Katanga's giant Kamina Military Base and thence toward their target. Below the gaping jump-hatches, the Congo wound broad and tawny through black-green bush; the tin and tile roofs of Stanleyville shone pink in the early light. "Stan," as it is known to both black and white, is the most African town of the Congo. The "Inner Station" of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, it stands at the very center of the continent.

As Conrad wrote of the journey upriver to Stanleyville: "It was like traveling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on earth and the big trees were kings. The air was warm, thick, heavy, sluggish. You thought yourself bewitched and cut off forever from everything you had known once—somewhere—far away—in another existence perhaps." So it must have seemed to the soldiers who last week made the voyage to the Inner Station.

Gold Reserves. The Belgian paras sustained only seven casualties in rescuing the hostages. Four hours after their arrival, the Congolese 5th Mechanized Brigade rolled into Stan, spearheaded by the tough white fighters of Major Mike Hoare, 44, a starchy South African who served behind Japanese lines in Burma under Britain's mystical guerrilla warfare expert, Orde Wingate. No mystic himself, Hoare insisted that his 300 men stay neatly shaved, refrain from drinking beer before battle, but cared not a whit what they did otherwise. Mostly South Africans and Rhodesians, they gave no quarter to any black resembling a rebel.

Some of these white soldiers lived up to the name by which they are universally known—mercenaries. They were not above searching bodies for cash or blowing a few safes in the Stanleyville banks. But a great many of them are fighting for Tshombe's government out of conviction. Certainly, the "mercenaries" are no more mercenary—and far less brutal—than the African soldiers on either side of the Congolese civil war.

Gbenye and his rebel ministers had fled Stanleyville, and with them went more than 1,500 lbs. of gold (valued at nearly $800,000) from the Kilo-Moto Mines and more than $6,000,000 from the vaults of the Banque du Congo. But many Simbas had stayed behind sniping at anyone who moved, and the mopping up was bloody.

As troops entered the rebel headquarters near Lumumba Square, a black hand was spotted reaching from a closet to close the door. A Belgian opened up with his automatic rifle. In the headquarters alone, 25 rebels—mostly unarmed, minor political types—were sprayed with rifle fire as they hid under beds, beneath the kitchen table, and in wardrobes, which toppled like tipped coffins as their occupants died. Outside, Tshombe's tough Katangese gendarmes hunted down Simbas. Black residents of Stanleyville took to wearing white headbands to show their allegiance to the Leopoldville government, but that did not always work, and many a headband was soon stained red.

While a ghostly Stanleyville was gradually secured by the government troops, hundreds of white hostages still remained in rebel hands elsewhere. Two days after the Stanleyville drop, the Belgian paras jumped again, this time at Paulis, northeast of Stanleyville, where 270 whites were being kept prisoner.

Simba Scrimshaw. When they arrived, the paras found 20 hostages murdered with a deliberate savagery reminiscent of the Nazi death camps. A group of Simbas had burst into a Protestant mission where 71 Belgians and an American missionary, Joseph T[illman], 49, had been held for three weeks. The rebels, drunk and high on hemp, chose their victims for the night. Jean de Gotte, Belgian honorary consul in Paulis, watched in horror:

"The first dozen were bound, hands and feet tied together behind their backs—trussed like chickens. They were taken outside and dumped on the [road]. walk. Five white fathers were stripped of their cassocks and their beards were cut off. Mr. Tucker was first. They beat him across the face with a beer bottle and blinded him. Then they began to slowly, down the spine, with rifle butts and sticks. Every time he squirmed they hit him. It took him 45 minutes to die. Some of them died more quickly." The next night, seven more Belgians were killed. The priests' bodies were left on the mission steps; others were dumped into a crocodile-infested river.

In Paulis, the rebels were equally savage with their fellow Africans. A pro-Tshombe provincial president had been executed as an example to the town's 30,000 inhabitants. The Simbas first cut out his tongue, next lopped off his ears, feet and hands. Then they began a slow scrimshaw from the bottom up. It took him 15 minutes to die. One survivor estimated that 4,000 Congolese were killed in Paulis—mostly the town's "intellectuals" (clerks, teachers, civil servants). "They started by killing anyone who was well-dressed," said a 27-year-old railway employee who got out alive. "In this country, the well-dressed are well-educated."

As the paras tried to get the survivors out of Paulis, the Simbas followed them back to the rutted dirt airstrip where

MAJOR MIKE HOARE
No more mercenary than the enemy

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

C-130 waited. A rearguard held
em off while the first planes took off,
en scrambled for the last plane, which
ated with its engines whining impa-
ently. They took off in a hail of merci-
ly inaccurate rebel fire. Aboard one
the planes flew Mrs. Angeline Tucker
her three children. She had not seen
husband die. After that, to the dis-
of U.S. and Belgian officials on the
, the paratroopers were withdrawn,
ssumably in deference to "world opin-
even though an estimated 1,100
s were still in rebel-held territory.

The Road to Wasolo. Against the
kground of Stanleyville and Paulis,
quick machine-gun death of Paul
son appears merciful. But against
deeper background of his life, par-
arly his two years of service as a
geon in a high, hot corner of Africa,
re medicine was as rare as a morn-
frost, it appears cruel and incredibly
eful.

Wasolo, where "Doctor Paul" main-
ed his medical mission, is a sudden
ing on the turn of a jungle road
miles northeast of Leopoldville and
illion miles from nowhere. In Lin-
, the lingua franca of the region,
place is aptly called "The End of
World." The Africans have beaten
n the *sobi* grass around their huts
ear of snakes; beyond rises a wall of
enetrable rain forest. The hospital
mpound dominates a low hill. The
se itself is red brick, and in the rainy
son its roof pours drinking water
barrels standing beneath the eaves.
the dry season, Lois Carlson, 36, and
two children, Wayne, 9, and Lyn-
7, would take the truck to a stream
a mile away to fetch water. At the
e of Wasolo is a leper colony whose
ients produce the best cotton in
ngi Province. They pick the bolls
h with their teeth.

was here that Carlson chose to
e his life. Born in Culver City,
if., the son of a Swedish-immigrant
chinist, he had been raised in an
osphere of religion: the Evangelical
venant Church of America, an off-
ot of Lutheranism. Two years of
vice as a seaman in the U.S. Navy
46-48) provided him with the G.I.
and eventually his medical degree.
North Park College in Chicago he
ed blonde, pert Lois Lindblom,
om he married in 1950. Then came
nford and a degree in anthropology,
owed by George Washington Uni-
sity med school. Lois worked as a
se during Carlson's medical studies,
ked forward to a cozy, housewifely
eer in California. But then Paul went
the Congo in 1961 for a six-month
r with the Protestant Relief Agency.
hat he saw there changed, and ulti-
ately ended, his life.

Back in California, Carlson could not
get the urgent medical needs of the
ongo. As he told one colleague over
each: "If you could only see, you
uldn't be able to swallow your sand-
ich." He remained in private practice
nonetheless; he owned a $12,000 home

STANLEYVILLE SURVIVOR & CHILD
Others did not have to play dead.

near Redondo Beach, was earning $12,000 a year. But it palled, and finally he told a radiologist friend: "I'm going back. I can't stand doing hernias and hemorrhoids any more."

Some Exotica. Signing on as medical missionaries for $3,230 a year, the Carlsons arrived at Wasolo in October 1963—and were promptly greeted by several cases of hernia and hemorrhoids. But somehow it was different in an 80-bed hospital serving 100,000 potential patients, particularly since the chief surgeon also had to patch broken tie rods on his truck-*cum*-ambulance with vines, build cookhouses, make house calls on a motor bike, and still handle at least one major operation a day.

As Carlson wrote to friends back home, there was some exotica as well: "The teen-age boy with hemoglobin of only 20% who looks as if he had been blown up with the helium gas used for balloons at the circus—only the skin of his legs is like old, dried, peeling leather"; the African whose homemade *poo-poo* gun had exploded and taken half his face with it; the difficult obstetrical cases, as for instance the pregnant patient who had to be operated on for a ruptured uterus. "The lady had come about 75 miles in trucks. When she got here, she had no blood pressure and a pulse of 180. We thank God that she is slowly on the way to recovery. And she paid the $1.75 that covered the surgery."

Permeating Carlson's letters, and scored in his thin voice on the tape-recorded messages he sent, were a delighted wonder at the oddness of the Congo and a conscious attempt to sound matter-of-fact. He found it strange to be awakened by "the night sentry in tattered pants with a long spear" and asked to aid a child with meningitis. It was oddly lyrical to be "trudging single file through the forest on the little path" to the leper colony, singing Christmas carols. There was something more immediate about his surgery when the sun set in the middle of an operation and the sutures had to be made by flashlight. Throughout his letters, the phrase persisted: "But so life goes."

For the family, the life was a far remove from Redondo Beach barbecues. The diet was bananas, papayas and pineapples; goats, chickens and an occasional antelope. Though missionaries from the Evangelical Covenant network occasionally visited back and forth, amusement was usually family style: games of Scrabble, hymn singing, reading. The kids raised cats and dogs; Wayne built a monkey cage. It was hardly the usual Schweitzer-at-Lambaréné scene. Even when the rebels showed up, it was far from dramatic.

A month after the rebels took Stan-

PRIYA RAMRAKHA

MAKESHIFT MORGUE NEAR LUMUMBA SQUARE
Some stayed in the heart of darkness.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

leyville, two scruffy Simbas in a purloined truck captured the area. The rebels were *underestimated* by the whites *who chose* to remain—missionaries, officials, technicians, businessmen, employees of the Belgian-owned Société Générale, which controls most of the Congo's business enterprises and is still making money.

Some Europeans played into rebel hands—for instance, the Belgian owner of a sugar mill who felt it was better to deal with the people in power than lose his sugar crop: from neighboring Burundi he continued to bring in supplies and gasoline, which the rebels regularly confiscated, thus gaining enough fuel to attack Albertville. The rebels reassured the owner by formally signing for everything—they delight in mixing barbarism with bureaucracy—but before long, they held all the sugar workers as hostages and were manufacturing cannon in the mill workshops.

Foreign embassies had ordered all missionaries out of the north. Carlson took his family and his white nurse across the Ubangi River to the safety of the Central African Republic. But he himself returned to the hospital last September. He felt he could not desert his patients, and up to that time the rebels had not bothered doctors.

Carlson was arrested two weeks later because he owned a radio, because he was an American, and because the hard-pressed rebel regime wanted hostages. Along with the other American prisoners, Carlson became a pawn in the rebels' game to buy victory that did not end until the joint U.S.-Belgium paratroop action.

Remember Pearl Harbor. That action was completely understood in the West as humanitarian and, if anything, more cautiously carried out than necessary. The NATO Council formally backed it. In the "nonaligned" and Communist worlds, though, a well-organized propaganda effort made it sound as if the Americans and Belgians, not the savage Simbas, had committed the atrocities of Stanleyville. Whatever Belgium's guilt in the past, whatever the U.S.'s mistakes, it was a dizzying and infuriating perversion of the reality.

Moscow, obviously eager to show that it is just as anti-colonialist as Peking, mouthed the usual phrases about "imperialist intervention" and permitted African students to riot at the U.S. embassy. But the Russian response was mild compared to the Khrushchevian blasts of 1960 (when Lumumba was deposed) and 1962 (when the U.N. went into Katanga). For all their relative softening toward the West, the satellites kept pace, with embassy riots in Prague and Sofia.

Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta, who has more than passing acquaintance with African savagery from his country's Mau Mau days, may have felt somewhat embarrassed at his failure to bring about a "peaceful" solution to the hostage problem; though he condemned foreign intervention, he also called for continued "efforts at reconciliation" between the rebels and the Tshombe government. Tanzania's Julius Nyerere, a moderate who himself called for white help earlier this year when his army mutinied, ludicrously deplored the paratroop drop as "reminiscent of Pearl Harbor"—but then, he has Communist problems of his own at home.

In Cairo, some 200 African and Egyptian students descended on the U.S. embassy and burned down the adjacent, $250,000 John F. Kennedy Memorial Library. Ahmed ben Bella, shaky ruler of a bankrupt Algeria, many of whose people survive only because of U.S. food gifts, pledged "arms and volunteers" to the Congo rebels. So did Red China.

No Can Do. Despite the fact that Rebel Boss Gbenye and his henchmen have been driven from their capital, the fight will go on for some time. In their rapid push to save white [illegible] the Congolese army left big rebel [illegible] ets behind. Many pessimists talk [illegible] "Hundred Years War." How can rebellion be crushed?

The remedy, as Tshombe sees it, a patient formula—denounced as [illegible] colonial by his enemies—in which [illegible] men will hold as many key jobs as [illegible] sible for as long as it takes to mold effective army and an efficient administration. His refusal to "Africanize" at cost is part of the reason why he [illegible] yond the pale of his peers in other [illegible] rican nations. And yet a sizable [illegible] of whites have stayed on in such [illegible] as Nigeria and Ghana, where they welcomed but not overly publicized.

Tshombe knows how to maintain popularity at home—and he does it a way no other African leader would dare. He talks about the dignity his people have lost through laziness and common response, "*Pas moyen*, [illegible] [No can do, boss]." He gives them In Stanleyville, just before the re took it, he told a crowd: "You tell you don't have enough to eat. But I you drinking beer at 9 o'clock in morning. First work, then drink beer."

Africans respect a winner, and Tshombe banked on his firm st against the rebels in Stanleyville. If succeeds, the Congo could become watershed in the history of emerg Africa. For five years, African po cians have indiscriminately whipla the Western world while glorifi themselves with such airy phrases "African personality" and "African cialism." Tshombe—that rarest of ricans who seems to have no compl about being black—recognizes the tal side of the African personality, the phony side of African socialism. is willing to accept people from the side—whether mercenaries, technici or missionaries—to give the Congo measure of stability. Canny and u scrupulous, candid and pragmatic, just might do it—although the odds overwhelmingly against him.

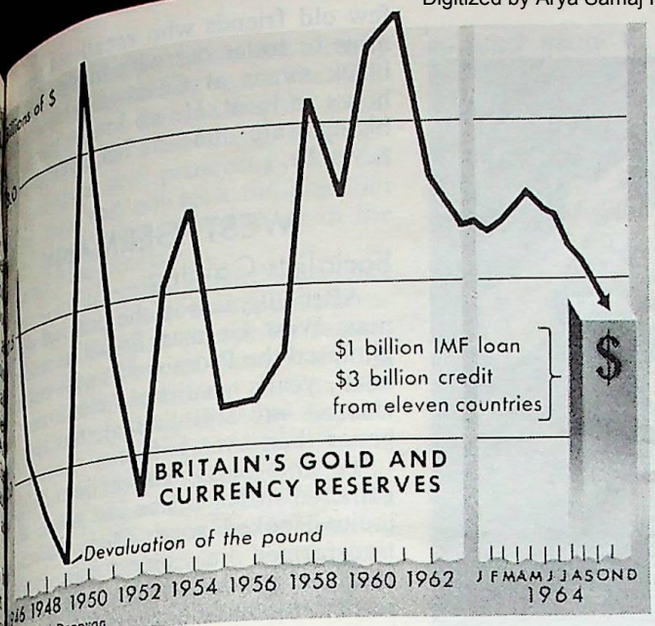
The blacks of Stanleyville and Pa are not likely soon to forget the hea tread of the mercenaries. And it w take the whites even longer to forget forgive the enormities committed by Simbas. A great many of the Belgia and other whites who lived and worke in the Congo now shudder at th thought of returning. And yet, others a surprisingly high number—have a ready said that after a while, they w go back, if asked. In all likelihood, th will not go in the spirit of a Paul Cl son, who once said, "In this centu more people have died for their witness for Christ than died in the early cen turies, which we think of as the days o martyrs." They will be in the Congo f more mundane reasons. But if there is ever to be a normal, sane relationship between Black Africa and the white world, they will have to be there, and they will have to be accepted. For so life goes.

SMITH KLINE & FRENCH

CARLSON SAYING GRACE WITH MRS. CARLSON (CENTER) & CHILDREN (LEFT) AT WASOLO
... Hardly the usual Schweitzer scene.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



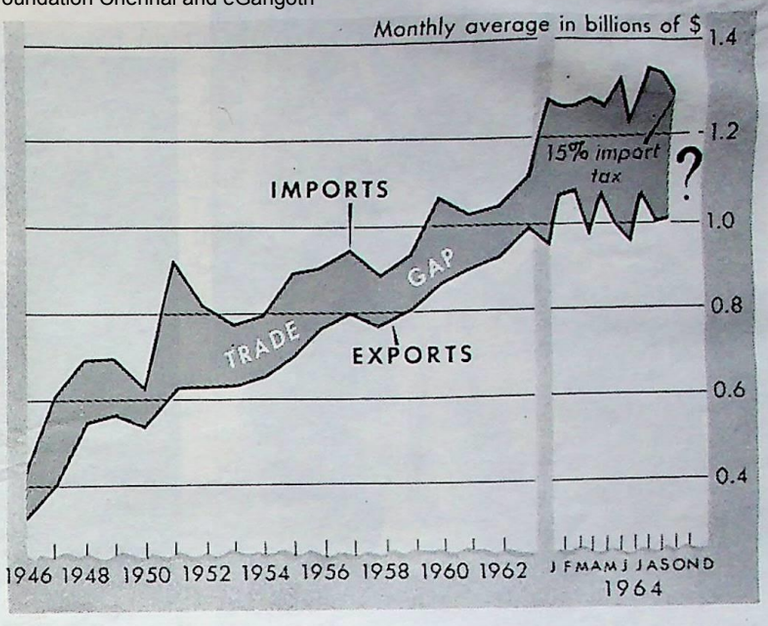


Chart by J. Donovan

GREAT BRITAIN

The $3 Billion Bail Bond

Harold Wilson came to power seven weeks ago promising that "Britain will have just as much influence in the world as we can earn and deserve"—and gave his Labor government 100 days to make its mark. The financial world passed judgment in less than half that time, and in a crushing vote of no-confidence last week mounted the heaviest attack on the pound that Britain had faced since the early postwar years. Thanks to a $3 billion, eleven-nation bailing-out operation backed by the U.S., both the pound and the Prime Minister managed to survive. But the lesson of Wilson's first major crisis may be felt for many times 100 days.

The Laborites—as even most Tories now admit—inherited an Augean mess. The Conservative government had closed its eyes too long to a mounting trade deficit that by year's end seemed certain to top $2 billion, almost equivalent to the gold reserves of the entire sterling bloc (*see charts*). Theoretically, few economists quarreled with Wilson's first, stringent measures to close the gap: a "temporary" 15% tax on virtually all imports reaching Britain, plus tax incentives for British industrialists who boost exports. Practically, however, Wilson could hardly have acted more ineptly.

Waiting for Noah. The surcharge on their exports was a jolting setback for the Commonwealth nations and Britain's trading partners in E.F.T.A., Europe's Outer Seven; yet the Prime Minister made no attempt to soften the blow by consulting them in advance. Too late, British officials scurried across the Continent to plead their government's case—resembling, in former Tory Party Leader Iain Macleod's withering phrase, "doves sent out from the ark to tell people that Noah's sorry it's raining."

Even so, hardheaded foreign bankers might have waited for Noah to reach dry land if there had been any real sign that the government was coming to grips with Britain's basic economic ills. On the contrary, Wilson clearly assigned priority to expanded welfare statism that Britain can patently ill afford. He also insisted on doctrinaire legislation such as renationalization of steel, hinted at new, incentive-stifling corporate and capital-gains taxes. Convinced that Britain's financial position could only worsen, international bankers scrambled to unload their sterling holdings.

Gnomes of Zurich. London's top merchant bankers came to Wilson two weeks ago to warn that he could only avert a full-blown crisis of confidence in the pound by raising the Bank of England's interest rate on borrowed money from 5% to 6%, in order to damp down domestic consumption and lure international investors back to the sterling bloc. The Prime Minister refused on the dogmatic grounds that he would not resort to the "stop-go" economic policies of the Tories—who nonetheless had never faced a balance-of-payments gap as formidable as that which confronted Wilson. While Labor backbenchers muttered against international financiers—the "gnomes of Zurich"—Wilson warned direly that world bankers would have to "pay the price for their lack of faith in Britain."

The price, in fact, was paid by the Bank of England, which was forced to pump in dwindling reserves to support sterling at the minimum official rate of $2.78‡ to the pound. Finally, after a weekend huddle with his ministers and consultations with the U.S., Wilson hiked Britain's bank rate to 7%, the "crisis" level. As a result, Washington was forced to raise the U.S. discount rate from 3.5% to 4% (*see* U. S. BUSINESS). But for the pound, it was already too late. By then the stampede from sterling was in full thunder, whipped on by worldwide speculation that Britain would be forced to devalue.

Telephone Offensive. Only four years ago, that might indeed have been the result. Since then, however, the U.S. has cemented cooperative agreements with Europe's powerful central banks to bail one another out whenever any nation's currency is under attack. As the world's No. 2 reserve currency, after the dollar, the pound plainly had to be defended. Within minutes of receiving a Save-Our-Sterling message from Whitehall, U.S. monetary officials and Bank of England experts in London's Threadneedle Street embarked on a night-long telephone offensive that by next day had raised the $3 billion bundle that Britain needed. Said Treasury Under Secretary Robert Roosa: "This was the biggest and quickest monetary rescue job ever seen."

The crisis was a rude shock for Labor, and a sobering reminder that the whole British economy must become drastically more efficient to survive. "Gone is the illusion," wrote the Financial Times, "that more benefits for all could be squeezed from static production. Gone is the illusion that growth can come from talk. Gone is the illusion that planning can ignore finance . . . Labor's ideas have been swept away with almost frightening speed."

The huge sum that rescued the pound must be repaid within six months, and Britain's creditors thus hold a *de facto* veto power over government policy. In effect they will insist that Britain must regain solvency and international confidence before anything else is undertaken, including further expensive welfare schemes.

Anniversary of an Antediluvian

A quarter-century ago this fall, Britain declared war on Hitler's Germany. Fifty years ago, its troops were digging in for the first, fearsome winter of World War I. Ninety years ago this week was born the only man who, in his own words, "passed through both the two supreme cataclysms of recorded history in high Cabinet office." It is a mark of the world's affection and deep respect for Sir Winston Churchill that his birthday is celebrated almost as a national anniversary throughout the free world.

In London, tributes to "the only ante-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CHURCHILL BEFORE "IRON CURTAIN" SPEECH, 1946

P.A. REUTER

DINING OUT, NOVEMBER 1964

Still, echoes of Elizabeth at Tilbury and Henry at Agincourt.

diluvian," as he styled himself in 1940, range from an hour-long BBC television show built around his favorite songs to a radio play about the second most illustrious of the Churchills, the Duke of Marlborough. At dozens of observances throughout the U.S., Americans contributed funds to the Winston Churchill Memorial* at Fulton, Mo., commemorating the historic 1946 "Sinews of Peace" speech at Westminster College, in which Churchill urged the Western world to close ranks again in the face of a threat to peace as formidable as any it had yet seen: "From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the Continent."

Duty Done. One of the few statesmen to achieve undisputed immortality *in his lifetime*, Sir Winston is perhaps the only world leader who has ever written history as memorably as he made it. His chronicles of the First and Second World Wars, and the West's misspent years between, are without parallel either as history or, as he saw them, a distillation of "thirty years of action and advocacy that comprise and express my life-effort."

Thanks to a deep sense of the past and a lofty view of the future, Churchill has always been a poet of action, a brilliant interpreter of great events from the British army's last great cavalry charge at Omdurman in 1898 to the final defeat of the Axis powers in 1945. And for all his political pragmatism, Churchill never hesitated to point to the underlying moral of events or to affirm that, by and large, the Allied cause was that of civilization itself. As he said in the hour of victory: "We gave thanks to God for the noblest of all His blessings, the sense that we had done our duty."

The Voice. It seems a distant victory now, with yesterday's friends and foes dizzyingly reversed. His own finest hour remains the summer of 1940, with the clamor of fighters overhead, the army trucks clattering along country roads, the crunch of falling bombs, the civilians digging trenches against the invasion that could come at any hour. All this is not memory but only history to a new generation. But it is still sometimes brought to life—for instance, in a massive birthday edition by London Records (24 sides) of Churchill's speeches, readings and spoken recollections.

With not too much imagination it is possible to hear that gruff, grave, sibilant voice as the voice of Elizabeth at Tilbury, of Henry V at Agincourt, of Pitt, or Chatham, or the Lloyd George to whom Churchill paid tribute in his last speech before the House of Commons nine years ago. The words could apply to Churchill himself: "He imparted at once a new surge of strength, of impulse, far stronger than anything that had been known up to that time . . . As a man of action, resource and creative energy, he stood, when at his zenith, without a rival."

Old Feats. If Churchill's zenith is past, his words retain a remarkable pertinence. The Iron Curtain speech itself, his advice to seek pragmatic understandings with the Communists, the vision of a united Europe and a European army, above all the incomparable definition of Western values, remain strikingly contemporary. At fourscore years and ten, Churchill lives in quiet seclusion. Increasingly feeble and withdrawn within himself, he still enjoys his food and drink and the company of a few old friends who recall old feats of arms or totter out with him to feed the black swans at Chartwell, his country house in Kent. He no longer paints, but his eyes are dim—as his testimony will never be.

* *Consisting of a library of Churchilliana, housed inside the transplanted shell of Sir Christopher Wren's 17th century church of St. Mary Aldermanbury in London (it was destroyed during the blitz). The interior of the church will be rebuilt to Wren's original plans.*

WEST GERMANY

Socialists Gaining

After 30 years in the political wilder-ness, West German Socialists excited glimpsed the Promised Land—victory next year's national elections. The chances are still limited, but they are better than ever before.

To the party convention delegates gathered in Karlsruhe last week, all the indices looked good. Their leaders had transformed a blue-collar, militant workers' movement into a broad-based respectable middle-class party that hardly ever mentions Marx. Alone or in coalition, Socialists now rule five of West Germany's eleven states and 45% the nation's biggest cities. In September they scored impressive gains in local elections in the Saar and Rhineland whose formerly hostile Catholic populations know that the "new" Socialists have abandoned their attacks on the church. The latest national public opinion poll gives the Socialists a 7% lead over the ruling Christian Democrats.

The Socialists admit that in all this they have been helped by their political foes; the Christian Democratic Party these days seems bent on tearing itself apart.

Economic Dilemmas. Most of the tearing is being done by the party's "Gaullist" wing, headed by venerable ex-Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, 88, and beefy ex-Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, 49, who favor De Gaulle's vision of a Europe independent of the U.S. in nuclear and other matters. They are opposed by the dominant "Atlanticist" wing, led by Chancellor Ludwig Erhard and his Foreign Minister, Gerhard Schröder, who favor the U.S.-proposed multilateral force (MLF) and close association with Washington.

The fight is as much personal as political. Adenauer has always been disdainful of plump, amiable Erhard, and lately Erhard's leadership has indeed faltered. He has not been able to overcome his party's divisions, and he is troubled by several economic dilemmas. He will have to lower German grain prices to meet Common Market levels, a move which Germany's inefficient subsidized farmers dread. Proclaiming an attack on inflationary spending, Erhard chose to make his stand by refusing to grant increased benefits to war victims, and was later forced to back down. After appealing for moderation to the public, Erhard then infuriated everyone by raising telephone rates—and again backed down.

Unrocked Boat. Against this, the Socialists are trying to project an image of unity and reason. At Karlsruhe, the party formally came out for the multilateral force. As for the choice between France

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...and the U.S., the Socialists are already on record as depending upon the U.S. for the defense of Europe and the eventual reunification of Germany. In short, the Socialists are promising that, if elected, they will not rock the boat but merely run it more efficiently than the Christian Democrats.

For all his troubles, Erhard's personal popularity and deserved reputation as the father of German prosperity remain immense. Regardless of party standing, the polls still favor Erhard as Chancellor over Socialist Leader Willy Brandt. The vigorous mayor of West Berlin, Brandt simply lacks the stature of a national leader, a fact that the Karlsruhe convention recognized when, in drawing up its election program, it emphasized the party more than the man. The convention also appointed a "shadow Cabinet" of able technicians to show the electorate that the Socialists have more to offer than just Brandt.

ITALY

A Communist by Any Other Name

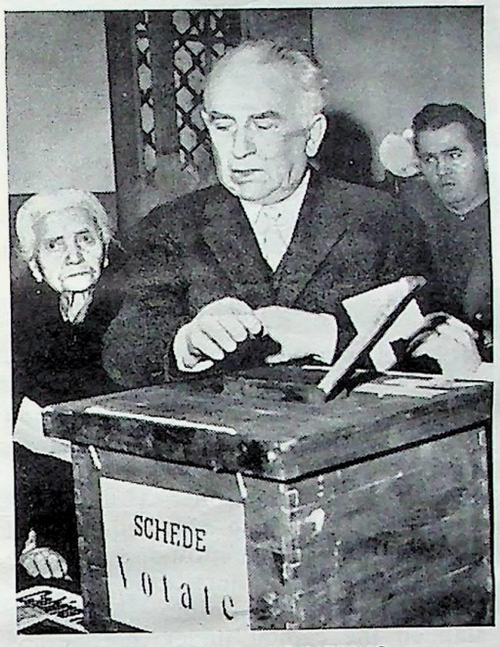
What with Western Europe's glowing prosperity and the corresponding disarray behind the Iron Curtain, the U.S. has come to count heavily on the idea that there is no future for Communist parties in the free world. But once again, Italy proved that higher wages and additional creature comforts do not necessarily ensure a Red rout. The country's municipal elections resulted in a small but significant increase of Communist strength and another decline in the fortunes of the ruling center-left coalition.

Complicated Failure. It was to avoid just such a result, and to "isolate" the Communists, that former Premier Amintore Fanfani created the *apertura a sinistra*, or opening to the left, in 1962. Fanfani reasoned that by forming a coalition government between his Christian Democrats and the left-wing Socialists of Pietro Nenni, he would 1) rob the Communists of their strongest allies, and 2) give himself room to press for domestic reforms without footdragging by conservative parties.

It was a complicated maneuver, and it failed. It was Nenni's Socialists who were isolated, not the Communists. At the first national elections after the *apertura*, in 1963, the Communists gained a formidable million votes. Then it was argued that the coalition experiment had not yet had time to prove itself. By now it has been given plenty of time—and has accomplished little or nothing. In the municipal elections, all the tides were supposed to be running against the Reds: Italy's longtime Red Boss Palmiro Togliatti was dead; Khrushchev was out; and for the first time since the death of Pope John, Italy's Roman Catholic bishops were actively anti-Communist.

The Reds serenely and successfully campaigned under the guise of middle-class reformers (TIME, Nov. 20), and as usual many Italians voted for them simply as a form of protest against various troubles, from high prices to bad schools. While not gaining nearly so much as in 1963, the Reds did increase their majority .04% over their total in last year's parliamentary elections. They gained in central Italy, tightened their hold on the "Red belt" of Tuscany, Umbria and Emilia-Romagna, became the biggest party in Florence. The Christian Democrats were off more than 1% from last year, 3% from 1960, and lost 59 provincial council seats throughout the country. The Nenni Socialists slipped badly. Of the minor parties, only the conservative Liberals continued to grow. The party position for the past few years:

ANSA



RED BOSS LONGO VOTING
Isolating the isolators.

	1960	1963	1964
Christian Democrats	40.4	38.3	37.4
Communists	24.3	25.6	26.0
Nenni Socialists	14.4	14.2	11.3
Liberals	4.0	7.0	7.9
Social Democrats	5.8	6.3	6.6
Neo-Fascists	5.9	5.0	5.0
Proletarian Unity Socialists	—	—	2.9
Republicans	1.3	1.3	1.2
Monarchists	2.9	1.7	0.9
Others	1.0	0.7	0.8

Balance of Power. The Christian Democratic leadership still clung to the *apertura* that had failed, while the Reds were elated. "Splendid success!" trumpeted the Communist newspaper L'Unità. And the Communists promptly offered to help the center-left coalition form ruling bodies in local and municipal councils. Italy's new Red boss, Luigi Longo, launched a campaign for an Italian Workers Movement open to members of all parties; he even offered to drop the name "Communist" from his party and to merge with the others. When one of the Red faithful demurred at dropping the party name, he was loftily told it would "open up a new highway to Socialism."

Longo's siren song may find its listeners. Even so staunch an anti-Communist as Social Democratic Foreign Minister Giuseppe Saragat has hinted that he could accept Communist cooperation on some issues. But then Saragat has his eye on the presidency, now occupied by long-ailing President Antonio Segni, who will probably announce his resignation next month, requiring presidential elections. Saragat's chief rivals will probably be Naples Jurist Giovanni Leone and former Premier Fanfani. In that contest, the Communists may well hold the balance of power.

UNITED NATIONS

Red, Green or Yellow

Throughout the summer and fall, the great blue-and-white General Assembly hall had been under the rule of the jackhammer. The semicircular rows of gleaming oaken desks had to be rearranged to make room for the U.N.'s population explosion: 115 members this year, *v.* 99 in 1960 and 51 at the founding. To pare down the time it takes for all of the delegations to vote, the desks were fitted out with buttons connected to a pair of large electronic boards beside the podium—green lights will flash on for aye, red for nay, yellow for abstention.

If the décor has changed, so has the mood. As the 19th General Assembly prepared to open this week, the euphoria flowing from last year's partial nuclear test-ban treaty was largely gone. Red China, for the first time supported by France and a majority of Africa, is making its strongest bid ever for U.N. membership—and although the betting is that there will still be enough red or yellow lights to stop Peking, it will be close. Of more immediate consequence is a new duel between the U.S. and Russia. The Big Two are on what appears to be a collision course over Moscow's unpaid U.N. bill of $52.6 million—and many delegates fear the U.N. itself may be the first of the crash victims.

Change of Mind. The money is Russia's assessed share of the cost of maintaining U.N. peace-keeping forces in Suez and the Congo. Russia supported the original U.N. action in both cases, but later changed its mind—to give Nasser a free hand in the Suez area, and to aid Red stooges in the Congo after Leftist Patrice Lumumba was assassinated. Moscow now claims the assessments are illegal, and despite the unanimous verdict of the International Court of Justice that they are binding, the Kremlin has refused to pay its share since early 1962. Washington threatens to open this week's session by demanding the invocation of Article 19 of the U.N. Charter—which declares that any nation two years behind in its payments "shall have no vote" in the General Assembly.

If the U.N. refuses to go along, Washington has threatened drastic reductions in its own contributions—currently 37% of the entire U.N. operating budget. Russia's counterthreat: any

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

punitive action would force Moscow to "face the necessity of reviewing its attitude toward the United Nations."

Voluntary Fund. Terrified of the prospect of a Russian walkout, the bulk of the U.N. membership has spent most of the year searching for a formula that might avert the crisis. A 21-nation working committee, followed by a four-nation "good offices committee," proposed a voluntary all-purpose peace-keeping fund so that Russia would not have to contribute directly to operations it considered illegal. The U.S. has offered a variety of minor concessions to Russian pride. So far, Russia's position has not changed. But Secretary-General U Thant was working hard to avoid a showdown, proposed delaying the issue. Most delegates still managed to persuade themselves that the clash would somehow be avoided. "There has to be a settlement," said Liberia's pro-U.S. Ambassador Nathan Barnes. "I just can't believe either the U.S. or Russia wants to destroy the U.N."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Reprise from the Pagodas

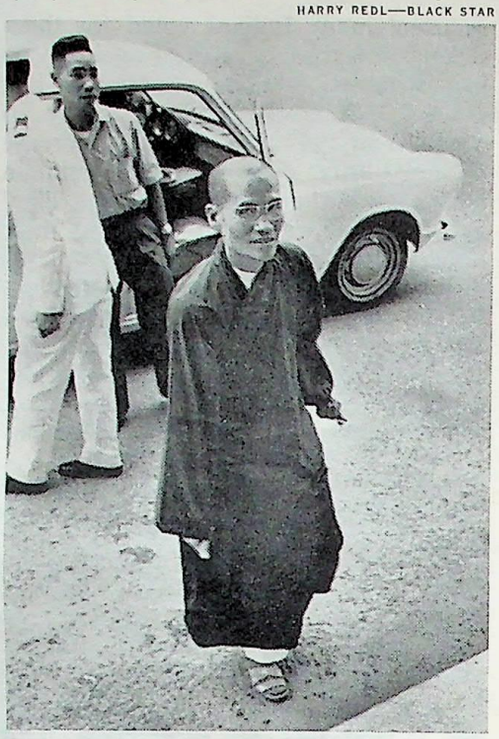
"It is better to have a political vacuum than have Huong in power," said one of South Viet Nam's most respected Buddhist leaders. "This government will have to go." At week's end Provisional Premier Tran Van Huong had not yet gone, but the bonzes were once again doing their beatific best to bring about a vacuum that sooner or later the Communists might fill.

Stage Set. During a week of chaos last August, the Buddhists had brought down General Nguyen Khanh, demanding a civilian regime. Only a month ago, Huong, 61, the bicycle-riding ex-mayor of Saigon, took over supposedly to fill that bill. Now Huong was the target. Why? Well, the Buddhists vaguely explained, Huong's government, which is made up mostly of nonpolitical civil servants, is "not revolutionary" and contains "vestiges of the Diem regime."

Saigon's draft-exempt students and microscopic "political parties," with the Buddhists' tacit approval, began holding meetings and demanded a government reshuffle. Huong refused, explaining: "They all want my job. If I had satisfied all their demands, my Cabinet would have numbered over a hundred." Then he appealed to the head of the Buddhists' political bureau, Thich Tam Chau, and reported, "It was like talking to a deaf man."

The Buddhists always like to organize riots when the U.S. ambassador is out of town, and with General Maxwell Taylor on his way to Washington, the show began. For four days demonstrators—including children—streaming out of the National Buddhist Center again turned Saigon into a battleground, hurling barrages of rocks and clubbing outnumbered policemen. After the rioters threw seven Viet Cong-type concussion grenades, a paratroop officer emptied his pistol into a mob, killing a 15-year-old boy. The Buddhists issued an ultimatum demanding that the army and police keep hands off the demonstrators, and that Huong be forced down.

HARRY REDL—BLACK STAR



BUDDHIST LEADER TAM CHAU
Just a little deaf.

Martial Law. Premier Huong was proving tougher than expected, at least for the moment. He pronounced some of the arrested rioters draft dodgers and inducted them into the army, slapped the capital under martial law and named burly General Pham Van Dong ("the Tiger of the Delta") military governor of Saigon. Dong threw two battalions of troops around the Buddhist Center. Taking to radio, Huong blamed the disorders on "irresponsible people who have either innocently or deliberately fallen in with the Communist plan."

From his two-telephone desk in the Buddhist temple, which has the bustling air of a campaign headquarters, [illegible] Tam Chau complained that the Bu[illegible] dhists had been slandered. He ad[illegible] that to fight the Reds, the country m[illegible] have "a government supported by t[illegible] people"—an argument that might c[illegible] ry more weight if the Buddhists e[illegible] adopted an active role against the V[illegible] Cong. He also announced a passiv[illegible] resistance campaign against the govern[illegible] ment. But a lot of Vietnamese were apparently tiring of Buddhist intrigue[illegible] and so far Tam Chau had not received anything like mass support. This week the Buddhists again defied the govern[illegible] ment by turning the funeral of their 1[illegible] year-old martyr into a riotous melee.

AP

CANDIDATE PANDIT
Just a room somewhere.

INDIA

A Nehru Back in Politics

"Do not be captivated by her beau[illegible] ty," warned Socialist Dr. Ram Lohi[illegible] "Inside she is pure venom!" He furth[illegible] claimed that Vijaya Lakshmi Pandi[illegible] 64, retained her youthful good look[illegible] only because she had undergone plas[illegible] surgery in Europe.

Details about face lifting made li[illegible] impression on the emaciated peasa[illegible] of Phulpur, a district in northern In[illegible] dia, 16 miles from Allahabad, whi[illegible] ever since 1952 had loyally returne[illegible] the late Prime Minister Jawaharlal Ne[illegible] ru to Parliament. In last week's b[illegible] election, the empty seat was being co[illegible] tested by Madame Pandit, Nehru[illegible] younger sister, who had the full backi[illegible] of the dominant Congress Party, a[illegible] Socialist Lohia was on hand as a lo[illegible] long enemy of the Nehru family. I[illegible] 1962, Lohia personally fought for h[illegible] seat against Nehru and was soundl[illegible] trounced. Last week he was backin[illegible] a local Socialist named Saligram Jai[illegible] wal, who kept harping on Madam[illegible] Pandit's means ("Poverty has entere[illegible] the field against wealth") and prom[illegible] ised lower food prices.

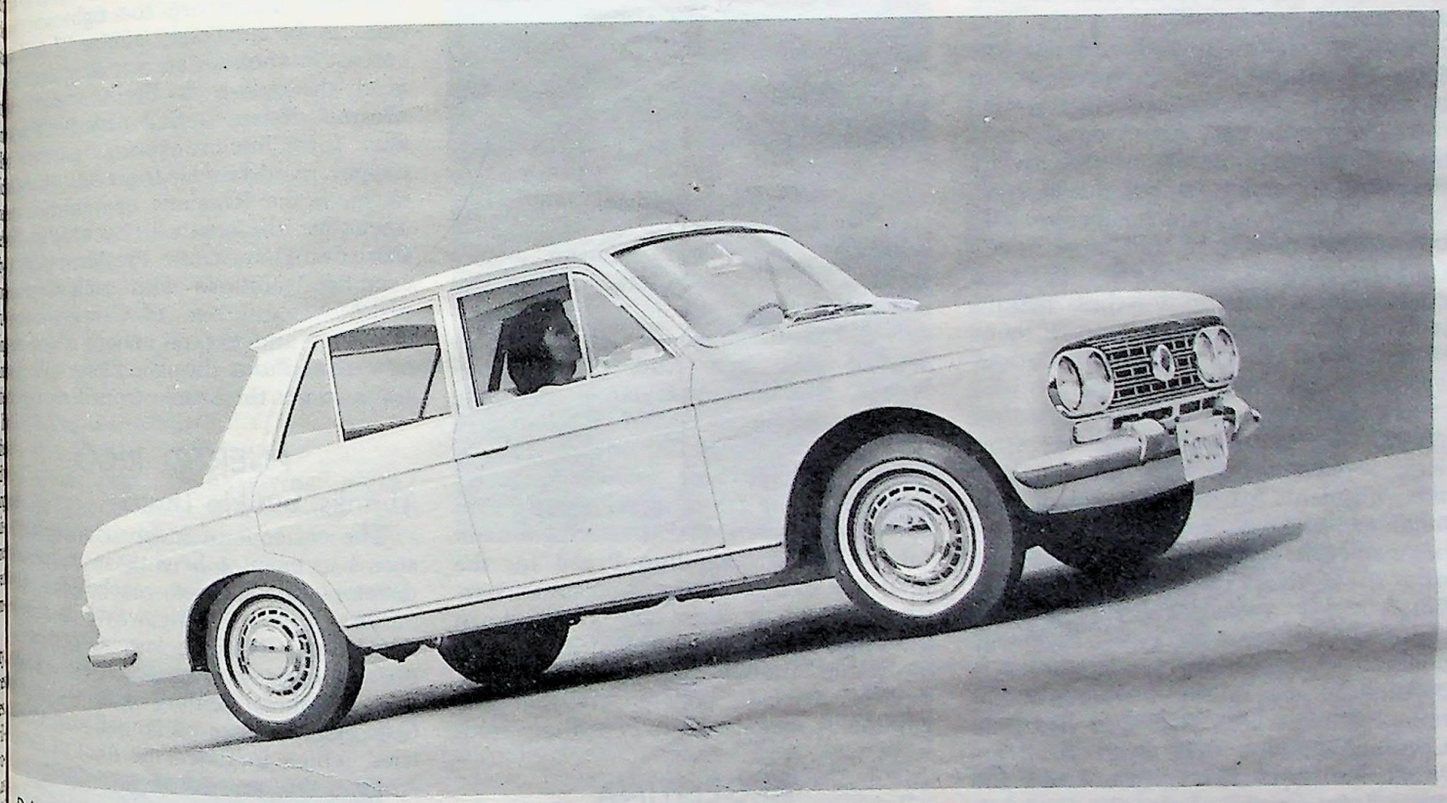
But, despite the district's poverty[illegible] many peasants do not want lower prices[illegible] for the crops they sell to the cities[illegible] Besides, Madame Pandit fought a bril[illegible] liant campaign. She curbed the arro[illegible] gant Nehru temper, of which she ha[illegible] her full share, and conducted herse[illegible] with a humility she had never displayed[illegible] as India's aggressively "neutralist" am[illegible] bassador to Washington and Moscow[illegible] On the hustings, she gestured toward[illegible] her blue-rinsed grey hair, described her[illegible] self as a daughter returning home [illegible] her old age, and asked plaintively: "[illegible] you fail to give me room, where can I[illegible] go?" While the Socialists bustled about[illegible] the countryside in a car preceded by a[illegible] motorcyclist bearing a red flag, Mad[illegible] ame Pandit toured the villages on foo[illegible] and spent the last 25 days of the camp[illegible] paign living in a tent in the midst of[illegible] the peasants.

Candidate Pandit won easily, 11[illegible] 548 to 52,528. It is expected she will[illegible] soon join her niece and Nehru's daugh[illegible] ter, Indira Gandhi, in the Cabinet of[illegible] Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

An invitation to enjoy Datsun Bluebird dependability



Drive the Datsun Bluebird once, and you'll see why drivers in 60 countries around the world choose it for all-around dependability.

Why? Construction, for one reason.

A unitized body makes it virtually rattle and squeak-proof.

Exceptional balance eliminates leaning on curves.

This passenger car represents the finest in Japanese automotive engineering and craftsmanship.

Riding comfort is another point.

A superior suspension system, soft-cushion seats and an abundance of head and leg room compare with passenger cars many times its size.

Third, Datsun Bluebird economy.

No other car in its class can compare with Bluebird's fuel economy.

Less maintenance and longer lasting parts add to the years of trouble-free driving pleasure of the Datsun Bluebird.

Like to know more about Datsun Bluebird dependability?

Your Datsun dealer will be happy to demonstrate.

DATSUN

Bluebird

NISSAN MOTOR CO., LTD./Tokyo, Japan
Japan's Largest Exporter of Automobiles

NISSAN

Distributors, Far East: Brunei: Boustead & Co., Ltd. Borneo Division, P.O. Box 214, Brunei Town Burma: Htoo Suppliers Ltd. No. 235, Prome Road, Rangoon Ceylon: Associated Motorways Ltd. 185, Union Place, Colombo, 2 Hong Kong: The Oriental Motor Car Co. 256-258, King's Road, Hong Kong Korea: Saenara Motor Co., Ltd. 90, 2 Ka, Taipyang-Ro, Chung-ku, Seoul Malaya & Singapore: Tan Chong & Sons Motor Co. Ltd. 62-68, Ipoh Road, Kuala Lumpur North Borneo: Teck Guan Co. P.O. Box 33, Tawau Pakistan: Pakistan Corporation Ltd. 106, Cotton Exchange Bldg., McLeod Road, Karachi 2 Philippines: Cebu Motors, Inc. 2nd Floor, Durano Bldg., Magallanes St., Intramuros, Manila Ryukyu: Ryukyu Nissan Motors Co., Ltd. 468, Asato, Naha, Okinawa Sarawak: Cathay Trading & Chine Commercial Co. 23-24, Muda Hiun Yeang St., Kuching The Republic of China: Yung Tay Trading Co., Ltd. 80, Yen Ping South Road, Taipei Thailand: The Siam Motors Co., Ltd. 865, Opp. National Stadium, Rama, 1 Road, Bangkok

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BRAZIL

A Hard Line

A determined tug of war has been going on behind the scenes in Brazil's revolutionary government. On one side stands little (5 ft. 5 in.) President Humberto Castello Branco and those who prefer to deal with corruption and subversion by constitutional methods. On the other side range the *linha dura* (hard-line) military men who want to continue the star-chamber purges that Castello Branco ended after six months (TIME, Oct. 16). Last week Castello Branco gave in to the *linha dura* in order to get on with the important business of saving Brazil from economic ruin.

Talk of a Coup. The military move started last month in the northeast state of Ceará, when an army general arrested four deputies in the state legislature, accusing them of Communist subversion. Castello Branco ordered the deputies released, but the general was backed by powerful allies—chief among them War Minister Artur da Costa e Silva, a prime architect of the revolution. For three days neither side budged, while the officers talked openly of a coup. Then the Ceará legislature mercifully intervened, revoking the deputies' constitutional immunity—thus making it legal for the army to arrest them.

As news of the "Ceará solution" spread, other *linha dura* officers took it as a hunting license. They ousted the mayor of Niteroi, across the bay from Rio, leveled charges of graft against the presidents of Brazil's Senate and Chamber of Deputies and the governor of prosperous São Paulo state. The man who drew the most fire was Mauro Borges, 44, governor of the central farmland state of Goiás. He was charged with outright subversion. According to the military, Borges maintained a close link with top Brazilian Communists and has been receiving "bulky" sums of money from Cuba and other Iron Curtain countries. The soldiers demanded his ouster.

Outmanned & Outgunned. Last week, invoking a constitutional provision that permits intervention in a state when "national integrity" is threatened, Castello Branco let the military have its way. In the space of two days, 6,000 federal troops poured into the state capital of Goiânia. The troops took over the telephone and telegraph systems, power companies and a water-treatment plant, formed up around the palace. Outmanned and outgunned, Borges caved in and turned the government over to the military. The way the brass told it, they got Borges just in time. Three days later they announced the arrest of more than 200 leftists whom they accused of planning a wave of terrorism across Brazil.

Such harsh tactics have made enemies for the new government among those who fear that the revolution will descend into dictatorship. Yet thoughtful Brazilians also recognize Castello Branco as a man who, alone among recent Brazilian presidents, is doing what he set out to do. Of 147 bills sent to Congress since the March revolution, 102 have been approved, covering everything from agrarian reform to low-cost housing credit. Foreign capital is flowing back into Brazil for the first time in three years. And some cherished Brazilian ideas are going down the drain—that uncontrolled inflation is inevitable, that a man should be well paid for a job he does poorly, that corruption is illegal only when discovered.

MANCHETE

COSTA E SILVA & CASTELLO BRANCO
On with the nation-saving.

ARGENTINA

Neither Justice nor Oil

President Arturo Illia, 64, was barely in office last fall when he summarily annulled 13 contracts with the foreign oil companies—including nine U.S. firms—that had made Argentina virtually self-sufficient in oil. Illia claimed that the contracts, signed between 1958 and 1960 under deposed President Arturo Frondizi, hurt the Argentine national oil company, and were illegal to boot. "But no one need be alarmed," he said. "Justice will be done."

Last week, the private oilmen were still working for justice and a fair settlement. The country's state-run oil company, which took over the foreign holdings, has been unable to keep pace with demand, has gone back to importing wholesale quantities of crude oil for the first time in four years. For American oilmen, the cruelest cut of all has just been announced: a $9,300,000 deal with Moscow for 1,500,000 barrels of diesel fuel and 2,500,000 barrels of crude oil.

CHILE

To Russia with Trade

Chile has not had diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union since 1947, when Communist-led coal miners mounted a small-scale antigovernment insurrection. Last week Chile's newly inaugurated President Eduardo Frei, 53, decided to forgive, if not forget. In a brief ceremony at Santiago's La Moneda palace, he accepted the credentials of Ambassador Nikolai Alekseev, thus making Chile the sixth Latin American nation to have diplomatic relations with Moscow.*

The U.S. took it with a shrug. "Our ties with Chile are too tight and too deep to be adversely affected," said an embassy spokesman in Santiago. Behind the move is Frei's frankly expressed desire to find new trade markets for Chilean exports, particularly copper. And besides, he adds, "I prefer to have the Russians operating in the open as diplomats." Eventually, the Christian Democratic President plans to establish relations with such Communist-bloc countries as Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland. There is one specific exception, though. Cuba will continue to get the freeze from Frei.

PUERTO RICO

Thanks, but No Thanks

The concept of independence, which seems to burn so brightly in the world of developing countries, reaches the point of distortion in many ways. Last week the United Nations special committee on decolonization accepted by a 15-1 vote a report dealing with the recent Cairo Conference of Nonaligned Countries, which included the likes of Cuba. Among the report's recommendations: a U.N. discussion of independence for Puerto Rico.

The committee vote ignored a 1953 General Assembly ruling that Puerto Rico is a self-governing commonwealth "in free association" with the U.S. and thus not a proper subject for U.N. territorial studies. Stormed Governor Luis Muñoz Marín: "It is inconceivable that a responsible international body could place itself in the untenable position of advocating a political status for a people who have categorically rejected it in numerous elections." Muñoz pointed out that Puerto Rico's minuscule Independence Party mustered less than 5% (22,000 out of 800,000) of the vote in the Nov. 3 elections—not even enough to remain on the ballot.

* The others: Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, Uruguay, and of course Cuba.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The canvas lay in a box of junk in an Alexandria, Va., secondhand store. But when Christine du Tant, wife of a U.S. Senate aide, unrolled it, she recognized the handsome young man it portrayed and bought it for $3. A curator of the Smithsonian Institution agreed with her: the small (10 in. by 14 in.) oil by an unknown artist is indeed of the young Abraham Lincoln, painted around 1840, and thus the earliest-known likeness of the future President. He had just turned 30 at the time and was a frontier legislator and lawyer in the midst of his off-again, on-again romance with Mary Todd (he married her in 1842).

. . .

Trick-or-treat was what 50 Pennsylvania teen-agers had in mind when they dropped around to the empty Chadds Ford studio of Artist Andrew Wyeth, off, last Oct. 31. Not a treat but a treatment was what they needed, for they slashed Wyeth's 18th and 19th century costume collection, broke lamps and sculpture, smeared his walls with paint. Wyeth refused to prosecute. Instead, he invited the vandals around for a talk, forgiving the eight who showed up last week when they apologized and promised to do what they could to repay the $2,000 worth of damage. "I am left feeling saddest," said Wyeth, "about the failure of us who are responsible in some way for these youths. They said they had nothing to do, and I believe so deeply in the preciousness of time and in the creative use of it."

. . .

Just in case Thanksgiving wasn't enough excitement, there were two birthday parties in Jacqueline Kennedy's family last week. John-John turned four and invited a group of Manhattan preschoolers in to his Fifth Avenue home for ice cream, cake, and games. Then, with his mother and sister, he adjourned for the weekend to the family's house on Long Island, where he helped Caroline celebrate her seventh birthday with a number of her young North Shore neighbors.

AP

JOHN-JOHN
Two parties.

. . .

"I bought bear traps and honey, all of it wasted," said a wan and relatively subdued Cassius Clay, 22, as he left Boston's City Hospital after his hernia operation. But the suffering had clearly left the winningest Pooh-Bah an older and wiser man. "When I went under surgery," he noted, "the doctor told me to count to ten, and on nine I went out. I thought it would be Liston, but I went out on nine."

. . .

It takes a heap o' birthday cake to commemorate a man's 96th birthday. And so when 250 friends of John Nance Garner gathered at his Uvalde, Texas, home, they thoughtfully brought along a two-foot-high, German-style *Baumkuchen* (tree cake), and two smaller ones decorated with the six flags that have flown over Texas. Cactus Jack eyed them. He studied his neighbors, many of whom can't rightly remember the days when he was Franklin Roosevelt's Vice President, a job he liked to refer to as "a spare tire on the automobile of government." Finally someone wondered how it felt to be so old. Said Garner, with a wink: "I am the youngest man in town."

CACTUS JACK
Six flags.

. . .

"Ten has always been my special number," Brunette Maria Elena Torch once said, and so it has always seemed. She met Architect Edward Durell Stone on a flight to Paris on July 10, 1953, ten days later accepted his proposal. Thereafter Stone's genius shone with a special brilliance, and they called the wind that fanned the flame Maria. For her he built one of his famed grillework façades on a $250,000 Manhattan town house, "just as," she explained, "the Shah Jahan did the Taj Mahal in India for his wife." But the Taj Mahal, of course, is a tomb, and behind the Stone front ember day came as well. Suing in Manhattan for a separation allowance of $6,500 a month, Maria Stone, now 38, charged that the 62-year-old architect, who earns $2,000,000 a year, beat her up, flirted with other women, and deserted her ten years and ten days after they were wed.

N.Y. DAILY NEWS

MARIA STONE
Ten years.

. . .

Presiding over the opening of New York harbor's $325 million Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, in his capacity as chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, acerbic Robert Moses, 75, paused to chat with a newly appointed woman city employee. "Why, you're not nearly as much of an ogre as I'd been led to believe!" she exclaimed in happy surprise. "Please don't let the word get around," commanded Moses. "It will ruin my reputation."

. . .

He is a Harvard man, his wife's name is Jacqueline, and for $200,000 he will become the new owner of Wexford, the Virginia hideaway built by the late President on Rattlesnake Mountain. But there the similarity ends, for Canton-born Quing Non Wong, 31, is Class of 1955 (a history and literature major), father of three daughters, and a Manhattan investment banker. Both he and his French wife are fond of horses, and since the local hunt club, Piedmont Fox Hounds, regularly traipses across the 40-acre estate, the Wongs are hoping that they will soon join the chase.

. . .

Clearly, it was a tense moment in Ottawa. The "hot line" from the home of Canada's Prime Minister Lester B. ("Mike") Pearson, 67, was in use, and North American Air Defense Command headquarters in Colorado Springs listened incredulously to the high-pitched message coming over the wires. Fortunately, Pearson added, telling the story at a rally in Manitoba last week, he was able to grab the receiver from his four-year-old grandchild, Robin Hannah, who had found the phone in a closet. "I explained to the officer on the other end that war had not begun," said Mike.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CUSTOMS

The New Elegants

Once they were called the beautiful people and were presumed to have titles. Others knew them better as the idle rich. But today there are few titles among them, they are not that rich, nor are they idle. Less grand than the grandest of an older generation, but also less ostentatious, they might be called the New Elegants. And they are not a numbered set revolving around a few Manhattan town houses and Newport mansions but a relaxed con-

ALAN GROSSMAN

AT METROPOLITAN'S COSTUME INSTITUTE BALL*

Across the land, a relaxed confraternity.

fraternity that extends the length and breadth of the land.

They are dedicated wives (generally to high-powered men who dabble equally in politics and the arts, wear dinner jackets and parkas with identical ease) and devoted mothers (generally to no more than four picture-book children with fanciful names like Chloe and Sabrina, Jared and Clive). Somehow they find time for charity work, church functions, community projects and college alumnae drives. They are enthusiastic music lovers (with a predilection for baroque quartets, German lieder and early Dixieland, an antipathy for anything atonal) and zealous art collectors (with a penchant for abstract expressionists, pre-Columbian sculpture and 18th century French furniture, a marked aversion to teak and leatherette).

They prefer concerts and auctions to canasta and golf, are likely to spend the time their mothers relegated to ladies' luncheons to tracking down a Directoire commode for the foyer, just the right bronze for the living-room mantle. If not elaborately educated in the mechanics of cooking, the New Elegants are nonetheless possessed of a sophisticated palate favoring simple Continental cuisine—everything light in body and definite in flavor, including the wines.

Sit Down at Home. But it is as hostesses, often to as many as 40 guests at as many as three sittings a week, that they are most practiced and most properly celebrated. Skilled in every facet of party giving, from the arrangement of flowers to the decision (reluctant but mandatory) to hire an extra couple to take coats and pass drinks, they have the energy to perform a well-worn role as if it were the choice part in a first-run play, the ingenuity to plan a guest list with an eye toward a lively, varied pattern (putting banker next to deep-sea diver, Senator between pop artist and prima ballerina), and the social status sufficient to commandeer acceptances all around.

Lately, moreover, they have dismissed the short cuts—the vast cocktail party and the buffet supper—for the older, more elegant sit-down dinner. Gone today from the boards that count are the stacks of plates and flatware wrapped in napkins; vanished, like the overhead light, are the women in sensible, street-length silks. More and more, the discriminating tables across the land are set with ornate silver on cloths of heirloom lace. And, gleaming in the dim, expensive light of tall candles, sit some of the handsomest people in some of the handsomest dresses that the age provides. The New Elegants have rediscovered the pleasure of dressing up.

Art after Dinner. The trend can be documented in economic statistics. Sales of evening gowns have more than doubled in the past four years; the dinner-jacket market has zoomed in cities across the country. Some credit the U.S.'s widening affluence, others the infectious sense of style radiated by the Kennedys. The new elegance has also resulted in a change in locale. In Manhattan, for instance, big-time restaurants and nightclubs are no longer the vogue for any but the column-happy or expense-account crowds. Instead, private dances and sit-down dinners (the favorite guest list accommodates twelve, with luck includes at least one artistic "Success of the ... ment")* are ordinary, every-... weekday affairs for most fashionable

Discothèques are largely the provi... of the young unmarrieds. Hotels ... supper clubs are useful for recepti... cotillions and balls—although ... choicest site of all is a museum, as ... demonstrated by last week's Party ... the Year mounted by the Metropol... Museum of Art's Costume Insti... amidst the soaring pillars and bron... statuary of the museum itself. ... replacing conversation (a tedious ... ness if ever there was one) as the ... after-dinner sport is the opening (... opening) of an art gallery (any ... gallery). Says one smart-setter: "It ... too exciting. An opening is just like ... battlefield! Really, there are so ... people you never do get to see ... paintings."

Whether they are true-blue-blood... New Yorkers (whose names, like Va... derbilt, are shared by streets, hotels ... public monuments) or newer, no l... blue bloods from Los Angeles and D... troit, the New Elegants have a comm... bond—sometimes called money in ... bank. It permits them to study langua... and cooking, art and music, spe... weekends in the country, holidays ... the ski slopes, and summers in E... rope. It allows them to work eit... for fun (generally on the staffs of fa... ion magazines) or completely for fr... (at hospitals or for charities). "T... first thing you're asked at parties," s... Mrs. Robin Butler, recently named pu... licity director for Dior of New Yo... "is 'What do you do?' And you'd bet... be doing something, because it's ba... form if you're not."

Pucci & Kangaroo. In dress, t... stress is on flair and fabric, not feath... and furbelow. European couturiers l... Dior and Pucci are smart-set favorit... in the U.S.; Sarmi is the name th... counts on an evening gown; but Amer... ican designers are coming up fast and... as frugal Mrs. Stanley Rumbough J... (Actress Dina Merrill) is quick to point... out, "Why spend $800 for a Paris su... when you can get a Bill Blass for $200?" ... Young Mrs. Frederick Guest agrees. ... The former Stephanie Wanger, 2... daughter of Hollywood Producer Wal... ter Wanger and Actress Joan Bennett, ... she is now the wife of an heir to the ... vast Woolworth fortune and, therefore, ... feeling conscientiously practical. She ... spends her days furnishing their five-... room honeymoon pad, learning how to ... cook and working for Irvington House, ... a charity for children with rheumatic ... fever and allied diseases. She buys most ... of her clothes at department stores, but ... occasional copies run up by a little ... dressmaker she has discovered, own... only one fur coat. Picked up in Aus... tralia on her recent round-the-world ...

* *From left:* Mrs. Samuel I. Newhouse, whose husband's publishing empire includes Condé Nast (*Vogue, Glamour*); Mrs. Iva Patcèvitch, wife of Condé Nast's president; Countess Aline Quintanilla, whose wealthy husband is one of Spain's best painters.

* Among current eligibles are Director Mike Nichols, Author Terry Southern, Pop Artist Andy Warhol, and (always a catch) Leonard Bernstein.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...-year wedding trip, it is soft, sleek ...d 100% kangaroo.

...Charlotte Ford, 23, prefers better-...known quality goods—mink, for in-...stance—to kangaroo, makes no bones ...about the money she spends on clothes ...mostly by Courrèges, Guy Laroche ...and Givenchy). An outdoors sort, she ...thinks "the ski life has it all over ...the Palm Beach life—much healthier." ...Currently between jobs (she worked for ...a years in interior decoration), she ...curtains at occasional formal dinners, ...likes two or three friends for lunch ...by day because "it's so much more ...exciting than going out."

...Countess John Palffy likes to have ...close friends to a black-tie dinner par-...then asks from 30 to 60 more "for ...nightcap" afterwards. The late com-...to provide "the new blood" that "keeps ...the dinner guests from drooping." An ...added aid is a small Hungarian band ...imported for the dance-minded. Eliz-...beth Oxenberg, 26, is a genuine—...though deposed—Princess of Yugosla-...via who eloped four years ago with ...a Seventh Avenue Manufacturer Howard ...Oxenberg, still lends an air of royalty ...to the social circuit. But most titled ...ladies are simple American girls who ...have earned romantic foreigners. Spain's ...Countess Quintanilla, for instance, was ...plain Mary Aline Griffith, daughter of a ...Pearl River, N.Y., insurance salesman.

Jax & Old Orange Mink. "The important thing," says Robin Butler, "is simplicity and ingenuity." To that end, she ...ticks an apron around her Dior and ...cooks her own meals. Felicia Sarnoff, ...second wife of the board chairman ...of NBC and mother of two small children, buys her clothes at Jax, Saks and ...Lord & Taylor, scorns "the group that ...thinks it's chic to whip over to Paris, ...stand around in hot, stuffy rooms and have ...fittings." She is pleased with the ...trend to more and more formal dinners, which she prefers to "those mad ...mob scenes at cocktail parties," but is ...some too happy about the resultant need ...for a closetful of evening dresses that ...have to be originals and can only be ...worn once or twice. "I think it would ...be great to be able to rent them," she ...says wistfully.

The impulse to elegance is not confined to Manhattan but has had a different impact in different areas. Boston, where patrician families have been ...dressing up for years, takes it in stride. "Here," sniffs one Brahmin observer, "clothes are not status symbols," a fact ...sustained by the regular appearance on well-bred shoulders of the old orange ...pink. Atlantans, on the other hand, ...greet the new elegance with antebellum ...ardor, consider it out of the question to ...appear anywhere but at a cocktail party ...in anything but formal, full-length dress. ...In St. Louis, dressing up is still considered a bit of a lark and centers on ...occasions like the Veiled Prophet Ball, ...where above-elbow white gloves are de rigueur for wives and the soberest businessmen get wildly trigged out as bearded warriors.

Chanel & Shower Curtains. Chicago society has been dressing up for years, but New and Old Guard alike have welcomed the new sanction with delight. Mrs. Edward Byron Smith, whose family is among Chicago's oldest, still shops in small, exclusive local stores, is so socially secure that she found it "quite amusing" to encounter another woman wearing the identical gown at a recent ball. Mrs. Michael Butler, 31, third wife to her second husband, a millionaire sportsman (Manhattan's Robin Butler was his second) keeps busy with two daughters (by No. 1) and a ten-month-old son.

Born in Oklahoma and only a two-year resident of suburban Oak Brook, Mrs. Butler claims to be delighted with Chicago ("It's like a pregnant woman, just beginning to be recognized"). She makes frequent trips to town, adores an evening at the opera or dinner at a favorite restaurant like Maxim's ("We love it," she says, "although the one in Paris is really a bit better"). A crack shot, capable equestrienne and "dear friend of Coco Chanel's," Mrs. Butler has a passion for Paris clothes, wears long hostess gowns or pants suits for quiet evenings at home. In fact, evening pants, designed and priced high by Pucci, Chanel and imitators, are almost intimidatingly chic in salons from San Francisco to New York, where no one sets them off with more distinction than Mrs. Denise Bouché, former Vogue editor and widow of Painter René Bouché.

The James Goffs belong neither to the Old Guard nor to the flashy new set but to a special stratum in between, a sort of *nouveau niche*. Mr. Goff is a lawyer, Mrs. Goff his first wife. Instead of an old-style town house or suburban estate, they have a wood-paneled-duplex city apartment. Like Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Goff, 33, is partial to Chanel, makes do at local shops and "the boutiques in New York, when it works out" between annual trips to Europe.

Currently concerned with furnishing her new apartment, Mrs. Goff keeps a wary eye out for French antique furniture, has even gone so far as to rent a sewing machine so that she can run up bathroom and shower curtains "to see whether I could do it." She finds time for almost daily tennis in the summer, almost nightly opera in the winter, and part-time volunteer hospital work when her schedule permits. She does her own cooking, arranges her own flowers, and does her own hair (though, until recently, she used to have to fly to an expert in New York to have it cut).

Norell & a French Château. In San Francisco, as elsewhere, elegance is the order of the day. Mrs. John Rosekrans Jr. welcomes it, even though her own life has never been much different ("Except," she admits, "for the war, when people were reluctant to display wealth, it being, after all, such a very sad time"). As with most of the Bay area's elite, Mrs. Rosekrans is devoted to the at-home dinner party, points with pride to the increased use of fish knives and finger bowls as table appointments. For clothes, she depends on Balenciaga and Simonetta & Fabiani for staples (gathered in the average three to six weeks every other year she spends on a European tour of salons), prefers Galanos and Norell among American designers. Mrs. José Cebrian, 32, is no less addicted to small, sit-down dinners held in her Nob Hill apartment, but she unbends once a year when she asks 200 guests (among them always a sprinkling of "creative people") to the Napa Valley family home for a casual afternoon of swimming and games, a formal dinner dance at night.

Like Mrs. Rosekrans, Mrs. Christian de Guigné III cites World War II as the only period in her life when things were any less elegant than today. Certain

ORMOND GIGLI

MRS. BOUCHÉ AT HOME

And next to the Senator, a pop artist.

facets, in fact, have not changed a whit: her servants have been with her for close to 25 years; her San Mateo home is the one she moved into as a bride; the French château the family visit every year has been theirs for a century. Mrs. de Guigné shops both here and abroad, finds European stores "more fun" but "has a ball" Christmas shopping in Macy's. Dior, Balenciaga and Saint Laurent are her best-loved designers, but her wardrobe is catholic enough to include frontier pants for gardening, simple hostess skirts for dinners with the family.

With a staff that includes a butler, an upstairs maid, a personal maid, a cook, two gardeners, a chauffeur and a part-time secretary, someone is almost always on duty. Thursday nights, however, Mrs. de Guigné does the cooking. "I love it," she says. "After all, I love my home, and why shouldn't I? I'm a housewife!"

So are they all. But increasingly across the U.S. they are getting harder and harder to tell from the celebrities.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COURTS

The Fascinating & Frenetic Fifth

Apart from the Supreme Court, the most fascinating bench in the U.S. is the Deep South's Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals—the trail-blazing intermediate court that handles most of the nation's civil rights cases by hearing appeals from district courts in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi. "Without the Fifth Circuit," says a leading civil rights lawyer, "we would be on the verge of actual warfare in the South."

The Fifth's main home is the fourth floor of the cavernous Louisiana Civil Courts Building in New Orleans. But the nine judges seldom sit all together in New Orleans or elsewhere. To handle their vast circuit, they shuttle about in three-judge panels that sit in any of five other cities: Atlanta, Fort Worth, Houston, Jacksonville, Montgomery.

Litigation Explosion. So busy is the frenetic Fifth that last term it took on 40% more cases than any of the nation's ten other circuit courts. In four years the caseload has jumped nearly 100% to a projected 1,200 appeals this term. With almost 175 cases per judge, the Fifth is now well beyond the 80 a year said to be tops for efficient appellate judges. Yet only about 5% of the Fifth's cases stem from civil rights disputes. It is deluged with writs of habeas corpus arising from the Supreme Court's criminal law precedents. And the South's burgeoning industry and population have touched off a litigation explosion that confronts the court with complex disputes involving everything from oil and gas to taxes and labor.

Civil rights, though, remains the big problem. For ten years the Fifth has steadily overruled segregationist district judges while vigorously carrying out the Supreme Court's 1954 ban against segregated schools. In the process it has upheld the desegregation of everything else in sight—buses, parks, juries, ballots, libraries, sporting events, the universities of Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi. The court has made law, not just followed it. It has pioneered, for example, in the use of injunctions to force state and federal courts to act faster in carrying out constitutional rights. Chief Judge Elbert P. Tuttle has made strategic use of a special "interim" panel that hears emergency appeals with remarkable speed, thus foiling district court orders aimed at delaying school integration indefinitely.

Dishonored Grave. The Fifth's all-Southern judges have inevitably been denounced by Alabama's Governor George Wallace as "scallywagging, carpetbagging federal judges." They have been ostracized by former friends, constantly threatened by all-night phone callers. After his son's death in an auto accident, Judge Richard T. Rives was honored by his fellow Alabamians—they threw garbage on his son's grave.

Stoutly unswayed are the court's four hard-core moderates:

▶ Chief Judge Tuttle, 67, a native Californian, who has lived in Atlanta since graduating from Cornell Law School in 1923. A former G.O.P. state chairman of Georgia, Tax Lawyer Tuttle was the U.S. Treasury Department's general counsel when Eisenhower appointed him to the court in 1954. As the senior man under 70, Tuttle became chief judge in 1961 when the overworked Rives relinquished the job. Tough-minded Tuttle is regarded as one of the fairest, most efficient judges in the U.S.

▶ John Minor Wisdom, 59, a New Orleans aristocrat, topflight corporation lawyer and former G.O.P. national committeeman. Another Ike appointee (1957), Wisdom is probably the court's top constitutional scholar; he is equally at home in archaeology, Greek tragedy and Louisiana civil law. Wisdom is one of the best (and most painstaking) opinion writers on any U.S. [illegible]

▶ John R. Brown, 54, a native [illegible] braskan, who began practicing [illegible] ty law in Houston in 1932. Also an [illegible] appointee (1955), Brown proved to [illegible] a surprisingly adept constitutional [illegible] yer and such a firm believer in [illegible] things as jury duty that in 1960 he [illegible] fused exemption from duty in a [illegible] court. Houston lawyers wryly [illegible] him because "a federal judge's idea [illegible] the requirements for a search warrant [illegible] is a little different from ours."

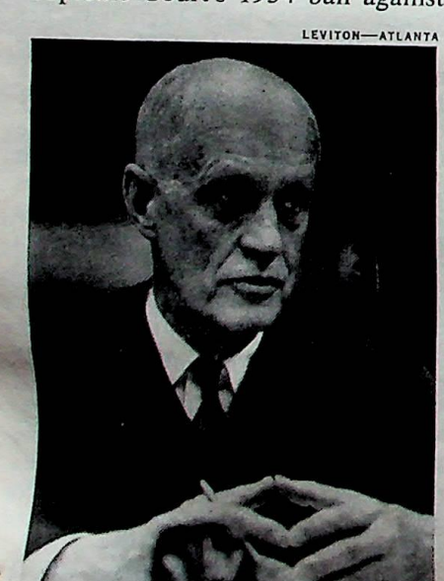
▶ Alabama's courtly Judge Rives, [illegible] who never went to law school, but "read law" in Montgomery and became [illegible] town's most popular advocate [illegible] Harry Truman appointed him to [illegible] court in 1951. Rives's strong decisions [illegible] for Negro rights have made him a [illegible] riah among white segregationists. [illegible] unwitting irony, his former friends [illegible] ter: "Dick could have gotten any [illegible] litical job he wanted."

4-4 Split. Until recently, the "activists" were hotly opposed by [illegible] other Ike appointee—the late J. Benjamin F. Cameron, a Mississippi Republican (and friend of Democratic Senator James O. Eastland), who seemed to believe that the 14th Amendment did not apply to the South. As Cameron saw it, the Supreme Court had turned Southern states into "conquered provinces"; he accused his colleagues of "applying force, blind and heartless, where only love can triumph."

Cameron's importance was clear [illegible] year in the crucial case of Mississippi Governor Ross Barnett, whom the court had cited for contempt of its order to desegregate Ole Miss. Cameron voted to try Barnett by jury—a precedent with the potential effect of nullifying all of the court's civil rights orders. Cameron had three supporters: Ike Appointee Warren L. Jones of Jacksonville and two new Kennedy appointees—Alabamian Walter P. Gewin and Georgian Griffin B. Bell. Since the aged John C. Hutcheson Jr. of Houston was incapacitated, the court split 4 to 4, a result that seemed to promise trouble.

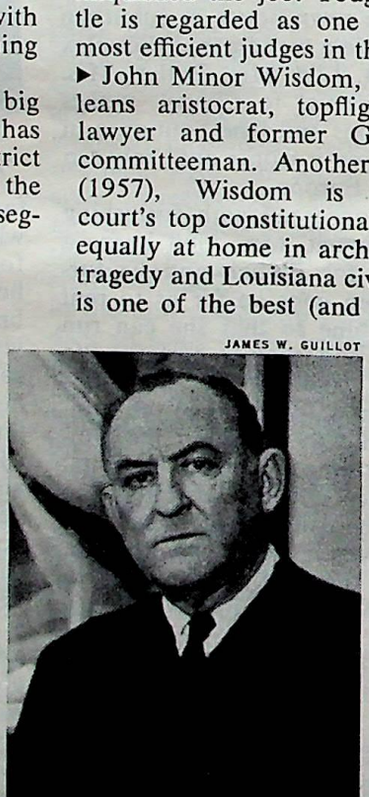
Cameron died last spring, just be[illegible]

LEVITON—ATLANTA

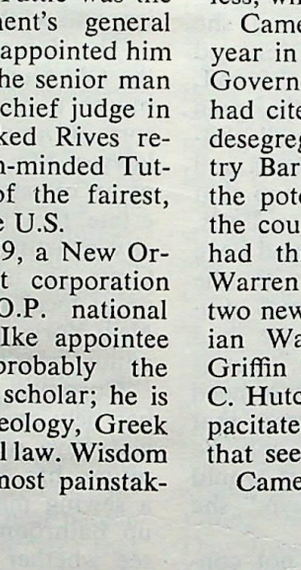


TUTTLE

JAMES W. GUILLOT



WISDOM



RIVES

BROWN

No magic in numbers.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Supreme Court itself denied Barr a jury trial. But his death raised another prickly problem: Mississippi's segregationist Eastland, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, will unduly insist that Cameron be replaced by another Mississippian of Eastland's persuasion. Judge Hutcheson, 85, meanwhile handed in his resignation time when the new Civil Rights Act poses more and more tough cases.

Expect Solution. Even if Southerner Lyndon Johnson solves the formidable problem of getting Democratic Southern senators to approve two Southern-type of the type the Fifth deserves, the trouble is that nine judges cannot handle the court's runaway caseload. There are two alternatives: add judges or cut the circuit. Because some experts insist that circuit courts should have no more than nine judges, Congress will shortly be asked to reduce the Fifth's jurisdiction by creating a new seven-judge circuit court to handle Texas, Louisiana and the Canal Zone.

But this plan, backed by Senator Eastland, includes provisions for all but dropping the Fifth of moderate judges. When the new circuit court is set up, it would get Texas' Brown and Louisiana Wisdom, leaving the Fifth with John Rives and Tuttle as moderates, and Tuttle would soon be succeeded as chief judge by the traditionalist Alabamian Gewin.

To the plan's critics, who include the Fifth's most enlightened judges, the best solution is to keep the Fifth intact, despite adding more and more good judges to handle the load. As they put it, "There is no magic in the number nine." The real magic lies in preserving a great court that balances local feelings against the needs of the region and the nation.

THE SUPREME COURT

Place for Seditious Libel

In the fall of 1962, Jim Garrison, the flickering district attorney of Orleans Parish, was determined to cut down vice in the French Quarter of New Orleans. But the parish's eight criminal judges refused to give their approval, which was necessary before the D.A.'s undercover agents could be paid. In a blast to the press, Garrison said the refusal raised "interesting questions about the character influences on our eight vacation-minded judges." Garrison's statement raised something else: the judges charged him with criminal defamation, a misdemeanor that, in Louisiana, receives no jury trial. Garrison was convicted, sentenced to a $1,000 fine and four months in jail. Louisiana's highest court upheld the conviction.

Last week the Supreme Court reversed that conviction, thereby extending to criminal libel the same rule it laid down for civil libel in last year's Alabama libel judgment against the New York Times: public officials cannot collect for public criticism unless a statement is "made with actual malice," meaning full

AP

D. A. GARRISON IN FRENCH QUARTER
Criticism is no crime.

knowledge that it was false. Though concurring, Justice Hugo Black argued, as he has before, that "There is absolutely no place in this country for the old, discredited English Star Chamber law of seditious libel."

No Hostility to God

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands, one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

When Congress added the words "under God" to the familiar pledge in 1954, New York State's Education Commissioner James E. Allen was legally bound to recommend that schools go along. There was scarcely a suggestion that to do so would raise a constitutional issue. After all, U.S. public life is filled with allusions to God—"This nation under God" (Gettysburg Address), "Great God, our king" (*America*), "So help me, God" (congressional oath of office). The Supreme Court itself opens with the cry: "God save the United States and this honorable court."

But the Supreme Court's subsequent bans on public school prayers in 1962 and 1963 led many Americans to think that the mere word "God" had suddenly become unconstitutional. And two agnostics were already suing New York's Commissioner Allen on the ground that the amended pledge imposed "compulsion on the young children of nonbelievers" and violated the First Amendment.

Not only did the New York Court of Appeals rule against the agnostics, but last week the Supreme Court left the ruling intact by refusing to review the case. The Court was being consistent: its 1963 decision merely held that the First Amendment forbids state-sponsored or government-supported religion. It has never endorsed hostility to God, only the separation of church and state.

THE THEATER

Strictly for the Gypsies

Bajour. If it strikes a playgoer that there is something terribly funny about bilking a lonely, gullible widow out of some insurance money, then this musical is his to enjoy. Otherwise, it is strictly for the gypsies.

A Manhattan clan, headed by a *Guys and Dolls*-type gypsy, Herschel Bernardi, needs to raise an $8,000 bridal fee to purchase a spitfiery *West Side Story*-type gypsy girl (Chita Rivera) for his son. The girl is so keen for the match that she stages a *bajour* (Romany for swindle) and cons the widow for the money. A subplot has the widow's daughter living in with the Bernardi bunch to research a Ph.D.

The rainbow-clad company whirls through its paces like a hurricane at a remnant counter. Chita Rivera is a one-woman atomic pile, and her dances are radioactive. The book is carefully thought out, and if the music is merely passable, the lyrics are intelligent.

It is all to little avail. *Bajour* wants to be offbeat and manages only to be off key. When a group of vagrants camp fifty to the square foot in a deplastered slum store and trumpet that they intend to steal New York blind, the $9.60 ticket buyer is bound to speculate wryly that he may be the next victim. And even if he is filled with escapist envy for the gypsy's irresponsible lot, his conscience, drummed by a thousand pleas, dampens his delight. In the climate of today's opinion, play-gypsies-play translates into the specter of migrant urban nonworkers, who are just about as amusing as migrant agricultural workers, and everyone knows how funny they are.

FRIEDMAN-ABELES

CHITA RIVERA
A one-woman atomic pile.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MUSIC

DAVID SIM—LONDON OBSERVER

GWYNETH JONES IN "IL TROVATORE"
Delight from a tidal wave.

OPERA

Presto Chango

There is nothing like a change of key to unlock a whole new career. At least such is the case of a tall Welsh lass named Gwyneth Jones. A year and a half ago she was a so-so mezzo, beset with a special problem: "My voice just kept going up and up." Why fight it, she thought. So presto chango, the mezzo became a soprano.

Almost immediately her stock as a singer also soared up and up. She was signed by London's Royal Opera and two months ago awarded her first major role in Covent Garden as Leonore in Beethoven's *Fidelio*. "Genius," declared one critic. "She has it in her to be one of the great lyrical-dramatic sopranos of our generation," raved the London *Times*.

Flying Colors. Last week Gwyneth Jones was put to her severest test yet, stepping in for the ailing Leontyne Price to sing the demanding role of Leonora in the opening of Covent Garden's new production of *Il Trovatore*. She passed with flying colors, though she was scored for occasionally giving too free a rein to her voice when spiraling into the upper registers. What thrilled the audiences was the raw power of her bright, heroic soprano, a tidal wave of a voice that all but drowned out Tenor Bruno Prevedi.

Just 28, Gwyneth lives in a middle-class London suburb with her Welsh husband Islwyn, a ladies' underwear salesman and an amateur rugby player. She was born in Pontnewynydd, Wales, worked as a secretary for four years in the local foundry before winning a scholarship in 1956 to London's Royal College of Music. She was hired by the Zurich Opera in 1962 as a mezzo, but soon found she couldn't restrain herself from "singing top Cs and trilling." Zurich Conductor Nello Santi listened and forthwith pronounced her a soprano.

Furry Animals. She responded to the transition like an uncaged bird. "It was terrific," she says, "so much more challenging and rewarding than mezzo parts. I could have kicked myself for not having done it before." Now she is intent on making up for lost time, has performed a new role each month for the past five months.

But so far she has acquired none of the signs of soprano temperament, is instead almost girlishly exuberant about her new career. Her dressing room is crowded with "furry little toy animals," and like a teen-ager after the senior prom, she brings home all her curtain-call flowers and heaps them in the bathtub until she can arrange them around the house. To get to Covent Garden she takes a half hour ride on the tube, studying her role en route. "I memorize beautifully when there is noise around," she says. There promises to be a lot of noise about Gwyneth Jones for some years to come.

INSTRUMENTS

Lily's Machine

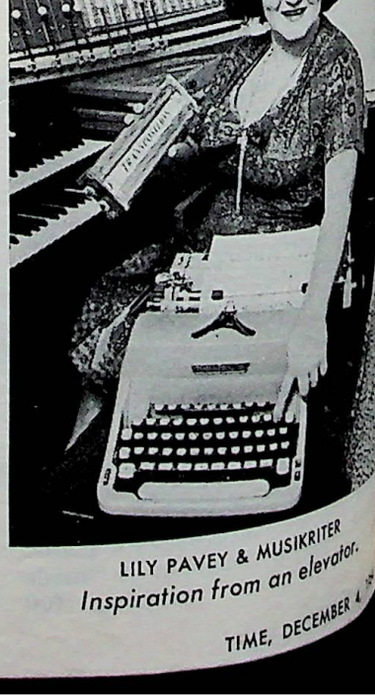
Committing the sounds of music to paper is like trying to bottle a moonbeam. It is an elusive and often perplexing art. The mechanics of inscribing notations, for one thing, is such a tedious and time-consuming task that for centuries composers and musicians have been searching for an easier and faster way of writing music. Now Britain's Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd. is offering just that—a typewriter that types music.

Scheduled for world distribution some time next fall at a price of about $700, the Musikriter consists of a standard typewriter keyboard of 46 keys plus eight "elevation keys" that allow vertical as well as horizontal typing. The machine can be mastered in [illegible] weeks by an experienced typist, who can then tap out a symphony or a fu[illegible] at the rate of about 60 notes a min[illegible] Imperial Typewriter, which already h[illegible] orders from 14 countries, hopefully s[illegible] the Musikriter as a great boon to co[illegible] posers, music publishers, orchestra[illegible] music libraries and schools.

The Musikriter is the brainchild of [illegible] short (4 ft. 9 in.), roly-poly, forty-[illegible] divorcee named Lily Pavey, who had only a year and a half of formal schooling. A former circus clown who could play 17 different musical instruments, she has spent the past 14 years developing her invention in a cluttered [illegible] in South London. She hit on the idea one day while working as an invoice clerk to support her family. To relieve the boredom of the job, she took to sing ing while she typed and was suddenly seized by the thought: "How much more interesting it would be to type music than invoices."

She bought a secondhand typewriter from a friend and began years of figuring how to reproduce 8,000 characters with 46 keys. Biggest breakthrough was the idea for vertical typing, in which the basket of type and not the paper is shifted up and down eight spaces, or an octave—an inspiration that struck her one day while riding up and down in a creaking elevator in her apartment building. She financed her experiments with winnings from soccer pools, small donations from friends, and a $4,200 grant from the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation.

Lily has also perfected an electronic extra she calls a "multi-note rotating drum," a device which audibly sounds the notes as they are struck on the keyboard. "If Beethoven had had my machine," she enthuses, slightly missing the point, "he could have written a symphony in a week!"



LILY PAVEY & MUSIKRITER
Inspiration from an elevator.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SPACE

Mission to Mars

The planet Mars follows such an eccentric orbit around the sun that it is accessible to probing spacecraft from each only one month out of every 25—a period referred to by scientists as "the window." All through November the window was open, but the first U.S. attempt to peek inside failed when the Mariner C spacecraft, unable to jettison its 500-lb. fiber-glass protective shield, could not attain the necessary speed. Last week the U.S. tried again, barely 25 days before the window would have slammed shut until December 1966.

At Cape Kennedy a three-stage, 100-ft. Atlas-Agena rocket blasted downrange over the South Atlantic missile track in a perfect launch. Five minutes later, the protective shield, a redesigned shroud of magnesium thorium, was jettisoned right on schedule. Thirty-seven minutes after that, from a 115-mile-high parking orbit over the Indian Ocean, the rocket engine reignited, kicking the 575-lb. Mariner D payload toward Mars at the required speed—17,600 m.p.h. At week's end all was going well with Mariner D and its 138,-000 individual parts. But the spacecraft still has quite a way to travel—325 million miles along a route that is expected to carry it past Mars by mid-July.

Mariner's mission is manifold. During its journey away from the sun, it will radio back information on radiation, magnetic fields and micrometeorites. If all goes perfectly, it is supposed to transmit data on the density of the Martian atmosphere that could be invaluable to U.S. scientists who are hoping to land a capsule there by 1969. As a final dividend, it will also try to take 22 still pictures with a television camera during a 30-minute fly-by some 8,600 miles from the red planet. The pictures will be transmitted to earth from 150 million miles in space, but scientists think they should be as detailed as photos of the moon taken by the strongest telescopes on earth. If they are right, new light may at last be thrown on the mystery of the Martian canals.

OCEANOLOGY

To Catch a Tired Fish

Why do swift and agile fish get caught in slow-moving nets? They simply get tired. This sea-borne secret was documented recently when skindivers of the U.S. Bureau of Commercial Fisheries hung on the mouth of a big submerged trawl and took movies of fish as they were caught. The net moved through the water as slowly as 2 m.p.h., a pace that most fish can exceed with ease. But the skindivers learned that, fast as fish are, most of them are too lazy to take evasive measures. They swim lantly for a while to keep ahead of the net, but eventually they tire and drift back into its maw. After that, they are stuffed into its trailing "cod end," from which there is no escape.

Encouraged by these observations, the bureau's Seattle base designed a monster, bag-shaped trawl. The mouth, 117 ft. square, is kept open by floats and kitelike "otter boards"; it can be submerged at any depth. The great net is pulled through the water at less than 3 m.p.h. A few fish, including salmon, are smart enough to recognize danger and dart to safety, but most types do not take alarm until too late.

Armed with their slow, enormous net, the fisheries men have found an unexploited treasure in the North Pacific. The midwaters between the surface and the bottom, a region usually neglected by commercial fishermen, swarm with great schools of hake. Often the giant net has caught them at the rate of a ton a minute. Pacific hake bring a low price because they are used to make fish meal, but the net has also caught ocean perch and other food fish. The bureau is looking forward to a time when fleets of supernets will comb the neglected midwaters of the North Pacific, gulping shiploads of fish that are now almost untroubled by fishermen.

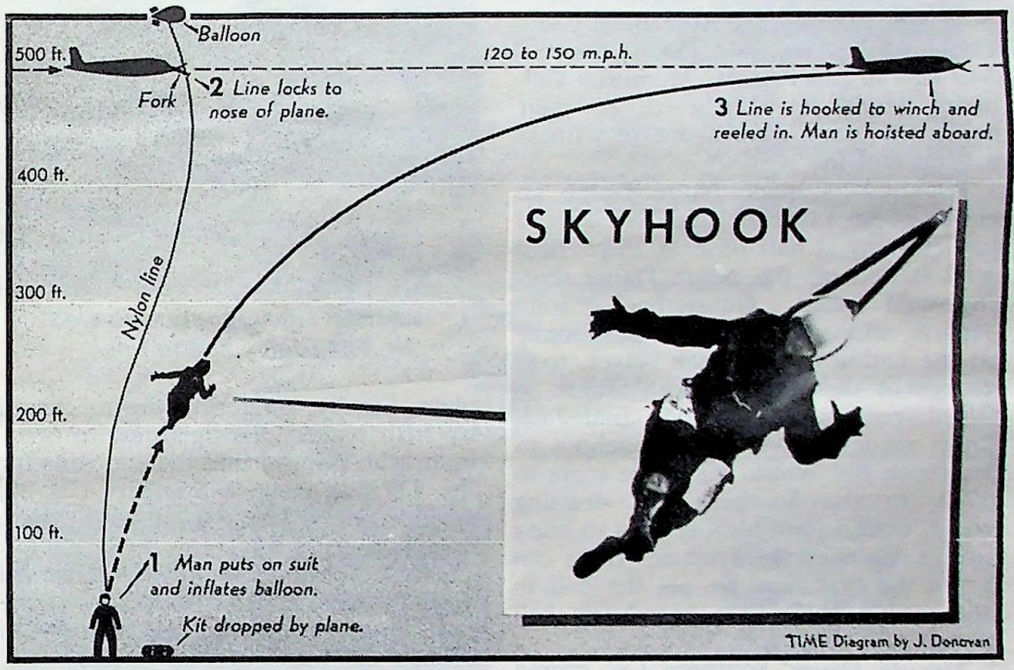
AERONAUTICS

Operation Skyhook

It has always been the proud boast of the U.S. armed forces that their pilots would go to extravagant lengths to rescue comrades in trouble. Helicopters flap into impossible places to save plane-crash survivors; skindivers drop to the aid of downed astronauts; search-and-rescue craft crisscross vast areas of ocean. And now the lifesaving arsenal has a new weapon: the military Skyhook developed by Connecticut Inventor Robert E. Fulton, Jr.

Once its target is located, a Skyhook rescue plane sends a 400-lb., do-it-yourself kit drifting downward by parachute. The bulky package, which is buoyant enough to float if it lands on water, contains a cylinder filled with helium and 500 ft. of woven nylon line with a special suit attached to one end, a balloon to the other. The man to be rescued must be in good enough physical shape to do a few simple things: put on the suit and inflate the balloon with helium. Once the big bag rises to the full length of the line, the rest of the operation begins.

The plane drops down to 450 ft., zeroing in on the nylon line. A V-shaped fork, attached to the plane's nose, guides the line into a locking device. Although the plane is moving at 150 m.p.h., the man being rescued is lifted with less of a jolt than the force of a 6-ft. jump. The man goes up almost vertically before he begins tracing a curved path into a position somewhat below and to the rear of the plane. The relative gentleness of the takeoff and the curved trajectory result from the interaction of several forces: the man's weight and air resistance, the speed and altitude of the plane, and the stretchability of the woven nylon line, which absorbs shock as it lengthens. Within five minutes of lift-off, the man is hoisted aboard the plane.



The Navy, which got into the act first, has been perfecting Skyhook rescues for seven years. Earlier this year, the Army used the technique to lift 35 men, including two Special Forces generals, during exercises at Fort Bragg, N.C. Now the Air Force is also trying the method, and 48 Lockheed C-130 transports have been modified with the forks and winches needed for Skyhook lifts. "I've never experienced anything like it in my military career," says Special Forces veteran Sergeant First Class Johnny Dolin. "First there is a slight tug at the shoulders, then you're soaring through the air like a bird."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

The Trojan Horse

All season long, while Notre Dame's Fighting Irish piled up victory after victory, Coach Ara Parseghian played the persistent pessimist. "It is impossible to go through a season undefeated," he insisted. "Teams are too evenly matched these days."

Now the only thing that stood between Notre Dame and its first perfect season in 15 years was a so-so Southern California squad that had lost three out of nine games. True, U.S.C. had something worth fighting for—a possible Rose Bowl bid—but the Irish had something worth more: the national championship. "This is our Rose Bowl," said Coach Parseghian, and few of the 83,840 fans in Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum could have believed in their hearts that they were about to witness the upset of the year.

Bookmakers made Notre Dame an eleven-point favorite, and the spread looked puny at half time. A 25-yd. field goal started off the Notre Dame scoring—and then Quarterback John Huarte, winner of the Heisman Trophy as the nation's top college player, took charge of the relentless Irish attack. A 21-yd. pass to All-America End Jack Snow made it 10-0, and a pitchout to Halfback Bill Wolski hiked the score to 17-0. In the Southern Cal dressing room, Coach John McKay tried to buoy up his downhearted Trojans: "If we can score the first time we get the ball in the second half, it's a brand-new ball game."

Upside Down. Southern Cal scored all right, striking 68 yds. in nine plays to cut the gap to 17-7. But it still seemed like the same old ball game. Time after time, Irish receivers broke into the clear to haul in Huarte's whistling passes. Notre Dame marched to the Southern Cal 9—only to lose the ball on a fumble. Back came the Irish again, and this time Fullback Joe Kantor got the touchdown—only to have it nullified by a holding penalty. By now it was the fourth quarter, and bored sportswriters amused themselves by making bets on what the Notre Dame margin would be.

Then everything turned upside down. Trojan Quarterback Craig Fertig passed, Fred Hill and Rod Sherman made clawing catches, Halfback Mike Garrett slipped away from Notre Dame tacklers as if he were coated with grease. From his own 8, Fertig marched the Trojans to the Notre Dame 23. Then he rolled out, lofted a pass to Hill in the end zone, and the Irish lead was 17-13.

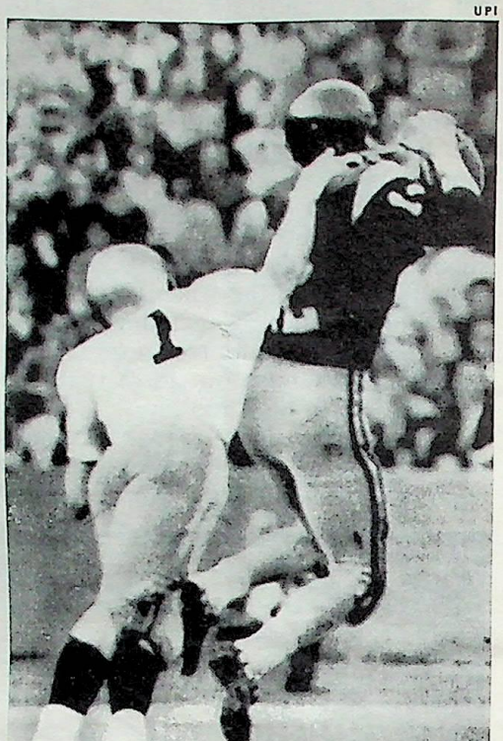
"Rose Bowl!" With only 4½ min. left, Parseghian decided to eat up the clock. But now the aroused Trojans held for downs, got the ball back on the Notre Dame 40, and went to desperate work. A run failed, two passes fell incomplete. Finally, on fourth down, chased by Irish blitzers, Fertig threw to Sherman, who skipped into the end zone for the TD that made it Southern Cal 20, Notre Dame 17. The clock read 1 min. 35 sec.

"Rose Bowl! Rose Bowl!" screamed Southern Cal rooters. But Notre Dame has never been a quitter. Parseghian draped his arm around Quarterback Huarte's shoulders, whispered briefly in his ear. No deception now; everybody knew what Huarte was going to do—throw, throw, throw. A 15-yarder to Halfback Nick Eddy put the ball on the Notre Dame 38—and U.S.C. fenders began to get jittery. Two alties moved Notre Dame to the jan 43. But Huarte's next pass was tercepted on the Cal 20. Trojan heaved a sigh of relief. Now there less than one minute left. It was all

Not quite. The stubborn Irish the Trojans cold, forced them to with 35 sec. remaining. Huarte to throw again. Two passes to and the Irish were back at Six seconds—time for one last Huarte dropped back, danced looked downfield for Snow, and corked a long, looping pass to the Trojan end zone. Snow leaped so did four Southern Cal defenders. the ball fell to the ground. Bang gun sounded.

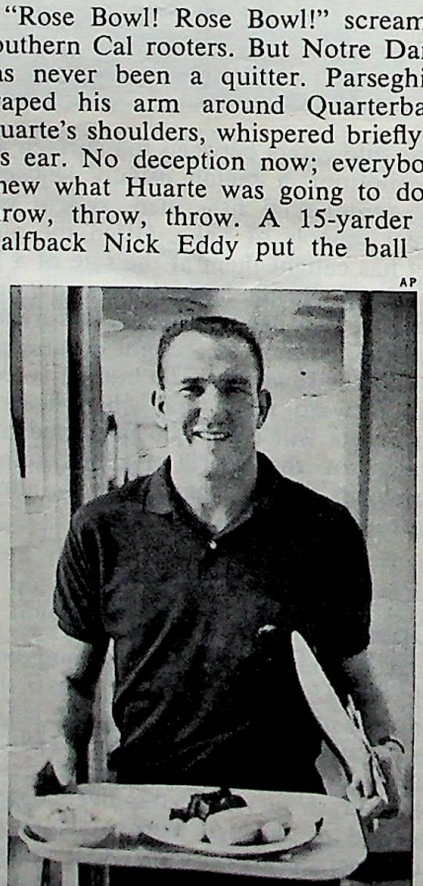
In the Southern Cal locker room, victorious Trojans heaved Coach Kay into the shower and waited iously for word that they had been vited to the Rose Bowl. It never The Pacific Athletic Conference Oregon State instead.

UPI



SHERMAN SNARING WINNING PASS
The mighty had to fall.

AP



RHOME CHOWING DOWN
The price keeps going up.

Playing Catch

When the pros got around to d ing up the college catch at last annual draft in Manhattan, one fish was missing: Quarterback Rhome, 22, of the University of T Missing, but not forgotten. T teams, the New York Jets, the D Cowboys, Canada's Calgary Stam ers, drafted Rhome last year, whe was a junior, and the only question is how much he is going to cost lucky bidder. Last week Rhome the starting price another notch flinging 29 passes and completing for 234 yds. and two touchdowns, ing Tulsa to a 21-7 victory over W ta and a berth in the Bluebonnet B

By Rhome's standards, that wa horrible day. Oklahoma State bo the nation's second-best pass defe before it ran into Tulsa in Octob Rhome hit on 35 of 43 for 488 and moved an awestruck pro scou exclaim: "We couldn't complete many if we were only playing Against the University of Louisi Rhome threw seven touchdown pass against Houston, he threw one that eled a fantastic 60 yds. in the air. Tulsa's ten games (eight wins, two es) this season, Rhome has compl 224 out of 326 passes (a percentage .687) for 2,870 yds. and 32 TD major college records all. His 3,128 of total offense is an alltime re as well, and he has broken an dozen or so minor marks during three varsity years.

The pro bidding for Rhome probably start somewhere around 000 for a bonus—which is more the Jets apparently want to spend week they gave Houston their rights Rhome in return for a draft choice Jets Coach Weeb Ewbank did his to explain the decision: "I'd have

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...that the boy is accurate in the ...to 15-yd. range," he said. "But I ...n't tell you whether he can throw ...long. Then, too, Rhome is only 6 ft. ...He might be too short for the ...ull. Only a cynic would point out ...ons. ...k if Jerry Rhome is too short, so are ...ch pros as Washington's Sonny Jur...son, St. Louis' Charley Johnson, ...w York's Y. A. Tittle, Minnesota's ...n Tarkenton, and San Francisco's ...rge Mira.

GOLF

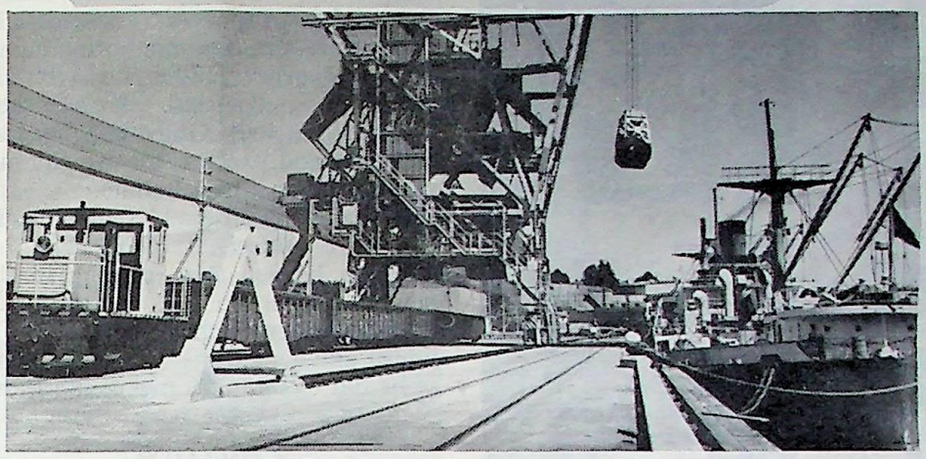
...gh Way to Make 100 Grand

...n the 18th green at Louisiana's ...bourne Country Club, Gay Brewer ...ked his ball and turned to Jack ...klaus. "What's it worth to you," ...asked, "if I miss this putt?" Nick... ...s solemnly reached into his pocket, ...ed out a money clip crammed with ...k and held it out to Brewer. Brewer ...ckled impishly, lined up his putt—a ...ght-in 15-footer—and missed. It ...s a fitting climax to pro golf's 1964 ...son, a wacky eleven months in which ...reformed rake named Tony Lema ...to four tournaments in six incredible ...eks; in which Old (35) Master Arnold ...lmer won his fourth Masters and still ...the money-winning title to burly *...derkind* Nicklaus, 24—by the ...gin of Brewer's bungled putt and ...,113 in cash.

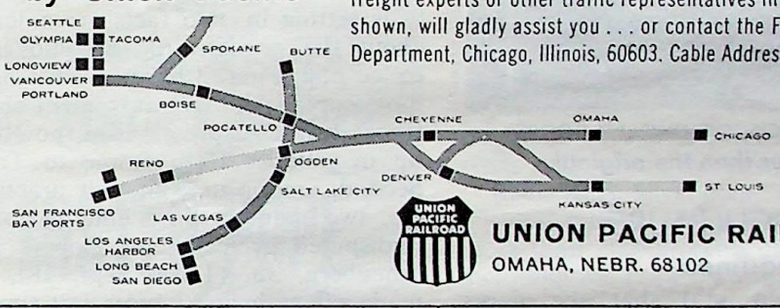
Nicklaus did not win the Cajun ...ssic; Louisiana's Miller Barber did. ...k and Arnie were having their own ...test: there was Palmer, in the club... ...se, with fourth money ($1,500) al... ...dy in the bag. That meant that ...klaus had to finish better than third ...ead, by the skinny-skin-skin, he did. ...e missed putt cost Brewer second ...ce, dropped him into a tie with ...klaus worth $1,900 to both players. ...ich brought the official P.G.A. totals ...41 tournaments to $113,284.50 for ...klaus, $113,203.37 for Palmer.*

Yet for Nicklaus, playing his third ...son as a pro, 1964 was full of dis... ...pointments. True, he won four tour... ...ments. But he failed to win a major ...mpionship, though he finished sec... ...three times—to Palmer in the ...sters, to Lema in the British Open, ...Nichols in the P.G.A. In the U.S. ...en, he wound up with a dismal tie ...23rd. He thus did not qualify for ...e four-man World Series of Golf, ...unofficial "exhibition" that used to ...his private preserve: two years run... ...g, he had taken home the winner's ...ce of $50,000—biggest check in ...f. His money came mostly in dribs ...d drabs, ranging from a low of ...75 in the U.S. Open to $24,042 for ...nning Pennsylvania's Whitemarsh ...pen. Added up, it came to a pretty ...ney—but it was a tough way to make ...0 grand.

...The next three: Billy Casper, $90,653.08; ...Lema, $74,130.37; Bobby Nichols, ...012.26.



Served Stateside by Union Pacific



Union Pacific has facilities that offer you the finest stateside service for goods moving through Pacific Coast Ports. Our foreign freight experts or other traffic representatives in the port cities shown, will gladly assist you . . . or contact the Foreign Freight Department, Chicago, Illinois, 60603. Cable Address: UPARAILCO.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
OMAHA, NEBR. 68102

A World Leader in Telecommunications and Electronics Equipment

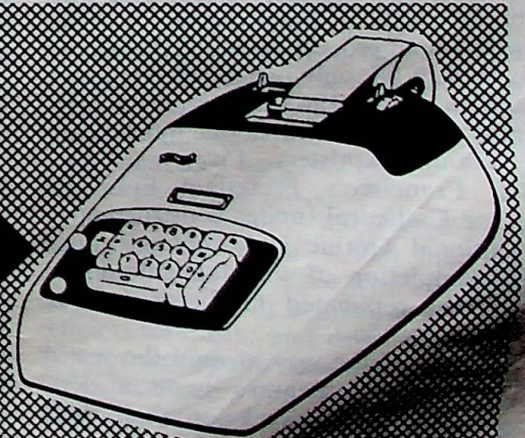
NEC

Nippon Electric Company Limited
P. O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

researched for accuracy . . .
written for vividness and clarity
. . . organized in 21 departments
. . . to help you keep informed
about the world and its affairs.

TIME TO SAVE YOU TIME
TO MAKE THE NEWS MAKE SENSE

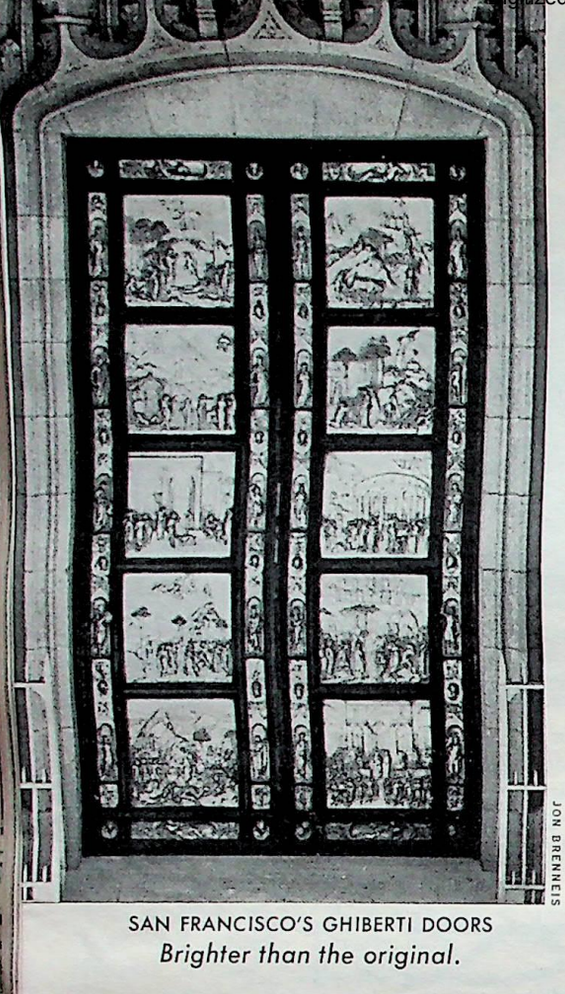
WALTHER
...figures faster than you think



WALTHER Büromaschinen GmbH. Niederstotzingen · West Germany

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



JON BRENNEIS

SAN FRANCISCO'S GHIBERTI DOORS
Brighter than the original.

SCULPTURE

Paradise Regained

Michelangelo said that the doors might "fittingly stand at the gates of Paradise." All Florentines of the 1450s agreed that their Baptistery's portal, sculpted by Lorenzo Ghiberti, was worthy of immortality. The double doors, 16 ft. by 9 ft., cast of bronze and overlaid with gold, held ten panels that told Old Testament tales in such graceful relief that the metal seemed brushed on like oils.

Immortality has no guarantees on earth. Only the beauty of Ghiberti's doors saved them from centuries of soldiers smelting Renaissance masterworks into cannon. When World War II broke out, the Italian government ordered the doors taken down for safety. As double insurance, Master Foundryman Bruno Bearzi was commissioned to make plaster impressions and cast bronze replicas. Since Bearzi used the waste-mold process, in which the plaster is broken off, only one set of duplicates was made. In 1948 the scrubbed originals were rehinged at the famed San Giovanni Baptistery. Five years ago, San Francisco's Protestant Episcopal Grace Cathedral, under construction in traditional Gothic style, commissioned the completion of the duplicate doors. Now the replicated Ghibertis have a godly home too.

A third of the way around the world from Florence, Bearzi's two-ton doubles opened last week on their first services in the newly consecrated cathedral. In some ways, the doors are closer to mint condition than the originals in Florence. After centuries, much of Ghiberti's detail was too weathered and worn to emerge clearly. So, after gilding the bronze, Bearzi's foundry chased the Renaissance precision touch back on. One craftsman spent six weeks detailing a postcard-size section, bringing out each and every feather on a bird no bigger than one-sixth of a postage stamp. What took Ghiberti 27 years to conceive and execute took eight man-years of labor just to imitate.

Perhaps only in the U.S. would someone have conceived of repeating the gates to heaven. Yet, shining in their new cathedral portals, the doors also double Ghiberti's chance to survive, astonish and delight his viewers as freshly as he did in Florence five centuries ago.

PAINTING

Catcher of the Eye

As shock is wearing off and familiarity is setting in, two facts are emerging about the proliferating art movement called pop. First, it has proved to be the most copied U.S. art movement abroad since abstract expressionism, now turns up in galleries from Rome to Tokyo. Second, among its welter of practitioners, two painters have emerged as the undisputed eye-catchers: Robert Rauschenberg, 38, (TIME, Sept. 18), who made off with first honors last summer at the Venice Biennale, and Jasper Johns, 34, pop's most painterly painter (*opposite*).

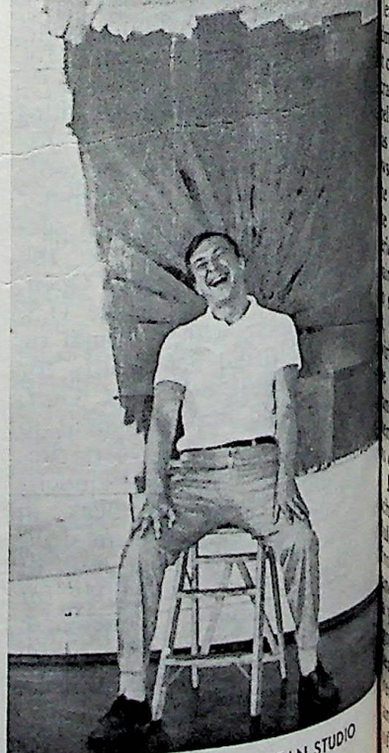
The two are close friends, but miles apart in temperament. Extravert Rauschenberg is now touring Japan with the Merce Cunningham ballet, for which he whips up a spontaneous stage set a night out of the jetsam of commercial products. More reticent, Jasper Johns plays the position of a mandarin: his aim is to make art about art. In his beach house on Edisto Island, S.C., and his Riverside Drive penthouse in Manhattan, Johns surrounds himself with art works of his friends, from Marcel Duchamp's Dada gimcracks to Andy Warhol's soup boxes, which he uses in lieu of extra furniture. He is a chess player and keeps a library substantial in such stiff favorite reading as Ludwig Wittgenstein's *Tractatus-Logicos Philosophicus*. Johns also keeps on hand an inexhaustible supply of beer, which, in a way, has crept into his work.

Totem from Taboo. Johns's most known work is his 1960 *Painted Bronze*, apparently just two Ballantine ale cans on a pedestal. But look again, since, through the looking glass of pop, nothing is quite what it seems. They are, in fact, cast-bronze facsimiles of ale cans, one slightly smaller than the other. One is punched open and empty; the other is closed and solid bronze. Their labels are hand-painted, and when lifted off their base, they provide a hefty gravitational surprise. They delight Johns precisely because they are false twins, a unequal equation, in short, a parad Johns's followers even go so far as see in them the transubstantiation of familiar, a totem made from art taboo.

Johns's choice of Ballantine ale came from an offhand remark by Abstract Expressionist Willem de Kooning to Johns's dealer, Leo Castelli: "Get that s.o.b. two beer cans and he can sell them." Johns proved he could (for $1,000). Johns has also made art out of neon lettering, chairs, paint brushes and cast light bulbs in bronze.

Johns chose subject matter that was purposely flat and familiar—U.S. flags, targets, maps, and the digits one to ten (*see overleaf*). But to him, they are no more commonplace than the lemons in the still lifes of yesteryear. Transforming everyday objects into images of common beauty is unquestionably the artist's task, and for Johns the act of metamorphosis is full of magic. He says, "I am concerned with a thing not being what it was, with its becoming something else, with any moment in which one identifies a thing precisely, dealing with the slipping away of that moment."

Saucy Delight. At first even a look at art seemed unlikely for Johns. He grew up in Allendale, S.C., and spent a short year and a half at the state university, where the lanky, laugh-prone Southerner got a smattering of art studies. But as an artist, Johns was largely self-taught. Not until he was 27 did he get his first show. It was a virtual sellout, and Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art bought three works. Three years later, in 1961, he won an award



JOHNS IN MANHATTAN STUDIO
Better than lemons?

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

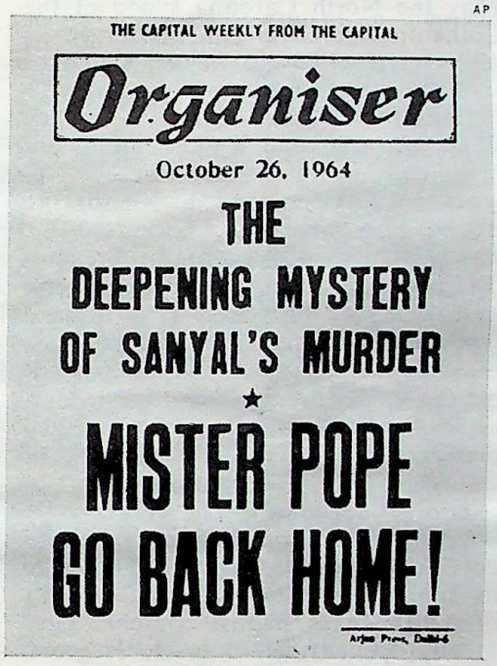
ROMAN CATHOLICS

Bombay's Spiritual Spectacular

This week Paul VI will add 8,000 miles to his record as the most travel-minded Pope of history by flying from Rome to Bombay for Roman Catholicism's 38th Eucharistic Congress. The Pope's four-day visit to India is intended to symbolize his concern for the mission church, and for Catholicism's witness to the non-Christian world.

Eucharistic Congresses have been held periodically since 1881 all over the world to demonstrate the unity of

AP



POSTER IN NEW DELHI
Six bishops for consecration.

Catholicism and to worship the "Real Presence" of Christ in the Eucharist, the bread and wine of Communion. More than 100,000 Catholics, including 14 cardinals and 300 bishops, are expected to attend this spiritual spectacular. On the program are Masses in various rites, consecration by the Pope of six new bishops from five continents, and an Indian ballet on "The Eucharist and the New Man," with 1,500 dancers and musicians. The congress will also discuss how the church can ease world problems, particularly poverty, hunger and overpopulation. The nine-day congress will cost upwards of $1,000,000.

Portuguese Anger. Not everyone is as pleased by the congress as are India's 6,200,000 Roman Catholics. Although President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan and Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri will greet the Pope in Bombay, many Indian officials are miffed that Paul refused to visit New Delhi. The papal trip also cuts no ice with Portugal, which has never forgiven India for seizing its old colony of Goa in 1961. In honor of the Bombay congress, Goa is exposing for 44 days of veneration its most famous relic, the mummified body of the 16th century Jesuit Missionary St. Francis Xavier—minus one toe that was bitten off by an overzealous worshiper in 1859 and part of one arm, which was shipped to Rome for veneration in 1615. So outraged was the government of Portugal by news of the papal visit that it forbade the country's newspapers and magazines to mention it.

Portuguese anger is mild compared to that of some right-wing Hindu groups, which look upon the congress as a colonialist plot to destroy the culture of India. There are blunt posters on the streets of Bombay warning that "Christianity is a danger to Hinduism." Indian officials minimized the threat to the Pope, but put a number of Hindu fanatics in protective custody and strengthened the 16,000-man Bombay police force with 3,000 troops from the Maharashtra state police.

Tickets & Traffic Jams. Construction work for the congress has run behind schedule, partly because of the planners' general lack of organization, partly because of last-minute changes inspired by the Pope's decision in late September to attend. In anticipation of the flood of visitors, food prices have risen 10% within the past month.

Racketeers have done an impressive business selling counterfeit tickets. With more than 20,000 extra cars in town—including the Pope's white Lincoln Continental, given him by an alumnus of Notre Dame—Bombay police are resigned to the prospect of monstrous traffic jams. As it happens, almost every major highway in the city is clogged with construction projects. There is perhaps some unintended irony in the pronouncement by Bombay's Valerian Cardinal Gracias that the Pope's visit is "a spiritual pilgrimage in keeping with the best spiritual traditions of India."

PROTESTANTS

The Sinner of Elburg

"I solemnly declare before God and my parish that I have committed adultery," announced Pastor Bastianus Gerardus Andries van der Wiel from the pulpit of the Reformed Church of Elburg in The Netherlands. The congregation listened in thrilled silence; then the chief elder rose to deliver a thunderous, hour-long sermon on guilt, as Van der Wiel sat beside his wife with head bowed. Many in the congregation cried, and they sang six psalms for a sinner restored to grace.

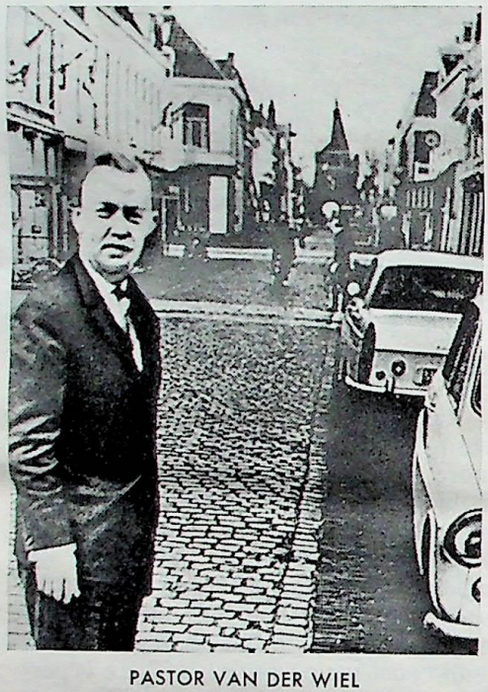
Elburg is a gossipy little farming and fishing community of 4,000 that eyes with suspicion all strangers who enter its grim, grey, 17th century walls, takes religion seriously, and demands repentation for sins against divine law. Without a doubt, Pastor Van der Wiel, 54, had offended Elburg's sense of the proprieties. As pastor of the Reformed Church for ten years, he had earned the clannish townsfolk's respect for his learned

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

sermons, theological orthodoxy and stern denunciations of engaged couples who did not wait until their wedding night. The town was horrified seven weeks ago when four local youths reported that they had seen pretty, blonde Matje Leusink, 26, kissing the pastor.

Van der Wiel protested that he had simply been driving Matje home from a confirmation class. Matje insisted that she had simply given the pastor a daughterly peck on the cheek. But the church elders measured the offense against Jesus' words that "one who looks at a woman lustfully has already committed adultery with her in his heart." Unless Van der Wiel publicly confessed his sin, they warned, "we will chase you out of



PASTOR VAN DER WIEL
Six psalms of penitence.

town." To keep his job, Van der Wiel agreed to accept the punishment.

As far as the rigid, righteous Christians of Elburg were concerned, justice had been done, and the case was closed. "Ministers are sinners, like you and me," said one elderly fisherman, contentedly. "We are all sinners, day and night." Another Elburger, who last week heard Van der Wiel deliver his first post-confession sermon, commented: "It was wonderful preaching today. I felt fine, as we all did, and we sang with joy." But Van der Wiel was emotionally shattered by his ordeal. The provincial synod, when it heard about the pastor's punishment, was so shocked that it ordered an investigation of the congregation's "unchristian" behavior.

CHURCHES

Southern Desegregation

The unedifying bitterness that keeps Christian whites from wanting to pray in church next to Christian Negroes does not end spontaneously. Instead, it usually gives way before glacierlike pressures from above—from bishops, synods and church conferences, followed by pastors and priests. This process, advanced in the North, is slowly reaching the pulpits and even the congregations of Southern Protestants.

Presbyterian Precept. Responding to the marching orders of this year's General Conference, white-only Methodist jurisdictions in the South have begun to explore merging with smaller Negro conferences. At its General Assembly in April, the Southern Presbyterian Church ordered the integration of its separate white and Negro presbyteries; since then many Southern Presbyterian synods have also approved an amendment to the church's constitution that states: "No one shall be excluded from participation in public worship on grounds of race, color or class." Last May the North Carolina synod of the Lutheran Church in America urged its 198 congregations to welcome all persons to worship regardless of race.

Reflecting these high-level policy shifts, the all-white Enoree presbytery in South Carolina voted to accept Negroes to services, and a Negro, the Rev. E. E. Newberry of Charlotte, N.C., was elected moderator of the predominantly white Mecklenberg presbytery. Negro clergy this year were for the first time admitted to membership in the Ministers' Association of Columbia, S.C. Last week a Negro, Dr. Harry Richardson of Atlanta, was elected president of the Georgia Council of Churches.

Baptist Backdown. The conservative Southern Baptist Convention voted down a strong civil rights resolution at its annual convention in May, but 981 of 3,901 Texas Baptist churches have quietly opened their doors to Negroes. The Rev. C. E. Autrey of Dallas, one of the most respected of Southern Baptist evangelists, preaches that "racism is immoral" and that Baptist foot dragging on civil rights is impeding its mission work. Atlanta's First Baptist Church, which made headlines when its ushers threw Negroes bodily from the steps last year, has long since voted to allow them to sit in the sanctuary with whites.

So far, the effect of the changing attitudes toward race remains on the level of tokenism and gingerly pronouncements, but there are a few signs that pronouncement may be the prologue to commitment and action. Last month the District of Columbia Baptist Convention, which is composed of both American and Southern Baptists, passed a resolution that urged charitable institutions affiliated with it to abandon racist admission policies; behind these soft words was the unmistakable threat to cut off financial support if the institutions did not comply. And in Mississippi, a Roman Catholic bishop has joined with Protestants to form a "Committee of Concern" under the leadership of Baptist Preacher William P. Davis of Jackson. The purpose is to raise money to rebuild Negro churches destroyed or damaged in the state by racist bomb throwers.

MILESTONES

Married. Melissa Murphy, 21, daughter of California's new Republican U.S. Senator; and Robert Ellis, 23, fellow student at the University of Colorado, in Aspen, Colo.

Died. Colonel William Draper, 44, Eisenhower's pilot during eight presidential years, who almost always brought Ike winging in on time despite snowstorms, tardy politicians and small-town airstrips, logging over 200,000 miles in the *Columbine* and 707; by his own hand (hanging), probably as result of despondency since a heart attack grounded him last year; in Camp Springs, Md.

Died. The Most Rev. Edward Daly, 70, Roman Catholic bishop of Des Moines since 1948, one of 22 American churchmen serving on Ecumenical Council commissions; of injuries sustained when the TWA Boeing 707 he was taking to Athens veered off the runway, slammed into a steamroller and exploded during an aborted takeoff at Rome's Leonardo da Vinci Airport, killing 48 of 73 passengers and crew.

Died. William O'Dwyer, 74, New York City's bluff, ebullient Democratic mayor from 1946 to 1950; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. The luck of the Irish "Billo" had, at least in the beginning—immigrant from County Mayo at 20, bartender, hod carrier, New York City policeman, night-school lawyer and overnight hero in 1940 when as Brooklyn D.A., he uncovered the infamous Murder, Inc. and sent seven of its killers to the chair. That made him mayor of New York, and a good job he seemed to be doing too—until he suddenly quit "because of health" to take a less taxing job as Ambassador to Mexico, and people soon after discovered that his aides had been shaking down bookies and oil-burner dealers for $1,500,000. There was no evidence that O'Dwyer was in on the graft, but he could not bring himself to return to Manhattan until ten years later.

Died. Arthur Winarick, 75, who converted a 20-room Catskills boarding house into what is now the 1,500-room Concord Hotel, the Borsch Belt's biggest beat, offering pink, yellow or blue snow on the winter ski slopes, 45 golf holes in the summer, and romantic matchmaking all year round; of a heart attack; in Kiamesha Lake, N.Y.

Died. Bessie Love Merryman, 100, the Duchess of Windsor's dowager aunt and her constant chaperone throughout the royal courtship, a hard-boiled Yankee who advised Edward in the midst of his dilemma between Cupid and crown, "You can always marry someone else; you can never again be King"; in Washington.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MONEY

A Heroic Defense

While their names are seldom in the headlines and the real extent of their power is appreciated by only a few insiders, there is in the non-Communist world a band of global money managers who have done almost as much as politicians or generals to head off crisis and knit nations together. Using their special skills, they have built a delicately balanced monetary structure that for 20 years has helped to expand trade, travel and economic growth around the world. Last week they faced—and overcame—the greatest challenge since their financial fortress was created at Bretton Woods, N.H., in 1944. It was a British crisis, but the U.S. reactions to it held potentially important consequences for the U.S. economy.

By raising the U.S. discount rate from 3½% to 4% in response to a hike in the British discount rate—the interest that central banks charge their members—the Federal Reserve Board showed how closely interwoven have become economies that are oceans apart. By helping to rescue the faltering British pound (*see* THE WORLD), the U.S.'s money managers demonstrated how tightly bound together are the fates of the Western world's two major currencies. "It was an orderly operation all the way," said William McChesney Martin Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve, and showed that the bankers' international contacts are pretty good." Despite that typical banker's understatement, the operations had many of the elements of secrecy, mystery and intrigue that would do justice to James Bond—or to Goldfinger, his gold-hungry foe.

With Resignation. The U.S. had little choice but to do what it did, and it moved with skill and speed. The British raised their discount rate from 5% to 7% to strengthen the pound against banks and corporations that were dumping it in fear of possible devaluation, and against speculators who sold short in the hope that the pound would be devalued and they could later buy it back at depressed prices. The rise meant that the British rate would be twice as high as the 3½% U.S. rate, and, as one Swiss banker put it, "7% would drag money from the moon." The Federal Reserve and the Treasury were concerned that it might pull too many U.S. dollars to Britain, causing further difficulties for the U.S. balance of payments, which had been doing somewhat better this year.

But beyond that, said Federal Reserve Chairman Martin in an unprecedented press conference, the hike was "an insurance measure" designed to prove "that we are ready to defend and preserve the dollar." The U.S. money managers feared that European speculators, many of whom received dollars for the pounds they were unloading, might be tempted to convert those dollars into other currencies unless the U.S. demonstrated that it intended to keep the dollar stable. The U.S. did just this by raising the discount rate, thus averted possible speculative pressure on the dollar. In so acting, Martin and his governors placed the nation's international monetary policy at least on a par with the needs of the domestic economy.

Those needs have been best served up to now by a money policy of relative ease. A prime reason that the current expansion has been so prolonged is the abundance of easy credit for installment buying and capital spending—and Lyndon Johnson, for one, has been telling everyone within earshot of his desire to keep money cheap and easy. Immediately before the Federal Reserve governors acted, Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon called Lyndon Johnson at his Texas ranch to tell him their decision. Johnson accepted the news with resignation.

"For Shame, for Shame." Others were not so resigned. "For shame, for shame!" cried Congressman Wright Patman, chairman of the House Banking Committee, who went on to predict "a marked slowdown in our economic growth" as a result of the hike. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council complained that the move would discourage borrowing by consumers and business alike. Coming at a time when many businessmen were beginning to wonder aloud whether the U.S.'s 45-month economic upswing could continue much beyond mid-1965, the discount-rate hike also raised fears among many businessmen of a recurrence of 1960, when an economic expansion was pinched off and a recession brought on by a tightening of money.

WALTER BENNETT

THE FRB: JAMES ROBERTSON, C. CANBY BALDERSTON, MARTIN, A. L. MILLS JR., CHARLES SHEPARDSON, GEORGE MITCHELL, J. DEWEY DAANE

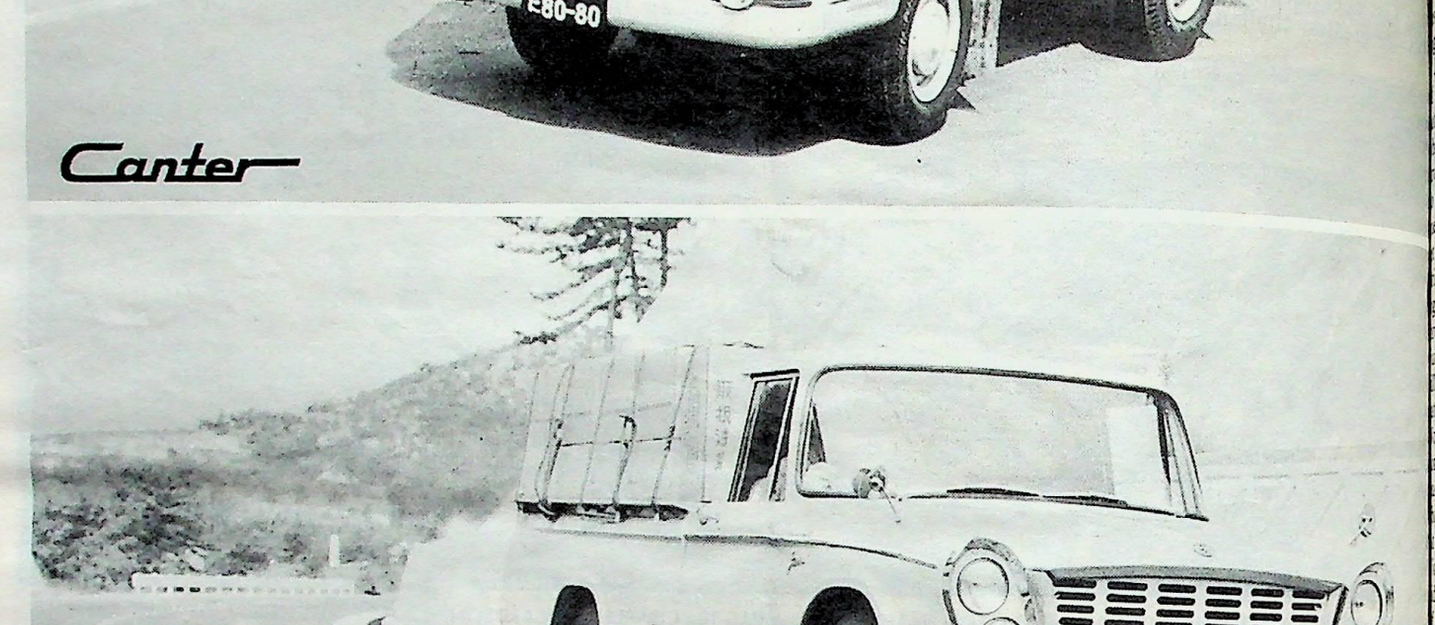
Considering self-interest and the tight bonds of fate.

To such fears Chairman Martin had a ready answer: the Federal Reserve, he said, will continue its present policy of "cautious ease," *preventing the rate hike from hurting the economy* by buying Government securities in the open market and thus pumping money into the banking system. In Martin's view, the hike would not raise loan or mortgage rates, or affect the economy: "I think that it would have a negligible effect on the money supply." To attract more savings and further increase the supply of money, the Federal Reserve simultaneously allowed banks to increase their maximum interest on savings deposits from 3½% to 4%. The board thus hopes, in a deft balancing act, to hold long-term interest rates low at the same time that it raises short-term rates. Not all bankers will play along, of course; at week's end, Atlanta's Citizens & Southern became the first major bank to raise its prime rate for long-term loans to blue-chip borrowers, from 4½% to 4¾%.

The Most Daring. *If the U.S. had to pay a price for the protection of the dollar—and only time would tell just what that cost to the economy would*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



NO OATS WANTED!!!

Not for these two sturdy work horses. They live on small quantities of diesel fuel and loads of work.

Nevertheless, they're real Mitsubishi thoroughbreds. Just look at their markings...⛰! Light, all-purpose trucks, the Canter and Jupiter Junior were engineered with several distinct purposes in mind... to carry bigger loads more frequently, *more* economically, and for a longer *lifetime* of service than all other trucks in the same weight class.

Take the Canter, for instance. Its cab-over styling combines maximum cargo space within the shortest possible wheel base. It means that the Canter can get onto those small, narrow streets where other 2-ton trucks are just too big. And for easy maintenance, the seat next to the driver can be folded up.

Or the Jupiter Junior. No other truck in it's class, 2-ton, can boast of as much cargo space. Or a shorter turning rad... Or a cargo bed that's closer to the grou... for lifting convenience.

The engineer thought about the driver a... his comfort and safety too. Both trucks ha... tastefully decorated, spacious cabs (se... three) and handle easy in traffic. Bo... have synchromesh transmission, ma... double-clutching a thing of the past.

They're rugged. Gentle.

They're Mitsubishi work horses!

MITSUBISHI
HEAVY INDUSTRIES, LTD.
No. 10, 2-chome, Marunouchi, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan Cable: "HISHIJU TOKYO"

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

—it was also moved by self-interest coming massively to the aid of the pound, which continued to weaken despite Britain's rate hike. Had Britain been forced to devalue the pound, the resulting chaos might not only have wrecked world trade and weakened the West, but would almost certainly have undermined the dollar as well. It was clear to the Americans that they had to act just as resolutely in defense of the pound as they had to follow Britain's rate rise. Said Treasury Under Secretary Robert Roosa: "It's like a run on a bank: if you roll the money back in the door, the depositors who planned to withdraw will go away." The rescue that followed was the most daring ever tried.

Just as there is a certain element of conspiracy in the attempts of international speculators to bring down a stable nation's monetary structure, so strong elements of secrecy and suspense went into the efforts to foil them. By sheer teamwork, the U.S. and British bankers put the size of the rescue needed by Britain at a record $3 billion, not counting the $1 billion already available through the International Monetary Fund. The U.S. agreed to put up $1 billion of the amount—and to ask ten nations to put up the other $2 billion. Working with Bank of England Governor Lord Cromer and his British colleagues, the Americans got onto telephone lines stretching around the world. At the New York Federal Reserve Bank, Vice President Charles Coombs and his aides worked through the night, some of them taking off a few hours to nap on "hot beds" kept at the office for such emergencies; coordinating their efforts, Bank President Alfred Hayes was on the job before dawn, when European offices began to open. In Washington, Martin and Roosa each made pitches to half a dozen bankers overseas. It was, in fact, Roosa's swan song in Government after a distinguished four-year career; at week's end, in accordance with a previous plan, he submitted his resignation to enter private banking.

Tuxedos & Secrecy. The bankers twisted a few arms, carefully kept excitement out of their voices to ensure that foreign bankers got no chance impression of panic, and made occasional use of what is known in Washington as the "crossruff": the practice of getting someone to join a party by telling him someone else is coming in. The need for secrecy was so important that in the midst of negotiations, Roosa even donned a tuxedo in the office and went off to a scheduled piano recital at the Polish embassy lest anyone suspect by his absence what was afoot. He kept a car waiting outside with its motor running, just in case.

Just before midday, when France's Giscard d'Estaing signaled approval from his government, the deal was finally closed. Almost overnight, a handful of men had managed to raise $3 billion, relying completely on gentlemanly agreements and a structure of confidence built up over many years. The bundle that they produced will enable Britain's central bankers to buy, buy, buy sterling—until the speculators finally get tired of selling. It was a remarkable show of ability and confidence, and it dramatically demonstrated that the world's cool money managers can perform truly heroic feats in defense of the wealth of nations.

MERCHANDISING

The Business of Giving

While his wife got started on the family Christmas shopping last week, many an executive scanned a lengthy gift list of his own. Corporate gift giving to contacts and customers, out of favor in recent years after "payola" worked its way into the business lexicon, has been revived by prosperity, the passage of time, and a 1963 Internal Revenue ruling that allows business deductions for gifts of no more than $25 in value. This year, company Christmas purchases are expected to rise 9% and account for the largest part of the $325 million yearly business in corporate gifts.

A few large corporations—General Electric, General Motors, Chase Manhattan Bank—enforce written rules against receiving gifts. Other companies suggest that presents be passed on to the Salvation Army or a similar charity, and some just send them back unopened. But throughout U.S. business, executive Santas—and happy recipients—are still more common than not. The main concession to the gift-giving uproar of a few years back is that many more gifts are quietly routed to homes instead of to offices.

Wines & Artichokes. Brown & Bigelow, whose salesmen start Christmas rounds in March, this year will write $5,000,000 worth of orders for Christmas presents. Honeywell has set up a special division that offers twelve kinds of gifts for executives seeking something different. A Food Fair Stores subsidiary called Choice Gifts Inc. has 500 corporate clients in whose name it distributes seven catalogues, from which a recipient selects a gift without ever seeing a price tag. Manhattan's Mark Cross and Dunhill have both set up corporate gift departments; so has Tiffany, which does $1,000,000 worth of business annually in executive gifts.

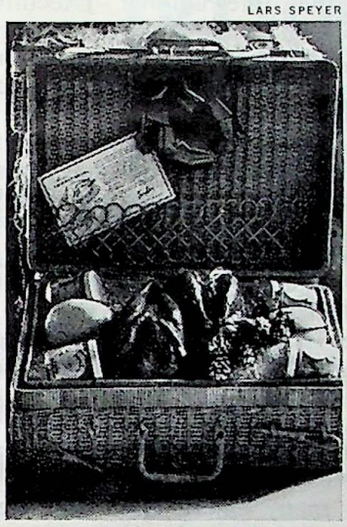
Alcoholic beverages are given more than any other gift, but tastes are becoming sophisticated. Where once the gift was a predictably expensive bottle of Scotch or bourbon, this year it is more likely to be a bottle or case of Chateau Haut-Brion or Chateau Lafite-Rothschild. Wines have increased in a decade from 10% of Christmas orders to 35%, according to Samuel Aaron, president of Manhattan's Sherry Wine & Spirits Co., Inc.

For companies who discreetly proscribe bottled cheer but want to reach the recipient through taste buds, there are Southern hams, Texas pecans, or fruits packed by more than a dozen Florida and California growers. Santa Clara's Day & Young, Inc. offers a "Royal Feast" that costs $21.95 and includes two smoked pheasants, two cheeses and four jars of marinated artichoke hearts. Busiest fruit packer of all is 64-year-old "Harry & David" of Medford, Ore., whose business annually exceeds $10 million and whose corporate orders often total $25,000 at a clip.

"Fondling Pieces." Naturally, a plethora of stereotyped gifts is available: pen sets, leather-tooled engagement calendars, letter openers, diaries, rulers, cigarette lighters and ashtrays. San Francisco's Gump's is doing a big corporate business in "fondling pieces," otherwise useless hunks of jade that come in a suede pouch (price: $8.2[illegible]). This year executives can also give and get desk-scale Rolls-Royce radiators, fused into everything from paperweights to cigar lighters to book ends.

That is only the beginning of the snob-appeal gifts. Tiffany's fastest indi-

LARS SPEYER



PHEASANTS IN NEST

THERMOMETER CUFF LINKS

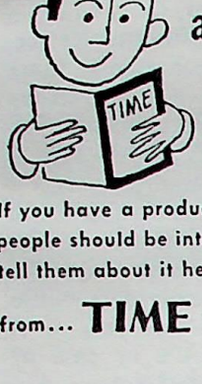
BEN MARTIN

FOOT MASSAGER

Prosperity has revived the executive Santa.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



You read advertising news in these columns

So do millions of others.

If you have a product that is news...which people should be interested in, why not tell them about it here? Ask for information from... TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o People's Stores Corp. (Ava House), 232 Sule Pagoda Road, Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$400; 3 yrs, NT$800; 5 yrs, NT$1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S.$11.25; 3 yrs, U.S.$22.50; 5 yrs, U.S.$33.75), TIME International, 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam 18, Netherlands

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Henry Luce III, Arthur R. Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John P. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Ivan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

vidual seller is a sterling-silver money clip that costs $3.50. Hammacher Schlemmer offers "Worldtemp" cuff links that register centigrade temperatures on one link and Fahrenheit on the other. Honeywell's $39.95 fishing thermometer comes with 60 ft. of line and a gauge showing which fish bite best at various water temperatures. For $99.50, Abercrombie & Fitch will gift-wrap an instrument that simultaneously tells temperature, humidity, barometric pressure, time of day and day of the week. And for the man who has everything, and ran hard to get it, there is an executive foot massager, available at Manhattan's B. Altman & Co. for $9.95.

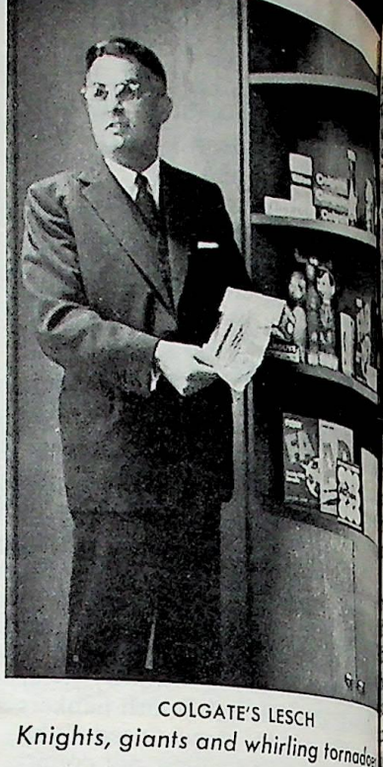
MANAGEMENT

An Executive Peace Corps

When the International Executive Service Corps was organized last June as a sort of executives' Peace Corps, wits immediately dubbed it the "Paunch Corps." Last week the paunch began to show some punch. Elected formally to the $50,000-a-year full-time President's post that he has filled unofficially for five months: Frank Pace Jr., 52, former Army Secretary and General Dynamics chief. Pace, who offered to accept a salary of only $36,000, flew off to the Far East to see what corps services are most urgently needed. Behind him, in new Manhattan offices, a 14-man Service Corps staff got busy at the job of finding U.S. executives to send overseas.

Just as many emerging nations welcome expertise from the U.S. Government, emerging businessmen want it from the private sector. Businessmen from 26 African, Asian and Latin American nations have indicated that they would like help with such jobs as auditing, cost control, administration, plant engineering, product design and marketing. To provide it, according to preliminary plan, U.S. businessmen joining the Service Corps would spend up to two years abroad on a consultant basis; unlike the situation in the Peace Corps, they would be paid a nominal fee collected by the corps from the companies they advise.

The Service Corps' costs at the start are being underwritten by the Agency for International Development; after that, they will be subsidized by U.S. companies. As a catalyzer, 52 executives have been named to the corps' board, and Chase Manhattan's David Rockefeller—one of the original proponents of the idea—has been elected chairman to succeed the late C. D. Jackson of Time Inc. Along with money, U.S. corporations hopefully will also offer talent. The Service Corps has already received 3,000 inquiries about its program, sifted out 700 as particularly promising. It is now trying to recruit the kind of young middle-managers who are most needed—but who can be pried away from most corporations for two years only with great difficulty.



COLGATE'S LESCH

Knights, giants and whirling tornadoes

CORPORATIONS

Mr. Hard Sell

When it comes to creating the wor of fantasy in which U.S. compa sell their products on TV, the Colg Palmolive Co. seems to hold the c rent lead. Hundreds of times a wee "White Tornado" whirls like a der across the nation's TV screens, and "White Knight" charges about ban ing dirt miraculously with a touch his trusty lance. Colgate also has Action "Giant" who reaches a muscu arm right out of the washing machi before awestruck housewives, most whom are blissfully unaware of Freudian predilections of Madis Avenue.

This bizarre collection of hard-sell creatures all work for—and owe the existence to—a rather harmless-looki fellow named George Lesch, Colga president. While not exactly a wh knight, Lesch, 55, has certainly prov to be something of a whirling torna at the U.S.'s second largest soap co pany (first: Procter & Gamble).

Search for Food. Since Lesch be came president in 1960, Colgate h introduced such successful new pro ucts as Baggies plastic bags, Halo h spray, Ajax detergent powder, and a dozen others that now account f 15% of its annual sales of $800 m lion. Colgate is testing freeze-dry foo with a view to jumping into the fo field, is searching to acquire a foo company. This week, battling to re the top of the U.S. toothpaste ma ket that it lost to Procter & Gamb Crest, it began national marketing of white-colored, mint-tasting, fluoride toothpaste called Cue; like Crest, it new paste has won the valuable seal "recognition" from the American Den tal Association.

The big burst of activity in a

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LESCH
hirling tornado

ATIONS

reating the wo
U.S. compa
TV, the Colg
to hold the c
f times a week
irls like a dervi
V screens, and
ges about ban
with a touch
gate also has
eaches a muscu
washing machi
usewives, most
unaware of t
ns of Madi

ion of hard-sell
r—and owe th
harmless-looki
Lesch, Colga
exactly a wh
s certainly prov
whirling torna
largest soap co
Gamble).
Since Lesch t
960, Colgate h
essful new pro
c bags, Halo ha
powder, and h
now account f
ales of $800 m
freeze-dry food
ng into the fo
acquire a fo
battling to reg
toothpaste m
octer & Gamb
al marketing of
sting, fluorida
; like Crest, th
e valuable seal
e American D

ctivity in a co

, DECEMBER 4, 196

many whose U.S. sales had been stagnant for years until Lesch took over, is what might be expected of Mr. Hard Sell. An accountant who rose through the international division, which rings up 53% of the company's sales, Lesch has personally rung doorbells to interview housewives from Bangkok to San Diego, has sold Colgate's Fab to Mexican villagers by rolling up his sleeves to show them that they could even use it to wash clothes in streams. His first act as Colgate president was to drop out of sight for three months while he toured the U.S. asking store managers and housewives for suggestions. That tour convinced him that Colgate had to bring out many more new products—even at the cost of some profits.

Executives Out. Lesch set up a number of "invention groups," increased the annual product-development budget from $8,000,000 to $28 million—and hoped to pay the bill by cutting the salaried force by 10% to 15%. Some critical ex-executives complain that under Lesch, Colgate's middle managers are overworked and insecure, and that the company's profits have yet to top the 1959 record of $25 million. At the same time, Lesch gets credit from the trade for having brought out so many new products with catchy names and clever promotions—two of the essentials for success in the soap business. In any case, Lesch's decision to put proposition ahead of profits for his early years seems to be paying off. In 1964's first nine months, Colgate's earnings rose 8%—to $19 million.

Wrong Numbers for A.T. & T.

American Telephone & Telegraph Co. has been trying to reach an 8% return on its invested capital for years, but it keeps getting cut off by a Washington operator: the Federal Communications Commission. Last week the FCC announced an annual $100 million reduction in long-distance telephone rates that will decrease A.T. & T.'s rate of return on interstate telephone operations from its present 7.9% to only 7%. A.T. & T. is obviously displeased. Chairman Frederick Kappel termed the reductions "out of step with the Government's efforts to encourage economic growth." But there is little doubt that subscribers will be happy to heed the call. Beginning Feb. 1, the current after-5 p.m. $1 maximum rate for a three-minute, station-to-station call anywhere in the continental U.S. will go into effect after 8 p.m. and all day Sunday. Weekday station rates between 6 p.m. and 8 p.m. will be reduced and will also be applied all day Saturday. A three-minute station call between San Francisco and New York will drop from $1.25 to $1.50 on Saturdays, from $1.75 to only $1 on Sundays. Despite the revenue it will lose, A.T. & T. has no plans to reduce the record $3.5 billion it has allocated for capital expenditures in 1965. hopes to make up part of its loss by increasing long-distance usage.

DUBONNET IS A PRODUCE OF C.D.C. EXPORT DIVISION 30 AVENUE KLÉBER PARIS

HOW DO YOU START A GOOD PARISIAN MEAL?

with Dubonnet of course

E. Du. 149

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NORTH AFRICA

Desert Oil & Political Quicksands

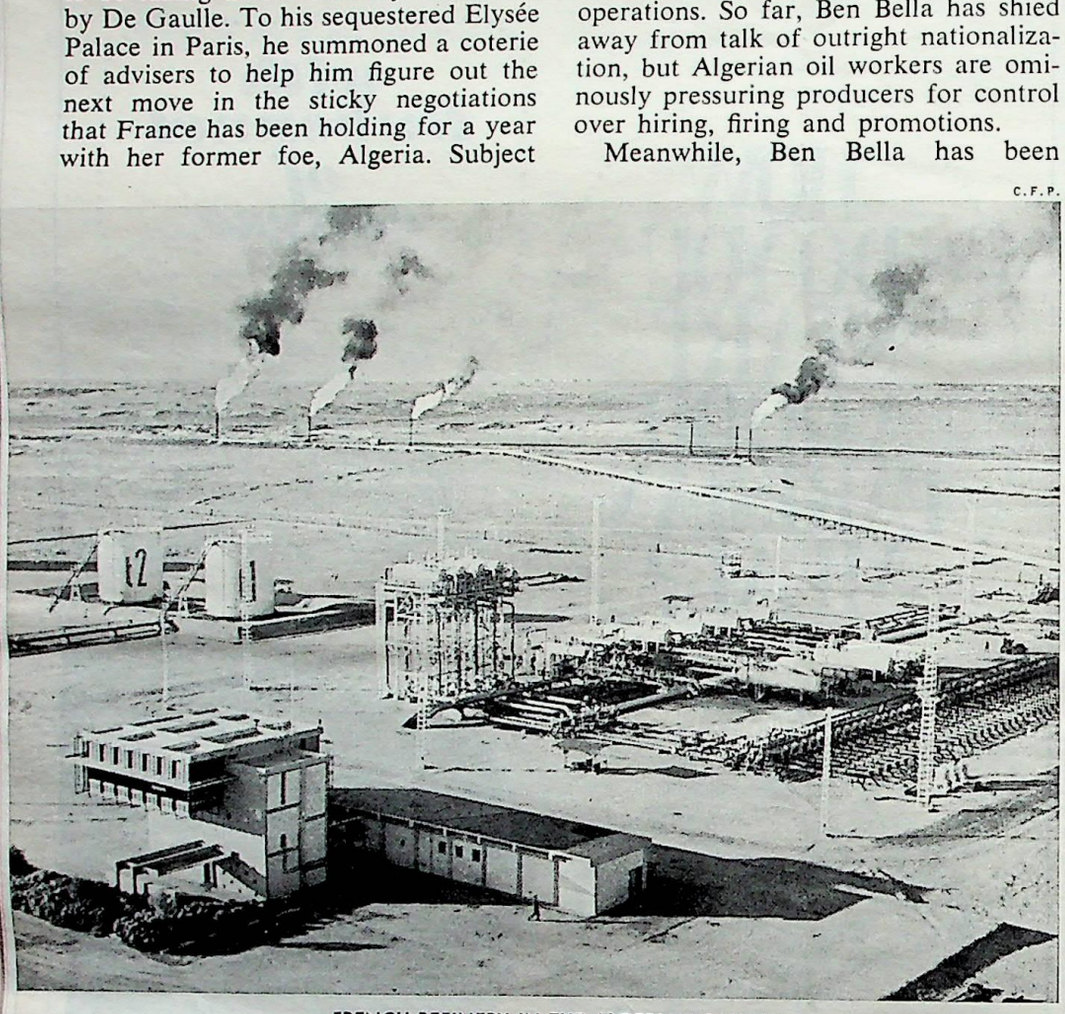
Four years ago, after French consortiums began pumping a treasure of oil from under the desert sands, Charles de Gaulle proudly prophesied: "France may have found a new destiny in the Sahara." Last week that destiny seemed to be taking a turn scarcely envisioned by De Gaulle. To his sequestered Elysée Palace in Paris, he summoned a coterie of advisers to help him figure out the next move in the sticky negotiations that France has been holding for a year with her former foe, Algeria. Subject of the negotiations: the perilous future of French oil concessions in the Sahara.

The best-known image of desert oil is that of such places as Saudi Arabia and Kuwait; the Middle East does, in fact, account for a quarter of the world's petroleum output. But as the sheiks grab bigger and bigger slices of oil revenues, producers have been busy developing alternative resources closer to the oil-hungry European market. The biggest of these now lie in the Algerian and Libyan Sahara, where drilling rigs, tank farms and smoke-plumed refineries give a modern industrial look to the ancient face of the desert.

Courting Both Sides. French companies, mostly government-owned, have invested $1.8 billion in Algerian oil, and France takes two-thirds of Algeria's 184-million-barrel-a-year output. Last year this not only met 37% of France's oil needs in dollar-saving francs but poured $60 million into the treasury of Algerian President Ahmed ben Bella. Not content with that (plus some $221 million of outright French aid), Ben Bella is demanding half ownership of the oil industry, which now gives him 50% of the profits, so that he can industrialize poverty-stricken Algeria. French negotiators seem willing to give in to demands for joint management of new oil ventures, but want to hold out for the profitable status quo on existing operations. So far, Ben Bella has shied away from talk of outright nationalization, but Algerian oil workers are ominously pressuring producers for control over hiring, firing and promotions.

Meanwhile, Ben Bella has been courting both Western and Communist oilmen to reduce his dependence on France. Soviet experts are training 650 Algerians as oil technicians at a school near Algiers, and a U.S.-British-French combine has just opened a $64 million plant at coastal Arzew to freeze natural gas and ship it to fuel-shy Britain in insulated tankers. Italy's giant ENI plans to build a refinery at Arzew on a fifty-fifty basis with Ben Bella.

C.F.P.



FRENCH REFINERY IN THE ALGERIAN SAHARA
And please watch out for the mine fields.

Plenty for King Idris. No such political quicksand threatens oilmen in Libya, where relations with the government have been stable and happy (with fifty-fifty profit-sharing) ever since Standard of New Jersey brought in the first big field in 1959. Since then, output has shot up so fast that Libya now ranks eighth among the world's oil-producing nations, and this year's $250 million oil income will account for 80% of King Idris' revenues. Of 20 companies active in Libya, 13 are American.

Oilmen have invested $1.3 billion in Libya. A consortium headed by Soc... Mobil, which recently snaked a th... pipeline across a desert still infes... with World War II mines, this w... will begin pumping oil to a terminal ... the Gulf of Sirte. From there, tanke... can haul it to European markets ... 40¢ a barrel cheaper than oil from ... Persian Gulf. If oilmen are resigned ... Ben Bella's muscling into their b... in Algeria, the danger of similar ... in Libya seems remote. And Libya, ... men predict, will soon produce ... times as much oil as Algeria.

WESTERN EUROPE

One Nation's Tuck Is Another's Drag

When it comes to common measu... ments, just about all the world has b... able to agree on so far is the 60-mi... hour and the earth's longitudes and l... tudes. The search for standardiza... which grows more vital to nationa... dustries as the world grows smaller, ... been frustrated by interminable dis... sions about inches *v.* centimeters, ... lars *v.* pounds, and Fahrenheit deg... *v.* Celsius. A recent meeting of 35 ... tions in New Delhi to study standa... spent the entire session before ag... ing just to standardize the metric sy... —a process that will take many ye... Even among nations that use the s... weights and linear measures, ag... ments on standardization are still d... cult. Perhaps the most bizarre se... for a common standard was started ... Strasbourg, France, by a panel of C... mon Market experts who are facing ... sweet problem: how much choco... should go into a common chocolate b... The result might be called the Euro...

The Two-Faced Scale. The cho... late bar situation, which is highly i... portant to Europe's huge choco... makers (Nestlé, Stollwerck, Dra... arose because each of the Common ... differs in the weight and size of ... candy, and each wants imported cho... late to follow local regulation. But ... only one bite from a batch of standa... zation problems that has been stir... up by the increase in Common Ma... trade. The Six have decided, after ... years of negotiation, on 38 tons as ... maximum weight for a long-haul truc... but they still have not stipulated h... this weight should be distributed ... each axle. Five of the six prefer 13-... limits per axle, but the Dutch, beca... of their soggy, shifting subsoil, dem... a lighter weight of ten tons. Simila... in designing a common farm tract... the Dutch want safety features to p... vent the tractor from toppling ba... ward as it pulls attachments throu... their heavy-clay lowland soil. Th... French want a tractor engineered ... to topple sideways on the hills, wh... much French farming is done.

Most difficulties, however, are ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"Sorry . . . we're out. We can order it for you."

Sound familiar? It should. These words cost retail stores millions of dollars in lost sales – and lost customers. That's why NCR developed a way to make it easy to collect vital merchandising details – right at the point of sale. This new NCR Sales and Inventory Register enforces the collection of inventory data in order to record the sale. All you do is record the unit data along with the price of the item. It's fast. It's easy. It's economical (you save a lot of back-office expense, too)! Simply take the cash register tape to a computer (yours or ours) and you get your up-dated merchandise reports. Not next week or next month – but **now.** "To buy or not to buy" is no longer the question, because you know–item by item–the exact condition of your stock right now. To learn how a Total Retail System eliminates those "Sorry, just outs," contact your nearby NCR office. Or write NCR, Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A.

NCR

BE SURE TO VISIT THE NCR PAVILION AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

to simple bureaucracy. The Belgian license plate is too large for the plate holder of the small Italian Fiat 600, and Belgian importers must jerry-build other arrangements. Belgium's single-faced grocery scales, on the other hand, are so far illegal in Germany, where the law requires two-faced scales for merchant and customer. German automobiles must be fitted with yellow headlights when they are exported to France, but the French must put white headlights on their own cars before exporting them. One of the most complicated problems is that of standardizing electrical equipment, a task that some experts say will take 20 years.

Blanket Solution. For all that, no product has so far provoked as many uneasy stirrings in the Common Market as the ordinary blanket. When they sleep, the French like to tuck in their blankets, and they thus require a wider blanket than the citizens of other nations. The Germans, on the other hand, sleep with covers untucked, and the much larger blankets liked by the French irritate them by dragging on the floor. The blanket business is by no means Europe's biggest, but it clearly will have to come up with a physiological solution agreeable to all—perhaps a stretch blanket—before it can expect to profit by the lowering of trade barriers.

PAKISTAN

The Jute King

Pakistan's entire economy is tightly interwoven with jute, which is second only to cotton as the world's most widely used natural plant fiber. Last week Pakistan's vital jute industry was snarled in a strike of nearly 60,000 workers who are demanding higher wages. Some mills were the scenes of clashes, and others resolutely evicted all workers. The mood was different at the mills of one jute maker, who has retained the good will of his striking workers by continuing to provide them with their regular fringe benefits of inexpensive company housing and rice at below-market prices.

GHULAM MALIK

ADAMJEE & JUTE STALKS
Just a poor millionaire.

Such shrewdness irked other millowners, but it came as little surprise. Gul Mohamed Adamjee, 44, has not only made his mills a South Asia showcase of enlightened management (Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip have visited them) but has propelled himself into the industry's top position as Pakistan's "Jute King." His Adamjee Jute Mills Ltd. produce a third of Pakistan's jute goods and consume more raw jute than all of the mills in Britain, which ranks second to Pakistan in the manufacture of jute products.

Bags & Tea. In an industrial complex near Dacca, East Pakistan, some 20,000 Adamjee workers annually produce 70 million burlap bags and 90 million square yards of cloth to be used in products as diverse as automobile seats and jute suits. Nearby, Adamjee has just opened a new factory that will ensure even greater use of Pakistan's jute crop by producing particle board out of jute stems, providing a low-cost wood substitute for lumber-poor Pakistan. He is also almost single-handedly diversifying Pakistan's industry, using jute profits to build a $2.1 million cotton mill, a $6.3 million sugar refinery, a tea company and a vegetable-oil plant in other locations.

Until the Moslem-Hindu partition that created Pakistan in 1947, the Adamjee family owned a jute mill near Calcutta and ran a thriving export business. Then partition left Pakistan with 42% of the world's jute crop and no jute mills. To Adamjee, a Moslem, his duty was clear. He liquidated his substantial holdings in India, moved his entire family to Pakistan, where the grateful government helped him finance the new nation's first jute mill. Today, the family's assets are $75 million. In West Pakistan, Adamjee's two brothers have constructed a $6.3 million cotton mill, a $5.2 million paperboard mill and a chemical factory. A family holding company, Adamjee Sons, Ltd., established and owns Pakistan's second-largest insurance company and a major bank with 120 branch offices.

Mohamed's Mosque. "I suppose I am a millionaire," says Adamjee, "a poor Pakistani millionaire." He has attempted to repay Pakistan's hospitality by establishing a $420,000 science college and contributing $100,000 a year to charity. As for his workers, whom he expects to see back on the job soon, Adamjee pays them double time for overtime, also provides a pension plan, free medical care and schooling. On the company grounds at the Dacca complex, the benevolent boss has built a house of worship that his workers have respectfully nicknamed the "Adamjee Mosque."

THE NETHERLANDS

Feathers from a Frog

Trade, as well as politics, makes strange bedfellows: Spain and Castro's Cuba, Britain and Red China, Israel and West Germany. One of the strangest tie-ups these days is between The Netherlands and its former colony, Indonesia, which severed diplomatic relations in 1960 and seemed headed for a full-scale war. The once bitter enemies have recently begun exchanging public compliments and friendly trade delegations, will even exchange ambassadors in January in a full resumption of diplomatic relations.

At a time when the U.S. and other Western nations are washing their hands of Indonesia's erratic strongman, Sukarno, the alliance is clearly a case of economic necessity rather than natural affinity. Both countries have been hurt by the disruption of their once strong economic ties, and both have had to swallow national pride in an attempt to mend them.

Traditional Role. To stimulate Indonesia's economy, nearly wrecked by Sukarno's mismanagement and the withdrawal of Dutch trade, The Netherlands recently granted Indonesia $27.4 million in credits for 1965, will probably extend at least as much again in 1966. The Dutch treat will be used to rebuild Indonesia's Dutch-equipped railway system and sugar and tin industries—crippled when the flow of replacement parts from The Netherlands was halted—and to expand and improve inadequate port and airport facilities.

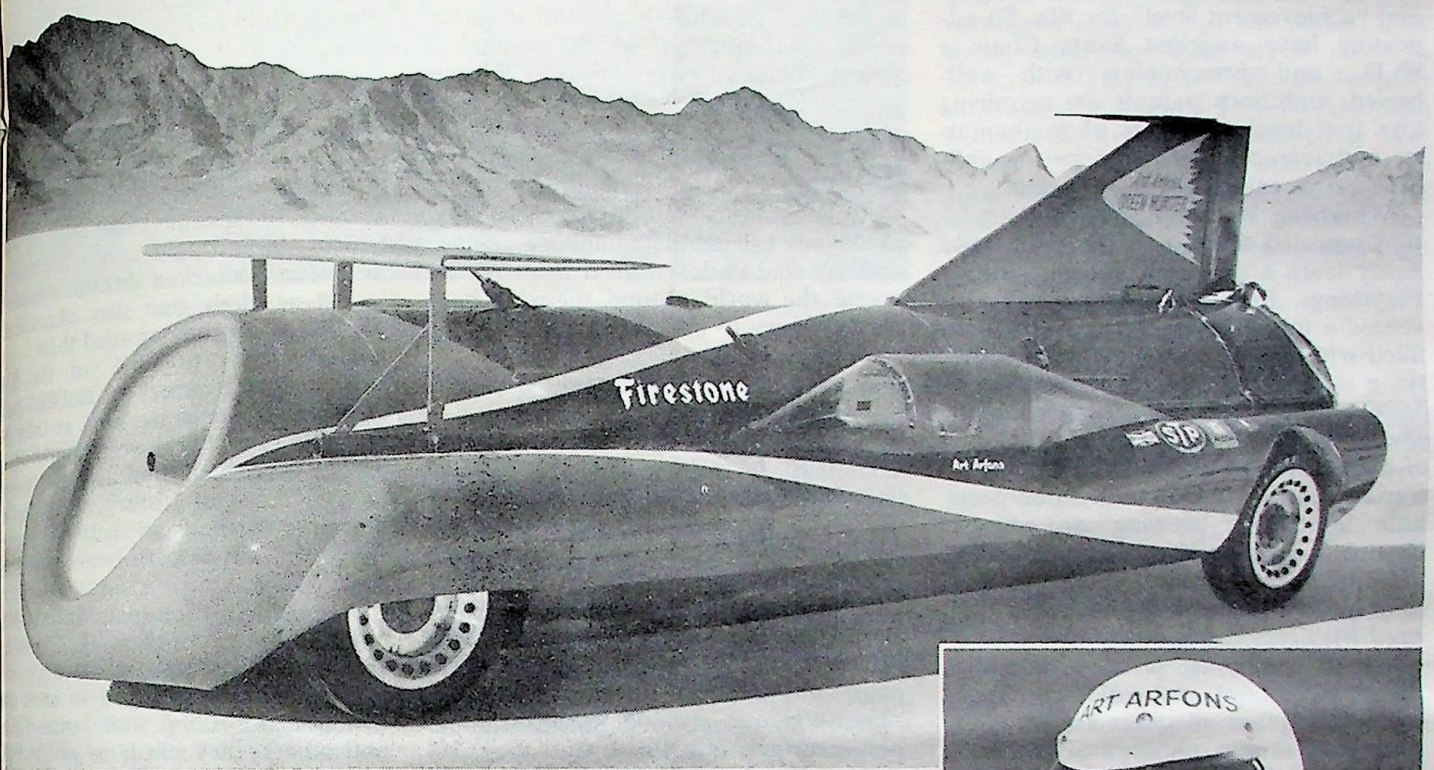
Indonesia has responded with a $10.5 million order for trucks and buses from DAF, the Dutch automaker, and a $22 million contract for Verolme United Shipyards to construct Indonesian port facilities. Meantime, The Netherlands is again assuming its traditional role as Indonesia's marketplace. In the first nine months of 1964, Indonesia exported $56 million worth of tin, oil, rubber and other resources to The Netherlands, compared with only $15 million worth during all of 1963.

No Hard Feelings. Many obstacles remain to the full resumption of Dutch-Indonesian trade because, as one Dutch businessman puts it, "You cannot pluck feathers from a frog." Yet the Dutch recognize Indonesia's great trade potential and seem determined to play as large a role in restoring trade as Sukarno will allow. KLM has resumed twice-weekly flights to Djakarta. Djakarta's once large Dutch community, depleted when 200,000 Dutch left Indonesia in 1958, is growing again. Dutch newspapers and candies have reappeared in major Indonesian cities, and Djakarta radio recently played the Dutch national anthem to emphasize that no hard feelings remained. The music will have to get awfully loud, however, before Dutch businessmen forget Sukarno's expropriation of Dutch property—to the tune of $1 billion.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

FIRESTONE TIRES SET NEW LAND SPEED RECORD
536.71 M.P.H. (863.57 K.P.H.)
AT BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS IN UTAH



FASTEST MAN HAS EVER TRAVELED ON TIRES

UNITED STATES AUTO CLUB

Subject to FIA Approval

Superiority of **Firestone** tires proved once again

Riding on Firestone tires, Art Arfons broke the world's land speed record for the second time in a month with an average speed of 536.71 miles an hour (863.57 K.P.H.) over the famed salt flats at Lake Bonneville, Utah, U.S.A.

Again, the superiority of Firestone tires was proved in this torturing test of tire safety and endurance just as it was in this year's Indianapolis 500-Mile Sweepstakes, when Firestone tires won at the record-breaking speed of 147.35 M.P.H.

You need this same kind of safety, endurance and mileage in the tires you buy for your car. But remember, only Firestone tires give you these advantages.

NEW!
Firestone
DELUXE CHAMPION

New Wrap-Around tread, Super-Strength cord and Sup-R-Tuf rubber provide new Hi-Performance at no extra cost.

See your Firestone distributor.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LEARNING

New Breed of Toys

Advanced placement begins in the nursery, say some perhaps overly worried child development experts: by the time a kid is ready for school, he has already reached more than half his general "achievement level" for life. So educators have awarded Santa Claus a Ph.D., and preschoolers with well-heeled, ambitious parents are acquiring toys that teach concepts of mathematics and science almost before the children can speak in whole sentences.

When the National Science Foundation reported that young children could easily learn a lot about optics, Creative Playthings, Inc. of Cranbury, N.J., invented a tough, clear plastic bag which, filled with water, makes a big and satisfying magnifying glass. The same company also devised a three-legged stool whose height is equal to the focal length of a giant lens in the middle of the seat, a triangular wood box with three peephole lenses for viewing an object's change in size, and a merry-go-round of mirrors that reflect other mirrors and spy around corners. A set of colored Plexiglas paddles demonstrates the effect of combining primary colors. A different sort of distinction is taught with perception plaques: twelve pairs of highly similar pictures of the same object that inspire the child to match the identical drawings.

Among math toys is a two-piece jigsaw puzzle with a written number on one piece and a like number of horses or flowers painted on the other. Various counting boards and bars derive from the theory of sets used in computers. A small seesaw devised by Child Guidance Toys Inc. of New York City teaches addition and subtraction by using weighted numerals that hang from each end of the bar; only the combined weight of a two and a seven, for example, will balance a nine. Playskool Manufacturing Co. of Chicago, which got many of its long-popular peg-and-hole toys from standard IQ tests, now makes a 100-bead counting board similar to the teaching materials of Montessori schools.

Many so-called educational toys are mediocre gadgets whose makers hope to cash in on the wave of interest in early childhood education. Others—typically scale models—are too detailed, or "structured," in the lingo of child psychologists, which cramps a young child's imagination. "Parents who succumb to the charms of these toys are fulfilling their own frustrated needs," says Chicago Psychoanalyst Ner Littner. Another kind of toy is truly educational but hardly new. Psychologists call them "miniature people" and say that children need them "to recreate the world around them." That's the hard way to invent a doll.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The Trouble Is Teachers

A U.S. history teacher in Indiana says that she hates to teach the Grover Cleveland period—the time of civil-service reform, the Interstate Commerce Act, the Populist revolt, the panic of 1893, and the first attempt at a federal income tax—"because nothing happened." Another teacher, asked to explain the Monroe Doctrine, replied: "That was our attitude toward Europe plus Europe's attitude toward us."

American history is taught badly, and teachers, rather than books or equipment, are mostly to blame. So say three Indiana University history professors who witnessed classroom performance in junior and senior high schools throughout that state and found their investigation to be "a traumatic experience." More than half of the teachers admitted that they had not read even one book about U.S. history during the preceding year.

Invented Authors. But that was not as shocking as the reading they lied and bragged about. In a trick question, teachers were asked to check what t... tories they had read from a list that ... fictitious works by nonexistent auth... scrambled with actual books: *The Co... ing of the New Deal* by Arthur ... Schlesinger Jr., *America and the Fi... World War* by Edwin N. Kaufman, ... *Biography of Old Hickory* by Robe... M. Shaw, *Ordeal of the Union* by A... lan Nevins, *The American Immigra...* by Gerhard Engelmeier, *Pearl Harbo...* *Warning and Decision* by Roberta Wohl... setter, *Columbus* by Leslie H. Hawkins, *Slavery and the Civil War* by Hawkins, Stevenson Robards, *The Good Years* by Walter Lord, and *Only Yesterday* by Frederick Lewis Allen. More than a third said that they had read one or more of the invented authors.* The professors despairingly concluded that individuals checked fictitious books is just as likely that they checked real books without having read them."

Only 15% to 20% of the 1,... U.S. history teachers in Indiana pu... schools are really working at their p... fession, says the investigators' re... They "read books, understand the ... ture and use of history, range far ... yond the textbook in their classroom... But "students deserve better odds" t... that.

Armed with Popguns. Authors M... rice G. Baxter, Robert H. Ferrell ... John E. Wiltz argue that the mess ... Indiana can be matched in most ... of the U.S. Along with James Co... and others, they pin most of the bl... on teacher preparation, which co... mainly of a few undergraduate ... vey courses in history. About one-... of Indiana's history teachers have ... taken a single graduate course in ... subject. "A teacher who invades ... classroom with such a backgroun... the authors warn, "is akin to a sol... entering battle with a popgun."

Growing Up in Samoa

Tattooed clan chiefs wearing ... lava skirts still stroll across the ... square of Pago Pago just as they ... when young Willie Maugham stopp... off and scribbled the notes for *R...* But in other respects, American Sa... —seven volcanic islands and two co...

* Kaufman, Shaw, Engelmeier, Hawkins ... Robards.

WATER MAGNIFIER

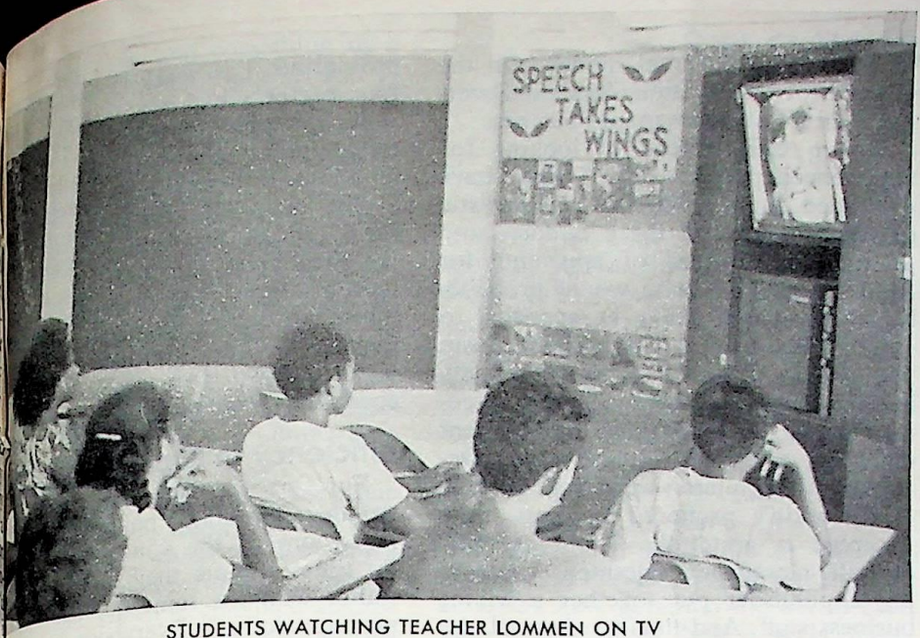
COLOR PADDLES

PEEPHOLE BOX

Early math to smooth the path.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



STUDENTS WATCHING TEACHER LOMMEN ON TV
Reception sharpens perception.

lls 2,300 miles southwest of Hawaii
is trading old romance for new bus-
. It has a jet airport and zip code
mbers for outlying villages; a Pan
n subsidiary has leased a 100-room
rist inn to compete with the old
inmaker Hotel. Most striking of all,
e whole Samoan school system has
n turned over to television.

Antennas & Thatch. Last week, while
ives sang and guests drank a toast in
va (a paralyzing concoction of pow-
ed pepper root and water), Idaho-
m Governor H. Rex Lee dedicated
educational TV network that in two
nths of operation has transformed
islands. The net centers on a big
,000 . watts) transmitter, lifted to
top of 1,600-ft. Mt. Alava by a
. mile-long cable tramway that
ays giddily over Pago Pago Harbor.
signals go to islands as far as 60
es away, to be caught by antennas
r thatched-roof one-room schools or
consolidated schools of three to
rooms.

Lee, a farm specialist, arrived in
go Pago in 1961 to find the terri-
's schooling in a mess. Most of the
teachers had educations equivalent
to a Stateside fifth grade. Teaching
the 5,500 pupils was supposed to be
English, "but the teacher's own Eng-
h was unintelligible. It was merely a
e of the blind leading the blind."
th an assist from Ohio's Democratic
presentative Michael J. Kirwan
ose son John is assistant director of
U.S. Department of Interior office
sponsible for overseeing American
moa), Lee wangled $1,600,000 from
ngress.

Clarifying Confusion. School in
merican Samoa used to begin any
me: if a teacher had some *faalavelave*
rsonal business), he might close
hool all day. Now station KVZK
oadcasts from the two-story Michael
Kirwan Studios at Utulei, just out-
de Pago Pago, from 8:05 a.m. until
:05 p.m., and attendance at the tuned-
schools is close to perfect. Teachers
from the U.S. mainland carry the bur-
den of the TV instruction, live or on
tape. Every classroom has a receiver
with a 23-in. screen, and Samoan teach-
ers with lesson guides follow up when
the TV instructor is done. A U.S. prin-
cipal lives in the village, helps teachers
follow the curriculum.

Basically, the courses are the three
Rs geared to Samoan culture, though
math, history and science are taught on
a secondary level. Much time is spent
on introducing the concept of change.
"It may seem simple," says Vernon
Bronson, research and development di-
rector of the National Association of
Educational Broadcasters, which helped
to set up the new system, "but to the
tropical Samoan, such concepts as
change in season in temperate climates
are enormously confusing." Also diffi-
cult is teaching world history to isolat-
ed students who may not even see a
stranger all year.

Adult Education. "Our aim," says
Lee, "is an education system that will
allow a Samoan student to compete on
equal terms in mainland colleges." As a
dividend, the new schools, designed in
Samoa's traditional open-sided *fale* style,
are becoming nighttime community
centers with television programs to
combat adult illiteracy and improve
public health, farming and self-govern-
ment. And with 275 million children in
the world getting no formal instruction,
the ETV project in American Samoa
has drawn the attention of education
officials from half a dozen nations in
Asia and Africa.

Just as on the mainland, TV makes
celebrities. The elastic, expressive face
of English Teacher David Lommen,
who comes from Minot, N. Dak., made
him famous within a week. Lommen
had been told that Polynesian children
could not learn to distinguish the *th* and
z sounds of English. He accepted the
challenge. Now when he takes a walk,
he is sometimes followed by kids danc-
ing after him and hissing, "Th . . . zzz
. . . th . . . zzz!"

THE PRESS

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS

The News from Moscow

For Western correspondents in Mos-
cow, getting the news has always in-
volved threading a labyrinth of unco-
operative and inaccessible officialdom.
Did the recent change in the Soviet high
command make things any better? Last
week, after spending seven days in
Moscow talking to 18 "officials and edi-
tors," the New York Times's Associate
Editor "Scotty" Reston cabled a two-
column "news analysis" with the preg-
nant, telltale observation: "The people
who have power are not available for
discussion, and the people who are
available have no power."

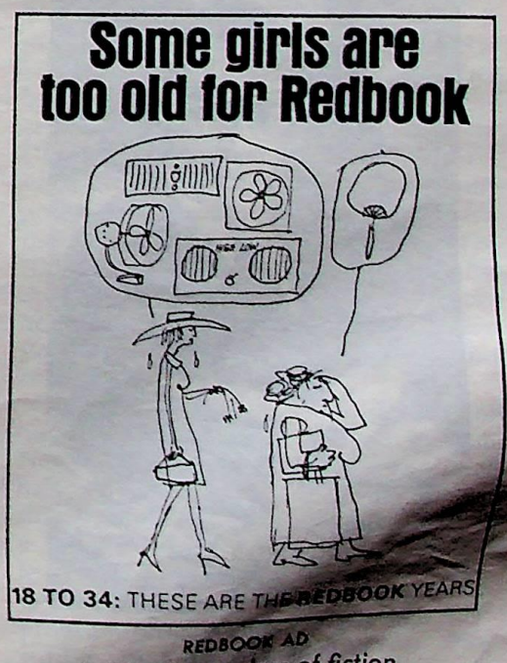
MAGAZINES

Stein Song

Women's magazine editors are usual-
ly pleased when their product appeals to
large audiences. Their advertising direc-
tors, on the other hand, like to argue
that the space they sell is surrounded by
editorial copy that appeals to a very
select crew. In competing with TV's
undiscriminating mass appeal, they lean
hard on their publication's selectivity.

When the ad department of *Redbook*
Magazine began a campaign in trade
publications and the financial sections of
newspapers, it boldly set stringent limits
on the editorial product that bills itself
"for young adults." Said each of the
ads: "Some girls are too old for *Red-
book*. 18 to 34: These are the *Redbook*
Years." In the accompanying cartoons,
Under 34 dreamed of shopping sprees.
Over 34 was a tight-pursed dowager just
this side of her next face-lift.

The message was aimed at Madison
Avenue. But it also managed to reach
many of those old ladies of 34 and up
whom *Redbook* says it does not want—
even though they comprise about 55%



REDBOOK AD
With a heavy dose of fiction.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

of the magazine's approximately 4,000,000 women readers. The reaction was scornful. "Since I'm rapidly approaching the ripe old age of 46," wrote one subscriber, "I guess you don't want me. So you may be assured I have subscribed for the last time." From the mature perspective of 38 years, another reader informed the magazine: "I don't think I'll bother tottering up to the newsstand for any more copies."

Delighted by the publicity but somewhat astonished by the protest, *Redbook* nevertheless stuck to its position. "We are edited solely for the women in the 18-to-34 age group," insisted Advertising Director Arthur Stein, himself a superannuated 52. "If we had some way to tell them to go away and stop reading the magazine after that, we would do it." With these blunt words, *Redbook* Editor Robert Stein, 40, and no kin to Arthur, expressed full agreement. While Adman Stein is straightforwardly encouraging older readers to take it on the lam, Editor Stein says he is taking a subtler tack: he is running large amounts of fiction on the theory that elderly females can't stomach the stuff. Says he with ill-concealed admiration: "The ads are a quicker method."

NEWSPAPERS

A Lesson in Economics

Last summer, when Detroit's pressmen walked off the city's two papers, the Free Press and the News, one of the more interested observers was a 23-year-old graduate student in economics at Detroit's Wayne State University. Michael Gordon Dworkin's journalistic experience was meager; in years past he had logged a little time on Wayne State's student paper, the Daily Collegian. But he did not lack for nerve. If the shutdown lasted long enough, he decided, an interim daily might make its publisher some real money. On the strength of his decision, Student Dworkin went into the newspaper business.

J. EDWARD BAILEY

STUDENT DWORKIN
With help from Irving.

Paying Off. Instead of looking for experienced partners, who might have dissuaded him, Detroit's journalistic entrepreneur talked three buddies into joining him. Instead of appealing for funds to bankers, who would probably have turned him down, he appealed to Irving Hershman, a softhearted cousin with means. Jimmy Hoffa's perennially hungry teamsters helped out by agreeing to deliver Dworkin's nonexistent daily on a cash-and-carry basis. Detroit's job printers, who first sneered at Dworkin's proffered business, soon accepted it gratefully. From abruptly laid-off newspaper salesmen, the neophyte publisher put together a willing business staff. And finally, when all else was in place, he got the professional talent he desperately needed: unemployed editorial staffers from the Free Press.

Just ten days after the Free Press and News were struck, the Detroit Daily Press hit the streets. It was at the time scarcely worth its price of 10¢; it was a tangle of printer's errors, garbled copy, unscannable headlines and whole pages run upside down. Unable to subscribe to a domestic wire service, the Daily Press limped along with a British import, Reuters Ltd., and the Dow-Jones ticker. It cribbed unabashedly from radio newscasts, engraved photos snapped directly from the TV tube.

But within three days of its birth, the Daily Press had retired Cousin Irving's loan. And as Detroit's longest newspaper shutdown wore on, the paper developed professional competence. In time, the editorial payroll included more than 100 hands, most of them borrowed from the silenced Free Press.

Correspondents all over the country sent in copy, at space rates. A moonlighting Washington newsman supplied a Capital column, whimsically bylined G. Schenk Gott ("God's gift" in idiomatic German). The Daily Press sent a man to follow Republican Presidential Candidate Goldwater about the country, another staffer to cover the Ecumenical Conference in the Vatican. When the Warren Commission report became available, Dworkin flew a reporter to Washington for a copy, published 13,000 words of summary text.

Scolding Its Readers. Editorially, Dworkin's Daily Press lined up with the majority and backed the Democrats. It also opposed pay raises for Wayne County (Detroit) elective officials, and it fought a referendum issue granting Detroit homeowners the right not to sell their property to anyone they considered undesirable. When the referendum passed anyway, the Daily Press scolded voters roundly.

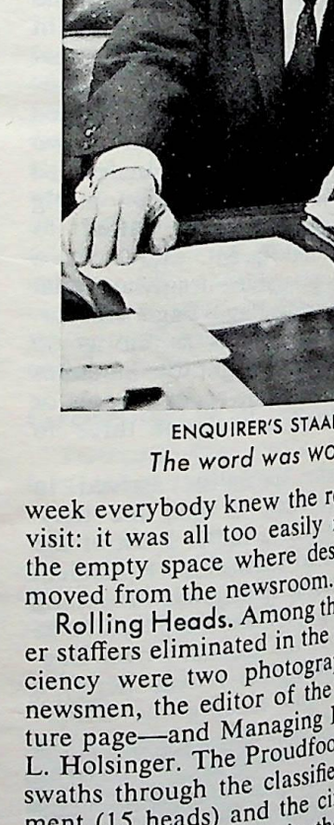
Before the city's newspaper shutdown finally ended after a record 134 days, Publisher Dworkin had boosted his reporters' bony salaries to Guild scale, and had himself grown surprisingly prosperous. Last week Dworkin and his four partners had a $500,000 profit to show for their experience. The short-term publisher put the Daily Press's final issue to bed without regrets.

But as an afterthought, he filed suit for $7,500,000 in damages against UPI, the Free Press and the News, charging that all three had conspired to keep him from buying the UPI service. With that, Mike Dworkin, having learned a lesson or two in journalism as well as economics, went back to school.

Efficiency in Cincinnati

For six months, the dark-suited strangers circulated politely through the newsroom of the Cincinnati Enquirer. Six times an hour they approached each staffer with the same question—"What are you doing?" Everybody knew who they were: efficiency experts from Chicago's Alexander Proudfoot Co. Ltd.

JACK KELLY



ENQUIRER'S STAAB
The word was WOW.

By week everybody knew the result of the visit: it was all too easily measured in the empty space where desks had been moved from the newsroom.

Rolling Heads. Among the 24 Enquirer staffers eliminated in the name of efficiency were two photographers, seven newsmen, the editor of the Sunday feature page—and Managing Editor Ralph L. Holsinger. The Proudfoot ax also cut swaths through the classified-ad department (15 heads) and the circulation department (five). Only in the composing room did the efficiency experts fall short on the job—only because the shop foremen flatly refused to let them in.

The Cincinnati overhaul began last spring when Proudfoot, which had never before studied a newspaper operation, approached the Enquirer with a confident proposal to find and trim several hundred thousand dollars worth of waste effort. The prospect was warmly welcomed by Charles Staab, 60, the Enquirer's executive vice president and

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TELEVISION

The Fang & Fin Hour

The baby moose was stuck in the mud at the edge of Watts Lake in Alberta; Marlin Perkins was nosing his shiny red canoe through the cattails and saw the problem. *Thwuck, thwuck, thwuck*—Perkins, in hip-high rubber waders slogged through the sludge, grabbed the mooselet around the rump and pulled it free. Next problem: How now to get Perkins out of the mud?

Tooth-&-Claw. One rubber wading boot may still be mired on the shore of Watts Lake, testimony to the way that Marlin Perkins, 59, director of the St. Louis Zoo, gets into the act in each weekly episode of NBC's *Wild Kingdom*. Last Sunday's "Cattail Country" also had Perkins skimming around the lake in an airboat helping Government conservationists on a duck-banding roundup; on the same show Assistant Jim Fowler was in the Grand Tetons watching a beaver repair a broken dam and following a wet mink on a musk-rat hunt.

There was nothing Disneyish about the goings-on—no frogs dancing the frug, no kissing coots. When a leopard set out to stalk a wildebeest in a recent episode, the victim all too surely was brought to earth. "If you are going to show the truth," said *Kingdom's* Producer Don Meier, "you cannot avoid the proposition that tooth-and-claw battles take place every day in the wild kingdom. We would be doing a disservice to our viewers if we glossed that over."

Realism has paid off. *Wild Kingdom*, carried on 185 NBC stations, stands a few points ahead of its nearest competition, the American Football League game of the week. But filming wildlife in the veld is dicey business at best. Expeditions have fanned out to Africa, India, South America, Australia, Alaska and Canada for this season's footage, and 12,000 ft. of film are required for every 1,000-ft. program: "An animal does not usually do the same thing twice," explains Meier. "You can't say to your actor, 'O.K., today you walk up and lick the stump.' "

Seismic Rumble. A tireless field man himself, Perkins accompanied Sir Edmund Hillary on an expedition to hunt down the Abominable Snowman in the Himalayas, returned with the disappointing news that the big tracks had been made by foxes and other small animals, whose imprints subsequently melted into scary giant forms. Jim Fowler, 34, the apotheosis of Jungle Jim, spent a month in Africa putting together a documentary on elephants. A television first for an upcoming *Kingdom* show: Fowler's recordings of elephant stomach rumblings, which are seismic.

By sticking to zoological fact and staying clear of zoos, *Wild Kingdom* has made *aficionados* of those who know best, the zoo keepers themselves. "I catch it as often as I can," says Zoo Designer Robert Everly. "It touches bases all around the world. It is very earthy. And it is good."

ALAN GROSSMAN

LEOPARD DOWNING WILDEBEEST
A loyal audience of zoo keepers.

ACTRESSES

The Electronic Tomato

She is, more or less, the empire sex building. She is 6 ft. tall. She is over a yard in circumference at the chest. Her thews are soft, her sinews are taut; her thighs, her eyes—her total form is a monument to the aspirations of man. She could not have been made anywhere but in a laboratory.

That, actually, is the story line. This creature's name is Air Force Project 709. Her nickname is "Rhoda." She is made of transistors, computers, polyethylene and a generator. Within her breasts are solar batteries. She is the central figure and continuous joke in CBS's new situation comedy, *My Living Doll*. Created for experimental purposes by aerospace scientists, she is for the moment on loan to a psychiatrist (Bob Cummings), who keeps her in his apartment. She will do anything he tells her to do, and when she doesn't understand him, she says, "That does not compute."

Curiously enough, this remarkably human robot is being played by Julie Newmar, and typecasting has rarely had a brighter hour. A strong-min[illegible] single-minded, career-minded [illegible] a unique sense of humor, [illegible] in terse, direct and [illegible] ing sentences that seem to have been programmed on punch cards that say PLEASE DO NOT FOLD OR BEND. No method actress has ever found a more

business manager, and something of a fat trimmer himself: eight years of Staab-inspired WOW (for "Wipe Out Waste") campaigns have, among other things, reduced the mail-room staff by introducing automation.

"Excellent Thing." Although the Enquirer had just chalked up its most prosperous year (with net earnings of $1,430,324), and is headed for an even better one, Staab decided to go ahead, acting: "You do not take corrective action after the fact." He expressed delight at Proudfoot's results. "Our studies showed a pool of people not all of whom were busy all the time."

Survivors will certainly be busier than before—if only in filling out the new work forms on which staffers must make a daily account for every minute of their time. Down in classified ads, an abbreviated force could not stay abreast of the phone calls—a crisis that the paper met, somewhat inefficiently, by hiring an emergency weekend crew.

Among Enquirer news hands, there were serious doubts that the efficiency of a newspaper, which runs by fits and starts in concert with the uneven flow of the news, could ever be measured by time-and-motion studies.

WIRE SERVICES

The A.P.'s Cliché Hunt

Haste is the standing excuse of the newsman whose deadline bouts with the typewriter let a cliché or two slip past his careless eye. In an effort to reduce the cliché content of its own copy, the Associated Press, which must cope with haste to a greater degree than most news-gathering agencies, decided to enlist the aid of a computer. From editors and staff writers all over the U.S. the A.P. assembled a list of 469 clichéd words and phrases. These were fed into a Univac 1105, along with 375,000 words of wire copy to be used for those same clichés.

Topping the list of shopworn journalese was the verb "hail," a pet of headline writers (MAYOR HAILS HOMETOWN HERO) as well as reporters ("New workers hailed their first rain in six weeks"). Univac awarded second place to the phrase "violence flared," third place to "flatly denied." The rest of the runners-up: "racially troubled," "voters marched to the polls," "jampacked," "usually reliable sources," "backlash," "kickoff" (as applied to anything but a football game), "limped into port," "gutted by fire," "death and destruction," "riot-torn," "strife-torn," "tinder-dry woodlands," "in the wake of," "no immediate comment," "guarded optimism," "-wise" (as in percentage-wise). In the wake of Univac's report, the A.P. had no immediate comment. But a usually reliable source hailed with guarded optimism the fact that, percentage-wise, the A.P. copy came out relatively cliché-clean. Even the first-place winner, "hail," was found only nine times among the 375,000 words.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

JULIE NEWMAR
An occasional kiss for the mirror.

empathetical wave length with the character she is playing. "Rhoda is the ultimate consciousness," says Julie, "the ultimate reality, the ultimate freedom. She is the quintessence of humanness. As I play her, the robot is coming closer to the ideal in humanity, and the humans around it are becoming more and more like robots."

Fresh Ears. Unmarried and 29, Julie used to sleep in her dressing room until Desilu studios told her they were not insured; now she has a flat across the street from the studio gate. She is on the set at 6:30 every morning, a half-hour before her call. On weekends, she goes home to her parents. Her father was once a professional football player and is now a teacher at Los Angeles City College. Her mother was a Ziegfeld girl.

As a pretty little computer in frocks and saddle shoes, Julie was shy and withdrawn. "That is the reason," she analyzes, "why most girls become actresses. The thing that turns them into a star is the need to be loved and accepted. Approbation to me means more than anything." By the time she was 16, she was getting approbation all over the place, even on a trip to Spain, where a matador spotted her in the stands and gave her both ears of his most recently vanquished bull. Outside the *plaza de toros*, her mother threw the ears in the gutter.

When she was 20, she was a featured dancer in Broadway's *Silk Stockings*. In *Li'l Abner*—on Broadway and in the film—she was a monadnock of sex as "Stupefyin' Jones." In *The Marriage-Go-Round*, she won a Tony award for standing on the stage dressed only in a towel and begging Charles Boyer, as a brilliant professor, to unite his mighty *mens sana* with her massive *corpore sano*. She brings the same sort of ingenuous sexuality to her role as a TV robot, managing the difficult trick of being comical and at the same time alluring enough to start the Colossus of Rhodes off his blocks.

Perfect Intuition. With all this, she gained confidence. "Most beautiful women are not beautiful enough to suit themselves," she says. "I have never believed I was beautiful. Once in a while, I will sidle up to a mirror and plant a kiss on it and squeal something about how beautiful I am, but I am just kidding. I would rather you tell me I am beautiful than intelligent, because I am sure of my intelligence. I have not accepted the physical part of me yet."

Even though it has a star of the quality of Bob Cummings, *Living Doll*, which is somewhere in the middle of the ratings curve, would be nothing without her—since the physical part of her is feverishly acceptable. Julie says she used to date only bankers and lawyers. Now that she is more secure in show business, she thinks she would like to have a director or writer as a husband. It is possible, however, that she would stand a better chance of getting the one she wants if she were to ask the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to construct one for her. "I don't need security," she says. "I don't need a house, social acceptance, or a chance to get away from my family. So marriage will have to be a direct hit. All I need is happiness. I have everything else."

PLAYWRIGHTS

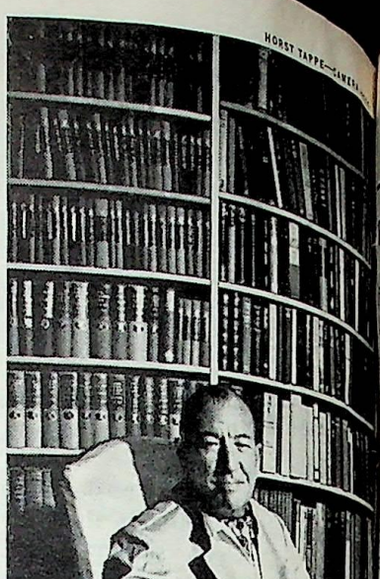
Outpatient of the Year

The master speaks. "There are only two great playwrights in Britain today—Terence Rattigan and myself. Perhaps Peter Shaffer is a third, but he doesn't really write enough. There has to be output, not just one or two plays. I have been in fashion, and people have said I have gone out of fashion. Beware of fashion. Staying power is what counts."

Staying power Noel Coward surely has. He will be 65 this month. Less than a year ago, his doctor told him to take a thoroughgoing sabbatical, since he had been suffering from savage gastritis. So Coward slowed down to a run, and this fall he has been busy with a spread of enterprises that obviously make him the outpatient of the year.

Britannican Lyrics. To demonstrate his fitness, Coward took over this week as master of ceremonies on a 90-minute BBC television tribute to Sir Winston Churchill on the eve of his 90th birthday. Noting all this, the Times of London felt moved to write a tribute to Coward too. "Here, through and through, is a craftsman," explained the Times, "who has remained at the top of his profession for longer perhaps than any other living English playwright, simply because he has dedicated his life not to attitudes or to transient theatrical movements but to getting on with his work to the best of his ability."

Coward has just finished supervising the London production of his *High*



NOEL COWARD
Trivial, like Beethoven.

Spirits, which is a long-running hit Broadway. BBC television has done Coward plays, full length, in succes weeks. And a fresh revival of his *Fever*, produced by the National Th ter and directed by Coward himself, sellout. Of this new production, one c ic commented: " 'Thin' and 'trivial' what the critics said of this play when first appeared. So it is. And so is Be thoven's *Eighth Symphony*."

Coward takes all this without the p tense of surprise or the arrogance conceit. He describes his modern po larity as "Dad's Renaissance." He ha collection of short stories that is se briskly, and another half-written. "A they're doing a collected volume of lyrics," he says with sculpted indif ence. "I'm embarrassed to report that looks like being the size of the *cyclopaedia Britannica*. We shall ha to do something about it. I fear I written far, far too many lyrics."

A Bit Far. Still he goes on writ them like a mad dog in the midd sun. He has a coop above Lake Gene in Switzerland and another pad in Ja maica. The Jamaica setting is apparen perfect for glib, swift masters. The la Ian Fleming, after lolling in Cowar guesthouse for a time, bought his own place near by. "God, I miss him," s Coward. "He was so fabulously intel gent. Nobody quite appreciates ho very, very good his descriptive passag were. His plots went a bit far, of cours I mean Goldfinger. Really. But he co extract the sense of a place so terrif well. He asked me to play Dr. No. M Bond—Dr. No. How wonderful. I w I could have."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Pipsqueak Plautus

To Love. They meet at her husband's funeral, and it's lust at first sight. She (Harriet Andersson) is a young Swedish widow whose husband left much to be desired. He (Zbigniew Cybulski) is a young Stockholm travel agent who thinks like what she needs. "I might want to go south," she sighs receptively. "I might give you a ring," he mutters as he kisses her over. When the mourners go home, she skips off to her bedroom, rips off her clothes, flips on a station that plays jazz jazz jazz. Her mother protests: "Hardly decent, is it?"

Hardly. Many moviegoers, in fact, will find this picture downright scandalous. But Director Jörn Donner is not prurient; he is Priapic. He does not play the facts of life for sniggers; he displays them, like some pipsqueak Plautus, for grand though gross guffaws.

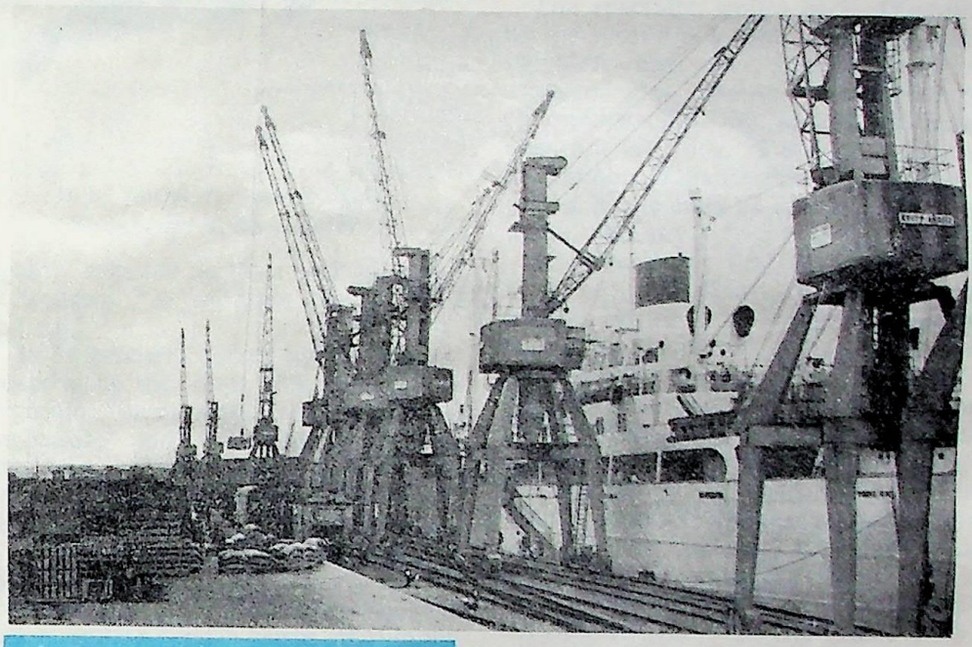
The travel agent reappears with irreverent celerity. He draws the widow's hand toward him across the kitchen table, suddenly bends to kiss it, just as suddenly discovers the hand withdrawn and his lips pressed tenderly to a table mat. The next frame, however, finds them bouncing around on her bed, and for the next 80 minutes they hardly ever leave it—except to hurry over and bounce around on his bed. Sometimes they bounce all over the floor. Sometimes they bounce blindfolded. Once they land somehow in a large wooden chest . . . and discreetly lower the lid.

"Dear," she asks at one point in a worried little voice, "do you think we're abnormal?"

Whatever anybody else may say, Director Donner most emphatically thinks his lovers are normal, magnificently normal. Sex breaks open the ground of their lives and in it plants the seed of love. The final scenes are subtly realized

ANDERSSON & CYBULSKI IN "LOVE"
"Do you think we're abnormal?"

KRUPP



Full-portal level-luffing cranes in a European port. The cranes have a capacity of 3 tons at 25 m radius.

LET KRUPP HELP YOU FIND THE BEST SOLUTION

More than 150 years of experience and more than 100,000 employees in modern research centers, engineering and production departments are your guarantee for the highest return on your investment.

KRUPP design and build complete industrial plants, locomotives, heavy trucks, ships, excavators, bulk-handling equipment, cranes, can-making machinery, tools, chemical process equipment, civil engineering structures, etc.

The complete catalog of products and services comprises some 3,000 items. 355 agents represent KRUPP in 116 countries, and KRUPP sales engineers are stationed in many parts of the world.

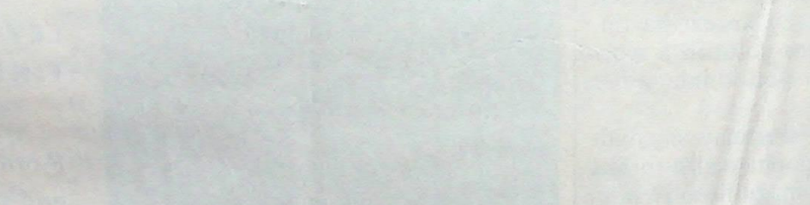
Further details are given in our publication No. 45/64
Write for a copy to

FRIED. KRUPP · ESSEN

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

How many trips did TIME International readers make outside their countries last year?



2,440,750.

TIME's international readers cover a record number of miles every year in every mode of transportation. Because of their high positions, they are required to travel extensively about the world. Because of their high incomes, they are able to vacation to all parts of the world. In business or pleasure, they wield influence and buying power vastly out of proportion to their numbers. To them, TIME Magazine's weekly reports of world business and world affairs are a necessity. To you, TIME is equally necessary in *any* selective marketing plan in *any* world market. *Talk to the right people in the right place... in TIME.*

TIME

TIME Atlantic. TIME Canada. TIME Latin America. TIME Asia. TIME South Pacific. And their regionals.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

beautifully touching, but in one of
n Director Donner, a 31-year-old
ege of Ingmar Bergman, unfortu-
ely promulgates one of those long
e thoughts of youth that may mildly
barrass him when he gets older. Mar-
e, his heroine announces earnestly,
erely a "lesson in resignation"; the
true love is free love. Oh, well. In a
e like this, what's one anticlimax?

entine Malaise

Terrace. The ten sullen teen-
are overprivileged, amoral and
ss, and their upper-crust parents
o obtuse or indifferent to notice.
day an ill wind blows the kids to-
e like discarded gum wrappers at a
nos Aires sidewalk café. Off they go
e roof-top terrace of a skyscraper
ment building for an afternoon
ght of drinking, violence, sadistic
s, partner swapping and halting
sexual overtures.

dawn, a helicopter swoops out of
azy white sky, hovers above the
and terrace. The teen-agers stand
e bleary end of their orgy, having
ened to leap to death from their
playground if any grownups in-
. A black-frocked, airborne priest
sses them by loudspeaker: "You
ed some fun, fine. Letting off steam
althy. We face an inspiring future—
play into the hands of the Reds."
ids laugh. "So does God's word
itself heard," sneers one.

his best, Director Leopoldo Torre
n, Argentina's foremost film
r, studies his homeland with an
king poet's eye that invites com-
n to Antonioni and Bergman. He
juggles modish effects, melding
d skin into the languid what-next
m of a summer afternoon or
ng the backbone of a scene with
nding suddenness of a flashbulb
ng in the dark.

The Terrace is ultimately super-
separated only by stylistic virtuos-
from a hundred sensation-seeking
ies depicting teens on a rampage.
linquents are mostly dullards, vic-
of no specific evil unless it be that
malaise compounded of restless-
lack of love, excessive materialism
the Bomb. A valid set of anxieties,
current moviemakers sometimes
into the places where they used to
ght.

chief for Misfits

Malamondo pretends to investigate
mporary youth in Europe, follow-
the guidelines laid down by such
-the-keyhole documentaries as
Cane and *Women of the World*.
pseudo-sociology begins soberly
with Philosopher Bertrand Rus-
nterviewing a band of clean-shaven
bbies "who don't want to belong
mass society; they want to be
." Different they are. In Italy,
young things don their party
and spark the fun at a swank resort
ndering a pig. "Will they do it

SY FRIEDMAN

NUDE SKIERS IN "MALAMONDO"
"They want to be different."

again?" asks the narrator with elaborate seriousness. "If so, then the pig died in vain."

In Switzerland, mixed nude skiing appears to be the latest kick. France has orgiastic "happenings," a homosexual nightclub, and parachutists with a marked proclivity for drunkenness and rape. German and Dutch students prefer sadism. England's youth, except for a bully gang of Glasgow girls picketing against free love, apparently derives thrills from its Mods and Rockers, heavy petting, and a corps of pimply-faced boys at the Royal Ballet School. "These dancers don't cultivate violence," the narrator leers. In Sweden, *Malamondo* attends an interracial wedding to spew racist innuendoes about "the appeal of the African lover," then jobs off to visit a Scandinavian miss who clearly wants photographers at hand while she contemplates suicide.

Most of *Malamondo* is so patently contrived and tasteless that even thrill seekers will find it boring. Its net effect is to make an audience stop wondering about today's youth and start wondering about the grown men who make such movies. Perhaps this entry will be the last. If not, the pig died in vain.

A Devil in Diapers

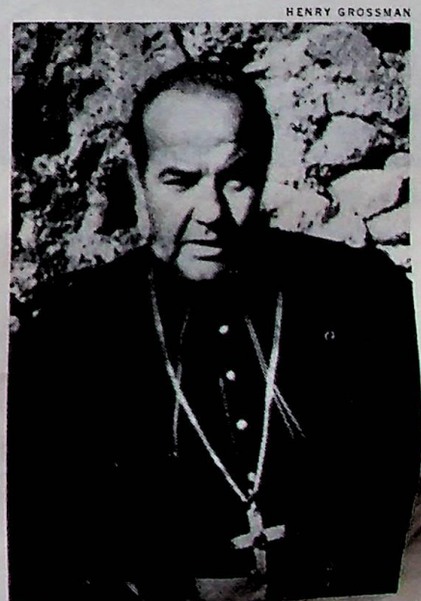
Il Bidone. Round and solemn as a barrel of holy water, a fat old bishop (Broderick Crawford) rolls ponderously out of a big black automobile and stands staring at a huddle of Italian peasants. "My children," he informs them in a sanctimonious monotone, "I bring you tidings of great sorrow and good fortune. During the last war, a man was murdered and a treasure hidden on the land you own." The peasants, quivering with avarice, scuttle off to the appointed spot and dig up the treasure: an iron casket crammed with smoldering brilliants. "Worth at least six million lire," the bishop announces appreciatively. "But the church has no interest in them. By the terms of the murderer's will, they belong to you—on one condition: you *must faithfully* offer up 500 masses for the salvation of his miserable soul."

The peasants turn pale. At 1,000 lire apiece, 500 masses would cost 500,000 lire! His Grace gravely agrees; the peasants ruefully remit. "*Pax vobiscum*," the bishop murmurs as his big black automobile rumbles off to Rome. On the way, however, the car stops. The bishop, round and lively as a barrel of Valpolicella, rolls vigorously out and removes his vestments. Beneath them he is wearing a business suit—and on his face he is wearing a sly little smile.

The spectator smiles back. Obviously, the bishop is a *bidone*, a small-time swindler, and the camera has just watched him chouse some country chumpkins. But the spectator's smile does not last long. *Il Bidone* begins as a common Italian comedy of criminal errors but it ends as the tragedy of an aging wise guy.

If it were only that, *Il Bidone* would seem no more than a fairly interesting failure. Fortunately, it possesses an extrinsic significance: it is the missing volume of Federico Fellini's famous "trilogy of solitude," the shambling and disreputable pseudo-masterpiece that started with *La Strada* (1954) and culminated in *Le Notti di Cabiria* (1957). What's more, *Il Bidone* is clearly the first fumbling version of Fellini's masterpiece—*8½*. As in *8½*, the hero is a man divided against himself: a brilliant but soulless showman inhabited/inhibited by an amiable but infantile idealist. Both elements are inferentially Fellini, and Fellini labors hugely to reconcile the contradiction. In *Il Bidone* he fails: the showman dissolves into the infant, the infant becomes a sort of devil in diapers. But the failure is not final. In *8½* the opposites attain a higher synthesis: in the infant the showman finds spiritual rebirth, in the showman the infant finds creative release.

HENRY GROSSMAN



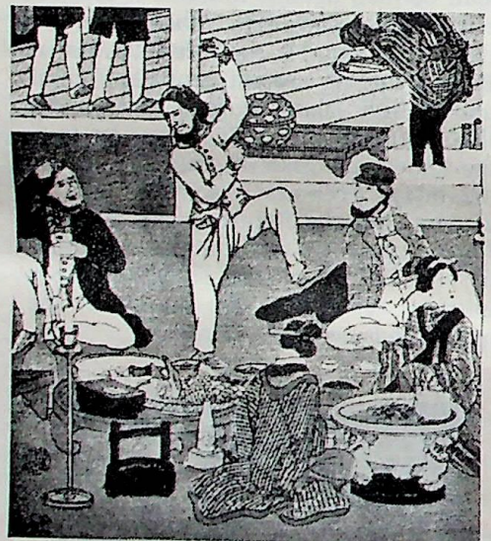
CRAWFORD IN "IL BIDONE"
Tragedy of an aging wise guy.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

GOYA: BLACK PAINTING DETAIL

MYCENAEAN LYRE PLAYER (2000 B.C.)



JAPAN: DANCING IN GEISHA HOUSE (1861)

PRE-AZTEC FIGURINE

Twelve Drummers Drumming, Eleven Pipers Piping

The big expensive picture book is probably a fixed Christmas institution for the foreseeable future. As publishers recognize, its very size and expensiveness make it sell. Both price tag and poundage are an unarguably solid demonstration of the giver's regard. The presumed esthetic content is an implied compliment to the recipient's cultivation. Yet it can appear to be absorbed just by leafing through it; and duty done, the thing lends its own cachet as it lies there on the coffee table. Of course, for those with the courage to seek them out and match them with the taste of the recipient, there are even real pictureless books for real reading. This year, however, the surprise is that some of the picture books are actually readable too. Among the dog books and bird books, joke books and gardening books, gun books, horse books, bridge books and seemingly endless art books, the following stand out:

GOYA *by Francisco Javier Sánchez Cantón.* 95 pages followed by 56 plates. *Reynal.* $100. Some of the double gatefold plates open out to more than 4 ft. in length. The typography is superb, the paper heavy. Each of the 193 reproductions was printed separately and with fanatic attention to accuracy of color, then pasted in. *Goya* is also a work of immense scholarship: the extensive text is by the director of Madrid's Prado Museum, who is the acknowledged Goya authority. Yet the book may prove curiously disappointing to those who are not specialists. Goya in his long lifetime produced many hundreds of works, from accomplished courtly portraits of Spanish nobility to the increasingly tormented later etchings and paintings of war and cruelty. All of Goya's phases are represented, but the book's emphasis (including all 56 large plates) is devoted to just 14 works, the "black paintings" with which he decorated the walls of his country villa toward the end of his life. The black paintings are massive, powerful, hell-ridden. But they are also sadly deteriorated with time, having been originally executed on plaster in oil paint that was transferred bodily to canvas many years later. Their power finally eludes even the great care and scale of these reproductions.

THE BIRTH OF GREEK ART *by Pierre Demargne.* 446 pages. *Golden Press.* $25. The incomparable flowering of Hellenic culture in the 5th century B.C., the era of the building of the Parthenon and the repulse of the Persians, was in fact preceded by at least 2,500 years of art and civilization in the islands and mainland of the Greek world. First came the full cycle of the pre-Hell... civilizations of the Minoans and ... Mycenaeans, with their varied and ... phisticated achievements, which fin... flamed out in the 12th century B.... Out of the ensuing dark age arose a ne... archaic beginning of art, which deve... oped through several centuries to reg... the purity of form and piety of fi... manistic vision usually conjured up ... the phrase "Greek art." This ambiv... double root of the Greek experien... is the subject of Author Demargne's ... grossing study and its opulent page-a... page of illustration.

JAPAN—A HISTORY IN ART *by Brad... Smith.* 295 pages. *Simon & Schus...* $24.95. Though it has always seem... formal, stylized and decorative to ... Western eye, Japanese art is also ... sistently narrative, copiously illustra... in content. With its scenes of bat... and civil war, of palaces looted ... burning, of the sea and bustling ... life, art in Japan has served many ... functions of chronicle, comic book, ... ligious tract and daily newspaper. ... skillful selection of paintings and pr... Editor Bradley Smith has manage... tell the tumultuous history of the ... tion almost entirely through its art, ... only the essential minimum of supp... ing text. The result is also a sweep... survey of the art itself, and a su... tuous, stimulating book.

TREASURES OF ANCIENT AMERICA *S. K. Lothrop.* 229 pages. *Skira.* $27.... For those who still think of pre-Colu... bian America in terms of only t... major cultures—the Mayans, the Az... and the Incas—this book may prov... revelation. Fact is that from Tzint... zan in Mexico to Tiahuanaco in w... is now Bolivia, over a span of ... miles and 2,500 years, more than ... dozen pre-Columbian cultures flourish... along the spine of America, and th... rich complexity is still being unearth... Even the names are unfamiliar, full ... t's and x's in unlikely places, and ... art objects themselves present strang... shapes of unknown utility, jarringly v... id colors and hauntingly cruel mo... A comprehensive selection is lavish... presented here, together with a te... that most readers will find welcome ... sorting out who did what and how. Su... prisingly often, Dr. Lothrop is even ab... to say why.

LAUTREC BY LAUTREC *by P. Huisma... and M. G. Dortu.* 274 pages. *Viking.* $5... HENRI ROUSSEAU *by Dora Vallier.* 2... pages. *Abrams.* $25. In contrast to ... splendid presence of the Goya volum... (*see above*), these two large and wa... made books might seem modestly co... ceived. But they have the artistic ba... ance the Goya lacks. The Lautrec ... the more profusely illustrated of th... two, and can in fact claim to be ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THOUSANDS OF EXPERTS AT YOUR SERVICE

A GUIDE AS ACCURATE AS THE COURSE OF THE STARS. A Centre of Information for data from all over the world, a Control Tower for the exclusive use of the Company, a Meteorological Station, a radio bridge between each plane and all the landing stations. These are the means by which the Flight Assistance Office of ALITALIA is able to ensure absolute regularity on every flight. Following the meteorological forecast and all the information received uninterruptedly from all over the world, the route of each plane is traced kilometre by kilometre, minute by minute, on paper and watched, checked and eventually modified during the flight.

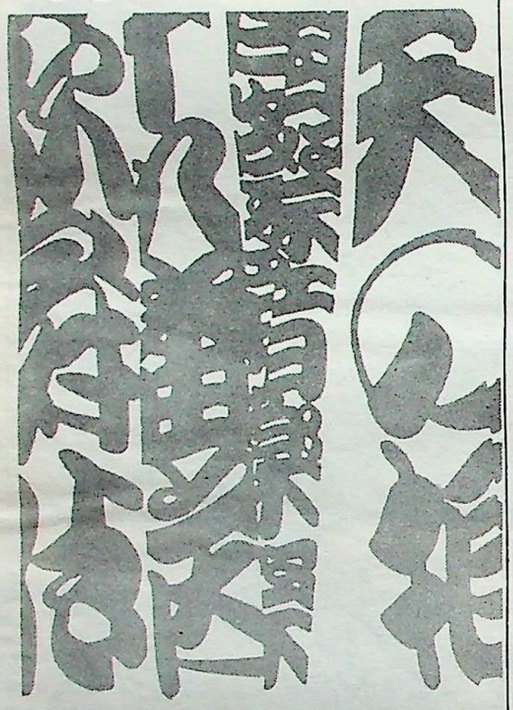
ALITALIA AIRLINES

ALITALIA IS IN ALL OF ITALY AND GOES EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

8th
OSAKA
International
FESTIVAL
JAPAN
1965 April—May



Artists

Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks cond.=Rafael Kubelik
Apr. 12, 13, 14, 15

Opera da Camera di Milano
Apr. 19, 20, 22, 23

Comédie Française
Apr. 28, 30 May 1, 2

Noh Play
Apr. 25

soprano
Victoria de los Angeles
Apr. 25, 27

piano
Claudio Arrau
Apr. 24, 26

guitar and lute
Julian Bream
Apr. 16, 17

OSAKA INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL SOCIETY

New Asahi Bldg., 2-22, Nakanoshima, Kita-ku, Osaka, Japan

largest collection of the artist's work ever reproduced between two covers. To that it adds photos of Lautrec himself, of his studios, and of many of his models and subjects. Philippe Huisman's text is thorough but simperingly eager to simonize Lautrec's reputation as the depraved genius of *fin-de-siècle* Montmartre.

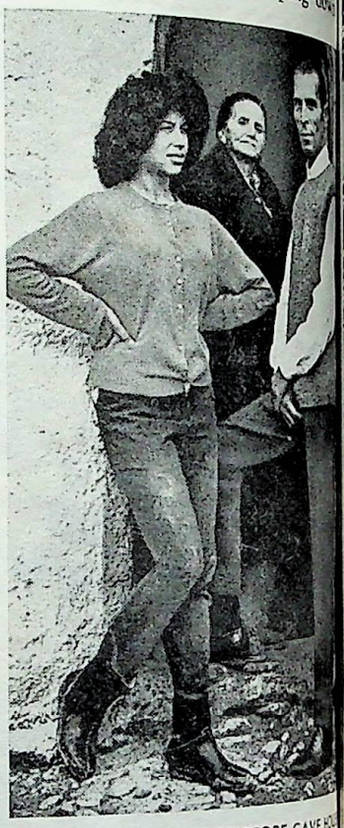
The strength of the Rousseau volume is the other way around: the pictures are good but are dominated by Dora Vallier's text, which is a critical biography of satisfying dexterity and power. In the 50 years since his death, the life story of this Paris toll collector who quit his work to become a painter at the age of 40 has become fogged with hearsay and growing legend. Author Vallier penetrates to the basic facts of his life and establishes a firm chronology of his work. She is thus able to be explicit and detailed about the development, both in content and technique, of his entirely self-taught and strangely powerful art.

AMERICAN WILDFLOWERS. *Photographs by Farrell Grehan, text by H. W. Rickett.* 252 pages. *Odyssey.* $12.95. Those zealous amateurs who start hunting wildflowers in waterproof boots with snow still on the ground may sniff at this book because it is not a field guide to slip into the coat pocket. All others should rejoice, for Farrell Grehan has taken a remarkable series of color photographs that are almost uniformly successful in capturing the beauty of more than 300 different kinds of wildflowers across the country. The photos are delicate, somewhat sweet, and unabashedly romantic. The text, keyed to the photos, is by a senior botanist at The New York Botanical Garden; it is informative, adequately technical and a model of clarity. One quibble: many of the pictures would be helped by some discreet indication of scale.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF MODERN SCULPTURE *by Herbert Read.* 310 pages. *Praeger.* $7.50. Beginning with Rodin and the influence of Cézanne at the turn of the century, modern sculpture has erupted into a bewildering jungle of movements, styles and highly individual artists. Sir Herbert Read, despite an occasionally oracular tone, is one of the better available guides through this wilderness, with strongly phrased opinions and provocative prejudices. He comes remarkably close to getting it all into this small-format book—and making it all intelligible, even to the sculpturally illiterate.

THE STORY OF ART FOR YOUNG PEOPLE *by Ariane Ruskin.* 157 pages. *Pantheon.* $6.95. The reproductions are pretty, the art works selected are all essential classics, the coverage is comprehensive, the text is pleasant—in fact the only thing that seriously mars this children's introduction to art is its total lack of courage. Modern art is given too little space, even in a book that ... essarily covers ground quickly. ... is no gore: paintings of battles, ... sters or martyrs are avoided—and ... credible in a history of art, there ... a single Christ on the Cross, while ... only *Pietà* is Michelangelo's great ... bloodless sculpture. But the most ... gious lapse is the avoidance of ... even the Venus de Milo, certainly ... essential classic, is omitted.

THE PRESENCE OF SPAIN ... *Morris with photographs by Evelyn ...* 119 pages. *Harcourt, Brace & World.* ... The author's concept of the country ... Ortega y Gasset's classic summary: ... "A cloud of dust, left in the air when ... great people went galloping down ...



SPANISH GYPSIES BEFORE CAVE HO...
A cloud of dust on history's ...

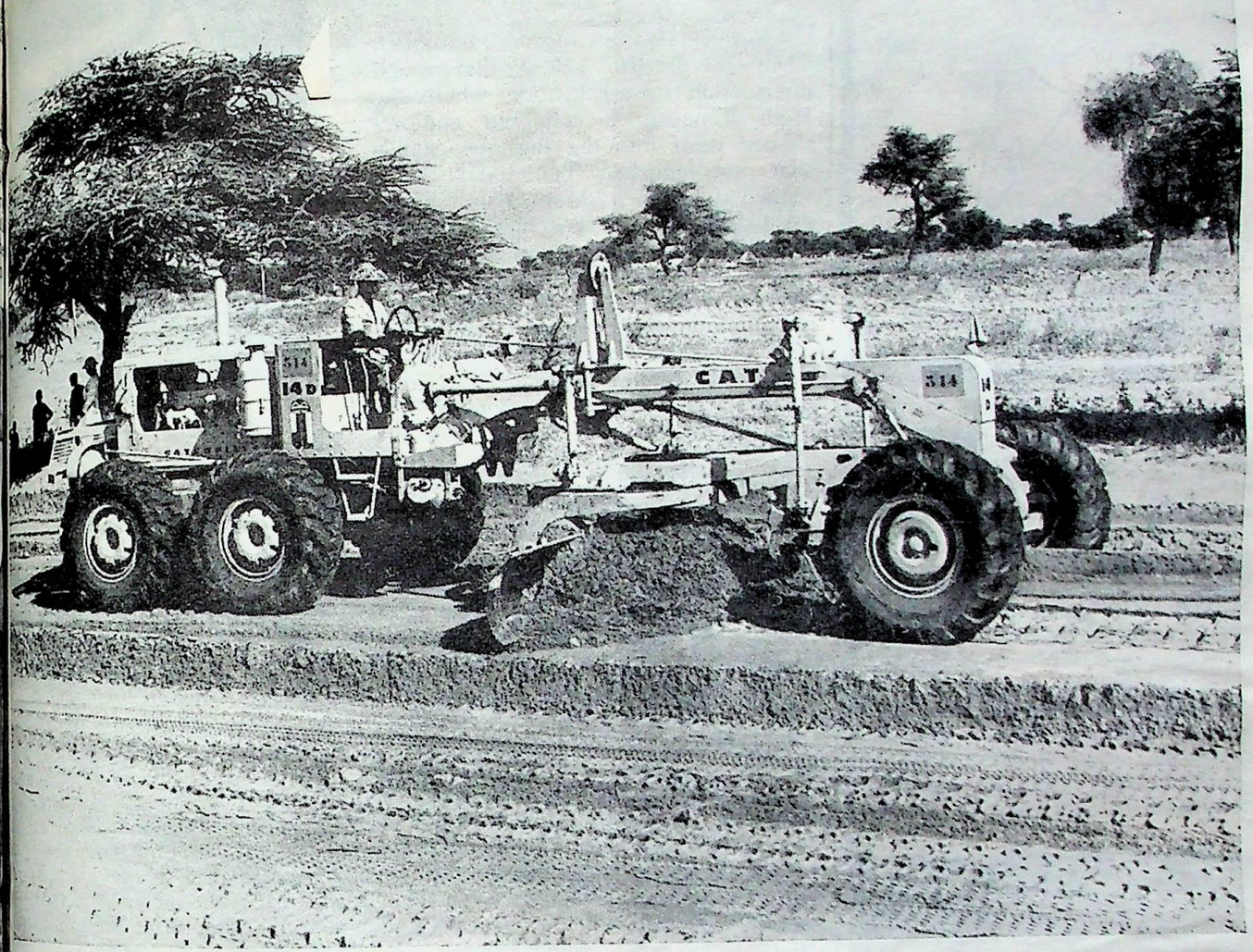
highroad of history." But Writer ... ris' verbal veronicas somehow ... most of the clichés; and Photog... Hofer provides unexpected perspe... on the inevitable scenes, plus an ... *paseo* of portraits to reveal a ... as darkly brooding as the land.

TIME AND THE RIVER FLO... GRAND CANYON *by François ...* 176 pages. *Sierra Club.* $20. The ... Department's Bureau of Reclamat... now pushing plans for construction ... pair of high dams on the Colorado ... er, at Marble Gorge and Bridge C... within the Grand Canyon proper. ... idea has stirred the conservation... ra Club (TIME, March 27) to ... protest against the "chain of dest... forces" that would "end the living ... flowing for all this civilization's ... Author François Leydet makes the ... erra Club's case in a striking ... Glowing color photographs show ... more how awesomely beautiful ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

When you buy a Motor Grader...



Invest in the quality that cuts your long term costs

More and more public buying authorities are looking beyond the purchase price of apparently similar machines. They know there are other measurements of cost more vital in assessing the *ultimate* investment in capital equipment like motor graders. So they look for long term machine dependability to cut operating costs and reduce expensive downtime. They look for high productive capacity. And, more and more, they choose Caterpillar as the best investment. Report after report from Governmental and other public agencies describe the low operating and maintenance costs of Caterpillar Motor Graders, over tens of thousands of work-hours in years of trouble free service. Typical is the report on a Cat No. 12 Motor Grader that averaged 75% less in repair cost over 15,000 work-hours than a comparable specification machine.

Ask your nearest Caterpillar Dealer about the Motor Grader best suited to your needs from the Caterpillar 85 to 225 (flywheel) HP range. He will explain what makes it the finest investment in its power class.

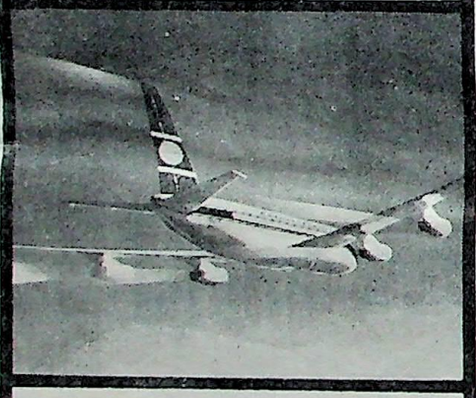
CATERPILLAR

Caterpillar and Cat are Registered Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"We're Hospitable" in Hong Kong

Very hospitable—that's how one of our passengers described the cabin crew on a recent Cathay Pacific flight from Hong Kong to Bangkok. Wherever you fly with Cathay Pacific, traditional hospitality goes with you. You relax in the care of charming hostesses, enjoying the most magnificent foods and wines ever served in the Orient skies. Next time you travel, fly Cathay Pacific—the Orient's most hospitable airline.



Spanning

THE ORIENT

CATHAY PACIFIC

CATHAY PACIFIC serves.
HONG KONG . BANGKOK
BRUNEI . CALCUTTA
DJAKARTA . JESSELTON
KUALA LUMPUR . MANILA
OSAKA/KYOTO . PHNOM
PENH . RANGOON . SAIGON
SEOUL . SINGAPORE . TAIPEI
TOKYO . VIENTIANE

A BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE ASSOCIATED COMPANY

USA—185

Grand Canyon is, not only in its sweeping vistas but in the close-up details of rock, water, and unique life forms that would be drowned by the dams. The narrative starts with the story of a hazardous 17-day boat trip the author took through the Grand Canyon, and rises to a reasoned, passionate plea for preserving the place unblocked by the curved concrete of progress.

MANNERISM *by Jacques Bousquet.* 347 pages. *Braziller.* $20. At that crucial intersection of art history, where the High Renaissance collapsed and reshaped itself into the Baroque, stands that accomplished but today little-valued style called "Mannerism." Painters like Mabuse, Cranach, Caravaggio, da Pontormo, and a hundred others across Europe were luxuriating in the mastery of technique. Their work was energetic, inventive, sensual, and edged with a fascination for the grotesque. The new painting's exploration of emotionally exotic themes was paralleled in poetry and theater. To demonstrate that the flamboyant creativity of the Mannerist era is more important and more visual fun than it has usually been given credit for, Author Bousquet has brought together a wide range of art and literature. The examples are felicitous, the commentary urbane, and the format itself is wittily evocative of the Mannerist manner.

ARMS AND ARMOUR OF THE WESTERN WORLD *by Bruno Thomas and others.* 243 pages. *McGraw-Hill.* $27.50. ARMS AND ARMOR *by Vesey Norman.* 128 pages. *Putnam.* $4.95. Who has not, at least in childhood, been fascinated by the medieval knight, his squire and yeoman, and the strange tools they used in war? Cuirass and helmet, shield and sword. Chain mail, longbow, harquebus, pike—and the thin-bladed misericord that could slip between the plates to pluck a man's life from his ribs. The battle-dented, brutally functional field armor of the 14th century; the intricately inlaid and painted parade armor of the 16th. Both of these accounts of arms and armor cover the ground well. The big one is naturally longer, more complete, with more large and lush color pictures. It also treats of the muskets and hand guns that signaled the beginning of armor's end. But the smaller volume is nonetheless unexpectedly meaty, and certainly represents value for money.

MICHELANGELO'S LOST ST. JOHN *by Fernanda de' Maffei.* 150 pages. *Reynal.* $15. A first-rate intellectual detective story and a fascinating photographic lecture in connoisseurship. In 1942 New York Art Dealer Piero Tozzi acquired a dirt-encrusted Renaissance statue of a boy seated on a rock. A sheepskin over one shoulder and a shell in one hand identify the youth as St. John the Baptist, and while Tozzi patiently cleaned the fragile ancient marble inch by inch,

THE YOUNG ST. JOHN
Whodunit? Michelangelo?

using only castile soap and a t brush, he began to think it might lost statue that Michelangelo is k to have carved in 1496. The possi has aroused the cautious enthusias a number of scholars, including I Dr. Fernanda de' Maffei, who now sents the full case for attributing statue to the sculptor. The argu draws its greatest strength from photos, which compare the statue dozens of known Michelangelo p ings, drawings and sculptures, and with classical statues and gem carv that would have influenced the yo artist. The St. John statue itself, vi in photo after photo from all an and in every possible detail, is a tivatingly beautiful. The probing, q tioning visual presentation is uni exciting.

OTHER TASTES, OTHER BOOKS: F modern architecture buffs, *The Bes 20th Century Architecture* (*Reynal;* $ is an effective if somewhat slick pres tation of a worldwide range of build and their creators. For players, k ers, or even for collectors who ha know QR3 from KB7, *Chess* by H and Siegfried Wichmann (*Crown;* $ is a comprehensive, pleasantly illus ed history of chess pieces. For th who like social history, *Mirror of Fa ion* by Margarete Braun-Ronsdorf (*M Graw-Hill;* $26.50) is a copious sur of European costume from the Fre Revolution to 1929, while *Le Armchairs* by Charles Graves (*Cow McCann;* $7.95) is an anecdote-lad fascinating-in-spite-of-itself account all the major London clubs. What well prove to be both the best-illustra and best-written of the Kennedy me morial books is *The Kennedy Y* (*Viking;* $16.50), a massively comp compilation of photographs with ex ly compendious text by the New Yo Times.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

G ST. JOHN
Michelangelo?

soap and a
think it might
helangelo is k
496. The possi
tious enthusias
rs, including
affei, who now
for attributing
tor. The argu
strength from
pare the statue
Michelangelo p
sculptures, and
s and gem carv
fluenced the yo
statue itself, vie
to from all a
ble detail, is
The probing,
ntation is unl

THER BOOKS:
buffs, *The Be*
ecture (Reynal;
newhat slick pres
e range of buil
For players, kib
lectors who ha
B7, *Chess* by H
mann (*Crown*;
pleasantly illust
pieces. For th
ry, *Mirror of F*
aun-Ronsdorf (
is a copious sur
e from the Fre
9, while *Le*
es Graves (*Cow*
an anecdote-lad
f-itself account
n clubs. What
the best-illustra
the Kennedy
ne Kennedy Y
massively comp
ographs with e
by the New Yo

E, DECEMBER

Time of your life ...

MEGÈVE

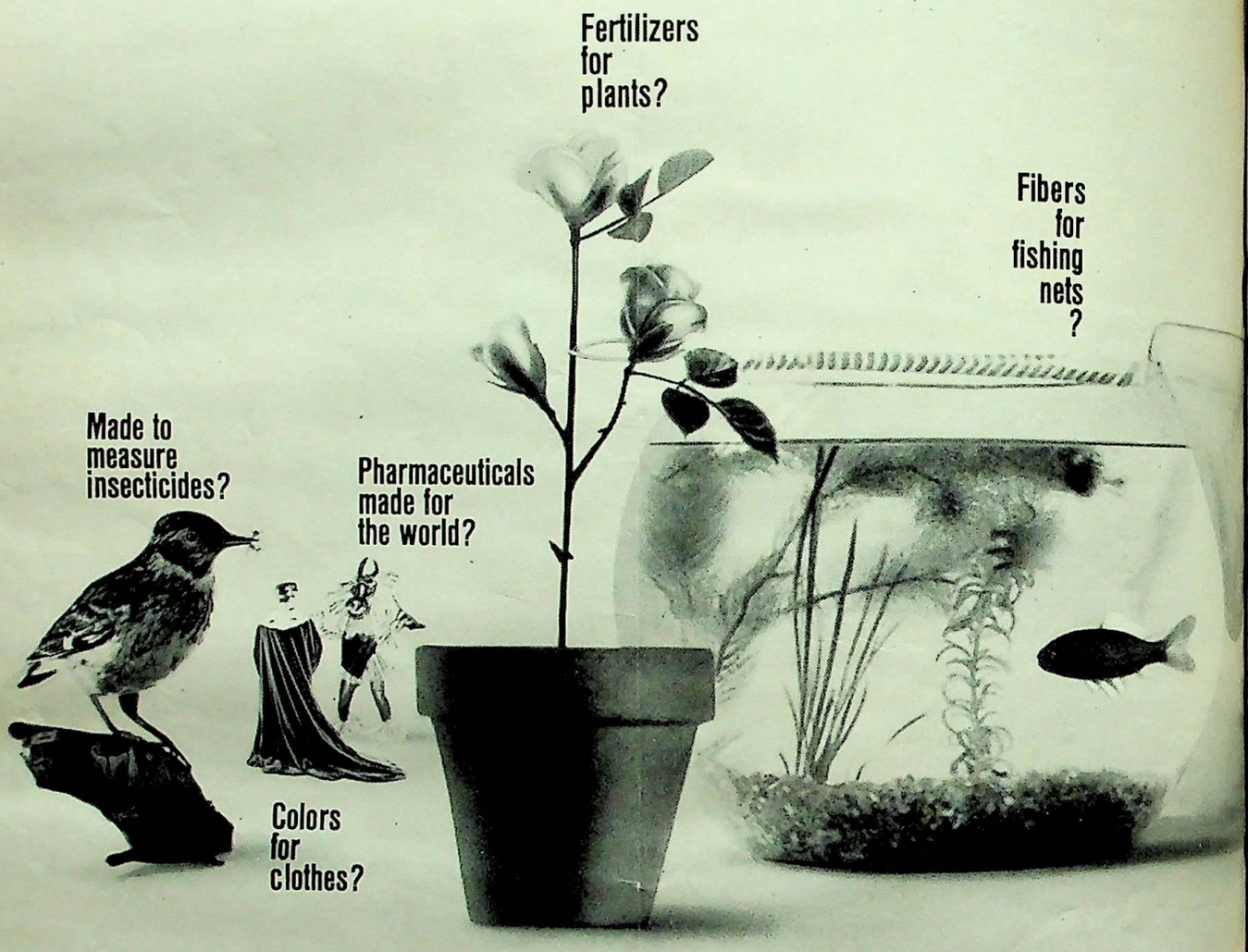
...y time's time to have fun... with Martini!
...r Martini goes with life's best moments.
...hilled, with soda or on the rocks, you'll
...aste with every sip the expert blending of
...e very best wines and aromatic plants.
...nd whatever you do, be sure to enjoy
...urself with MARTINI on the rocks

MARTINI
vermouth

...n the U.S. it's **MARTINI and ROSSI,**
...n the rest of the world it's simply Martini
...herever you go it's the same superb Vermouth.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridw

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



RA 52 – E

HOECHST HAS

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

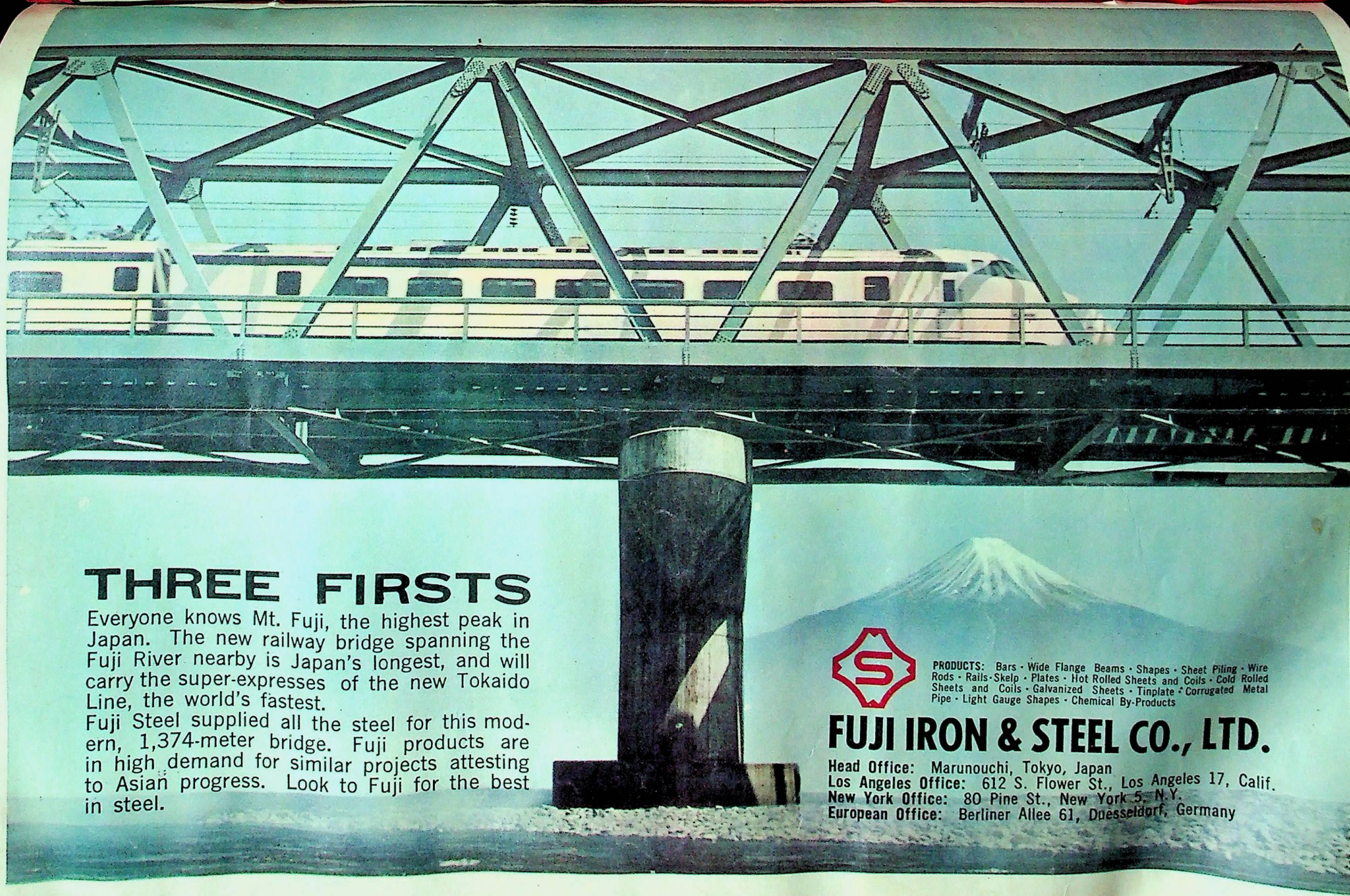
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...ave elephants and castles
...mon with astronauts?
...nks them with pipelines and
...s? They illustrate some of
...oblems Hoechst has solved.
...terial for extra-durable
...enold equipment; the
... compound for plastic water
... the small gardener's
...de or the large land-owner's
complete fertilizer; pill for minor ailment or vaccine against epidemic – Hoechst has it.
And Hoechst has more. In over a hundred countries Hoechst representatives are ready to help with production or protection problems. If you need the right chemical product for a particular project it's safe to say Hoechst has it.

Hoechst products: dyestuffs, textile auxiliaries, intermediates, pharmaceuticals, sera and vaccines, chemicals, raw materials for the paint industry, solvents, plastics, fibers, films, fertilizers, plant protection agents, design and construction of chemical pl...

A century of Chemistry

Farbwerke Hoechst AG. Frankfurt/M. Germany



Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

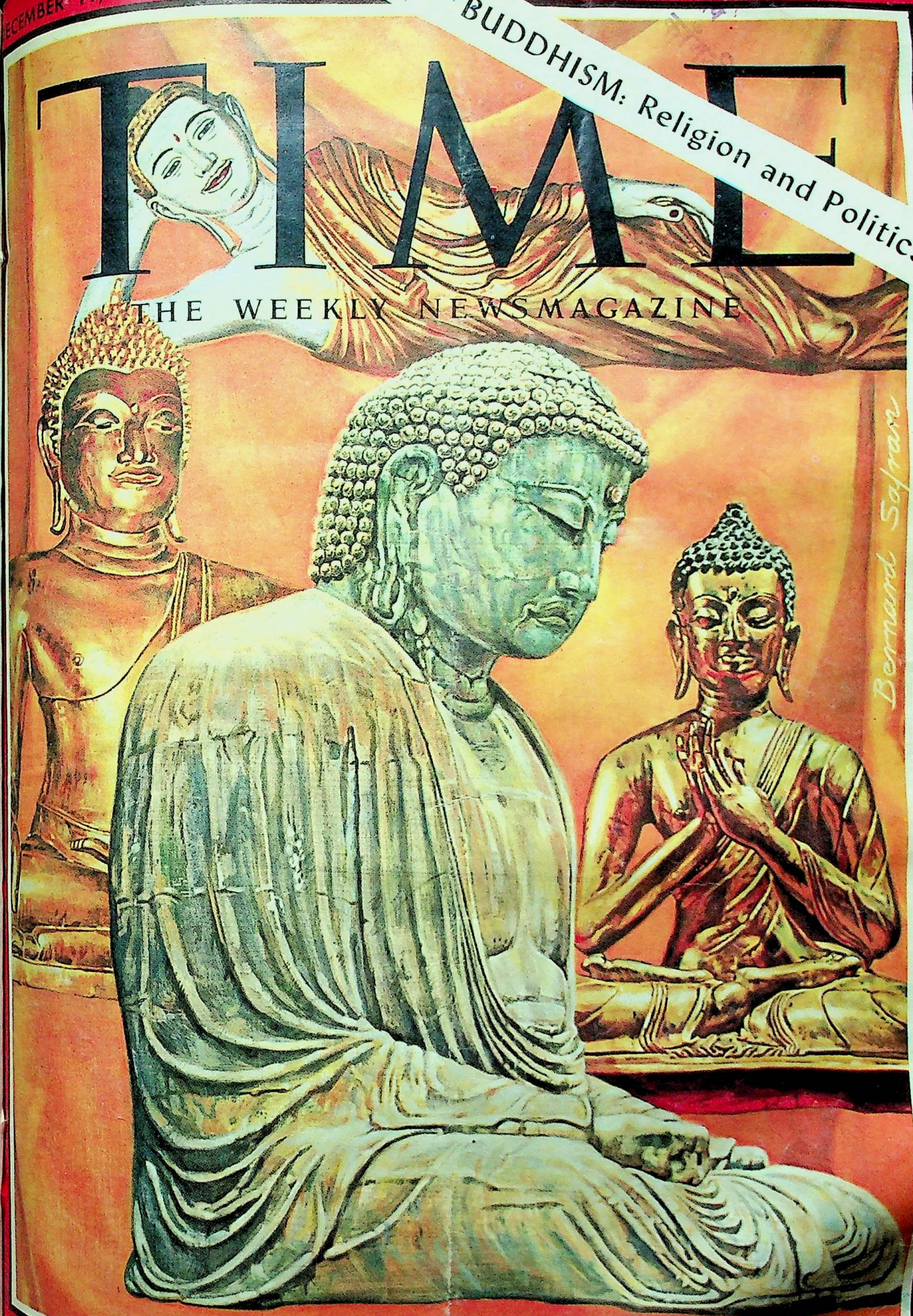
DECEMBER 11, 1964

ASIA EDITION

BUDDHISM: Religion and Politics

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Bernard Safran

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CEYLON . . . . Rs. 1.50
COLOMBO . . . . Rs. 1.50
GUAM . . . . 30¢
HONG KONG . . . . HK$2.00
INDIA . . . . Rs. 1.50
KOREA . . . . W 70
LAOS . . . . K 175
MALAYA . . . . M$1.50
PAKISTAN . . . . Rs. 1.50
PHILIPPINES . . . . P 1.50
SAMOA . . . . 30¢
THAILAND . . . . B 7
U. S. ARMED FORCES . . . . 30¢
VIET NAM . . . . VN$20

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Every fifth PIA passenger a new one

While growth in passenger traffic for all airlines averaged 11% over the past five years, PIA's passenger traffic has gone up 25%. These results reflect not only PIA's dramatic expansion, but also PIA's own high standards of operation—again, well above the industry average. It is this sort of vigorous growth and imaginative enterprise which last year brought to this consistently profitable airline over 14% more passengers, and explains why travellers say PIA are great people to fly with.

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

GREAT PEOPLE TO FLY WITH

LONDON FRANKFURT MOSCOW GENEVA

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Why are so many active people turning to BELLETT?

Because Bellett offers performance... *livelier, sportier* performance than you ever thought possible in a four-door compact!

Bellett gives you more power-per-pound because it's got one of the largest engines for a car of its size—a responsive 1500cc powerplant that delivers a full 71 horsepower. Rev it up, then marry it to the four-speed close-ratio gearbox—and you're out in front in a hurry! Tricky stretch of road ahead? Just watch how Bellett's rack-and-pinion steering and independent four-wheel suspension take the curves and bumps out of it.

Yes, one drive will convince you that here's a lot more than "just another compact." That's why we call it a **family sports sedan.** Bellett gives you both—family car practicality *and* sports car excitement. Why not see it soon, at your local Isuzu dealer. But don't just look at it. Drive it . . . be a sport!

ISUZU Bellett

ISUZU MOTORS LIMITED

Shinagawa-ku, Tokyo, Japan Cable Address: ISUZU TOKYO

Distributors & Dealers in Asia **Korea** YOUNG POONG TRADING CO., LTD. Seoul. **Okinawa** OKINAWA ISUZU MOTOR CO., LTD. Naha-shi. **Taiwan** INTERNATIONAL AUTO CO. **Hong Kong** NICHIMEN CO., LTD. Hong Kong Branch. **Thailand** MITSUBISHI CO., (THAILAND) LTD., Bangkok. **Malaysia** SING HOE MOTOR CO., LTD. Kuala Lumpur. COOPERATIVE WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT Colombo.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

A World Leader in Telecommunications and Electronics

NEC

Nippon Electric Company Limited

P. O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o People's Stores Corp. (Ava House), 232 Sule Pagoda Road, Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$400; 3 yrs, NT$800; 5 yrs, NT$1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S.$11.25; 3 yrs, U.S.$22.50; 5 yrs, U.S.$33.75), TIME International 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam 18, Netherlands

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Henry Luce III, Arthur R. Murphy, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 9

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* "Segregation: Northern-Style," a report, shot with hidden cameras, on the trials of a Negro family trying to buy a home in a white suburban neighborhood.

BURKE'S LAW (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Burke's usual bag of interesting cameo players: Hans Conried, Broderick Crawford, Dan Duryea, Rhonda Fleming, Burgess Meredith and Mamie Van Doren.

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Kaye and Guest Imogene Coca will perform *Swan Lake* with, one presumes, new variations.

Friday, December 11

THE ENTERTAINERS (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Thelma Ritter joins Regulars Bob Newhart, Caterina Valente and Don DeLuise.

Saturday, December 12

THE NOBEL PRIZE AWARDS 1964 (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A documentary special, hosted by Alistair Cooke, with behind-the-scenes deliberations and discussions by the judges, which were recorded on camera for the first time, and the presentations of the 1964 prizes.

Sunday, December 13

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Who Killed Anne Frank?" is a report on the hunt for the remaining Nazi war criminals.

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Sam Houston, and his courage in opposing the secession of Texas from the Union on the eve of the Civil War.

Monday, December 14

BEN CASEY (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Joan Hackett as a polio victim bent on suicide.

Tuesday, December 15

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Super-Agent Napoleon Solo needs Super-Schoolmarm June Lockhart to help him out of the clutches of Super-Enemy Ricardo Montalban.

THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A special on Hitler's last big effort to pluck victory from defeat 20 years ago.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT, by Bill Manhoff, is as timeless as a Punch-and-Judy show and as timely as *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Diana Sands, as a sexy pussycat who claws, and Alan Alda, as a bookish owl who screeches, fill the evening with good, vulgar, neurotic laughter.

LUV. Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin take a slapstick and tongue-wagging jaunt on a suspension bridge in Murray Schisgal's absurd spoof of the theater of the absurd. The hand of Mike Nichols mixes gags and sight gags with unerring skill.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR. For this music-hall documentary, Joan Littlewood hits where it hurts with laughter by blending sentimentality, song and satire. A marvelously adroit cast, led by Victor Spinetti, plays the men and women who [illegible] joked and suffered through World W[illegible]

COMEDY IN MUSIC. Victor Borge [illegible] himself a Great Dane as he toys with [illegible] ivories and tickles his audience in a [illegible] man romp with Co-Pianist and [illegible] Leonid Hambro.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. One of the [illegible] remarkably versatile talents of the [illegible] temporary stage, Zero Mostel breathe[illegible] nostalgic life into this pleasant, pegram[illegible] musical comedy derived from [illegible] Aleichem's tales of Tevye and his [illegible] daughters.

Off Broadway

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY. [illegible] might have difficulty recognizing [illegible] in this musical exercise thinly base[illegible] the Thurber character, but a clever [illegible] and fresh songs and dances provide [illegible] zesty evening.

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS. A group of [illegible] have brought the British revue back [illegible] beyond-the-fringe lunacy in a parade [illegible] consistently hilarious vignettes.

RECORDS

For Children

MARY POPPINS (Vista). The [illegible] the real Mary Poppins has vanished, [illegible] the movie's sugar-coated Mary still [illegible] magic about her, thanks to Julie Andrews [illegible] who sings about half the Sherman broth[illegible] ers' songs on the sound track, including *Super-cali-fragil-istic-expi-ali-docious*.

NOAH'S ARK (RCA Victor). One of [illegible] little "Dance-a-Story" albums with [illegible] tions suggesting how to dance to the [illegible] sic. In this one, children imitate [illegible] bears, monkeys, birds, rabbits, snakes [illegible] turtles after they have sawed and ham[illegible] mered to build the Ark.

DR. SEUSS PRESENTS HORTON HATCHES THE *EGG, THE SNEETCHES,* AND OTHER STORIES (RCA Camden). Few parents can read aloud Dr. Seuss's funny, freewheeling fantasies with as quick and droll a tongue. Actor Marvin Miller. He has already recorded *Bartholomew and the Oobleck* and *Yertle the Turtle.*

"I DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED" (Harmony). Children even up to age eight will be vastly amused to hear Robbie, on one side of the record, and Kathy, on the other, act out all the dodges they themselves use to fight sleep ("I want a glass of water," "There is a tiger in my room").

WINNIE THE POOH NO. 2 (Two 45s; [illegible] Victor). Two well-dramatized A. A. Milne stories, about Pooh and Eeyore and Kanga and Baby Roo. A special hum of Pooh signals when to turn the pages of the accompanying child-scaled booklet with colored pictures and text.

HI NEIGHBOR #2 (U.S. Committee for UNICEF). From each of five countries — Brazil, Ghana, Israel, Japan and Turkey — come a favorite song or two and typical dances, with clear directions for attempting them.

SNOOPYCAT (Folkways). The wit and beauty of Marian Anderson's voice brings to life a gentle series of stories and songs about her cat. For very young children.

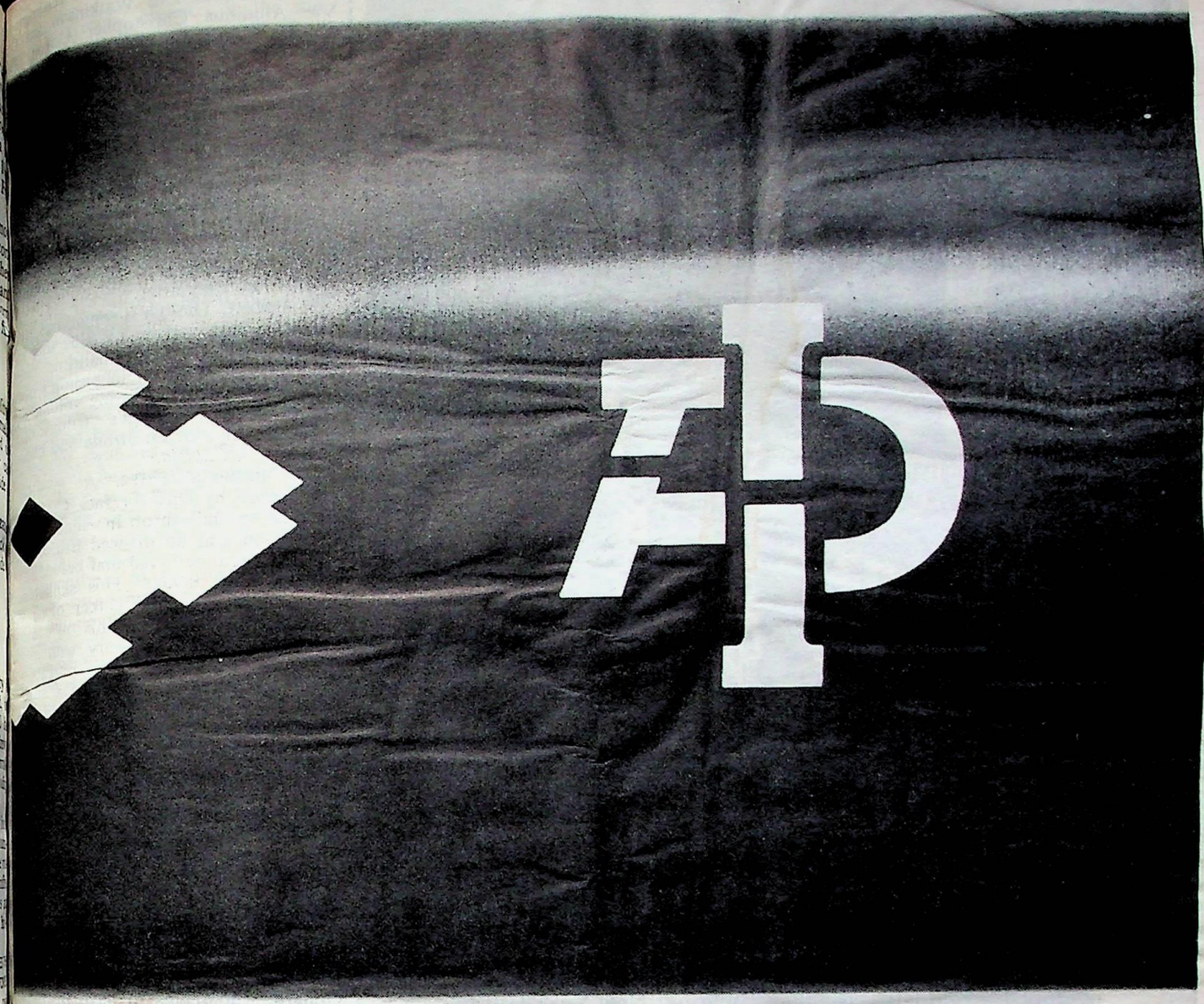
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN FAIRY TALES (Spoken Arts). Flooded with water, down stories, parents and children can understand English English should

* All times E.S.T.

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam 18, Netherlands. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries listed elsewhere.

CC-0. Mumukshu Bhawan Varanasi Collection. Harvested by eGangotri

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Every big steelmaker in Japan wanted this mark Sumitomo got it first

Why? (One of the ways we work with steel)

The API mark on a steel pipe means, "this pipe meets the standards of the American Petroleum Institute". These are the toughest pipe standards in the world.

Sumitomo was the first steelmaker in Asia to get this mark of approval. Today, every length of Sumitomo steel pipe carries the API mark. And today, over 50% of Japan's line pipe exports bear the name Sumitomo.

Every Sumitomo steel product must pass rigid tests of excellence. Steel tubes, pipe, sheets, plate, wire rods, castings, forgings and rolling stock parts: If it bears the name Sumitomo, you know quality is there.

But in the competitive world of steel, quality is not enough. Price is important, too. This is where production efficiency counts. Our Wakayama Works is the most modern in the world, and our price lists reflect the extraordinary efficiency of our plants.

So, for superior steel, competitively priced — you're right with Sumitomo.

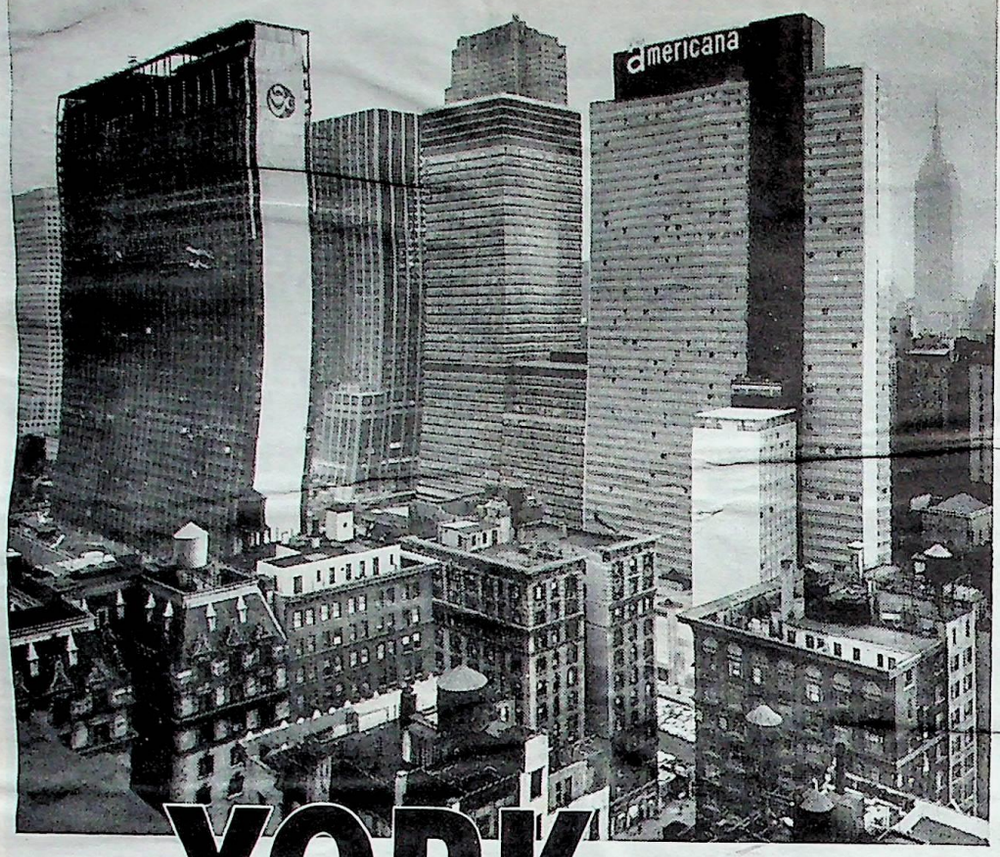
SUMITOMO METALS

Sumitomo Metal Industries, Ltd., Osaka, Japan

New York / Los Angeles / Düsseldorf / Bangkok

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

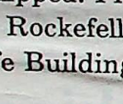
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



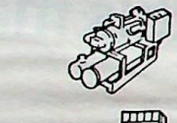
YORK city

Where York Cooling Equipment Controls Temperatures!

"York City" in midtown Manhattan, New York, U.S.A., includes five of the largest buildings erected in New York in recent years. All of these huge skyscrapers are York* equipped. From left: Tishman Building; New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center; Sperry-Rand Building; Equitable Life Building; Americana Hotel.



YORK Centrifugal Water Cooling Systems with individually controlled induction or fan coil units serve the varying comfort requirements of the daily population in YORK City.



Also, many of the older buildings and restaurants in YORK City have been modernized through the addition of YORK packaged units . . . self-contained or split systems, reciprocating package chillers, central air-handling units, automatic ice makers and condensing units.

For air conditioning or refrigeration projects have your architect or consulting engineer check YORK — a single source of supply through associate companies, licensees, distributors around the world.

*Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

Bulletin FLB available upon request

Borg-Warner International Corporation 36 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60603 U.S.A.
Cables: BORINTCO

York air conditioning and refrigeration

BORG WARNER™

grateful for these articulate readings. British Actress Eve Watkinson and Vic Alumnus Christopher Casson. The latest LP, Volume VII, contains only *Little Mermaid*. Boys might best start with the tricky, funny tale of *Great Claus* and *Little Claus* on Volume III.

CINEMA

TO LOVE. Lust at first sight is good for grand though gross guffaws in Swedish Director Jörn Donner's tale of a repressed young widow (Harriet Andersson) who meets a fast-moving travel agent at her husband's funeral and gives nary a thought to the mourning after.

IL BIDONE. Though it sometimes seems a fumbling first version of *8½*, this bittersweet tragicomedy about a smalltime swindler (Broderick Crawford) in bishop's clothes stirs interest as the missing volume of Director Federico Fellini's "trilogy of solitude" begun with *La Strada* and ending with *Le Notti di Cabiria*.

THE PUMPKIN EATER. A marriage is sliced open by Director Jack Clayton, and the raw wounds throb in Anne Bancroft's performance as an oft-wed British matron who is bored, betrayed and befuddled.

THE FINEST HOURS. This skillful documentary sums up the career of Sir Winston Churchill, often in his own eloquent words, and warms history with intimate views of Churchill's country retreats.

SEND ME NO FLOWERS. As a supposed hypochondriac who feels the end is near, Rock Hudson prepares Wife Doris Day for widowhood while Tony Randall keeps the fun alive as a macabre neighbor.

SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON. Kim Stanley seems simultaneously sweet, brittle, poignant and menacing in this taut British thriller about a psychotic psychic whose contact on the other side persuades her to carry out a kidnaping.

A WOMAN IS A WOMAN. A lissome Parisian stripteaser (Anna Karina) sheds her inhibitions in this giddy, free-form improvisation by French Director Jean-Luc Godard, who seems to have liberated the mind from all but youth, love, and a fondness for old Hollywood musicals.

MY FAIR LADY. As the irascible phonetics expert who transforms a grimy flower girl into an English rose, Rex Harrison suavely repeats for the camera his Broadway triumph in the Lerner-Loewe classic based on Shaw. Audrey Hepburn, in her full-blooming rose period, is a delight.

THE SOFT SKIN. Air travel spells doom for an aging intellectual who develops an *amour fixe* about a stewardess in this triangular Gallic drama, exquisitely wrought by Director François Truffaut (*The 400 Blows*).

WOMAN IN THE DUNES. Japanese Director Hiroshi Teshigahara studies the human condition in a stunningly achieved metaphor—a man and woman trying to survive in a desolate sand hole.

TOPKAPI. For Director Jules Dassin, jewel thieves, getting theirs is only half the fun in this merry account of an Istanbul caper pulled off by Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov and other scalawags.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY, by John O'Hara. This is O'Hara's fourth large collection of short stories in as many years; he has now sworn off to concentrate on novels. Maybe he shouldn't. The latest volume enhances his reputation for brevity

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

and wit as a social observer in the short story form.

HENRY ADAMS: THE MAJOR PHASE, by Ernest Samuels. This biography describes Adams' life of luxurious despair, traveling often and behaving, as Oliver Wendell Holmes put it, like "an old cardinal."

A LITTLE LEARNING, by Evelyn Waugh. The first part of the British satirist's autobiography comprises a warm, impressionistic recollection of childhood, a spirited account of high living at Oxford and a miserable tour as a master in a bleak prep school in Wales—in fact almost all the ingredients of Waugh's brilliant first novel, *Decline and Fall*.

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. The misery of an unwanted divorce and a custody case and the psychological desolation they inflict on a man of good will are remorselessly pursued by Bellow. The gloom is lightened by swatches of letters written by the hero to famous men, giving them, instead of his wife, a piece of his mind.

LIFE WITH PICASSO, by Françoise Gilot. In a rich year for autobiographies and memoirs, this account of the great artist by his ex-mistress of nine years holds a unique and surprisingly high place. Mlle. Gilot is unfailingly frank about her own emotions as well as Picasso's, making her revelation of living with genius meaningful as well as authentic.

MARKINGS, by Dag Hammarskjöld. This disturbing book is in out-of-stock demand in most of the U.S. It is a record of the religious doubts and mystical exaltations that possessed the late U.N. Secretary-General during times of crisis as well as seldom in the huge glass box on Manhattan's East River.

OF POETRY AND POWER, edited by Erwin Likes and Paul Schwaber. One of the few books of enduring significance among the 60-odd about President Kennedy published since the assassination. It is a collection of poems, written in grief and occasionally in anger by many of America's most talented poets.

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW, by John Cheever. In these short stories, the author writes again of exurbia: the proletariat of vice presidents, the charming irresponsible remnants of old families, and the winning eccentrics.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (2)
3. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (3)
4. Julian, Vidal (4)
5. This Rough Magic, Stewart (6)
6. The Man, Wallace (7)
7. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (8)
8. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (5)
9. A Song of Sixpence, Cronin
10. The Brigadier and the Golf Widow, Cheever

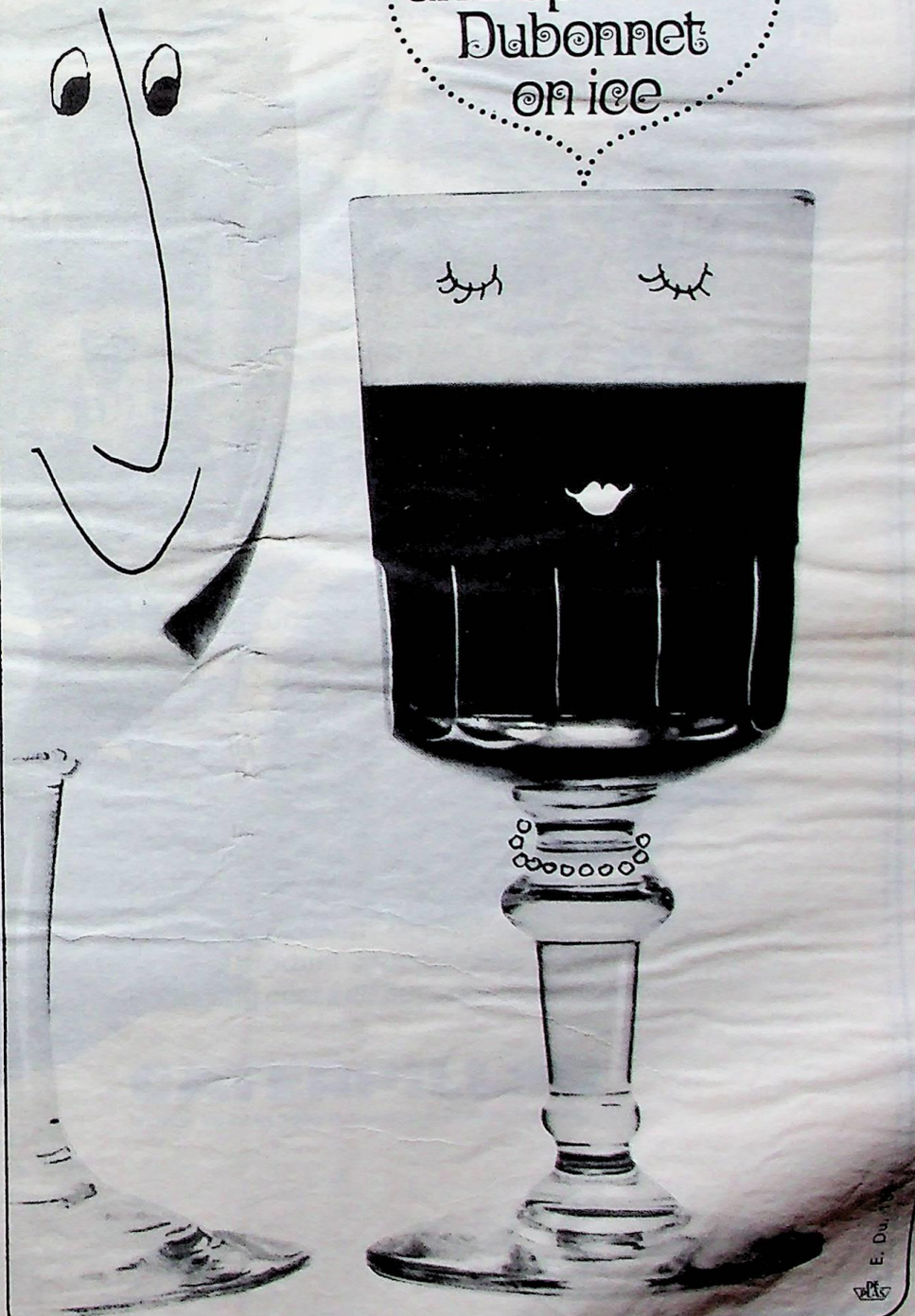
NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (2)
2. Reminiscences, MacArthur (1)
3. My Autobiography, Chaplin (3)
4. The Italians, Barzini (4)
5. Patton: Ordeal and Triumph, Farago
6. The Kennedy Years, The New York Times and Viking Press
7. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (5)
8. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (7)
9. The Words, Sartre (9)
10. So What Else Is New?, Golden

DUBONNET IS A PRODUCE OF C.D.C. EXPORT DIVISION 30 AVENUE KLÉBER PARIS

WHAT ARE PRETTY PARISIAN GIRLS MADE OF?

sugar and spice and Dubonnet on ice



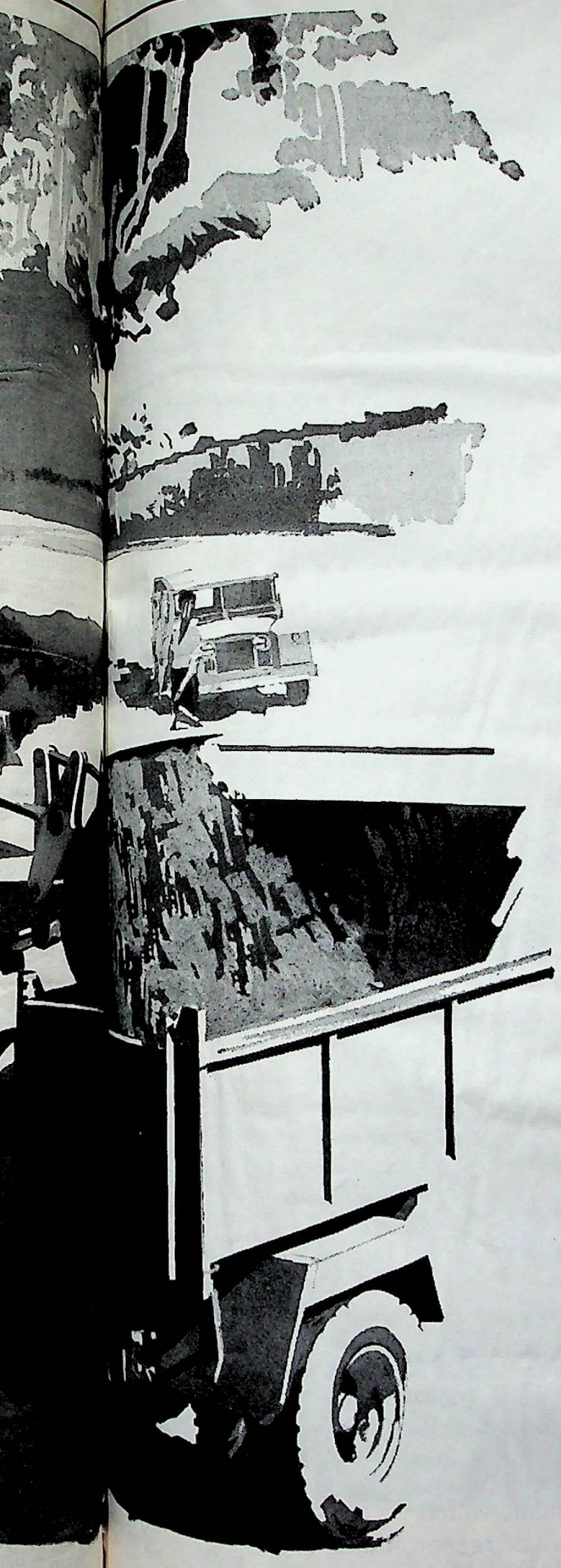
5

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Behind the success...
7 years of development...
to set new standards of dependability and production economy

In 1952 a group of Caterpillar research and development engineers began work on a new machine : a wheel loader. Their goal ? To design a wheel loader to surpass all existing machines and any loader likely to be marketed in the near future. Spring 1960 saw the result : a line of three fully-proven machines were in full production. An over-long interval between concept and finished product ? Not in Caterpillar's view. Every day of that 7-year programme had been used. From the first prototype, built late in 1952, thousands of test hours went into refining every component and improving every aspect of dependable, productive performance. In laboratories, on proving grounds and customer jobs, pilot models worked endless hours, and always Caterpillar engineers were watching, recording and planning further improvements. Now, with four job-matched Caterpillar wheel loaders available—another model was put into production early in 1963—owners throughout the world can measure the full value of this painstaking research.

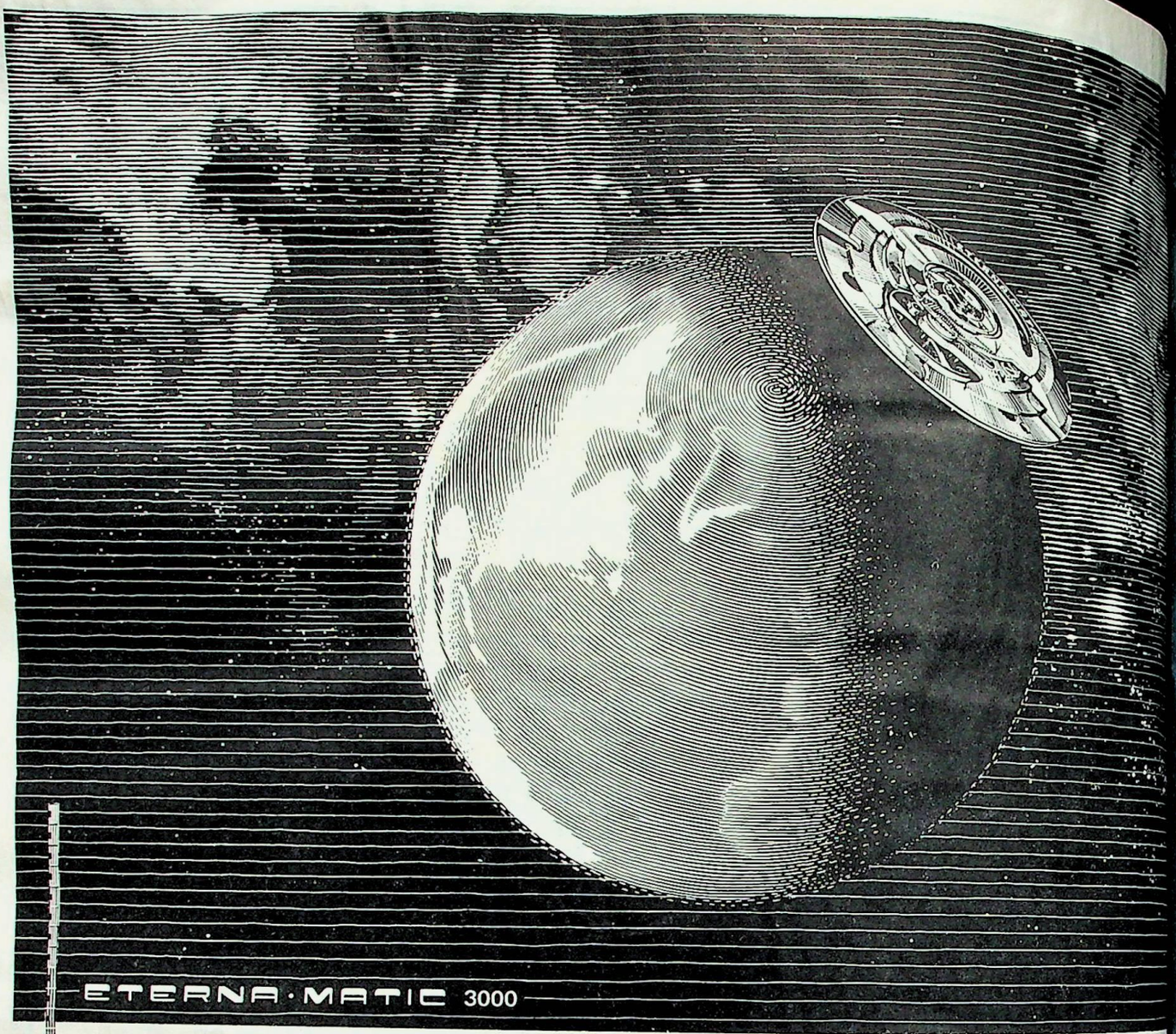
But the work started in 1952 was only the beginning of a continuous wheel loader development programme in the search for the uncommon quality of product which gives owners product dependability, low operating cost and superior performance.

CATERPILLAR

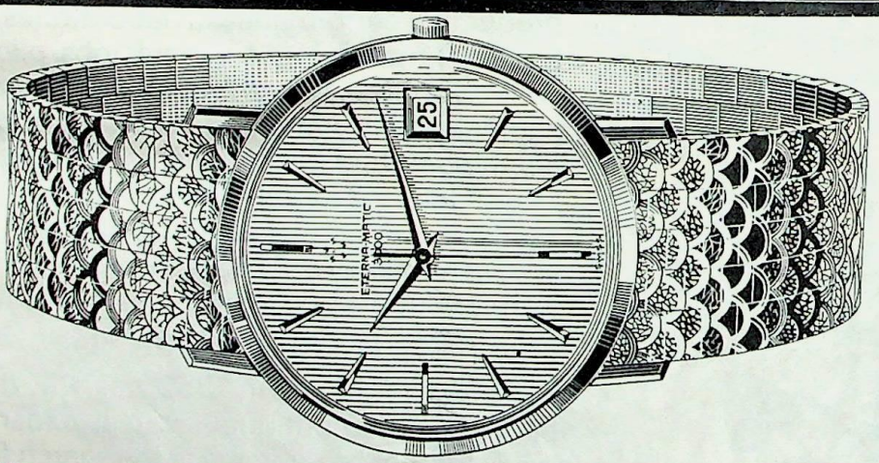
Caterpillar and Cat are Registered Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



...still thinner



Eterna·Matic 3000 "Dato" t
the thinnest automatic cal
watch with centre second.
trated watch: Ref. 746 TB (
1466)

A capsule history of a significant watch achievement

1949: Eterna·Matic, with its revolutionary ballbearing-mounted selfwinding system, created a technical sensation.

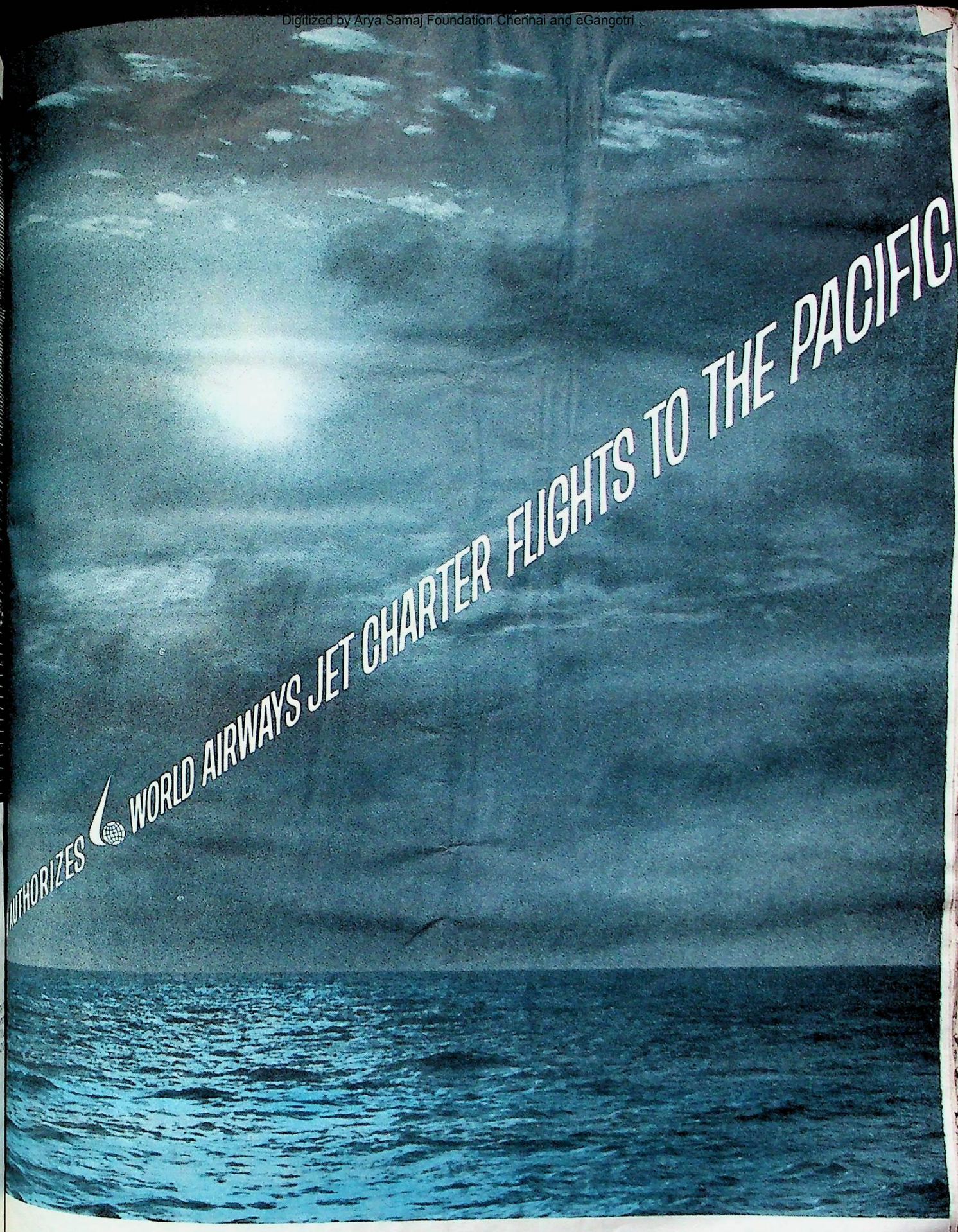
1956: The "Centenaire" series brought still another great success: the first really thin automatic watch.

Today: The progress attained by pioneers of research and technology has made it possible, for the first time, to produce a startling new design: the Eterna·Matic 3000 "Dato": a model of precision and endurance, yet by far the thinnest automatic calendar watch with centre second.

ETERNA·MATIC 3000

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



For over a decade World Airways has flown regularly scheduled passenger charters throughout the Pacific for the Department of Defense and leading business firms. Now World's Boeing 707 fan jet custom charters are available to groups at low rates.

WORLD AIRWAYS. WORLD WIDE CHARTER AND CONTRACT SPECIALISTS — PASSENGER AND CARGO.

Oakland International Airport, California. The world's leading supplemental jet air carrier.

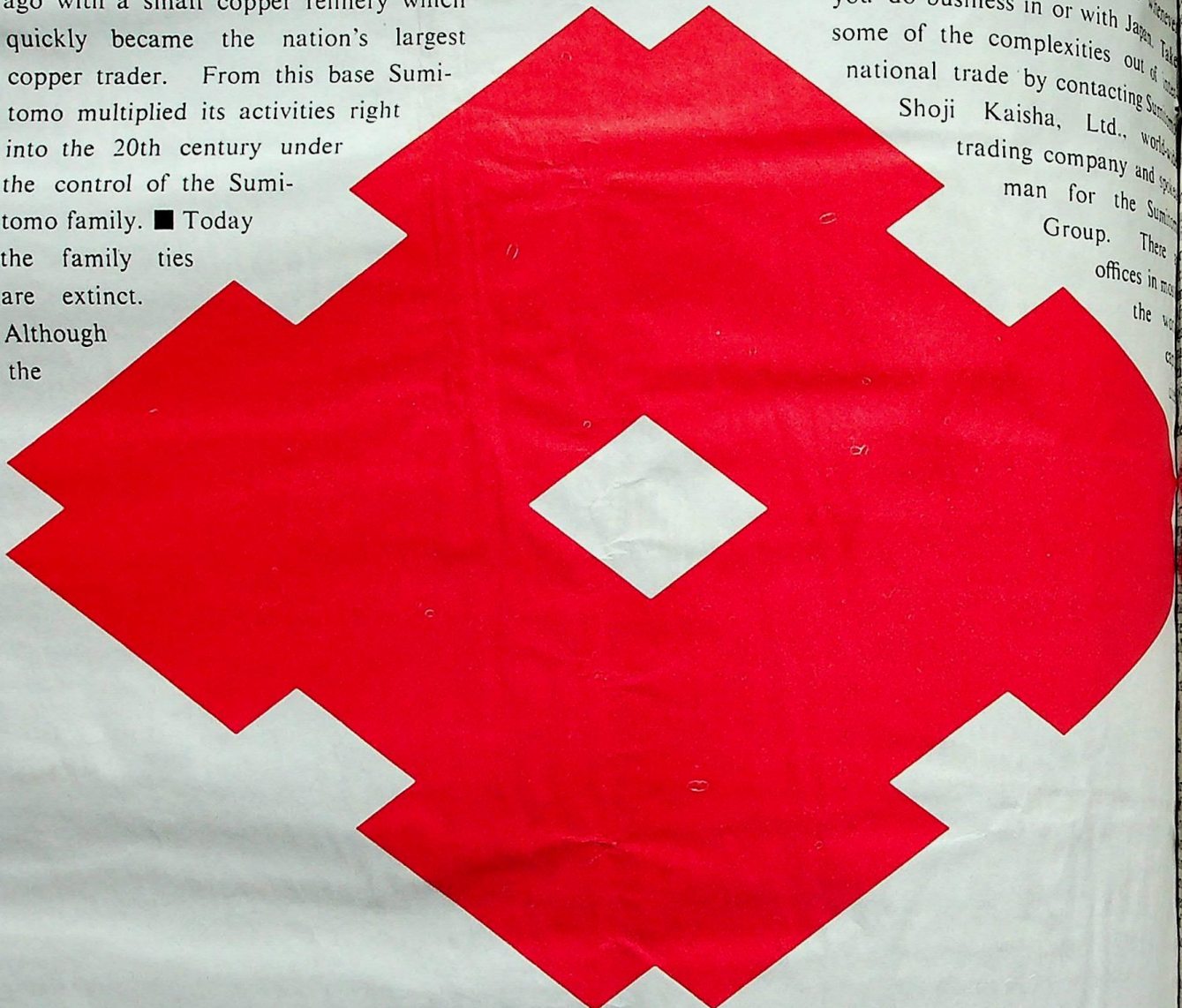
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SUMITOMO

28 INDUSTRIES 1 COMPANY NAME

Sumitomo is the *name* and it is synonymous *with* practically every kind of *industry*: chemical, steel, electric, glass, machinery, banking, insurance, trading . . . 28 companies in all. It is also one of Japan's historical enterprises. ■ Sumitomo began more than 300 years ago with a small copper refinery which quickly became the nation's largest copper trader. From this base Sumitomo *multiplied its activities right into the 20th century under the control of the Sumitomo family.* ■ Today the family ties are extinct. Although the companies now are separate corp structures, they still act as a g Their forces are integrated in orde provide a single yet compreh source of a wide range of products services. ■ Sumitomo's collective kno edge can be of great value wherev you do business in or with Japan. Take some of the complexities out of inte national trade by contacting Sumit Shoji Kaisha, Ltd., world trading company and spok man for the Sumit Group. There offices in m the wo



The stylized Sumitomo emblem, representing an ancient Japanese well frame, symbolizes a never-ending flow of prosp

Sumitomo Chemical Co., Ltd. / Sumitomo Machinery Co., Ltd. / The Sumitomo Bank, Ltd. / Sumitomo Metal Industries, Ltd. / *Sumitomo* Metal Mining Co., Ltd. / The Sumitomo Trust & Banking Co., Ltd. / Sumitomo Mutual Life Insurance Co. / *Sumitomo Coal Mining Co., Ltd.* / The Sumitomo Warehouse Co., Ltd. / The Sumitomo Marine & Fire Insurance Co., Ltd. / *Sumitomo Electric Industries, Ltd.* / Sumitomo Real Estate Co., Ltd. / Sumitomo Light Metal Industries, Ltd. / Sumitomo Shoji *Kaisha, Ltd.* / ⊙ Nippon Sheet Glass Co., Ltd. / **NEC** *Nippon Electric Company Ltd.* / Sumitomo Atomic Energy Industries, Ltd. / *and eleven others* / *For further inquiries contact:* Sumitomo Shoji Kaisha, Ltd., Osaka, Japan. Cable: "SUMITSHOJI OSAKA"

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

ongo Atrocities

As a surgeon in training who has experience with medical missions, I ld not help wincing as I read the gruegory details of the Congo massacre ec. 4]. Dr. Paul Carlson's death is imsurably tragic. But we know this 't discourage others in our profession making humanitarian missions to ple who need our help very badly, like Africans whom we should pity more loathe for that barbaric deed.

T. D. BONZON, M.D.

shing, N.Y.

According to you, when a white murders innocent Africans, he is only ng up to his name as a mercenary and aying savage Simbas, but when an Afan kills an intruding Caucasian, his demnable action only shows that all ricans are atrocious cannibals warring inst the civilized Christian and huanitarian white race! As a Nigerian, y I ask if you have forgotten the three il rights martyrs of white Mississippi the heart of "civilization"? No wonder Chinese Communists have a case!

ADEOLA ADE MAFO

Angeles

It seems almost unbelievable that yone, regardless of his nationality or itical convictions, could vilify the ericans, British and Belgians for their manitarian act in trying to rescue as ny as possible of the white hostages in Congo. Yet the Communists and their llow travelers have the unmitigated gall call this action "aggression, a warlike t" etc. Thank God America is still able do all it can to protect its citizens.

JEAN SCHOEN

Paso

Your attempt to depict the actions a small and fanatic group as expresn of Africa and Africans generally uld, I suspect, have distressed Dr. Carl- himself. Similar tragedies have been acted among many peoples and in many ods of history, and surely the point Conrad's story is that the "heart of kness" lurks in us all.

JOHN DEMOS

erville, Mass.

Ever since the first reports began sking in of the butchery in the Congo, ve been running around to my fellow es calling on them to rejoice. "By y," I cry, "those goddam nuns, misnaries and doctors are really getting what they deserve. What are they but a bunch of lousy outside agitators, not even of the same race, going in there trying to change the Congolese way of life? Don't they have enough sin and disease back where they came from? Why don't they clean up the mess at home before bothering other people?"

It was funny in a way, particularly since the white Mississippian will nod his head zealously through about two-thirds of the spiel, until he gets the point. Slack-jawed indignation ensues. I am afraid, though, that you have ruined my sardonic joke. I got half way through your cover story before nausea overtook me, and it occurred to me that blind barbarism—in the Congo, in Mississippi—is the one citadel that will not tumble before mockery.

RICHARD W. BOETH

Rosedale, Miss.

Man of the Year

Sir: For Man of the Year I nominate Dr. Paul Carlson.

(MRS.) ARVILD JACOBSON

Antanimora, Madagascar

Sir: Chief Justice Earl Warren.

MARVIN E. COBLE III

Burlington, N.C.

Sir: The trio of civil rights workers murdered in Mississippi.

JOHN L. SUTER

Chiasso, Switzerland

Sir: Ara Parseghian.

JOHN KROPINAK

Belleville, Ont.

Ecumenical Disputes

Sir: How pitiful that the Roman Catholic Church, in its frenzied effort to curry Protestant favor by emulation, has stripped the Mass of its unique significance, taken away the non-Catholic's prime source of attraction, and given its members another reason to re-examine a church that now resembles every other except for one thing—birth control.

(MRS.) JOAN D. LADD

Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Sir: What TIME overlooks in its appraisal of the Ecumenical Council is that if there is a need for a mystical body such as the Roman Catholic Church, then it cannot be democratic. In the ideal democracy every man celebrates the mystery of himself at the altar of his own divinity. In a world oriented to incentives, gain, self-aggrandizement and greed, there is an urgent need for a mystical, symbolic figure, which the role of Pope fulfills.

JOHN MCCLOSKEY

New York City

Sir: As a former dyed-in-the-wool conservative, I now wildly applaud the new changes in the Mass. Expecting the worst, I instead found myself involved in the most fascinating experience.

ALICE R. O'HARA

Hartford, Conn.

Sir: Perhaps the third session of the Ecumenical Council now completed should be known as the "Grand Illusion." The unyielding attitude of a powerful few on the religious-liberty issue, in the face of overwhelming approval, presages failure for "letting in a little fresh air," as envisioned by Pope John.

C. L. KUCERA

Columbia, Mo.

Balloon Across the Border

Sir: Who is John C. Kimball? A week or so before the U.S. elections, we found a big balloon inscribed "John C. Kimball for Congress." As we live in a rural area on the south shore of Nova Scotia, we are curious to know how far the balloon had traveled before bouncing down our narrow gravel road.

(MRS.) HATTIE F. BOWER

Shelburne, Nova Scotia

▶ *Democrat John C. Kimball of Deerfield, Ill., sold nearly 8,000 helium-filled balloons to publicize his unsuccessful campaign for U.S. Representative from Illinois' staunchly Republican 12th District (near Chicago). Reader Bower's balloon, which traveled 1,100 miles, "went a helluva lot farther than my candidacy did," says Kimball.*

Moneyed Prince Charlie

Sir: My attention has been drawn to your report [Nov. 27] entitled "The Princely Pauper." There is no truth whatever in the story that Prince Charles has sold his autograph at any time. There is also no truth whatever in the story that he sold his composition book to a classmate. In the first place, he is intelligent and old enough to realize how embarrassing this would turn out to be, and second, he is only too conscious of the interest of the press in anything to do with himself and his family. The suggestion that his parents keep him so short of money that he has to find other means to raise it is also a complete invention. Finally, the police would not have attempted to regain the composition book unless they were quite satisfied that it had been obtained illegally.

As to the essays in the book, you may be interested to know that the one about corruption in government, which you quote, was in fact a précis from Lecky's *History of England*.

RICHARD COLVILLE

Buckingham Palace
London

▶ *The royal family's press officer mounts a princely defense in his belated offer to clarify the case.*

Defending Alabamians

Sir: Though not so intended, an expression in your article on the Fifth Circuit Court [Dec. 4] does a serious injustice to my fellow Alabamians, viz.: "After his

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
5 Ottho Heidringstraat
Amsterdam 18, Netherlands

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on number page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BUSINESS SPOKEN HERE...

AIU Tokyo

...“here” wherever you contact AIU.

When a Japanese businessman found it necessary to stay in France two weeks longer than he had expected, he called AIU-Paris. The travel insurance he had purchased from AIU-Tokyo would expire before he got home. *But his protection was not interrupted!* In minutes, AIU-Paris extended identical coverage, to continue until his trip was over.

AIU is ready and able to TALK BUSINESS . . . in many languages . . . in more than 80 countries . . . in ALL the capital cities of the Free World.

The more complex your insurance requirements, the more imperative your demand for AIU’s worldwide network of local offices whose staffs understand your language, your business, and your insurance needs.

AIU speaks BUSINESS around the world! At home or away, contact AIU for insurance protection and service of every kind.

INSURANCE WORLDWIDE AIU

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL UNDERWRITERS

AIU offices in the Far East

Hong Kong	Kobe	Manila
Kowloon	Hiroshima	Bombay
Singapore	Fukuoka	Calcutta
Kuala Lumpur	Nagoya	Madras
Penang	Shizuoka	Gauhati
Saigon	Zama	Karachi
Bangkok	Sapporo	Chittagong
Tokyo	Naha	Lahore
Osaka	Seoul	Dacca

Offices, Agents, and Representatives Throughout the World

son’s death in an auto accident. Ju
Richard T. Rives was honored by his
low Alabamians—they threw garbage
his son’s grave.”

My son was killed more than two ye
before I became a judge. Many ye
after I had gone on the bench, someo
whether an Alabamian or not I have
means of knowing, threw red paint a
garbage on our son’s grave. Whoe
committed such an atrocity must
been mentally ill. Certainly, it shou
not be charged to my fellow Alabamia
the overwhelming majority of whom
as fine, decent, and fair-minded peop
as can be found anywhere.

RICHARD T. RIVES
U.S. Court of Appeals
Montgomery, Ala.

Four too Much

Sir: I found to my great surprise
my age was increased four years by yo
the article, “Thrills, Spills & Pola Neg
[Nov. 20]. The magazine stated tha
was 69 years old. In reality, according
my birth certificate and passport, I
born on the 31st of December, 1899.

POLA NEGRI
San Antonio

Wake Forest Revolt

Sir: I was overjoyed to read about
student revolt against church authorit
Wake Forest [Nov. 27]. I am a senior
a college where the religious situation
requirements are identical with those
Wake Forest. I expect to hear about
students here causing a similar show
defiance—and I suspect that students
all such cases ultimately win.

CRAIG CHILTON
Central College
Pella, Iowa

Sir: Any denominational college, be
Catholic, Jewish, Methodist or Bapt
has the right to adhere to policies form
lated by the denomination, boards
trustees, and administrators. If studen
are not mature enough to respect the
policies and live under them, then I pr
pose they seek an education elsewhere.

JENNIE SUE JOHNSON
Bluefield, W. Va.

Granada Did It

Sir: Alas, TIME erred. It was Granada
Television, not the BBC, that presente
four full-length plays by the “Outpatien
of the Year,” Noel Coward, on successiv
weeks [Dec. 4].

SIDNEY BERNSTEIN
Granada T.V. Network
London

The Commonwealth Way

Sir: Would not “trial by newspaper”
[Nov. 27] cease or be drastically cur
tailed in the U.S. if the British Common
wealth legal principle in such cases were
followed? Under this procedure, once an
accused has been brought into court noth
ing may be said publicly about the case
that is not given in evidence in court, on
pain of contempt proceedings. Further,
although a crime may be described in the
press before any court action is initiated
or before an arrest is made, nothing may
be said or implied that would link any
particular person with the execution of
that crime until he appears in court—
again, on pain of contempt proceedings.

W. KINGSLEY ORD
Epsom, Auckland, N.Z.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ..... ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT ..... JAMES A. LINEN
SENIOR STAFF EDITOR ..... THOMAS GRIFFITH

EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ..... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ..... ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
A. T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George J. Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Stanley Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, Gilbert Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, William Johnson, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Ronald P. Kriss, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Marshall Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Ed Martin, Robert McLaughlin, John McPhee, Martin O'Neil, Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, John Blashill, Jon Borgzinner, Gurney Breckenfeld, Clell Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer J. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Grossman, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, Leon Jaroff, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ray Kennedy, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Michael R. Levitas, George Love, Jason McManus, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, William E. Smith, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Susie Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Berta Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Virginia Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Ruth Annan, Nancy Atkinson, Priscilla B. Badger, Jean Bergerud, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, Rosemary Byrnes, Nicolette Caliendo, Anne Chisholm, Kathleen Cioll, Gillian Coxhead, Mary Cronin, S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall, Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Shanks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Andria E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Jane Jacobson, Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Krieger, Judith Liersch, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Merrin, Marcia Minns, Nancy Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Pampel, Ann Pascoe, Jane Pett, S. Marion Pikul, Sue Raffety, Wendy Kupaick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Stauler, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Suzanata Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanaman, Susanne Washburn, Nancy Williams, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Smith, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Otis Cook Jr., Robert A. Ellis, Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, Jean A. Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, Loye W. Miller Jr., John Mullin, Ben Rademaekers, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur Thayer, Marvin H. Zim. CHICAGO: Murray Gart, Jon Anderson, Marsh Clark, Christopher Porterfield, Miriam Tuerwell. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Kaiser, Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. McWhirter. NEW YORK: Dick Thimmesch, Christopher T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA-HOUSTON: Harry Johnston, John W. Schardt, Roger M. Williams. BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Hugh D. S. Greenway, John L. Wilhelm. DENVER: Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, Benjamin W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: John M. Mecklin, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.

LONDON: Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Charles Champlin, Paris: Curtis Prendergast, Barry Farrell, Judson Goodman, Jeremy Main, Friedel Ungeheuer. BONN: James Bell, Norman Nickel, Samuel R. Iker. ROME: Robert E. Jackson, Israel Shenker. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. BEIRUT: Peter Griggs. HONG KONG: Frank McCulloch, Loren Soucy, Eric Pace, John Shaw, James Wilde. NAIROBI: Peter Forbath. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. TOKYO: Jerrold L. Schecter, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. OTTAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Martin O'Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed Ogle. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan, CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO DE JANEIRO: Roger Stone, Jerry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Gavin Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Bermingham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

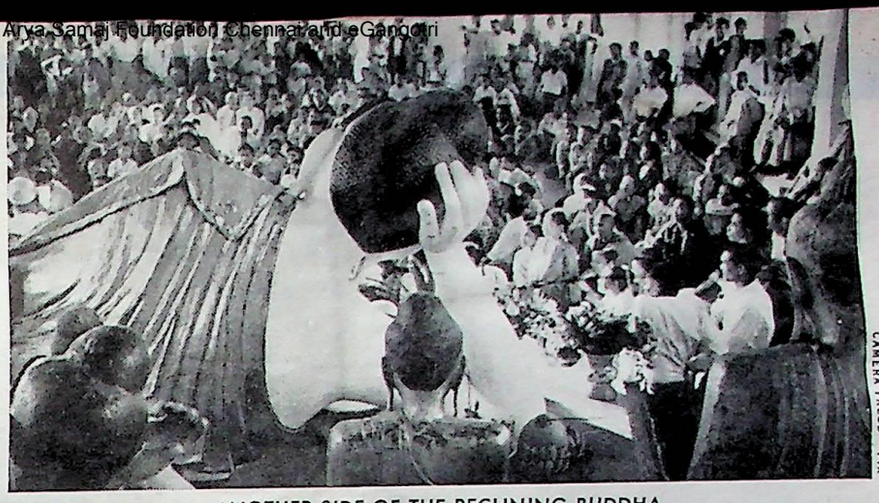
PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ..... Lawrence E. Laybourne
GENERAL MANAGER ..... John J. Frey
..... James A. Thomason

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR ..... Edgar R. Baker
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR ..... David W. Ballard
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN ..... Yasuo Kitaoka
INTER ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... William S. Honneus
ASIA ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

TIME, DECEMBER 11, 1964



CAMERA PRESS—PIX

ANOTHER SIDE OF THE RECLINING BUDDHA

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

A TIME cover story is expected to surround, probe and analyze the subject, showing all sides as well as depth. Few issues have so many sides, and few need so much to be explored and explained as this week's cover subject—the ancient religion of Buddhism, now emerging as a new political force in Asia.

To suggest the many-faceted nature of the story, Artist Bernard Safran painted representations of Buddha based on actual figures from four different countries, placing them on a background of the traditional Buddhist robe. At the top is the reclining Buddha in the Shwe Dagon pagoda in Rangoon, Burma, a 28-ft.-long, 19th century figure representing the attainment of nirvana. (For a look at the other side of this Buddha, see the photograph above.) The dominating figure in the center of the cover is copied from the Great Buddha of Kamakura, which is perhaps the best-known representation of a Buddha in the world. The 42-ft.-high bronze figure has 656 curls, 6-ft.-long ears and a yard-wide mouth on its 7-ft.-high face. Seated, with hands in lap, palms up and thumbs together in the traditional Buddhist attitude of contemplation, it was completed more than 700 years ago on the seaside near Tokyo, and has withstood *tidal waves (1495) and earth*quakes (1923). The figure on the left in the cover design, from Thailand, and the one on the right, from Nepal, are familiar examples of the thousands of images of Buddha around the world.

To report on the many complexities of the force that is Buddhism in the world of 1964, we called on twelve correspondents and stringers spread throughout the lands where Buddha is a pervasive figure. The key correspondent was Tokyo Bureau Chief Jerrold Schecter, who ranged over most of the Buddhist-influenced territory and who, not so incidentally, is finishing a book on Buddhism and politics in Southeast Asia. Absorbing all the reporting along with the rich store of existing Buddhist literature caused Writer Jason McManus to spend, appropriately enough, even more time than most cover stories require in sheer contemplation of all that the subject means. The result is a story that reveals Buddhism, the ancient religion assuming new political power, as a force with which thinking people around the world must be prepared to reckon.

INDEX

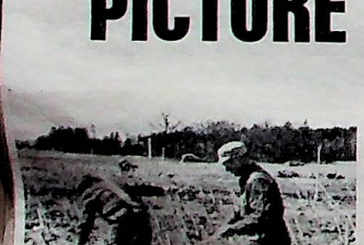
Cover Story...24

Art.....40	Medicine.....51	Sport.....44
Books.....68	Milestones.....61	Theater.....37
Cinema.....64	Modern Living...52	Time Listings.....2
Education.....38	People.....36	The U.S.....[illegible]
The Hemisphere.34	Press.....48	U.S. Business.....[illegible]
The Law.....47	Religion.....61	The World.....22
Letters.....11	Science.....49	World Business..58

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PICTURE OF A RIVER CHANGING ITS COURSE



Ready for the biggest blast on the 200 ft. wide canal – some 5,000 plastic tubes charged with 56 tons of dynamite stretch through water-logged overburden into the bedrock.

This is no ordinary blast. It was the début of a new method that cut a 4-mile seaway overland to double the shipping tonnage of Sweden's port of Norrköping. Four miles of problems to short-circuit the long, winding estuary to the Baltic that no large modern vessels could clear.

Some thirty feet of clay covered the rock bed to be blasted. Too costly for conventional excavation. A new method was evolved – Overburden Drilling. The bedrock was drilled and charged *without removing the overlying clay*. Rock and overburden were blasted as one and removed by dredging.

Sounds simple. It wasn't. It took advanced compressed air technology, new Atlas Copco air-powered equipment, plus special Coromant Extension steels. Most of all it took experience. Experience in putting air to work. The same method has been used for deepening Genoa's new harbour, for prospecting in Africa, and for strengthening dam foundations in Canada.

This is the kind of experience Atlas Copco brings you from construction sites, mines and industry the world over, and which is reflected in the smallest tool and the largest compressor.

Atlas Copco

puts **compressed air** to work for the world

GROUP HEADQUARTERS · ATLAS COPCO AB · STOCKHOLM 1 · SWEDEN · SALES & SERVICE IN OVER 100 COUNTRIES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
December 11, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 24

THE U.S.

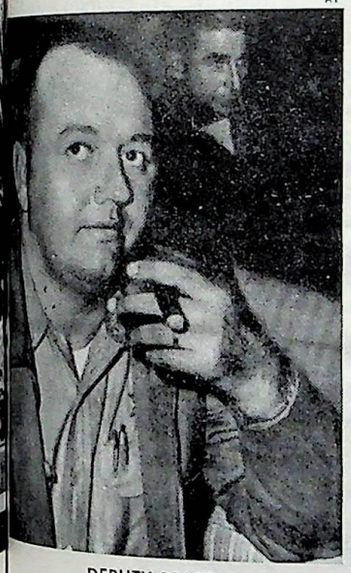
MISSISSIPPI

Crime Called Conspiracy

Holstered pistols and blackjacks ped against their hips and red mud to their boots as Neshoba County riff Lawrence Rainey and Deputy l Price got out of their squad car walked into the Philadelphia, Miss., rthouse one chill morning last week. back from a dawn search for a nshine still in backwoods country, er seemed to notice four men in h coats waiting in cars parked near courthouse.

Moments after the lawmen entered

AP



DEPUTY PRICE
After the moonshine search . . .

r office, the four FBI agents left r cars, went into the courthouse, tly told Rainey and Price they were er arrest. Unsurprised, the sheriff re- ed his pistol and badge, handed his to his secretary. Then Rainey and e walked out with the agents, down ough a cursing gauntlet of local red- ks who had gathered as soon as they ted the FBI men, now as familiar as ghbors after months of work in the a. The crowd knew perfectly well at last the long-awaited event had urred: Neshoba County's two top officers had been charged with com- city in the murder of three civil hts workers—Michael Schwerner, 24, nes Chaney, 21, and Andrew Good- an, 20.

On that same grey morning, some 60 other FBI men had fanned out through the area. In quick, efficient visits to piney woods, farms, back-road gas stations and roadside house trailers, they collected a motley crew of 19 more men —including a Freewill Baptist preacher, a tavern bouncer, a 71-year-old Philadelphia cop, and a 17-year-old high school dropout. The 19 were charged, too, in connection with the killings. Whatever the outcome, the trial will certainly become one of the most celebrated in years—if only because the murder of the three young civil rights workers had been so shameless, shocking and senseless a crime.

Marked for Death. On June 21, a scorching, oppressive day, Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman had driven a blue station wagon through Neshoba County to investigate a burned-out Negro church near Philadelphia. All worked with the Council of Federated Organizations in Meridian, Miss., setting up voter-registration projects. Chaney, a Negro, was a native of Meridian. Goodman, a New Yorker, had begun work only that day. Schwerner, a bearded youth from New York, had been a COFO worker in Philadelphia for six months. Because of his civil rights aggressiveness and because he was Jewish, he had been marked for death as early as May by an occult, segregationist organization called the White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. Founded just last March, the Knights dedicated themselves to carrying out terrorist tactics against civil rights workers coming in from the North.

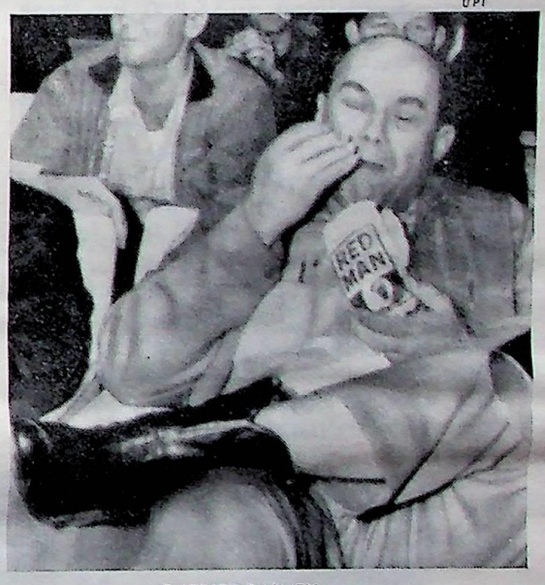
After visiting the church, the three workers were stopped by Cecil Price, who claimed that they were speeding near Philadelphia. He jailed them until long after dark, then released them. They disappeared. Price insisted that he followed them to the edge of town, saw them drive away.

Two days later, their burned-out station wagon was found. On Aug. 4, FBI men, acting on a tip, dug a single hole in a new earthen dam on Old Jolly Farm six miles from Philadelphia and uncovered the three bodies. Each man had been shot to death with a .38-caliber weapon; Chaney had been beaten so horribly that a pathologist who performed an autopsy said he had never seen such injuries except in a high-speed auto accident or a plane crash.

"The Plan & the Purpose." The FBI beefed up its Mississippi forces to 153 men—ten times the normal complement. The contingent was headed by able Roy K. Moore, 50, a native of Oregon and a 26-year FBI veteran. Around Philadelphia agents met almost as much hostility as the civil rights workers had—one found several snakes in his car one morning. But the FBI built its case persistently. Agents infiltrated the White Knights of the Klan, paid out several thousand dollars for information.

When the FBI finally made its arrests, it outlined the charges in chilling tones.

UPI



SHERIFF RAINEY
. . . the subject was death.

Said the FBI report last week: "It was part of the plan and purpose of the conspiracy that Cecil Ray Price, acting under the color of his office," would arrest Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman "without lawful cause, and detain them in the Neshoba County jail." Then, said the FBI, Price arranged it so that when they left the jail he and nine other men—members or warm admirers of the White Knights of the Klan—could intercept them outside town. The killers forced them into other cars, drove down an isolated road, "and did threaten, assault, shoot and kill them." The lynchers hauled the bodies to the Old Jolly Farm, dumped them in a shallow grave. A few days later, tons of dirt for the dam were piled atop the grave. Rainey himself was not involved in the kill-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ings, said the FBI, but was well aware of the conspiracy.

Despite the agents' certainty that they had nailed the men who had plotted the murders, they still could not directly charge them with the slayings. Murder is a state offense, except on federal property, and the Mississippians were therefore beyond the jurisdictional reach of the Federal Government so far as murder was concerned. So 19 of the 21 arrested—including Rainey and Price—were charged under a section of an 1870 law that was passed, ironically, to control Klan terrorism nearly a century ago. Titled "Conspiracy Against Rights of Citizens," it reads: "If two or more persons conspire to injure, oppress, threaten or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution or laws of the United States, or because of his having so exercised the same . . . they shall be fined not more than $5,000 or imprisoned not more than ten years, or both." The other two were charged with failing to give information about a felony—which carries a maximum $500 fine and three-year prison term.

Back at Work. Within hours after the arrests, U.S. Commissioner Esther Carter fixed bond at $5,000 for those charged with the rights violation, and at $3,500 for the other two. All of them quickly posted it. Price and Rainey were back at work in the Neshoba County sheriff's office that afternoon.

At week's end Mississippi officials refused to charge anyone with murder. FBI charges will be heard in a federal court in Meridian. There can be no change of venue unless the defense asks for it—which will not happen. Thus the 21 will be judged by a jury of their Mississippi peers, and Mississippi juries are not noted for convicting people accused of civil rights crimes.

Cooling the Controversy

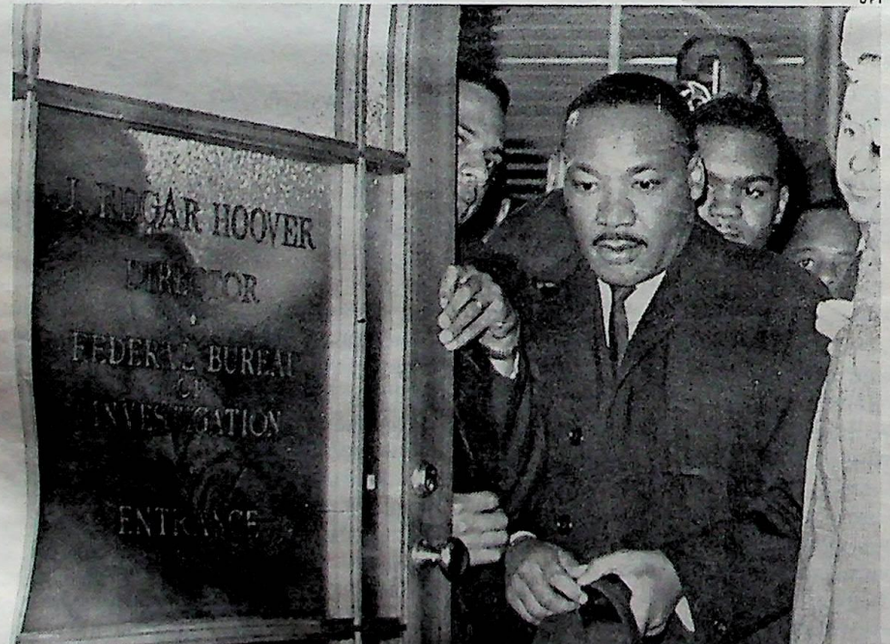
In view of the Mississippi arrests, criticism directed against FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover by civil rights groups could be expected to subside. Although Hoover had drawn such fire by an intemperate attack upon the Rev. Martin Luther King, he last week agreed to King's suggestion that the two talk over their differences. The 70-minute meeting in Hoover's Washington office seemed to cool the controversy and, reported King, led to "a much clearer understanding on both sides."

Neither man really retreated. King told Hoover that he still thought that, while "the FBI can arrest on the spot in other cases, it seems slower to act in civil rights cases." After the meeting King told newsmen that he still feels that "justice delayed is justice denied—but I'm not going to criticize the past."

For his part, Hoover contended that the FBI is an investigative agency, which often cannot act without Justice Department instructions. He later expanded on that theme in an interview with former Associated Press Correspondent Don Whitehead, author of *The FBI Story*. "I don't enjoy a controversy, and I don't go looking for one," said Hoover. "But I cannot let attacks on the FBI go unchallenged when they are unjustified." He complained that civil rights groups "want us to be bodyguards and to give personal protection, but that is impossible. Our agents cannot be used as instruments for social reform. They are law-enforcement agents. After all that has been written, so few people know what we legally can do and can't do."

The FBI's job, said Hoover, "is to gather facts when there is an indication that a federal law has been violated. These facts are presented to the Department of Justice and the department decides whether there will be or will be a prosecution. An FBI agent is authorized to pass judgment on the or innocence of a person. He can gather the facts and let the facts sp for themselves. If he were allowed become an investigator, judge and all in one, then we would have no c stitutional law enforcement. We wo have a police state."

Hoover said he had no plans for i minent retirement, chuckled at speculation that his fuss with King might hasten his leave-taking. Said he: "I intend remain active because I just don't like the rocking-chair life."



UPI

KING AT FBI HEADQUARTERS
From criticism to better understanding.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Situation

The momentous meeting was o and White House newsmen were fi admitted to the Cabinet Room. Ch Mohr of the New York Times wa the vanguard, and he reported the day that he had heard Defense S tary Robert McNamara say, with siderable vehemence, to the Pres of the U.S.: "It would be impossible Max to talk to these people wi leaving the impression that the situ is going to hell."

The "situation," of course, was S Viet Nam, which is certainly goin hell. The "Max" was U.S. Ambass to South Viet Nam Maxwell Ta who had just finished a 2½-hour re to the President and top U.S. Department and military leaders. President took McNamara's ad and Taylor did not hold a press co ence that might have been provoca

Try Harder, Do Better. The of communiqué was properly bland, ing in effect that President Johnson instructed Taylor to go back to Nam and urge the South Vietnam government to try harder and do be But there was one tough-sounding s tence about how North Vietnam help for the Communist guerrillas building up; implied was the possi ty that the U.S. might, as Taylor urged, extend the war.

Aware that the White House mee was about to take place, and proba anticipating Taylor's recommendati the North Vietnamese and the Chin Communists had already started ha ing charges that U.S. planes were bo ing Communist installations in the called neutralist buffer zone betwe North and South Viet Nam. And ha ly was the White House meeting than the Soviet Union started squa ing about how the U.S. was "play with fire" in even considering a step in the Vietnamese war effort.

Fact is, the Communists probab didn't have too much to worry abo although he is playing his cards close his chest (as he should), and acting though he will take drastic action the Communists do not start behavi themselves in Southeast Asia (w they probably won't), the likelihood

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

at the President has no intention now extending the Vietnamese war in any meaningful way.

Back to the Wolves. Max Taylor, od soldier that he is, tried to make best of it all. After the White House sion, Taylor conferred again with ous State Department and Defense cials, returned at week's end for an- er conference with Johnson.

This time, the President did let Tay- talk to reporters, and Max had ob- ly got the word about the situation. u're throwing me to the wolves n, Mr. President," he said amiably. went on to say that he and President sson had "talked about all aspects he situation—everything you can k of." He concluded by saying that paramount duty on returning this k to Saigon would be to confer with th Vietnamese officials about sub- s ranging "across the board."

ARMED FORCES

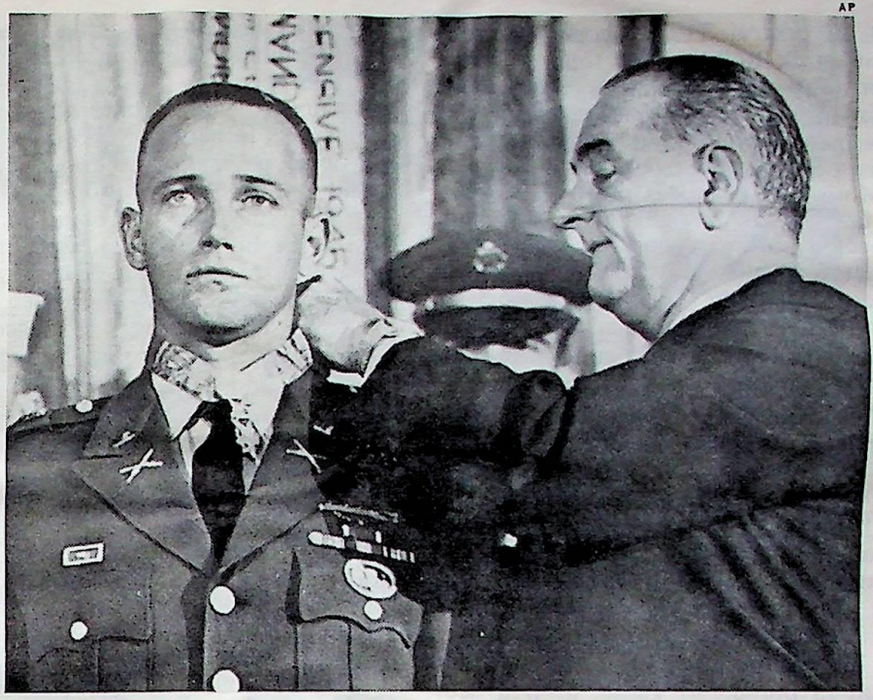
ne Who Was Belligerent

So far, 225 U.S. servicemen have n killed in that Vietnamese war in ch their country still does not admit being an official combatant. Last k, the White House announced that Medal of Honor had been awarded Army Special Forces Captain Roger h C. Donlon for "conspicuous gal- ry and intrepidity" in action against Viet Cong.

Said the White House announce- nt: "This is the first Medal of Honor rded to an individual who distin- shed himself while serving with a ndly force engaged in an armed flict in which the United States is a belligerent party."

The mild idiocy of that statement uld take nothing away from Don- now 30. A tall, sandy-haired man, enlisted in the Air Force in 1953, s appointed to West Point in 1955. er two years, he decided that the tary life was not for him, left to take b as a data processor with Interna- al Business Machines Corp. in Man- tan. A mere ten months of button- n hustle and bustle made Donlon ide that he really wanted to be a dier. He enlisted in the Army, gradu- d in 1959 from Officer Candidate ool at Fort Benning, Ga.

In Viet Nam last summer, Donlon s commanding a detachment as- ned to defend Camp Nam Dong, 0 miles north of Saigon. At 2:25 n. on July 6, a Viet Cong battalion nched a full-scale surprise attack. In e course of the five-hour battle, Don- n seemed to be everywhere, firing d hurling hand grenades under a hail enemy bullets and mortar shells. He ot down a three-man Viet Cong dem- tion team threatening the main gate the defense compound. He dragged gently needed ammunition across pen areas to gun positions. When he scovered a wounded gun crew, he ayed behind to cover their withdraw- al. Donlon himself was wounded four times, the first a stomach wound into which he stuffed a handkerchief to stem the flow of blood. Yet he refused aid for himself until after daylight, when all of his men had been tended to.



AP

CAPTAIN DONLON & THE PRESIDENT
From button-down hustle to heroism.

THE PRESIDENCY

On His Mind

Introducing Interior Secretary Stewart Udall to 108 U.S. Olympic medal winners at a White House luncheon, President Johnson described him as a onetime "star guard on the baseball team" at the University of Arizona. An aide later issued a correction, said the President had really meant football. Actually, Udall was a basketball guard, and a good one.

If the President seemed preoccupied, it was because he had weightier matters on his mind, as he demonstrated in a pair of major speeches last week.

At Georgetown University's 175th memorial convocation, Johnson dealt with the problems of NATO. "The Atlantic Alliance," he said, "is not in the midst of crisis, as some alarm-mongers would have you believe. But it is in the midst of change . . . To change patterns of thought or the shape of institutions is never very easy. Today's discussion and debate, the flow of ideas and proposals, is proof of coming change and a spur to continuing action.

"We have a common interest in the defense of the West. For 20 years the atomic might of the United States has been the decisive guard of freedom. Ours remains the largest strength, and ours a most awesome obligation. But we realize the reasonable interest and concerns of other allies—those who have nuclear weapons of their own and those who do not. We seek ways to bind the Alliance even more strongly together by sharing the tasks of defense through collective action and meeting the honorable concerns of all."

In his second speech, to the Business Council, the President warned commercial bankers against raising their lending rates as a result of the Federal Reserve Board's recent increase in the discount rate.

Many a banker around the U.S. found cause for consternation in the President's outlook. They had been convinced throughout the campaign that Lyndon Johnson was a man who harbored a real sympathy for men of business and motives of profit. But what Johnson said took almost instant effect as one of the banks he had most immediately in mind reversed a lending rate hike (*see* U.S. BUSINESS).

Last week the President also:

▶ Had two small, wartlike growths removed from his right hand with an electric needle by a pair of Washington dermatologists in his White House bedroom. Press Secretary George Reedy said later that the growths were merely thickenings of the skin caused by overexposure to the sun and that there was "no suspicion of malignancy."

▶ Dug up a shovel of earth at groundbreaking ceremonies for Washington's $46 million John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Construction will get under way next summer.

▶ Spoke by White House telephone for commissioning ceremonies at Newport News, Va., for the Nuclear Submarine *Sam Rayburn*.

A Texan's Texan

It is hardly a secret that President Johnson likes Texans—and has imported a fair number of them to [illegible] Washington. Yet the Texan [illegible]don probably likes best of them all is one he has left behind. He is A. W. (for Albert Wadel) Moursund, 45, who lives in a modest ranch house in the

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

hills of central Texas, works out of a small brick building off Johnson City's courthouse square, has a passion for anonymity, and insists to inquiring newsmen that "I don't give interviews. I just practice law, that's about all."

Moursund practices more than a little law: he is recognized as a highly respected authority on the law of real property in a state where such expertise counts heavily. He is also the principal trustee of all the Johnsons' land, cattle, municipal bonds, radio and television holdings. Elected Blanco County judge, a largely administrative post, in the mid-'50s, he quit politics after five years, but still is known as "the Judge" around Johnson City.

Through Prickly Pear. Moursund is an all-round man in the best Texas tradition. He controls a local bank. He can survey land, brand cattle, ride a horse through prickly pear cactus, steer his Lincoln Continental through cedar brush in pursuit of game, drop a deer with unerring aim, then gut and skin the animal. To the Judge ranching is more of a pleasure than a source of income. Explains an associate: "He gets a real kick out of manipulating cattle from one pasture to another." He also enjoys food in quantity. When he speaks of a "couple of hamburgers" for lunch, it turns out to be thick chunks of roast round steak, rolls, iced tea, jalapeños, peas, fried potatoes, fruit cake, and cottage cheese salad.

Johnson's admiration of Moursund knows no bounds. Shortly after he became President, he boasted to newsmen that Moursund, who stands 6 ft. 3 in., and weighs 230 lbs. with no fat, could "whup Sonny Liston tonight, right now." According to Lyndon, Moursund keeps a six-shooter in the glove compartment of his Lincoln and is fast on the draw. A few months after Jack Kennedy's death, Johnson declared: "If anybody tried to do anything to me, the Judge would get him before anybody." Moursund also keeps a .30-caliber rifle with a nickel-plated barrel clipped under the front seat of his car. Explains he: "When you have to shoot a rattlesnake, pistols aren't worth a damn."

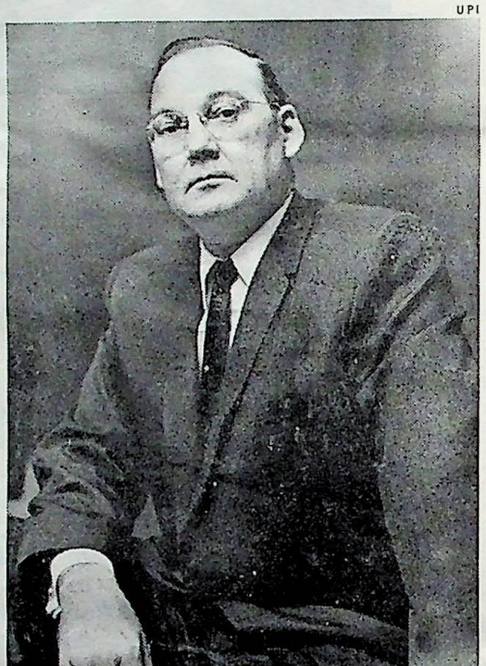
The Judge is also at home on water. Once Lyndon developed a craving for a cruise up the narrow, treacherous Llano River on a winter night so pitch-dark that Moursund stepped right off the end of the pier into hip-deep water. Yet A. W. took the wheel of the cruiser, while Lyndon unconcernedly ate shrimp in the cabin below. Said Johnson: "He'll get us there. I wouldn't trust anybody else."

An Extra Million. Moursund's business acumen is held in awe, particularly by those who recall such feats as his 1958 sale of 631,000 acres on three ranches owned by the West-Pyle Cattle Co. for almost $3,000,000—a cool $1,000,000 more than the owners had expected. He did it by rounding up the biggest cattle buyers in the Southwest, carefully sorting the cattle by breed, size and quality, insisting on sealed bids for each pen.

Moursund comes naturally by such talents. His father, A. W. Moursund Jr., had developed ranch holdings in Blanco County, founded Johnson City State Bank (it survived the Depression but closed in the late '30s), and married Mary Frances Stribling. The Striblings, largely through Mary's mother, Lurania, who had a knack for acquiring land and stocking it profitably with cattle, sheep and goats, owned some 100,000 acres near the Pedernales River. Lurania was once asked how much land she thought was "enough." "Just what's mine," she said, "and that which joins mine."

The Judge worked as a boy on his grandmother's ranch, earned a law degree from the University of Texas and learned practical law from his uncle, Anton N. Moursund, who at 88 is still a respected circuit judge in San Antonio. After 42 months' duty as an Air Force staff sergeant in World War II, A. W. set up practice in Johnson City. He also gradually expanded his inherited lands into a millionaire's fortune of his own.

UPI



A. W. MOURSUND
A little more than law.

"More Little Places." It was a land deal that brought Johnson and Moursund, who had been neighbors and friends for years, closer together. In the early '50s Johnson sought the lawyer's help in putting the LBJ Ranch together from land held by Lyndon's grandfather, Samuel Ealy Johnson. Moursund handled the legal work efficiently, also proved a sharp adviser on new grasses, breeding and pasture planning. As Lyndon rose in Washington politics, he came to rely more and more on A. W. to tend to business matters at home.

Two ranches, now part of the Johnson trust, are jointly owned by Johnson and Moursund. Acquired in 1961 and 1962, they are the 2,186-acre [illegible] Springs Ranch along the Pedernales in Blanco County and the 4,500-acre [illegible] wood Ranch in the lake region of [illegible] by Llano County. They consist [illegible] of pastureland on which cattle, [illegible] and Angora goats thrive. Moursund explains his interest in such land acquisition with typical understatement: [illegible] he: "The more little places you have the better off you are."

Nowadays, when Lyndon is at the LBJ Ranch or even taking one of his patented auto tours of his property, Moursund can reach him by radio-telephone either from the Moursund home, his car, or from the Moursund office. And when Lyndon is in Washington, Moursund has to do is pick up a white telephone on a counter in his [illegible]. A small blue White House symbol on its face indicates that it is a special direct line to the President.

INVESTIGATIONS

Parties & Payments

Anyone who has followed the [illegible] by Baker case even vaguely knows charges of a political payoff to finance the 1960 presidential campaign and of reports that Baker used share party girls to help smooth the way for his shady deals. Last week the fact that there was indeed a lot of loose cash floating around—$35,000, to be exact —was confirmed beyond a doubt. For whatever purpose it may have been used. And the Senate Rules Committee, reopening its hearings into the Baker affair, also began pinning down some of that party-girl talk.

To Stump the Snoopers. Star witness was Insurance Man Don Reynolds, [illegible] an old business buddy of Baker's. He testified that in 1959 Baker arranged an insurance kickback from Philadelphia Contractor Matthew McCloskey. 71, former Democratic National Committee treasurer and Ambassador to Ireland under John F. Kennedy, [illegible] was then angling for the contract to build Washington's $20 million municipal stadium. McCloskey, said Reynolds, made the payoff by handing [illegible] $35,000 more than he had to on the premium on a performance bond for stadium construction.

"I," said Reynolds, "was the bagman in this thing from beginning to end. A bagman is the man pushed around, having been the medium . . . Of course, low man on the totem pole." Of the $35,000, Reynolds said, he kept $15,000 for himself, and "Bobby told me that $15,000 was to go for the primary dential campaign and the other $10,000 was to go for political purposes as [illegible] and Mr. McCloskey saw fit—mostly Bobby." Reynolds said that Baker further told him to "stick the money in a bank you don't ordinarily use, so that people snooping around will have a hell of a time locating it."

Despite the fact that Reynolds' own testimony is a pretty shaky [illegible]

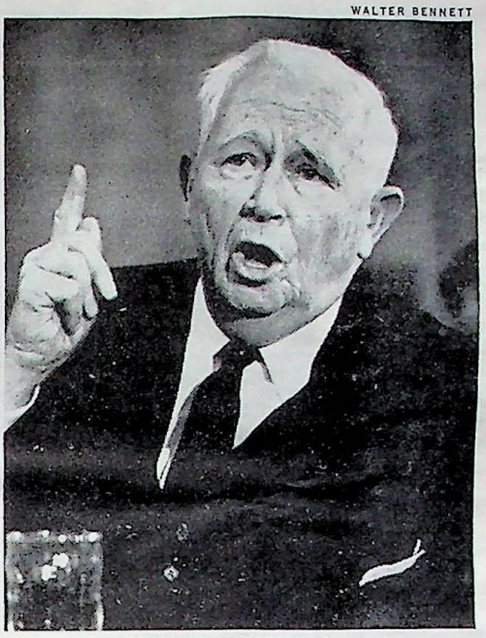
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

AP

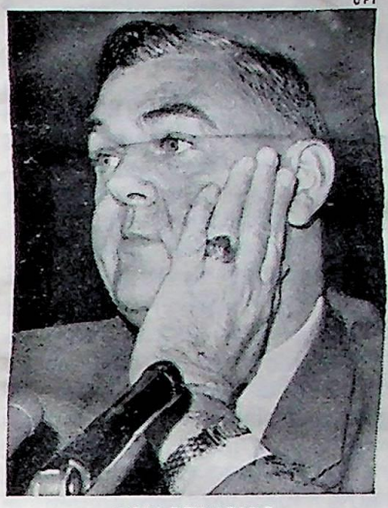
BOBBY BAKER

WALTER BENNETT



MATT McCLOSKEY

UPI



DON REYNOLDS

A bagman, or $35,000 gone astray?

acter, he produced some impressive documents to support his story: 1) an invoice in the amount of $109,000 sent to McCloskey by Reynolds, 2) a check for $109,000 sent to Reynolds by the McCloskey company, and 3) a bill for only $64,000, the performance-bond premium minus Reynolds' regular $10,000 commission, sent to Reynolds by the insurance company for which he was agent.

Somebody Goofed. McCloskey, who testified later, agreed that the $35,000 had gone somewhere, and that Reynolds had indeed been overpaid. But, he said, it was only because "somebody in our organization goofed." Company officials, he insisted, believed that Reynolds' bill was for both a performance bond and general liability insurance, erroneously sent him a check large enough to cover both. "We make goofs like that every once in a while," he said. As for the $35,000, said McCloskey, "we have plans to recoup it. That's for sure."

That left it all pretty much a case of Reynolds' word against McCloskey's. And as far as Bobby Baker was concerned, that was how it would stay. Appearing under subpoena before the committee last week, Baker invoked not only the Fifth Amendment, but the First, Fourth and Sixth, refusing to answer more than 40 Rules Committee questions.

But Delaware's G.O.P. Senator John Williams, who first blew the whistle on Baker and who was sitting in on the hearings although not a member of the committee, was unwilling to let it go at that. His reluctance set off a shouting match. Williams said he had offered Committee Counsel Lennox McLendon, a back-home crony of Committee Chairman Everett Jordan's, Democrat of North Carolina, a "rather complete file" on various McCloskey contracts. McLendon, he said, had brushed the offer aside, saying he wasn't interested. Roared McLendon: "Senator, you're absolutely and unalterably untrue in your statement . . . You ought to at least tell the truth." Later Williams, still burning, cried to the committee: "I've had my integrity challenged twice this week. No man gets a third chance to call me a liar." With that he stalked from the room. By so doing he missed the spiciest testimony of the week.

Good as His Word. Next day came the bit about the broads. Committee Investigator Samuel Scott told of a riproaring time Baker and a Puerto Rican business crony named Paul Aguirre had in New Orleans with a pair of lovelies last year. Baker and Aguirre, said Scott, went to the city to look over a housing development that offered investment possibilities, took with them Baker's secretary, Carole Tyler, and German-born Vamp Ellen Rometsch, who has since been deported. They wound up, said Scott, spending "several days partying."

Scott said that he had talked with Aguirre about the fling. But Aguirre had vowed that if called to testify, "I'll deny it, even if the committee has photographs . . . My wife is expecting a denial and she'll get it. I'll take the First through the 28th.*" Before the committee last week Aguirre was as good as his word, refused to answer 66 questions put to him.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Hope for Hucklebuck

Charles ("Hucklebuck") Logan, a 17-year-old Baltimore Negro, dropped out of school last year because he had flunked the same class twice. His parents are separated. He lives in roach-infested rooms with his grandmother, makes a little walking-around money by washing cars at $1 apiece. His social life is pretty rugged: at a party last year one of his friends was shot dead at Hucklebuck's feet; shortly after that Hucklebuck himself was knifed at another party. He is on probation for receiving stolen goods.

One day last week Hucklebuck Logan arose at 5 a.m., bussed to Baltimore's grimy city hall. When the offices opened at 8:30 he signed up as the U.S.'s first volunteer for Poverty Czar Sargent Shriver's brand-new Job Corps. Behind Hucklebuck, to the delight of Job Corps officials who had feared that the corps' first recruiting campaign would draw an embarrassingly puny turnout, came well over 400 more kids from Baltimore. Almost all were school dropouts, few had steady jobs, and about one-third had had trouble with the police.

Idea & Idealism. There was no guarantee that Hucklebuck or any of the other volunteers would actually be accepted; the Job Corps says it will not, for example, sign up serious criminal offenders or narcotics addicts. Endowed with $150 million of the $784,200,000 first-year appropriation for President Johnson's war on poverty, the corps is essentially geared for boys and girls aged 16 to 21 who have not finished high school, have no decent job, and whose academic skills are hopelessly stuck at fourth- to seventh-grade levels. Shriver hopes to get 40,000 such youngsters enlisted this year, another 100,000 next year.

The idea—and the idealism—behind the Job Corps stems from the old CCC camps of the '30s. The kids will sign on for one- or two-year stints, move into rural "camps" (to be built in U.S.-owned parks or forests) or urban "centers" (mostly abandoned military barracks near cities). Forty-one sites in 21 states have been picked, about 130 are projected for completion by next June. Governors can veto Job Corps installations in their states if they wish, but so far none have. Still, Shriver has had his problems with local folks. In Yorktown, Va., last September, residents set up a howl about plans for a

* Aguirre was talking about constitutional amendments, even though there are only 24.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

corps camp near by because they feared an influx of "Negro hoodlums from Harlem." Shriver postponed plans for the Yorktown camp.

"No More Trouble." Once enrolled, Job Corpsmen will be paid $50 a month, to be banked until they leave the corps, plus $30 a month pocket money, along with room, board, clothing and medical care. They will attend classes in subjects ranging from bulldozer driving to personal grooming—all aimed at making them potentially useful citizens. Says Shriver: "The head of one of the biggest oil companies in the U.S. told me that in the state of New Jersey alone they could employ 8,000 gasoline station attendants tomorrow morning if they could get them. And in Chicago, the Yellow Cab Co. had a 60% turnover per annum in cab drivers. Now there are thousands, literally thousands of those jobs now open if people would take them and keep them. Those are the kinds of jobs that we are going to begin to try to prepare these boys and girls for."

For people like Hucklebuck Logan, the Job Corps thus offers at least a hope for the future and an escape from the present. When he was asked why he wanted to join, Hucklebuck said: "I just don't want no more trouble."

ELECTIONS

What's in a Name?

Because the Illinois house of representatives failed to work out an acceptable reapportionment before the deadline set by the state constitution, all 177 house seats were up for grabs on an at-large basis in the Nov. 3 election. But in a peculiar arrangement, Illinois Democrats and Republicans agreed beforehand that neither party would field more than 118 candidates—a two-thirds majority—for the new house.

The huge paper ballot discouraged ticket splitting, and last week vote canvassers, finally finishing the count, announced that all 118 Democratic candidates had won in their party's landslide. Leading the Democratic ticket with 2,361,623 votes was Adlai Stevenson III, 34, Chicago lawyer and son of U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson. Biggest vote getter, with 2,191,065, among the 59 elected Republicans: Earl Eisenhower, 66, one of Ike's brothers and a retired La Grange Park newspaper executive.

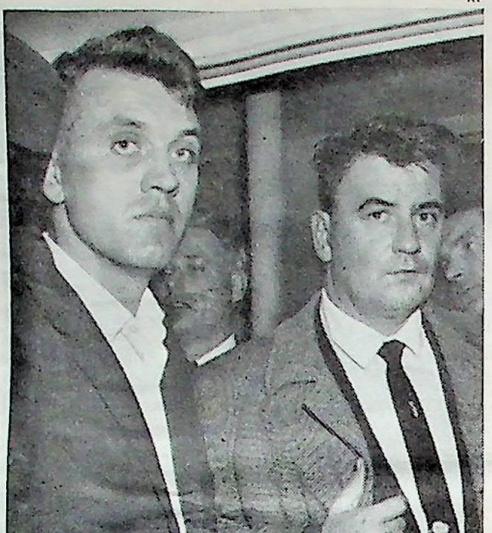
ESPIONAGE

"Include the Women"

Spies, like hats, come in different sizes and shapes. Two current cases concerning Soviet spies illustrate the two main models now in fashion: sneak-thief traitor and suave professional.

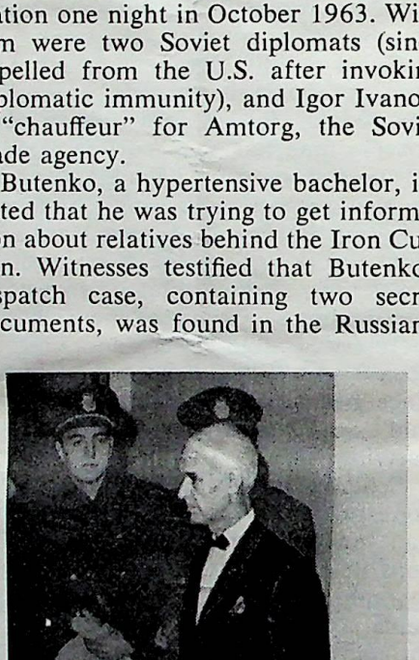
Dispatch Case. The traitor is John W. Butenko, 39, American-born son of Russian immigrants, honors graduate in engineering, trusted employee in New Jersey of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corp., and holder of top security clearance as a key electronics technician dealing with counter-strike operations of the Strategic Air Command. Trailed for six months by FBI agents, Butenko was picked up in his automobile at a deserted railroad station one night in October 1963. With him were two Soviet diplomats (since expelled from the U.S. after invoking diplomatic immunity), and Igor Ivanov, a "chauffeur" for Amtorg, the Soviet trade agency.

AP



SPIES IVANOV & BUTENKO
The sneak-thief amateur.

Butenko, a hypertensive bachelor, insisted that he was trying to get information about relatives behind the Iron Curtain. Witnesses testified that Butenko's dispatch case, containing two secret documents, was found in the Russians' car near by, along with a copying machine, a radio and a cigarette case, concealing a camera, and an electronic signaling device. In Newark last week, a Federal Court jury found Butenko and Ivanov guilty of conspiracy to commit espionage, and Butenko alone of failing to register as an agent for a foreign government. Sentence has not yet been passed, but both men could get the death penalty.



SPY WENNERSTRÖM
The suave professional.

Piece of Cake. The professional is Colonel Stig Erik Constans Wennerström, 58, tall, handsome, debonair Swedish diplomat, air attaché for the embassy in Washington from 1952 to 1957. He was arrested by Swedish agents in Stockholm last year, and admitted that he had been a Soviet spy since 1948. In testimony provided by the Swedes to the U.S. Government and released last week, Wennerström casually disclosed that spying in the U.S. was a piece of cake. He perfected the art of name-dropping in the presence of impressionable people, and cultivated military and diplomatic officers and their wives at country clubs and cocktail parties.

"If it is desired to have closer contacts in the U.S.," he explained, "it is necessary, in most cases, to include the women." The wives, he said, "like to speak to me and my wife. This, in turn, impressed their husbands' assistants whom I had not met yet. When I had made their acquaintance, I concentrated on those who had contact with their highest chiefs."

Wennerström's chief function was to supply Moscow with information on technological advances in a variety of fields. He traveled freely to industrial plants to inspect production and facilities and, because he represented a neutral nation and frequently had been introduced "from the top by the highest chief," was almost never asked for verification of his security clearance. He passed most of his information on to his contact by means of microfilm which he transferred with a hearty handshake wherever the two had agreed to meet. He and his Soviet contact even practiced the handshake ("He had very large hands, which greatly facilitated the procedure"), often met at parties or at clandestine rendezvous. Once he delivered microfilm by handshake at the Pentagon itself.

Out of Pocket. Another method for transfer was used when Wennerström attended diplomatic receptions at the Soviet embassy: "One arrives wearing an overcoat. The coat is hung on a numbered hanger far in the rear. Remembering the number, you enter the reception room, acting normally. When you meet your contact, you must greet him as usual and occasion to tell him the number. You separate, and the contact goes to the coat hangers and gets the material in the pockets." Wennerström liked to use hangers No. 24 and 25.

He is now serving a life sentence in a Swedish prison.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

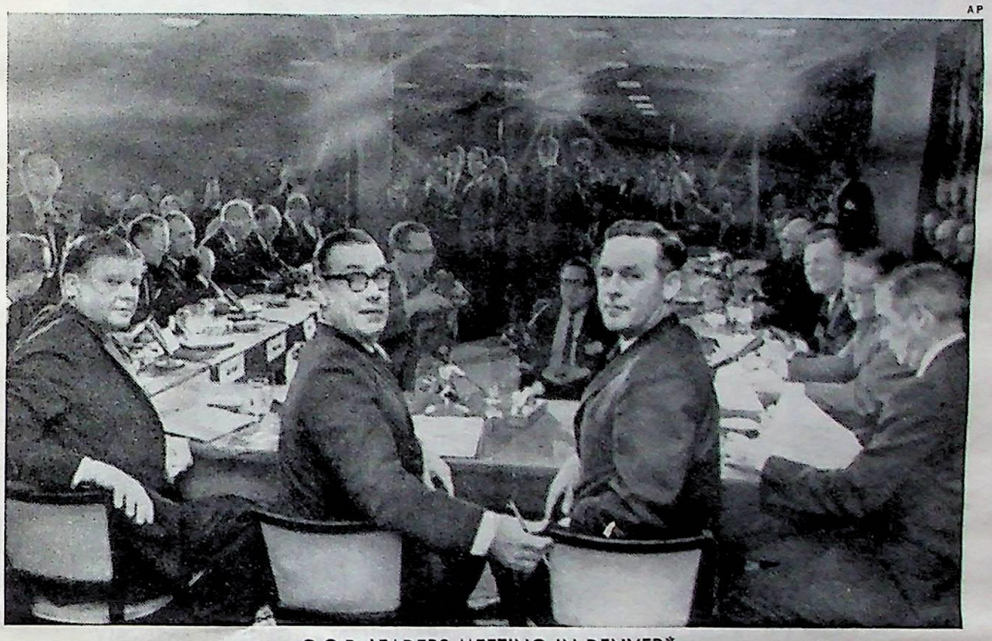
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

REPUBLICANS

Toward a Broad View

Toward a broad view of Republicanism and practices a policy of inclusion rather than exclusion." They said the party should "vigorously oppose all forms of narrow political radicalism, whether right or left." Some Governors felt this skirted the dump-Burch issue. But three of the most influential men there—Pennsylvania's Scranton, New York's Rockefeller and Michigan's Romney—insisted that the resolution was really a clear-cut demand for Dean Burch's scalp, although nothing can be done officially until the National Committee meets on Jan. 2.

Beyond that, the Governors' final report produced a redefinition of some moderate G.O.P. principles that had been noticeably missing from Goldwater's convention platform. They heartily endorsed the 1964 civil rights bill and said flatly that government must be "necessarily active in many areas of human need" such as "old-age security, hospital and medical care, decent living standards, public education, mental health and the needs of youth."



AP

G.O.P. LEADERS MEETING IN DENVER*

The division would be too dramatic.

OPINION

The Real Poop

In a twelve-page editorial, titled "If You Want It Straight," in his own *American Opinion* magazine, the John Birch Society's founder and presiding genius, Robert Welch, last week managed to blame everyone but himself and his organization for Barry Goldwater's overwhelming electoral defeat.

In Welch's view, the 42-million-plus who cast ballots for Lyndon Johnson "actually voted, of course, for repeal of the Declaration of Independence," for "scrapping the U.S. Constitution entirely as an absurd and useless antique," for "completely disarming the U.S., for doing away with our Army, Navy and Air Force," for continuing programs that will "wipe out the value of all their savings, their life insurance policies, their bonds and mortgages, and will redistribute wealth from the industrious and frugal into the hands of the shiftless," and for "more riots to be instigated by racial agitators, for more racial bitterness, and for greater use of all these fomented troubles to forward Communist purposes."

How could so many people possibly have been so deluded? "*Nobody* on the Republican side told them otherwise," said Welch. "There were very few campaigners, even among the Conservatives, who took the trouble and had the courage to tell the people even a fraction of the truth."

Welch was willing to credit Goldwater with "plenty of lion-like courage," and to observe that "much of the criticism of the Senator overlooks or the critics fail to understand, the incredible array of hidden forces that were organized against him." Goldwater's disaster came, in part, because of his "committee-like" campaign operation, "which may even have included some enemies posing as friends," said Welch, and because he ran "an old-fashioned political campaign which was as unrealistic in our present circumstances as using horse-drawn watercarts to put out a forest fire." If Goldwater had campaigned along lines adhering more closely to the John Birch Society's tenets, said Welch, he might have lost anyhow, but at least he would have contributed a little something to the "continuous, massive educational program that simply has to be carried out as the only chance of saving our own country from the great danger of Communist enslavement."

* From left foreground: Kentucky's Senator Morton, Idaho's Governor Robert Smylie, Colorado's Governor John Love, Governors at right, from foreground: Pennsylvania's Scranton, Michigan's Romney, New York's Rockefeller.

"We are a defeated party with a defeated leadership," cried Idaho's Republican Governor Robert Smylie. "In that state of affairs no one should try to shackle the future with a harness that has already proved unworkable."

This was Smylie's way of demanding the ouster of Goldwater Aide Dean Burch as chairman of the Republican National Committee. In his sentiments, Smylie has plenty of Republican company. Thus Illinois' defeated gubernatorial candidate, Charles Percy, in a speech prepared for the National Association of Manufacturers' Public Relations Conference in Manhattan (Percy did not actually deliver it because N.A.M. officials protested that partisan political speeches were taboo at that session), said: "I think it is clear, first of all, that we must have a change in command at the national level." And Manhattan's Representative John Lindsay, one of the more impressive Republican winners this year, last week said scathingly: "The people who engineered the campaigns of Goldwater and whatsisname still don't believe or understand they didn't do the best thing."

"Enough Negativism." Smylie's own statement came in a speech last week opening a Denver meeting of the Republican Governors' Association. Of the Governors and Governors-elect who attended, virtually all had opposed Goldwater's nomination, and virtually all would like to see Dean Burch resign. As the Governors convened, there were reports that they would adopt a formal anti-Burch resolution.

Many Governors feared that such a resolution would only serve to dramatize the divisions within the G.O.P. "There's already enough negativism in the party," said Oregon's Mark Hatfield. "I don't think it's a problem of hate," said Massachusetts' Governor-elect John Volpe. Washington's promising young Governor-elect Daniel Evans warned against Republicans who "insist on tagging labels such as 'liberal,' 'moderate,' 'conservative,' and 'kook' on each party member," and who want to "purge" those within the party who disagree."

Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton, a former National Committee chairman and now Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee chairman, was on hand to give the Governors an analysis of the election. He came out flatly against any move to oust Burch. "In my opinion," said he, "this is no time for bloodletting. Our blood is too thin, and there is too little of it. I am not a member of the Republican National Committee, but many of my best friends are, and I will use what influence I have to keep Dean Burch in as national chairman."

Missing Principles. When they finally came to the point of drafting a statement, the Governors decided not to demand Burch's resignation outright. Instead, they recommended that the G.O.P. "adopt leadership which clearly represents a broad view of Republican-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

UNITED NATIONS

In Limbo

For a while it had looked as if the 19th General Assembly might meet only to break up. When it finally got under way—two months late so as to dodge the U.S. elections and an additional 35 minutes late because a tortured truce was being patched together—it was at least functioning. But just barely.

Secretary-General U Thant announced the truce terms: "Issues other than those that can be disposed of without objection will not be raised." In short, the Assembly agreed for the present not to handle anything of importance and to avoid taking any votes, while the U.S. postponed a formal demand to deprive Russia of its Assembly vote (under Article 19 of the Charter) for nonpayment of dues on the U. N. peacekeeping operations in the Congo and Suez. While the Assembly is in its limbo of talking without voting, the U.S. and Russia are having another go at working out a compromise.

Rescue Fund. Over lunch, Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Russian Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko agreed to let a U.N. committee suggest how future peacekeeping missions should be authorized and financed—presumably through the Security Council, where both nations have the veto. Although it was precisely to avoid the veto's paralysis that the West first moved some peacekeeping decisions to the Assembly, Western influence in the U.N. is gradually fading with the growth of the Afro-Asian bloc—which now comprises 60 of the organization's 115 member nations. Under the circumstances, some Washington officials are convinced that the day is not far off when the U.S. might want to be in a position to use its Security Council veto.

Russia accepted, in principle, the oft-proposed idea of a voluntary U.N. "rescue fund," to which it could contribute without directly supporting the operations it objects to. But the U.S. still insists that the Russians cannot have a voice in the Assembly before they make at least a token payment.

Positive Neutrality. Meanwhile, the Assembly conducted business by acclamation in order to avoid voting. It admitted three new nations—Malta, Malawi and Zambia—and elected its first black African president. Ghana's Ambassador Alex Quaison-Sackey, 40, festively garbed in orange and yellow tribal robes, took the chair alongside U Thant and Indian Under Secretary C. V. Narasimhan, symbolizing the U.N.'s ever-increasing Afro-Asian cast.

BOB HENRIQUES

AFRO-ASIA'S U THANT, QUAISON-SACKEY & NARASIMHAN AT GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The mediator took to bed.

Like his boss, Kwame Nkrumah, the "Redeemer" of Ghana, Quaison-Sackey espouses "positive neutrality," but he has a far less abrasive personality, and has spoken out against "Communist colonialism" as well as the Western variety. He winces at the abusive anti-Western jargon tossed around by hard-core African leftists, is affable and accessible (he once served as chairman and honorary drummer of an international jazz festival in Central Park).

Quaison-Sackey went through Ghana's Achimota College, then was sent on to study political science and economics at Oxford. There, he recalls, he learned what it was to be an African: "Imagine yourself, if you please, walking in the streets of Oxford after an absorbing tutorial and being confronted by an English lady who asks you, 'Which of our possessions do you come from?' I clearly remember that I did not answer that question, but it continued to haunt me." He must have felt less haunted as he presided over the General Assembly, thanking his fellow delegates for his election as "an honor which goes far beyond my humble person, for it is a tribute to Africa."

While Alex Quaison-Sackey spoke, U Thant had his troubles. The major powers appointed him informal mediator, hoping that his patience could somehow resolve the payment issue. But at week's end, the mediator was taken to a New York hospital suffering from a suspected peptic ulcer.

EUROPE

The Razor's Edge

It is doubtful that Charles de Gaulle would cut off that magnificent nose to spite his face, but last week the razor was stropped and poised. After two days of debate, the French National Assembly rubber-stamped its approval of De Gaulle's military program for the next six years, including the somewhat farcical *force de frappe*. By a vote of 278 to 178, the Assembly gave De Gaulle a green light to pursue his intransigent course. He will have an opportunity to try the razor's edge next week, when the NATO foreign ministers assemble in Paris to debate the future shape of the alliance.

"We cannot content ourselves with a role within the alliance of auxiliaries in a Roman legion," said one Gaullist Deputy, advancing the reasonable enough argument that a truly independent Europe cannot permanently depend on the U.S. nuclear deterrent for its defense. There are only two things wrong with this reasoning: 1) De Gaulle expects the rest of Europe, including Germany, to be dependent on France in precisely the way he refuses to be dependent on the U.S.; 2) the French deterrent as outlined last week is not worth much now and will not be for a long time.

Fading Mirages. For a price tag of $30 billion, or roughly 5% of the French gross national product over the next six years, Frenchmen will be buying a beefed-up conventional force and a total of 62 needle-nosed Mirage IV bombers to tote the Gaullist *bombe*. At a relatively slow 1,200 m.p.h. over a range of 1,000 miles. When the Mirages fade into obsolescence around 1968-70, they will be supplanted by SSBS missiles (the sibilant stands for *sol-balistique-stratégique*, or ground-to-ground-ballistic-strategic), to be lodged in hard-base silos in France. With a range of 1,800 miles, the two-stage SSBS missile will pack a warhead in the megaton range, making it roughly the equivalent of the already operational Polaris missile, smallest of the U.S. strategic rockets.

As an alternative to all this, the U.S. continued its almost fanatical backing —with West Germany giving more re-

CC-0. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection. Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

trained support—of the proposed multilateral force of 25 surface ships armed with Polaris missiles and manned by mixed crews from NATO nations. Where the French nuclear force currently swings a total punch of three megatons, the MLF would carry 200. Though the U.S. would retain ultimate control of the MLF's nuclear trigger, participating nations would have more say on it than under the French scheme. The French last week reiterated one of their many objections to MLF: it would lure the Germans toward being a nuclear power. But how in the long run can Germany be kept from wanting the same nuclear status De Gaulle wants for France? The French have no answer.

Qualified Endorsement. The British think they have a partial answer. Prime Minister Harold Wilson proposes to broaden the scope of MLF to include land-based missiles, three of five British Polaris subs, and various aircraft. This sprawling scheme would greatly dilute the German contribution.

Meeting in Paris, the Western European Union (composed of legislators from the six Common Market nations plus Britain) approved the Wilson plan by a vote of 37 to 9, with 15 abstentions. This qualified endorsement will give Wilson a somewhat stronger hand to play in his talks this week with President Johnson. But having just helped pull the British out of their financial crisis, Washington is not rushing to buy the Wilson plan—or to force the Germans to buy it. Speaking at Georgetown University last week, Johnson allowed how "we shall never insist on unanimity" within the alliance, meaning that the U.S. and West Germany would probably go ahead with MLF even if Britain and France stay out.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Crisis Continues

Having barely survived a massive hemorrhage, the patient was still dangerously ill. But Prime Minister Harold Wilson left the bedside of the British economy to fly to Washington for his meeting with President Johnson. In the first week after emergency treatment was applied, through $3 billion in standby financing from eleven nations to halt a panicky run on the pound, Britain's currency rallied on New York exchanges to a high of $2.7929. But that was still below its par strength of $2.80, and for the basic cause of the sickness in Britain's longtime negative trade balance—no cure was in sight.

In London, the Treasury announced that during November reserves dropped another $109.2 million, shrinking Britain's international bank balance to $2,343,600,000, lowest in seven years. There were whispers that even these figures hid the true dimensions of the action. Last week Britain drew another $1 billion in financing, this time from the International Monetary Fund, to pay off short-term loans that had been contracted earlier to support the pound.

London's financial community (*see* WORLD BUSINESS) was willing to concede that Wilson had inherited many of his troubles from the Tories. But there was also near-unanimous agreement that he had disastrously mishandled the situation.

Shared Skepticism. From its closest neighbors, the patient continued to get little sympathy. At its annual meeting the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, a club of 20 Western industrial nations and Japan, listened to Labor's Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan defend Britain's recovery measures as "adequate for the time being." Callaghan was loyally supported by U.S. Under Secretary of State George Ball, but most European countries bitterly attacked Britain's 15% surcharge on most imports.

Strongest blast came from Belgian Minister for External Trade Maurice Brasseur, who declared: "We are not convinced that the British have attacked the real problem, which is the imbalance of their foreign trade. Others share our skepticism." What Britain's trading partners want, among other things, is more deflation to curb domestic spending. They feel that, in effect, the British have been living high on other people's money—the world's sterling deposits with Britain. As one economist put it, the British must "tighten their own belts instead of somebody else's"—even if it means "a little unemployment."

Question of Confidence. International confidence is not helped by some of the figures around Wilson, notably "the Three Cs"—Minister of Technology Frank Cousins, Minister of Housing Richard Crossman and Minister of Overseas Development Barbara Castle—all far left-wingers. Nor is confidence helped by Labor's disturbing tendency to mix its uncertain economic measures and its contradictory morals. Wilson's government, for example, halted sales of arms and aircraft to South Africa, worth millions in hard cash, to protest against *apartheid*—a policy also invoked by the U.S., which perhaps can better afford it. But Labor has not curbed exports to Australia, whose restrictive immigration laws are based on color, to say nothing of trade with the inhuman rulers of Communist China.

Oddly enough, though Wilson had just nearly wrecked the British economy, in the eyes of many Britons he emerged as something of a hero. Few realized that it was not Wilson but Lord Cromer, Governor of the Bank of England, who had really saved the situation by speedily arranging for the standby funds. A Daily Mirror cartoon depicted one widespread, nonsensical view of the matter: it showed Wilson having bravely knocked out international "speculators." As for his insistence on social welfare programs de-

LONDON SUN

PRIME MINISTER WILSON SHAVING WHILE READING
The physician left the bedside.

spite international economic opinion that Britain cannot afford them—a lot of Britons were telling themselves smugly that Harold was just ruffling the feathers of a bunch of foreigners.

Stiffer Measures. Wilson did persuade his party to accept a six-month postponement of Labor's promised hike of old-age pensions. But if Labor fails to achieve increased productivity and more-competitive exports soon, he will probably have to decree stiffer measures, such as higher sales taxes. Already, consumers were beginning to feel the effects of the government's hike in Britain's basic interest rate. Announced last week was a ½% increase in interest on new-car loans.

The ultimate disaster would be devaluation of the pound, which might mean the end of the pound as the world's second reserve currency—not to mention the end of the Labor government—and would produce international monetary chaos including grave damage to the dollar. Economists at present don't think it will happen—but it may, unless Britain faces reality.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Buddha on the Barricades

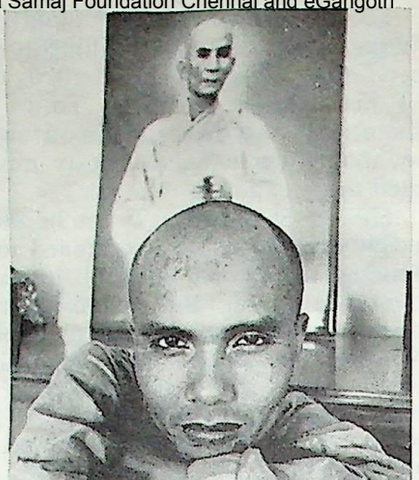
(See Cover)

As in the ocean's midmost depth no wave is born,
But all is still, so let the monk be still, be
Motionless, and nowhere should he swell.

—The Sayings of Buddha

At an hour when a man can first discern the shadows of the veins on the back of his hand, the monks arise. The great temple drum, hanging from its roughhewn log rack, summons the faithful to alms. Twisting a single saffron shift round their bodies, the monks move out into the quiet streets in single file, eyes to the ground, fingers clasped beneath their silver begging bowls. In Laos, the bonzes form a silent silhouette against the ornate temple roofs of the royal capital of Luangprabang. In Burma, they enter Rangoon framed against the great Shwe Dagon pagoda, its massive gilded spire shimmering in the early dawn. Though the robes may be grey in Formosa or black in Japan, in much of Asia the day begins with this same silent march of the mendicants. Passing laymen place gifts of food in the bowls, humbly thanking the monks for thus permitting the givers to acquire merit.

So has it been for most of the 2,508 years since Buddha, the Enlightened, took leave of his disciples. Yet throughout Asia today, in one of the little-remarked but momentous sea changes of modern times, the sandaled monks with shaved heads have abandoned Buddha's command to be still and motionless and have plunged deep into politics. While most continue their usual duties of meditating, reading the scriptures, teaching and begging, more and more of them are busy issuing political manifestoes, organizing riots, and working for the downfall of governments. From the Indian Ocean to the Sea of Japan, from the Irrawaddy to Tonkin Bay, bonzes are causing political waves whose final effect even they themselves cannot foresee but which are vitally affecting the Western—and the Communist—role in the fate of Asia.



VIET NAM'S THICH TRI QUANG*
Instead of peace, power.

New Threat. In Ceylon, the tenuous, left-wing coalition government has for weeks been at the capricious mercy of the Buddhist clergy; last week the Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, lost a vote of confidence and dissolved Parliament, requiring new elections that are sure to be tumultuous. In Japan, Soka Gakkai, a new Buddhist sect claiming converts at the rate of [illegible] families a month, has launched [illegible] political party, which, says its chief, "naturally aims at ruling the nation." In Burma, an attempt to set up a Buddhist theocracy has led to chaos and [illegible] wing military dictatorship.

Above all, it is in South Viet Nam that political Buddhism is making its most vigorous, most open attempt to seize temporal power. Buddhism [illegible] may be as great a threat to the embattled country as the Viet Cong—if not greater. Saigon has just passed through a week of riots in which the [illegible] in the reverence for life tossed [illegible] grenades from the sanctuary of [illegible] dhist headquarters, teen-agers [illegible] edly raised in "the Middle Way" [illegible] up on policemen, and disciples of the gentle Buddha pushed old people and children as human shields ahead of demonstrators.

Though it asserts the insignificance and futility of the world, Buddhism has been powerfully active in the world before. It has known warriors and politicians, god-kings and bonzes who [illegible] pered the advice of the pagoda in the obedient ears of the palace. Its [illegible] is attested by the countless images of Buddha—smiling or somber, [illegible] vigorous, regally enthroned or [illegible] reclining. Yet nowhere, so far, has there been enshrined an image of Buddha at the barricades, of the Enlightened with a hand grenade.

Visual Aids. Buddhism's striking inner contradictions were on display last week in a great red, orange and gold tent pitched in the Deer Park of Sarnath, India, where Buddha preached his first sermon 500 years before Christ. There some 150 Buddhist leaders from 25 nations gathered for the Second World Fellowship of Buddhists, [illegible] in 1950 as a kind of informal, [illegible]

* With a portrait of the first monk to immolate himself in protest against the Diem government.

EASTFOTO

CHINESE MONKS AT CEREMONY IN PEKING
Instead of enlightenment, illusions.

Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

monk faith forum, this year's meet- often sounded more like a U.N. de- e. Russia's Venerable Lama Jambal ji Gomboeve—representing 500,000 et Buddhists living mostly in Asiatic —urged the conference to "con- provocations against the borders Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos." China and its satellites, which bru- suppressed Buddhism but found of tame monks to collaborate the regimes, decided to boycott the ng, charging that it was dominated e West. Living evidence of Red ression was the conference's guest nor, the Dalai Lama, who has in exile in India since Peking drove from his Tibetan throne in 1959. pointed indirection he only noted although material progress is bet- than a thousand years ago, men- suffering still exists or has gotten e." Indonesian Delegate Willyse hna Suriya was on hand to equate rno's socialism with the teachings Buddha and to denounce the Malay- as imperialist stooges. The Ma- n delegates listened with admir- thyanaic self-restraint.

s for the South Vietnamese delega- it came armed with a statement bing the three years since the last ship meeting as "a terrible ordeal cedented in the annals of our his- " It supported this with a barrage l paintings and photographs, plus ovie, *A Message from Viet Nam*, h was shown after a Sarnath Ro- Club tea. The visual aids all docu- d outrages suffered by the Bud- s in South Viet Nam, but somehow ged to avoid mentioning Commu- the Viet Cong, the U.S. or the Said the delegation: "The Unified mese Buddhist Congregation sol- declares before the world that it s all activities which are oppor- discriminating and political."

s than a week before that state- Buddhist Spokesman Thich Tam had flatly announced that the s Vietnamese government of Pre- Tran Van Huong "will have to go." e days after the statement, a Bud- communiqué called the Premier id, a traitor, a fat, stubborn man ut any policy." In Saigon, Huong d pluckily: "If the situation gets hand, we must again use force. simply want to control the govern- The Viet Cong are also trying to row this government. We can't al- the Buddhist leaders to do this for

the Buddhists succeed, it will be third South Viet Nam regime the dhists have been instrumental in ng in just over a year with their ar "avoidance" of politics.

OR to Bed. It was only 18 months that a 73-year-old Buddhist monk d Thich Quang Duc sat down in middle of a Saigon street and, ched in five gallons of gasoline, ly set himself afire with a cigarette r to dramatize Buddhist opposition the regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem. It was this calculated grisly act of propaganda—and Diem's harsh countermeasures—that eventually led the U.S. to withdraw support from Diem, permitting his overthrow and murder. At the time, the West had great sympathy for South Viet Nam's Buddhists. Now the atmosphere is different. There is no longer even the shadow of a religious issue. Around the charred object that is still exhibited and venerated as Quang Duc's heart has grown up a militant, devious, determined movement whose aim is power.

Any suggestions that they are trying to help the Communists are indignantly rejected by the Buddhist leaders. On the contrary, they insist that they represent "the people," while the government does not, hence that they are the only power in South Viet Nam that can truly oppose the Communists. Thich Tri Quang, who is emerging as South Viet Nam's top Buddhist leader—Americans remember him as the monk who took refuge in the U.S. embassy during the weeks preceding Diem's overthrow—sounds as anti-Communist as any American could wish. Says he: "Like all educated Buddhists, I don't like Communism because it is atheistic. I strongly believe that Communism can never win." In the next breath he adds: "But I fear it is coming to South Viet Nam because this government is unpopular and always seems to do the wrong thing." He even asserts that the government and the U.S. are favoring negotiations with the Communists—the very thing he himself has been accused of.

What Tri Quang wants, he says frankly, is any "government that agrees with our policy." But he offers no specifics. Spreading his thin fingers, he blandly asserts that "we never want anything, and to say that Buddhism wants this or that is wrong. We never sponsor anybody."

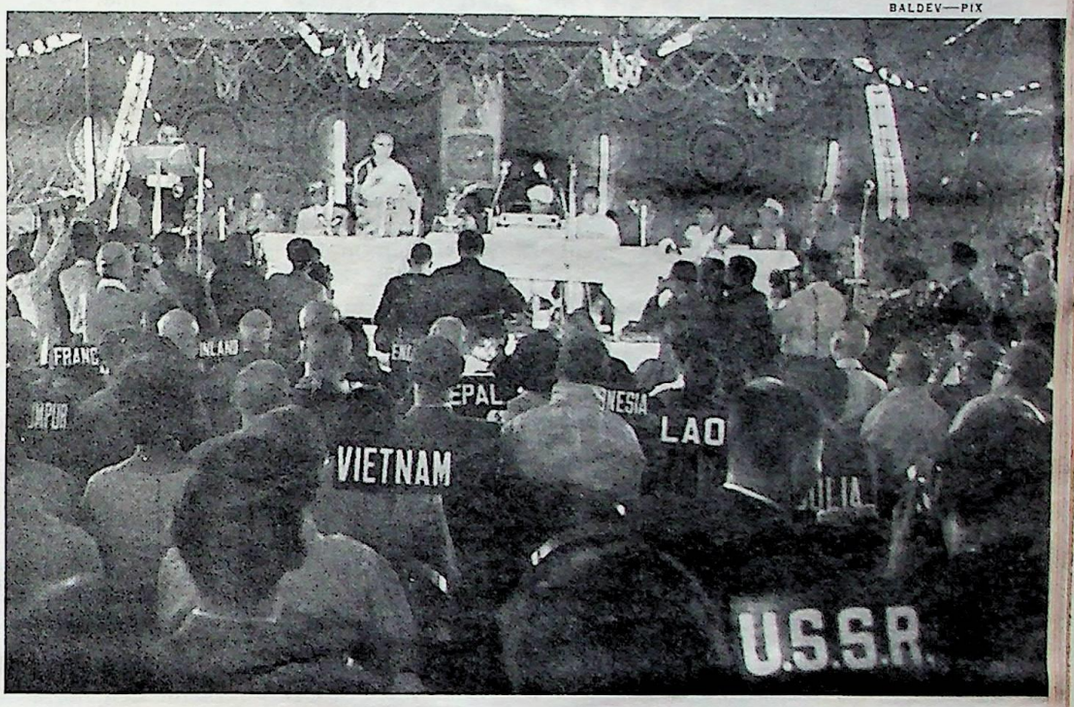
And with that, he goes off to bed till midnight, when he rises again for meditations on his mistakes of the day. Some exasperated Americans refer to Tri Quang as "the Makarios of Viet Nam."

Princely Ascetic. Are Tri Quang and the other Buddhist leaders naive or villainous, or both? Are they merely inconsistent in the grand Vietnamese fashion? Are they nationalists or Communist dupes? Whatever the answer, much of it lies embedded in the myriad traditions of a great faith—noble, puzzling to the West, durable yet widely decayed, and sharply challenged by the modern world.

The diffuse spiritual legacy of Buddha, having survived the march and countermarch of conquerors in Asia, today commands perhaps 300 million faithful—it is typically Buddhist that estimates range from 100 million to 500 million. Precisely what they are faithful to is as diverse as the cultures of Asia, for everywhere Buddhism has benignly bent and become a part of all that it has met. The ties that bind Buddhist monks and laymen are vague, for Buddhism has neither dogma nor pope, offers no hope of individual immortality, neither premises divine authority nor promises forgiveness of sin. Its diversity of practice embraces everything from the cool conundrums of Zen in Japan to Cambodian water rites and the exorcism of devils in Ceylon through a dance-to-exhaustion. Yet at the heart of it all is the escape from the burdens of existence as exemplified in the life of that princely ascetic and saintly agnostic Siddhartha Gautama.

The Heaven of Delight. The son of a Himalayan chieftain, the future Buddha, "The Enlightened," was raised as a Hindu and enjoyed such palace amusements, so legend has it, as the performance of 40,000 dancing girls. When Gautama came of age, 500 virgins were

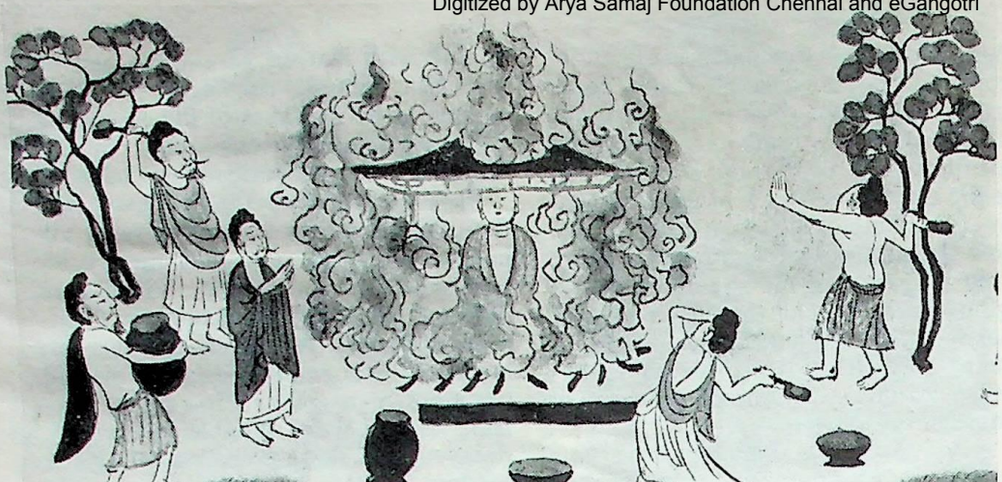
BALDEV—PIX



DALAI LAMA ADDRESSING BUDDHIST CONFERENCE AT SARNATH
Along the Eightfold Path, contradictions.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



VISION OF THE BURNING BUDDHA
Freudianism in reverse.

presented to him: he chose the most beautiful as his bride, and soon she presented him with a son. With every luxury and favor, the young Crown Prince Gautama had only to inherit his kingdom to live happily ever after. But Gautama, like the carpenter of Nazareth who was to appear 500 years later and whose life offers many parallels to the Buddha legend, was not what he seemed.

According to the rich Buddhist mythology, Buddha rested in the Heaven of Delight from his innumerable previous reincarnations, both as men and as animals such as rabbits and pigeons, in which he had perfected his character; presently he was approached by the deities of the 10,000 world-systems of the universe. "Now has the moment come, O Blessed One, for Thy Buddhahood," they advised him. Buddha assented, picked out his mother, and approaching her bed in the guise of a white elephant, smote her with his trunk and entered her womb.

She carried the fetus clearly outlined in her womb "like oil in a bowl." The infant emerged into life from her side as Queen Maya stood holding to a *sala* tree, and at his birth a great light appeared in the sky, the deaf heard and the dumb spoke, and kings came from afar to welcome him. At the age of 29, "having seen the wretchedness" of the human condition, Gautama cut his ties and set out to seek "the unborn and supreme peace of nirvana."

The Tempter. For six years of severe asceticism, Gautama fed on seeds, grass, even dung. He wore a hair shirt, lay on thorns, slept among rotting corpses. Finally it dawned on him that, far from escaping from his body by torturing it in yogi fashion, he was in fact giving it more than its due. Taking a seat beneath the Bodhi Tree (which still grows, protected as a shrine, in Buddh Gaya), he resolved not to move until he had attained Supreme Enlightenment and had found the key to liberate man from himself.

The demon of evil, Mara, came to tempt him with visions of all the riches and prestige of the world. But Gautama only sank deeper and deeper into meditation. Finally, in a great mystic rapture that lasted 49 days, Enlightenment was captured, Gautama became the Buddha, and Buddhism was born.

He spent the rest of his life, some 45 years, walking from town to town in India imparting his vision. One of Buddha's sermons dealt with a starving man who had long had a pet rabbit. The rabbit jumped into a fire in order to provide food for his master, and, as the flames flared up, was transformed into a vision of the Buddha—a vision the Vietnamese monks were to borrow for their own purposes. Accompanied by his favorite monks and nuns, Buddha was content to be fed by local admirers and once scandalized his band by eating in the home of a courtesan. His last incarnation completed, at 80 Buddha lay down in a *sala* grove to die, passing out of the endless cycle of life into the great nirvana.

The Five Rules. Buddha was the rare mystic able to chalk out clearly to others the signposts leading out of reality, in the form of easily remembered shorthand formulas. The essence of his ethic came down in "Four Noble Truths": 1) Existence is suffering; 2) suffering springs from desire or craving; 3) the cure for suffering is extinction of desire; 4) to achieve the desired absence of desire there is an Eightfold Path of conduct to follow: right views, right effort, right mindfulness, right intentions, right speech, right conduct, right livelihood and right concentration. As a definition of rightness, Buddha merely offered "Five Moral Rules" of conduct: 1) Let not one kill any living being; 2) let not one take what is not given to him; 3) let not one speak falsely; 4) let not one drink intoxicating drinks; 5) let not one be unchaste.

Basic Buddhism is thus less a religion than a body of ethics. Buddhism recognizes nothing even remotely resembling a personal god or even a supreme being; there are no supernatural powers that concern themselves with the individual, and in strict Buddhism one prays not to anyone in particular but merely as an exercise to purify the mind. In this sense, Buddhism is atheistic.

Buddha dismissed the ultimate philosophical questions, such as the finiteness or infinity of the world, as profit... speculation. But he took over from H... duism the concept of the endless c... of life, in which a man might be r... carnated as anything from a noble ... phant to a lowly spider—depend... upon the merit of his previous l... deeds. As a kind of cultivated escapi... for the individual who masters the dri... Buddhism has been dismissed by some... Westerners as Freudianism in reverse... systematic elimination of the ego so that... anxiety has no place to roost. Originall... ly, Buddhism was an otherworldly pur... leading each man deeper into himself... and certainly not into the political are...

But in the intellectually promiscuous... Asian world, the crystalline unity ... Buddha's thought had scant chance ... escaping the taint of temporal power...

Buddhist Constantine. Within 2... years after Buddha's death, historia... noted 18 different varieties of B... dhism. When the Emperor Asoka, ... about 250 B.C. created an Indian E... pire not surpassed in extent until ... British conquests, felt a surfeit ... slaughter after killing 100,000 pe... he turned to the new religion and ... came Buddhism's Constantine. He ... only made Buddhism India's state r... gion, but his missionaries implanted ... faith in Ceylon, fanned out through ... rest of Asia, even Africa and Europe...

By the time it reached Confucian ... Taoist China in the 1st century A... Buddhism had lost its austerity, ... danced happily into the already crow... Chinese religious pantheon as a cheer... faith promising a flowering hereaf... The Chinese took it to Korea, and ... the 6th century the Koreans took it ... Japan, where in less than 50 years ... became the state religion.

Flourishing abroad, Buddhism l... guished in its birthplace as the Indi... monks grew rich and corrupt und... state patronage. Today, Buddhists co... stitute less than 1% of India's popu... tion, and the faith is kept alive large... by untouchable converts fleeing ... caste system. But in Tibet, Buddhi... evolved into a theocracy which last... 400 years, until the Chinese drove ... current Dalai Lama into exile in 195...

Two Chariots. For all the local v... rieties of the Buddhist lotus, two d... vergent traditions are responsible ... the stance of Buddhism in Asia toda... The split goes back 2,000 years, an... much of the original quarrel is lost ... the misty past, though apparently ... included some indelicate polemics ov... whether a monk's nocturnal emissio... constituted proof of an unredeem... lust. The main argument was really ... conflict that sooner or later arise... most religions: between the fundamen... talists and the liberals.

The fundamentalist Buddhists ... to Buddha's narrow, escapist but ... ous path and came to be known, ... their distaste, as the Hinayana, ... "lesser chariot." They prefer the name ... Theravada, or "doctrine of the elders." ... The "greater chariot," or Mahayana, ... branch attempted to enlarge and ...

...Kanoria Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

He's probably the most responsible goose in the world. He's the leader of a gaggle of white geese—70 in all—whose primary job in life is to help guard the thousands of casks of Scotch whisky destined to mature into Ballantine's.

At Dumbarton, the 42 whiskies, mostly from the Highlands, that will eventually blend into Ballantine's lie racked in the vast warehouses. You can see them there, on invitation. But don't wander there alone or you'll be met with a series of loud, terrifyingly shrill cackles guaranteed to turn your heels in the opposite direction.

Why do Ballantine's take such trouble to protect their whisky? If you drink Ballantine's you'll know why. If you don't, and still want the answer, try it!

THE MORE YOU KNOW ABOUT SCOTCH, THE MORE YOU LIKE BALLANTINE'S

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Just hold an Asahi Pentax

... AND YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND
WHY THIS CAMERA IS THE ULTIMATE CHOICE
OF DISCERNING PHOTOGRAPHERS
ALL OVER THE WORLD

ASAHI OPTICAL CO., LTD.
C.P.O. 895, TOKYO

Kanga Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

lize the Middle Way. Their Buddha came less the example who must be mulated, more the savior who had ystically improved the lot of all man- ind. By giving nearly equal weight to ncern for others and to withdrawal m the self, Mahayana provided a plat- m for political engagement as heravada could not.

The Twofold Path. When the modern rld broke into Asia during the 19th ntury, Buddhism resisted. In the Box- Rebellion, Buddhist deities were re- on for help against the Christian ets. In Indo-China, Burma and else- re, Buddhism became identified h the nationalist struggle against onial rule.

When the great recessional of the estern colonial powers finally began, e Buddhists awoke to find themselves new positions of leverage. Their pow- stemmed from one source more than y other: the village pagoda, which day remains what it has been for nturies—the center of rural life, a ace where laymen can go to sleep off hangover, hide out from the police, spend an undisturbed hour with their rl friends. The bonzes are school- sters and doctors, as well as priests. This grass-roots power has taken a ofold—if not an eightfold—path. In e more agitated countries, the monks ve used it as a way into politics; in e quieter lands, all of the lesser- hariot persuasion, they have used it stay out of politics, merely adding conservative prop to support existing situtions.

• LAOS. A Laotian bonze is likely to mind questioners that for a priest to k politics violates one of the 227 heravadan rules of conduct. The con- tution stipulates that the King must a "fervent Buddhist," but fervor in ppy-go-lucky Laos covers a multi- de of careless religious enthusiasms. ecennial civil war has left Buddhist ractice virtually uninvolved, though ear the Luang temple, skilled, ciga- ette-puffing monks cheerfully cast eir Buddhas in brass melted down om 37-mm. and 105-mm. artillery artridges.

Laotian soldiers wear Buddhist neck- aces into battle and often piously shoot s miss, but it is considered highly bad rm to wear the amulet into a bor- ello. And though Vientiane's whisky- ppling set often honors Buddha's ourth rule more in spirits than in spirit, t least their chauffeurs use only the ffiest tail feathers of a rooster to dust e Mercedes—so as to avoid crushing e least ant, who could well be some- ody's mother.

• CAMBODIA. One of the greatest kings f early Buddhism was Cambodia's ayavarman VII, the builder of Angkor at. Today leftist Prince Sihanouk, as Cambodia's Chief of State and High Protector of the Buddhist religion, as- iduously cultivates the god-king role. Following the Buddhist road of the middle, intones Sihanouk, he means o be halfway between capitalism and Marxism at home and neutralist abroad.

"Our equality principle isn't from the French Revolution or Karl Marx," he says, "but from the Buddha." Though this is largely rhetoric, Sihanouk has so cultivated his clergy that Cambodian monks have voluntarily pitched into his public-works projects, and help build country roads, bridges, dig wells.

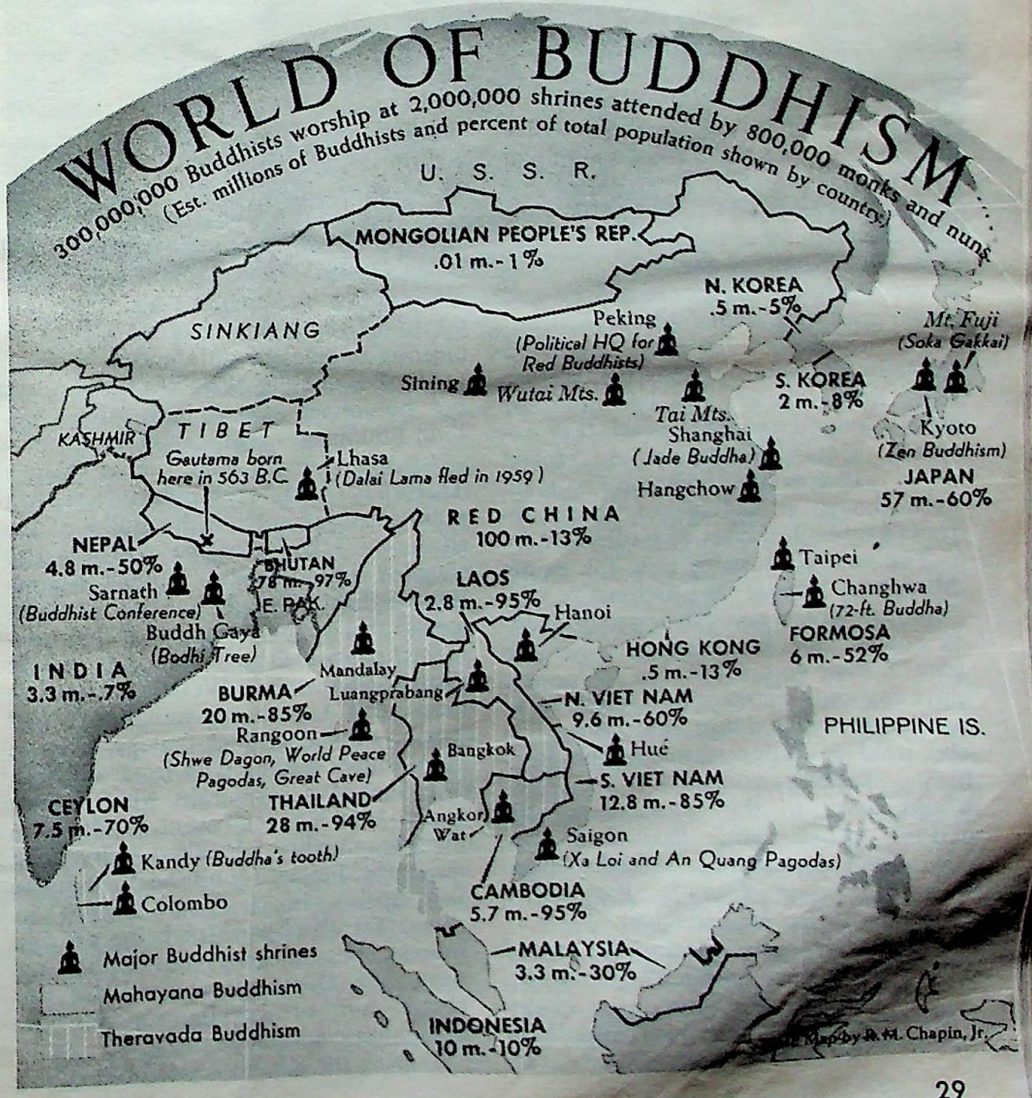
• THAILAND. Probably nowhere in Asia is Buddhism a gentler, more pervasive force than in pro-Western Thailand. Though now a constitutional monarch, King Bhumibol is still widely revered as a Buddhist god-king. Everywhere monks are valued not only as spiritual leaders but as astrologers and diviners. Some have even become management consultants, called on by businessmen before major investment decisions.

The Thais tithe their annual income in contributions to temple building and Buddhist ceremonies—good Buddhism but a serious drawback to the government's efforts at capital formation. Not long ago, Bangkok carried out a little-publicized roundup of leftist-oriented monks to prevent any Communist infiltration of the clergy. But by and large, in peaceful, prosperous Thailand, the golden mean rules. Bangkok is still rocking from the Sarit scandal—the tough, able late Prime Minister is charged with misappropriating vast government funds—and King Bhumibol has been urged to strip Sarit posthumously of his title of field marshal. Replies the King: "We are all Buddhist, and it is un-Buddhist to be vengeful because of a personal grudge."

• JAPAN. Amid the dizzying changes of industrialization, Buddhist laymen have seized on the widespread yearning for new values to form Soka Gakkai (Value-Creation Society). Staging great circuses with acrobats, brass bands and dancing girls, Soka Gakkai has recruited over 13 million adherents, largely from Japan's lower middle class and urban-poor discontents. Tightly regimented, from family squads on up, they must vote for the sect's political candidate as a religious duty.

Leftist and reforming in political attitudes, intolerant in its religious fanaticism (it considers itself "True Buddhism" and everything else heresy), Soka Gakkai envisions first turning Japan into a welfare state, then achieving eternal peace through spreading its gospel of *chikyu minzoku shugi*, or one-nation-on-earth. Since the Japanese constitution prohibits the exercise of political authority by any religion, Soka Gakkai insists—unconvincingly—that the Clean Government Party started last month under the chairmanship of Soka Gakkai's Koji Harashima is a completely independent entity. C.G.P. is putting up 32 candidates for the 467-seat lower house and ten in the upper house next spring—all likely to be elected.

• CEYLON. As an exception to the less political little-chariot tradition, Cey-



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SOKA GAKKAI'S HARASHIMA LEADING SONGFEST
Through circuses and dancing girls, the only truth.

lon's clergy are hip-deep in politicking; in the unstable tight little island, the Buddhists are the only steady, if not steadying, power. What began as a long Buddhist temperance campaign in the 1940s turned into a drive to oust the British. In 1956 the monks formed a political organization, helped sweep Solomon Bandaranaike, a devout Buddhist and political middle-roader, into power as Prime Minister. Ironically, three years later he was assassinated by an extremist Buddhist monk, and his plump, matronly widow replaced him.

Mrs. Bandaranaike created a shaky, far-left coalition government whose every step had to have the approval of the Buddhists to survive. When the lady Prime Minister tried to balance the budget by a "tree tax" on the tapping of coconut trees for toddy, the potent and popular liquor of the masses, the temperance-minded Buddhists took this as a legalization of the drink and organized protest demonstrations and prayer meetings. Hundreds of saffron-robed *bhikkus* (monks) marched through Colombo, threatened to bar Mrs. Bandaranaike and her ministers from Ceylon's temples unless they resigned. Mrs. Bandaranaike backed down, withdrew the toddy-tapping plan, even though it had already been approved by both houses of Parliament.

The next clash came over the Prime Minister's scheme to nationalize the country's largest newspaper group. Oddly enough, the Buddhists gave her the idea in their complaints that the papers gave favored treatment to Catholic news and neglected Buddhist news. But when she tried to follow through, the Buddhists, fearing control of the press would work to the advantage of the nation's leftists rather than their own, dug in their sandaled heels, finally forced a no-confidence vote in Parliament, which the Prime Minister lost.

• BURMA. The most glaring failure of Buddhism in Asian politics began when, as in Ceylon, the Buddhist clergy sparked resistance to British rule. With independence won, Premier U Nu attempted a socialist forced-march into the modern world. Instead he ended up at the brink of national chaos, and General Ne Win and the army took over. The army restored order but wore the carefree Burmese raw with its zeal, and in the 1960 elections, U Nu hit the comeback trail. He promised to make Buddhism the state religion, used saffron color for his party's ballots. He won easily and plunged Burma into a great Buddhist revival, but neglected the nation's affairs.

In 1962 General Ne Win and the army took over for the second time, and U Nu remains under house arrest. The wildly socialist military regime has been running the country into the ground, but there is no evidence that Buddhists could do better. Still, the Buddhists remain the government's only effective opposition. Recently, orange- and yellow-robed monks stormed and wrecked the printing plant of a pro-government newspaper. Ne Win and the Buddhist leaders have set a Dec. 15 meeting to air their differences.

The Provincials. Who are the faceless but no longer self-effacing monks behind Buddhism's political offensive?

In many ways South Viet Nam's Thich Tri Quang personifies the saffron politicians. He entered the Buddhist Institute in Hué when he was 13, has traveled little, speaks neither French nor English. Though not without personal charm and even a certain detached charisma, he has the provincial's distrust of all things Western, refuses to meet with U.S. Ambassador Maxwell Taylor on the ground that he is more comfortable dealing with lesser officials. The son of a farmer in what is now North Viet Nam, he went to Hanoi in his 20s, taught and edited a Buddhist magazine, helped found the Vietnamese Boy Scouts. In 1948, the French arrested Tri on charges of being a Communist, but released him within ten days. The Diem government also suspected him of working for the Viet Cong, but could never prove it.

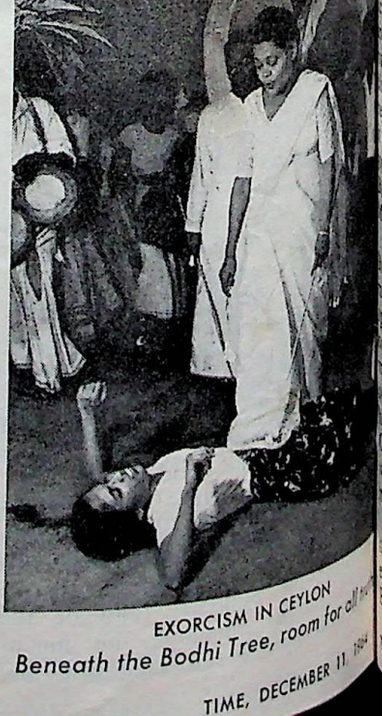
During the Khanh regime, Tri Quang tried to set up a grass-roots B... political party, but the Viet Co... control of it and used it to p... riots. Apparently frightened, Tri ... dissolved his local councils, wit... from Saigon to Hué, the true spi... center of Vietnamese Buddhism, ... a thousand ceremonies go on in a ... dred temples and the sun is obs... by the smoke of millions of bur... joss sticks. Here Tri lives in a s... cell in the Tu Dam pagoda, rec... crowds of awed visitors, plays chess ... plots his moves against the gover...

The Organizers. Tri Quang and ... other political monks certainly do ... speak for all of South Vietnamese B... dhism. Besides, though the monks cl... that 85% of the Vietnamese are B... dhists, in fact the Vietnamese relig... is an indiscriminate mixture of B... dhism, Taoism, Confucianism and a... mism. Nevertheless, last January a... Buddhist sects in Viet Nam joined ... gether in the Unified Vietnamese B... dhist Church, under the leadership ... Tri and Thich Tam Chau, a tiny, a... ble monk who is currently leading ... Buddhist activists in Saigon and is cl... ly emerging as Tri's rival. The two l... ers moved 50 chaplains into the S... Vietnamese army and set up two ... bitious institutes, one for religious ... the other for secular affairs, with p... to organize families in rural areas ... Communist-like cells.

South Viet Nam's military, inclu... General Khanh, last week announ... their backing of the Huong governm... —a setback for the Buddhists. Bu... Tam Chau's Buddhist secular insti... —a ramshackle compound that ... been the Buddhist base ever since ... men, fed up with politicking, cha... the political monks out of Saigon's n... ern Xa Loi pagoda—the mimeograp... machines and rumor mills were s... grinding away against Huong.

There is no evidence that a Buddh...

PETER SCHR...



EXORCISM IN CEYLON
Beneath the Bodhi Tree, room for all ...

Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

trolled government would press the
r against the Viet Cong. There is a
eat deal of evidence that instead it
ould try to negotiate with the Reds
bring about the "neutralization" of
uth Viet Nam. U.S. officials tend to
ert Tri Quang's assertions that he is
Communist or working with them.
there can be little doubt that the
munists have infiltrated the Bud-
ss to some extent. Besides, illusions
well be more dangerous than in-
ion. Tri Quang is guilty of the
ic, fatal error: he seems to believe
he and his fellow Buddhists could
ttle" the Communists.

The Heartland. Yet the lesson of
dhism's fate under Communism is
to see. In North Korea, the monks
simply put to work in factories or
farms. In North Viet Nam, where,
ly enough, Buddhism officially re-
s the state religion, the Commu-
s have killed Buddhism with "kind-
" by installing puppet monks to
k the government. But with 6,000
godas, North Viet Nam now has only
00 monks. Says one recent resident:
ey don't even bother to light incense
the temples any more."

Peking's brutality in suppressing the
ddhist revolt in Tibet in 1959 out-
ed the world. Monks were shot,
ced to sole their worn boots with
ted Buddhist texts, induced to take
ites. Members of a strict male celi-
e order were locked up with prosti-
s imported for the occasion. Some
the younger monks gave way and
n committed suicide in shame.

In the heartland of China itself,
ddhism fares not too badly—on the
face. Ancient shrines have been re-
ished. A few sample monasteries
d nunneries, while shorn of their
ds, are meticulously maintained to
press and soothe foreign Buddhists.
Peking has killed the living faith: of
a million monks in China in 1949,
is estimated that barely a few thou-
d survive.

Put Out More Flags. Despite the an-
s of the Buddhists in South Viet Nam
d elsewhere, it would be a grave er-
for the U.S. and the West to con-
ude that a great and ancient faith is
essarily prey to Communism. When
comes to an ultimate choice, the ma-
ity of Buddhist leaders still know that
ddhism is incompatible with the
arxist gospel.

Thailand's pro-Western, devoutly
ddhist Foreign Minister Thanat Kho-
an says: "Buddhism offers man the
portunity to think beyond material-
—beyond fish and rice—and Com-
nism does not." Even at the pink end
the spectrum, Cambodia's Prince Si-
nouk, drifting ever closer toward Red
ina, has admitted that Communism
uld be the end of Buddhism in his
ntion.

The U.S. would like nothing better
turn to back a strong and independ-
nt Buddhist movement. But helping the
Buddhists overthrow Diem certainly has
not earned Washington any gratitude from the pagodas. Elsewhere, the U.S. has made modest, tentative attempts to stiffen Asia's weak national identities by backing Buddhism. In Laos, for example, USIS has distributed Buddhist flags.

It will take more than flags to make the Buddhists a force for stability in Asia. Their faith, their training, their sense that history is irrelevant offer little guidance for them in the world into which the monks have blinkingly emerged. They find themselves in battles for which they would never have volunteered, which in many cases they have little interest in resolving.

Modern industrial society is based not only on materialism but, more important, on individualism; both concepts cut against the very grain of Buddhist philosophy. Modern Buddhist thinkers have tried to show that Buddhism is like science in its objective detachment; but it lacks the empirical spirit. To most Buddhists, Communism and capitalism alike seem peculiarly Western fixations on accumulating things. The best of the monks realize there is a more important distinction to be made: between freedom and its absence. But preoccupied with defending their own little sectarian and provincial barricades, it is a choice that they have tended to evade. Though few of the monks will admit it, there is no doubt that many of them secretly believe it is an unnecessary choice, that the Buddhists can tame Communism, can provide the spiritual complement for Marxist materialism. The view shows, as nothing else, that the monks in many ways are still living dangerously in the cloister. And as an ancient Mahayana text puts it:

When you are inside your room, enclosed by walls,
You do not know what takes place outside.

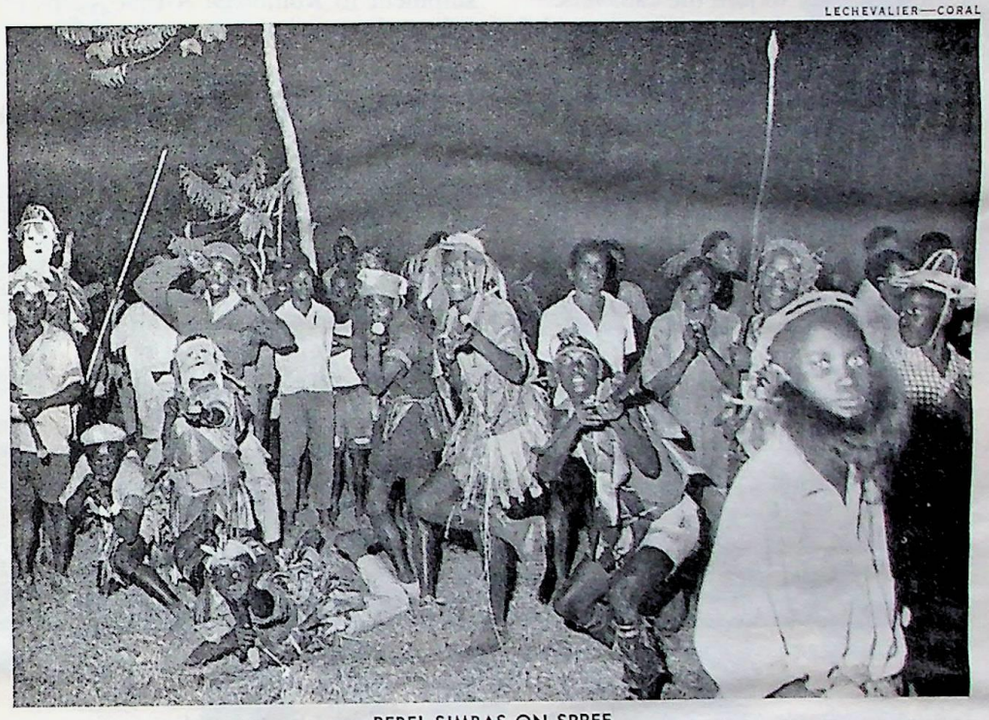
THE CONGO

La Nuit Infernale

The Belgian paratroopers had gone back home to a triumphant welcome, but they had probably left too soon. Behind them, the Congo kept sliding back into Stone Age savagery.

A pair of rescue columns of the Congolese government army led by white officers pushed deep into rebel territory. Their aim: to save as many as possible of the 1,100 white hostages still held by the savage rebel fighters known as Simbas (lions). By week's end they had rescued 600 whites—Belgian nuns and priests, Greek shopkeepers and restaurateurs, British and American missionaries. From nearly every man, woman and child saved came another numbing tale of terror, torture or death. Each could recall his own particular *nuit infernale*, but the most hellish of nights was that recounted by the 76 whites held captive by the rebels in the eastern Congo tin-mining town of Bunia.

LECHEVALIER—CORAL



REBEL SIMBAS ON SPREE
The dogs began feeding on corpses.

Furious on Hemp. Imprisoned for five weeks in the local hotel, the hostages included 21 Catholic priests and brothers, 17 nuns, and a British accountant who was considered an American spy because he owned a pair of binoculars. On the night of Nov. 16, more than a week before the joint U.S.-Belgian rescue mission began, the Simbas puffed themselves into a fury on bamboo pipeloads of Indian hemp. Then they dragged the nuns out of the hotel, forced them to strip, and made them "dance" by shooting at their feet. Then the Simbas took their pleasure.

Some nuns were merely beaten up with bottles or gun butts, and one was slugged with a telephone, which the Simbas apparently considered bad *dawa* (magic). Three were raped. One nun, Sister Maria Therese, 36, resisted, and a

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Simba shattered both her kneecaps with a precisely aimed rifle shot. "It was night," recalled a surviving nun. "She was losing much blood, and the Simbas wouldn't let us near her. She died early in the morning after lying alone on the street for many hours." The Simbas then locked their prisoners back in the hotel, where most were ultimately rescued.

Back to the Cadavers. Before they fled, the Simbas took revenge on four priests who had tried to protect the nuns and incurred further rebel wrath by continuing to celebrate Mass and singing hymns—more bad *dawa* as far as the Simbas were concerned. When the priests tried to escape from a rebel truck, three were killed on the spot. The fourth survived by playing dead, but was driven mad by the experience. Carried into Leopoldville last week in a planeload of survivors, he kept muttering: "I must go back to join the cadavers."

And indeed there were plenty left behind. In Stanleyville, where the Congolese government army was barely holding on in the face of rebel snipers and raiding parties, only the road to the airport had been cleared of corpses. In the city, dogs were seen feeding on rotting bodies. A typhoid epidemic erupted among the city's 220,000 Congolese, with only one doctor left. Snipers kept up sporadic fire against all planes landing or taking off from Stanleyville's jungle-encircled jet strip, and after a Belgian International Air Service DC-4 crashed on takeoff, killing seven, civilian aircraft were banned from landing. At the same time, help for the rebels, according to some reports, was filtering in from the Sudan, where "President" Christophe Gbenye and his wild-eyed defense minister, Gaston Soumialot, were holed up in Khartoum.

With Stanleyville in tenuous government control and 500 hostages still scattered throughout a rebel-held reach of bush almost as large as France, Premier Moise Tshombe clearly needed more help. Major Mike Hoare, commander of the mercenaries fighting for the Congo government, sent his adjutant winging to Johannesburg to hire 150 more white soldiers. Tshombe himself flew off to Paris, where he pleaded unsuccessfully for assistance from Charles de Gaulle. Said Tshombe: "We are lost children struggling through the dark."

GREECE

The Meaning of an Explosion

Under one name or another, Greek rightists and leftists have long fought each other. But in 1942 two mutually suspicious Greek guerrilla detachments —one made up of E.D.E.S. nationalists and the other of E.L.A.S. Communists —joined forces long enough to give protective cover to a British demolition team that blew up a railway bridge at Gorgopotamos, 130 miles from Athens, thus halting supplies intended for transshipment to Rommel's Afrika Korps in Libya. In reprisal, 14 Greek hostages were executed by the Italian occupation forces. Ever since, Communists and rightists have argued about whose guerrillas deserved the greater glory at the bridge and in the war generally.

CROWD GATHERING BELOW GORGOPOTAMOS BRIDGE BEFORE BLAST
The middle was a minefield too.

The Gorgopotamos bridge was rebuilt with Marshall Plan funds, and last week busses and trains brought 10,000 leftists to the site to commemorate the 22nd anniversary of the explosion. Also on hand was a rightist delegation from E.D.E.S., as well as government officials and army officers. After a *Te Deum* Mass, much of the crowd began to sing Communist guerrilla songs and shout Communist slogans. Suddenly there was a violent explosion near the bridge. Screaming "Fascists!" and "Killers!" the crowd scattered, leaving behind 13 dead and 51 wounded.

The explosion reverberated inside Parliament, where Premier George Papandreou admitted that the memorial site had been a minefield during the 1947-49 civil war with the Greek Communists. The field had been cleared by the Greek army 15 years ago, but obviously at least one mine, a U.S. Army model M2A3, had been overlooked.

Leftist Deputies charged that [illegible] mine had been freshly placed by [illegible] terrorists. The rightists replied by [illegible] suring Papandreou for 1) permitt[illegible] mass meeting on a former mine[illegible] and 2) failing to curb Red organiz[illegible] and activity. Right-wing and left-[illegible] Deputies came to blows while Pa[illegible] dreou lit a cigarette and sat back, see[illegible] ingly safe in the middle. But the at[illegible] math of the explosion implied a d[illegible] ent meaning: under Papandreou's ce[illegible] ter government, the Communists ha[illegible] enjoyed an ominous revival in Greece.

COMMUNISTS

Independent Dummy

Before the Sino-Soviet split becam[illegible] public, Peking used little Albania as [illegible] sort of ventriloquist's dummy. Albani[illegible] fiercely anti-Khrushchev rulers said [illegible] the nasty things about Moscow that [illegible] Chinese obviously wanted to say th[illegible] selves. Since Nikita Khrushchev's o[illegible] amid signs of a Russian-Chinese t[illegible] the Communist world—and its obs[illegible] ers in the West—have wondered wh[illegible] er the Albanian line might soften. L[illegible] week came the answer: not a bit.

Pravda and Izvestia printed frie[illegible] articles about Albania, and the So[illegible] Union dispatched fraternal greetings [illegible] the occasion of the 20th anniversar[illegible] the "liberation" of Albania from A[illegible] occupation. It was wasted effort. [illegible] bania flexed its puny muscles with [illegible] 85-minute parade through Tirana's n[illegible] mally trafficless streets, and the mili[illegible] display included a few rockets, pr[illegible] ably donated by Red China. Albani[illegible] Party Boss Enver Hoxha ranted his w[illegible] through a three-hour speech hailing [illegible] removal of Khrushchev but blasting [illegible] new Soviet leadership for its failure [illegible] rehabilitate Stalin, who, said Hoxha, w[illegible] a great Marxist-Leninist even thou[illegible] "he may have committed some sm[illegible] errors." Hoxha sneered that the n[illegible] Soviet leaders "would like to have [illegible] Albanians go to Moscow and bow b[illegible] fore them because we are a small coun[illegible] try while they represent a big country[illegible] They are much mistaken."

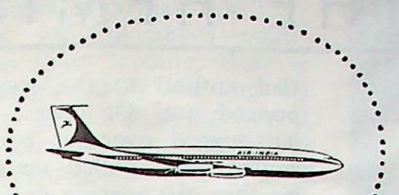
On hand were delegates from pr[illegible] Chinese splinter parties in Western Eu[illegible] rope and Peking-controlled Communi[illegible] parties in North Viet Nam, North Ko[illegible] rea, Indonesia, Japan and, of all places, [illegible] New Zealand. Rumania and Cuba also [illegible] sent delegates, indicating an interest[illegible] ing degree of independence from Mos[illegible] cow. None of the other, normally pro-[illegible] Moscow parties attended. Peking meanw[illegible] while rejected another Moscow invita[illegible] tion for a meeting of the worldwide [illegible] Communist movement.

But even the somber Chinese seemed [illegible] to be displaying a sense of humor in [illegible] the matter of Albania. Peking's People's [illegible] Daily declared that the "comradeship in [illegible] arms" between China and Albania "is as [illegible] deep as the Adriatic and as sublime as [illegible] the Himalayas." The Himalayas are sub[illegible] lime, all right, but the Adriatic Sea, [illegible] which washes the shores of Albania, is [illegible] notorious for its shallowness.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

plane and



fancy!

You'll fancy plane living
on my Boeings—the elegance of my decor...
the charm of my sari-clad hostesses...
the blend of jet luxury and
ancient hospitality.

Asia – East Africa – Australia – Middle East – Europe – U.K. – U.S.A. – U.S.S.R.

AIR-INDIA

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ARGENTINA

The Return That Wasn't

To the bored cluster of newsmen posted outside his lavish villa in suburban Madrid, it looked like any other day in the life of Juan Domingo Perón. There had been the usual trickle of callers in the afternoon and evening. At 8 p.m. the exiled dictator went to dinner with Isabelita, his pretty young wife, a Spanish police officer assigned to guard him, and a few Peronista visitors from

PERÓN (WITH SUITCASE) IN RIO
The Untouchables played on.

Argentina. Later, as always, Perón went upstairs to watch television, which invariably occupies him until Spain's only channel goes off the air at 12:30 a.m. Instead, with *The Untouchables* turned up full blast inside, Perón suddenly embarked on a hugger-mugger exploit of his own that was to make world headlines, involve half a dozen governments, and end in a greater deflation for Perón than any event since his ouster from Argentina nine years ago.

Another Eva. Perón's great misadventure began shortly before midnight when a Mercedes sedan pulled out of his underground garage. Inside were Jorge Antonio, Perón's financial adviser, and Delia Parodi, a Peronista spitfire from Buenos Aires; the guard waved them briskly through the gate. Then, out of sight a few miles up the road, Jorge Antonio stopped the car and bustled around to the trunk. And who popped out? Of course. Even with a hat tugged over his eyebrows and a vicuña scarf pulled up tightly around his chin, the sportily dressed figure who took his place in the back seat was unmistakably Juan Perón, now 69. Secrecy and surprise were his watchwords—and his only hopes of success. When the Mercedes roared into Madrid Airport, Iberian Flight 991 to Rio was warming up on the takeoff strip. Shielded by a waiting cordon of police, Perón, Jorge Antonio and Delia Parodi scrambled aboard the DC-8, where six other Peronistas were waiting for them.

So, at last, began *El Retorno,* fulfilling the dictator's endlessly repeated vow to come back some day to the troubled country where the name of Perón still commands the almost religious adulation of 3,000,000 followers. His pledge to return was originally proposed by Peronista leaders as an expedient to help reunite their slowly splintering movement. At first, *El Líder* was lukewarm to the idea, but gradually, as Perón talked more and more about it, the vision of a triumphal recovery of power became an obsession. Isabelita, too, became infected, soon dreamed of replacing her old rival Eva. By last week, when several key Perón aides advised him against *El Retorno,* the mirage had gripped Perón's brain like a drug.

Rare Solidarity. What followed—and what Perón could not have anticipated—was a rare example of Latin American cooperation and solidarity. At first, Argentine President Arturo Illia had himself backed away from any countermove that might offend the Peronistas, whose votes provided Illia's winning margin in last year's elections. "Perón's return is up to Perón," Illia repeated cryptically. But Interior Minister Juan Palermo figured that the ex-dictator would not return directly to his homeland but would mastermind the revolution in Argentina from one of the neighboring countries. Chile, Peru and Brazil all agreed to send Perón packing if he tried. Brazilian officials were particularly sympathetic, since their own deposed President João Goulart is threatening to mount a Brazilian revolution from exile in Montevideo. Only Paraguay, ruled by Perón's longtime friend, General Alfredo Stroessner, seemed ready to welcome Perón.

At 7:35 a.m. the red and white plane bearing Perón whistled down through the overcast into Rio's Galeão Airport. Immediately 30 white-helmeted, machine-gun-toting police surrounded the plane, and all passengers were ordered off. From the tourist section tumbled 43 grumbling travelers, but the nine up front held fast. Finally, the Foreign Ministry's chief of protocol bustled aboard. "*Senhor* Perón," he said, "your trip has come to an end. You have been declared *persona non grata.*" "I know international law well," snapped P... "I am aboard a plane with the Spa... flag and thus under the protection of ... Spanish government, and you cannot ... terrupt my trip."

Brazil could, and did. Preceded ... two Brazilian officials, Perón—who ... dyed his sleek hair its pristine black—... led his company down the steps. The... were hustled to waiting cars ... whisked across the field to Galeão A... Force Base as "guests of the airforce." Behind them in the plane they left ... automatic pistols, a submachine gun, ... Luger pistol and a suitcase full of ... munition. That night Perón and ... rage were bundled back aboard ... same Iberia jet—this time bound ... Madrid. The vaunted return to L... American soil had lasted just 16 hou...

As for his return to Spain, Perón ... blatantly violated the conditions of ... asylum by actively engaging in po... Still, the Franco regime, which had ... out of its way to keep Perón's mi... secret, felt sufficiently kindly tow... him to divert the plane 240 miles s... to Seville, to spare him the embarr... ment of facing scores of reporters ... photographers waiting in Madrid. ... when newsmen besieged his Seville ... tel, Spanish authorities hustled him ... to another hideaway in Torremolino...

Split Movement. At week's end m... Latin Americans questioned the leg... of Brazil's action. In Argentina a ... livelier subject for debate was the fu... of Peronismo. In view of his ludic... humiliation, even Peronistas now d... that he will ever again try to return ... Argentina; most agree that Perón ... exploded the "Perón myth," once a... for all.

As a result, the movement will pr... ably split into two main factions—o... moderate group favoring "Peronis... without Perón," the other a hard... Marxist faction that will now seek ... foment revolution as the only road to ... working-class goals. Nonetheless, as ... result of its leader's failure and its o... inability to carry through a threaten... three-day strike when he landed in R... the Peronista movement became a l... for ridicule in Argentina—and in p... tics few things are as deadly as laugh...

COLOMBIA

Cracks in the Showcase

"Colombia is still the showcase of ... *Alianza,*" says a longtime U.S. resid... in Bogotá. "But it is a flyspecked sh... case." Under the uncertain leaders... of President Guillermo León Valenc... Colombia's chronic trade deficit h... doubled, reaching a perilous $750 m... lion; the cost of living has soared ... staggering 45%; and more than 1... of the labor force is unemployed. ... top those troubles, Colombia's ru... National Front is falling apart.

Colombia's economic woes are ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

entirely of its own making. Its main problem is that world prices for coffee, the country's only real source of foreign exchange, have been in a slump ever since 1957. It was partly in hope of getting the economy moving that the Conservative and Liberal parties buried their bitter, historic feud* and formed the National Front in 1958. The coalition has turned out to be a halfway house that neither party can really call home.

Attacks from Within. Liberal Alberto Lleras Camargo, who became Colombia's first coalition President in 1958, was an able administrator who held the *frente* together by sheer statesmanship. Conservative Valencia, 55, a portly, scholarly lawyer, lacks his predecessor's *élan* and political acumen. When his budget came before Congress last October, his own party attacked it as inflationary. But Valencia, the son of Colombia's most revered poet and a lover of poetry himself, has little patience for anything so prosaic as economics. Famed for his gallantry to the ladies and a romantic passion for hunting, he professes to feel "pity for the man who goes to bed every night at the same time."

Last week Valencia ordered a 90-day embargo on nearly all imports, hoping to protect the country's depleted dollar reserves. But the ban is more likely to retard industrial expansion and cobble the country's social and economic development. "I am doing all I can," shrugs Valencia. "I am a poor bullfighter with a bad troupe and a very demanding audience."

"El Prematuro." Some bullfight. The *frente* has split into several factions. The Conservative band consistently criticizes Valencia's policies, and a left-wing offshoot of the Liberal Party has even thrown its support to ex-Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, whose National Popular Alliance Party went from six to 28 seats after the March congressional elections. "We shall take the government by fair means or foul," vows Rojas, whose followers have taken to wearing a Nazi-like party uniform.

About all that the Conservatives still have in common is their revulsion for Liberal Party Leader Carlos Lleras Restrepo, 56, the Liberal choice for coalition candidate in the 1966 elections. A cousin of Lleras Camargo and one of Valencia's most sulphurous critics, Attorney Lleras is nicknamed *"el Prematuro"* by his foes because of his visible eagerness for the presidency.

The Watchful Military. The only real power base in Colombia today is the military, and it still seems solidly behind the President. Valencia's war minister, able, astute Major General Alberto Ruiz Novoa, 47, who commanded the Colombian contingent during the Korean War, insists that the armed forces will adhere to their traditional role as "defenders of civilian rule."

Nonetheless, as Colombia's politicians keep up their feuding, Ruiz is quietly but unmistakably building his own stock. He distributes pamphlets of his speeches, joins in congressional debates, receives hundreds of admiring letters each week. His followers, who call Ruiz "Minister of Hope and Social Justice," believe that he represents the nation's best hope of preserving constitutional rule. For the time being, the military is simply watching developments. But, as Ruiz himself has said, "in times of crisis the armed forces cannot be indifferent to national events."

* The Conservatives have traditionally championed strong centralized government to perpetuate the privileges of an entrenched aristocratic and clerical elite. The Liberals preach social democracy, universal suffrage, and greater local autonomy.

MEXICO

A Glowing Start

As Mexico's 60th President stepped out onto the balcony of the austere National Palace, the sun burst through the overcast, warming the sea of upturned faces below. But the most radiant face of all belonged to Gustavo Díaz Ordaz, the brainy backlands lawyer on whose slim frame outgoing President Adolfo López Mateos draped the green, white and red sash of office. With arms outstretched in triumph and a huge, toothy grin creasing his dark, homely countenance, President Díaz Ordaz looked as if he would like nothing better than to hug the officials clustered around him.

The Fundamental Task. The fiesta mood was well founded. Of twelve Presidents who have taken office since Mexico's 1910 revolution, Díaz Ordaz, 53, is the first to inherit a prosperous and united nation that faces no immediate major problems. True to the Mexican pattern of orderly alternation between regimes that are to the left or right of center, Díaz Ordaz, who was Minister of the Interior under López Mateos, is slightly more conservative than his predecessor, who nonetheless hand-picked him for the job. As the new President made clear in his inaugural address, his administration, like López Mateos' regime, will put economic growth above doctrinaire politics. Emphasizing that "there is a vast field in Mexico for both public and private investment," Díaz Ordaz warned with characteristic caution: "The political and economic stability that we enjoy are not gifts. They are the result of a dynamic society that establishes economic development as a fundamental task."

Díaz Ordaz' Cabinet appointments suggested that the tough, down-to-earth President intends to handle that task with skill and imagination. His line-up boasts ten lawyers, four engineers, two doctors, two generals, a colonel, an accountant and a professor. In two key nominations, the new President reappointed Finance Minister Antonio Ortiz Mena, who is responsible for sustaining record economic growth along with a stable peso (12½ to the dollar), and for Foreign Minister picked Antonio Carrillo Flores, who as Ambassador to Washington since 1959 had earned the respect of the State Department and the enmity of Mexico's Communist Party.

FELIPE CHANO

DÍAZ ORDAZ ON BALCONY
A well-founded fiesta.

Solidarity First. The choice of Carrillo Flores, plus reports that Díaz Ordaz detests Fidel Castro, was taken by observers as an indication that Mexico may in time sever relations with Cuba, which, alone among Latin American nations, it persists in recognizing. Díaz Ordaz is unlikely to break with Cuba in the near future, however, lest he be accused of repudiating López Mateos.

Nonetheless, Mexico's new President took pains to dispel any illusion that he will promote a Latino form of Gaullism that would seek to build nationalist prestige at the expense of hemispheric solidarity. Said Díaz Ordaz. "It is unfair to Mexico to be pointed at as wishful of becoming the leader of Latin America. It aspires to be just another member in the group that joins its efforts for common improvement."

BRAZIL

Memorializing the Centavo

The Brazilian centavo is the monetary equivalent of a gnat's noggin. Officially the world's most minuscule denomination, it was—until last week—worth $.0000065, sixty-five one-hundred thousandths of a U.S. cent. Valued at one twentieth of a cent ($.0005) when it was first issued in 1944, the centavo became a victim of Brazil's roaring inflation, and last week the government finally declared it extinct. So is the one-cruzeiro note (worth 100 centavos), which cost four cruzeiros to print. From now on, cruzeiros up to the 500 denomination (value: 33¢) will be issued as coins. As for the centavo, it immediately became worth more dead than alive. Last week an early tencentavo piece was fetching 500 cruzeiros from coin collectors.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"Many years ago," observed Maine's Senator **Margaret Chase Smith**, 66, at a dinner in Manhattan, "the word square was one of the most honored words in our vocabulary. The square deal was an honest deal. A square meal was a full and good meal. It was the square shooter rather than the sharpshooter who was admired. What is a square today? He's the fellow who never learned to get away with it, who gets choked up when the flag unfurls. There has been too much glorification of the angle players, the corner cutters, and the goof-offs. One of America's greatest needs is for more people who are square."

. . .

Pittsburgh Financier Andrew Mellon built Washington's $15 million National Gallery of Art in 1937 to house the $50 million art collection he assembled with the aid of Dealer Joseph Duveen. His son, **Paul Mellon**, 57, a perceptive critic in his own right, has assembled a second superb collection of 18th and 19th century British painting. Now it looks as though the younger Mellon will build another public gallery in Washington for his 500-odd works of art, which are now hung in Mellon's various homes except when the paintings go on tour. Last week he appointed Dennis Farr, 35, a curator of London's Tate Gallery, to plan the project.

. . .

Manhattan's Doctors Hospital, a fashionable stork pad for East Side society, was dismayed. But *West Side Story* Star **Carol Lawrence**, 30, was determined. After taking a $40 stamina-building course in what its fans these days call "educated childbirth," she wanted that "do-it-yourself feeling." So she did it and felt it, and two weeks after 7-lb. 9-oz. Christopher was delivered, she held a press conference to tell about it. "It beats any show I've been to," trilled Carol, who had stayed awake all through her own production and was later told by her doctor, "You did that with great flair." The hospital wouldn't let her husband, Singer **Robert Goulet**, 31, in on the act, but that was just as well, since he had refused to take the educated-fatherhood course.

BEN MARTIN

LAWRENCE & CHRISTOPHER
Look, no help.

. . .

He's accustomed to being called a philanderer, but when he was labeled a philanthropist, **Richard Burton** reacted as if it were a dirty word. The ruckus started when Bertrand Russell's "Peace Foundation" announced that Burton was giving it all his British earnings. Not so, cried Richard. He had merely donated a few pounds and did not agree with Lord Bertie's anti-American jeremiads. In fact, deadpanned the actor, he gives most of his loose pence to the Invalid Tricycle Foundation of Wales (for crippled miners). Wife Liz had a different challenge. For a Lido opening in Paris, the invitations specified evening pajamas, and half the *haut monde* came in lace or sequined trousers. Not Liz. "I wear slacks to work," she sniffed, threw on her gold lamé sari by Balenciaga, and discovered that in spite of being so old-gown, she rated Table *Numéro Un* between two boulevardiers who could afford to clothe her in pure gold: Aristotle Onassis and Baron Guy de Rothschild.

SHAHROKH HATAMI

BURTON & ROTHSCHILD
Sari, no slacks.

. . .

Gagging for a gaggle of admirers, Drumbeatle **Ringo Starr**, 24, gave one last panorama of his aching tonsils before checking in at London's University College Hospital to have them clipped. "I feel fine," he croaked, which by a furry coincidence is the title of the longhairs' latest disk—and thanks to Ringo's sick publicity, it is at the top of London lists. After doctors executed the mop-top's op, a BBC announcer flubbed: "Ringo Starr's toenails were successfully removed." He should have been condemned to switchboard for the hard day's nig that followed.

RINGO & TONSILS
What, no toenails?

. . .

At the ripe old age of seven, Kels planning to retire. But the richest h in history (total winnings: $1,900,0 aims to keep busy, says his owner, M **Richard C. du Pont**, 50, of the De ware clan. Accepting a couple of t phies for him at a Thoroughbred R ing Association meeting in Manhatt she said: "Kelso would like to h guarantee the welfare of future gen ations of horses." Since he is a geld he will do that by making fund-raisi appearances for veterinary research.

. . .

Wearing shoes, stockings, a bra brace and pajamas, **Teddy Kenned** 32, inched off his orthopedic bed Boston's New England Baptist Hospit then took his first steps since he brok his back in a plane crash last June. H walked ten feet, but the effort was great that he could only grin and no thanks to his doctors. Nonetheless, th junior Senator from Massachuse swore afterward that he will walk ou of the hospital in time to spend Chris mas with his family in Palm Beach.

. . .

As the barracks-room balladeer wh found oompah in Empah, he was famed at 25 from Mafeking to Mandalay. Bu in the eyes of his parents, young Rud **yard Kipling** was a light that seemed likely to fail. To his mother Alice, he had "a great deal that is feminine in his nature." His father, John Lockwood Kipling, a museum director in India, summoned Ruddy from school in Eng land at 17 in hopes that working as a reporter on a Lahore newspaper might stiffen his spine. In a series of 14 let ters to the boy's headmaster in Devon shire, Papa Kipling grumped: "I don't think he is of the stuff to resist tempta tion. Journalism seems invented for such desultory souls." Far from desul tory was the bidding in London last week, where the Ruddy correspondence sold for a red-blooded $12,600.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Goodbye, Cruel World

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground, by William Hanley, encourages three characters, two men and a woman, to tell the audience all about their operations. They discuss not physical but psychic scars—traumatic surgery performed by that mad cruel doctor, life. A young Negro of high IQ and frayed nerves has stabbed his prostitute mother to death. A German ex-Communist has deserted his Jewish wife and child, condoning them to torture and death in a Nazi concentration camp. An unmarried but pregnant N.Y.U. coed has set her way to a Brooklyn abortionist and stumbled into the German's desolate stationery shop to sit on one of the counter stools where each character relates his or her autocryography. The theatergoer is thus once again in the creepy, hysterical presence of collectors of guilt, dispensers of self-pity, proclaimers of futility.

The play is evenly divided between what Playwright Hanley does badly and what he cannot do at all. He cannot initiate action, only total recall. His play has already happened before it goes onstage. His characters are not people but composites researched out of faded newspapers; they are set forth, not in the music of evocative monologues, but to the unrelenting din of talk, talk, talk. The worst thing that has happened to Hanley is something that he could not have foreseen—the opening of Murray Schisgal's therapeutically hilarious *Luv*. Sorry-I-was-ever-born plays now sound like hollow parodies rather than dour profundities; since *Luv* raised its satirical whoop, playgoers are bound to lessen their self-commiserating indulgence of misery. More than ever a playwright who intends to woo his audience with some tale of woe will have to do it out of an intensely felt, intensively rendered personal experience.

The Widower Takes a Wife

Poor Richard. Success defines the limits of a playwright; failure may suggest his aspirations. Jean Kerr's *Poor Richard* is that kind of failure. She comes to the new play still wearing the life-of-the-party grin from *Mary, Mary*, but something in her mind is now saying that life is not that kind of party at all, and the result is a probing but irresolute comedy. *Mary, Mary* was a joke-filled shopping bag that existed to be torn so that the laughs would tumble out. *Poor Richard* is a net hopefully cast to trap character and at least two themes of some gravity—the capacity to love and the squandering of talent.

Richard Ford (Alan Bates) is a best-selling poet who was once indentured to his creative task but now plays host to his legend. If a lovely flame has died, no smoke gets in poor Richard's eyes, only more liquor to his lips. He has the kind of flypaper charm that women love to get stuck with. Inevitably, a Columbia journalism student (Joanna Pettet), who has worshiped him between hard covers, proposes marriage.

But the widower-poet is haunted by the conviction that his late wife never thought he loved her and that he probably didn't. One of her journal entries unearthed by Richard's editor strikingly reveals the contrary, and with this security clearance as a love risk, the poet feels free to wed his blonde disciple.

The journal entry is the fulcrum of the play, and it intervenes like a *deus-ex*-Olivetti, imposing an arbitrary happy ending without being psychologically convincing. Like most writers, poor Richard may have been an edgy, self-absorbed husband, but two people who live together for any length of time read each other, without needing the assurance of posthumous journals. Jean Kerr knows this and says as much when she has a character remark that the present generation thinks love "isn't real unless we have a fever of 103."

PLAYWRIGHT KERR & FRIEND*
Too busy to stop and sink.

Mrs. Kerr's concern with the abuse of talent is more than a housewifely horror of waste. Richard Ford is the man who has everything but has lost possession of himself. He is possessed by the world and lived by others. The treachery of money and fame is that they debunk money and fame, and Mrs. Kerr hints at this but refuses to put bite in the insight.

Regrettably, substance is frequently sacrificed to surface. Like Eliza crossing the ice floes, the compulsive wittiest in Mrs. Kerr reflects a mind too busy to stop and sink. But unlike lesser jokesmiths, Jean Kerr can always be trusted to produce the wit that is instant wisdom, as in "The affair you don't get over is the one you never had."

Poor Richard is not well served in direction and cast. Director Peter Wood has the *Kon Tiki* touch: he sets the play adrift for the night and apparently prays that it will reach its destination. As *The Caretaker* showed, Alan Bates is fearfully good at transmitting menace, but as a charmer his signals are garbled. As Bates's second mate-to-be, Joanna Pettet is an indelibly enticing ingenue, but speech is her impediment. She says all the words correctly, but her avidly sincere delivery turns comic gold into lead. *Poor Richard* is not rich enough to afford a cast and director who do more to put the play under than over.

Guilt Unlimited

Incident at Vichy aims for the playgoer's conscience, but only grabs his lapels. Arthur Miller has written not a drama but a moral lecture on guilt and responsibility as it concerns the mass murder of European Jewry.

The time is September 1942. The place is a detention room in Vichy, France, where Jews are being rounded up for identity checks and circumcision examinations. As they learn but can scarcely credit, they are destined for the crematory furnaces. Miller assembles a doctor, an actor, a painter, an electrician and others, all representative enough to express the playwright's viewpoints, and none real enough to leave the impress of their own specific personalities.

They indulge in rationales of why the inevitable will not occur. It is unthinkable, they tell each other, inefficient, illegal. One by one, they disappear, until only two are left, the doctor and an Austrian prince who has been brought in by mistake. The doctor convicts the aristocratic Gentile of unintended complicity with the whole monstrous crime. "It's not your guilt I want—it's your responsibility," the doctor thunders. Moments later, the prince hands the doctor his own white paper pass to freedom, and stands, erect and alone, facing the irate Nazi sadists.

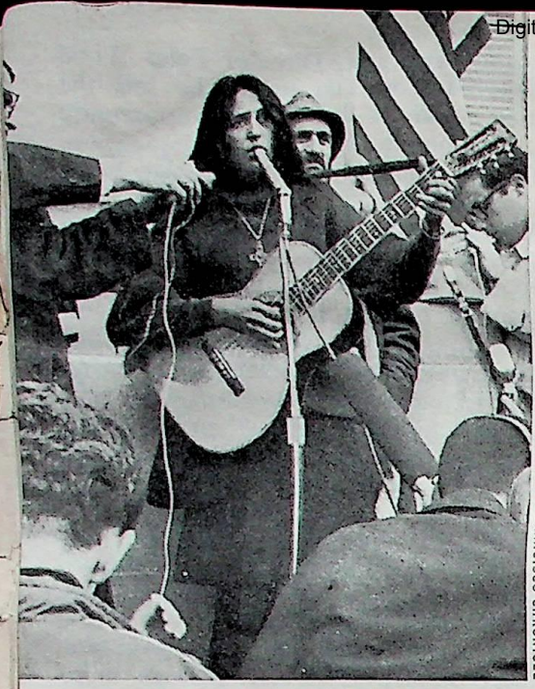
This ending is untrue to death. It would have been more moving, as well as more accurate, to have the aristocrat leave and the doctor face his fate. Furthermore, the episode subverts the play's moral stance. It is morally impermissible for the doctor to accept his life at the cost of the prince's. Even so, the stagecraft is considerably less faulty than the logic. Miller has written an equation with a missing term—power. Power precedes responsibility. One is not accountable for events that one is powerless to avert or affect.

Everyone would like to erase, or explain, the tragedies of history, but tragedy is by nature inexplicable, unavoidable and irreversible. Arthur Miller proposes that the living atone for the dead. But universal guilt, like universal love, is an abstraction. "What can ever save us?" the prince asks in a moment of anguish. A touch of genuine humility might help. Only God can be responsible for all to all.

* At post-opening party.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



DUKE DOWNEY—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

FOLK SINGER BAEZ AT RALLY
Students went limp, and to jail.

STUDENTS

To Prison with Love

"Have love as you do this thing," cooed Folk Singer Joan Baez, "and it will succeed." It was a battle cry, not a ballad. Marching behind their Joan of Arc, who was wearing a jeweled crucifix, a thousand undergraduates of the University of California at Berkeley stormed four-story Sproul Hall, the school's administration building. For 15 hours they camped in the corridors, whanged guitars, played jacks, watched Charlie Chaplin movies. Stairwells became "freedom" classrooms. An alcove was a kitchen where coeds made thousands of sandwiches for the all-night siege. The school had locked the bathrooms, but students with screwdrivers lifted the pins from hinges. For communication with the outside world, they used walkie-talkies.

Then, on orders from Governor Pat Brown, 400 policemen swept into the building. The students sprawling over the littered floors offered no defiance. They went limp, and for the next 13 hours police dragged them along hallways, pushed them into elevators or bumped them down stairs, and shoved them into buses backed up at the rear entrance. "This is wonderful, wonderful!" shouted Protest Leader Mario Savio, 21, a red-haired philosophy student, just before police took him away. Girls were carted off to the city jails; boys were hauled to the Santa Rita prison farm, where tough criminals in blue denims watched dumfounded as guitar-laden, bearded students were herded in.

A Battered Police Car. In the end, 814 were arrested, and it all grew out of a plot of campus property 26 ft. wide and 60 ft. long outside the Sather Gate entrance to the campus. That was the traditional spot where students recruited funds and followers for off-campus activities such as civil rights demonstrations and political campaigns. When school opened Sept. 21, the university barred any more solicitations, in part because of complaints from politicians that university property was being used by partisan groups in the presidential campaign. Thousands of students responded by staging a protest that trapped a police car summoned to arrest a defiant recruiter. While police and their prisoner huddled for 32 hours inside the patrol car, students and off-campus agitators battered it, rocked it, used the roof as a speaker's rostrum. Stunned, the university vacillated over its next move, then suspended eight ringleaders of the demonstration.

The move backfired. A faculty committee set up by Berkeley Chancellor Edward M. Strong deplored punishing eight students among thousands, censured the administration for acting without customary hearings and due process, and criticized the vagueness of university rules governing political activity. Meeting last month, the university regents adopted recommendations made by President Clark Kerr. They rescinded the rules barring political recruiting on campus but insisted on the right of the university to discipline or expel any students who might be arrested in consequence of political activity.

Castro Tactics. The regents' concession was probably sweeping enough to have ended student protests, although undergraduates protested that as individuals they should be free to organize politically and risk arrest without the added jeopardy of university punishment. But the university promptly reopened the dispute by threatening to discipline four student leaders, including Savio, who had organized the demonstration around the police car. Shouted Savio: "This factory does unjust things, and we'll have to cause the wheels to grind to a halt." Then he led the investment of Sproul Hall.

The arrested students were freed on a mass bail bond of $85,000, which a faculty group helped to guarantee. Within hours, the intransigent undergraduates, since October organized in a self-styled Free Speech Movement dominated by civil rights militants, Trotskyite groups, and members of a Communist front, called a strike on the 27,000-student campus at Berkeley. "We have promised that this university shall not run," said Savio, "and we shall keep that promise." One-third of the Berkeley faculty signed a telegram to Kerr and Strong urging amnesty for the four students who face punishment, and 5,000 students staged a rally outside Sproul Hall to hear speeches, strike appeals, and a final folk song in Portuguese by Joan Baez.

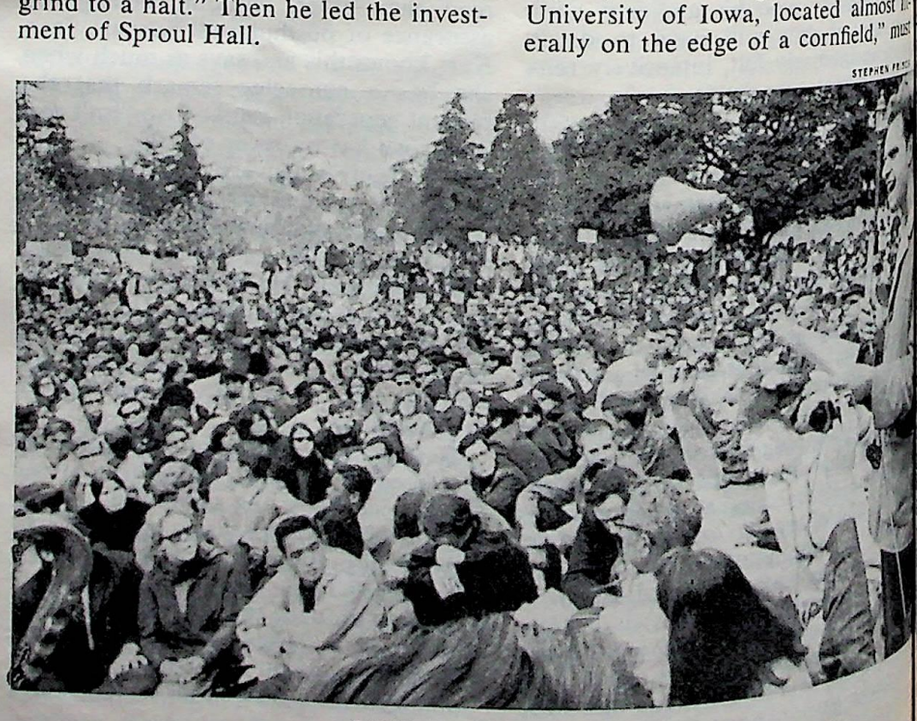
Kerr, who conceded that the F.S.M. at first reflected an "understandable concern" over student political rights, assailed the dissidents as "an instrument of anarchy and political aggrandizement." Even before the sit-in, he had concluded that a handful of activists in the demonstrations "have been impressed with the tactics of Fidel Castro and Mao Tse-tung."

Individuality at Iowa

Barring a so-so football record, the University of Iowa is a contented campus this fall. It has regents who value academic freedom, faculty and students hospitable to fresh ideas, ever-more-liberal financial support from the legislature. More important, the university has a tradition of wise, long-reigning presidents. Last week Iowa installed a new one, the first in 24 years.

From the start, the man seemed to match the office. Said Howard R. Bowen, 56, in his inaugural address: "The University of Iowa, located almost literally on the edge of a cornfield," must

STEPHEN PA...



SAVIO ADDRESSING CROWD
They whanged guitars, played jacks and watched Charlie Chaplin.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ARTHUR SIEGEL

BOWEN & STUDENTS
The man matched the office.

"a place that is hospitable to the individual human being, that raises his aspirations. I hope we shall also seek individuality for the university itself."

Natural Habitat. Bowen's durable predecessor, Rhodes Scholar Virgil M. Hancher, has kept Iowa in the front rank of state universities. The Iowa City campus is home for some of the most adventuresome minds in science and the arts. Physicist James Van Allen, Psychologist Wendell Johnson, Printmaker Mauricio Lasansky, Paul Engle's famed Writers' Workshop. The library, medical and law schools are among the best in the U.S. But Hancher is a corporation lawyer by training and cautious by instinct. "He tended to protect what we already had," says one dean, "but I am more concerned about the future than today's needs." With Hancher approaching mandatory retirement at 68, the regents last year also began to think about the future. Screening more than 130 candidates, they finally chose Bowen, a specialist in economic theory, whom they found only 56 miles away, where he was president of Grinnell College.

For Bowen it was a homecoming. He took his doctorate from Iowa, taught there for seven years before becoming an expert in fiscal policy and the problems of small business for the New Deal. Then he worked as an economist for the Irving Trust Co. Over the next 20 years he moved from the University of Illinois to Williams College as professor of economics and then to Grinnell in 1955. When Bowen arrived, the school was scratching for students; by the time he left they were fighting to get in. Grinnell won one of the first Ford Foundation matching grants and, under Bowen, spent $6,000,000 on construction, curriculum revision, faculty wage increases.

Another Oxford? Bowen has brought the same vitality to Iowa since his appointment last spring. Already in progress is $60 million worth of new construction, including a fine arts center designed by Harrison & Abramovitz. Planning for a big state university was surprisingly similar to the needs of Grinnell, Bowen discovered. "I just had to add another digit or two."

One key set of digits is the student body of 15,000, due to double in a decade. But Iowa's new president is determined that the school preserve quality amidst growth, even if it means reorganizing the university along the lines of Oxford's residential colleges. "While other institutions may take on a somewhat wider range of programs," he said last week, "I believe our future lies in a carefully restricted scope. Let us emphasize thoroughness and depth rather than versatility and range."

PROFESSORS

"The Crassest Opportunism"

One cause of the growing shortage of college teachers is a "crisis in values" that has infected a generation of young scholars with "the crassest opportunism in grantsmanship, job hopping and wheeling-dealing." So writes John W. Gardner, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, in his annual report.

Many professors, says Gardner, think that "students are just impediments in the headlong search for more and better grants, fatter fees, higher salaries, higher rank." Catering to these professors, universities often relieve them of almost all teaching. "Needless to say, such faculty members do not provide the healthiest models for graduates thinking of teaching as a career." Gardner insists that professors and college officials must "behave as though undergraduate teaching is important." Typically. they might emulate the salary incentives and status benefits that a few worried universities, such as U.C.L.A., are offering to faculty members who are notably engrossed with teaching undergraduates.

Cold Shoulder

Two years ago, Soviet Poet Robert Rozhdestvensky, 32, was the idol of rebellious Communist youth. Sharing a platform with Evgeny Evtushenko and other young poets, Rozhdestvensky declaimed against the cult of Stalinism.

How could we
An atheist people
Be servants of a cult?

he cried, and the people cheered.

But Khrushchev said tut-tut to all that, and Rozhdestvensky rather readily switched his blank-verse sermonizing from anti-Stalinism to anti-Americanism. Imagining himself a U.S. Indian in wild West days, he asked:

What if . . . we should once more
hear the warpath's call?
How the tomahawk would glint in the
dew.
What scalps would steam in our
hands.

Even steamier was a poem denouncing Russian-born U.S. specialists on the Soviet Union. Rozhdestvensky said that during World War II they joined the Nazi armies and burned villages, raped women, massacred the wounded, and

smashed the gun butts
down on the babies' cribs.

Last week, in the course of the bland functioning of machinery that exchanges Soviet and U.S. scholars, Rozhdestvensky and four other Soviet writers came to Yale University, towed by Harold Taylor, former president of Sarah Lawrence College. Just as international fellowship was beginning to ripen, a chap burst in to charge the Soviet poet with "almost pathological anti-Americanism," which he documented by quoting the poems. The rude fellow was Charles Moser, 29, assistant professor of Slavic languages at Yale, and a graduate exchange student at the University of Leningrad five years ago. He argued that "to give the Russians anything more than the most reserved of receptions is to encourage those dedicated to the repression of any sort of liberalization in Soviet life."

Moser's call for a cold shoulder was cold-shouldered by most of his Yale colleagues. Robert Jackson, a specialist in Russian literature, called Moser's statement "irresponsible," and said that the university should be hospitable to obnoxious opinions. Even Frederick Barghoorn, who spent 16 days in a Moscow jail last year as an alleged U.S. spy, gulped and endorsed Rozhdestvensky's visit as a useful dialogue that explores rival opinions.

At first Moser seemed somewhat bewildered by the uproar. But he quickly recovered his poise, renewed the argument in a face-to-face showdown with the Russians. Soviet Editor Aleksandr Chakovsky, one of the party, protested —but Moser had already ticketed Chakovsky as an ex-agent of the Russian secret police. "I decided the attitude should be on the tough side of neutral," Moser summed up.

LEE E. HASSIG JR.

ROZHDESTVENSKY & CHAKOVSKY AT YALE
Someone tossed a tomahawk.

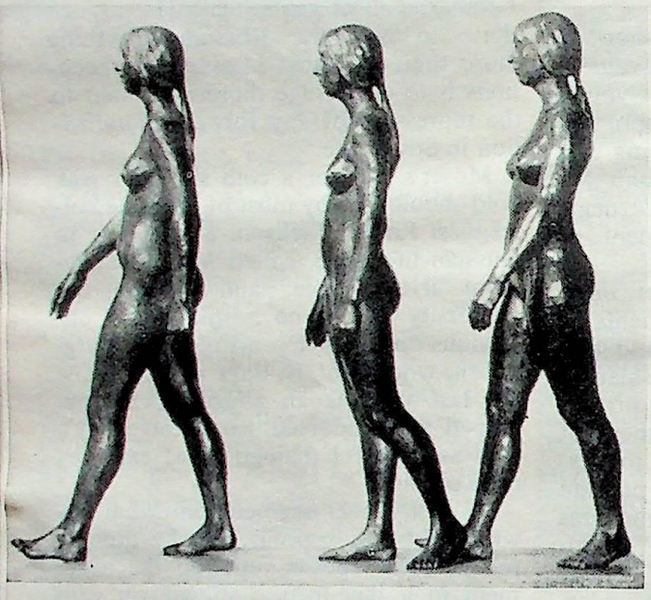
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SCULPTURE

Era of the Object

Put a bronze man upon a bronze horse, and who salutes? Put a plaster Eisenhower in a real Jeep, and the art world cheers. For in today's sculpture, both traditional subject matter and traditional techniques have gone by the board. Where once marble and bronze held sway, sculpture is now made of plastics, automobile fenders, even fur, carpeting and burlap. In place of the commemorative bust, the symbolic nude or heroic grouping, there are now polyester broads, overstuffed light switches, 3-D inside-out doughnuts, stuffed-leather totems, and well-welded rem-



MILLER'S "MARY: WALKING SEQUENCE"
Among polyester broads, a triple image.

nants of the new Iron Age. The definition of sculpture has broadened until it has become an Everyman art, and the results exist more as a fascinating collection of objects than ideal worlds of form.

Best show of the year to assemble the artifacts of the new sculpture revolution is Manhattan's Whitney Museum sculpture biennial, which opened this week with works by 123 sculptors, 50 of them newcomers. Variety is the show's sole common denominator, but the overall impression leaves one fact inescapably clear: the past decade has changed sculpture more than it changed in all the time between Michelangelo and Rodin. Sculpture is no longer a quintessence of form, something to be isolated, set apart and contemplated. Instead, sculpture may plug in and light up, move by machinery or breezes, invite the viewer to play with it. Says Whitney Associate Curator Edward Bryant: "Sculpture wants to come down off the pedestal and create its own environment."

Plastic Patina. Some contemporary sculpture now jostling for *Liebensraum* in the living room cries less for the patina of age than for the quick eye jab of bright plastic paint. The result is a spate of new polychromists (*see opposite page*). Among them:

• ROBERT HOWARD, 42, who has taught art at the University of North Carolina for the past 14 years. His abstract *Landscape XVII* is welded steel painted with two subtly clashing shades of red that seem to warp the solidity of the sculpture. "To do something like it in bronze would cost me $3,000," he says, "but I go out to the junkpile and pick up steel for 6¢ a pound."

• JEREMY ANDERSON, 43, is a San Francisco sculptor who prefers working in natural-finished wood. He painted the upper reaches of his attenuated *Composite Mythology* green to harmonize its grain. Hardly shocking when compared with Brancusi, the slender shape looks at once like ephemeral femurs knocking on a knee joint and a pinch-waisted dancer on toe point.

• H. (for HORACE) C. (for CLIFFORD) WESTERMANN, 42, is a Los Angeles-born rambler who usually turns out carpenter's daydreams consisting of mirrors and precision mitering. His work at the Whitney is a drum-shaped totem of wall-to-wall carpeting. Says he: "I don't know why I named it *The Plush*. If I liked analysis, I'd be a writer."

• ROBERT HUDSON, 26, working out of San Francisco, creates polychrome assemblages straight out of Spike Jones and his City Slickers. The iridescent blue hand was his starting point in *Charm;* he then kept adding things until, says he, "it has a whole world in it." Why paint it a profusion of colors? "I dig painting too," says Hudson. "What the sculpture can't say, the paint can."

• ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN, 40, like many other artists today, shifts easily between painting and sculpture. His delicate pencil drawings and scruffy oils, which emphasize "the masks people wear which stand in the way of communication," have won him Fulbright and Guggenheim fellowships. His *Pyramus & Thisbe* is a dial-version of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* lovers, who can communicate only through a hole in a wall. In the painted epoxy sculpture, Thisbe appears only as an ear modeled inside the back door of the pay phone.

Victorian Finishes. No matter how questionable its content, much of the new sculpture is painstakingly crafted. The practitioners of junkyard assemblages have dwindled. Brutalism for its shock effect is on the wane. A new trend is the number of works that are neatly packaged in boxes, which Sir Herbert Read recently thought should be labeled "furniture" rather than "sculpture." Random objects glitter
hind glass in the work of Joseph C
nell and Mary Bauermeister; even L
ise Nevelson's newest darkling ora
woodwork are kept as purely as bla
fish in glass bowls.

Neatness of execution, however, w
not always a virtue even to Rodin. A
though aptness of thought was. Th
vogue for primitive art has led some
sculptors to making fetishes. Edward
Kienholz, 37, assembles objects from
Grandmother's Victorian parlor and
makes them into a wild and woolly re
vulsion called *The Four Bears*, which
composed, or decomposed, of a
jacket, a night table, and the extre
ties of a stuffed bear (whose sawed-o
head nuzzles into a broken go
bowl). The human figure, when it a
pears, seems almost a wry joke. W
liam King, 39, for instance, makes 7
figures out of burlap and metal that
raucous commentaries on the self-pr
of mankind. Richard A. Miller, 42, c
a conventional bronze nude. But
does it three times in the exquisite
inine gait clearly following Eadw
Muybridge's sequence photo exp
ments of the 1880s of a walking
Frank Gallo, 31, scoops up plastic
ice cream and molds a life-sized
slouched in a cantilevered sling c
as if she were left over from last ni
orgy. Ideal for a living room.

There is proof, too, at the Whi
show that older sculptors are still g
strong. Lipchitz looks more curvy t
cubist in his bronze *Lesson of a D
ter*, a tripod sprouting flames. Noguch
smooth, pierced-granite *Black Sun* c
tinues to exploit Oriental eclecticism
graceful abstraction. But the aver
age of the Whitney's choices is
Even younger sculptors are experim
ing with new approaches to the obj
Some may make sculpture from it.

ARCHITECTURE

A Room of His Own

Skyscrapered Manhattan, taken a
whole, is one of man's most fascin
ing architectural conglomerations. B
when it comes to singling out individ
masterworks by the greats of mod
architecture, the pickings are s
Frank Lloyd Wright and Mies van d
Rohe get only one building each (
Guggenheim Museum and the Seag
Building); Marcel Breuer's first str
ture (the new Whitney Museum)
only now going up; and Pier Lu
Nervi is relegated to a bus station
the north end of the island. Last we
Finnish Architect Alvar Aalto, one
the acknowledged deans of moder
sign, managed to get his foot in
door. It was for a room, some 4,5
sq. ft. of conference space, atop
new Institute of International Educ
tion. The view overlooking the U
Nations gardens and the East Riv
good. The view inside is even bet
Spaghetti Reeds. There might
been no room at all for Aalto but for
enthusiasm of Edgar Kaufmann J

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

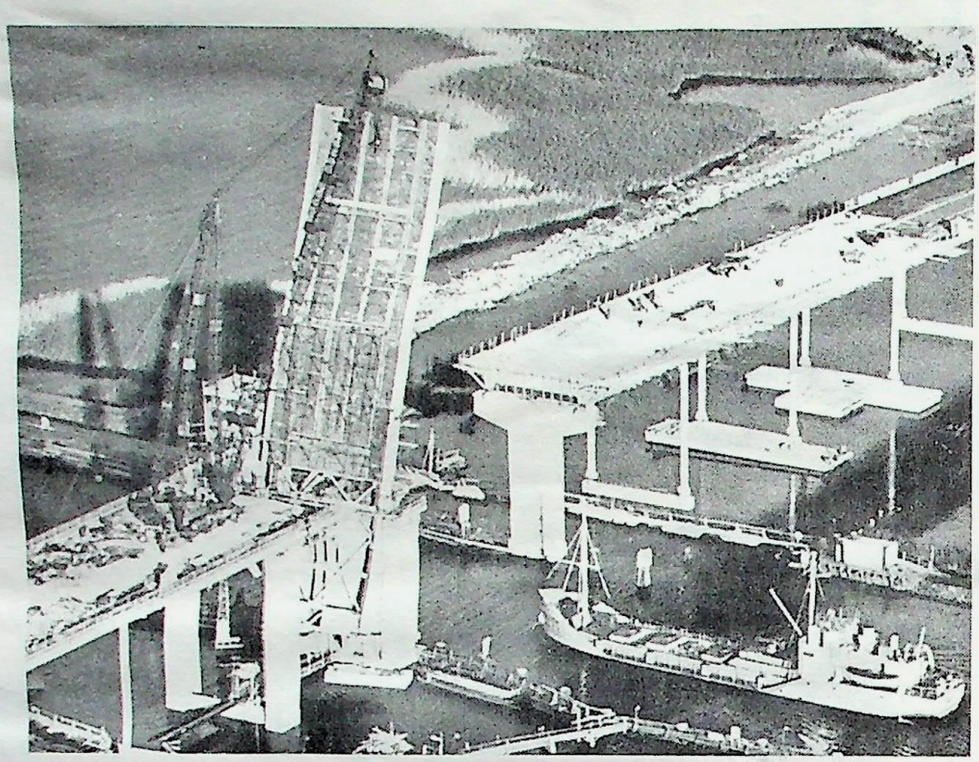
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COLOR REPLACES PATINA at the Whitney's roundup of sculpture, from Elias Friedensohn's telephonic *Pyramus & Thisbe* (bottom left) to Robert Howard's red *Landscape XVII,* Jeremy Anderson's lean, green *Composite Mythology, Number 5*, H. C. Westermann's beacon-like, velvety *The Plush* and Robert Hudson's mad-cap combine of man and machine called *Charm.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

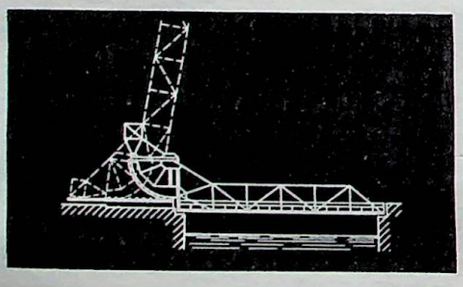
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

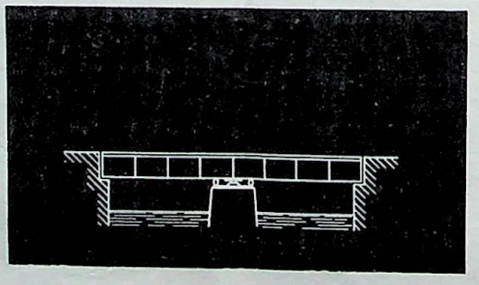
PROBLEMS we encounter

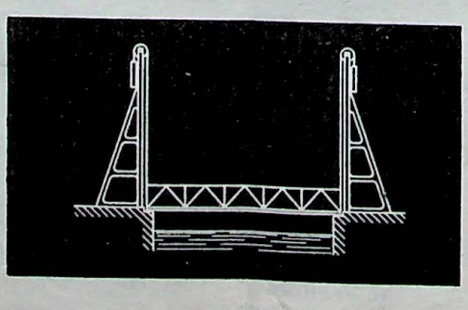


Navigable waterways are liable to be a major problem to road transport especially around big sea ports. Rarely can a fixed bridge be built with the spans high enough to clear the ships' masts and superstructures. A bascule, swing or vertical-lift type bridge is then the solution. Which to adopt depends on the subsoil conditions, the type of traffic on the bridge and the waterway, the nature of the banks, the traffic pattern and other specific factors.

To take a 17.3 m. wide road across the Göta älv near Vänersborg in Sweden our Gustavsburg bridge specialists decided on a rolling-lift type bascule bridge which spans the 50 m. channel with one leaf. The bridge which is seen in the course of erection in our picture has its tail end in the shape of a segment on which it rolls backwards to give full lateral and unlimited vertical clearance.





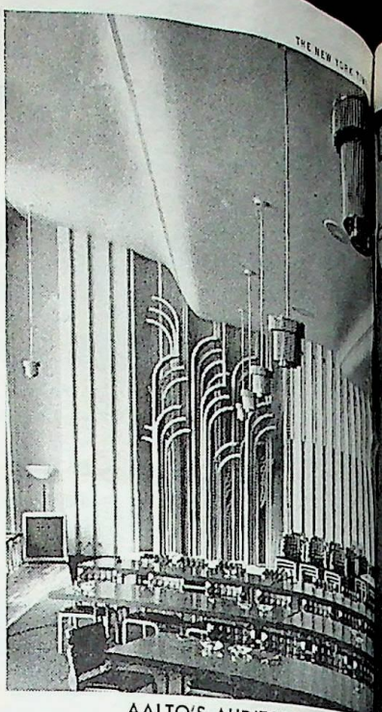


e 0040

M·A·N

MASCHINENFABRIK AUGSBURG-NÜRNBERG AKTIENGESELLSCHAFT

Plants in Augsburg · Hamburg · Nuremberg · Munich · Gustavsburg



AALTO'S AUDITORIUM

Within, a grove of hockey sticks.

Pittsburgh department-store magna
son, who studied with Frank Ll
Wright and talked his father into b
ing Wright's famous over-the-wate
house at Bear Run, Pa. Kaufm
who has an equal enthusiasm for A
offered the Finn a commission to cr
a reception and conference room
his own for the I.I.E.

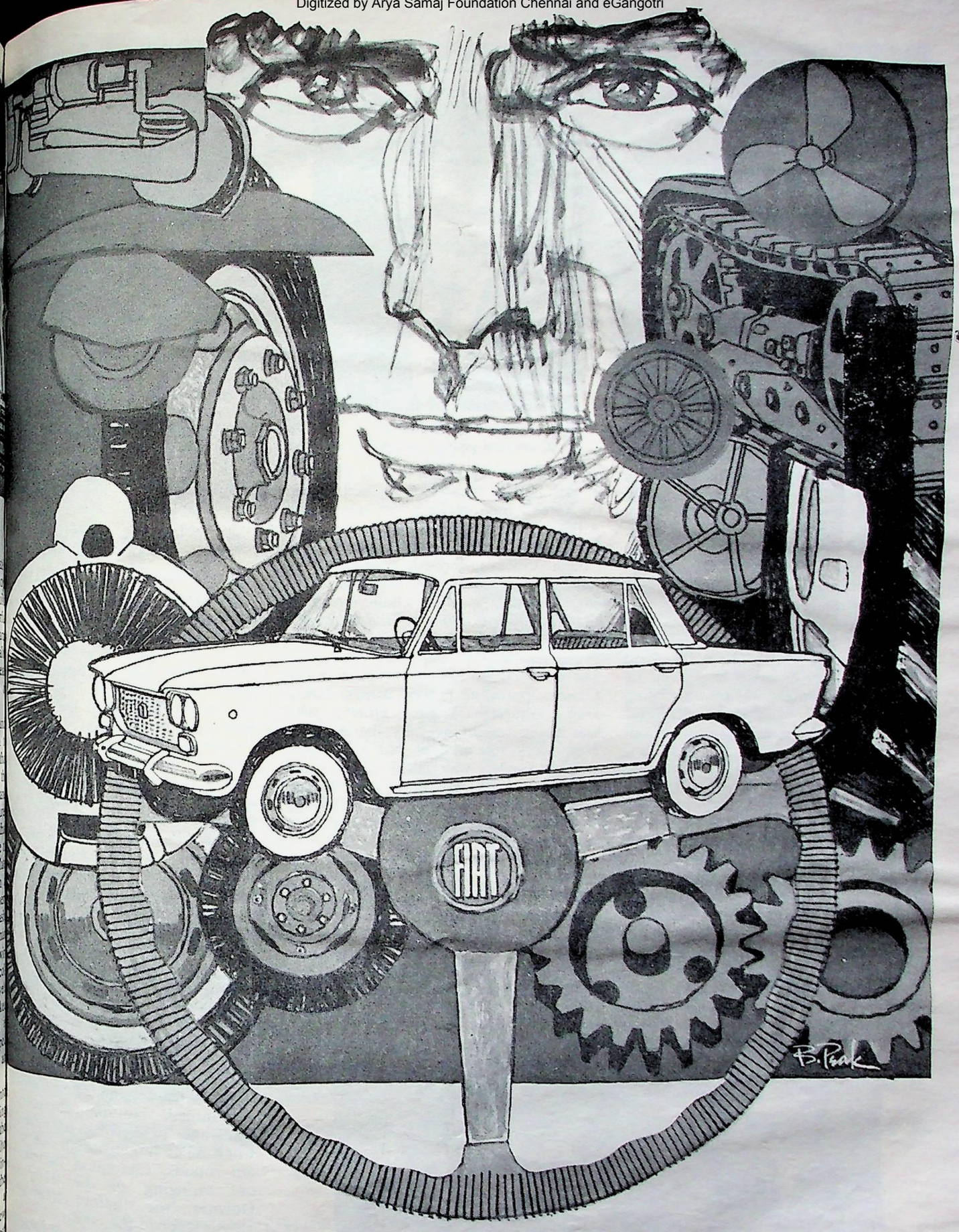
Working with a mock-up in Finl
Aalto passed on everything, down
the individual blue ceramic tiles
line the lobby, specially designed
laminated Finnish birch furniture
the reedlike gold-dipped light fixtu
and lamps. Following his principle
a straight line is the shortest distance
boredom, Aalto made walls undul
outward to make the whole room
stage for the view, and paneled the
like a painter with pale American
"Wood," says he, "is close to hum
experience." Showing off Aalto's
tuosity with wood, these slender c
umns are made of tiny wooden dow
glued together like bundles of uncook
spaghetti. Another of Aalto's joys
a forest grove of hockey-stick shap
wooden forms that stand alone in
alcove as abstract décor.

Forest Fire. Installing the room
the rectilinear concrete frame build
was something else again. To let
ceilings rise to the full 22 feet A
had envisioned, heavy service mach
ery had to be shuffled out from
overhead floor. Aalto had planned
wall of his abstract trees, but the N
York fire department feared a for
fire and ruled it out. But Aalto
fessed himself to be not at all
turbed, for the final result is a
that is sophisticated without sacrifi
obvious handcraftmanship. Everyth
is pure high-altitude Aalto. Everyth
that is, but the nubby brown carp
Here another architect had been
for an opinion. Her name? Mrs. A

primarily ded
is widely reco
or and innov
transportation
n railroad an
if it's transpo
ately attuned

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



PRIME MINISTER TO PROGRESS

FIAT

Primarily dedicated to automobiles, Fiat is widely recognized as a leading originator and innovator in land, sea, and air transportation, in heavy duty vehicles and in railroad and highway development. ■ If it's transportation, Fiat makes it. Delicately attuned to change, Fiat is constantly exploring new concepts. Tunnels, railroads, dams, bridges and marine diesels are always on the drawing boards in Turin. Fiat is pioneering in nucleonics. ■ No one appoints anyone to a responsibility like this. You find yourself in it. You work hard to hold it. ■ **FIAT S.p.A. Turin, Italy**

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PRO FOOTBALL

Battle of the Bucks

A favorite yarn at the National Football League's plush Manhattan headquarters concerns a plaintive telegram that Commissioner Pete Rozelle received from a coach in the rival American Football League. POPE JOHN WAS A GREAT MAN, read the wire, HE RECOGNIZED THE OTHER LEAGUE. Rozelle's reply: TRUE, BUT IT TOOK 2,000 YEARS.

Last week, for a change, the five-year-old A.F.L. was getting plenty of recognition and precious few snickers. Maybe its teams were still no match for the titans of the N.F.L.—although those were fightin' words in Buffalo and San Diego. But there was one contest in which the A.F.L. was every bit the equal of its older rival: spending money. Armed with a $1,250,000 advance against its new five-year TV contract with NBC—and with orders to "get competitive" at any cost—the fledgling league plunged gleefully into a dollar-for-dollar battle with the N.F.L. to sign this year's bumper crop of graduating college stars.

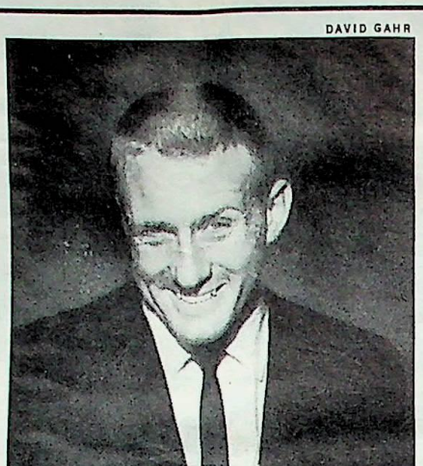
Cash on the Bed. Eric Ambler might have written the script. The A.F.L. held an illegal secret draft—well before its officially scheduled draft meeting. And the N.F.L. hired "baby sitters" to hover over prize prospects and keep them out of the clutches of A.F.L. recruiters. An N.F.L. scout named Dick Pollard tagged along incognito when Indiana Fullback Tom Nowatzke flew to New York and talked contract with the A.F.L.'s New York Jets. The unwitting Jets gave Pollard a chatty tour of Shea Stadium ("Nice," said the spy) and allowed him to sit in on salary negotiations, thinking he was the boy's financial adviser—only to learn the bitter truth after Nowatzke signed with the Detroit Lions instead.

Money flowed like ballpark beer. One promising collegian reportedly returned to his dormitory room to find $25,000 in cash laid out neatly on his bed. When the Green Bay Packers lost out to the A.F.L.'s Houston Oilers in the bidding for Baylor End Larry Elkins, Packer Coach Vince Lombardi cracked: "We missed by a couple of hundred thousand." The New York Giants went all the way to $100,000 to land Auburn's rugged (6 ft. 2 in., 221 lbs.) Tucker Frederickson, the "big back" that Allie Sherman wanted in order to beef up the Giants' sputtering ground attack. Notre Dame Quarterback John Huarte, who was being fought over by the A.F.L.'s New York Jets and the N.F.L.'s Philadelphia Eagles, was asked: "How does it feel to know you'll be able to lay your hands on $125,000 or $150,000 in a few days?" Shrugged Huarte: "It's just money."

Standoff. Even George Halas was bitten by the spending bug. Owner-coach of the Chicago Bears, Halas has a reputation for penny pinching that goes back 45 years; in the old days, he used to plead bankruptcy every year when contract time rolled around. He also has a team that captured the N.F.L. championship in 1963—but won only five games this year. Yanking the [illegible] ber band off his bankroll, Halas shelled out $50,000 for Kansas Halfback [illegible] Sayers, then sent George Jr. around with a $100,000 bundle for Illinois' All-Everything linebacker, "Animal of the Year" Dick Butkus.

By week's end, the duel of the dollars was still pretty much a standoff. The American Football League had signed four of its eight top draft choices; the National Football League had signed nine out of 14. The big battle was yet to be fought—over Alabama Quarterback Joe Namath, who has a date with the Orange Bowl and cannot be bought until New Year's Day. A fine drop-back passer, in the mold of Baltimore's Johnny Unitas, Namath is a special case: he is a No. 1 draft choice in both the A.F.L. (New York Jets) and the N.F.L. (St. Louis Cardinals). With a smart lawyer and a little patience, he could well wind up the highest-paid player in history—before he even suits up for his first pro game.

DAVID GAHR



HOUSTON'S ELKINS
After five years, recognition.

UPI

CHICAGO'S BUTKUS (RIGHT) WITH WIFE & HALAS JR.
After 45 years, the rubber band came off the bankroll.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▶ Mississippi State: a 20-17 victory over Mississippi, favored (by 10 points) and Bluebonnet Bowl-bound; at Oxford, Miss. Trailing 6-3 at half time (on a 48-yd. field goal by State's Justin [illegible] nale), Ole Miss rallied for 14 points in the second half, still lost to its cross-state rival for the first time in 18 years —ever since Johnny Vaught, the nation's winningest major college coach, took over as boss of the Rebels.

▶ Australia's Ron Clarke, 27: a wiry, whipped, three-mile race at Melbourne's Olympic Park, in the world-record time of 13 min. 7.6 sec.—clipping 2.4 sec. off the old mark held by New Zealander Murray Halberg, who trailed Clarke through the tape by 150 yds. Peter Snell failed in his attempt to break his own world record for the mile (3 min. 54.1 sec.), still clocked 3 min. 57.6 sec. —the eleventh time the muscular New Zealander has cracked 4 min.

▶ Miami's Willie Pastrano, 29: [illegible] 11th-round TKO victory over Britain's surprisingly tough Terry Downes, to keep light-heavyweight championship bout in Manchester, England. Bewildered by the determined, bull-like charges of the challenger (who works as a bookmaker when he is not fighting), outfought for ten rounds, Champion Pastrano [illegible] out swinging in the 11th, decking Downes twice before Referee Arthur Smyth stopped the bout.

▶ Pennsylvania's Roger Penske, 27: sweep of the first two major races at the Bahamas Speed Weeks, at Nassau's twisting, 4.5-mi. Oakes Field road course. Driving a Corvette Grand Sport, Penske averaged 95.5 m.p.h. to win the Tourist Trophy race for sports cars, switched to a Chevrolet-powered Lotus parral to beat A. J. Foyt for the Governor's Cup, averaging a record [illegible] m.p.h. for the 112.5-mi. race.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SHELL-TREATED COTTONS STAY WHITE FOR LIFE
[and are truly drip-dry]

Until Shell, drip-dry cottons that kept their whiteness as fresh and crisp as ordinary cottons, were only a housewife's dream. The available drip-dry cottons were inclined to yellow, sometimes uncomfortable to wear and tended to lose their 'non-iron' property after only a few washes.

Shell are about to change all that. Cottons treated with Shell's new textile chemical have all the crisp, cotton whiteness and cool comfort that you remember before the days of drip-dry — and they keep it for life. What's more your wife need hardly ever iron them.

The range of Shell chemical products is wide and diversified. In agriculture and industry, in almost every country in the world, they are contributing to greater efficiency and lower costs. Shell are eager to give you all the help they can. If chemicals can solve your problem contact the Shell company in your country.

CARITE

Shell Chemicals

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PHILIPS' CONTRIBUTION TO THE NEW FACE OF THE NETHERLANDS

Holland. Colourful history, picturesque present. Windmills and ancient stepped gables, traditional costumes and gay tulip fields. But also: industrialization in a breathtaking rhythm. Research and technology apparent in giant projects, quality products. The contrasts of the old and the new, of the pretty and the rational, also abound within Philips, the world-wide industry, founded here in 1891. Philips products ranging from simple lamps to complex scientific equipment, contribute to comfort at home, to entertainment, to health. But also to education and to progress in industry: in fact to the new face of the Netherlands. That is why Philips signs all over the country proclaim: TRIOMF DER TECHNIEK. Philips in Holland (*80,000 employees in 90 factories in 70 towns and villages*) symbolize the peaceful triumph of technology.

trust in PHILIPS is world-wide

This advertisement was made by the Advertising Agency DelaMar, Amsterdam, for PHILIPS NEDERLAND N.V., one of 60 national organizations united in the Philips federation of industries. Philips products include: light, sound, cinema, radio, TV, gramophones & records, domestic appliances, electric shavers, telecommunications, chemical and pharmaceutical products, medical, industrial and scientific apparatus and components.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

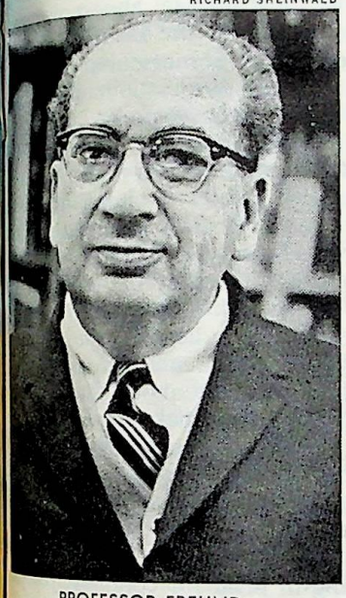
OBITER DICTA

ligion in the Schools

For all those people who have been severely disturbed by Supreme Court ions forbidding the recitation state-prescribed prayers in public ols, Harvard's famed constitutional professor, Paul Freund, had some during words last week. Not that ld disagreed with the court. It is to see how it could have ruled any way, he said in a lecture at Har- s School of Education. But the de- ons, he insisted, "are more important the doors they leave open than for e they shut."

Religion, Freund reminded his audi- e, "is unquestionably a part of our ural tradition. A number of the holi- s we observe, the coins we take and nd, the public addresses we hear, the

RICHARD SHEINWALD



PROFESSOR FREUND
If the audience isn't captive.

scriptions on public buildings that we r, all bear witness to the infusion persistence of this tradition." It is to see how such things can be chal- ged in law, he said, "so long as they not addressed to a captive audience do not call for a profession of com- ent or rejection on the part of e who witness them."

Schools are still free, Freund said, to ch about religion, even if they may teach religion itself. The distinction, admitted, is easier to point out than practice. As for the moral education called for, that presents "even great- subtleties." But the need is also great. e religious aspect of education, und concluded, "is too important be left to the professional educators ." What is needed is a collabora- n "among others, of philosophers clarify objectives, psychologists to ise on techniques of learning, and wyers to furnish materials from the tories of moral decisions known as e law reports." Asked why no min- isters were included among his collaborators, Freund explained: "I don't think there would be any constitutional difficulty about bringing in ministers as consultants. I just thought it would be more prudent, if a board or a city were interested in revising its curriculum, to do it with secular experts."

CRIMINAL PROCEDURES

Signs of a Soviet Switch

To Western law experts, the most dangerous defect in Soviet legal thinking is the tacit assumption by Russian courts that a defendant has been brought to trial because he is guilty, and that courtroom testimony at best can serve only to mitigate a sentence. The Soviet attitude stems largely from the fact that the kingpin of the system is not an impartial judge but a procurator, a sort of super district attorney and Big Brother rolled into one. As the state's No. 1 law enforcer he conducts investigations, orders arrests, serves as prosecuting attorney, keeps an eye on courts for irregularities and carries out sentences. In effect, about all that is left to the court is to decide on the severity of the sentence.

Lately, some Soviet judges and lawyers, disturbed by this one-sided setup, have stirred up a strenuous debate on the procurator's prerogatives. Writing in Izvestia last week, the Soviet Union's highest judge declared that a defendant should not be presumed guilty simply because the procurator says so. "Only the court can decide in the name of the state whether a person is guilty," wrote Soviet Supreme Court President Alexander Gorkin. At least that's what it said in Izvestia.

TRIALS

Cigarettes v. *Lollipops*

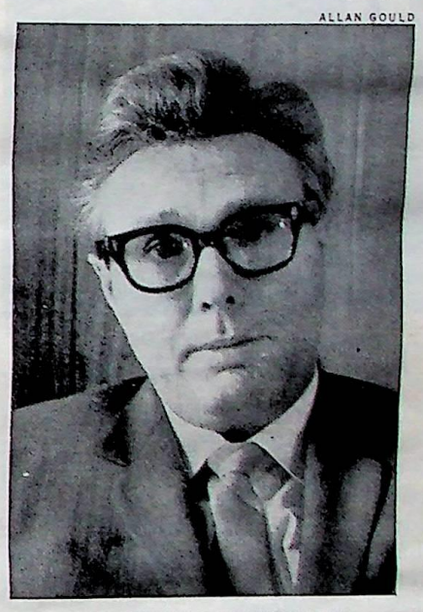
As both a licensed physician and a lawyer, Florida's Lawrence V. Hastings was uniquely qualified to participate in the growing controversy over whether cigarettes cause cancer, and if so, whether the companies that make them are liable for the damage they cause. Dr. Hastings has not failed his calling.

Unexpected Evidence. Ever since 1957, after Miami Contractor Edwin M. Green learned that he had lung cancer, Dr. Hastings has been in court suing the American Tobacco Co. for $1,500,000 in damages, charging that its Lucky Strike cigarettes, which Green smoked at the rate of as many as three packs a day for 32 years, caused the contractor's illness. While the first trial was in progress, Green provided some unexpected evidence by dying of the disease.

Hastings won a verdict that cigarettes did indeed cause Green's death, but the jury refused to award any damages to Green's wife and son. Since the knowledge of tobacco's dangers was not established until the mid-1950s, the jury agreed that the American Tobacco Co. could not have known during most of Green's smoking years that cigarettes can cause cancer. Later, after the Florida Supreme Court ruled that Florida law subjects any product sold for public consumption to an "implied warranty" that it is not harmful, the Federal Court of Appeals ordered a retrial of the Green case.

Question of Numbers. When the retrial opened in Miami Federal District Court last month, Dr. Hastings had hopes of winning the first damage verdict in the history of the tobacco-cancer controversy. His hopes began to fade when Judge Emett C. Choate started his charge to the jury. Implied warranty, explained the judge, only meant that the product must be "reasonably fit and safe for the ordinary purpose for which it was sold." The issue, he continued, was not whether Green died of cigarette-induced cancer; another jury had

ALLAN GOULD



DOCTOR-LAWYER HASTINGS
If Luckies are reasonably fit.

decided that. This jury was simply to determine whether "a large segment, a responsible segment, a significant number" of smokers were endangered.

Under that definition, the tobacco company was found not guilty of breaching its implied warranty. Complained Dr. Hastings: "If a candy company sold one poisoned lollipop that caused one death, it would not be necessary to show that its lollipops had killed off a sizable segment of the population."

Last week the doctor-lawyer asked for a new trial on the grounds that "the verdict was contrary to the evidence." As lawyer, he faced the problem that the jury was assessing the danger not of one unusual lollipop, but the possible danger of countless ordinary cigarettes to a "significant number" of people: as doctor, he must have realized that for all the convincing statistics pointing to a relationship between smoking and lung cancer, the tobacco companies can still point to millions of people who smoke and do not contract the disease.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE PRESS

LIBEL

What's in a Name?

During the years that Drew Pearson's syndicated column "Washington Merry-Go-Round" ran in the Fairbanks, Alaska, News-Miner, Pearson's most constant detractor was C. W. (for Charles Willis) Snedden—who happens to be the News-Miner's publisher. It seemed to Snedden that the columnist never got

FAIRBANKS DAILY NEWS-MINER

PEARSON & SENATOR MORSE
Hitting smack in the reputation.

anything right about Alaska, not even the cost of a gallon of gas in Fairbanks, which Pearson quoted at $1 (actual price at the time: 51¢ to 54¢). Finally, Snedden could stand no more. "The garbage man of the fourth estate," his paper sneered in an editorial as it dropped the column.

This description joined the list of unflattering epithets—among them "chronic liar," "journalistic polecat" and "s.o.b."—that have already been hurled at Pearson without puncturing his hide. But the News-Miner's phrase hit him smack in the reputation—or so the columnist claimed in a $176,000 libel suit. In his own defense, Pearson produced almost half a dozen character witnesses, among them the gentleman farmer whose 499 acres are near the Pearson property in Maryland: U.S. Senator Wayne Morse.

Last week in Fairbanks, Superior Court Judge Everett Hepp decreed that Columnist Pearson had not been damaged. The recent U.S. Supreme Court ruling that public officials cannot collect for public criticism unless malice is proved (TIME, March 20), said Judge Hepp, should apply equally to public criticizers. As for the aptness of the News-Miner's description, Judge Hepp made no direct comment. But he was moved to include in his decision a question raised by the defense counsel: "How many garbage pails must a person empty to be called a garbage man?"

MAGAZINES

Forum Renascent

When Time Inc. reluctantly published the final issue of *Architectural Forum* in September,* there were many who mourned the magazine's passing. Chief among them were the 64,000 subscribers, who gave *Forum* top ranking in its field. This week, *Forum* got a new lease on life. Beginning next April, announced the American Planning and Civic Association, it will resume publication of architecture's most influential U.S. journal.

A nonprofit organization devoted since 1904 to "improving the character, appearance and functioning of American cities," the association early recognized *Forum* as an important ally in its cause. Its ambition to revive the magazine was cordially approved by Time Inc., which bestowed the publishing rights as a gift. *Forum's* future will be in experienced hands: ten members of the old staff, headed by General Manager Lawrence W. Mester and Managing Editor Peter Blake.

COLUMNISTS

Practicing Medicine in Print

Dr. William Brady, a spry, 84-year-old resident of Beverly Hills, takes great pride in his health. Brady is deaf in one ear, and a few months ago he had to give up daily somersaulting after cracking a vertebra in a dizzy spell following a spin. But his eyes are bright, 16 of his teeth are his own, and his arteries "are no harder than those of a man of 45." All told, Brady makes a lively exhibit for the efficacy of his own advice, which he has dispensed daily, through his syndicated column, "Personal Health Service," for the past 50 years.

Brady's 5,000,000 outpatients—a figure reflecting the combined circulation of his 80 papers—get a solid dose of old-fangled, no-nonsense medical advice. He is against TV patent-medicine commercials, toothpaste (he uses soap and a birch toothpick), cigarettes, alcohol and hypochondria. "What is my blood pressure advice?" he once asked his readers, and capitalized his answer: "NEVER MIND YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE." In a column on the benefits of exercise, he scolded sloths: "Don't just sit on your ischial tuberosities, watching hired professionals play."

Down to the Tegument. "Temperance, correct breathing, nudity and conservation of the teeth" stand high on his list of good health habits. Brady himself often peels down to the tegument—in some sequestered corner, to be sure. "A certain amount of nakedness is good for the body," he says, "for it gives all the cells a chance to breathe freely."

If his homespun counsel smack[s] medicine's horse-and-buggy days, [it] is only because Brady himself is a p[ro]duct of that departed time. After gra[d]uating from the University of Buf[fa]lo medical school in 1901, he set up pra[c]tice, and in 1914 began writing a co[l]umn for the Elmira, N.Y. Star-Gazett[e]. So far as Brady knows, he was then the only M.D. in newspaper practice.

Today, some 30 physicians syndicate medical columns, touching on just about every medical specialty but do-it-yourself surgery. Hundreds more, such as the New York Times's Dr. Howard A. Rusk, a practicing authority on rehabilitation of the handicapped, confine their practice to the home-town paper. Reader response can be impressive. Dr. Joseph G. Molner, who writes for 383 U.S. and Canadian papers, gets up to 100,000 letters a month. Montreal's French-language La Presse, which carries Dr. Brady in translation, dropped him for a week, the manager-editor "heard from almost every old age pensioner in the Dominion."

No End of Somersaults. The American Medical Association takes a stiff ant position on newspaper medical practice, perhaps because Morris Fishbein, longtime editor of the A.M.A. Journal (1924-49), wrote a column himself for 27 years. Fishbein's column, as a matter of fact, survived his newspaper career; after he left it, the syndicate kept it going with three other physicians.

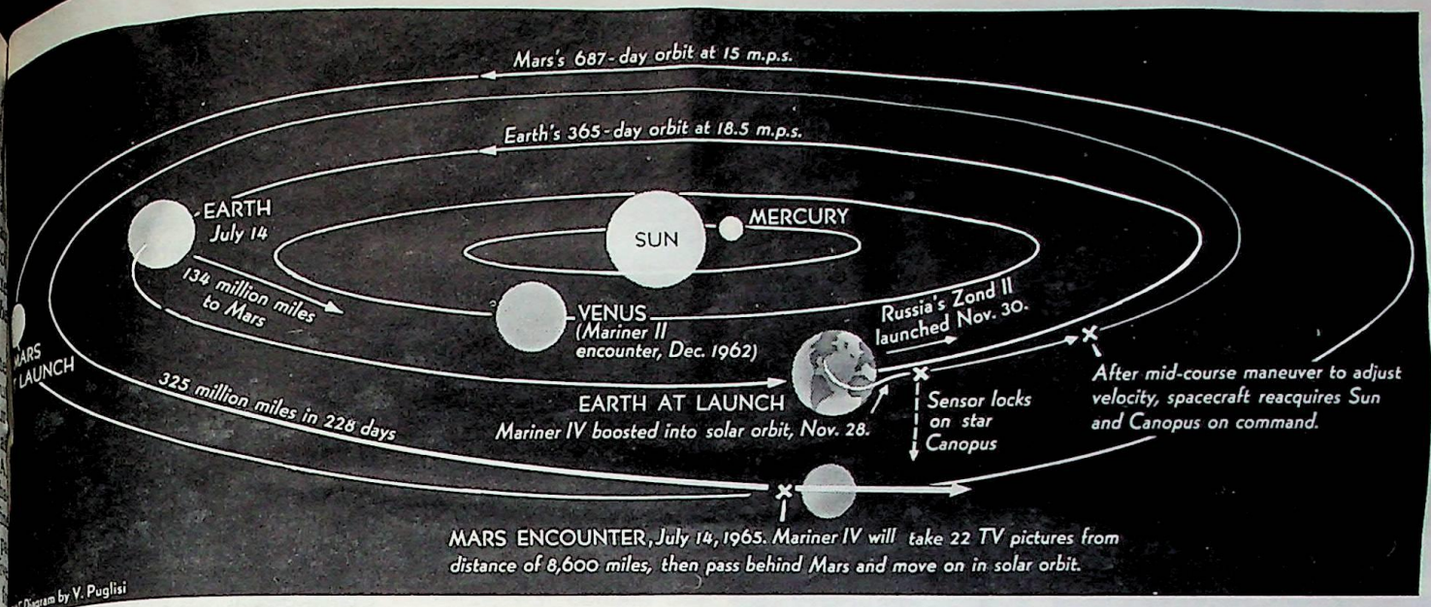
Brady's syndicate, the National Newspaper Syndicate of Chicago, is not at all concerned about finding a successor for him. Tucked away in N.N.S. files is half a century's worth of Brady columns that, because of their basic approach to medicine, are not likely to go out of style. By tapping this reservoir, N.N.S. can keep Dr. Brady somersaulting in print for countless years after his death—and intends doing so.

DR. BRADY
Getting off the ischial tuberosities.

* *House & Home*, Time's other building publication, was sold to McGraw-Hill.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



TIME Diagram by V. Puglisi

SCIENCE

SPACE

On to the Red Planet

For a few days last week, it seemed as if the U.S. and Soviet Russia were racing each other to Mars. No sooner had the U.S. launched Mariner IV from Cape Kennedy than the Russians put up Zond (for Probe) II. Scientists speculated that the Soviets' more powerful rockets might have given the Red spacecraft enough extra push to carry it past Mariner on the 228-day, 325 million-mile voyage to the red planet. But the race was not so much a contest between nations as it was a confrontation with the inexorable geometry of planetary orbits. Both Russia and the U.S. had dashed their spacecraft aloft to get them through the one-month "window" during which Mars is most favorably positioned for an earth-launched rocket. Whether Zond had enough zip to overtake Mariner was not clear. But the question seemed academic. Even if Zond gets there first, it may not be able to manage its mission; its power supply seems to be failing.

A Little Sticky. Mariner had different difficulties. Just as planned, one of its bright-eyed optical sensors locked on the sun, the craft's prime navigational reference and power source for its solar cells. But when another sensor began searching the heavens for a second reference point—the giant, blue-white star Canopus—Mariner got confused and began looking around in all directions. First, the star-sighter locked on Alphekka. Then it fixed its gaze on Regulus. Another roll on its axis, and Mariner picked out Naos, then a multi-star cluster near Naos. Finally, when Mariner was 360,000 miles from earth, its electronic eye found a star bright enough to send the proper radio report: Mariner had locked on Canopus.

The fix came none too soon. Besides using a guide on the way to Mars, Canopus also served to aim Mariner's directional radio antenna back toward earth, enabling Jet Propulsion Laboratory scientists to calculate the craft's flight path. Knowing that path, the rocketeers were able to plan a correction for Mariner's original course, which would have taken it past the red planet at a distance of 151,000 miles—too far for it to shoot any meaningful television pictures. But shortly before that correction could be made last week, Mariner went into an unexpected roll. JPL had to wait until the craft righted itself before carrying out the "mid-course" maneuver designed to turn Mariner ever so slightly toward Mars. The maneuver was accomplished, and again Mariner found Canopus. How accurate the course correction was, scientists will not know for days.

Many Hazards. But even a successful mid-course correction will not guarantee a successful mission. There are still some 323 million miles to go. The 138,000 parts on board are subject to radiation damage, and to unexplained failure caused by undetected flaws. Only if Mariner survives all such hazards, can the U.S. count on its purple-winged spacecraft taking the first detailed photos of mysterious Mars.

AERONAUTICS

Boom & Bust

It sounded like artillery fire rolling in over the rocky desert floor, but the sonic booms generated by the F-104 Starfighters did nothing more than rattle the windows of the 18 buildings spread out over five acres at White Sands Missile Range, N. Mex. The first pass by a Starfighter produced a shock of 4 lbs. per square foot of overpressure.* Another boom was boosted to 6 lbs. per square foot, and subsequent booms raised the overpressure to as high as 10 lbs. per square foot. But nothing broke. Officials of the Federal Aviation Agency began to break out in smiles. Maybe the booms sure to be caused by high-flying supersonic transports would not be so bad after all.

It was obvious that plaster and glass were standing up well. And they were getting hit with five times the average jolt that supersonic planes gave the 750,000 residents of Oklahoma City up to eight times a day in tests earlier this year. During those tests, the FAA answered 12,558 telephone calls and letters of complaint from irate Oklahoma City residents, paid out $8,608 to settle 163 small damage claims.

A lot of hopes were riding on the White Sands tests. If all went well, the agency would have a firm and convincing argument against the ever-increasing complaints of private citizens. Such an argument will surely be needed as U.S. plans to develop, test and produce supersonic commercial airliners get off the drawing boards and into the nuts, bolts and hardware phase.

In all, the FAA put their manufactured desert town through 15 sonic booms over a three-hour stretch. So well did the buildings bear the booms that a disappointed CBS camera crew left before the show was over. Then, for that inevitable one last picture, a Starfighter was ordered to make a low-level pass at subsonic speeds. But the pilot miscalculated, the speed indicator climbed, and the results were spectacularly embarrassing. Just as FAA Deputy Administrator Gordon Bain was answering a reporter's question about the psychological reaction to sonic booms, a walloping blast shook the walls. Bain and the newsmen.

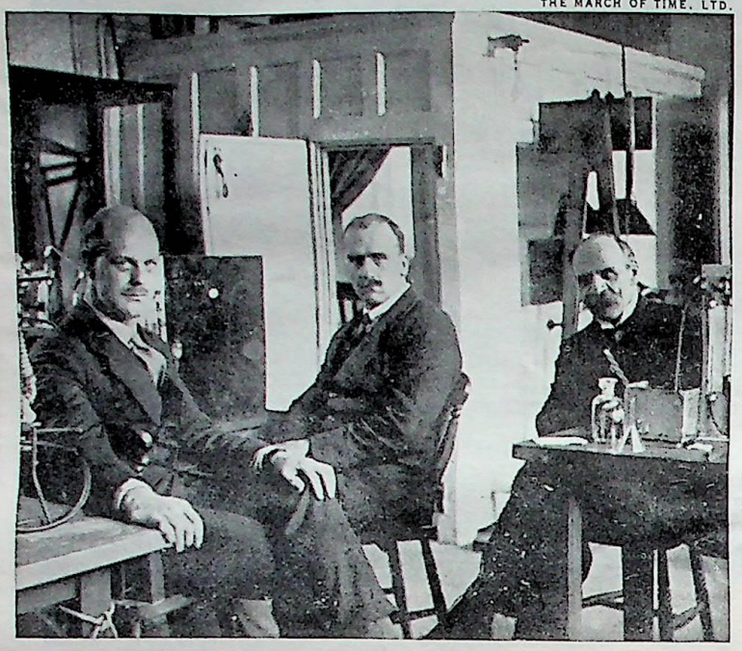
A heavy ruby-glass ashtray flew off a desk and sprayed shards over the floor. Outside, both panes of a mock-up storefront were smashed, a glass window in a trailer caved in, and 16 out of 90 panes in a small greenhouse were shattered. The plane had come in at about 650 m.p.h., just over the speed of sound. Distressed FAA officials estimated the overpressure at 25 lbs. to 40 lbs. per square foot, but there was no way

* Pounds of pressure above the normal atmospheric pressure, which is 2,111 lbs. per square foot at sea level.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE MARCH OF TIME, LTD.



J.B.S. HALDANE (CENTER) & FATHER (RIGHT)

Daddy dropped him in 40 ft. of water.

PAN-ASIA

HALDANE IN 1956

to be sure; they had already turned off their test equipment. What was scientifically certain was that a big enough boom at a low enough altitude can cause real damage.

GENETICS

Always a Good Show

"I've been very much a dabbler, and I'm not ashamed of it. Sometimes I wonder idly what I might be remembered for a hundred years from now—but I don't really very much care what people think about me, especially a hundred years hence." Perhaps John Burdon Sanderson Haldane did not really care, but last week, when it came time for BBC-TV to present a prefilmed obituary of the versatile British scientist in which he appeared, it was clear that he would be remembered for a multitude of contributions to man's knowledge of his world and of himself.

Infected with Experiment. Geneticist Haldane would have been the first to deny that his intellectual gifts and interests could have been genetically determined, but there was no doubt that they were early and firmly imprinted on him by his father, John Scott Haldane (1860-1936). Longtime professor of physiology at Oxford, the elder Haldane risked his own life by deliberately inhaling carbon monoxide for more than an hour and by sitting in ovens heated as high as 300° F. Young John was only four years old when his father took him down into coal mines and sewers to let him experience the befuddling effect of methane gas. Having figured out why divers get "the bends" and devised the decompression tables on which all diving practice has been based ever since, his father put young J.B.S. into a diving suit and dropped him into 40 feet of water. It was a quick but effective lesson for the boy; it taught him how to keep his Eustachian tubes open.

Thus the boy was thoroughly infected with the bug of self-experimentation. Gassed in World War I, he plunged into experiments to compare the effectiveness of different types of gas masks. Sent to India, he tested the value of his typhoid inoculation by deliberately drinking unboiled water and chewing betel nuts bought at filthy roadside stands. Haldane did not get typhoid—but he caught a sand-fly fever, which was about as bad.

Sex Viri. Demobbed, Haldane took a post as a lecturer in biochemistry at Cambridge University. He also took another man's wife, Writer Charlotte Franken. When he had to pay £1,000 damages as corespondent, the university asked Haldane to resign. He refused. He was called before the *Sex Viri** and fired. Haldane appealed, and a special university court upheld Haldane in his contention that a professor's private life is none of the university's business. Then Haldane and Charlotte Franken got married.

In 1933, Haldane switched from Cambridge to the University of London. Wherever he went, he persisted in self-experimentation. He had the blood supply to his arm shut off with a tourniquet until the arm was paralyzed, then watched another man move it with an electric current. To upset his body's acid-alkali balance, he drank ammonium chloride and panted for days afterward. To prove that "sunstroke" (properly, heat stroke) is not caused directly by the sun's rays, but by the overheating of the brain and spinal cord, he sat in Egypt's broiling sun for two hours, periodically dousing his head and spine with water. He got no heat stroke, but he suffered a severe sunburn across his broad shoulders.

Haldane breathed air containing as much as 11% carbon dioxide—generally accepted as more than any other man has survived—and recorded his ... ences as he went under. This was ... after the Royal Navy's submarine ... sank with the loss of all but four ... crew, and Haldane was explaining ... heavy death toll. While breathing ... oxygen, he took a "dive" in a com... sion chamber to seven atmospheres, ... it nearly killed him.

But his most extravagant dream ... medical martyrdom was not to be fu... filled. In 1949 he wrote: "If Ki... Charles I's or King Louis XVI's ha... [after their executions] had been sta... within a minute or so on a pump w... supplied oxygenated blood to ... would almost certainly have ... around, after half an hour or so, en... to open its eyes and move its lips. ... would probably have recovered ... sciousness. I hope that if I have ... inoperable cancer this experiment ... be tried on me."

Party Before Wife. Haldane's ... proclaimed political sympathies ... with the Loyalists in the Spanish ... War. Wife Charlotte had led him ... the Communist Party, and in ... he took over as editorial chairm... London's Daily Worker. Charlot... turned disillusioned from Russia ... tried to lead Haldane out of the ... But he stuck to it, not to her, and ... were divorced. That same year ... married an assistant, Helen Spurw...

Despite his die-hard Marxism, ... dane was too good a scientist to be ... en in by all Russian dogma. When ... party line sanctified Geneticist Tr... Lysenko, whose theories echoed ... "Lamarckian Heresy" holding that ... vironmentally induced characters ... can be inherited, Haldane quit the p...

The London Times called him ... great shambling bear of a man w... big bald head and a loud booming ... which could rise to an indignant ... His antiwar passions led him to ... tion with Britain because of the S... incident and in 1957 he went to ... dia. There he eventually settled d... as head of the Orissa state governm... Genetics and Biometry Laboratory.

A year ago, Haldane was stric... with cancer of the rectum. Still irrepr... ible, he wrote a piece of doggerel ... London's New Statesman and Na... entitled "Cancer's a Funny Thing":

I wish I had the voice of Homer
To sing of rectal carcinoma . . .
I know that cancer often kills,
But so do cars and sleeping pills;
And it can hurt one till one sweats,
So can bad teeth and unpaid debts.
A spot of laughter, I am sure,
Often accelerates one's cure.

Laughter was not enough. Last ... recurrence of his cancer ended ... stormy, 72-year life of John Halda... At his bidding, his widow sent his b... to a medical college to be used for ... search. Haldane had amply fulfilled ... lifelong desire: "I hope that I shall ... time to think as I die, 'I am glad th... lived when and where I did. It w... good show.' "

* Latin for "the six men"—a court of senior dons.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE A.M.A.

The Making of a President

When the American Medical Association held its semiannual meeting in Miami Beach last week, high on the agenda was the election of a president to take office next June. Not surprisingly, the delegates chose a small-town general practitioner, a man who profiles just the sort of image that the A.M.A. prefers: Dr. James Ziegler Appel, 57, of Lancaster, Pa. (pop. 60,000). Dr. Appel's ancestors immigrated from the Palatinate in 1732. He is the son of a doctor who delivered his own baby in the family quarters above his office. Today, Dr. Appel (pronounced "apple") still practices in the house where he was born. He wears a hearing aid that is enough of a gadgeteer to have inspired it to serve as a stethoscope. It is a lot handier than a regular stethoscope," he says, "for getting inside a patient's shirt."

Up the Ladder. Though he is qualified as a surgeon, Dr. Appel insists that he is still a G.P. "A general practitioner," he says, "can be a very contented person because he becomes infused with a feeling of devotion and humanism; he and his patients get to know one another as persons; the rewards are very satisfying. I'm doing general practice and I love it." The house of delegates loved him for it too. They chose him 131 to 94, over Dr. Donald E. Ellis, an Indianapolis specialist in internal medicine.

Though small-town doctors are in a majority in the A.M.A., they get the association presidency disproportionately often. This is not so much the result of rural overrepresentation as of the facts of medico-political life. The small-town doctor has fewer professional societies to occupy him than his city colleagues have; he devotes relatively more time to his county medical society. Dr. Appel, during most of his professional life, has been methodically working his way up the ladder of medical-society office holding, first at the county level, then the state, and for 19 years as a member (and in many cases, chairman) of innumerable A.M.A. councils and committees.

Needs of the Elderly. With its current president, Iowa's Dr. Donovan F. Ward, and President-elect Appel as its chief spokesmen, the A.M.A. will continue to oppose, with one voice, President Johnson's plan to finance medical care for the aged under social security. Knowing that the medicare fight will come to a climax in the next Congress, the A.M.A. decided to hold a 50-state war council next week in Chicago and to appropriate a multimillion dollar campaign fund.

Dr. Appel stated the A.M.A.'s position succinctly: "There is no reason for a tax-supported program. We have a much better program in Kerr-Mills. If the states would enact good Kerr-Mills laws the medical needs of the elderly would be met better and at less expense than through medicare. But if it passes, the A.M.A. will obey the Constitution and the laws."

. . .

On another issue the A.M.A. did an extraordinary turnabout last week. Having taken a studiously neutral position on birth control for more than 25 years, it decided that "the prescription of child-spacing measures should be made available to all who require them, consistent with their creed and mores." Having jealously opposed any intrusion into the doctor's domain or infringement of his right to collect fees in the Depression 1930s, the A.M.A. now decided that birth-control guidance should be equally available to private and clinic patients, regardless of whether they "obtain their medical care through private physicians or community-supported health services."

AP

A.M.A. PRESIDENTS WARD & APPEL
Fitting the G.P. image.

NUTRITION

Too Much of a Good Thing

Aware that she is "eating for two," a pregnant woman is likely to make sure she gets sufficient bread, cereals and milk—all of which, because of the long campaign to wipe out rickets, are usually fortified with vitamin D. Her obstetrician may well prescribe a daily capsule of supplemental calcium and vitamin D. And while the mother-to-be is taking it easy, she may do a little sunbathing, which stimulates her system to make still more vitamin D. It all adds up not only to a hefty dose of the vital vitamin but to some risk that her baby will have heart defects and be mentally retarded as well.

Thick & Narrow. Dr. Robert E. Cooke, pediatrician in chief at Johns Hopkins' exciting new Children's Medical and Surgical Center (TIME, Nov. 22) based his warning on [illegible] originated in Britain, after the National Health Service offered free vitamin D to [illegible] lore and several cases of vitamin D poisoning were recorded. Similar reports were observed in Germany. And now, says Dr. Cooke, he is convinced that excessive vitamin D was responsible for the mental retardation and other abnormalities of 13 babies seen in 18 months in his hospital. This indicates that there are several hundred cases a year in the U.S. alone.

Dr. Cooke was careful to point out that for the vast majority of women and their babies, the prevailing intake of vitamin D does no harm. But in unpredictable cases, any excess over normal requirements causes unnatural calcium deposition in the fetus: its bones, especially the base of the skull, grow unusually dense, and chalky deposits narrow the aorta. Sometimes the aorta is narrowed around the origin of the renal arteries so that the kidneys are starved of blood and the affected baby suffers from extremely high blood pressure.

NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF MEDICINE

VITAMIN D VICTIM
Depositing excessive calcium.

Incurable & Preventable. The trouble with vitamin D, said Dr. Cooke, is that the body has no effective mechanism for getting rid of an excess. It accumulates until it triggers the deposition of calcium. And it is easy for the susceptible unborn child to get too much of it: one pregnant woman in Baltimore, who was eating well, drinking a great deal of milk, and taking her prescribed multivitamin capsules, was getting 2,000 to 3,000 units of vitamin D daily along with her sunshine supplement, as against a recommended daily intake of only 400 units, even for a fast-growing child. Dr. Cooke suggested that women check with their doctors on their total vitamin D intake. The striking thing about this form of mental retardation, he noted, is that while it is severe and incurable, it is so easily preventable.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

FASHION

Net Gain

Through a glass, darkly, two sets of women eyed each other. The ones outside wore storm coats, mufflers, woolly gloves and boots, and shivered anyway; those inside lolled in nothing but incandescent light and a couple of inches of cloth. None of the show-window mannequins had the get-up-and-go to make it to the Caribbean for Christmas, and few of the lady shoppers had the necessary funds. Still, stores across the U.S. last week were piled high with shifts to go wading in, slacks for strolling sandy beaches, blouses for leaning on foreign balustrades, and ball gowns to have shipboard romances in. Most abundant of all were the bathing suits.

Bikinis and maillots, blousons and middies, all spilled off racks and shelves around the country. Styles were simple (fewer turtlenecks and full-length sleeves than last year), patterns bold (with slashes of stripes and oversize polka dots predominating), and colors smashing (incendiary pinks and theatrical splashes of black on white were favorites). But the real news were the models made, at least in part, of fishnet.

The girls on the French Riviera have been slinging the hole-happy stuff over their bikinis for years. Only this season, however, did it cross to native shores to fill in the spaces exposed by plummeting necklines and high-riding shorts, offering new methods of engineering that open vistas in unexpected places. Cole of California used fishnet to screen a deep isosceles plunge ($26), Rose Marie Reid to add a jeweled lace topping to a maillot ($50), while Designer Bill Blass took a big breath, and a giant step, left gaps where gaps had never before been left, and let flesh fill in instead of fishnet.

The selection is as vast as the price range. The view is vastest of all.

WINE

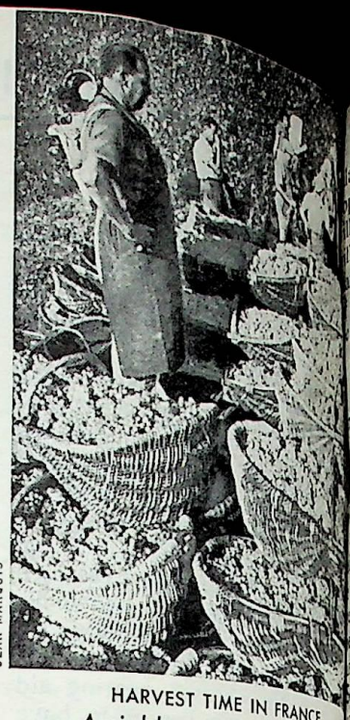
This Is the Year That Will Be

France's Minister of Agriculture Edgard Pisani set would-be wine lovers fermenting last July when he advised colleagues at a Cabinet meeting to lay in a few casks of 1964 because it was probably going to be the best vintage since 1921. To insiders, however, this showed him about as wine-wise as a gas-station attendant in Marseille.

In the first place, 1921 was not all that wonderful, and no one can accurately predict the quality of a vintage two months before the harvest. Even then, prognosis is difficult. The highly touted 1959s, for instance, are already beginning to fade, while the rather rough 1957s are just beginning to achieve real quality; the 1934s, downgraded at first, became splendid in 1939.

But Pisani turned out to be a pretty good prophet after all: 1964, harvested, and much of it still bubbling to fermentation in casks of Bosnian oak, may well be a notable year as well as an abundant one. For all France, it is a happy relief after disastrous 1963—a summer so wet and sunless that many of the great vineyards, such as Château d'Yquem and Château Cheval Blanc, sold their entire harvest as *vin ordinaire*.

Noble Rot. Growth began about 15 days late last spring, but, once started, was spectacular. The summer was remarkable for its sun and dryness, with just enough rain in September to save the younger vines from drying out. Burgundy's Wine Growers Syndicate, keeping close watch on the balance of sugar and acidity in the ripening grapes, set the date for the beginning of the *vendange* (harvest) relatively early, and wine growers who did not delay were lucky. A solid week of rain that began on Oct. 7 stopped harvesting cold (wet grapes cannot be picked for fear that water may contaminate the juice) and halted the *pourriture noble*—the ble rot"—that is necessary for ening Château d'Yquem and sweet sauternes.



JEAN MARQUIS

HARVEST TIME IN FRANCE
Amiable, supple and round.

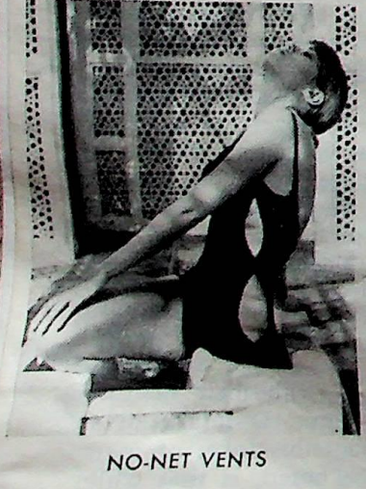
Beaujolais, best drunk young ready on French tables, should lected with care this year; the was so hot when the harvest Sept. 15 that vintners who failed the precaution of cooling their overnight before squeezing them have inhibited their fermentation, ceases if the temperature of the in the vats rises above 96°.

In Bordeaux the growers lighted. "Really a remarkable *dange*," glowed Henri Martin, of the Interprofessional Council deaux Wines. "I never saw the looking so healthy." No responsible pert would dare say just how great year will be, though Martin admits other great years of Bordeaux were as amiable at first as 1964." The vintage is extremely "supple" (low tannin), therefore may "fade" quickly than a "harder" wine.

Beautiful Harmony. But if the ners are happy about 1964 in Fr in Germany their cup runneth over.

"This is the year that the qu quality law went overboard," ch round, ruddy Rudolph Ohl, one of many's 250 wine commissioners sponsible for tasting and grading country's top wine. Swirling a pale low Niederwallufer *Auslese* in a thin-stemmed glass, then sniffing, ing, chewing, slurping, gargling, finally swallowing it, Ohl dared to 1964 higher than the superb which was, after all, "too one-sided lacked harmony."

The German "noble rot," called *faule*, was plentiful, making possib fruity wine called *Beerenauslese* lected rotten-ripe). Comments on 1964 Rhines, Moselles and Ri ring the changes on the vocabulary winesmanship. "There should be a bouquet, and the wine will be



NO-NET VENTS

V-NECK NET

BEN MARTIN

LACE OVER NET

New vistas in unexpected places.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

anced and round, not hard," said
p Wineman Friedrich Cornelssen. "It
ll have lots of body, lots of play—it
ll be rich in expression, healthy and
ll-sided. In short, 1964 will be one
the most interesting wine years in
past century."

THE FAMILY

lace to Leave the Kids

uppose there were hotels for chil-
where parents could park their
ring and take a day off, or a week
e country—or a round-the-world
—secure in the knowledge that
children would have expert care,
ful supervision, and a wonderful
Europe has had such hotels for
s.

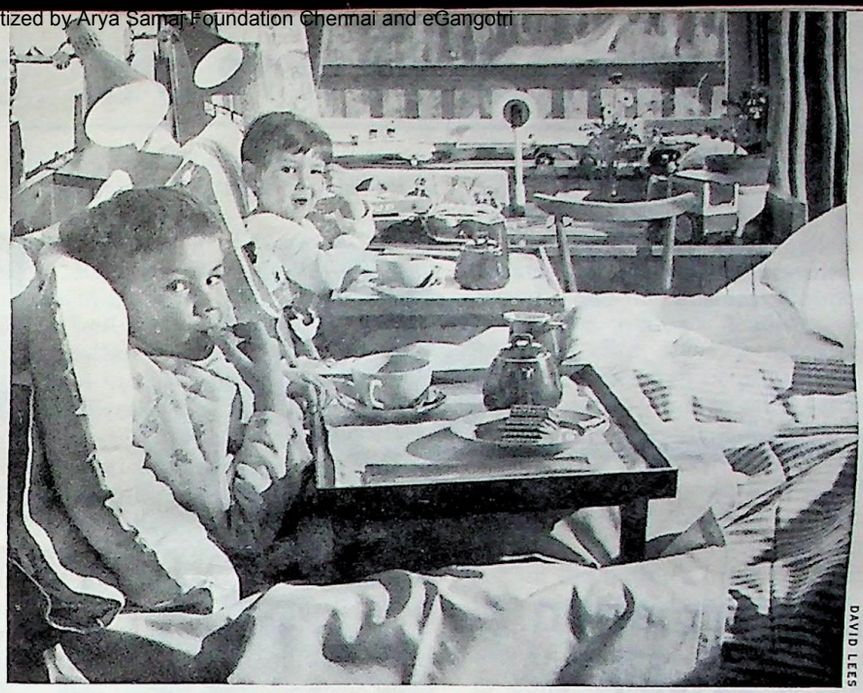
oirées & Cocktail Hours. Most of
n are more or less like year-round
ps with an international accent. Per-
s the most famous is the Hans Brink-
at the seaside resort of Noordwijk,
miles from Amsterdam. Established
ve years ago, the Hans Brinker
ers to the peanut-butter-and-jelly
from The Netherlands, Belgium,
nce, Britain, the U.S., the Arab
ld and several African nations at
rate of about 1,000 children a year,
at ages ranging from three months
welve years.

hildren can be left over a weekend,
school vacation, or for as long as
e months, and their disencumbered
ents can travel, go skiing or sample
s night life to their hearts' content,
fortable in the thought that the chil-
are having a better time than if
had been taken along or left at
e with nurses or baby sitters.

5 each afternoon there is a "cock-
hour" (milk, chocolate milk, fruit
s); on Wednesday evenings a "soi-
(plays put on by the children); the
are filled with horseback riding,
eboard, pingpong, and swimming
mmer—part of the famous Noord-
Beach is reserved for the hotel.
guage barriers go down fast. A
ish boy at Skansebo—one of Den-
's five children's hotels—learned
French and accentless Danish
difficult for a Swede) on a single
mer holiday.

reakfast in Bed. There are at least
children's hotels in Britain, and in
ce one called La Botel (derived
"*bébé*" and "hotel") has just
ed in the hamlet of Bérchereau,
t five miles from Rambouillet,
e tots have acres to romp in, and
h run two round trips to Paris
y day.

t La Botel cannot compete with
holiday luxury of La Meridiana,
e miles from Cortina d'Ampezzo, in
Italian Alps. There, 50 young
s are tended by a domestic staff
sleep on Beautyrest mattresses,
opt for breakfast in bed, and at
ch and supper eat like the aristo-
many of them are. Says seven-
-old Count Vincenzo Balestrieri-



DAVID LEES

DINING IN BED AT ITALY'S LA MERIDIANA
Better than being dragged along.

Cosimelli: "La Meridiana's much more amusing than a grownups' hotel. I have more time to play and lots of snow to ski in during the winter, which even Daddy can't find for me in Rome."

TASTE

"Camp"

Where are the dandies these days? Not the mere fops and mannered exhibitionists, but the lovers and arbiters of style for style's sake, the cherishers and curators of what's amusing (as opposed to what's serious)—a predilection that is one of the luxuries of affluent societies. They thrived in Socrates' Athens and at the Roman courts of emperors and Popes. The 18th century shone with them, and the 19th century produced the dandy of all time, Oscar Wilde.

Wilde rebutted the industrial revolution with flowing locks and velvet suits; he warded off its fumes with a long-stemmed flower. The modern dandy, on the other hand, revels detachedly and deliciously in the vulgarity of mass culture. And the word is not dandyism any more. According to one of Manhattan's brightest young intellectuals, Novelist Susan Sontag, the word is "Camp."*

"It's Too Much!" The essence of Camp, writes Miss Sontag in the *Partisan Review*, is "its love of the unnatural: of artifice and exaggeration." Tiffany lamps are Camp, she says by way of illustration, and so is a fondness for Scopitone films and the lurid pseudo journalism of the weekly New York National Enquirer. Turn-of-the-century postcards are Camp; so is enthusiasm for the ballet *Swan Lake* and the 1933 movie *King Kong*. Dirty movies are Camp—provided one gets no sexual kick out of them—and so are the ideas of the French playwright Jean Genet, an ex-thief and pederast who boasts about it. "Genet's statement that 'the only criterion of an act is its elegance' is virtually interchangeable, as a statement, with Wilde's 'In matters of great importance, the vital element is not sincerity, but style.' "

In matters sexual, according to Miss Sontag, Camp goes against the grain, cherishing either the androgynous, swoony girl-boys and boy-girls of pre-Raphaelite painting or the plangent supersexiness of Jayne Mansfield or Victor Mature. In art, Camp's exaggeration must proceed from passion and naiveté. "When something is just bad (rather than Camp)," she writes "it's often because the artist hasn't attempted to do anything really outlandish. 'It's too much,' 'It's fantastic,' 'It's not to be believed,' are standard phrases of Camp enthusiasm."

So Bad—So Good. And if this somehow suggests homosexuality, Miss Sontag is not one to deny it. "While it's not true that Camp taste is homosexual taste, there is no doubt a peculiar affinity and overlap. Homosexuals, by and large, constitute the vanguard—and the most articulate audience—of Camp." The reason: it is to homosexuals' self-interest to neutralize moral indignation, and this Camp does by promoting playful estheticism. "The whole point of Camp is to dethrone the serious. More precisely, Camp involves a new, more complex relation to 'the serious.' One can be serious about the frivolous, frivolous about the serious."

Camp, says Miss Sontag, is "the answer to the problem: how to be a dandy in the age of mass culture. The old-style dandy hated vulgarity. The new-style dandy, the lover of Camp, is a lover of vulgarity. Where the dandy would be continually offended or bored, the connoisseur of Camp is continually amused, delighted. The dandy held a perfumed handkerchief to his nostrils and was liable to swoon; the connoisseur of Camp sniffs the stink and prides himself on his strong nerves."

* Originally derived from an Australian term for "a low saloon."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE "WELCOME SERVICE" IS THERE

Air France does more than fly you to your destination speedily and comfortably. It provides its passengers with a comprehensive range of additional services and facilities — among them the **WELCOME SERVICE.**

DON'T HESITATE TO CONSULT IT

When you arrive, you may want some practical information on the town or city where you're staying, and its environs ; information about hotels, restaurants, museums, doctors, religious services, excursions, etc. The Welcome Service can answer all your queries and give you useful advice to help you make the most of your stay in the locality. Thanks to the Welcome Service, you need never be lost in a strange city.

THE WELCOME SERVICE OPERATES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

There are more than 140 Welcome Service offi
all over the world. You'll find them at the
Air France offices in major capital cities, and als
such smaller places as Cannes, Nantes,
Cleveland, Paramaribo, and even Colomb

AIR FRANCE

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLI

à Votre Service

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

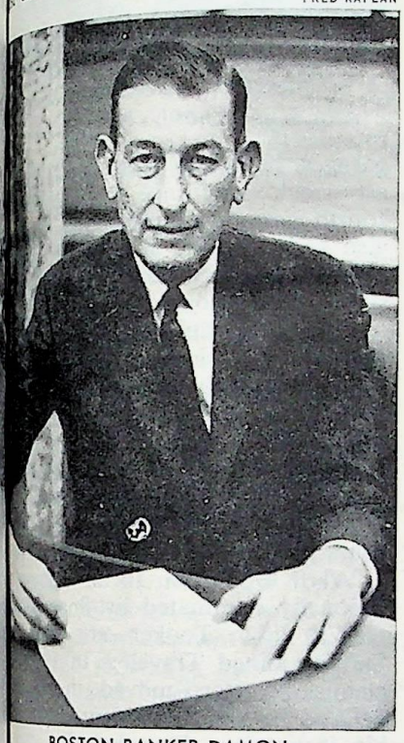
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE ECONOMY

A Strategic Withdrawal

"I turned on the television set and al- "I fell out of my chair," said a ior officer of the powerful First ional Bank of Boston. What caused h consternation was the news of don Johnson's admonition to the on's bankers not to increase their interest rates. In response to the in the Federal Reserve Board's own count rate, the big Boston bank had the day before become the third

FRED KAPLAN



BOSTON BANKER DAMON
From subtle pressures, few bruises.

S. bank to hike its own prime rate, Johnson's pressure changed all . Said the First National officer: the time we got to work the next those of us who run this bank ew what we had to do. Our chances winning this fight were zero." Out nt the First National's increase—and h it, at least for the time being, went e hopes of bankers across the U.S. to e their own rates.

Johnson had not only subdued the kers but, quite unlike the case of esident Kennedy's turnback of the el price rise in 1962, left few visible ers on the business community. Busi- ss leaders, who like to borrow their ney as cheaply as possible, were in mood to complain. Wall Street was heered by the continuing prospect of sy money; the stock market, which fered its worst fall of the year (11 nts) on the day that the Boston bank ed its rate, promptly recovered most the lost ground. Such criticism as re was fell less on Johnson than on the backing and forthing of the First National. "Shame on them," growled Atlanta's Mills B. Lane, president of the Citizens & Southern National Bank, which had raised its prime rate and was left out on a limb.

Patriotism over Profit. Just after the Federal Reserve raised the discount rate a fortnight ago, the Administration used its well-tested jawbone tactics on top Manhattan bankers, who usually set the pattern in the national loan market. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon telephoned his old friends and, according to Wall Street insiders, Johnson himself got on the horn to some bank chiefs, notably Morgan Guaranty's Henry Clay Alexander. The Administration satisfied itself that the New York bankers would make no immediate increases, partly because their supply of money was well ahead of the loan demand from cash-heavy U.S. corporations. To keep them in that mood, the Federal Reserve last week pumped more than $1 billion into the banking system.

A couple of other banks outside New York did indeed hike their prime rates from 4½ to 4¾%, but Johnson was unworried because, as one of his aides said, "hell, they haven't got any prime customers to loan to anyway." When the Boston bank risked a jump, there was cause for alarm. The Administration considers the First National to be one of the few non-New York banks with enough power and prestige to lead a nationwide raise in prime rates, as in fact it had done in 1956. Its president, Roger Damon, 58, is a tough-minded innovator who is much more daring than most bankers and likes to upset what he calls "accepted dogma" in banking. To prevent the nation's 16th largest bank from leading a breakthrough to higher rates, Johnson wrote his plea into a previously prepared speech (*see* THE U.S.). He chose the blue-ribbon Business Council for a declaration that a bank-rate rise was unjustified and "might slow down our economic advance." The Boston bankers felt unable to rebuff the President.

Now to Labor. That was all well and good, but the business community now looks more than ever for Johnson to devote equal time to pressuring labor to keep its costs in line. As the bankers were rescinding their plans to raise rates last week, the United Steelworkers' embattled President David J. McDonald demanded a "substantial" pay raise on top of such fringes as double-time pay for overtime and longer vacations. While McDonald put no price on his package, it surely exceeded the Administration's 3.2% guideline. Did McDonald feel bound by the guideline? "I never have and I never will," he snapped. Pittsburgh reckons that it is closer to a long and bitter strike than at any time since the 116-day walkout of 1959-60. The industry's contracts expire May 1, and Johnson may well have a rougher time with the steelworkers than with the friendly bankers.

MANAGEMENT

Soup & Chips

Lyndon Johnson once called it "the greatest group of businessmen in the world," and the Business Council is certainly the nation's leading society of business elite. Its 179 members—most of them chairmen or presidents of great corporations—can usually get the presidential ear; President Johnson last week spoke with them twice. But the private group is far less important for the occasional advice it offers the Government than for the effect its public consensus has on the nation's business psychology. Last week the council elected a new chairman, whose name, face and words will be before the public in the months to come while he acts as spokesman for the nation's top businessmen. The man: William Beverly Murphy, 57, president of Campbell Soup Co.

Cooking Up Sales. Like all the other members of the council, Murphy is first a businessman whose reputation ultimately depends on how he performs as a manager. As boss of the world's biggest soup company, which he joined in 1938 after working for the Nielsen rating service, Murphy has proved his ability. His first job at the Camden, N.J., headquarters was devising new products to cook up more sales. He has stuck to the recipe so well that Campbell's sales and profits have doubled since he became president in 1953, and profits have risen every year. In its 1963-64 fiscal year, Campbell netted $48 million on $660 million in sales, both records.

Campbell not only dominates the U.S. soup market, canned and frozen, but is the nation's largest producer of canned spaghetti (Franco-American),

RUSSELL C. HAMILTON

BUSINESS COUNCIL CHAIRMAN MURPHY
From a select few, a public consensus.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

blended vegetable juice (V-8), frozen meat pies and TV dinners. Not content with selling 300 products in 110 nations, it has introduced 20 new items since August, is busy expanding seven of its 19 U.S. plants. Murphy, who earns a salary of $216,274 a year, also believes in personal diversification. He is a director of A.T. & T. and Merck, a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania and M.I.T. and co-chairman of the Greater Camden (N.J.) Movement. He is also a great soup devotee, has a can of it daily for lunch and dinner, notes proudly that the prices have remained virtually the same for a decade.

Heatless Pressure. A Republican, Murphy was among the 40% of the council members who supported Johnson for re-election. Last week he sympathetically defended Johnson's views on money, and declared after the bank rate rollback that "there was no feeling that the President was putting the heat on bankers." As for the council's future relations with Government, which were somewhat strained when it broke away from the Commerce Department in 1961 after a spat with Luther Hodges, Murphy says: "Our relations with the President are close and good, and we intend to maintain them that way."

HOUSING

Wheel Estate

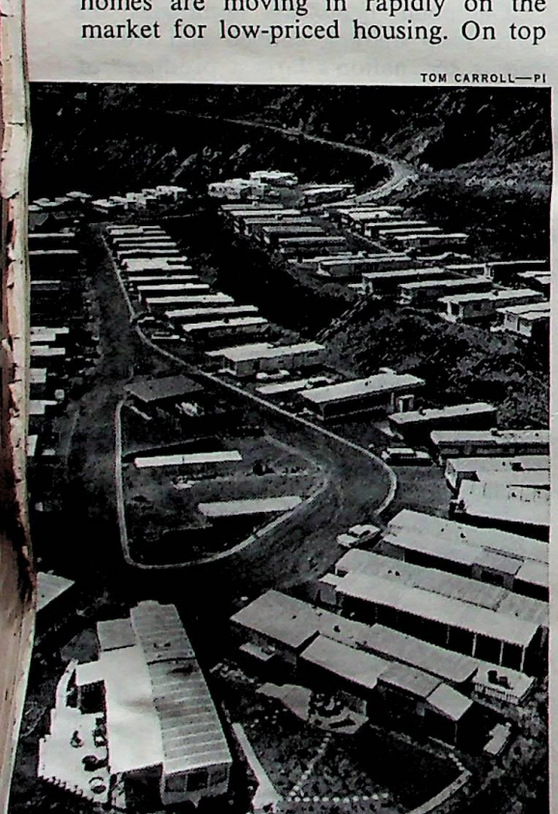
Nearly a sixth of the new houses being built this year in the U.S. are mobile homes, the product of what the 4,000,000 Americans who live in them affectionately call the "wheel estate" industry. Busily shedding their old image as cramped trailers, mobile homes are moving in rapidly on the market for low-priced housing. On top of gains averaging 25% in 1962 and 1963, the production of such homes has spurted 23% this year. Last week the Mobile Homes Manufacturers' Association announced that the industry built 159,250 units through October—a record equal to 19% of the ten-month starts of private, one-family houses.

Conventional housing's big new competitor has fattened so fast largely because factory-built mobile homes escape such hobbles as archaic distribution of materials, costly on-site construction and building and zoning codes, all of which boost the cost of traditional housing. Today's typical mobile home, a 550-sq.-ft. unit with two bedrooms, a bathroom, kitchen-dinette and living room, sells fully furnished for $5,600 on such terms as 20% down and $70 a month for seven years.

Although mobile homes are built to travel, it takes a truck to haul them (unlike smaller travel trailers, which can be towed by an ordinary auto). Their owners tend to set them on foundations, skirt them with shrubbery and even porches. Manufacturers claim that, rather than mobility, they are selling a prefabricated, delivered-to-the-site house that is easy to relocate. "We are the answer to low-cost housing," says M.H.M.A. Managing Director Edward Wilson. "The home-builders can't do much about it. They're tied. We have moved into a vacuum." The makers of mobile homes have grown into a $1 billion industry of 200 firms, five of which now have annual sales above $30 million.

Although half the industry's sales are to young married couples who need inexpensive shelter, mobile homes are growing bigger and more luxurious. Some carpeted, air-conditioned models command $16,000; 12-ft.-wide units now account for 21% of industry sales *v.* 7% last year. Many of the nation's 20,231 mobile-home parks match such amenities with pools and golf courses. "We were uneasy when we invited Jascha Heifetz to our trailer for a weekend visit," says Mrs. Raymond Kendall, wife of the dean of music at the University of Southern California, "but he had such a good time he invited himself back." For the Kendalls, their oceanside unit an hour's drive from Los Angeles is a second home; for most owners, a mobile home is their only abode. Mobile homes are a long way from becoming the prevailing U.S. way of life, but they are a major part of that life: in Palm Springs more than half the population lives in them.

TOM CARROLL—PI



TRAILER PARK IN CALIFORNIA
A home need not be a house.

INSURANCE

New Hands on the Umbrella

Over the new skyline of Hartford, Conn., hangs a big, bright red umbrella —symbolically, at least. The umbrella is the emblem of the Travelers Insurance Companies, which played a major part in making the skyline possible with a $40 million investment in office buildings, a hotel, a shopping center and

TRAVELERS' TOOKER & DeWITT
A boss need not be a financial mo

garages. In its 100 years, the U.S.'s l
est stock insurance company (
fourth among all insurance firms)
also reshaped the skyline of the $1
billion insurance industry, intro
such firsts as double indemnity and
tomobile insurance. Last week Tra
ers did some internal reshaping.
its vacant chairman's seat moved
dite President J. (for John) Doyle
Witt, 62, to be replaced as pres
by Executive Vice President Sterli
Tooker, 51, the likely successor as
executive when DeWitt retires
years from now.

What Goes On. In an industry
ditionally dominated by financial
DeWitt and Tooker are exceptio
DeWitt joined Travelers in 1925, a
claims adjuster, moved through
field to become president in 1952;
his instigation, Travelers has beco
famous for fast claim paying. Too
a Hartford native, was first an actua
moved over to personnel work af
World War II naval service, and h
since supervised the 50,000 Travel
agents and brokers who sell policies
50 states and Canada. Under this
traditional hold, the largest multip
line insurance company operates with
relaxed kind of multiple manageme
"DeWitt," explains one Travelers e
ecutive, "is not one who comes da
ing into a department crying 'What
hell goes on here?' "

What goes on is a flow of innovatio
that have raised premium income to
record $1.5 billion. Travelers est
lished its own weather station and
search center in 1955, geared casua
insurance thereafter to better inform
tion on storms and industrial-accid
causes. It was first to introduce mont
budget plans, and it writes 25% of
package-plan insurance sold in the U.
Travelers' fastest-growing division no
is group insurance, which the compan
got into in 1866 when it wrote a po
icy covering every member of the Ba
timore fire department with $1,000
life insurance. This year group
pull even in total premiums collec

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

00 million) with casualty and fire surance. The Travelers policy on 1.3 illion U.S. railroad workers and their pendents is the largest group policy er written on non-government em- oyees but the company has also ced successfully to reduce "groups," o 25 people and then to four.

Logical Customers. The new execu- line-up is meant to maintain the ative. Tooker will administer the pany and oversee investments, h lean more strongly than in most panies on Government bonds but stress mortgages on one-family es ($500 million worth) occupied the kind of people who are logical omers for multiple insurance. Mean- e, DeWitt will concentrate on Trav- 's newest venture. The company is ing overseas. Beginning with insur- e on the growing number of U.S. porations and families at work oad, it intends to go on from there to ead its umbrellas around the world.

GOVERNMENT

What Kind of Monetary Men?

This month's departure of Robert osa as Under Secretary of the Treas- highlights an important question ut monetary policy in Washington. substantial number of the highest al posts in the U.S. Government soon be held by new appointees. e question that concerns business- n, and that there is no way of an- ring now, is: What kind of men they be?

President Johnson is expected soon appoint a replacement for Roosa, o resigned to take a partnership in banking and investment house of wn Brothers Harriman and write a k on monetary policymaking. Lead- candidates for the job: Fred Dem- , an able economist and president the Minneapolis Federal Reserve k, who leans toward easy credit, l Charles Coombs, vice president of New York Federal Reserve Bank, international monetary expert who ped Roosa line up the $3 billion ergency loan for Britain.

Beyond this, nearly a dozen other portant economic posts in Washing- will soon change hands. At Treas- , a major turnover is in the offing. de from Roosa's job, a successor ill to be named for Henry Fowler, o last spring quit as the second- king Under Secretary. The depart- nt's No. 4 man, General Counsel G. Andelot Belin, intends to return soon his Boston law practice. And Treas- Secretary Douglas Dillon has re- medly served notice that he intends resign by next July.

Two of the three members of the deral Home Loan Bank Board, in- ding Chairman Joseph McMurray, ve announced that they are leaving Jan. 1. Internal Revenue is headed a careerman who is acting only as terim boss. On Johnson's appointment of a new Attorney General, of which there is yet no sign, depends the future of William Orrick Jr., the Justice Department's chief trustbuster. The five-man Federal Power Commission has one vacancy and one holdover member, Vice Chairman Charles Ross, who is serving month to month. Because of President Johnson's longtime Texas ties with oil and gas, Washington is particularly watching his FPC appointments for signs of the direction he will take in his dealings with the regulatory agencies.

In all of these cases, Johnson has given no hints as to what kind of men he is looking for—whether liberal or conservative, consumer- or producer-oriented. The men the President chooses and the policies they make and follow will be of great importance to business and industry.

ENRICO SARSINI

INLAND'S BLOCK
Like a grocer knows the customers.

STEEL

Competition Moving Inland

A third of the nation's steel and nearly two-thirds of its highly profitable sheet and strip is consumed within 250 miles of Chicago, but only a fourth of U.S. steel is produced in the area. Aware of the opportunities this situation offers in the world's fastest growing steel market, major steel companies are spending nearly $1 billion to expand or build new facilities in the Indiana industrial complex near Chicago.

U.S. Steel is in the midst of a $300 million expansion of its Gary works, and second-ranked Bethlehem has already spent $350 million on its new Burns Harbor installation, where steel-plate production is scheduled to begin this month. Jones & Laughlin is tripling the size of its Hammond mill, and National is turning out flat rolled steel from its new mill at Portage. When all the new facilities are completed, Midwest steel capacity may exceed consumption by as much as 30%. Says a Pittsburgh steel executive: "I don't know who is going to hurt whom, but it is going to be one helluva scramble."

Pricing Advantage. In the midst of the scramble sits the only major steel company with its headquarters and entire production facilities in the Chicago area: Inland Steel. The smallest of the industry's Big Eight, Inland has long benefited from its proximity to Midwest steel consumers. Sixty percent of its output is sold within 100 miles of Chicago, and practically none is shipped more than 400 miles away. This provides Inland with pricing and delivery-time advantages over distant Eastern mills, and has contributed to its enviable earnings record. The company was eighth in steel production during the first nine months of 1964 (setting a new company production record), ranked seventh in sales, and earned sixth place in earnings with a record $49 million. Even more impressive, it was first in net income per ton and second only to National in its percent of return on sales and investment.

Inland has built up a large deposit of good will in its area. Many little consumers, told by other steel companies to "call Inland" for their small orders, have grown larger—and stayed with Inland. By encouraging its executives to participate in civic affairs and all employees to take advantage of a corporate education program—half of its 30,000 employees do, at company expense—Inland has developed an excellent community image that impresses local customers. The company recognizes, of course, that it cannot meet its challenge from the East with good will alone. It is spending $125 million this year for a computerized hot strip mill, a tin-plate cold rolling mill and two 250-ton oxygen furnaces at its huge Indiana Harbor complex in East Chicago, the most concentrated facility in the industry.

The Defense Is Ready. From its 19-story, stainless-steel headquarters in Chicago's Loop, Inland is run by another highly concentrated facility of a sort: Chairman Joseph Block, 62, whose grandfather founded the company in 1893. A pipe-smoking intellectual who surrounds himself and his colleagues with modern art, Block angered competitors in 1962 by holding the price line during the steel crisis. Although he recently came out for steel price rises now, Block is realistic enough to admit that "I don't think there is much likelihood of an across-the-board increase any time soon." He is calm about defending his market—a market he knows the way the old-time grocer knew his customers—and he promises: "We shall give very good account of ourselves." As usual, everyone in Pittsburgh knows exactly what Joe Block means.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

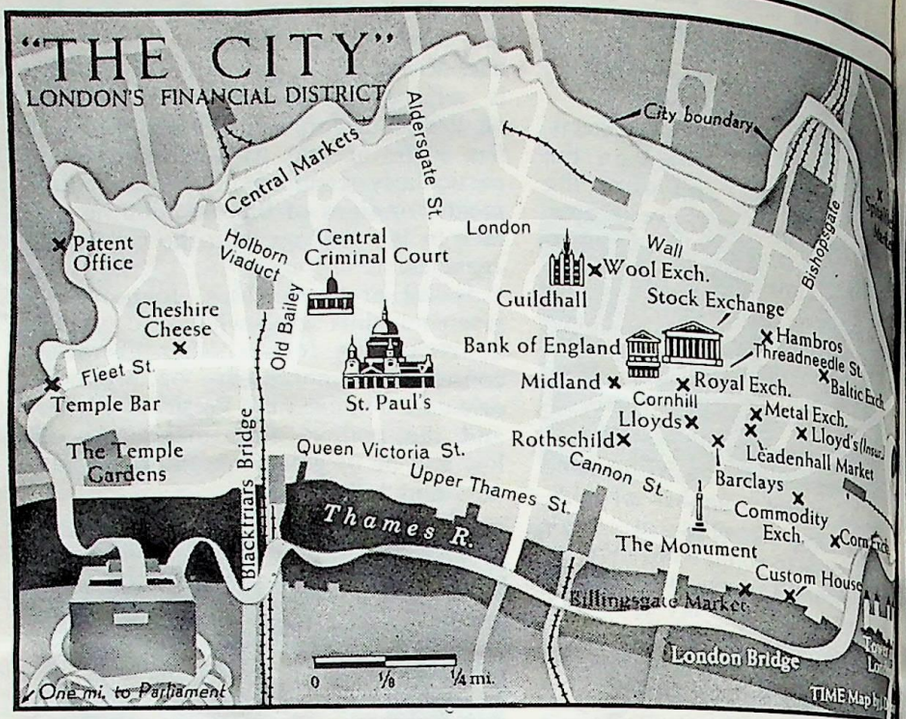
BRITAIN

Citadel of the Commonwealth

There was little in the look of the place last week to suggest that it had been through its most traumatic experience since World War II. Wedged between the Bloody Tower and Temple Bar, the one square mile of London known as the City is not only the financial center of Britain and the Commonwealth but a whole way of life—and that life has endured amid countless crises for more than 500 years. In the narrow streets with the wonderful names—Threadneedle, Cornhill, Cheapside, Poultry, Old Jewry—the rush-hour crowds of sober-suited, bowler-hatted men and chattering typists hurried on their way as usual, emerging from tube stations, buses and chauffeured limousines into the gloom of London's winter day. Brokers lunched rapidly on beer and sandwiches at the mahogany bars of fine old pubs, and the stockjobbers in their silk top hats strode through the streets like characters out of Galsworthy.

Nonetheless, the City had been shaken. It lives and feeds on sterling—and sterling had just had one of the closest squeaks in its history. Just how close it had been was summed up by a top City banker: "The pound was hardly 24 hours from devaluation." Everyone agreed that what had been put at grave risk was nothing less than the survival of London's City as a center of international finance. No wonder the hand that held the sherry glass trembled just a little.

BANK OF ENGLAND'S EARL OF CROMER
The sherry glass trembled.



The Old Lady. Devaluation, the most dreaded word in the City, was headed off by the $3 billion line of international credit that steadied the sagging pound. The danger was by no means over—Britain announced that its reserves had melted in November to a seven-year low of $2.3 billion—but at least the pound was growing stronger (*see* THE WORLD). Whether it continues to do so will depend in part upon the resilient men of London's City. Operating the world's most concentrated and versatile counting-house and the mightiest citadel of money east of Wall Street, they provide Britain with as much as $500 million a year in "invisible" earnings from overseas.

The City's brokers handle 80% of the world's gold marketing, 65% of its ship chartering and by far the largest amount of its international insurance coverage. To the City's major commodity markets, traders from all over the globe come to buy and sell grain, metals, tea, textiles, rubber, wool, peanuts, buttons and hides. Packed into the area of narrow, convoluted streets and lanes, some of which still cannot take wheeled traffic, are also most of Britain's investment brokers and the London Stock Exchange, which lists more issues (about 9,500) than any other exchange in the world.

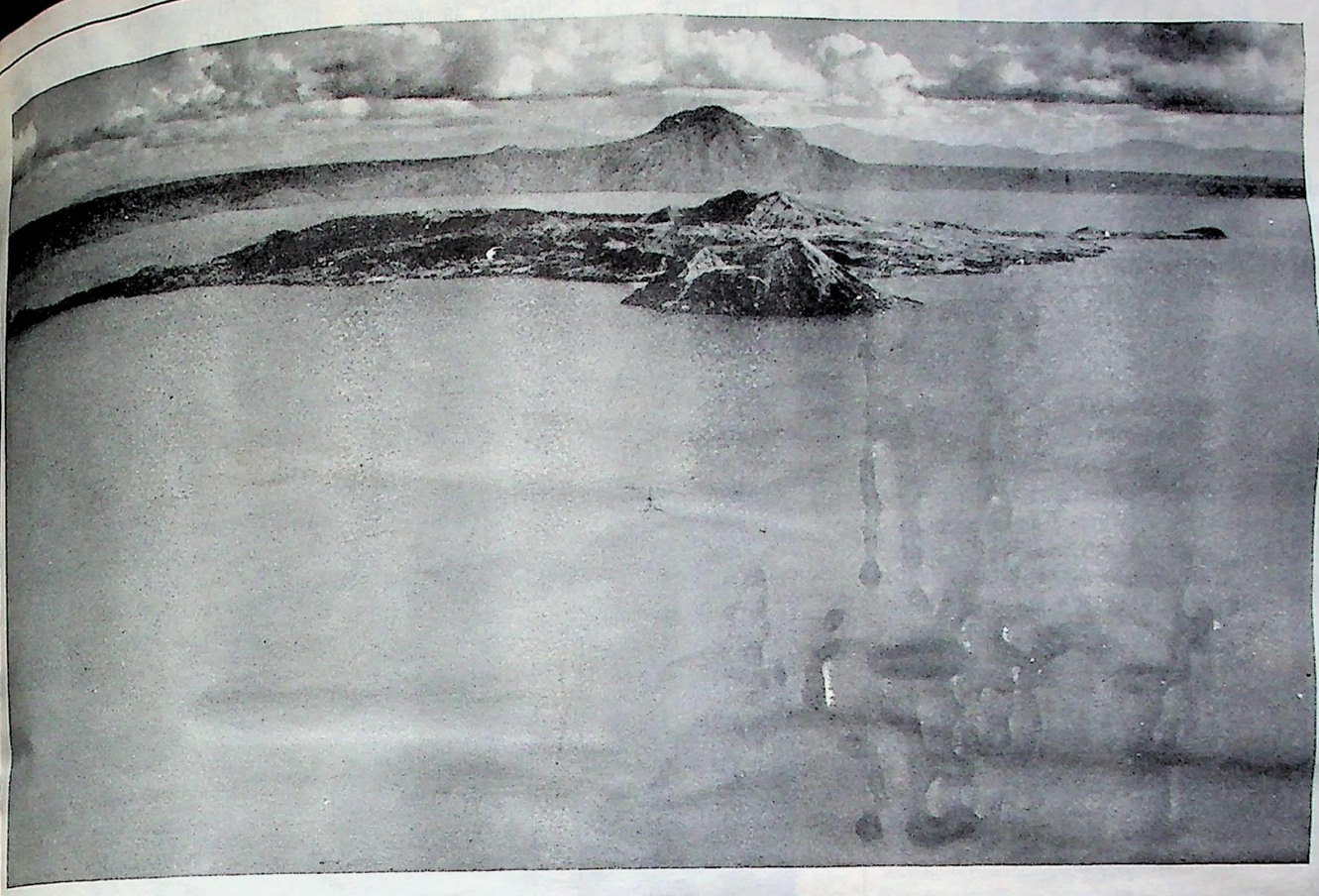
Even more important are the City's banks, which thrive where various forms of banking operations have been conducted since the Middle Ages. Behind forbidding stone walls broods "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"—the Bank of England—which controls the currency that finances 40% of all international trade. Clustered near by, interspersed with some 30 churches built by Christopher Wren, are 150 banking houses with such famous names as Barclays, Midland and Lloyds. British banks have for generations made the whole world their oyster, have extensive and direct knowledge of business conditions and customers overseas. Altogether they have sprouted 500 branches in foreign lands, five times as many as U.S. banks have overseas.

Jargon & Tradition. Many of today's City leaders descend from the merchant bankers who bankrolled Britain's colonial expansion and cleared whole continents in the days when sterling was supreme. The most influential among them is the scion of a 200-year-old banking family: George R. S. Baring, 46, third Earl of Cromer, who as the outspoken and energetic Governor of the Bank of England, was the chief British architect of last fortnight's $3 billion rescue of the pound. At the top of the private banks are scores of modern-day Rothschilds, Schroders, Brandts, Hambros and other heirs to ancient City fortunes. Despite their strong affection for family and school ties, the City is increasingly looking outward for talent to maintain its standing as what Bank Chairman Jack Hambro calls "one hell of a financial mechanism." In the stock-brokerage firms, in fact, a surprising number of the top partners started out as clerks and now occupy posts that pay $11,000 to $45,000 a year.

Once they have reached this level, traders and bankers become part of an in-group with trust in money and in one another. Mysterious to outsiders, including most Britons, the City is cozy and village-like from the inside, speaks its own jargon, and carefully keeps its business confidential. Deals amounting to millions of pounds are often closed

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Romblon Island, Philippines.
Problem: Communications isolation.
Solution: A nationwide telecommunications network.

For the first time in the history of the Philippines all the major islands—from northern Luzon to southern Mindanao—will be linked in a major telecommunications network. And for the first time the Philippines will have national communications that meet international standards.

ITT Philippines, Inc., will supervise and coordinate installation of the network. Its backbone will be a troposcatter system supplemented by mainline microwave links and secondary VHF feeder links. All three will provide telephone and high-speed telegraph service. Crossbar telephone switching exchanges will be installed in 27 cities and toll exchanges in four regional centers. Local personnel will be trained to operate and maintain their new equipment.

Vast skills and resources enable ITT to provide equipment that best satisfies the particular requirements of this tropical network. The fact that this equipment will come from ITT System companies in the U.S.A., Australia, Belgium, and Germany testifies to ITT's worldwide capabilities. And *helps explain* why ITT is the world's largest international supplier of electronic and telecommunication equipment.

For information or service, contact your ITT distributor or write: ITT Far East and Pacific, Inc., 24 Des Voeux Road, Central, Hong Kong. World Headquarters: 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

ITT SYSTEM REPRESENTATIVES AND ASSOCIATES:

AUSTRALIA Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Sydney / BURMA Fairweather Richards & Co., Rangoon / CAMBODIA Ets. Denis Freres, Phnom Penh / CEYLON Brown & Co., Ltd., Colombo / HONG KONG AND MACAO Shewan Tomes (Traders) Ltd., Hong Kong / INDIA Standard Telephones & Cables, Ltd., New Delhi / INDONESIA ITT System Representative, Djakarta / JAPAN ITT Far East and Pacific, Inc., Tokyo / KOREA Hae Nin Commerce Company, Inc., Seoul / MALAYSIA Paterson, Simons & Co., Kuala Lumpur; Paterson, Simons & Co., Ltd., Singapore / NEW ZEALAND Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Wellington / OKINAWA Williams International Inc., Naha / PAKISTAN Interhom Trades and Constructions, Ltd., Lahore / PHILIPPINES ITT Philippines Inc. Manila / TAIWAN Taiwan Trading Corp., Taipei / THAILAND International Engineering Co., Ltd., Bangkok / VIETNAM S. A. pour le Riz et l'Industrie, Saigon.

worldwide electronics and telecommunications

ITT

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME IS MONEY

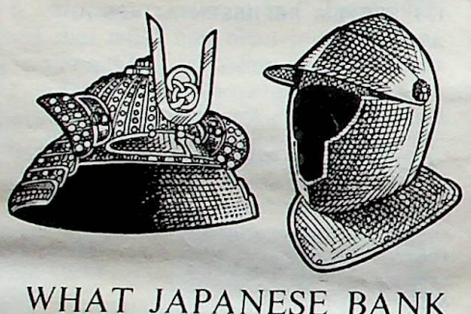
A Deposit Account with Lombard Banking Limited means all these things:—Real Financial Stability and an interest rate of 5%—the maximum safe and sure rate for your money to earn. Immediate interest accruing day by day paid or credited half-yearly. Withdrawals are easily made subject to the terms you arrange. Deposits accepted from any country in the world. No U.K. tax deducted. Complete privacy. No charges.

To earn 5% per annum the minimum initial deposit is £100, the minimum period of deposit and notice of withdrawal is six months. Your Deposit with Lombard Banking Limited is supported by paid up capital and reserves in excess of £12,000,000. Write now to the General Manager for further particulars and your copy of Deposit Account Booklet No. A.O. 306.

LOMBARD BANKING

LIMITED

Head Office:
Lombard House, Curzon Street, Park Lane, London, W.1.
GROsvenor 4111 (30 lines)



WHAT JAPANESE BANK IS OLDER THAN THE BANK OF ENGLAND?

The 281-year old Mitsui Bank.

The first Mitsui Exchange House was founded in 1683. From it has grown a vast complex of industries, embracing every aspect of modern business life.

Because the Mitsui Bank still occupies a central position in this great business group, it can be of special help to you in your dealings with Japan.

We are experts in foreign trade and exchange. We are modern, fast, and conscientious. You'll find our branches or correspondent banks in every major city of the world.

THE MITSUI BANK, LTD.

HEAD OFFICE: YURAKU-CHO, TOKYO, JAPAN

OVERSEAS BRANCHES: NEW YORK AGENCY · LONDON BRANCH · BANGKOK BRANCH · BOMBAY BRANCH · SINGAPORE BRANCH

with a casual word, but it is a tenet of the City that business is never discussed in such prestige clubs as White's, Pratt's, Carlton or Brooks. All major financial institutions have their own dining rooms, where financial men daily have guests for relaxed lunches. In their offices, the leaders of London's oldest neighborhood conduct their business in a dark-paneled aura of ceremony; there are grandfather clocks, brass cuspidors and stand-up desks about, and the desk lamps of Hambros' partners were converted from kerosene. The City also has some of the most strictly observed traditions in the kingdom, including a troop of soldiers who arrive each night from Wellington Barracks to guard the Bank of England.

Appalled by Bumbles. Beyond all the tradition and trappings, the City's brokers and bankers are realistic men who look with clear eyes on what is happening to Britain's economy. Thanks to the new $3 billion credit, they believe that British business and the government have won a few months' time to increase productivity and step up exports. Though appalled by the government's economic bumbles so far, the City's leaders still show a remarkable amount of support for Harold Wilson's Labor government. The consensus is that once the new government has settled down it will pay considerable attention to the City's views.

Labor may be surprised to learn that these tradition-conscious capitalists believe that they are much more modern and competitive than Britain's highly protected industry. Says Kenneth Keith, chairman of the Philip Hill banking house: "We get protection from nothing, and nobody has any particular sympathy if we go under—and that's good." After all, the City rebuilt itself after the great London fire of 1666, which completely destroyed it, and again after World War II, in which it was more thoroughly blitzed than any other part of London. What is even more difficult, it has managed to prosper despi liquidation of the empire, skyro taxes and several postwar sterli ses. Britain's new ministers will ably find its advice worth listening

CANADA

And a Profit In A Polyvinyl Tree

Power saws ripped through the green stands last week in seven ada's ten provinces, and truck horse-drawn sleighs hauled the trees off to shipping points. It time of year again for Canada known industry, and growers were

ARTIFICIAL CHRISTMAS TREES AT MANHATTAN'S MACY'S
Everything but falling needles and forest smell.

cutting the 15 million Christmas that they will sell this year. How there is a bit of strain in the ment this year for Canada's exp of pine, spruce, Douglas and firs. Reason: artificial trees are ing steady inroads into the lucr Christmas tree market.

Canada sells 65% of her trees U.S., where Christmas tree sales soared into a $155 million annual ness. Now, a Chase Manhattan survey points out, artificial trees taken over 35% of that total and raising their share of it rapidly. U the cheap and flimsy creations of most of the artificial trees are apt polyvinyl wonders that resemble real thing in all but falling needles forest smell. They are not only fi proof—one big selling point—c proof and fadeproof, but can be s away in a box. And though some for as much as $130, most sell for under $25. Fifty thriving artificial companies have grown up in the U to supply the market (*v.* only seven few years ago), and imports are ing from Britain, Germany and Ja

Alarmed by these inroads—even Canada, artificial-tree sales will surp $1,000,000 this year—Canadian growers are trying to retaliate with b ter, less expensive trees. Farmers

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

and sell wild trees for extra income being edged out by large tree plantations, where as many as a million trees are mechanically planted, weed and harvested, then carefully sized by size and shape. To protect the trees, shippers have begun to wrap them in a new plastic mesh that costs about 25¢ a tree but ensures delivery in good condition. At Montreal's MacDonald College, Dr. A.R.C. Jones is grafting European pines onto Canadian trees to produce a greener, fuller tree that will retain its needles longer.

Canadians also are relying on tradition to help retain their market. "We live in an artificial environment," says Dr. Jones. "The Christmas tree is one of the few things left that is natural."

MILESTONES

Married. John Crosby, 52, the New York Herald Tribune's longtime (1946-) frenetic radio-TV columnist, now London-based girl-watcher, social essayist and sporadic political pundit; and Anne Wood, 26, former fashion writer of Edinburgh's staid *Scotsman*; for the second time; in London.

Divorced. Anthony Quinn, 48, cinemactor (*Requiem for a Heavyweight, Zorba*); and Katherine De Mille Quinn, 51, adopted daughter of the late Cecil B.; in a double decree awarded on grounds of mutual incompatibility, by reason of his eagerness to "do more by my two little boys"—the two sired by his Italian girl friend, Jolanda Addolori, 29, whom he now hopes to wed; after 27 years of marriage, four children; in Juárez, Mexico.

Died. Bobby Marshman, 28, cool, debonair racing driver who had a 27-lap lead in the early laps of the Indianapolis 500 last May when he was knocked out by mechanical difficulties, correctly predicted: "I'll get lucky one day, just you wait and see"; of burns suffered two weeks ago on a Phoenix track when his Lotus-Ford crashed at 150 m.p.h. and exploded; in San Mateo.

Died. William Fels, 48, wry, worldly president of ultra-progressive Benningham College for girls since 1957, who enthusiastically supported such famed Bennington trademarks as the nine-month semester of outside work, the midnight curfew for girls and 6 p.m. quiet-hour for boys visiting in dormitory rooms, explaining to distraught mothers and skeptical colleagues: "If regulations are too strict, you run your students into automobiles and motels"; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Arkady Aleksandrovich Sobolev, 61, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister and longtime (1955-60) delegate to the U.N. who never banged a shoe or threw phony fits but achieved dubious fame in 1956 when he pooh-poohed the Hungarian uprising as a conspiracy by "fascist counterrevolutionaries"; after a long illness; in Moscow.

Died. Sam Stept, 67, composer of Tin Panalities as *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone* and *I'll Always Be in Love with You,* but best remembered for his World War II smash-eroo, *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree;* of a stroke; in Los Angeles.

Died. John Burdon Sanderson Haldane, 72, irascible expatriate British scientist who demonstrated that he was his own best guinea pig; of cancer; in Bhubaneswar, India (*see* SCIENCE).

Died. Joseph Morrell Dodge, 74, Detroit banker and a top U.S. economic troubleshooter; of complications following a heart attack; in Detroit. An unbending advocate of sound money and tight credit, Joe Dodge came to the attention of the White House in the early 1940s after he managed to convert a Depression casualty into the prosperous Detroit Bank & Trust Co. (present assets: $1.2 billion). Called upon to try his fiscal therapy on the inflation-plagued economies of postwar Germany and Japan, he became one of the chief architects of their phenomenal booms by counseling devalued currency and balanced budgets. Then as Eisenhower's budget director through 1954, Dodge performed deft surgery on the U.S. budget, whittling almost $7 billion from the deficit left by Truman and making possible the $1.6 billion surplus in 1956.

Died. Alberto Tarchiani, 79, Italy's Ambassador to the U.S. from 1945 to 1955, when he rallied U.S. moral and monetary support for Italy's new republic; an early, outspoken anti-Fascist who, as editor of Milan's influential Corriere della Sera in the early 1920s, and later as an indefatigable agitator exiled in Paris, was so unrelenting a foe of Mussolini's that he eventually found himself near the top of *Il Duce's* must-kill list; in Rome.

Died. Dr. Sidney Haas, 94, Manhattan pediatrician who in the early 1920s found cures for two of childhood's most troublesome ailments, discovering that minuscule doses of highly poisonous atropine would curb colic among infants (it is now also used by ulcer patients), and that a year-long diet of bananas would completely rehabilitate sufferers from celiac disease, which causes such acute diarrhea that one-fourth of its victims used to die from malnutrition; in Orange, N.J.

RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Pope as Pilgrim

Yours is a land of ancient culture, the cradle of great religions, the home of a nation that has sought God with relentless desire. Rarely has this longing for God been expressed with words so full of the spirit of Advent as in your sacred books many centuries before Christ: "From the unreal lead me to the real, from darkness lead me to light, from death lead me to immortality."

—Pope Paul VI in Bombay

We are keen students of Catholic theology. We know the way in which St. Thomas Aquinas reconciled Christian with Aristotelian thought. In the same spirit, your council is now trying to reconcile Christian revelation with contemporary culture.

—India's President Radhakrishnan

The fond, impossible dream of Pope Paul VI, that pioneer of papal travel, is that some day he may go somewhere as a "simple pilgrim." That was how he wanted to style his trip to Bombay last week to attend the 38th International Eucharistic Congress. He envisioned himself meeting and perhaps ministering to the poor, the hungry, the sick. Scorning to charter a plane, he simply bought a first-class ticket (fare: $985.20).

But such a pilgrimage could not be. The Vatican, the Indian government, the relentless exigencies of the press, and even Air India foiled the Pope. The airline closed off part of the first-class compartment, provided a raven-haired stewardess in a striped silk sari, and painted the papal coat of arms on the plane. The Indians, as might have been foreseen, discouraged any extensive visits to the poor as an uncalled-for stress on the country's poverty. The Vatican sent along cardinals and priests and supplied tapes of Handel and Vivaldi to be played on the plane. Photographers crowded the plane, and made part of the trip a chaos of flashbulbs.

A Million Cheer. Thus the pilgrimage grew grand. On hand at Bombay's Santa Cruz airport to meet the Pope were India's diminutive Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri, stately, goateed Moslem Vice President Zakir Hussain (wearing white Congress caps that paired with Paul's white skullcap), and the country's leading industrialist, J.R.D. Tata.

A million frantic Indians turned out to cheer the Pope, shoving and pushing wildly to get a glimpse of him. His white Lincoln Continental convertible took an hour and a half to crawl the 13 miles of highway from the airport to the Eucharistic Congress. Giant signs along the route proclaimed India's welcome: LONG LIVE THE POPE, NO GREATER LOVE HATH ANY MAN, JOY ICE CREAMS WELCOME PAUL VI. A bit strangely, a brilliant sign all awash in white lights on

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

AP

PAUL VI IN BOMBAY

The poor had a message for him, too.

Marine Drive in Bombay blared: BIRTH CONTROL CENTER FOR SEX HEALTH.

Serving Mankind. The next 2½ days were filled with official functions, receptions, prayers at Roman Catholic churches, meetings with Catholic priests and nuns and representatives of India's religious communities—the dominant Hindus, the minority Moslems, Buddhists (*see cover*), Zoroastrians, non-Catholic Christians. Said the Pope to the religious leaders: "We must come closer together. We must come together with our hearts, in mutual understanding, esteem and love."

From far-off Assam came Catholic Naga tribesmen to represent India's poor, coals-to-Newcastle style. They gave the Pope a ceremonial spear. Paul sipped Coca-Cola with India's President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan. At a Bombay orphanage he knelt to give first Communion to 22 small, crew-cut boys.

At the consecration of six new Roman Catholic bishops in Bombay, the Pope spoke of the mission of the church: "We are obedient to the love of Christ—that immense love, pouring forth upon all peoples, upon all the men of this earth." But this message, so earnestly and eloquently repeated, frequently got lost in the cheers of the crowd, which had essentially come to see the guru, the holy man from the West in the white cassock and skullcap. Many of the Hindus believed that to see the Pope and perhaps touch him would heal them or bring them luck.

Nothing but Good. Although he had mingled only fleetingly with India's poor, the Pope had seen the immense, absolute misery of millions. Along the highway to the airport he saw shacks of cardboard, wood and tin, and dirty puddles of water in which people bathe and wash their clothes. He had seen India's biggest problem—the ever-present emaciated mothers and the hungry children.

On Saturday Pope Paul winged back to Rome for a triumphal homecoming that contrasted with his almost furtive, predawn departure for India. Aboard the Alitalia jet, there was a brief scare when escorting Turkish jets flew too close, but mostly the Pope could relax and collect his thoughts and impressions. In India he had spoken to thousands, had been seen by millions. He had impressed them with his asceticism, humility, devotion to truth, man's welfare and peace. He had stressed the need for social justice, "food, clothing, and decent housing for millions." He had shown that the Roman Catholic Church is universal, bearing its message to Asia as well as the Western world. Assessing the impact of the Pope's trip, the Times of India concluded: "Nothing but good can emerge from his visit."

CLERGY

A Gentle Fundamentalist

To the office at 8 a.m. A day jammed with work: writing editorials, reading books for recommendation by the *Christian Herald's* book club, meeting with the boards of charities that operate a house for Manhattan's derelicts and five orphanages on the rim of Asia. And that night, a birthday get-together with friends to note that he, the Rev. Daniel Poling, editor of the *Christian Herald*, is 80 years old.

From Kenneth Wilson, the *Christian Herald's* executive editor, the octogenarian and the guests heard a eulogy of affection tempered with humor: "If there's a banner to be waved, he'll wave it. If he doesn't have an opinion, he'll get one while you are waiting. When everyone knows it is safer to let the dust settle first, often as not he is helping to create the dust. He has the uncanny knack 99% of the time of being found, when the dust does settle, on the side of the saints. The 1% represents, of course, his vote for Goldwater."

But Not Reactionary. In his score years, Dan Poling has whipp a mountain of dust. When he was school student in Oregon, his t told him: "Make your life count the most." For Poling that meant coming an ordained minister. In he was the Prohibition Party candi for Governor of Ohio (he lost, but mains an unwavering teetotaler). Dutch Reformed clergyman, he served at Manhattan's Marble Colle ate Church, first as pastor and, 1960, as minister emeritus. For the 37 years, he has been editor of *Christian Herald*, pulling it out of fi cial shambles, and building up its c lation to 450,000.

Poling, dubbed a "gentle fundam talist," says he is "conservative th not reactionary in theological mat During the 1960 presidential campa he publicly doubted that John Ke dy, if elected, could resist Vatican sure on his official acts. Later, after nedy made an unequivocal state for the separation of church and Poling declared himself satisfi the two men kept up a warm per correspondence. More recently, he cized Governor Rockefeller's di and remarriage to a mother of young children. In the past few he has taken up a crusade for planning. The *Christian Herald* times raps Catholic knuckles, but employs several Roman Catholics Jews in key jobs.

"But That's Negative!" When on Poling's grandchildren asked him, "H does it feel to be old?" he replied, "H should I know?" He is fit and Light brown eyes twinkle beneath bushy eyebrows. Says he of his proach to life: "I have always had in God, and trust in Him. Daily I re to myself, 'I believe.' I could sa doubt, I deny'—but that's negative a tragedy that we should spend ou ing on the negative side."

EDITOR POLING

99% on the side of the saints.

TIME, DECEMBER 1

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

OVER
4,000,000
TRACTORS

Our new seal of achievement, quality and customer satisfaction

No other company has built so many millions of tractors.

Our four-millionth-tractor record includes all of the farm tractors which have faithfully served agriculture since the beginning of this century—and all of the International crawler tractors at work in both agriculture and construction. In addition to these four million powerful wheel and crawler tractors, we have made tens of thousands of International Cub Cadet® garden type tractors.

No other company has so many millions of satisfied users.

We are justly proud of the millions of IH tractors helping man's basic power needs around the world. Many tractors we have built are still in operation after 30 years or more—lasting proof of outstanding engineering and of the inherent quality found in all International Harvester equipment.

No other company has achieved such accomplishments in the tractor field.

It is impossible to match International Harvester's experience in designing, developing, engineering and manufacturing tractors, either in numbers or in excellence. We are now building tractors with from 7 to 700 engine horsepower!

Our tractors will always reflect this experience, research and quality.

Our future will not be based on the tractors we have built. It will rest instead on the new tractors we produce today and tomorrow. Those tractors, of whatever type they may be, must reflect all of the experience, research and quality knowledge we have gained in building the first four million International Harvester tractors.

We pledge that they will!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

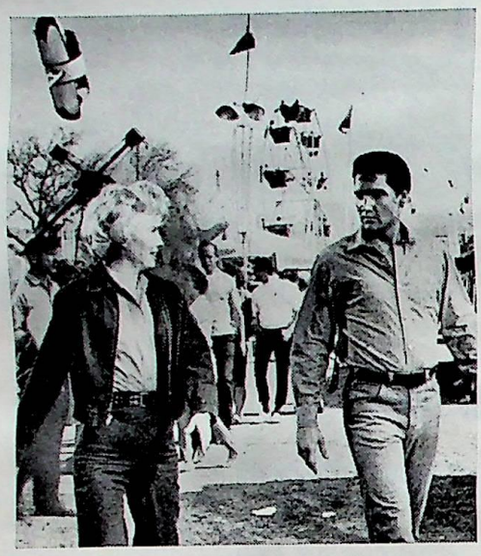
International Harvester Export Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois, U.S.A.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Freak Show

Roustabout. Step right up, folks. It's a carnival, and here come the freaks. Way down there is the midget, way up there is "the tallest man in the world." Behind that bush stands the bearded lady and over in the cutlery department the sword-swallower is just about to



STANWYCK & PRESLEY IN "ROUSTABOUT"
Loose lip on the midway.

show his guts. But say, what's that whatsit wriggling down the midway: that long damp thing with the pale-green skin and the pollywog eyes and the squirmy little mouth.

Sure enough, it's Elvis Presley. Just after the film begins he oozes up to his carnivalentine (Joan Freeman) and attaches that mouth to her face. She staggers back in alarm, but the old softie (Barbara Stanwyck) who owns the show takes a liking to the lunk and pays him to sing pretty for the people. He doesn't sing very pretty, but there are compensations—when he starts singing he stops acting. Anyway, just before the film ends Elvis presents a fairly stiff upper lip, pays off the mortgage, gets the girl. "Git closuh," he instructs her bluntly. "Ah give awff body heat." To doubt it would doubtless be unkind.

True to Form

The Model Murder Case. In England, a tidy little homicide nearly always turns out for the best. A model call girl is felled by an assassin's bullet. Suspicion naturally falls on the TV star next door. But one clue leads to another, and soon Chief Inspector Ian Hendry is up to his large firm chin in a gallery of smooth British character types. If the telly favorite didn't kill the girl, who did? The waterfront drifter she dated? Her neurasthenic mother? The sculptor? The passée opera diva?

Though true to formula, this stout mystery thriller efficiently hooks an audience and holds it. Revelations pile up, marking a trail of drugs, violence and death from posh London digs to homosexual dives to seedy Thames-side riverboats. Actor Hendry follows the spoor without woman chasing or wine tasting, as if James Bond had never been invented. Tough, realistic, dryly humorous, he behaves precisely like a harassed civil servant who can't find time to get to bed with his own wife, much less anyone else's. His performance ends, inevitably, with the declaration: "Everything seems to fit." And everything does. Just like the daily crossword.

Shostakovich Swings

Song over Moscow, for Western audiences, is a cinematic curio, a satirical Russian musical about young love embattled by status seekers, bureaucratic bumblers and the apartment shortage. Giddy and boisterous, the film gulps down its pill of social realist picture-painting and produces some fascinating side effects. It affords a sly peek behind the Iron Curtain, and seems to take all its bows facing West.

The songs are by Soviet Composer Dmitry Shostakovich, who blithely dissolves ideological conflicts in a burst of tuneful Slavic borsch. Occasionally the Magicolor screen becomes a hotbed of artistic freethinking, dissolving into sets that look very MGMsky, if not downright cubistic. The costumes are a Sears, Roebuck fashion show.

Belting it out are a group of rugged country cousins to the *College Swing* types that used to save the varsity show in Hollywood musicals of yore. These kids swing in an unfinished Moscow suburb called Cheremushki, "where skies are blue, and dreams come true," and where an empty flat gets heat in the summertime. "Don't worry, in the winter it'll be cold," quips Boris, a lumpish, curly-topped blaster on the construction crew. With everyone's dream swaddled in Red tape, and keys to the new flats hard to come by, Boris waltzes around a statuesque museum guide. Sergei, the truck driver, serenades the blue-eyed operator of a giant crane. And one hip-swinging blonde (the Betty Grable part) works her wiles on the doughy bureaucrat she has married to improve her standard of living. "There's nothing I wouldn't do for you," she teases. "But how can I do it in two tiny rooms?" Before virtue triumphs, *Moscow* establishes itself as a milestone of sorts. Despite its amateur-theatrical air, it displays the refreshing possibilities of Soviet sociology played solely for laughs.

BUREAUCRAT & BLONDE IN "MOSCOW"
From Russia with borsch.

Misery for Fun & Profit

Slave Trade in the World Today, an Italian-made documentary [illegible] sues its righteous ends with [illegible] ly gusto. It begins in almost [illegible] solemnity, citing the U.N. declaration that "slavery and the slave trade [illegible] be prohibited in all their forms." [illegible] Novelist Robin Maugham, nephew [illegible] Somerset, reports that he [illegible] bought a slave in the Sahara for [illegible] and set him free. And who is to [illegible] for the traffic in human beings in [illegible] and the Middle East? Who else but [illegible] U.S., which, Maugham says, can [illegible] for her "vast oil interests. Britain [illegible]

FLESH PEDDLERS IN "SLAVE TRADE"
A peep show with purpose.

nothing because she does not want to offend Washington."

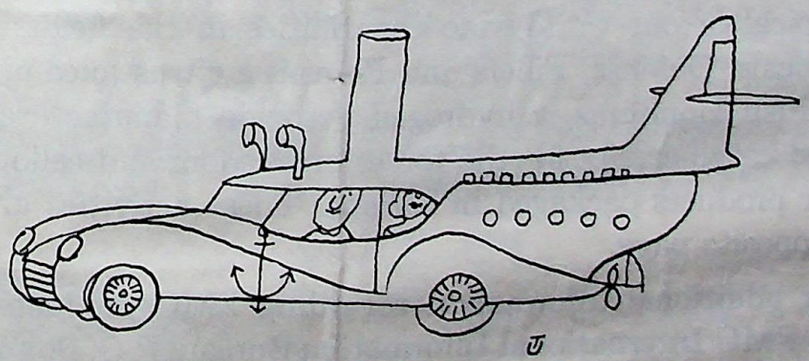
From that preachy starting point the film plunges into a peep show of [illegible] tionable authenticity, poking its [illegible] through garden walls and desert [illegible] bery, suggesting much, proving [illegible] The most chillingly persuasive sequence show the whipping of African [illegible] who are for sale to Arab herdsmen [illegible] raid on a caravan smuggling [illegible] children from Chad to Saudi [illegible] Later a trader inspects a naked [illegible] woman as if she were horseflesh.

Though slavery certainly exists, moviemakers who exploit misery to profit repeatedly flesh out their [illegible] evidence of it by ogling puberty [illegible] and bare-breasted concubines. [illegible] of a strip show in Beirut brings [illegible] French tootsie who casts a hard [illegible] the camera and says she will [illegible] her pasties to any sheik or [illegible] can meet the cover charge. [illegible] be slavery, but most of the [illegible] world has another name for it.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

How many trips did TIME International readers make outside their countries last year?



2,440,750.

's international readers cover a record number
es every year in every mode of transportation.
ause of their high positions, they are required
travel extensively about the world. Because of
er high incomes, they are able to vacation to all
rts of the world. In business or pleasure, they

TIME

wield influence and buying power vastly out of pro
portion to their numbers. To them, TIME Maga
weekly reports of world business and wor
are a necessity. To you, TIME is equa
in *any* selective marketing plan in an
Talk to the right people in the ri

TIME Atlantic. TIME Canada. TIME Latin America. TIME Asia. TIME South Pacific. And their regional

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

fmc
CORPORATION

FMC...world-wide partner

Developing new ideas, new processes, new products and putting them to work in partnership with progressive people in many nations is a vital part of our business.

Global in scope, FMC Corporation now operates full-scale production facilities located in 13 countries, including diversified operations throughout the United States.

Typical of our world-wide capabilities in the fields of Machinery, Chemicals, Defense, Fibers and Films is a citrus juice processing plant in British Honduras, a hydrogen peroxide manufacturer in Japan, a rugged cargo carrier for the forces of freedom and cellophane for consumer products packaged in Europe. These activities are pictured on the opposite page.

For additional information regarding FMC products and services, write FMC International Information Bureau, P.O. Box 1178, San Jose, California, U.S.A. We welcome your inquiry.

FMC CORPORATION

Corporate Headquarters: San Jose, California, U.S.A.

MANUFACTURING PLANTS IN: . . . . ARGENTINA • AUSTRALIA • BELGIUM • BRAZIL CANADA • ENGLAND • FRANCE • ITALY • JAPAN • MEXICO • SOUTH AFRICA • SPAIN • U. S. A.

SALES OFFICES AND REPRESENTATIVES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

fmc CORPORATION ®

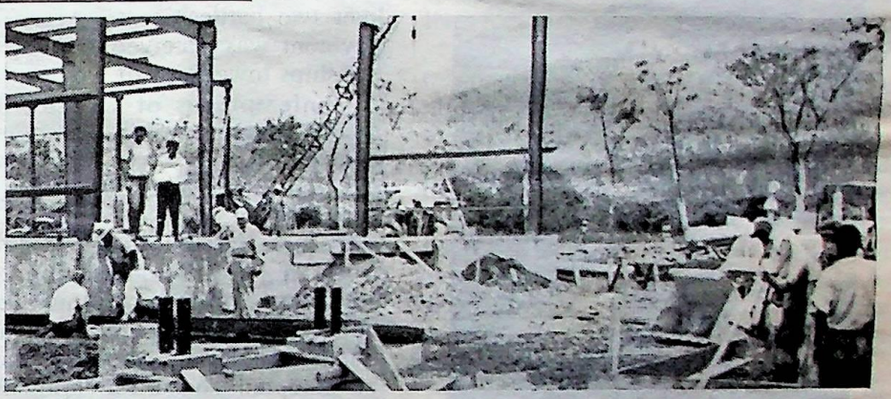
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DENMARK
Avisco® cellophane is laminated and printed by Otto Nielsen Emballage A/S for a wide range of consumer goods packaged in Europe. Avisco cellophane is one of a variety of cellulosic products made by American Viscose Division of FMC.

BRITISH HONDURAS
Shown under construction is a complete citrus juice extraction plant designed, built and put into operation in 75 days by FMC Corporation Project Engineers. The primitive jungle site is 100 miles from a major city.

nern progress



JAPAN
This modern plant, near Fujiyama, houses the nation's second largest producer of a major industrial chemical vital to the expanding Japanese economy. The firm employs one of FMC Corporation's newest and most economical processes for the production of chemicals essential to the important textile, paper and plastics industries.

U.S.A.
A new concept in tracked, amphibious cargo carriers, now under test, the XM548E1 is a fast, strongly built, yet [illegible] weight aluminum-armored vehicle that can transport [illegible] at 40 miles per hour on land, four miles per hour [illegible] can be air-carried and air-dropped.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

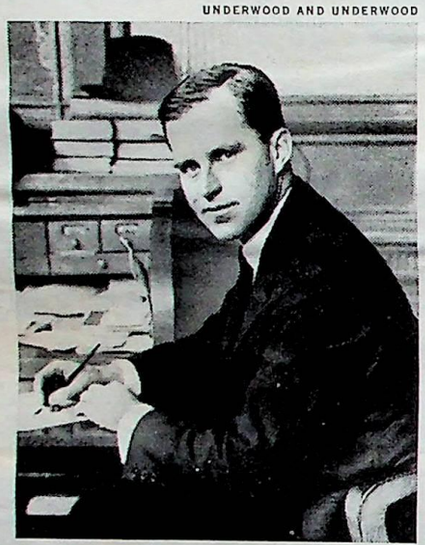
The Driving Will

THE FOUNDING FATHER *by Richard J. Whalen.* 541 pages. *New American Library.* $6.95.

Harvard is beating Yale 4-1. Two outs, last of the ninth. The Harvard pitcher (and captain) beckons to a lanky redhead on the bench to take over first base so that he can win his letter. Yale's last batter grounds out. The captain asks the sub for the winning ball, but he refuses to hand it over. "I made the put-out, didn't I?" snaps Joseph P. Kennedy.

"Joe was the kind of guy who, if he wanted something bad enough, would get it and he didn't care how he got it," recollects Joe's ex-teammate, who tells this story on him. In this case, Joe wanted his Harvard H, and Boston politicos pressured the captain to put him in the game. In other cases, Joe wanted considerably more. What he wanted and what he got are the subject of this fascinating first biography of President Kennedy's father.

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD



JOE KENNEDY AS BANK PRESIDENT (1916)
Popular with plutocrats.

The book began as an article in FORTUNE (January 1963) that was reprinted in LIFE. Biographer Whalen, an associate editor of FORTUNE, took leave from the magazine to write the book, which he did without any explicit help from Joe Kennedy or any other member of the family. But the available material is voluminous, and the story is vividly told and carefully documented.

Smiles and Spitballs. Grandson of an Irish immigrant, son of a barkeeper-politician, Joe Kennedy grew up in the rough world of Boston ward politics and wanted out. Though most Roman Catholic boys went to church schools, Kennedy's parents were wealthy and ambitious enough to send him to Harvard. There he mingled with Yankee plutocrats among the alumni, kept them supplied with choice tickets to football games. With his flashing smile and disarming frankness, Joe got along with most anyone. On a summer cruise to Europe, he spotted Heavyweight Boxing Champ Jack Johnson in the ship's lounge, promptly bounced a spitball off his massive dome. Johnson turned and glared. Kennedy smiled and introduced himself, danced with Johnson's pretty wife, and left with a card inscribed, "To Joe Kennedy, a mighty fine fellow."

With this kind of brashness, Kennedy fought for and won control of a Boston bank, made himself bank president at 25, and married Mayor John ("Honey") Fitzgerald's daughter Rose. When World War I broke out, Kennedy went to work for Bethlehem Shipyard in Boston as assistant manager, helped the yard break one production record after another. Chief thorn in his side was another ambitious young man, Navy Assistant Secretary Franklin Roosevelt, who drove such a hard bargain that he occasionally reduced Kennedy to tears, and once, when Kennedy refused to deliver two battleships to Argentina until payment was received, F.D.R. ordered the ships towed out of the yard.

Contemptuous of Capitalists. After the war, Kennedy left for more profitable pastures in New York, where he plunged into the stock market, earning a reputation as a clever bear. Always alert for a fast buck, he went to Hollywood in 1926, bought a film company, and started turning out low-budget potboilers. He became banker and confidant to Gloria Swanson, who named an adopted son after him. Kennedy, however, made the mistake of putting her in one of his pictures, *Queen Kelly,* which featured such gamy scenes as a priest administering the last rites to a madman dying in a bordello. The Kennedy-Swanson team split up in acrimony. "I questioned his judgment," Gloria Swanson told Whalen. "He did not like to be questioned."

After making some $5,000,000 in 32 months in the cutthroat movie industry, Kennedy pulled out; he also bearishly pulled out of the stock market in time to save his fortune from the 1929 crash. Fearing revolution and contemptuous of his fellow capitalists for not foreseeing the crash, Kennedy became an early, enthusiastic supporter of his old antagonist Franklin D. Roosevelt. He worked hard on William Randolph Hearst, who controlled the California delegation. Hearst finally came around, and Kennedy liked to boast that he was responsible, "though you don't find any mention of it in history books."

After the election, Roosevelt appointed Kennedy first chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. It was a shrewd choice. Kennedy knew his way around the exchanges and could not be bluffed; he was also eager to do a good job. Not only did he vigorously administer a rather clumsily written law; he reconciled business to the SEC and encouraged new capital financing in the depth of the Depression.

WITH JACK (1938)
Proud as a patriarch.

Shattered Career. As a reward [illegible] nedy was named ambassador to [illegible] land in 1938, where he found a [illegible] spirit in Prime Minister Neville [illegible] berlain, another businessman-[illegible] politician, and he eagerly [illegible] Chamberlain's appeasement [illegible] Believing that all the world's [illegible] be solved by clever horse trade, Ken[illegible] dy urged making a deal with [illegible] and he applauded the Munich [illegible] tion. Determined to intervene on [illegible] of Britain, Roosevelt eventually [illegible] on his pessimistic ambassador, [illegible] so convinced of Nazi victory that [illegible] objected to Americans' enlisting [illegible] British armed forces—on the [illegible] that Hitler might retaliate by [illegible] all U.S. citizens when he occupied [illegible] don. By the time he resigned in [illegible] Kennedy had worn out his welcome [illegible] England and was anathema to the [illegible] Deal at home.

His own career in politics [illegible] Kennedy concentrated on his sons [illegible] reers. "His would be the driving [illegible] theirs the legs that would go the [illegible] tance," writes Whalen. Joe contributed [illegible] not money alone but prodigious [illegible] to Jack's various election campaigns [illegible] Staying in the background, not trying [illegible] influence Jack's opinions, he [illegible]

AFTER STROKE
Tragic without tears.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ACK (1938)
a patriarch.

er. As a reward
ambassador to
re he found a k
nister Neville C
businessman
he eagerly
ppeasement
the world's
horse trade
a deal with
the Munich
o intervene on
elt eventually
ambassador,
zi victory that
cans' enlisting
ces—on the
retaliate by
hen he occupie
he resigned in
n out his wel
anathema to

in politics
ated on his
be the drivi
t would go
alen. Joe
ut prodigious
election
ground, not
pinions, he

STROKE
hout tears.

ed campaign strategy, persuaded
ainances all over the country to
out.

age 72, while playing golf at
n Beach, Kennedy suffered a serious
ke, leaving him partially paralyzed
year death. It was 2½ years before
ould take a few steps, and he still
ot speak very well. He received his
st blow when, sitting in his bed-
at Hyannis Port, he learned from
of Jack's death. Quiet and dry-
while even the Secret Service man
Kennedy never once broke down,
en reports. And though his doc-
ad agreed that he was strong
gh to travel to Washington for the
al, Joe decided to stay in Hyannis
He watched the funeral on tele-
in his bedroom.

ces of Silence

E BURNT ONES *by Patrick White.* pages. *Viking.* $4.95.

Patrick White has offered his native
stralia an embarrassment of literary
ces. As to the riches, there is no
t. White's six novels, from *Happy*
y (1939) to *Riders in the Chariot*
s (Oct. 6, 1961), make up Aus-
's greatest fictional creation. Nor
re any doubt as to the embarrass-
. White's bleak and austere vision
eply antipathetic to the semiofficial
tralian credo with its jovial good
ery, manly democratic virtues and
nsense sex. White sees Australia,
his defeatist characters, as drifting
ed a lost-generation doom of "im-
ible negation, where there are no
ions, only answers."

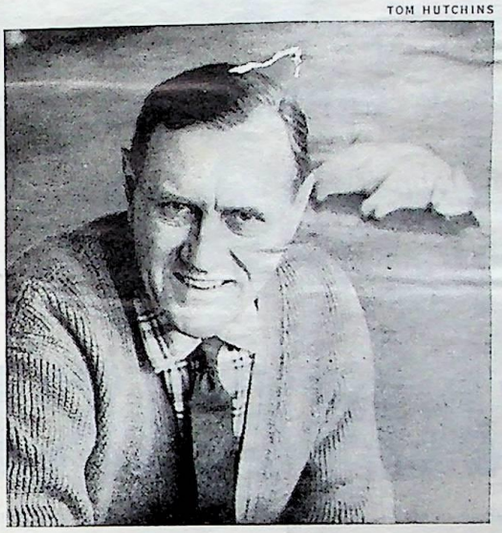
obbish Mother. He is obsessed by
parateness of Australian man and
of man and woman, by the loneli-
and silence at the dead heart of
Typical is *Dead Roses*, best of this
ion of short novels and stories.
a Mortlock seeks herself despite
grotesquely snobbish mother, who
by her "in society." Anthea finds
stasy in a scramble on the sand
a local rebel. But he indifferently
s town, and she relapses into mar-
to a rich miser of the affections.
husband is mercifully killed in an
obile accident, and she is left the
to wander the world, a rich exile
her looking glass for judge.
a bald theorem, the story is noth-
uch. But White uses poetic means
ggest the self-defeat of a woman
rse face life has closed its door.
sed a view of an "estuary of
swans," Anthea imagines herself
ing on the promontory that is
ed by paper-bark trees, near
ght to see the writhing of the black
s. "Did she altogether want? Or
the papery bark, flaking down,
around the grey dunny,* into opal-
scales. Sun and wind, to say
g of moonlight, had worked upon
per-barks. Better to watch with-

or toilet.

out becoming involved in any process of skin. She withdrew her hand, finally, out of reach of further experience."

Twisting Hands. White's acerbic eye and listening ear allow no part of Australia's mores to go unrecorded. In *Down at the Dump*, he describes the funeral of the town tart with Gogolian rambunctiousness. *Willy-wagtails by Moonlight* is an equally authoritative (and equally comic) account of a dinner party of two couples. The dim hostess, Nora, "made a point of calling her husband's employees by first names, trying to make them part of a family which she alone, perhaps, would have liked to exist." Her more earthy guest, Eileen Wheeler, had been a school chum. "She had tried to tell Nora one or two things, but Nora did not want to hear. Oh, no, no, *please*, Eileen, Nora cried. As though a boy had been twisting her arm. She had those long, entreating, sensitive hands. And there they were

TOM HUTCHINS



PATRICK WHITE
The separateness of man and man.

still. Twisting together, making their excuses. For what they had never done." And the evening climaxes when the visiting couple learns (by hearing the husband's tape recording of bird calls that accidentally runs on to include giggles and soft cries) that Nora's husband has been sleeping with his devoted secretary. Or should climax. In fact, both couples ignore the discovery, and go on drinking.

Here, as always, White's preoccupation is not with character. It is with the silence and void in which the characters live. Grumbled one critic: "Never before have Australians been asked to contemplate such vast ambiguities in their country and their souls."

Last of the Sweaty Saints

THE FRATRICIDES *by Nikos Kazantzakis.* 254 pages. *Simon & Schuster.* $5.

A fervent recorder of wars and revolutions, the late Nikos Kazantzakis knew that progress is often ushered in by violence. But the 1947-49 Greek civil war seemed to him beyond all reason. "The criminals have cut Greece in two, as if she were not alive," cries the priest-hero of his last novel. "And each piece has gone mad and wants to eat the other. I stand alone, deserted, and no matter whose corpse I see, my heart aches; because I see a part of Greece rotting." Kazantzakis' *The Fratricides* is a frantic, sometimes bombastic book, more sermon than novel, written, as it were, at the top of his voice. The old man, who died in 1957, did not go gentle into that good night.

Dancing on Coals. The town of Castello, perched high in the rugged, inhospitable Epirus mountains, has been split by the war. The Royalists still control the village; the Reds have taken to the hills. Every day the two forces meet in bloody, hand-to-hand combat, using rifles, knives, teeth and fingernails. It is because they have lived so close to one another that they fight so fiercely. No one excels Kazantzakis in portraying this love-hate ambivalence. In one memorable vignette, Kazantzakis tells how a group of Royalists and Reds shoot it out one winter's day in a ravine, and then, exhausted and wounded, huddle together for warmth as their lives ebb out.

Only one man in Castello refuses to take sides. Seventy-year-old Father Yánaros is the last of a distinguished line of Kazantzakis heroes—sweaty, seedy, tortured saints, torn between faith and doubt, hope and despair, a yearning for solitude and a compulsion to aid their fellow men. Yánaros travels through life as if on a tightrope, or as he puts it, dancing barefoot on hot coals: "Every saint is a firewalker. And so is every honest man in this hell we call life."

Dreaming of a Last Judgment in which God not only shows mercy to everyone but in which even devils exchange their horns for wings, Yánaros determines to rely on the good will of both sides to end the war. He goes up into the hills one night, offers to surrender the town to the Communists if they promise to spare its inhabitants and allow them freedom. The Communists agree, and Yánaros departs with a fresh understanding of Communism as "the heart of man awakening and growling because it was hungry."

Freedom from God. Father Yánaros returns to town and persuades his fellow citizens to overpower the Royalist leaders and truss them up. The Communists enter the town unmolested, announce that freedom will come "later," and that all their enemies will be shot, including Yánaros. "Night falls upon us and the massacre of night begins," the priest cries. "Now the beasts—birds, mice, caterpillars, jackals—will leap on one another to kill or kiss. God, what kind of world have you created? I cannot understand!"

Kazantzakis is made of sterner stuff than his doomed hero. It is clear from all his works that the greatest [illegible] ness is to be found in the [illegible] fering, or as Kazantzakis [illegible] Crucifixion and Resurrection are one. Man helps God, as [illegible] as He helps

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"I call **CAMPARI** *my aperitif but John insists it's THE aperitif"*

CAMPARI

OBTAINABLE IN ALL GOOD BARS, HOTELS & CLUBS ALL OVER THE WORLD

"I Am Disgusted"

So spoke an architect with obvious dislike for tradition and conformity. TIME quoted him, and presented his views on the direction architecture should take in the Modern Living section, gathering place for new ideas on everything from housing to baby formulas. Ideas with merit invariably find their way into TIME. In doing so, they attract the attention of millions of TIME families around the globe—themselves ever receptive to progress and innovation.

man. By his own actions, man ... the nature of God. In spite ... and defeat, Father Yánaros ... the world with the vision of ... for which he sacrificed himself.

The Poet & the Public Mo...

SELECTED LETTERS OF ROBERT ... edited by Lawrance Thompson. ... pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $10

Having attained the seventh ... public person, grand old man ... ert Frost spent a large part of ... two decades receiving the acco... national affection. But there ... verse quality of dismissal about ... tion's affection, as if the recipient ... being asked while still alive to ... bronze horse, assume a statuary ... and to refrain from doing anythi... would require the recutting of ... scription on his pedestal.

Frost encouraged the display ... because of a lifelong hunger for ...

FROST & SANDBURG
The statuary pose was premat...

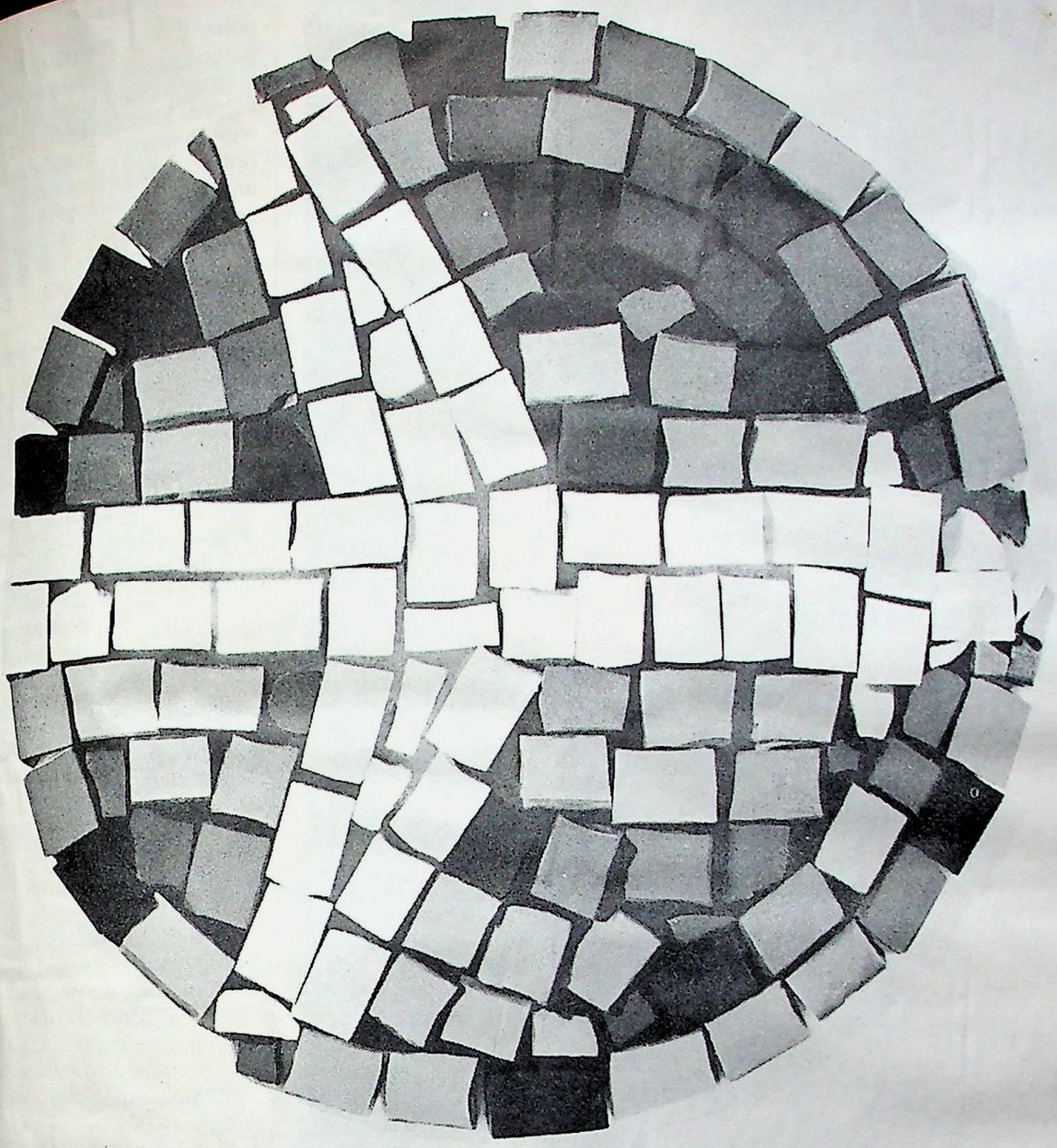
regard, and partly, it is reasona... suppose, with privacy aforethough... more the honors are heaped, th... chance of too-personal prying in... man at the heap's bottom. "I have ... ten," he once confided to his friend... Bartlett, "to keep the over-curio... of the secret places of my mind ... in my verse and in my letters."

Money & Flattery. Until an adeq... biography of Frost is published—... Lawrance Thompson's is due next ... the best indication of where ... secret places may lie is offered ... letters. This collection begins ... puppy-love note, written in 1887 ... he was twelve, and ends with ... invitations from Presidents Eisen... and Kennedy. It would not be ... say that what lies between sho... shape of his life. There are only ... sional hints, for instance, to sugge... depth and quality of his relation... with his wife Elinor, presumably ... cause the two were not separated ... enough to exchange many letters. ...

A great many of the letters ... Frost's youth and middle years ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Just what is "Service in the Air"

...sober question calls for a similar answer. Through-
...years, service in air travel has been made a matter of
...superlatives. They all sound great—but they tell you

...en, *is* service in airline operation? To us, it's the sum
...less trifles. Making each of them perfect is the secret
success.

...a mosaic: It's a painstaking assembly of countless tiny
Putting every single one in its right place makes the
picture a work of art.
...our tiny stones in the right place is the coffee machine
...and each of our modern jets. The fresher your coffee
...ter its flavour and aroma.

Another: massive silver cutlery and genuine porcelain on all our aircraft. No other setting would do justice to the meals we serve on the way.

Another: the hot towels we offer you on all our long-distance flights to wipe your face and hands—it's so refreshing!

To say nothing of our hostesses and stewards—their skill, knowledge, fluency in languages.

These examples—and scores of others—all imply the same: An independent airline—modern, reliable, friendly—always succeeds in giving you the best there is in everything. Find out how much it means on your next trip: A warm welcome awaits you on board.

STOCKHOLM
ROTTERDAM COPENHAGEN PRAGUE
AMSTERDAM BRUSSELS WARSAW
HAMBURG MUNICH TOKYO
MANCHESTER DÜSSELDORF INNSBRUCK BELGRADE BANGKOK HONG KONG
COLOGNE / BONN VIENNA ANKARA KARACHI
LONDON STUTTGART BASEL ISTANBUL BEIRUT TEHERAN BOMBAY
PARIS FRANKFURT GENEVA ZURICH ATHENS TEL AVIV DHAHRAN CALCUTTA
MADRID NICE MILAN CAIRO ABADAN MANILA
BARCELONA ROME KHARTOUM BAGHDAD
PALMA DE MALLORCA
LISBON TUNIS
DAKAR ALGIERS
ACCRA LAGOS

SWISSAIR

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

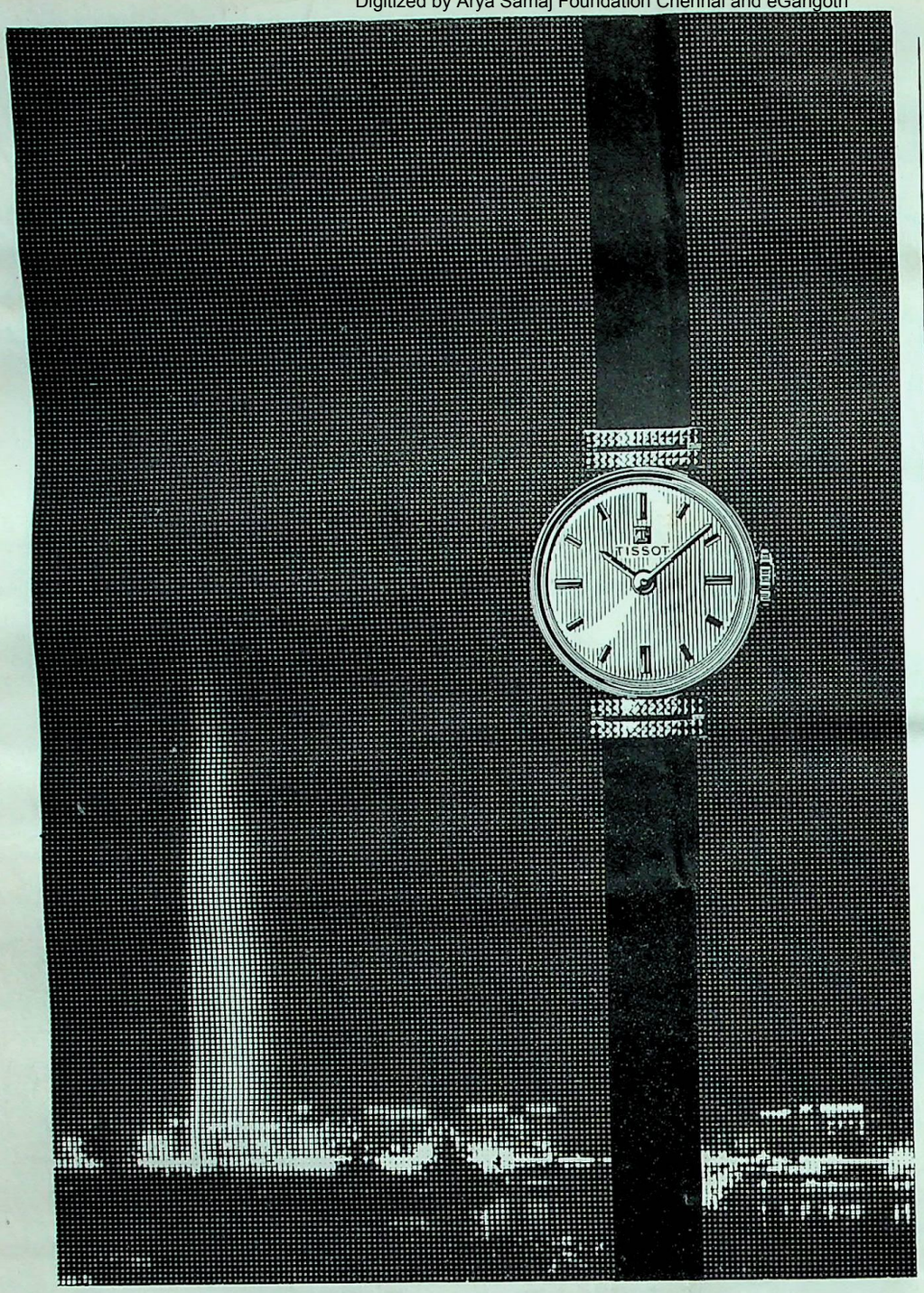
politely and entertainingly, but w
sistence—for money, or flattered
so that money could be asked for
future. He coached friendly critics
was shameless in calling attention
notices they produced. An unfair
and unjust reading of his correspon
could have it that Frost spent the
two-thirds of his life hawking his p
uct and the last third complainingly
joying the proceeds.

Omens & Leprechauns. From
course, an enormously complex m
and the frequent hints he dropped
that he knew it. "You are not
make the mistake that [Ezra] P
makes," he warned a publisher, "
suming that my simplicity is that
untutored child. I am not underst

His correspondence seldom
far from his own predicament
was rarely tedious and
charming. A meeting with Yeats
duced a conflict between Frost's
literary sense ("the man of the
years in English poetry") and
mon sense. Yeats thought
quaint and believed in lepr
Frost had just spent nine
stones out of his New Hamp
ture without any converse with
it world. There is a wonderful
berry at Carl Sandburg ("His
pleased some people, his poetry
few and his infantile talk
probably the most artificial and
ruffian the world has had"). An
letter to Louis Untermeyer, a
ishing admission in 1938: "Tw
ago I wanted to be a Senator."

Combing Wave. The letters
single exposition of Frost's the
writing, but remarks scattered
volume show something of his
He cuts off a good-humored
free verse with a perfectly
"But I desist for want of know
to cut my lines unhokuspoke
wrote to John Cournos, an
ful novelist: "There are the
ular, pre-established accent and
of blank verse; and there are
irregular accent and measure
ing intonation. I am never more
than when I can get these
strained relation. I like to
break the intonation across the
as waves first comb and
stumbling on the shingle. That
it's not mere figure of speech."

Finally, a letter to Amherst's
newspaper shows something of
sonal toughness. It must be
care, because it has a gadfly
just the thing for chiseling
statue. Thanking the newspaper
birthday greetings, he strays
subject of age to that of
that he is impatient with
"that this age is one of the
world's history. Arnold
or for the age before this.
claimed it for the last
is immodest of a man
self as going down
forces ever mobilized by



She has all the appeal:

Quality, beauty, price — the perfect watch.

There are good reasons why Tissot is one of the leading watches sold, even in Switzerland, the watch-making country *par excellence*.

Tissot offers you, at an unrivalled price, the superb quality and elegance of an exclusive selection enthusiastically acclaimed by connoisseurs throughout the world.

All round you and in Jewellers' display windows, Tissot models stand out for distinction and attractive prices. Look closely and compare... Like everybody else you will agree that this "beauty" has all the appeal. Tissot is the perfect watch for you.

Worldwide Sales and Service.

Tissot — Treasured Watches Since 1853.

T
TISSOT

For free folder write to TISSOT, Le Locle, Switzerland

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ECEMBER 18, 1964 ASIA EDITION

BUILDING THE PAVILIONS OF CULTURE

TIME

THE WEEK

LOS ANGELES' BUFF CHANDLER

HENRY KOERNER

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

First in flavor under every flag

Marlboro's got the flavor that smokers salute the world over. Rich, unfiltered taste. Character. It comes from the many fine breeds of tobacco *in our Richmond*, Virginia, flavor recipe. Put this through the exclusive Selectrate® filter and you've really got a lot to like. Enjoy yourself *with Marlboro. The* American cigarette that sets the standard of good taste everywhere. Available in both the Flip-Top box and soft pack.

America's finest cigarettes have a quality all their own . . . from Philip Morris International.

OTHER PHILIP MORRIS INTERNATIONAL: **PARLIAMENT,** RECESSED FILTER. **PHILIP MORRIS,** RICH TOBACCOS. **ALPINE,** REFRESHING MENTHOL.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

IRON & STEEL DIVISION ● MACHINERY DIVISION ● WELDING ELECTRODE DIVISION ● ALUMINUM & COPPER DIVISION

anning a visit to Japan? If so, why not include Kobe in your itin-ey. This fascinating port city offers the visitor a wide variety of ghtseeing attractions in a relaxed and friendly atmosphere. And 'll be treated to some of the best cuisine to be found anywhere in world.

you come to Kobe by ship, one of the first things that will catch ur eye is the magnificent port tower shown above. KOBE STEEL, e of Japan's largest steel companies, is responsible for the welding d that is such a vital part of the tower's structure.

OBE STEEL is made up of four closely integrated divisions that lude the Iron and Steel Division, the Machinery Division, the Arc-lding Electrode Division and the Aluminum and Copper Division. ch of these divisions is making a significant contribution to indus-al development the world over. If it is made of metal and bears the OBE STEEL trademark, quality and dependability are guaranteed.

FOUR FIRMS IN ONE

MAIN PRODUCTS: CIVIL ENGINEERING & CEMENT MACHINERY · CHEMICAL MACHINERY · OTHER GENERAL INDUSTRIAL MACHINERY · STEEL WIRE RODS · STEEL BARS & SHAPES · STEEL PIPES & TUBES · ARC WELDING ELECTRODES · STEEL CASTINGS & FORGINGS · LIGHT METAL ALLOY CASTINGS & FORGINGS · NON-FERROUS METALS · SMALL TOOLS

KOBE STEEL WORKS, LTD.

KOBE, JAPAN Cable "KOBESTEEL KOBE"
TOKYO OFFICE Cable "KOBESTEEL TOKYO"

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam 18, Netherlands. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc. at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Now, Amsterdam Airport's Tax-Free Shopping Centre sells these 11 famous brands of whisky at only $ 2.00 a bottle!

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Why?

I give you another good reason to visit Europe's largest Tax-Free Shopping Centre.

Here you can also save up to 60% on cameras, on tape recorders, on watches, on binoculars, to name just four of several hundred bargains. (Amsterdam has the only airport where you can buy a tax-free car on the spot, too). Besides, since the airport is only 20 minutes from surprising Amsterdam itself, you'll find it easy to reach that city's wealth of additional bargains.

What we're trying to say is that, with Christmas just around the corner, you can hardly afford not to come to Amsterdam to do your Christmas shopping.

You'll have a wonderful time while you're at it, too!

Why are we telling you all this? Because KLM Royal Dutch Airlines is the only airline in the world whose network - 104 cities - centres on Amsterdam.

Going to or via Amsterdam on KLM is easier than on any other airline. Ask your travel agent. He'll tell you.

And have a Merry Christmas.

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

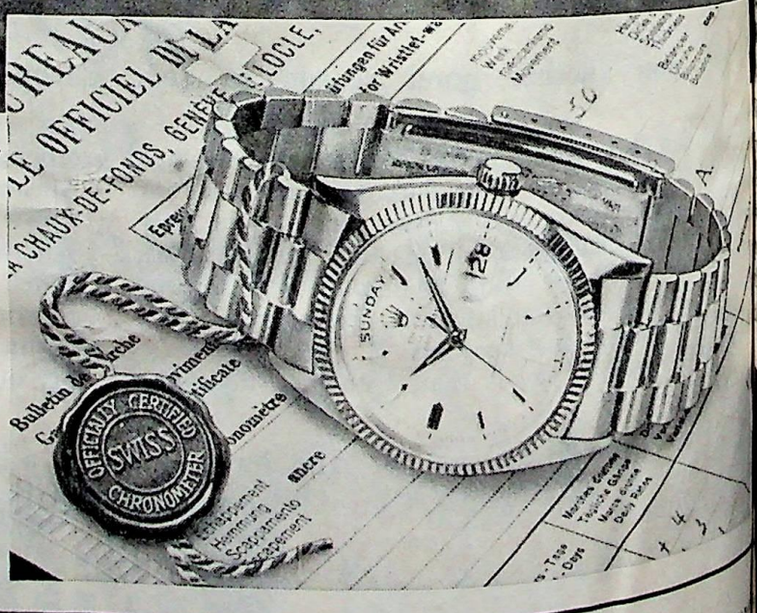
Men who guide the destinies of the w

THE ROLEX "DAY-DATE"

Most remarkable achievement in watch-making, the Rolex Oyster Perpetual "Day-Date." Available only in 18-ct. gold or platinum, with matching "President" bracelet.

Like all Rolex Chronometers, every "Day-Date" is now awarded the highest distinction of the Swiss Institutes for Official Chronometer Tests, the mention 'Especially good results.'

Its superlative accuracy is protected by the famous Rolex Oyster case, made in Geneva by Swiss craftsmen and guaranteed 100% waterproof, and its movement is selfwound by the Perpetual rotor. The date and the day of the week, written in full, change instantaneously every midnight.



THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (*Founder: H. Wilsdorf*), GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

BANGKOK: S.A.B. BANGKOK **HONG KONG:** UNION HOUSE, CHATER RD **SINGAPORE:** CROSBY HOUSE **TOKYO:** ROLEX WATCH DIVISION, SHIN-TOKYO

SYDNEY: WILLIS & SONS LTD., 71 YORK STREET

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

of the
ear Rolex watches

know their names as you know
You know their faces
a thousand newspaper and
azine articles. You have seen
and heard their voices on
reels and on your television
en. Their actions and decisions
luence the pattern of our lives.

cannot mention their names,
show pictures of them. It would
be fitting to do so, for they
ude royalty, the heads of states,
service commanders. But we
you to look carefully at the
pictures that you see of them,
eir wrists as well as their faces
clothes. You will notice that
almost every case they wear a
ist-watch. That watch will most
have been made by Rolex
Geneva.

e are proud of the service given
Rolex watches to so many
inent men throughout the
ld. It is scarcely necessary to
nt out that the performance of
se watches is, in the highest
gree, accurate and dependable.

ROLEX
A landmark in the history of Time measurement

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 16

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* A program devoted to Cellist Pablo Casals, now almost 88, featuring a visit to his home in Puerto Rico.

Thursday, December 17

PERRY COMO'S MUSIC HALL (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Filmed in Rome, Perry's show offers the Sistine Choir, Soprano Roberta Peters and Puppeteer Burr Tillstrom.

Saturday, December 19

LIBERTY BOWL GAME (ABC, 12:30 p.m. to end). West Virginia plays Utah at Convention Hall in Atlantic City, N.J., scene of last summer's Democratic National Convention.

BLUEBONNET BOWL GAME (ABC, 3:30 p.m. to end). Mississippi plays Tulsa in Houston.

Sunday, December 20

CBS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). Metropolitan Stars Giorgio Tozzi, Charles Anthony and Helen Vanni sing Berlioz' *L'Enfance Du Christ* with the CBS Symphony Orchestra.

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-12 noon). A look at Liverpool, England, home of the Beatles, Mersey Monsters, Undertakers and other musical mobs.

NBC OPERA (NBC, 3-4 p.m.). Gian Carlo Menotti's Christmas opera, *Amahl and the Night Visitors,* a rebroadcast of last year's performance starring Kurt Yaghjian as Amahl. Color.

NBC CHILDREN'S THEATER (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). Music in the round for six- to twelve-year-olds, encouraging audience and at-home participation. Color.

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Walter Matthau stars in the story of Georgia Governor John Slaton, who in 1915 dared commute a controversial death sentence.

Monday, December 21

THE COMING OF CHRIST (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Fourth annual presentation of "The Coming of Christ," the story of Christ's early years told through some 300 paintings of the late Middle Ages and Renaissance. Color.

Tuesday, December 22

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Special Christmas program starring Singer Howard Keel, Dancers Violette Verdy and Edmond Novak. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

POOR RICHARD. Jean Kerr is still wearing the life-of-the-party grin from *Mary, Mary,* but behind the witticisms something sobering denies that life is that kind of party at all. With Alan Bates playing a lyric poet turned wench charmer and lush, the comedy is less funny than *Mary, Mary* but more probingly perceptive.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. Diana Sands and Alan Alda give top performances: Sands is a prostitute with a tongue of brass who moves in on a bookish clerk (Alda) in Bill Manhoff's flip and funny version of the contemporary form of the mating dance.

LUV. Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin take a slapstick and tongue-wagging jaunt on a suspension bridge in Murray Schisgal's spoof of the theater of the absurd. Director Mike Nichols mixes word gags and sight gags with unerring skill.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR. For this music-hall documentary, Joan Littlewood uses laughter to hit where it hurts, blending sentimentality, song and satire. An adroit cast led by Victor Spinetti plays the men and women who lived, joked and suffered through World War I.

COMEDY IN MUSIC. Victor Borge toys with the ivories and tickles his audience in a 1½-man romp with Co-Pianist and Foil Leonid Hambro.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. One of the most remarkably versatile talents of the contemporary stage, Zero Mostel breathes nostalgic life into this musical comedy derived from Sholom Aleichem's tales of Tevye and his five daughters.

Off Broadway

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY. Mitty might have difficulty recognizing himself in this musical exercise thinly based on the Thurber character, but a clever cast and fresh song and dance provide a zesty evening.

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS. A group of zanies have taken the British revue back to beyond-the-fringe lunacy in a parade of hilarious vignettes.

RECORDS

Christmas Music

Never before has the music of all ages been so munificently available. There are eight versions of Handel's *Messiah;* among the best are a dramatic, big-scaled production by Sir Thomas Beecham (RCA Victor) and a more authentic Baroque version conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, with Joan Sutherland (London). LProliferation has also produced such esoterica as Gregorian chants sung by Dominican nuns (Philips), and a class-conscious account of the Nativity written by Scholem Asch and read by Pete Seeger. Other Christmas offerings:

THE PLAY OF HEROD (2 LPs; Decca) is a 12th century church music drama intended at the time "to fortify the faith of the unlettered vulgar." It is sung in Latin under the direction of Noah Greenberg.

HEINRICH SCHÜTZ: THE CHRISTMAS ORATORIO (Angel). Born 100 years before Bach and Handel, Schütz was their musical ancestor, but his oratorio is beautiful in its own right. Hans Thamm conducts his Windsbach Boys' Choir and a small ensemble that gets arresting effects with such archaic instruments as the clarino and the theorboe.

J. S. BACH: CHRISTMAS ORATORIO (3 LPs; Musical Heritage). A few choral passages are muddy, but Fritz Werner and the Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra give the oratorio a moving and bright performance. Tenor Helmut Krebs is an [illegible] tionally expressive Evangelist, [illegible] the voice of Soprano Agnes Giebel floats lightly in a nimbus of violins.

J. S. BACH: MUSIC OF JUBILEE (Columbia). Virtuoso E. Power Biggs has ap-

* All times E.S.T.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

propriated for his organ and a chamber orchestra whatever music of Bach's he felt was jubilant enough. Thus Biggs performs a good many songs without words, including *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* and *Ah, Dearest Jesu* from the *Christmas Oratorio*. Purists will object, but the jubilation is continuous and unrestrained.

SING NOWELL (London) shows that 15th century verses about 15th century "Nowell" fit 20th century music about 20th century Noel. New carols and new arrangements of familiar ones are by leading British composers, including Benjamin Britten, Peter Racine Fricker, Malcolm Williamson. The largely *a cappella* performance by the Elizabethan Singers is accented by fine solos and organ.

CINEMA

TO LOVE. Lust at first sight is good for grand though gross guffaws in Swedish Director Jörn Donner's tale of a repressed young widow (Harriet Andersson) who meets a fast-moving travel agent at her husband's funeral and gives nary a thought to the mourning after.

IL BIDONE. Though it sometimes seems a fumbling first version of *8½*, this Italian tragicomedy about a smalltime swindler (Broderick Crawford) in bishop's clothing stirs interest as the missing volume of Director Federico Fellini's "trilogy of solitude" begun with *La Strada* and ending in *Le Notti di Cabiria*.

THE PUMPKIN EATER. Three husbands, a swarm of progeny and a nervous collapse leave a well-kept wife with an unkempt psyche in this marriage-go-round directed by Britain's Jack Clayton (*Room at the Top*) and played like a house afire by Anne Bancroft.

SEND ME NO FLOWERS. As a suburban hypochondriac who feels the end is nigh, Rock Hudson prepares Wife Doris Day for widowhood, while Tony Randall keeps the fun alive as a macabre neighbor.

SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON. An unhappy medium (Kim Stanley) and her timorous spouse (Richard Attenborough) bumble through a kidnaping plot, and Director Bryan Forbes turns it into one of those throat-drying English thrillers in which every second seems split.

MY FAIR LADY. Bountiful as ever, the musical classic by Lerner and Loewe out of G. B. Shaw retains Professor Rex Harrison as the Edwardian phonetics expert who transforms Audrey Hepburn from a cockney flower peddler into a proper *Lady*.

WOMAN IN THE DUNES. Trapped in a hovel at the bottom of a sand pit, a man and woman find that their hellhole offers the only real freedom in this luminous, violent allegory by Japanese Director Hiroshi Teshigahara.

TOPKAPI. Istanbul is a thieves' carnival, with Melina Mercouri eying the emeralds and Peter Ustinov stealing the laughs in Director Jules Dassin's droll comedy of love and larceny, his best since *Rififi*.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE FOUNDING FATHER, by Richard Whalen. The facts of Joe Kennedy's career, the fortunes he made in oil and real estate, and his swift conversion of money into power for himself and his sons need no embellishment; his life is a blueprint for the wheeler-dealer and the kingmaker.

HENRY ADAMS: THE MAJOR PHASE, by Ernest Samuels. Covering the last 30 years of Adams' life, this final volume of [illegible] uels' massive biography tells of the [illegible] and thinking that influenced Adams in [illegible] writing of his greatest books, *Mont-Michel and Chartres* and the classic *Education of Henry Adams*.

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY, by [illegible] O'Hara. More short stories by one of [illegible] all-time masters of the art. With [illegible] fourth collection in as many years, O'Hara is threatening to cut off the supply to concentrate on long fiction.

SELECTED LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST, edited by Lawrance Thompson. This collection shows the poet's wit, shrewdness, [illegible] —and also the courage that saw him through an unrelenting succession of [illegible] ly tragedies.

A LITTLE LEARNING, by Evelyn Waugh. The first part of the British satirist's [illegible] biography is a warm, impressionistic recollection of childhood, a spirited account of high living at Oxford and a miserable [illegible] as a master in a bleak boys' school in Wales—in fact, almost all the ingredients of Waugh's brilliant first novel, *Decline and Fall*.

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. The [illegible] an unwanted divorce and custody [illegible] and the psychological desolation [illegible] flict on a man of good will are [illegible] lessly pursued by Bellow.

LIFE WITH PICASSO, by Françoise Gilot. In a rich year for memoirs, this account of the great artist by his ex-mistress [illegible] nine years holds a surprisingly high [illegible] Mlle. Gilot is frank about her own [illegible] tions as well as Picasso's, making [illegible] revelation of living with genius mer[illegible] ful as well as authentic.

MARKINGS, by Dag Hammarskjöld. [illegible] disturbing book is so in demand that [illegible] out of stock across most of the U.S. [illegible] a record of the religious doubt and [illegible] cal exaltation that possessed the late Secretary-General during times of [illegible] and tedium.

OF POETRY AND POWER, edited by Erich Glikes and Paul Schwaber. One of the [illegible] books of enduring significance among [illegible] 60-odd about President Kennedy published since the assassination. It is a [illegible] of poems, written in grief and occasionally in anger, by many of America's [illegible] talented poets.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (2)
3. The Man, Wallace (6)
4. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (3)
5. This Rough Magic, Stewart (5)
6. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (8)
7. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (7)
8. Julian, Vidal (4)
9. The Brigadier and the Golf Widow, Cheever (10)
10. The Horse Knows the Way, O'Hara

NONFICTION

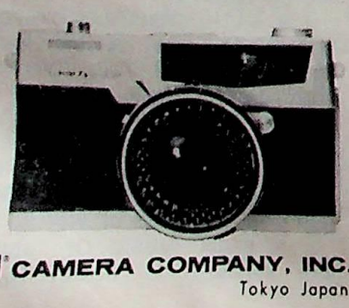
1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. Reminiscences, MacArthur (2)
3. The Kennedy Years, the New York *Times* and Viking Press (6)
4. My Autobiography, Chaplin (3)
5. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (7)
6. The Italians, Barzini (4)
7. The Warren Commission Report
8. Life with Picasso, Gilot
9. Patton: Ordeal and Triumph, Farago (5)
10. The Words, Sartre (9)

PSYCHIATRISTS DON'T LIKE IT.

Psychiatrists deal with derangements, complexes, disturbances. Small wonder they don't like a camera like the PETRI 7S. It puts them out of a job, cause it just doesn't offer any such problems. 620 grams of pure joy, unchained photography. Easy to handle, perfect in its results. YOU might like one.

PETRI® 7s

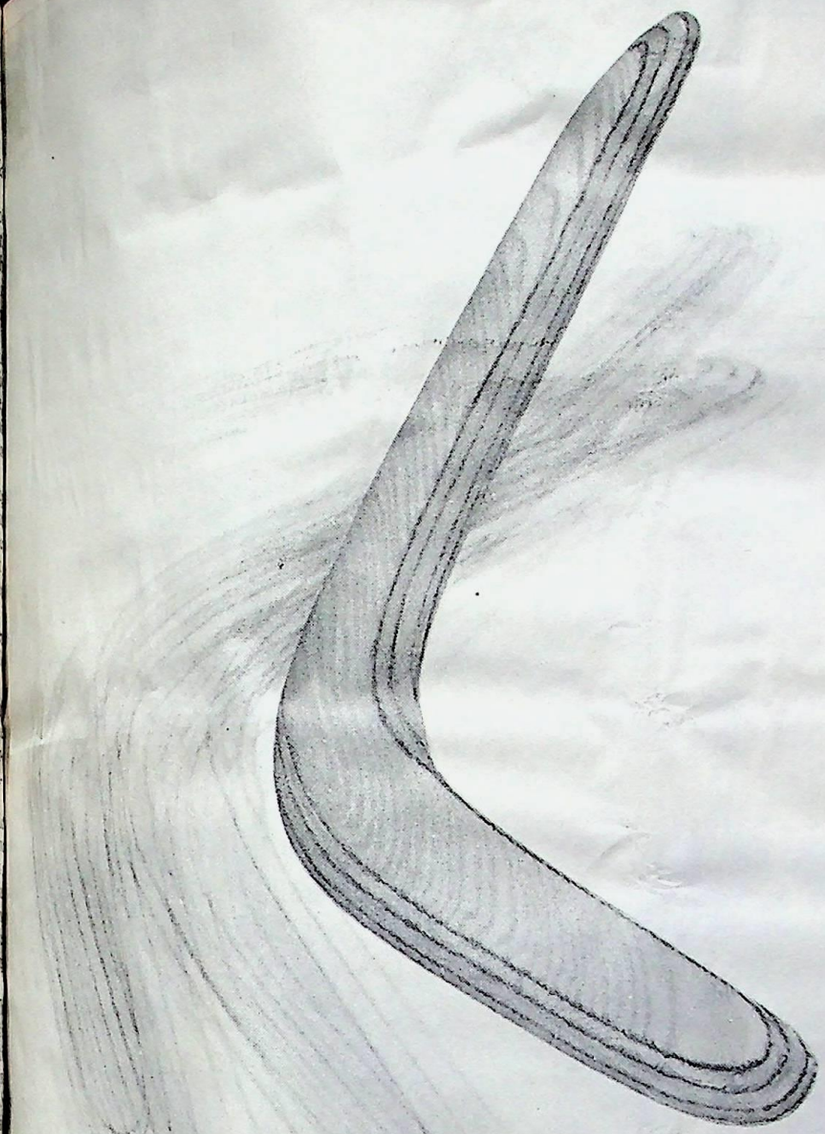
Our newest feature, the automatically controlled Circle-Eye exposure meter system guarantees you superb pictures every time.



PETRI CAMERA COMPANY, INC.
Tokyo Japan

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



ast turnaround!

ords of action. A term well-known in aviation and shipping. And of special signifi-
nce to Esso: get the craft airborne or out to sea again—rapidly and safely! Esso
aintains a global network of the most modern fueling and service facilities, backed
by the world's leading petroleum research organization. It's just another example of
the comprehensive service Esso gives to transportation and other industries every-
where. And perhaps it is another reason why Esso is the **World's First Choice!**
Our local organization will be pleased to advise you on your petroleum product needs.

ESSO

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Ericsson LM
TELEPHONE
EQUIPMENT

Historic temple of Phra Pathom Chedi, at Nakon Pathom

Why Thailand's Telephone System Is Being Expanded With Ericsson Equipment

The first public telephone exchange in Thailand was installed by Ericsson in 1886.

In the last few years, the Telephone Organization of Thailand has taken decisive steps towards expanding and modernizing the telephone system of Thailand. Since 1960 Ericsson Crossbar equipment has been specified to provide modern automatic telephone service to a total of 32,000 subscribers in Bangkok and other centers.

Telephone administrators in Thailand and more than 70 other countries specify Ericsson when they want the finest in modern systems or components — equipment that features realistic initial cost and negligible maintenance.

L. M. ERICSSON TELEPHONE COMPANY

World Headquarters: STOCKHOLM 32

MANUFACTURING FACILITIES ON FOUR CONTINENTS / SALES ORGANIZATION THROUGHOUT THE W

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

Charred Hearts & Politics

Sir: It is expecting quite a lot of the Vietnamese [Dec. 11] to stand by patiently and watch their country slowly disintegrate for a political principle that to them is not only an abstraction but also an invitation to death and destruction. Now, against their will, these people have become the pawns in an ideological struggle between the great powers. It is no wonder that, contrary to Buddhist teachings, violence erupted in this atmosphere of frustration and fear. We fail to see that statics dislike our disregard for their ancient cultures. Expecting them to adopt our attitudes and political institutions can only lead to regression, which may violently alter the course of history.

WILLIAM GILBERT

Skokie, Ill.

Sir: You write about "believers" who tossed hand grenades, and teen-agers "supposedly raised in 'the Middle Way,'" etc. I suppose that your American soldiers who have occupied Viet Nam against the wishes of the people are representative of the Christian and Democratic principle of charity and believe that all people have the right to determine the method by which they will be governed. The fact is that if you were to give the people of South Viet Nam a free choice of government, these people would unhesitatingly throw out the so-called American advisers. Then, without the necessity of "Communist" interference, they would choose a government that would respect all kinds of political and religious ideas without favoring any one of them.

CHIN MEI KAO

New York City

Sir: Your cover story on Buddhism was at times hasty, flip, sarcastic, snide, snippy, pompous, preachy, and in bad taste. With these few exceptions, it was fine.

R. F. BAKER

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: In recounting the myth of Buddha's conception, you have supplied us with the granddaddy of all elephant jokes.

ALBERT SACH

Philadelphia

Massacre & Mercenaries

Sir: Your cover story about Dr. Carlson and the Congo [Dec. 4] was all the more moving because of its restraint. Carlson, picked out and identified but carefully not glorified, shines like a good deed in a very naughty world—to whose conscience you spoke very clearly.

JAMES BYROM

St.-Jacques-de-Grasse, France

Sir: As Dr. Paul Carlson's pastor, I wish to express my deepest appreciation for the magnificent way that you told the story of his martyrdom.

ROBERT A. HONNETTE
Rolling Hills Covenant Church
Rolling Hills Estates, Calif.

Sir: Artist Vickrey has captured a look of unbelieving disappointment in the face of the late Dr. Paul Carlson. This is an emotion that clearly expresses the futility of many efforts in the Congo, but was nevertheless an emotion not shared by that indefatigable missionary.

ELLIOTT BRÄM SEWELL

Louvain, Belgium

Sir: The picture of the corpse of Dr. Paul Carlson is an offense to the man, his work, and the mission to which he dedicated his life. You have in this picture brought dishonor to an honorable man.

LANCE A. HERRICK

Evanston, Ill.

Sir: Although not an Afro-American, but nevertheless an American Negro, I was outraged by your reporting of the Congo massacre, with your sophomoric generalizations on the savagery of the blacks on the African continent. I suggest that if Americans were able to remember their own history, they would find these Simbas no more savage than those responsible for Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Perhaps one day when the white people of the West, and particularly the whites of America, can become true humanitarians, then the African states can bemoan the bestiality at Stanleyville.

L. S. SENHOUSE JR.

Newark

Man of the Year

Sir: I nominate the Chairman of the Communist Party in the People's Republic of China, Mao Tse-tung. This insidious and inscrutable leader of one-fourth of the world's population now holds his finger on the trigger of China's newly developed atomic device. He most certainly altered the course of history in 1964.

BERNARD K. FRANK

Portland, Ore.

Sir: The scientists who helped China achieve a place in the Atomic Club.

SHUAIB MIRZA

Rahimyar Khan, Pakistan

Sir: Nikita Khrushchev, since he may never again be eligible.

ROY C. BOYER

Warren, Mich.

Sir: There can be no suspense about your Man of the Year: L.B.J.

LAWRENCE W. PAHL

Chicago

Sir: Barry Goldwater, the man who persuaded millions of Republicans to vote Democratic.

STUART CUTHBERTSON

Glendale, Calif.

Sir: John F. Kennedy, whose memory has been the inspiring force of 1964.

PAUL F. FABERMAN

Piedmont, Calif.

Sir: Ambassador and Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy, parents of the century, whose two sons were just elected to full-term seats in the U.S. Senate. No other couple ever produced a President of the U.S., three U.S. Senators, a member of the House, an Attorney General, and two World War II heroes, both of whom are now among the honored dead.

ERNEST L. MCLAUGHLIN

Union, S.C.

Sir: U Thant of the U.N.—the man entrusted with the toughest job on earth: keeping the peace of the world in the '60s of the 20th century.

TET KHAUNG

Myingyan, Burma

Sir: The commuter! You should run a story pointing out the woes of us tax-paying, strap-hanging, deficit-burdened, tail-crushed 8-to-6 slobs.

G. G. COONEY

Marshfield, Mass.

Sir: Brooks Patterson.

BROOKS PATTERSON

Detroit

Ire in Omaha

Sir: I do not know why you keep putting your joke section under "Art" in your magazine. Artist Johns [Dec. 4] lets his beer go to his head, his beer cans to the canvas, and your Art section to pot!

W. A. MURDOCK

Omaha

Self-Help in Louisiana

Sir: The fruit-cake manufacturer you mentioned in regard to the Poverty Program [Dec. 4] is the Southern Consumers' Cooperative. A majority of its members and officers are Negroes. For five years, S.C.C. has carried out an intensive program of education in cooperation and economic matters among the extremely poor people, colored and white, of southwestern Louisiana. Eight hundred S.C.C. members have recently raised from their meager incomes the capital to finance a small fruit-cake factory at Lake Charles, La. Since this is a seasonal operation, S.C.C. sought from the Office of Economic Opportunity a $25,000 loan with which it is purchasing equipment for the production of other confections during the off-season. The valiant effort, against great odds, by officers and members of S.C.C. to help themselves out of poverty may be among the standards that prompted Sargent Shriver to approve the $25,000 loan.

EDWARD W. O'ROURKE
National Catholic Rural Life Conference
Des Moines

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
5 Ottho Heldringstraat
Amsterdam 18, Netherlands

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

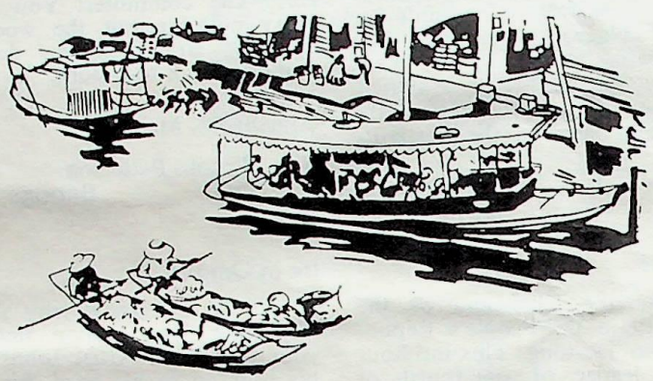
address

city

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"We're "Best" in Bangkok



Bangkok has long been a favourite port of call for Cathay Pacific and our many Thai friends are full of praise for (among other things) Cathay Pacific's fast frequent flights through the Orient, the wonderful friendly in-flight service, our fine foods and wines and the skilful pilots and crew. Years of experience have given Cathay Pacific unquestioned leadership, so next time you fly, choose Cathay Pacific—finest flight in the Orient.

Spanning
THE ORIENT
CATHAY PACIFIC

CATHAY PACIFIC serves: HONG KONG . BANGKOK
BRUNEI . CALCUTTA . DJAKARTA . JESSELTON
KUALA LUMPUR . MANILA . OSAKA/KYOTO
PHNOM PENH . RANGOON . SAIGON . SEOUL
SINGAPORE . TAIPEI . TOKYO . VIENTIANE

A BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE ASSOCIATED COMPANY

USA—169

The Big Eye

Sir: In regard to whether or not pub... hearings should be televised [see PRES... I offer my authoritative opinion: the... should be no such intimacy going on. ... campaigns America has already bee... drugged into measuring only what ... candidate looks and sounds like, not ... importance of what he puts on paper. ... frightens me to think what would have happened if TV had been as influential in the time of Socrates, who was not very pretty; or of Moses, who had a great impediment of speech; or of Jesus, whose Hebrew had a strong Galilean accent; or of Lincoln, whose wart, beard and shrill voice would have made Madison Avenue get rid of him immediately. It was when Mr. Lincoln said at Gettysburg that will be remembered, not how he looked or sounded on television.

GEORGE JESSEL

Los Angeles

Family Friend

Sir: As one of the many members of TIME's family who look for the point and counterpoint of fine writing in each issue, I may not be the first to confirm the editorial aim set forth by Bernhard Auer, but surely I will not be alone. The choice has been lived up to with admirable consistency in the past, but the Dec. 4 issue will have to be ranked high on the list for hitting the center ring.

LEE C. JONES

Washington, D.C.

Gates of Paradise

Sir: Another facsimile set of Ghiberti's Baptistery doors [Dec. 4] has hung since 1962 in the Noble H. Getchell Library of the University of Nevada. These were cast in the mid-19th century by Ferdinand Barbédienne. There is at least one more Western copy of the Ghiberti doors (perhaps acquired because they are sometimes called "the Gates of Paradise") in the Forest Lawn Cemetery in Glendale, Calif.

DAVID W. HERON

University of Nevada
Reno

Volunteers

Sir: In "The Electronic Tomato" [Dec. 4], you suggested that Julie Newmar's best chance for getting the husband she wants might be getting M.I.T. to build one for her. We would like to help. If you send Miss Newmar up here for a few weeks, we'll do the best we can.

MARTIN S. KOHN
STEVEN R. POWELL

Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Mass.

Advice to the Distressed

Sir: Re your article about courts and mental illness [Nov. 20], legal consignment to a mental hospital means loss of some legal rights for at least one year after discharge. It also means permanent assignment to the list of suspicious characters, at least in the eyes of the average person. This may result in family breakups, loss of job opportunities and, worst, loss of self-esteem. Nothing in this country more clearly endangers personal freedom. Good advice to someone in a state of emotional distress is to try to act normal—particularly if he has been involuntarily into a psychiatrist's office—for he is being watched. Also, he should not express what he is thinking, for it is likely to be irrational anyway.

W. F. BATTERSHALL

Morton, Pa.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ..... ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT ..... JAMES A. LINEN
SENIOR STAFF EDITOR ..... THOMAS GRIFFITH
EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ..... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ..... ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR
Roy Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
L. T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George C. Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Jonathan Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, Gilbert Cant, Gurney Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker E. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, William Johnson, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Ronald P. Kriss, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Marshall Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert McLaughlin, John McPhee, Martin J. O'Neill, Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, John Blashill, Jon Borgzinner, Gurney Breckenfeld, Clell Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Grossman, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, Leon Jaroff, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ray Kennedy, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Michael R. Levitas, George Love, Jason McManus, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, William E. Smith, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Essie Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Berta Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Virginia Adams, Joy Roscoe Ails, Ruth Annan, Nancy Johnson, Priscilla B. Badger, Jean Bergerud, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, Rosemary Byrnes, Nicolette Caliendo, Anne Chisholm, Kathleen Cook, Gillian Coxhead, Mary Cronin, S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall, Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Suzanne Funger, Leah Shanks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Heilmeier, Andria E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Jane Jacobson, Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Berta Kraemer, Susan Krieger, Judith Liersch, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Merrin, Marcia Minns, Nancy Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Pampel, Jan Pascoe, Jane Pett, S. Marion Pikul, Sue Raffety, Wendy Kupsick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Sporer, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Antonia Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanaman, Susanne Washburn, Nancy Williams, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Smith, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Hillebrook Jr., Robert A. Ellis, Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, Jean A. Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Hoods, Neil MacNeil, John Mulliken, Wallace H. Terry Jr., Arthur White, Marvin H. Zim. CHICAGO: Loye W. Miller, Jr., Jon Anderson, Marsh Clark, Christopher Greenfield, Miriam Rumwell. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Miller, Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. Shelter. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Christopher T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA: Thomson Harry Johnston, Arlie W. Schardt, Roger M. Kahn. BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Hugh D. S. Greenway, John L. Wilhelm. DENVER: Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, Benjamin W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: John M. Mecklin, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.

LONDON: Murray Gart, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Charles Champlin. PARIS: Curtis Prendergast, Barry Lynch, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Main, Friedel Ungeheuer. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, Samuel R. Lichtenstern. KOMA: Robert E. Jackson, Israel Shenker, William Mackenzie. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. BEIRUT: Lee Griffiths. HONG KONG: Frank McCulloch, Loren Fessler, Dick Pace, John Shaw, James Wilde. NAIROBI: Peter Heath. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. TOKYO: Jerrold L. Schecter, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. OTTAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Martin Sullivan. TORONTO: Seyrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed Ogle. CARACAS: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan. MEXICO CITY: Mo Garcia. RIO DE JANEIRO: Roger Stone. BUENOS AIRES: Gavin Scott. NEWSDESKS: Robert Parker, Donald Bermingham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ..... Lawrence E. Laybourne
GENERAL MANAGER ..... John J. Frey
..... James A. Thomason

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR ..... Edgar R. Baker
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR ..... David W. Ballard
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN ..... Yasuo Kitaoka
FAR EAST ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... William S. Honneus
EUROPEAN ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

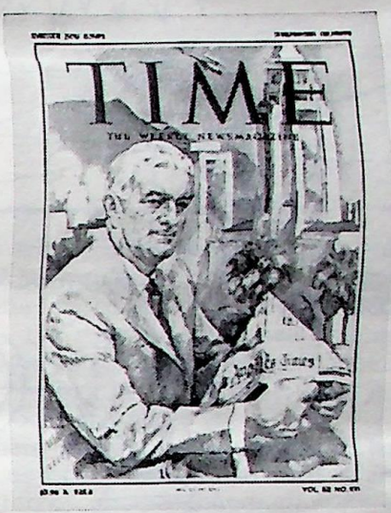
A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THE Norman Chandlers of Los Angeles this week join a rather select club. In the more than 2,100 issues of TIME, only 16 men and their wives have, until now, been separate cover subjects. With Buff Chandler's appearance this week, some seven years after her husband (July 15, 1957), they become the 17th set.

Most of the other cover couples were government leaders and their wives, such as George V of England and Queen Mary back in the '20s and '30s, or John F. Kennedy (who appeared seven times) and Jackie (Jan. 20, 1961). Among the few nongovernmental couples on the list are the notable names of John D. Rockefeller Jr. and his wife Abby Aldrich, and Albert Einstein and his wife Elsa, who was the subject of a cover story (Dec. 22, 1930) that told how she cared for her great but absent-minded husband. Other couples, such as Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne (Nov. 8, 1937), have appeared on the cover together. And some show business people are somewhat hard to classify: for example, Ava Gardner was on the cover (Sept. 3, 1951) before she married Frank Sinatra, and he made his appearance (Aug. 29, 1955) after they were separated.

Both Norman and Buff Chandler were painted from life by Henry Koerner, who saw Buff as "a goddess hovering over the city" of Los Angeles. He posed her with a model of the new Los Angeles Music Center, used a rich blue cloth to hang in for the city's sky, and added his impressionistic view of Los Angeles at night from the window of his hotel room. When the portrait was nearly complete, Mr. Chandler took a look and found it a good likeness of Mrs. Chandler. Then, possibly



NORMAN CHANDLER

thinking also of his own portrait, he told her in reassuring tones: "Henry, you know, never flatters." Returning the compliment, Painter Koerner, who generally finds men easier to deal with ("Women are more critical"), pronounced both the Chandlers good subjects.

Among the couples in the select TIME cover club, Norman and Buff Chandler are unique in the area of subject matter they represent. Norman Chandler was the subject of a story that turned around the part his Los Angeles Times played in the development of the city, while Mrs. Chandler is the central figure in a Modern Living story because of her great success as a leader in the cause of culture. She is eloquent on the subject. She told her story to Los Angeles Bureau Chief Marshall Berges in a series of conversations, ranging over four days, that ran to 15 hours on a tape recorder. Off that tape came a major part of a story analyzing the remarkable surge of interest and investment in culture that has spread all across the U.S.

INDEX

Cover Story...32 Color: Culture Centers...33

Art.....50
Books.....64
Cinema.....61
Education.....30
The Hemisphere.26
The Law.....57
Letters.....9
Medicine.....46
Milestones.....49
Modern Living...32
Music.....41
People.....28
Press.....42
Science.....60
Show Business..44
Theater.....48
Time Listings.....5
The U.S.....13
U.S. Business.....
The World.....
World Business..54

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DUBONNET IS A PRODUCE OF C.D.C. EXPORT DIVISION 30 AVENUE KLEBER PARIS (16) KLE 15-45

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
December 18, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 25

THE U.S.

RACES

Two Perspectives—One Goal

Rarely in a single week had two Americans spoken with greater authority and eloquence on the contemporary condition of man. In Oslo, where he accepted the Nobel Peace Prize for 1964, the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. spoke with the insight of a Negro who has led his race's monumental struggle without ever losing the faith and idealism that gave inspiration to his people. Half a world away in Washington, Lyndon Johnson talked from the broader perspective of the presidency, where pragmatism, no less than idealism, is a prime quality of leadership. Both men served their purposes well.

In moving, measured cadence, King told an audience that included King Olav V: "I am mindful that only yesterday in Birmingham, Alabama, our children, crying out for brotherhood, were answered with fire hoses, snarling dogs and even death. I am mindful that only yesterday in Philadelphia, Mississippi, young people seeking to secure the right to vote were brutalized and murdered.

"Therefore, I must ask why this prize is awarded to a movement which is besieged and committed to unrelenting struggle; to a movement which has not won the very peace and brotherhood which is the essence of the Nobel Prize."

An Audacious Faith. "After contemplation, I conclude that this award which I receive on behalf of that movement is profound recognition that nonviolence is the answer to the crucial political and moral question of our time—the need for man to overcome oppression and violence without resorting to violence and oppression.

"I accept this award today with an abiding faith in America and an audacious faith in the future of mankind. I refuse to accept the idea that man is mere flotsam and jetsam in the river of life which surrounds him. I refuse to accept the view that mankind is so tragically bound to the starless midnight of racism and war that the bright daylight of peace and brotherhood can never become a reality.

"I believe that even amid today's mortar bursts and whining bullets, there is still hope for a brighter tomorrow. I believe that wounded justice, lying prostrate on the blood-flowing streets of our nations, can be lifted from this dust of shame to reign supreme among the children of men.

"Today I come to Oslo as a trustee, inspired, and with renewed dedication to humanity. I think Alfred Nobel would know what I mean when I say that I accept this award in the spirit of a curator of some precious heirloom which he holds in trust for its true owner—all those to whom beauty is truth and truth, beauty—and in whose eyes the beauty of genuine brotherhood and peace is more precious than diamonds or silver or gold."

UPI

DR. KING & WIFE IN OSLO†
Nobel would understand.

"I Do Not Agree." With equal determination and solemnity, his fists clenched, President Johnson leaned across a rostrum in Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel and addressed some 400 civil rights and Negro leaders at a Community Action Assembly called by the National Urban League. "One of the Presidents I admire most signed the Emancipation Proclamation 100 years ago," he said. "But emancipation was a proclamation and was not a fact. It shall be my purpose, and it is my duty, to make it a fact." With that, his audience rose and flooded the hall with a torrent of applause.

"Until every qualified person," continued Johnson, "regardless of the house where he worships or the state where he resides or the way he spells his name or the color of his skin—until he has the right unquestioned and unrestrained to go in and cast his ballot in every precinct in this country, I am not going to be satisfied.*

"There are those who say: It has taken us a century to move this far, and it will take another hundred years to finish the job. Well, I am here to say to you tonight that I do not agree. Great social change tends to come rapidly in periods of intense activity and progress before the impulse slows. I believe we are in the midst of such a period of change.

"There are those who predict that the struggle for full equality in America will be marked by violence and hate; that it will tear at the fabric of our society. Well, for myself, I cannot claim

* Toward that end, Johnson announced that he has appointed Vice President-elect Hubert Humphrey to coordinate all federal activities in the civil rights field, including those of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, the Civil Rights Commission, the President's Committee on Equal Opportunity in Housing, the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, and the Community Relations Service.

† Faced by Norway's Crown Prince Harald (left) and King Olav V.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

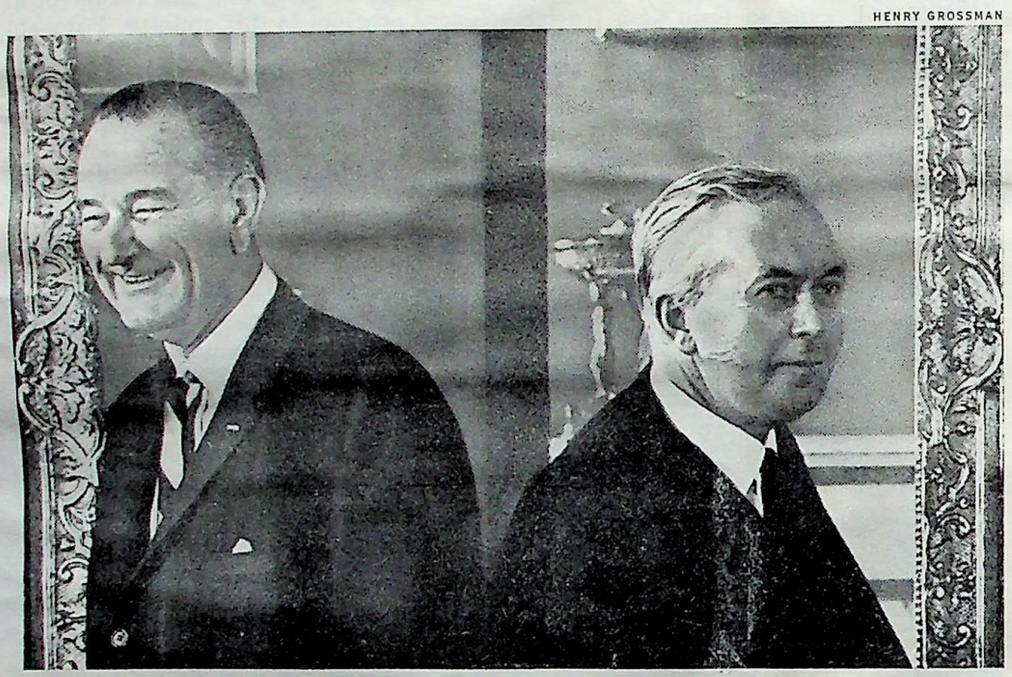
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

to see so clearly into that future. I just do not agree. I know that racial feelings flow from many deep and resistant sources in our history, in the pattern of our lives and in the nature of man. But I believe there are other forces, that are stronger because they are armed with truth, which will bring us toward our goal in peace. There are our commitments to morality and to justice, which are written in our laws and, more importantly, nourished in the hearts of our people. These commitments, carried forward by men of good will in every part of this land, will lead this nation toward the great and necessary fulfillment of American freedom. In this way, our peoples will once again prove equal to the ideals and the values on which our beloved nation rests."

from Texas. Johnson was in fine fettle. Before toasting the Queen, he introduced nearly everyone at the table: "Our own beloved Chief Justice Warren. The Vice President-elect, Mr. Humphrey. The next chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate—if the Republicans come to power—Mr. Hickenlooper. Our own Secretary of State, Dean Rusk. Our Secretary of Defense, Bob McNamara. Our Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Douglas Dillon. One of the great leaders of our time, the former Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson. Mr. Lewis Douglas, former Ambassador to Great Britain. Now Lew, you stand up a little longer. There are some girls down here who didn't get to see you . . ."

Wilson congratulated Johnson on his

HENRY GROSSMAN



THE PRESIDENT & THE PRIME MINISTER
Fears about the finger.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Into the Pool

Accompanied by a 23-man team of advisers, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson arrived in Washington last week for two days of intensive talks with Administration officials. This was his first visit to the U.S. since the elections, and it was occasioned by the effort to settle the problems of the nuclear multilateral-force idea proposed by the U.S. and so far embraced enthusiastically only by West Germany. Wilson wanted to "throw our proposals into the common pool of Western thought" —and Johnson wanted to hear him out.

"Stand Up, Lew." There were, of course, the social amenities. To a state dinner Lyndon invited a varied group including Dr. Benjamin Spock, everybody's baby doctor (who confided that he may picket the White House in protest against MLF), Dan Blocker, the strapping "Hoss" of TV's *Bonanza*, Mrs. Robert V. H. Duncan, president of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and nine relatively unknown couples "great victory" in the November election, and referring to his own narrow win, observed wryly: "It may be if we took the elections as seriously as you, we would have had a majority like yourself. All I can say is, if the British people were free to express their votes in your election, your majority would have been even better than it was."

Unity & Sympathy. Partying aside, there still remained MLF. The two leaders hit it off so well in their private talks and in conferences with their advisers that Wilson declared elatedly that the talks were "completely successful" and that "there is a total identity of view between the U.S. Administration and ourselves" on how to approach other allies on nuclear issues.

Wilson and Johnson agreed that the main purpose of MLF, whatever its ultimate form, was to stem nuclear proliferation. Explained Wilson: "The main emphasis has been on our determination to strengthen and unify the joint nuclear responsibilities of our partners and ourselves in such a way as to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons." Without MLF, this reasoning goes, West many might eventually demand its nuclear force; De Gaulle's *force de frappe* is enough of a headache.

But Wilson stood firm on British sistence that an MLF must be than the U.S. proposal for a fleet of ships armed with nuclear manned by crews of mixed He suggested that Britain might mit its entire nuclear deterrent ing V-bombers and Polaris now abuilding, to such a force. and his advisers received this with some interest.

The Prime Minister also softened earlier denunciation of the concept. He is not opposed to manning"; he only objects to posals which recommend dropping fundamental American veto" over firing of nuclear weapons. Wilson sistence on such a U.S. veto was to calm British fears that West many might get its finger on clear trigger through MLF. assured him that the U.S. will veto in any event.

Ends & Means

Always ready with a sharply view of U.S. foreign affairs—and words to express it—is Dean Acheson, ex-Secretary of State and now a son Administration troubleshooter. Amherst College in Massachusetts week Acheson gave his version of to achieve an effective foreign Excerpts:

"The righteous who seek to foreign policy from ethical or principles are as misleading as the ern Machiavellis who would conduct foreign relations without regard What passes for ethical standards governmental policies in foreign is a collection of moralisms, and slogans which neither help guide but only confuse decisions."

Used & Reused. "One of the often invoked and delusive of maxims is the so-called principle self-determination. In the dispute over Cyprus, it has been voked by nearly all parties to the gle to support whatever they were porarily seeking to achieve—by Cypriots to justify revolt against rule, by Archbishop Makarios to port an independent government the whole island, by Greek Cypriots foundation for *enosis* with Greece, by Turkish Cypriots for partition of island and double *enosis*, union of part with Greece and the other Turkey.

"Another set of moralisms and ims crops up to bedevil discussion decision about what is broadly 'foreign aid.' A good deal of it comes from the anthropomorphic to regard nations as individuals and ply to our own national conduct maxims for individual conduct—

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

...nce, the Golden Rule—even though ...practice individuals rarely adopt it. "But, you will say to me, at least ...he moral standard of right and wrong ...as been pretty well agreed to be ap... ...icable to foreign policy. Surely the ...inion of the world has condemned ...e use and threat of force. Does this ...give us firm ground on which to ...? Well, does it? Is it moral to deny ...selves the use of force in all circum... ...ces, when our adversaries employ ...under handy excuses, whenever it ...ns useful to tip the scales of power ...inst every value we think of as moral ...d as making life worth living?"

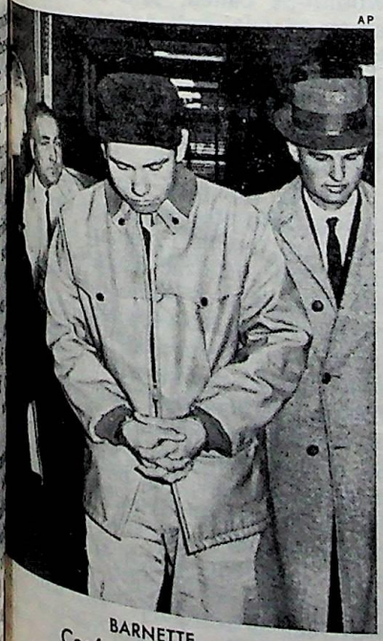
Where Ends Justify Means. "What, ...en, is the sound approach to ques... ...ns of foreign policy? I suggest that ...is what we might call the strategic ...proach—to consider various courses ...action from the point of view of ...ir bearing upon major objectives. If ...o object that is no different from ...ying that the end justifies the means, ...must answer that in foreign affairs ...nly the end can justify the means, that ...is is not to say that the end justifies ...s means or that some ends can jus... ...anything.

"The end sought by our foreign pol... ...the purpose for which we carry on ...tions with foreign states, is to pre... ...e and foster an environment in ...ich free societies may exist and flour... ...Our policies and actions must be ...ed by whatever they contribute to or ...tract from achievement of this end."

CIVIL RIGHTS

...ategic Retreat

...n September, one month after the ...ies of three civil rights workers were ...nd hidden beneath an earthen dam ...e Philadelphia, Miss., a Justice De... ...ment lawyer went before a federal ...nd jury to seek indictments against ...eral suspects. Instead, the jury in...



AP

BARNETTE
Confession claimed.

...E, DECEMBER 18, 1964

dicted five Mississippians—among them Neshoba County Sheriff Lawrence Rainey and Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price —not for involvement in the triple murder but for violation of the civil rights of local Negroes. Whatever evidence the Justice Department offered in connection with the murder of the civil rights workers was apparently insufficient to convince the jury. The Justice Department lost—and the FBI went back to work.

Investigation teams were beefed up, and President Johnson announced that "substantial results can be expected in a very short time." Public pressure, from civil rights leaders and ordinary citizens alike, also mounted, while various circumstantial stories of how the crime had been committed got into print. The Department of Justice took its time in building a case with FBI evidence, but at last decided to move. Agents had already secured at least one confession—and enough other evidence, apparently, to warrant a roundup. And so, early this month, the FBI arrested Rainey, Price and 19 other men on charges of complicity in the murders (TIME, Dec. 11).

Ice-Cold Evidence. The next step was merely routine: a preliminary hearing before a U.S. commissioner. In such a proceeding, the Government presents just enough evidence to show a prima-facie case against the defendants. This done, the commissioner normally continues the charges and the bonds against the accused, while a federal grand jury decides whether indictments should be brought.

Last week 19 Neshoba County defendants, trailed by 14 defense lawyers, marched into a courtroom in the Meridian, Miss., Federal Building for the preliminary hearing. Looking on was a curious collection of backland farmers in overalls, local Negroes, big-city Northern reporters and a few young civil rights workers—many of whom badly needed haircuts and a fresh change of clothes. The Justice Department lawyer was young (34), crew-cut Robert Owen. At the front of the room sat U.S. Commissioner Esther Carter, a middle-aged, Mississippi-born spinster.

Owen wasted no time introducing a bit of ice-cold evidence. His first witness was Henry Rask, 39, an FBI special agent from Atlanta. Rask said that during three days in November he had quizzed one of the accused, Horace Doyle Barnette, 25, a meat-truck driver who now lives in Cullen, La. "Did you obtain from him a signed confession?" Owen asked. Snapped Rask: "I did."

No sooner had Rask spoken than defense attorneys leaped up all around and objected that the agent's statement was only "hearsay." Miss Carter, who, like many U.S. commissioners, has no formal legal training, furrowed her brow, asked a question, then said: "I will have to sustain the objection of

UPI

COMMISSIONER CARTER
Objection sustained.

the defendant. I don't think it would be admissible."

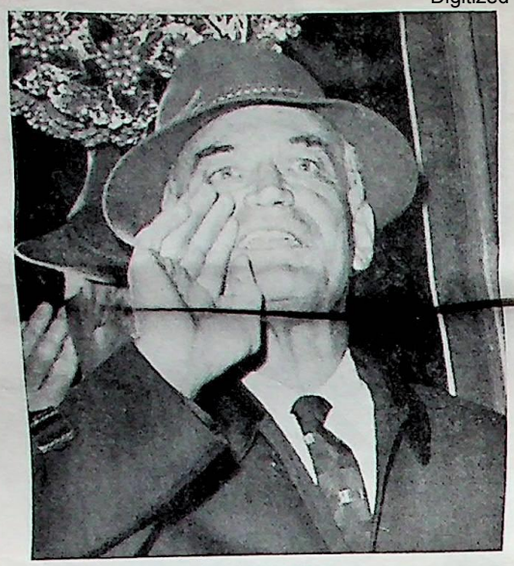
Dropped Charges. Owen was stunned. He argued that the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled hearsay evidence of this kind to be permissible in a preliminary hearing. "The issue," explained Owen patiently, "is not whether there should be an indictment. The issue before the commissioner is whether or not there is a probability that a crime has been committed and that these people committed it." Miss Carter held firm.

Owen asked for a lunch break, put in a phone call to Acting Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach in Washington, then returned to the courtroom and made a strategic—and temporary —surrender. "In view of the fact that we feel the ruling is wrong," said Owen to Commissioner Carter, "we will simply not produce any more evidence on any of the cases." With that, Miss Carter dismissed the charges and freed the defendants.

The logic behind the Government's backdown was clear enough: federal attorneys did not want to reveal any more of their painstakingly gathered evidence at the hearings because it would only help defense attorneys plan their strategy for the trial. Thus, while Government lawyers agreed to let the charges be dropped against all 21 men, they just as quickly announced that they would ask that a federal grand jury be convened "as soon as possible" to hear all of the evidence against the accused —in secret sessions without defense attorneys listening in.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



GOLDWATER

BURCH

"We don't want to see blood dropped."

REPUBLICANS

Clearing the Underbrush

Dean Burch, a mild-mannered and button-down-neat attorney from Tucson, was plucked out of anonymity in July and appointed by Barry Goldwater to be national chairman of the Republican Party. During the campaign he scarcely gained any prominence. But once Barry's devastating election loss struck home, Burch, 37, suddenly became the G.O.P.'s *cause célèbre* for the year—the shoot-him-down target of Republican moderates and the rallying point for right wingers.

Both Goldwater and Burch realized that the moderates' demands for the chairman's resignation reflected, to a great extent, their desire for vengeance against Goldwater himself (because he carried so many moderates down to defeat). Burch refused to quit, and Barry remained loyal. Looking for influential support, Goldwater asked for a meeting with two other former G.O.P. presidential candidates, Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon.

To the Summit. Barry arrived at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria one afternoon last week. In tow was Burch, who waited across the hall from the summit suite "in case I'm needed." He was not. Ike and Nixon tried to convince Goldwater that he would only further damage the party if he insisted on trying to control the G.O.P. through Burch's stewardship as chairman. "Barry," said Ike, "you'll be a bigger man if you recognize the situation."

As Nixon described the talks later: "We agreed that Mr. Burch, as a professional national chairman, had done an efficient and effective job. We also agreed that in an off-presidential election year [1966], and with no man in the White House to back him, the national chairman must have the broad support of the party. We feel, and Senator Goldwater agrees, the national chairman must have this broad support —*not unanimity*, but a majority of one *is not enough.*" Ike's version: "We all agreed that there has to be some clearing away of the underbrush to make it possible through a democratic process to widen the core of the party and of the leadership."

Eisenhower and Nixon may have succeeded in making Goldwater see the light, but he still had his own views on the situation. He told reporters: "We feel unity can be reached by both sides giving in on this. We don't want to see blood dropped on the ground."

Demand for Change. But Burch's blood seemed ready for shedding. In an effort to save himself, he arranged a session with Michigan's Governor George Romney last week, pleaded for support in his cause. After the meeting, he said sadly: "I didn't get any encouragement." Later in the week, Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton declared flatly: "Whether he is a conservative or a liberal or a moderate or a right-handed fiddle player, the national chairman must step down, because that's the only way we can begin to say to Americans that we truly want to become a broad-based majority party."

Indeed, the demand for change was in the wind throughout the party. A meeting of House Republicans scheduled for this week could well result in the displacement of House Minority Leader Charles Halleck, 64, a symbol of conservatism and aging leadership.

In that potentially violent environment of change and challenge, Dean Burch's refusal to step down has now reached absurdly tempestuous proportions. Moderates have begun to realize that if the oust-Burch campaign gets out of hand, the result might alienate G.O.P. conservatives—perhaps even precipitate a third-party movement. Thus, the moderates were hoping that Burch might be eased out with a minimum of fuss and a minimum of bruised conservative feelings.

Time to Withdraw. That could be accomplished next month when the 132-member National Committee meets in Chicago. A key item on the agenda will be a vote of confidence for the chairman, and, as of last week, a weighty majority of members were ready to vote no. Indeed, right now seemed to be a fine time for the young lawyer from Tucson to make a strategic withdr[awal] and allow his party to settle peace[fully] on a chairman who stands for n[o] than one faction of the Party.

Once the mechanics of Burch's d[e]parture are accomplished, the G.O.[P.] can begin again to focus on the infi[nite]ly more meaningful task of findi[ng] man who can reflect the realities [of] presidential success. One measure [of] that success, as the last three Presidents of the U.S.—Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson—have shown, is the ab[ility] speak out more or less like a liberal, then, once elected, to act more or [less] like a conservative. With a leader [of] that, the Republican Party can once [again] become strong enough to enter a c[am]paign with confidence.

INVESTIGATIONS

Off Again

The off-again, on-again Bobby B[aker] hearings before the Senate Rules C[om]mittee were off again. Democ[ratic] Committee Chairman Everett J[ordan], who had staved off further Baker s[es]sions through Election Day, adjour[ned] the committee again—this time u[ntil] Congress reconvenes next month.

So far, about all Jordan has pro[ved] is that he will never be any great s[tar] as a Senate investigator. In hear[ings] only last week, Jordan actually f[orgot] that he was chairman of the commi[ttee], cleared his throat and began: "Er, [the] Chairman . . ." A further exampl[e] of general ineptness came when the c[om]mittee tried to pursue the charge t[hat] Democratic Wheelhorse Matt McC[loskey] key had indirectly made a $35,000 [loan] off to Baker. They put McClosk[ey's] auditor on the stand, only to disc[over] that they had the wrong auditor.

About the best Jordan could ad[mit] was a committee decision to call to [the] stand Walter Jenkins, who resigned as a top White House aide last October after his arrest on a morals charge. H[e] would be called, said Jordan, "at the appropriate time." At the moment Je[n]kins was playing golf in Puerto Ri[co].

AGRICULTURE

The Farm "Fix"

Hardly had the November elect[ion] ballots been counted before Agricultu[re] Secretary Orville Freeman began cro[w]ing. "Not since the Roosevelt landsl[ide] of 1936 has a Democratic candi[date] received such an overwhelming endo[rse]ment in rural America!" he cried. F[or] state votes, Freeman said, gave Lyn[don] Johnson a "mandate" for continuat[ion] of the Kennedy-Johnson farm pol[icy]. So rosy were things down on the f[arm], in Orville's view, that he even began to feel perky about his own job, long [the] bitterest plum in the U.S. Cabinet. [So] he in a recent speech at West P[oint], noting that he would soon begin [his] fifth year as Secretary: "That tenu[re], course, is not a record; yet you [will] exactly find five-year Secretaries of Agriculture hanging from trees."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Peasants. Perhaps not, but last week the president of the U.S.'s biggest farmer organization, the 1,647,455-member American Farm Bureau Federation, in effect told Orville that hanging was too good for him.

"Attempts to interpret the results of the election as an endorsement of further Government intervention in agriculture are inaccurate and misleading," declared Charles Shuman. "Farmers," he said, "were influenced by the same overriding issues that affected the voting decisions of other citizens," namely, "peace and prosperity."

While that statement drew enthusiastic applause from the 5,000 delegates to the Bureau's annual convention in Philadelphia, Shuman raised the roof with his hardest-hitting attack yet on the role of Government in agriculture. "No self-respecting farmer wants to become a member of a permanently subsidized peasantry," he stormed, but farmers already are far down the road in their dependence on Government payments for their livelihood." Just how far, Shuman made plain. Nearly 20% of this year's $12 billion in net farm income, or about $2.1 billion, he said, came in the form of direct payments from the federal treasury. For Shuman's money, this places farmers "in the role of beggars beseeching politicians for an annual handout."

Pushers. Shuman felt, moreover, that the Government was making hopeheads of the farmers as well. "I think Government payments have something in common with the narcotics habit," he said. "Once on the habit, the victim becomes convinced he cannot live without the drug. In the jargon of the underworld, he's hooked. He'll do most anything to get his next fix, his next check. The pushers, in this case the Government bureaucrats and committees, constantly work to get more farmers hooked and dependent on payments." The upshot, Shuman said, "is very simple: the more that are hooked, the more the payments are, the more assurance of [bureaucrats], jobs and the perpetuation of the machine in power. It's a sad, sad commentary on the present situation. Well, that's the way of socialism."

THE INAUGURATION

The Man in the Business Suit

F.D.R. is remembered for his navy blue cape, Eisenhower for his Homburg, and Kennedy for the jaunty way he carried the top hat that he really didn't want to wear. Lyndon Johnson wants to be remembered as the man in the business suit. In a break with prevailing custom, the White House announced that Johnson will attend the inauguration wearing "an Oxford grey suit, black shoes and a fedora."

Johnson's decision took Vice President-elect Hubert Humphrey by surprise. Assuming that Johnson would wear the traditional cutaway, Hubert had already dropped by to see Washington Tailor Sam Scogna and get measured for the full-dress attire. Sam, forgetting that only spools rush in where tailors fear to thread, told everybody that the Vice President-elect was his customer for an inaugural outfit. Next thing Humphrey heard was a report that Tailor Sam was making a $175 cutaway for him. Making? cried Humphrey. I'm only renting one—for $12.50!

It took some time to get the misunderstanding straightened out, and the affair ruffled the Vice President-elect's usual good humor. Humphed he: "No. 1, it was a rental. No. 2, he just lost a good customer. No. 3, I'll even quit renting from him if the man can't keep his mouth shut. I've rented from Sam Scogna five or eight years. So have my sons. So has my staff. I've sent him

THE 1964 ELECTION: OFFICIAL RETURNS

This week the U.S. Electoral College convened in state capitals, made the Nov. 3 presidential election outcome official by casting 486 electoral votes for Lyndon Johnson, 52 votes for Barry Goldwater. Official returns, as reported last week by the Associated Press, showed that Johnson won by a record 43,126,218 votes. He got 61% of the total, also a record. An alltime high of 70,621,479 Americans voted as follows:

	Total Vote	Johnson	%	Goldwater	%
Alabama	689,817	*		479,085	69.5
Alaska	67,259	44,329	65.9	22,930	34.1
Arizona	480,783	237,765	49.5	242,536	50.4
Arkansas	560,426	314,197	56.1	243,264	43.4
California	7,050,985	4,171,877	59.2	2,879,108	40.8
Colorado	772,749	476,024	61.6	296,725	38.4
Connecticut	1,218,578	826,269	67.8	390,996	32.1
Delaware	201,334	122,704	60.9	78,093	38.8
D.C.	198,597	169,796	85.5	28,801	14.5
Florida	1,854,481	948,540	51.1	905,941	48.9
Georgia	1,139,157	522,557	45.9	616,600	54.1
Hawaii	207,271	163,249	78.8	44,022	21.2
Idaho	292,477	148,920	50.9	143,557	49.1
Illinois	4,702,779	2,796,833	59.5	1,905,946	40.5
Indiana	2,091,606	1,170,848	56.0	911,118	43.6
Iowa	1,184,539	733,030	61.9	449,148	37.9
Kansas	857,901	464,028	54.1	386,579	45.1
Kentucky	1,046,132	669,659	64.0	372,977	35.7
Louisiana	896,293	387,068	43.2	509,225	56.8
Maine	380,965	262,264	68.8	118,701	31.2
Maryland	1,116,407	730,912	65.5	385,495	34.5
Massachusetts	2,344,798	1,786,422	76.2	549,727	23.4
Michigan	3,203,102	2,136,615	66.7	1,060,152	33.1
Minnesota	1,554,462	991,117	63.8	559,624	36.0
Mississippi	409,038	52,591	12.9	356,447	87.1
Missouri	1,817,879	1,164,344	64.0	653,535	36.0
Montana	278,628	164,246	58.9	113,032	40.6
Nebraska	584,154	307,307	52.6	276,847	47.4
Nevada	135,433	79,339	58.6	56,094	41.4
New Hampshire	286,094	182,065	63.6	104,029	36.4
New Jersey	2,846,770	1,867,671	65.6	963,843	33.9
New Mexico	327,647	194,017	59.2	131,838	40.2
New York	7,166,015	4,913,156	68.6	2,243,559	31.3
North Carolina	1,424,983	800,139	56.2	624,844	43.8
North Dakota	258,389	149,784	58.0	108,207	41.9
Ohio	3,969,196	2,498,331	62.9	1,470,865	37.1
Oklahoma	932,499	519,834	55.7	412,665	44.3
Oregon	783,796	501,017	63.9	282,779	36.1
Pennsylvania	4,818,668	3,130,228	65.0	1,672,892	34.7
Rhode Island	390,078	315,463	80.9	74,615	19.1
South Carolina	524,748	215,700	41.1	309,048	58.9
South Dakota	293,118	163,010	55.6	130,108	44.4
Tennessee	1,144,046	635,047	55.5	508,965	44.5
Texas	2,626,811	1,663,185	63.3	958,566	36.5
Utah	400,310	219,628	54.9	180,682	45.1
Vermont	163,069	108,127	66.3	54,942	33.7
Virginia	1,042,267	558,038	53.5	481,334	46.2
Washington	1,258,374	779,699	62.0	470,366	37.4
West Virginia	792,040	538,087	67.9	253,953	32.1
Wisconsin	1,691,815	1,050,424	62.1	638,495	37.7
Wyoming	142,716	80,718	56.5	61,998	43.5
TOTAL	70,621,479	43,126,218	61.0	27,174,898	38.5

* The Alabama ballot listed no Democratic electors pledged to Johnson. Alabamians cast 210,732 votes for unpledged Democratic electors; had those votes been for Johnson instead, only 109,631 out of the total 70.6 million votes cast for President would have gone to minor party candidates, a low for third parties in this century. As it turned out, third-party candidates polled only .5% of the Nov. 3 total.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

a lot of business over the years, and he's just lost all of it."

Sam was saddened. He tried to explain that he was no longer in the rental business and that Humphrey just had not realized it. He was really very fond of Hubert, he insisted. In fact, said Sam gently, "I wouldn't rent a suit to the Vice President. I'd want him to have a new one."

CALIFORNIA

Au Revoir, Pierre

Winding up one of the shortest U.S. Senate careers in history, California's defeated Democratic Senator Pierre Salinger last week announced his resignation, effective Dec. 31. He will take a job as vice president of Beverly Hills' National General Corp., a highly diversified company that operates movie houses in 16 states, deals in real estate and concert talent, and packages candied fruit. Quipped Salinger, 39: "I may be the youngest living ex-Senator in history."

Salinger also disclosed that California's Democratic Governor Pat Brown had promised to appoint Republican Senator-elect George Murphy, who beat Pierre in the Nov. 3 election, to fill Salinger's vacancy. That would give Murphy a lead in seniority over his first-term Senate colleagues.

DEFENSE

Another Step for Efficiency

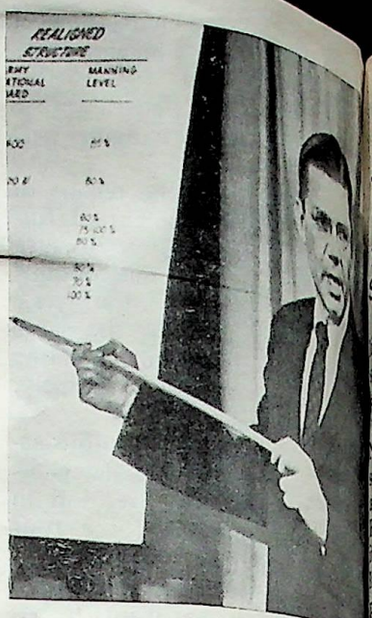
The closing of 95 military installations last month was only one step in Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's plan to streamline and modernize the nation's armed forces. Last week the efficiency-minded Secretary took another giant step: he put the ax to one of the Army's most sacred cows, one that is especially beloved by politicians who like to sport stars and eagles on short summer-training tours.

McNamara ordered disbanding of the Army's Organized Reserve, a collection of 19 divisions and 4,000 smaller units with 300,000 officers and men. Roughly half of the Reserve force will be assimilated into the National Guard, receive new equipment and tougher training. The remainder will be placed in an unassigned stand-by reserve force. McNamara's reasoning: the training and equipment of the Reserve divisions were so inferior that it would probably have required one year after full mobilization to bring them to combat readiness—far too long for the Pentagon's war plans. The National Guard will also undergo drastic surgery: 15 of its divisions will be disbanded. But the transfer of the Reserve to the National Guard will increase Guard strength to 550,000 officers and men in eight ready-to-go divisions and 16 brigades. Through the consolidation, McNamara expects to save $150 million per year.

In further measures aimed at tightening the military establishment, McNamara ordered:

▶ A halt to overseas junketing by members of Congress at military invitation. The latest examples were a tour this month by six Senators and Congressmen to the Pacific, courtesy of the Air Force, and a Navy-sponsored European trip for seven Congressmen. Snapped McNamara: "That will be the last of those trips!" From now on, all such junkets must be okayed personally by the Defense Secretary.

▶ Transfer of key Government and congressional personnel from mobilization-ready military units to the stand-by reserve. This avoids the prospect that important officials and members of Congress might be marched off to camp when they would be needed in Washington. The order spells almost certain extinction for Capt. Hill's famed 999th Air Reserve Squadron, commanded by Major General Barry Goldwater.



McNAMARA
No more military junkets.

▶ Creation of a central Department of Defense Contract Audit Agency to consolidate the contracting functions of all three services into one office under the DOD comptroller.

▶ Appointment of a senior military attaché in each U.S. embassy abroad to coordinate attaché activities and to report intelligence findings directly to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, not to their respective services. Says McNamara, "I guarantee our intelligence will be better."

McNamara's decision meant the striking of the colors of many of the most famous and decorated divisions in the National Guard and Army Reserve, probably including the 32nd "Red Arrow" (TIME, Oct. 13, 1961), the 77th "Statue of Liberty," the 83rd "Thunderbolt" and the 90th "Tough Hombres." McNamara put a stop to an old Army practice of awarding Reserve commissions to newly elected members of Congress. Said he: "We shall not tolerate traffic in commissions." More than anything, the decisions signaled a definite increase in the power of the Department of Defense in moving the U.S. military establishment close to the single-service concept.

Predictably, McNamara's moves brought barks of protest. The Reserve Officers' Association wired President Johnson, demanding that the plans be delayed until "fuller investigation can be made." Louisiana Democrat F. Edward Hébert, chairman of the House Armed Services Subcommittee on Reserve and National Guard Affairs, threatened to hold public hearings. But the figures were clearly on McNamara's side. So too was President Johnson, who agrees with his Defense Secretary that efficiency, not political considerations, should dictate defense policy.

LARRY BURROWS—LIFE

REEDSBURG, WIS., NATIONAL GUARD
No traffic in commissions.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COLD WAR

Those Do-It-Yourself Spontaneous Riots

First come the sign painters, serious little men with paintpots and newly issued brushes, their lips moving soundlessly with the memorized slogans: "Yankee go Home" or "Down with the Neocolonialists and Imperialists" or sometimes, when Britain is involved along with the U.S., "Bugger off, Brit!" Proficient only in the local language, be it Egyptian or Swahili, Russian or Malay, the painters are under considerable pressure. After all, if the epithet they must letter neatly on the embassy wall comes out in misspelled English, it will look bad for their country's image in the news photos published abroad.

Next come the marchers, swinging along with mob gaiety and waving their xenophobic standards at the white faces in the embassy window. Then up roars the jeerleader—often a government information ministry man in a sound truck. The next arrival is apt to be a riot truck, probably provided—though for different purposes—by U.S. AID funds, its sides marked with the agency's symbol of clasped hands. Out come the carefully collected stores of cobblestones, brick halves and rocks. And then the fun begins: curses and shattered glass, bonfires and blazing automobiles, looted snack bars, shredded books, perhaps even an American woman to kick.

Letting Off Steam. The name of this activity is "demo"—standing not for democracy but for demonstration. That, at least, is what it is called by the U.S. embassy personnel who are its most frequent victims. It is played in "nonaligned" and Communist capitals whenever the U.S. or its allies take a tough stand anywhere in the world. Supposedly a "spontaneous" expression of outrage on the part of freedom-loving or newly emerged peoples, the demo is actually a carefully prepared propaganda device, and sometimes a safety valve through which shaky potentates can let off the steam of an uneasy citizenry. As Cambodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk said after a mob of students and agitators tore up the U.S. and British embassies in Phnompenh last spring: "The riots were inexcusable but comprehensible. They translated the legitimate exasperation of Cambodian youth before the repeated humiliations inflicted on their country by the Anglo-Saxon powers." Of course the riots were comprehensible. Sihanouk had organized them.

Last week demo was the sport in Indonesia, where for the second time in as many weeks a fun-loving mob—egged on by the nation's powerful Communist Party—ravaged a United States Information Service library, ostensibly in protest against the joint U.S.-Belgian rescue mission in the Congo. In Surabaya more than 1,000 jolly Javanese burst into the U.S. Cultural Center, tore down the American flag, smashed furniture, ripped up many of the library's expensive technical and scientific books, and burned it all in a roaring, heartwarming bonfire. Three days earlier, another carefully organized mob had looted the USIS library in Djakarta, destroying a quarter of the books on hand and shredding the American flag. Smashing up an embassy brings a higher score, but USIS installations are easier to get at: unlike embassies, they are in downtown areas, unprotected by Marines, and usually have large, rock-inviting windows.

Less Lambent Flame. In the past month, similar rioting has been visited on U.S., Belgian and British embassies in Egypt, Kenya, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and Russia. Like any international sport, the anti-embassy demo has a fixed corpus of ground rules. In nonaligned countries receiving U.S. aid, demonstrators (usually members of the local Communist Youth League) must be assembled some distance from the target to make it harder for Central Intelligence agents to photograph the leaders. Mob leaders should be persons who have been given U.S. State Department "leader grants" to visit the U.S., because the embassy may be too embarrassed to identify them later.

Some mob leaders like to play a special subgame within the demo itself, called "spot the CIA man." This is not too difficult, since Central Intelligence agents are usually conspicuous through their very inconspicuousness. They wheel up quietly in black station wagons, speak softly into their walkie-talkies, and tail the mob at a discreet distance. On the whole, CIA men may not be roughed up, since that might draw too strong a response from Washington. The U.S. can only hope that there are also many agents who are not identified.

In any game as diffuse as demo, ab-

UPI

DJAKARTA COP INSPECTING WRECKED CULTURAL CENTER

INDONESIAN PULL[illegible]WN FLAG

Smashing an embassy scores higher than roughing up the CIA.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

surdities are bound to occur. In Tanganyika, a recent anti-U.S. parade was led by a brass band that, having been trained by U.S. missionaries, could play only one tune: *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. A prime target in any demo is the ambassador's car. In some riot-prone countries, U.S. ambassadors often ask for Checker limousines, since they are steel-lined throughout and the low-octane fuel they use burns with a less lambent flame.

Also Beer Bottles. Missiles employed in the demo vary. When hundreds of Kenyans demonstrated last month in Nairobi against the Congo rescue mission, they concocted their Molotov cocktails in empty Tusker beer bottles. In Eastern Europe, where cobblestones are plentiful, ammunition is usually available in the street outside the embassy under attack. Inkwells are also readily available to students of most demo-prone nations—particularly where the ballpoint pen has not yet taken over. Often the ink comes in varied colors, producing interesting red, blue and green abstract murals—and in Communist countries, where else can modern art be seen?

For arson, there is usually an ample supply of gasoline available from government sources. When the British embassy in Djakarta was destroyed last year, trucks pulled up with 2½-gallon tins that were passed out to the students, many of whom had coolies along to tote the tins for them. The rioters also carried printed schedules that listed the addresses of all embassy personnel, and they systematically ransacked the houses as well.

Killing Reason. In the not too distant past, any one of these incidents might have drawn U.S. Marines or British gunboats. But in today's world, the Western powers simply pick up the pieces and protest verbally. The tab for damages is often picked up later by governments that incited the riots. Both the Russians and the Indonesians last week agreed to pay. And even after Cairo mobs set fire to a USIS library, the Egyptian government was still blithely asking for more American food to feed its people—and may very well get it.

If the whole thing often has the aspect of a sport it is really a lot more serious than that. The destruction of U.S.-provided libraries—in places where scientific and technical books are in extremely short supply—is a calculated act of educational self-mutilation on the part of the governments involved. As U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk said angrily last week: "Resort to riot and violence against foreign missions strikes at the heart of the system of diplomatic intercourse. Book burning is a direct affront to knowledge and a denial of the long, slow progress of mankind."

THE U.S. & EUROPE: THE WAITING GAME

THE vision was there when the smoke of World War II lifted. As early as 1946, Winston Churchill gave it breath in summoning the Old World to "make a kind of United States of Europe." In 1947, the Marshall Plan began to give it bone and sinew. In 1950, with the Schuman Plan to pool the Continent's coal-and-steel resources, it began to stir. It envisioned nothing less than a prosperous united Europe athwart one Atlantic littoral, allied with the U.S. on the other side—two giants whose joint democratic and humane stand for freedom everywhere would be more than a match for Communism.

Though the dream is far from dead, it has seldom been more obscure and entangled in controversy than this week as the foreign ministers of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization gather in the great A-shaped building in Paris at the head of Avenue Foch. The U.S. and France seem set on a direct collision course that threatens to wreck NATO. The ostensible object of the trouble is the U.S. proposal to create a multilateral nuclear force of 25 Polaris-missile surface ships—although MLF does not even formally appear on the ministerial agenda. In fact, the malaise goes to the very core of Atlantic relationships, and how they have changed since the vision was born.

The Original NATO. Created in the wake of Communist coups in Eastern Europe and the Berlin blockade in 1949, NATO was originally designed to defend Western Europe against a Soviet invasion. With a joint-command structure headed by a U.S. general, NATO was to have some 50 divisions assigned to it full-time. Today it has only 26, ten of them German, even though nearly all the national armies and navies of Western Europe are "earmarked" for NATO's use in case of war. At the time of NATO's founding, the U.S. was the only effective nuclear power in the world; Europe was still economically prostrate. NATO gave Western European nations a needed sense of military security and, perhaps most important, strengthened their political stand against domestic Communism.

As the Continent began to revive, the U.S. sponsored the European Defense Community, envisioning a common multinational European army. The French vetoed it, but out of its ashes came the Common Market and the resurrected German army. Apart from Western Europe's economic renaissance, perhaps the most significant change has been in its attitude toward the Soviet Union, particularly since the Cuban missile crisis, when the Russians dramatically backed down. This confirmed what most Europeans had long [illegible] to count on: that a Soviet invasion need no longer be feared and that at any rate it could be deterred only by nuclear power. NATO seemed to lose its *raison d'être*, except as far as U.S. troops stationed on the Continent provided hostages to misfortune—to ensure an American nuclear response just in case the Soviets did after all attack.

As the U.S. sought possible countermoves to Russian aggression in Europe other than nuclear Armageddon, Washington kept pressing for more conventional forces and began talking about a "graduated response." De Gaulle saw this as proof that the U.S. would not defend Europe unless the U.S. itself was attacked. So France pushed ahead with its own little atomic program—after all, argued De Gaulle, jealously, Britain had its nuclear force too.

With that the U.S. began a new search for a way to share the bomb with Europe—even though Washington remained convinced at heart that the bomb was unsharable.

Enter MLF. Is the sharing really necessary? Quite a number of Europeans would gladly leave their nuclear defense in U.S. hands, and this probably includes a majority of Britons, possibly even of Frenchmen. But in a larger sense De Gaulle is right in saying that Europe cannot be truly independent unless it can somehow be master of its own life-and-death decisions. MLF is frankly designed to give its members—particularly the Germans—a semblance of participation and control, while retaining for the U.S. the ultimate say on whether or not to push the nuclear button on the ships.

To most military men, MLF has a distressingly gimmicky air. Apart from its vulnerability to attack, there seems something innately absurd about two dozen ships with international crews and a lethal cargo cruising the seas like so many nuclear Flying Dutchmen. The U.S. replies that there is simply no way to set up a land-based deterrent on the Continent with international participation.

De Gaulle sneered at the whole idea—until it suddenly came close to reality when German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard and President Johnson signed the "Texas Communiqué" last June to set up MLF by the end of this year. The U.S. hoped that other NATO nations would join as well. But few showed any interest in the expensive ($4 to $6 billion) project that would add nothing essential to the U.S. nuclear shield over Europe anyway. Britain's Tory government is among the least interested.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

UNITED NATIONS

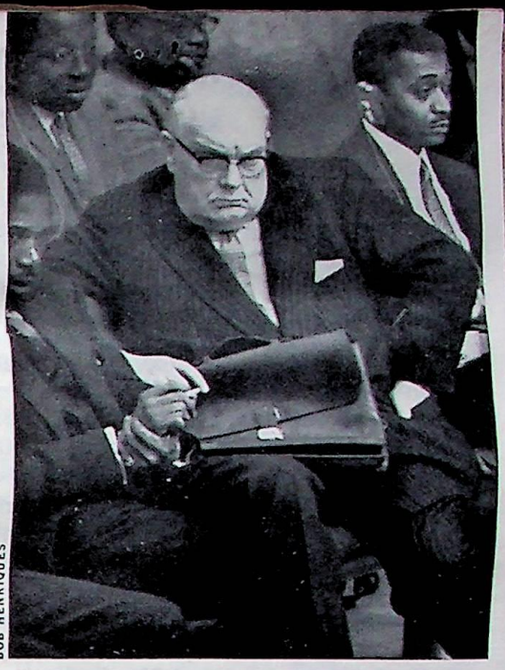
Who Are the Racists?

A crowd of delegates and officials spilled over into the press section and public galleries; ambassadors stood three-deep around the horseshoe table. Never had the chamber been so packed, and seldom had its mood been so ugly. The U.N. Security Council was debating the Congo.

In a flurry of indignation, 18 African states, plus Cambodia, Indonesia, Afghanistan and Yugoslavia, had called on the Council to condemn Congolese Premier Moise Tshombe and his Western allies for last month's U.S.-Belgian rescue operations at Stanleyville. Tshombe's representatives countered by charging that Algeria, Ghana, Egypt and the Sudan were aiding the rebel "government" of Christophe Gbenye.

It would have been easier to make allowances for the Africans so recently emerged from colonial rule if only they had said even one word in condemnation of rebel savagery. But no. Shrugging off the humanitarian aspect of the paratroop drop, they raged on and on about imperialist intervention. "The white is untouchable," sneered Brazzaville Congo's foreign minister. "A white, especially if his name is Carlson, is worth thousands of blacks." Guinea's representative charged that white mercenaries had "massacred hundreds and hundreds of defenseless Congolese" without a murmur from the West, because "their skins were black like those assassinated in Mississippi."

Painfully Close. That was too much for Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak, one of the U.N.'s founding fathers. With quiet force, he told the Council that such talk was "painfully close to that type of racist feeling which has been so heatedly denounced" by the Africans themselves.



BOB HENRIQUES

FOREIGN MINISTER SPAAK AT U.N.
With contempt for the guilty.

MLF Reconsidered. When Harold Wilson's Labor government took over two months ago, he saw a revised MLF as a means of getting rid of Britain's own expensive nuclear deterrent (largely aging V-Bombers plus three to five Polaris submarines being built). The move might satisfy Labor's strongly antinuclear left wing, save much needed money, and retain Britain's traditional balance-of-power role in European affairs—particularly attractive since Germany seems on the verge of replacing Britain in its "special relationship" to the U.S. Last week in Washington, Wilson tried to persuade Johnson to enlarge the MLF concept by including all the British hardware and renaming the whole thing the Atlantic Nuclear Force. Wilson came away with at least the sense to try it on the Germans.

Charles de Gaulle wants no part of MLF, whether it be the compact U.S. or larger British model. He threatens to get out of both NATO and the Franco-German Treaty if Bonn fails his litmus test for European loyalty. Said a senior French diplomat last week: "If Germany joins MLF in whatever version, she will have left Europe. And Europe there- will not exist. Then, without a Europe, how can there be a partnership between Europe and America?"

The trouble is that De Gaulle does not say what he means by "Europe"—except that in some mystical way it is identical with France and must stay away from "Atlantic" domination.

The Ties That Bind. Bonn sees in the U.S. its only outside hope for some day persuading the Russians to permit the reunification of the German nation. London, shut out of European integration, is caught in a financial crisis that dollar backing can help solve. France, alone of Europe's Big Three, has neither external nor internal troubles requiring the special aid of the U.S., thus can hold out for considerable independence. But Paris frankly acknowledges that despite the incipient French atomic force, it will be dependent for years to come on the American nuclear arsenal for real protection. As one of De Gaulle's leading critics blandly explained last week, the U.S. is expected to keep its forces in Europe and its nuclear bombs ready—without being allowed to interfere in European affairs.

In a sense, the question comes down to a matter of trust. Many Europeans simply do not wholly trust the U.S. to defend them under all foreseeable circumstances, particularly a decade or two hence, when it may be disastrously involved in Latin America, Asia or Africa. And De Gaulle believes that the U.S. has always been "late" in entering European wars; yet the U.S. can reply with equal distrust that virtually since Waterloo, France has been gravely wanting as a resolute military power. *The U.S. must look to a France* after De Gaulle, with a large Communist vote and the political chaos of the Fourth Republic conceivably revived.

In essence, U.S. ambitions for Europe are still contradictory. Washington has plugged for a united Europe since World War II, but certainly not a Europe without Britain, and perhaps not—now that the U.S. has tasted Gaullist policy—a Europe wholly independent and able to go its own way as a super power in world affairs. The U.S. wants Europe to take a greater share in defending itself, but at the same time the U.S. does not want any proliferation of nuclear weapons. In particular, the U.S. would like to satisfy German ambitions for a share in nuclear armaments, but somehow without in fact permitting the Germans actually to have any—since that would endanger dealings with Moscow and frighten Germany's neighbors.

The Ultimate Goal. MLF is a frail vessel for carrying such a multitude of problems. In itself, MLF is not likely to solve the much larger problems between the Old and New Worlds. But if the U.S. as its stubborn champion had made it part of a truly comprehensive and inspiring plan for a future united European force, it would have meant more—and would have deflated De Gaulle's vague talk about "creating Europe." In a sense, both the U.S. and France are wrong in the current controversy, paradoxically not because their policies are so different but because they are so similar. France says that there cannot be a true European nuclear force until there is European unity; in the meantime, De Gaulle expects the rest of Europe to rely on France. The U.S. says the same, and in the meantime expects Europe to rely on the U.S. Only Gaullist delusions of grandeur could suggest that reliance on the U.S. is not safer than reliance on France. But the common fault is that both Washington and Paris slight the ultimate goal of European unity while accusing each other of blocking it.

De Gaulle is convinced that if he waits long enough the Americans will disengage themselves from Europe, proving him right and thrusting the rest of Europe into French arms. The U.S. is convinced that if it waits long enough De Gaulle will pass from the scene, and France will then accept some version of MLF and, for a long time at least, the U.S. nuclear veto. Both the U.S. and Paris are thus waiting each other out and in the process avoiding the real issue. For in the long run, neither French arms nor American arms will suffice if the vision is to be realized and the European nation created complete and whole.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"There is no such thing as a guilty race," said Spaak. "There have only been misguided men and contemptible men. Hitler was a contemptible man, and I regret to say Gbenye is a contemptible man."

Spaak branded as a lie the charge that the rescuers had discriminated in favor of whites and reported that of the estimated 2,000 evacuated, more than 600 were Congolese and Indians —and evacuation of Congolese had been halted at Leopoldville's own request. The real danger to peace, said Spaak, lay not in the Congo action, but in the radical Africans' "scarcely dissimulated will to separate Africa from Europe and even perhaps to pit the black man against the white."

For the Home Folks. In the General Assembly, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko dutifully echoed the African charges, along with the customary catalogue of Russian threats and promises, including a demand that the U.S. abandon its proposed multilateral nuclear force and an offer of a NATO-Iron Curtain nonaggression pact. The Assembly was still operating under its moratorium on voting—self-imposed to avert a showdown over Russia's peacekeeping arrears. And there was quite an interruption when, to protest the appearance of Castro-Communist Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, a Cuban exile fired a bazooka shell at the U.N. Secretariat building (*see* THE HEMISPHERE). But nothing could keep the Assembly from pursuing its primary purpose—talk.

Listed to speak were no fewer than two Presidents, three Prime Ministers, three Deputy Prime Ministers and 83 Foreign Ministers. One by one, in speeches as much for the home folks as for the Assembly, they poured out their national hopes and fears, grievances and ambitions. The Philippines laid claim to a large chunk of Malaysia; Argentina demanded that the British give back the Falkland Islands; and Ireland, thumbing its nose at Britain, said the U.N. was "our best hope for the reunification of the Irish nation."

Free Men. The nations praised their own governments, or pointed proudly to their "unique geographic location," or complained about the world market for their products, or decried the spread of nuclear weapons. Israel and four Arab nations accused each other of aggression. Greece accused Turkey of "inhuman conduct" in Cyprus. Laos accused North Viet Nam of armed intervention. Thailand accused Cambodia of "connivance with certain aggressive forces," urged the U.N. to pay more attention to "the problems of regional peace." Said Thai Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman in one of the session's calmest speeches: "We have to live with these problems day and night, and have to devote every ounce of our energy and attention to them, for they have to do with our future life as free men and women, as well as that of the coming generations."

TSHOMBE ON WAY TO PAPAL AUDIENCE
Trial by crocodile?

THE CONGO

Needed: A Divine Force

A band of Simbas lay in ambush along the road leading into Poko, a small missionary town in the rebel redoubt of the upper Congo. Through "the jungle telephone," an advancing column of white mercenaries learned of the trap, cut through the bush and entered the town from the rear. As their skirmish line entered Poko, the whites were surprised to see the Simbas rush toward them jubilantly, their right arms raised in the rebel salute and shouting the rebel yell of *"Mai Mulele!"* It did not take the mercenaries long to realize that the Simbas took them for Russians, come to fight on their side. The Simbas' disappointment was short-lived: the mercenaries gunned them down to a man.

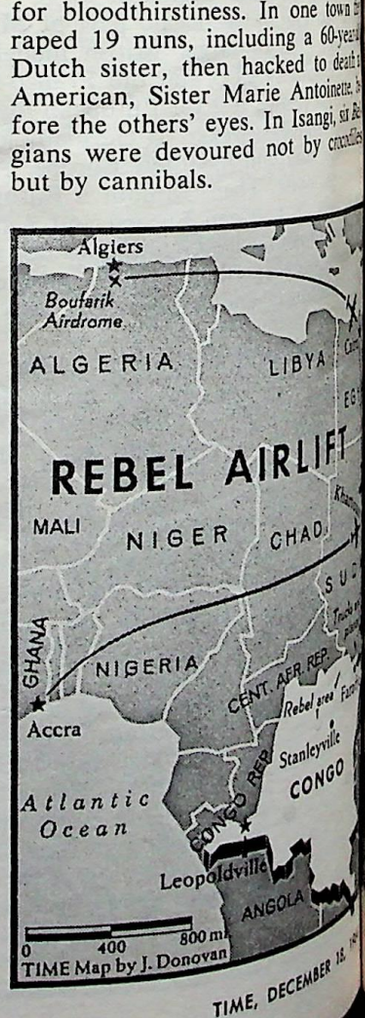
But help was indeed on its way to the Congo's rebels—and some of it from Russia.

Rebel Airlift. Last week into Khartoum, capital of the Sudan, winged planeload after planeload of arms and ammunition bound for the Congo from Ghana, Algeria and Egypt. Secrecy hung thick as a cloud of Sudanese flies around the British-built Comets and Russian turboprop AN-12s as they transshipped their cargoes to smaller aircraft. Although the Sudanese government cynically claimed that the tarpaulin-covered crates carried nothing more dangerous than "medical supplies," they must have been the world's heaviest bandages.

After transfer at Khartoum, the guns were flown on to Juba, capital of Sudan's Equatoria province, then loaded onto captured trucks and Land-Rovers for a jouncing ride over jungle tracks to the Congo border 150 miles away. With them, said Washington, went at least 40 Algerians, presumably military advisers to Rebel President Christophe Gbenye's wild-eyed warriors. Sensing a chance to make a few easy points with African leaders, Moscow announced that it would replenish any supplies that had been sent to the rebels. Moreover, Algiers' Boufarik airbase was aswarm with Russian technicians and aviators, many of whom no doubt were flying the Juba run, since Algerian pilots have not yet had time to check out on the Soviet-built AN-12s.

Peace Is Something Else. The rebels were also getting help in the United Nations (*see above*). Congolese President Moise Tshombe himself stayed away largely at the urging of the U.S., which did not want the U.N. debate complicated further by Tshombe's presence, which would inevitably antagonize the other Africans. Instead, Tshombe flew into Rome for a 20-minute audience with Pope Paul VI, was greeted by turbulent Red-led riots and rotten eggs, but had better luck in conversations with Italian officials and businessmen, who seemed ready to expand trade with the Congo. "The Congo will soon know peace," he predicted with his unquenchably optimistic grin. "But a Christian peace cannot be achieved with men alone. It needs a divine force. That is why I came to see the Pope and ask him to pray for our country."

The prayers he got, but peace something else again in a war where cruelty is common to both sides. Last week thousands of Congolese suspected of rebel sympathies were herded into the Stanleyville stadium and tried "by proclamation." Those found guilty were taken to the Congo's banks and either shot or thrown in, to be eaten by crocodiles. But the Simbas still took the palm for bloodthirstiness. In one town they raped 19 nuns, including a 60-year-old Dutch sister, then hacked to death an American, Sister Marie Antoinette, before the others' eyes. In Isangi, six Belgians were devoured not by crocodiles but by cannibals.



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

RUSSIA

Consumers' Budget

It took just 30 seconds for the Supreme Soviet, Russia's moot parliament, to dispose of the absent Deputy for the Moscow district of Kalinin. In two swift, silent shows of 1,400 hands, without a single dissent or abstention, the assemblage in the Kremlin ratified Nikita Khrushchev's dismissal by the party presidium last October as First Party secretary and Premier. But except for a change in style, the Khrushchev spirit was very much present.

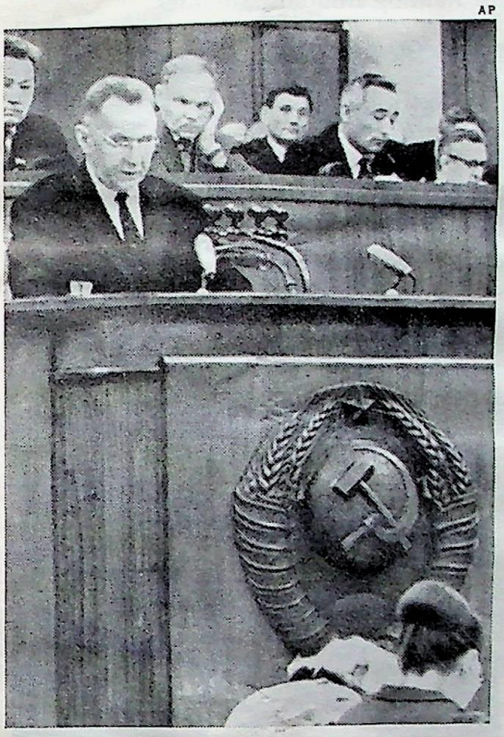
More Fanfare. His successor as Premier, Aleksei Kosygin, delivered the state-of-the-Soviet-Union speech in 80 minutes, unrelieved by Khrushchevian corn pone, invective or grandiloquence. He was brisk, businesslike, and in his remarks on foreign affairs, disappointingly predictable to Westerners looking for new departures under the new regime. He denounced the U.S. and Belgium for "intervention" in the Congo, promised Soviet aid in the event of "imperialist aggression" against North Viet Nam and Cuba. If the Western allies pressed ahead with MLF, he warned, the Warsaw Pact nations would be forced to "consult" on countermeasures. He gave the United Nations a passing plug as a valuable "international forum," but failed to mention whether the Kremlin intended to pay its U.N. dues.

Peaceful coexistence, Kosygin insisted, continues to be the policy of the Soviet Union. To prove it, he said, the Soviet Union plans to reduce its 1965 military budget by $555 million—from this year's $14.6 billion to $14.1 billion. This was being done, claimed Kosygin, because the Kremlin had been told by Washington that the U.S. military budget for next year was being cut too. There had been an informal deal between the U.S. and Russia, Washington denied it. The Soviet defense cuts did suggest that Russia's new regime is not particularly beholden to the military, but just how real the cutbacks will prove to be remains to be seen. A year ago, when Khrushchev reduced military spending with great fanfare, he consistently raised outlays on "science" by precisely the same amount—and government-sponsored science these days usually means rocketry.

More Capital. Kosygin's chief news for the Russian people came in his presentation of a relatively sensible-sounding 1965 budget. It suggested that the new regime wants to go on with "goulash Communism"—but more efficiently, more evenhandedly and less extravagantly than Khrushchev.

Kosygin announced increased emphasis on the production of consumer goods and construction of apartments. While the "metal eaters" of the steel industry are not to be stomped on as Khrushchev tried to do, metallurgy will get a smaller slice of capital outlays than consumer goods or food. The chemical industry is due for a sizable share of capital, though it will not switch to making plastics for consumers with the abandon visualized by Khrushchev. Heavy industry in general, said Kosygin, will have to move into some consumer lines such as "refrigerators, washing machines and television sets."

The new leaders also intend to follow Khrushchev by continuing the move toward a more market-oriented economy, letting consumer demand rather than a bureaucrat's plan dictate product design and quantity. By next year, Kosygin reported, one-third of all consumer-goods plants will make the changeover. Some day the Russians may even be able to afford to be consumers: Kosygin got his loudest applause when he unveiled a round of wage increases for next month.



AP

KOSYGIN ADDRESSING SUPREME SOVIET
Goulash without corn pone?

More Mistakes. The debate following Kosygin's presentation was astonishingly frank. One delegate, to the manifest surprise of the leadership, even mentioned Khrushchev by name, accusing him of the mistake of not facing facts but "presenting the desired as reality" —otherwise known as wishful thinking. He then had the audacity to accuse Kosygin's budget of perpetuating some of the same "upsetting mistakes." Georgy Popov, Leningrad party boss, went even further and came flat out against the new regime's plan to return the control of heavy industry to Moscow direction from the local authority where Khrushchev had remanded it.

All this free speech was unprecedented in Supreme Soviet debates, and Kosygin himself seemed carried away, admitting that some of the criticism was valid. "Mistakes are made," he confessed, adding with masterful and no doubt unintentional understatement: "The structure of the apparatus is sometimes cumbersome."

YUGOSLAVIA

Staying in Power Without Turning Grey

If the deposed Nikita Khrushchev loomed over the outspoken Supreme Soviet meeting in Moscow, his lingering influence was felt even more strongly at the Yugoslav Communist Party Congress in Belgrade, where things were relatively frank too.

Addressing Yugoslav Communist delegates, as well as emissaries from most non-Peking parties abroad, Marshal Josip Broz Tito praised Nikita by name for his destalinization, his promotion of "freedom of expression," and for improving Soviet-Yugoslav relations. This part of Tito's speech never saw the light of day in Russia—frankness can go only so far.

Western reporters in Belgrade were surprised to be admitted to all sessions of the Congress, which had never happened before. They felt, perhaps ungratefully, that the occasion left something to be desired—there was simply nothing to compare to the famed "Sex Congress" of 1952, when one delegate took the rostrum to accuse another of having stolen his wife's affections.

Tito evidently felt confident enough to renew his attacks on the Chinese Reds, even if Moscow has tempered its own; the Chinese, he sneered, had overestimated "their role in the world," and he condemned their "persistent efforts to discredit the policy of peaceful and active coexistence." Tito also sounded relatively secure in dealing with domestic matters, including the age-old feuds among Yugoslavia's many nationalities, which Tito has greatly subdued but not eradicated. Though claiming that "we are among the first countries in the world in rate of economic growth," Tito admitted to inadequate labor productivity and poor administration, although he dodged mentioning the falling value of the Yugoslav dinar, which in three years has gone from 750 to the dollar to 1,000.

He lamented the unruly behavior of the young and their restlessness under Communism, warned that "broader and more frequent distinctions are developing between intellectual and working class youth." Tito was also obviously interested in getting new blood into his government. In the party's most sweeping change to date, the Central Committee was expanded from 135 to 155 members, and 71 new men were appointed, bringing the average committee age down to 45 years from 52.

Despite his 72 years, Tito himself looked remarkably fit, and his hair, doubtless with the help of his barber, still showed scarcely any grey. He betrayed his age only by taking a 45-minute recess midway in his three-hour speech; in the old days, Tito would go on for hours without getting winded. Later, at a press conference, he smilingly knocked down rumors that he was planning to retire.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridw

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SOUTH VIET NAM

Fighting the Reds & the Bonzes

From the swamps of the Mekong Delta in the south to the North Vietnamese border, the Viet Cong launched one of their hottest offensives of the war. But even as more Vietnamese and American soldiers died in the unending nightmare struggle against the Communist guerrillas (nine deaths last week raised U.S. killed to 331), South Viet Nam's Buddhists announced their firm determination to destroy what little stability remains in the country.

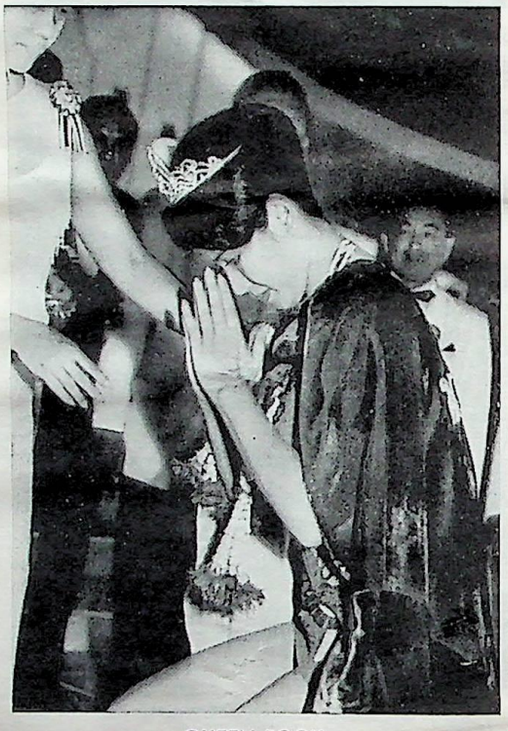
More Aid. Often fighting against great odds, government troops gave an uncommonly plucky account of themselves. In the Camau Peninsula, they lured an elite, 700-man Viet Cong battalion into a trap, killed 115 Reds with a loss of only 27 government dead. Elsewhere in the south the situation worsened considerably, and even the mountain resort area of Dalat, popular as a site for government crisis huddles, is now Communist-infested. Throughout the country, not a day went by without a Communist attack of battalion size or larger. The Reds have scored their most alarming gains in the central provinces, as evidenced by last week's biggest clash: the battle of Anlao.

Nestled in a valley like a miniature Dienbienphu, the government strongpoint was attacked one night when hundreds of Viet Cong overran its two 4.2-mm. mortars, isolated on a nearby commanding hill. In a bitter three-day fight, the Reds virtually wiped out Anlao's 100 defenders. The attackers finally withdrew before air power and 1,000 counterattacking government troops, but there was concern over the capture of Anlao's guns—heaviest mortars the Reds have seized to date.

Back in Saigon after consultations in Washington, U.S. Ambassador General Maxwell Taylor brought word of yet another step-up in U.S. assistance. There were the usual provisions for beefing up South Viet Nam's ground and air forces, plus increased economic aid (current total U.S. contribution: $700 million a year). Reportedly, Taylor now had the authority to support air strikes against Viet Cong supply lines at his discretion. But Taylor made clear that first some political stability must be visible in Saigon. Again the Buddhists (TIME cover, Dec. 11) reminded everybody how dim the prospect seems.

Monks' Ultimatum. Following two days of meetings, yellow-robed monks handed out mimeographed copies of what amounted to a declaration of war against Premier Tran Van Huong's six-week-old government, which suppressed Buddhist riots three weeks ago. Drafted by the Buddhists' top two political bosses, Thich Tri Quang and Thich Tam Chau, the letter branded Huong's regime "execrable," threatened a nationwide campaign of "nonviolent noncooperation" unless "this government of betrayal" is dissolved.

In another letter to Ambassador Taylor, the Buddhists hinted that unless the U.S. withdraws its support from Huong—as it did last year from President Ngo Dinh Diem—Buddhist ire may be turned against Americans. Pointedly the Buddhists warned Taylor: "We affirm that you are responsible, before both the American and Vietnamese peoples, for the existence of the Huong government." Whereupon Chau, Quang and the Buddhists' nominal religious head, Thich Tinh Khiet, announced a 48-hour weekend hunger strike, urging Buddhists to join them in round-the-clock prayer sessions. From Darlac province came an offer of candidates for flaming Buddhist suicides.



QUEEN POOK
A gold cup for forgetting.

THAILAND

Beauty's Comeback

The softest, roundest and loveliest of Thais is a girl named Abhasra Hongskul, 17, who goes by the nickname of "Pook"—which in Siamese means soft, round and lovely. That at least was the decision in Bangkok last week where Pook was proclaimed Miss Thailand of 1964. Drums rolled, bugles blared, balloons soared madly into a velvet sky, and the commanding general of Thailand's First Army announced in martial tones the winner of the coveted gold cup. But the exuberant Bangkok crowds were cheering much more than a one-time drum majorette who packs 116 lbs. into a 35-22-35 frame, punctuated by a pair of eyes that outglimmer the Emerald Buddha. For Pook's crowning marked a watershed in the painful process of forgetting Thailand's late Dictator Sarit Thanarat.

Sarit valued lovely women more than the rarest jade or the whitest elephant. For all that, no beauty contests were permitted during his rule, and as a result, his country had not named a Miss Thailand in ten years. The reason was simple: before he took power, Field Marshal Sarit had pursued beauty contest winners with the same zeal he later applied to Communists. Embarrassed by Sarit's extraterritorial demands, the government simply banned the contest, and when Sarit seized government control through a military coup in 1957, he decided it would look better if the ban stayed in force. This did not prevent him from personally conducting a kind of unofficial and continuing beauty contest, with himself as the prize—a distinction won, according to latest count, by at least 100 young women.

Now, with everyone gradually calming down about the revelations of Sarit's it's equally acquisitive financial dealings (TIME, July 17), his successor, avuncular General Thanom Kittikachorn, is free to revive the competitions. The choice of the new Miss Thailand was almost painfully pure, with a member of the royal family sitting on the panel and each contestant's moral background under scrutiny—several girls of dubious vocation were hurriedly disqualified.

Premier Thanom also eased another Sarit repression: out of Lardyao Prison came 15 Thai journalists who had been jailed for far-left political sympathies. Thanom can afford to be confident. Thailand today is Southeast Asia's most blest country, both politically and economically. A "constituent assembly" is currently drafting a new constitution, and Thanom is planning to hold parliamentary elections some time next year to set up a new civilian regime. Whatever the election outcome, to most Thais the voting will be an anticlimax after the election of Pook.

KENYA

Uhuru to Jamhuri—with Concern

Independence celebrations are as common in Africa as bananas, but last week Kenya outdid itself with its second in a year. For all practical purposes the former British colony gained independence last year, but to facilitate administrative changeovers, Britain retained symbolic sovereignty by making Kenya a dominion. Last week saw the progression from mere *uhuru* (freedom) to *jamhuri* (republic). Though Kenya remains a member of the Commonwealth, Jomo Kenyatta, who had been Prime Minister, duly changed his title to President, replacing Queen Elizabeth as head of state.

At Nairobi Airport, the last British combat troops—80 in all—marched through ranks of the Third Kenya Rifles to the strains of *Lang Syne*, then were whisked aboard an R.A.F. transport. That night, before 50,000 in a Nairobi stadium, Kenyatta's new presidential standard was unfurled—crossed spears imposed on a tribal shield, flanked by a crowing cock.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Visible Disappointments. The celebrations in Nairobi featured a marathon run by Ethiopia's Olympic Winner Abebe Bikila, feathered tribal dancers, and Guinea's *Ballets Africains*, which offered only one disappointment—the girls wore brassières. For all the festive folderol, Kenyans were less than glorious—they are waiting for the jam tomorrow, a year of independence has brought more problems than prosperity. Mr. Kenyatta remains one of Black Africa's more responsible statesmen, and he retains some ties with the West—in the case literally: Kenya's latest postage stamp shows Jomo wearing his old school tie, that of the London School of Economics.

But recently Kenyatta joined other African states in criticizing the U.S.-Belgian rescue operation in the Congo, welcomed Congolese rebel leaders to last week's ceremonies, during which he dedicated a Communist-financed "Lumumba Institute" that will train government party officials in "socialism and patriotism." Also present: a large Red Chinese delegation, which will stay on for trade talks. There are reports that planeloads of Kenyan "students," trained in subversion in Russia and Red China, have debarked secretly at Nairobi Airport.

O.O. Problems. Almost certainly the man behind increasing leftist intrigue is "Mr. Double O"—Oginga Odinga, formerly Kenyatta's Home Minister, who was rounded up as Vice President in Kenyatta's new Cabinet, a post that theoretically limits his powers but in the eyes of most Kenyans makes him heir to Kenyatta. Odinga is a well-entrenched leader of Kenyatta's KANU Party, which is now the only one in Parliament after the country "voluntarily" turned itself into a one-party state; he regularly visits Peking, and he receives Russian and Red Chinese financial support. Perhaps only Tough, able and reasonable Tom Mboya, who became Minister for Economic Planning and Development in the new government, may end up in a position to stop Odinga from succeeding Kenyatta. The question matters because Kenyatta admits to 74—but has been 74 for a long time.

ZAMBIA

Horsemanship

As statues go, Lusaka's bronze monument to Empire Builder Cecil Rhodes is a pretty run-of-the-horse. It weighs seven tons, stands only slightly larger than life size and, with somewhat oxidized symbolism, depicts Rhodes as a naked Apollo, riding fearlessly onward astride a magnificent prancing stallion. Donated to the city four years ago by the Rhodes-founded British South Africa Co., the statue soon became the object of all self-respecting Zambians' hatred. For one thing, the horse's rump was turned disdainfully on the Ministry of Finance building. More important, as far as Zambians were concerned, it was a monument not so much to Rhodes as to the despised Sir Godfrey Huggins, who, as Prime Minister of the now-disbanded Central African Federation, had offered an ill-considered definition of the ideal relationship between Africa's blacks and whites. The two races, Sir Godfrey had said in 1954, should work together like a horse and rider—the whites of course being in the saddle and the blacks under it.

Last week, less than two months after Zambia had gained its independence, the Lusaka city council banned the statue. In a secret vote, it gave it back to the British South Africa Co., which will transfer it to Southern Rhodesia—whose white government is still in a position to guarantee that the two races work together as horse and rider.

LOOMIS DEAN

DAME EDITH
A lifelong pose of distinction.

GREAT BRITAIN

Friend to Peacocks

As she was completing her autobiography last April, Dame Edith Sitwell was asked how she felt. "Dying, but apart from that I'm all right," she replied. A little later, she remarked that as a Roman Catholic (she became a convert in 1955), "I know I ought not to dread death, but I am so conceited that I simply cannot imagine how the world would get on without me." In London's St. Thomas Hospital last week, at 77, Edith Sitwell died of a heart attack, thus putting the world to the test.

Pale Glimmer. The world will miss her as a poet, critic, biographer, social lioness, defender of art, warrior against Philistia. But above all, it will miss her as a great English eccentric. She was 6 ft. tall, with a haunted, Gothic face framed by wimples and toques; her long, narrow hands glimmered palely against brocade and velvet gowns. If at times she seemed to have created a lifelong pose for herself, it was a graceful pose of uncommon distinction. "I don't whine," she once said. "That's why everybody thinks I am enormously rich and have a heavenly time."

Sacheverell Sitwell wrote of his sister: "Her love is poetry, she lives within a phrase." Yet she could desert poetry for a decade to nurse her friend and former governess through a long and fatal illness. She admired and championed fellow poets, but seldom the women they married. In her opinion, "the wives of poets should be selected by a committee of other poets." Even worse than poets' wives were critics. She once wired the *Spectator* that a certain reviewer should, at her expense, be stuffed and put in a glass case. Another critic was coldly rebuffed for a belittling reference made 28 years before.

Kings' Blood. Dame Edith was forever conscious that in her veins ran the blood of Robert Bruce and Macbeth, the Kings of France and the Plantagenets of England. Her family had held land near their pinnacled grey-stone house of Renishaw since 1301. She had a miserable childhood, for her Victorian father disapproved of everything, from her friendship with a peacock to the shape of her nose, which he tried to alter with an iron clamp.

She escaped to London just before World War I, and, with the help of her gifted brothers, Osbert and Sacheverell, soon established a salon in her attic apartment. Her verse ranged from the once avant-garde fun of *Façade* to social comment in *Gold Coast Customs* and religious visions in her late work. Poetry, she thought, "springs from the essential nature of things," and she sought essential things in nature, as with her lines:

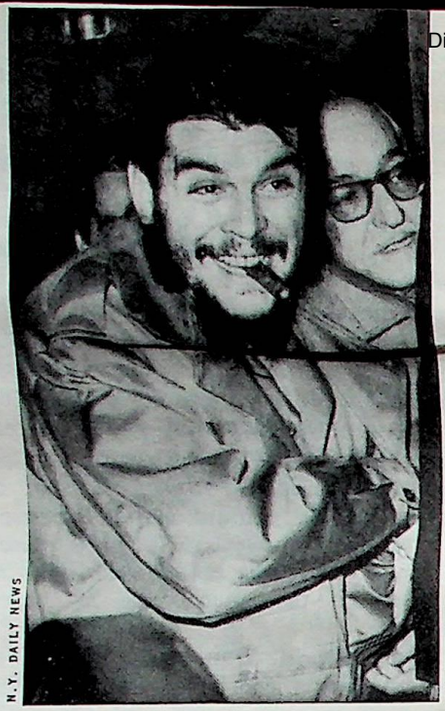
. . . those bright birds flock;
the butterbump, the urban
Ranee stork, the turkey-cock
(Red paladin in a turban),
The crane who talks through his long nose,
The plump and foolish quail . . .

Badgered Moon. More memorable, perhaps, than her poems were her occasional comments on life and thumbnail descriptions. Condemning the modern age, she remarked: "We have to pay these enormous taxes to send mice up to badger the moon." D. H. Lawrence, she said, "had a rather matted, dark appearance as if he had just returned from spending an uncomfortable night in a very dark cave." On a Hollywood visit, she met and liked Marilyn Monroe, who "wasn't nearly as sexy as men like to imagine. She was a sad, sad, lonely girl. She would have made a wonderful Ophelia."

Indirectly, Dame Edith also contributed a thumbnail sketch of herself in her book, *English Eccentrics*, in which she attributed her subjects' (and perhaps her own) eccentricity to "that peculiar and satisfactory knowledge of infallibility that is the hallmark and birthright of the British nation."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



CHE LEAVING UNITED NATIONS
In Havana, a fight for keeps.

CUBA

Hot Enemies & Cool Friends

The United Nations suddenly had a brand-new trouble spot on its hands last week—the United Nations. In the U.N. Plaza on Manhattan's East Side, massed pickets brandished placards (INVADE CUBA NOW) and jeered at Communist-bloc delegates. A knife-toting woman tried to claw her way inside. Three demonstrators shinnied up a flagpole and hauled down the Soviet flag. A backfiring truck threw cops into a panic. At the climax of the demonstration, an explosion—a real one—resounded on the water side of the sleek, glass-skinned building as a 9-lb. shell splashed into the East River just 200 yds. away. In a weed-strewn lot on the opposite bank, 900 yds. away, police later found a 3.5-in. Army bazooka, still aimed at the U.N., with a Cuban flag taped on the barrel.

The show was mounted by Cuban exiles against Che Guevara, Fidel Castro's Minister of Industries. Che, in burnished black boots and fresh green fatigues, had flown in to denounce the U.S. before the General Assembly for everything from "aggression" in Southeast Asia to Americans' "sexual exhibitionism" at the U.S. Naval Base at Guantánamo. Undeterred by the ruckus outside, Guevara ranted on and on, perhaps in hope of distracting world attention from the troubles back home.

Too Successful. In the past nine months, Castro's regime has been torn by an ugly power struggle between Cuba's old-line, Moscow-oriented Communists and the unorthodox Fidelistas, whom they deride as "adventurers." In recent months, four Moscow wingers have been sacked by Fidelistas from high government posts, while more than 70 army officers have been jailed on charges ranging from treason to conspiring to assassinate Castro.

Early this month, the director of Cuba's failing cattle industry decided to get out while the getting was good, and scheduled a buying trip to Canada, where he defected. (The official insists that Soviet intermediate-range ballistic missiles are still around in Cuba, though Washington denies it.)

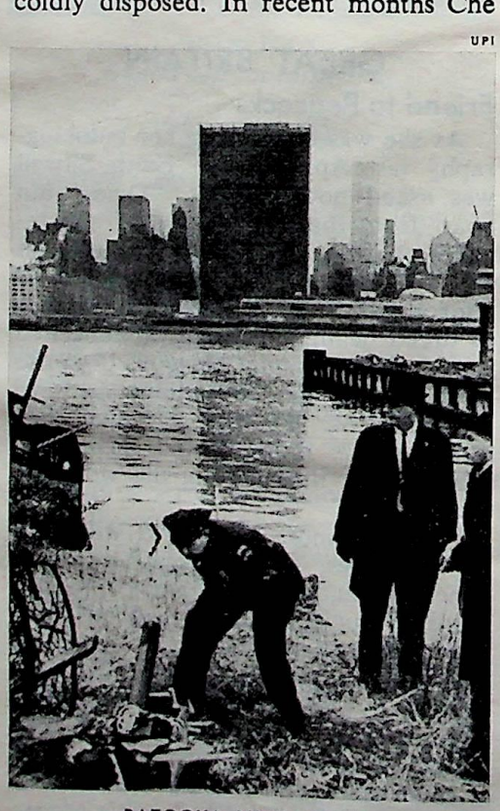
Last week Radio Havana flashed the news that Labor Minister Augusto Martínez Sánchez was critically ill with a self-inflicted gunshot wound. The communiqué reported that Martínez had been fired the previous day for "serious administrative errors," added piously that his suicide attempt was "unjustifiable and improper," since a revolutionary must not "deprive his cause of a life that does not belong to him."

Even if Martínez Sánchez had not attempted suicide—or, as rumor had it, been shot during a scuffle in the presidential palace—his summary dismissal from office would have been dramatic enough. A protégé of Raúl Castro, Fidel's brother, he fought at their side in the Sierra Maestra hills, became Defense Minister in Fidel's first Cabinet, was named Acting Prime Minister when the Maximum Leader came to New York in May 1959. That October, Martínez was named Labor Minister and assigned the task of purging Cuba's strongly anti-Communist union leadership. He succeeded too well. For, though Martínez himself subscribed to Fidel's messianic Communism, he allowed militant, old-line party regulars to take over the labor movement—and he paid the price.

"Enormous Needs." Another problem for Fidel is that some of his best friends are losing patience. Old Chum Nikita Khrushchev was growing cool; Russia's new leaders seem even more coldly disposed. In recent months Che and Cuba's President, Osvaldo Dorticós, have both visited Moscow without extracting a new trade agreement from the Kremlin. Yet another top Cuban official was trying to negotiate a new pact last week. Castro is worried about selling his sugar crop, which this year is expected to total some 4,300,000 tons, 10% more than Cuba harvested in 1963 but still far below the pre-Castro average of 5,000,000 tons. With world sugar prices at 2.8¢ a pound, Russia is understandably reluctant to buy Castro's crop at the agreed-on price of 6¢.

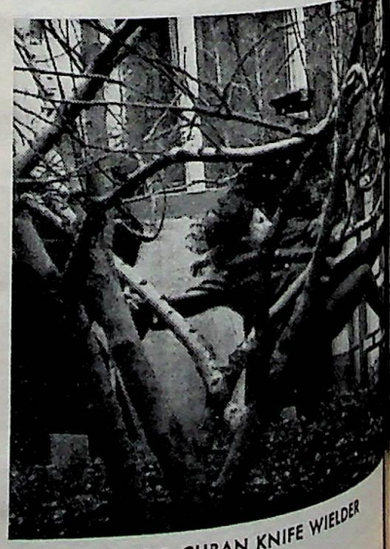
Castro's speeches are filled with scathing condemnation of "idiot" farm managers, citizens who "demand very much and give very little," the "tremendous lack of initiative and analysis," workers who sabotage equipment. Plaintively, he admits the nation's "enormous needs for housing, for more shoes, more rice, more fish, more food, more clothing." According to a current joke in Havana, "it will take 20 years for Communism in Cuba to get us back where we were under capitalism in 1959." On to 1970!

UPI



BAZOOKA AIMED AT U.N.

TONNY NUTT



COPS & CUBAN KNIFE WIELDER

In Manhattan, a shell for show and a specious speech.

THE ALIANZA

Guarded Optimism

Long after the *Alianza para el Progreso* was launched in 1961, many Latins in American governments clung to the convenient belief that it was just another U.S. giveaway project. "It seems well-meaning," as one top Latino put it, "but rather utopian and probably futile." Now, at last, that view seems to have changed. Last week, as diplomats and economists from a score of nations gathered in the Peruvian capital of Lima for the third annual full-dress review of the Alianza, there was encouraging evidence that most Latin American nations now accept its goals and are working to achieve them. Said Colombia's Carlos Sanz de Santamaría, astute chairman of the Alianza's key planning committee: "We have made great strides in stating our problems

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

nd in diagnosing them—and we are making a start at solving them."

The problems are as monumental as ever. Galloping population growth threatens to wipe out the hemisphere's slim, hard-won gains in housing, education, health, and food production. In many countries, inflation seems incurable. As always, Latin economies desperately need foreign investment capital. But for all their frustrations, the Latin American nations succeeded this year for the first time in meeting the Alianza's goal of an overall 3% per capita product growth rate. Latin American export earnings rose 8%. And paced by the U.S., which has already invested $3.7 billion in the Alianza, there has been a notable increase in foreign aid to the member nations.

More important perhaps than any statistical balance sheet was what seemed to be a new awareness of what the Alianza can and should be. As Brazil's Minister of Planning Roberto Campos observed: "Neither our fate nor our salvation are in the stars. They are within us ourselves." By meeting's end, nearly everyone shared a new, if guarded sense of optimism about the Alianza's prospects. As Thomas Mann, U.S. Under Secretary for Inter-American Affairs, pointed out, "The Alliance has given us a growing awareness of the social and economic problems we all face, a better understanding of what makes the world go round."

The most straightforward summation of all came from Ecuador's Finance Minister Alberto Quevedo. Said he: "More and more, we Latins are prepared to give in to demands for social justice. A peaceful revolution like the one propounded by the Alliance means that we may lose a good share of our privileges. A violent revolution will certainly mean the total loss of all that we have and cherish."

BRITISH GUIANA

Cheddi's Last Stand

Land Rovers prowled the streets, bristling with British tommies and submachine guns. Army helicopters whirred overhead. Military radios crackled back and forth. It was election day in British Guiana, and Her Majesty's government in Whitehall was determined to ensure that peaceful elections that seemed to be the colony's only hope of ending its three-year reign of racial violence. But not for the first time—hope for stability in British Guiana was thwarted by Marxist Premier Cheddi Jagan.

The election was specifically designed to oust Jagan, whose People's Progressive Party is overwhelmingly supported by Guiana's 295,000 East Indians. To guard against a repetition of the 1961 election, when Jagan won a parliamentary majority with only 42.6% of the vote, the government introduced a system of proportional representation under which he would have had to win a clear majority to return to power. Since no other party is willing to join a Jagan government, the British hoped that the election would result in a coalition headed by Attorney Forbes Burnham, a moderate, pro-Western leader whose People's National Congress Party is backed by his 190,000 fellow Negroes.

Familiar Tale. To a certain point, the election went as planned. Jagan piled up only 45.8% of the vote; Burnham won 40.5% and stood ready to form a coalition with the third-running United Force Party (12%), headed by Portuguese Businessman Peter d'Aguiar. But then Cheddi simply refused to resign. "The election was fraudulent," he announced. "The British government will have to force me out." Unimpressed, the governor formally appointed Burnham Prime Minister.

It was a familiar tale. Jagan, a dentist turned demagogue, founded the P.P.P. in 1950 with his Chicago-born, sometime-Communist wife Janet, and won the colony's first general elections in 1953. Jagan's intemperate demands for independence and deliberately incited sugar strikes forced the British to boot him out after five months. Ever since his return to power three years ago, Jagan has gone out of his way to foment racial passions. When last week's elections were announced in October 1963, his answer was to send his sugar workers out on a savage strike that lasted six months and took 173 lives before 5,000 troops restored order.

Bedtime Reading. By contrast with the P.P.P.'s racist election propaganda, Burnham's campaign focused on such needs as public works projects and agricultural reform. A silk-smooth speaker and one of his country's top criminal attorneys, Burnham earned a law degree with honors at London University, reads himself to sleep in English ("political novels"), French (Lamartine, Corneille), or Latin (Cicero, Tacitus, Catullus). Originally a co-founder of Jagan's P.P.P., Burnham soon soured on Cheddi's Marxist rantings and, fired by his own ambition, set up the anti-Communist P.N.C. in 1957. If his ideas today are sometimes vague, he is an avowed friend of the U.S.—and needs to be, since the backward colony desperately needs U.S. aid.

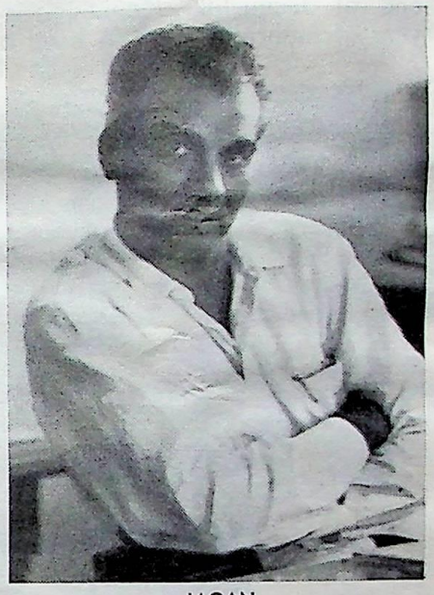
Above all, Burnham is determined to damp down racial hatreds. "Every case of hooliganism will be ruthlessly dealt with," he vows. "We will not condone violence." Nonetheless, the colony may well be in for more violence before Jagan goes back to dentistry.

ARGENTINA

The Unwelcome Mat

Spain's General Francisco Franco allowed Argentina's General Juan Domingo Perón to settle in Madrid five years ago with only one condition: the ousted South American strongman was not to engage in politics. Perón plunged forthwith into a career of remote-control intrigue that reached a ludicrous anticlimax this month when a long-heralded attempt to return home ended in his being sent back to Spain from Rio. Last week Franco decreed that the Argentine would either have to sign a pledge within 30 days forswearing political activity or leave Spain.

MO GARCIA



JAGAN

BURNHAM

Clinging to power with a solid minority.

Though reluctant to abandon his opulent villa near Madrid, Perón is expected to leave Spain as a matter of pride. Where will he go? Peronistas have suggested Switzerland, where he stashed some of his looted millions. Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, Algeria's Ben Bella, and Tunisia's Habib Bourguiba have sent him invitations, and Castro is cooing.

As for Perón's clutch of cronies, they were ordered to clear out of Spain pronto. Four of them did and ran smack into yet another fiasco at New York's Kennedy Airport, where they were promptly bucked back to Madrid because they lacked proper visas. At week's end, they tried a second time with visas, and made it through to Asunción, the capital of friendly neighboring Paraguay. Diehard Peronistas in Buenos Aires claimed that he was an advance party and that Perón might still work his way to Asunción.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Harid

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"I'll be back," he hallooed from the launch that whisked him off to federal pen on Washington's McNeil Island in 1962. Last week, 41 lbs. lighter, erstwhile Teamster Boss **Dave Beck** completed 30 months of his five-year term for faking tax returns and put-putted back to civilization. Obviously he had taken McNeil's Eng. Lit. course, "I have returned," pronounced Beck, who plans to indulge his old fancy for real estate and possibly write his memoirs to vindicate his minority view that he is "not guilty, and I hope that if what I'm saying is not the truth, my mother that died since I left, I hope she goes to hell and stays there into eternity." This side of eternity, Dave will draw a $50,000 annual pension, courtesy of his ever-loving union.

• • •

When PT-109 was rammed by a Japanese destroyer, two members of Lieut. (j.g.) John F. Kennedy's crew lost their lives. The skipper wrote to relatives of both men, praising their heroism, and to the widow of Torpedoman Second Class **Jack Kirksey** Kennedy wrote four letters. "If a captain is fortunate," said the first, "he finds one man in his crew who contributes more than his share. Jack Kirksey was that man." Last week the letters brought $9,500 in Manhattan, highest price yet paid at auction for a memento of the late President.

• • •

Midst laurels stood: **General Curtis LeMay**, 58, U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff and World War II Bomber Command boss, whose B-29s helped devastate Japan, decorated with Japan's Order of the Grand Cordon of the Rising Sun for his role in building up the country's postwar defenses; U.S. Steel Chairman **Roger Blough**, 60, given the New York City U.S.O.'s gold medal "as one who symbolizes the support of U.S.O. by major industries of America"; **Vinoba Bhave**, 69, Gandhian holy man whose pilgrimages across India have netted 5,000,000 acres of "land for the landless," given a medal by President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan from Pope Paul VI; Sculptor **Alexander Calder**, 66, Critic **Malcolm Cowley**, 66, and Poet **Allen Tate**, 65, named to the American Academy of Arts and Letters; **John N. Heiskell**, 92, publisher of the Arkansas Gazette, winner of Arizona University's John Peter Zenger Award for his support of integration in the 1957 Little Rock controversy, which cost the Gazette $2,000,000 in circulation and advertising revenues.

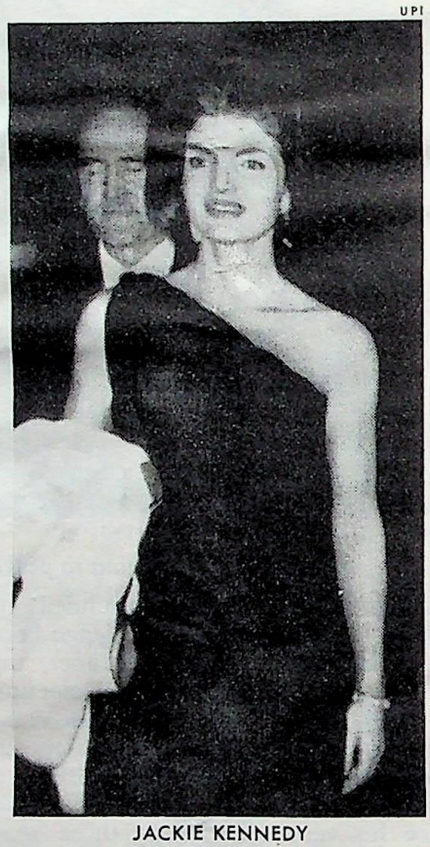
AP

CURTIS LeMAY
Builder up.

• • •

The coming-out party, marking the end of Jacqueline Kennedy's formal year of mourning, was to have been a hospital benefit with Hollywood glitterbugs. Instead, **Jackie**, 35, chose an occasion that in more than one way seemed closer to home. Escorted by U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, and dressed in a one-shouldered black crepe gown with an ermine jacket, she attended a U.N. concert commemorating the 16th anniversary of the adoption of its Declaration of Human Rights.

UPI



JACKIE KENNEDY
Comer out.

• • •

There was only one candle on the cake when U.S. Socialism's perennial Presidential Hopeful **Norman Thomas** celebrated his 80th birthday last week. So he had plenty of breath left to sound off for 2,000 admirers at Manhattan's Hotel Astor. Thomas, who campaigned for the Democrats last fall with the slogan "Most of the way with L.B.J.," blasted the Administration's anti-poverty program ("to talk of victory is nonsense"), called for a cease-fire in South Viet Nam, opened telegrams of congratulations from Hubert Humphrey and Earl Warren. Best received of all was a birthday check for $17,5[illegible] raised by the dwindling Socialist faithful. Thomas said he would divvy up the money among his favorite left-wing causes: "It won't last long, because every organization I'm connected with is going bankrupt."

NORMAN THOMAS
Sounder off.

• • •

Musicomedy Star **Barbra Streisand**, 22, is big for feather boas and frilly satin negligees from the thrift shops. Funny girl. She also has a weakness for $1,200 South American skunk furs, for man-tailored suits that she designs herself, and other Barbrous whatsits that make fashion's top camp followers whinny for joy. As a walking encyclopaedia of *haute* kook, she was nominated for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*'s 1964 *Book of the Year* by Fashion Consultant Eleanor Lambert, who called her the embodiment of "the nonconformist spirit." In Los Angeles, though, a couturier who calls himself Mr. Blackwell ungallantly volunteered that Streisand looks more like "an unsuccessful hitchhiker."

• • •

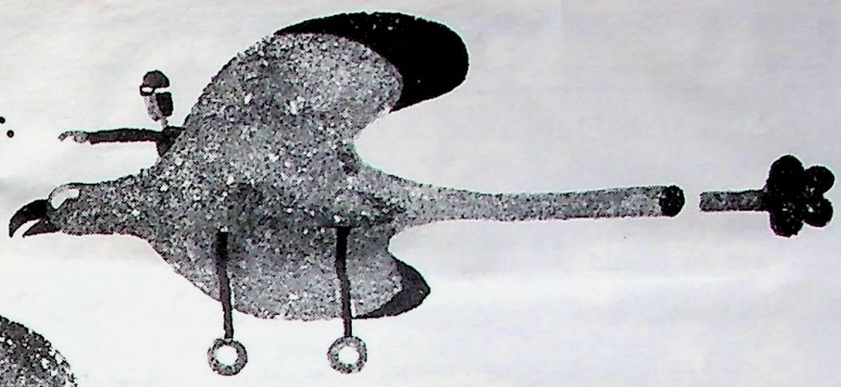
What more to say, but that I dare
wait
Commanding Death's tense wi[illegible]
at the gate.

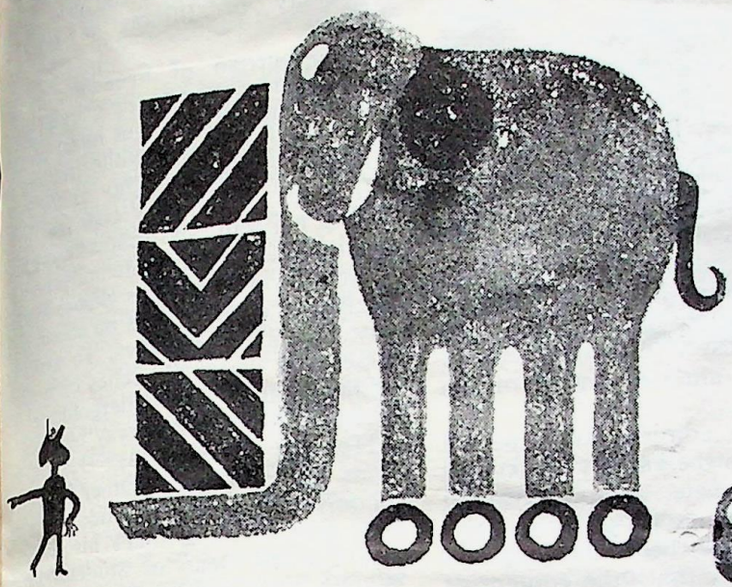
So speaks a character in his latest collection of poems. But Death had better not try to gatecrash Britain's **John Masefield**, who at 86 has plenty more to say and intends to say it. Off to London to accept a $7,000 prize from the National Book League, Britain's poet laureate (official salary: $272 per annum) allowed in a tense shout: "I am still writing, and I hope to write better some day. At 86, some of the colors have been knocked away, and the scene becomes grander. Much more majestic are those fables that are retelling."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

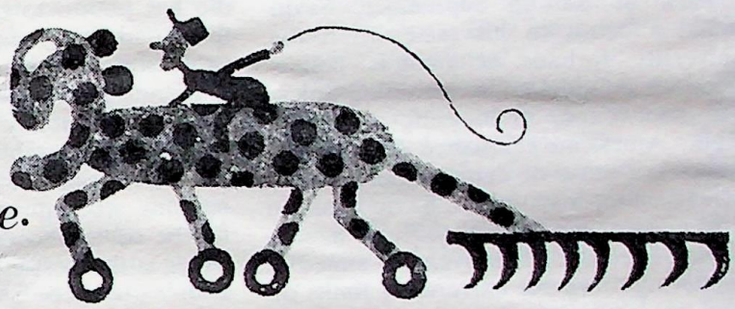
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

We're at home in the air.

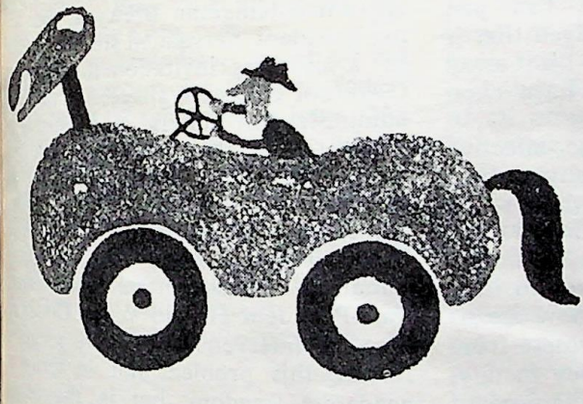




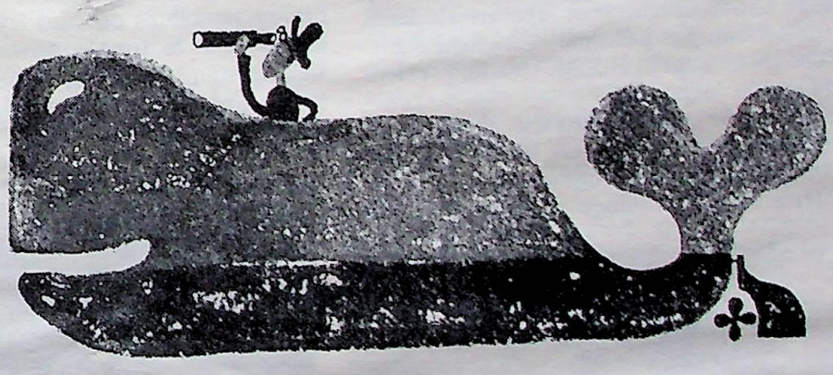
No job's too heavy for us to tackle.



Our movements are always precise.



We get places quickly.



We're big enough to go anywhere.

Yes, the products of Mitsubishi Heavy Industries are as diverse as all that. And A century of manufacturing experience is built in to everything that comes out of our 16 modern plants and factories.

Ships:
Shipbuilding,
Naval Vessels
Ship Repairing

Heavy Machinery:
Prime Movers
Heavy Industrial Machinery
Steel Structures etc.

Machinery:
Industrial Machinery
Construction Machinery & Equipment
Agricultural Machinery
Machine Tools
Rolling Stock

Motor Vehicles:
Passenger Cars
Trucks
Buses

Aircraft

MITSUBISHI HEAVY INDUSTRIES, LTD.
HEAD OFFICE: Marunouchi, Tokyo, Japan

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

STUDENTS

When & Where to Speak

"The students are restless," says University of California President Clark Kerr, and he would beyond a doubt include Mario Savio. Born in New York City, Savio glided through high school at the top of a class of 1,200, spent two years in local colleges shopping for majors, then moved with his Sicilian-immigrant parents to California and entered the university at Berkeley. Soon he was "disenchanted." He "drifted" into the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee ("Snick") and last summer joined a Freedom School in McComb, Miss., to teach Negroes poetry, history, math and genetics—"a good subject to show how black and white people are the same."

Back at Cal in September, Savio found a cause to his taste when the university forbade on-campus collections for political ends, including Snick. He also found, in himself, an almost Latin American eloquence (he used to stutter), a sense of demagoguery, and a neat flair for martyrdom. Savio dropped his classes and began to lead a self-styled Free Speech Movement aimed at battering down the university's limits on out-of-classroom expression. His gifts were nicely matched by the university's habit of vacillating between concessions and crackdowns. By early last week, F.S.M. had won most of the freedom a student can use, including political activity and fund raising. The university authorities held out only for the right to add its own punishment to any that courts might take against students for off-campus political demonstrations. To this, angry F.S.M. leaders cried, "Double jeopardy!"

Grandstand Play. At this stage of the dispute, President Kerr assembled the university in its huge open-air Greek Theater to announce that the administration would stand firm. Most students applauded, but to Savio, Kerr's position was "totally inacceptable," and the university was set up for a perfect grandstand play.

Suddenly Savio appeared from nowhere to grab the microphone. Before 13,000 astonished spectators, a campus policeman then grabbed Savio around the throat while another twisted his arm in a hammer lock. They dragged him away fighting, while a reporter thoughtfully held a microphone to his face. Minutes later, Savio was freed, and when F.S.M. partisans yelled "We want Mario," he naturally had to be allowed to make his speech. It was really no speech at all, just a masterfully brief and low-keyed announcement of an F.S.M. rally.

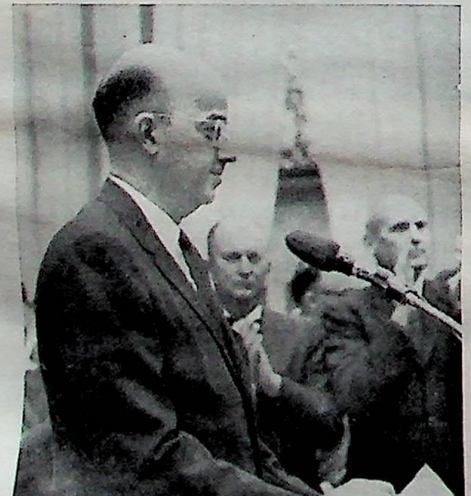
Unnerved, the administration passed the hot potato to the faculty. Next day the Academic Senate, composed of all professors and deans, proposed a capitulation to F.S.M. on the double-jeopardy issue, and a policy that "the content of on-campus speech or advocacy should not be restricted by the university. Off-campus student political activity shall not be subject to university regulation." "This is the best birthday present I ever had," chortled Savio, who had just turned 22, and he acknowledged that if the cops had not dragged him away from the mike, "we would have been dead."

This settlement cannot be effective until approved by the university's board of regents; the only clue to their probable attitude is Chairman Edward Carter's concerned reference to "extraordinary problems created by recent incidents." But to turn it down now means risking more than further protest from Savio and F.S.M.: the Berkeley faculty, which voted 824 to 115 for its proposed solution, cannot lightly be overridden. Moreover, the proposal is not out of line with practice at other U.S. universities which have come a long way toward greater freedom of expression since the day in 1952 when Senator Robert Taft had to stand outside the gates at the University of Illinois to speak to students.

A Spectrum of Freedom. By and large, restrictions are the mark of church-affiliated colleges intent on serving *in loco parentis*, while freedom for students, defined roughly as the rights and curbs of ordinary civil law, is the goal at big, old, and scholastically high-ranking state and private universities.

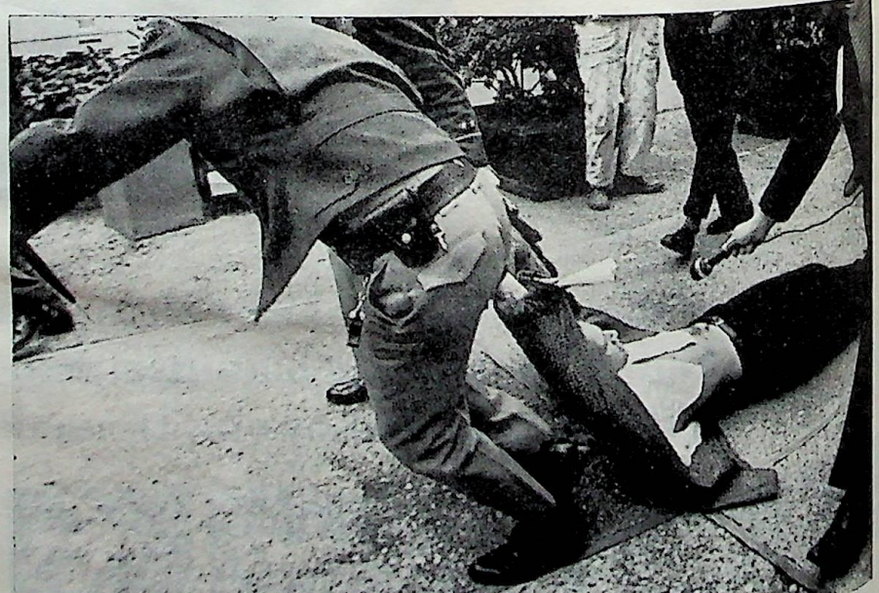
At Harvard, students choose speakers freely and collect funds on school property for political causes. To avoid excesses, the university relies on a strong tradition that an undergraduate will "conduct himself in a way becoming to a Harvard student," says Dean of Students Robert Watson. Other Ivy League schools have similar attitudes. "If a student gets arrested, that's his problem," says Cornell Dean of Students Steven W. Davis. Columbia's President Grayson Kirk has the right of veto over campus speakers but never uses it; last year students there chartered a Sexual Freedom Forum.

Yale was deeply embarrassed a year ago when Kingman Brewster, then acting president, persuaded students to cancel a speaking invitation to Alabama Governor George Wallace; and now "the administration suffers in agonizing silence rather than tamper with free speech and action," says Yale Daily News Chairman Alexander Sharp. When Princeton undergraduates invited Alger Hiss to the campus in 1956, prompting hundreds of irate letters from alumni, then-President Harold Willis Dodds refused to intervene. "We have sought to resolve this problem not in terms of academic freedom, but in the deeper



KERR

N. R. FARBMAN



POLICE DRAGGING OFF SAVIO

Demagoguery, martyrdom and embarrassment.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

terms of human freedom," he said. "To learn the personal significance of fire, the child must burn himself."

Occasionally a tolerant school will use persuasion to prevent a scorching. During the Cuban missile crisis two years ago, Brandeis University urged students to behave with "good taste" and cancel an invitation to Communist Party Chairman Gus Hall.

Lifting the Lid. Big state universities, under the eyes of legislatures, are often a bit more cautious. The University of Colorado this fall at first prevented a student group from selling the fiercely anti-Lyndon Johnson *A Texan Looks at L.B.J.*, then granted permission after thinking it over. Indiana University refused to discipline three members of the Young Socialist Alliance whose indictments under the state antisubversive law for campus speechmaking, quashed by lower courts, have been appealed by the state to the Indiana Supreme Court. Wayne State lifted a ban against Communist speakers on campus, then refused to answer questions put by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The same pair addressed 300 students at the University of Michigan without incident. "The tighter you put the lid on," says John Gustad, provost of New College, Fla., "the bigger the explosion is likely to be."

Berkeley students have blown off the lid. It now remains for them to follow the traditions of schools that have long allowed a wide range of undergraduate freedom. Mainly, such traditions consist of written and unwritten curbs that preserve the good name of the university, fix orderly procedures (booking halls for speakers, for example), and most important, do not obstruct the basic purpose of the university—providing an education.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

High Cost of Stinginess

Jacksonville, commercial center of Florida's Duval County, wears all the badges of a prosperous city in a space-age state: bustling expressways, glass-skinned office towers, a rebuilt waterfront. But Duval's high schools are so poor that teachers raise money for supplies by sending students out to sell candy and chewing gum. Low salaries keep the schools short of teachers and shabbily maintained. Textbooks are old; one history hesitantly predicts that man might some day orbit the earth. But stingy spending on schools finally proved to be a costly policy. The Southern Association of Colleges and Schools has disaccredited all 15 of the high schools in Duval County—the first time that the association ever whacked off a whole system.

As in most U.S. cities, Duval school budgets are determined by real-estate taxes. But two-thirds of the county's householders duck out of taxes by virtue of low appraisals of the market value of their properties. When these appraisals are figured at the official assessment rate of 42%, they mostly fall below $5,000, which is then forgiven under Florida's ancient "homestead exemption." Every attempt by worried parents to elect an assessor who would raise appraisals has met defeat. Turning from the polls to the courtroom, a band of determined Jacksonville citizens this week begins testifying in a suit that seeks to force the assessment of all property at fully 100% of market value.

Disaccreditation by the Southern Association put the county's 116,000 high-school students in a jam. Though they can still enter Florida's state-run universities freely, private and out-of-state colleges often require that the applicant be a graduate of an accredited high school. Duval County also worried about its economy: new business nowadays can hardly be attracted to areas with schools authoritatively pronounced to be bad.

SY FRIEDMAN

MacLAINE, HOURIS & NOTRE DAME MEN IN "JOHN GOLDFARB"

Wined, dined and wiggled at.

UNIVERSITIES

The Importance of an Image

Like a venerable bank or a vintage Bordeaux, a great university must be ever watchful of its reputation, and the University of Notre Dame is more watchful than most. Once the school's fame lay in its fightin'-Irish football cult; then the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh became president, and the school got academic quality too. This year a great new coach, Ara Parseghian, offered hope of a fine Olympic balance.

Now, says Hesburgh, the hard-won image is endangered by a $4,000,000 Hollywood farce called *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home*, in which Shirley MacLaine and a platoon of harem houris corrupt the Notre Dame football team. Last week in Manhattan, Notre Dame charged foul play, filed an injunction in New York State Supreme Court to block 20th Century-Fox from showing the movie.

Claiming misappropriation and exploitation of its name and insignia, the suit protested that Notre Dame would suffer "irreparable and immeasurable injury" if *Goldfarb* were shown, but the school did not ask for damages. "The University of Notre Dame is not for sale for such uses," said the petition. What particularly annoyed Hesburgh was the way-out plot that depicts Notre Dame players "as undisciplined gluttons and drunks."

The film is about a U-2 pilot who bungles a CIA mission over the U.S.S.R. and bails out in the kingdom ruled by Fawz (Peter Ustinov), a peeved potentate whose son failed to make the Notre Dame varsity. Shirley MacLaine just happens to be at hand as a reporter getting a picture-magazine scoop inside the seraglio. The vengeful Fawz fields a football team of his own and blackmails Goldfarb into coaching it. An eager U.S. State Department sends the Irish to the Middle East, where they are wined, dined, wiggled at, and ultimately defeated (34-29) by the burnoosed bandits of Fawz U.

Fox officials rushed to the defense, calling the film "a zany fantasy, a free-swinging satire." Doubleday & Co., one of two publishers also named in the suit, added informatively that the original book, heretofore ignored by the university, "couldn't be funnier." Everyone waited to see who would have the last laugh, but preview audiences in Hollywood and Manhattan were already spreading the word that *John Goldfarb* had handily out-Foxed itself long before the roar from South Bend. It is not simply a bad movie; it is a truly breathtaking display of tastelessness, ineptitude and wretched humor. [illegible] long written and performed [illegible] sueder. Only with a break like getting sued did *Goldfarb* appear to stand much chance at the box office.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, H[illegible]

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

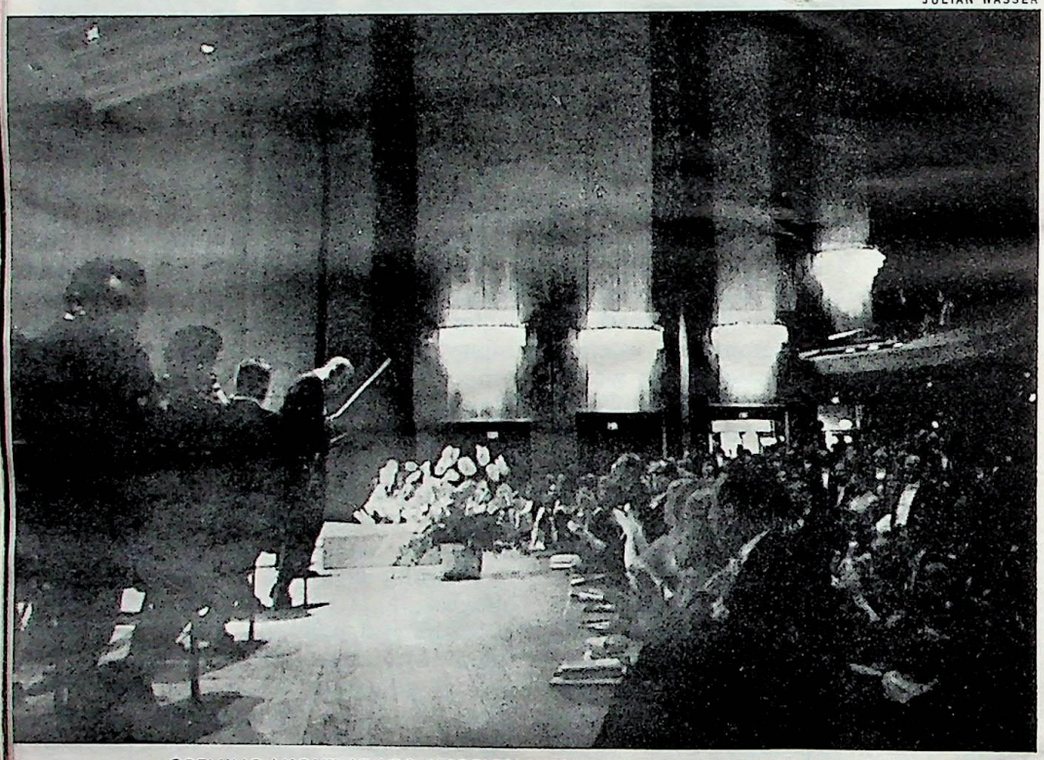
THE CITY

Brightness in the Air

(See Cover)

In a dazzle of diamonds and décolletage, with cinema stars, celebrities and just plain millionaires plentifully on hand, the growing edge of the U.S. population explosion—Los Angeles—welcomed the growing edge of another U.S. explosion—culture. The Pavilion, first and most important building in Los Angeles' new Music Center for the Performing Arts, was open at last, and the crowd that swarmed through Architect Welton Becket's tapered white columns on opening night last week was justifiably moved to civic pride.

JULIAN WASSER



OPENING NIGHT AT LOS ANGELES' MUSIC CENTER: HEIFETZ TAKES A BOW

For a unique city, a new visual axis.

The Grand Hall, with its honey-colored onyx walls, its massive chandeliers, and its two graceful balconies, was a masterful combination of warmth and tasteful luxury. Concertgoers mounted an elegant, cantilevered marble staircase that crossed a pool filled with white azaleas set in the lobby's floor, saw themselves multiplied into infinity in tall wall-size mirrors. Inside, in contrast to the sharp-edged angularities and cool-toned décor of Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall at Lincoln Center, the Pavilion was all curves and warm shades of gold, coral and beige. The unusual dimensions of the auditorium—wider and shorter than most—gave a sense of intimacy seldom felt in a major concert hall; 90% of the seats were within 105 ft. of the stage, and each had clear sight lines.

And there was delight for the ear as well as the eye; from the first bright sounds of Richard Strauss's *Fanfare,* it was clear that the Pavilion was a superb musical instrument. The Los Angeles Philharmonic's brilliant young (28) Indian conductor, Zubin Mehta, showed the acoustics off with one of Respighi's chiaroscuro set pieces called *Feste Romane,* whose chief virtue is that it includes the most delicate pianissimos as well as the most plangent brass. The sweeping gold acoustical canopy carried the sound, clear and unblurred, to the furthest seat. And when Violinist Jascha Heifetz joined the orchestra in Beethoven's *Concerto in D Major,* every member of the audience could feel himself the epicenter of the soaring sound. Some purists felt the timbre of the auditorium to be more on the brilliant or hi-fi side, in contrast to the mellow tones of Europe's more ancient structures. But at intermission time, Cellist Gregor Piatigorsky turned to Jack Benny, sitting just beside him, and said, "Aren't the acoustics wonderful?"

Freighted Occasion. For everyone there—California's Governor Edmund G. Brown, Los Angeles' Mayor Samuel W. Yorty, Cardinal McIntyre, the handsome women and active men sitting in the Founders Circle reserved for donors of $25,000 or more—this was much more than a gala evening. The Music Center is in the heart of Los Angeles, at the center of the cloverleafs that have long been mockingly called the center of the city; thus it is both highly accessible and highly visible, giving Los Angeles a new visual axis, with the building handsomely anchoring the new mall that leads to City Hall. Moreover, the center is recognized as a milestone in the city's cultural aspirations. Immediately after the opening number, Conductor Mehta turned to the audience and with some Indian ambiguity addressed himself to the occasion.

"This is the most unique city in the 20th century," he said. "I do not know it is too late now, in mid-century, to begin a new cultural life. This evening we are going to usher in a new era." When he turned to the star of the evening, he said: "I would like you all to join me in paying homage to the one person who is most of all responsible for the creation of this edifice. Unlike the princes of Florence and the Pharaohs of Egypt, she is a dignified, simple lady."

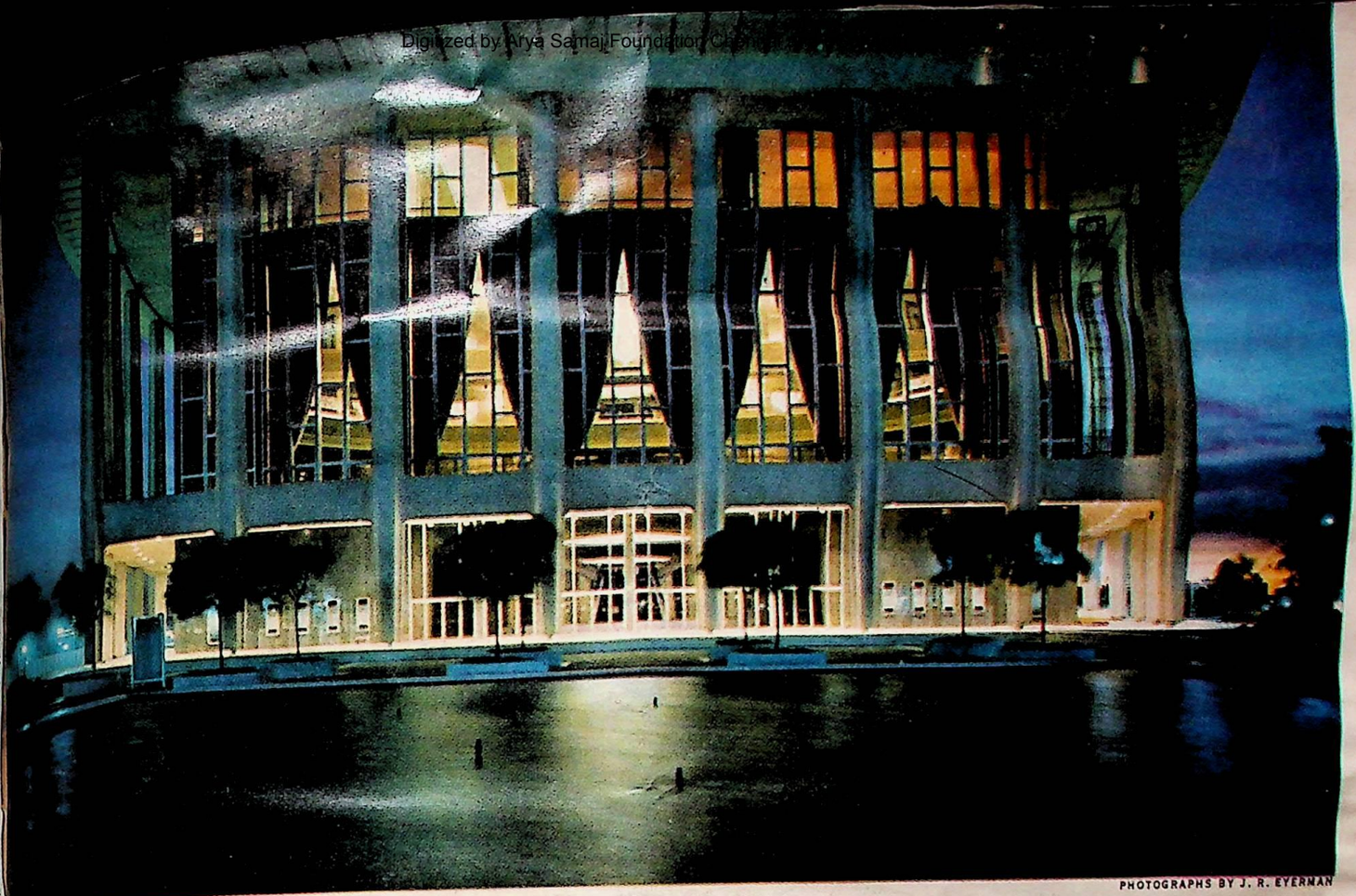
Dorothy Buffum Chandler sat shyly in her seat, in what has already been nicknamed "The Hook" section of the Founders Circle, while the applause rose around her. Only after four minutes, when her son Otis tugged her to her feet, did she rise and grin happily at the applauding audience. Her husband is Norman Chandler, whose Times Mirror Co. owns the Los Angeles Times, among other things. But the ovation was only her personal due. For "Buff" Chandler had conceived the idea for the Music Center, almost singlehandedly raised a staggering $18.5 million to build it, and organized a company to float another $13.7 million in bonds to finish the job. It was perhaps the most impressive display of virtuoso money-raising and civic citizenship in the history of U.S. womanhood.

But Buff Chandler, though she enjoys plaudits as much as the next, is still well aware that she is only providing the means to a more important end. At the champagne supper afterward there was toasting and talk about her money-raising prowess, about the opulent beauty of the Pavilion, about Los Angeles as a new center of culture that has passed Chicago and is getting ready to challenge New York. But it was Buff Chandler herself who went to the heart of the matter. "What is important here tonight," she said, "is not the fund raising or the building that we are in. The only really important thing here tonight is the music we heard performed. That will go on forever."

Steady Surge. Buff's Music Center is only the most visible symbol of the steady upsurge of interest in matters cultural in a city that has felt itself too long dismissed as an uncouth poor relation of San Francisco. Last season there were more than 500 performances of chamber music in the Los Angeles area, or some 20 a week. A typical weekend calendar this season lists 64 stage productions, 36 music performances, and 97 art shows. U.C.L.A. has launched an enormously successful extension program, which last year drew more than 300,000 Angelenos to the campus at night to attend lectures, dance recitals, concerts, plays and art films. The number of art galleries has doubled in the past ten years, and Los

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

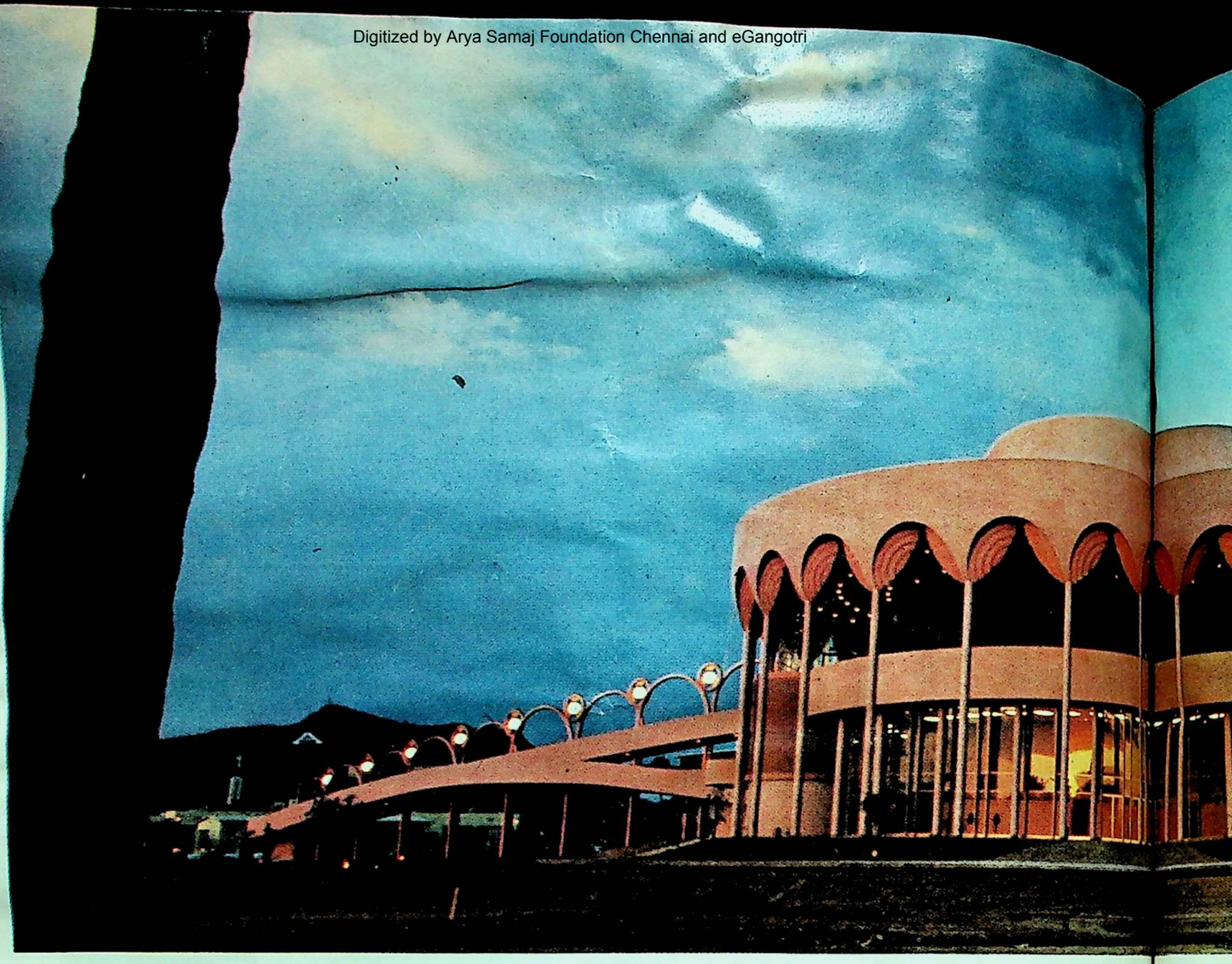


PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. R. EYERMAN

LOS ANGELES MUSIC PAVILION, which opened this week, is first completed building in what will become the city's $33.9 million center for the performing arts.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY ART MUSEUM, due to open April 1, consists of three loggia-connected buildings. Architect William Pereira designed $11 million complex.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

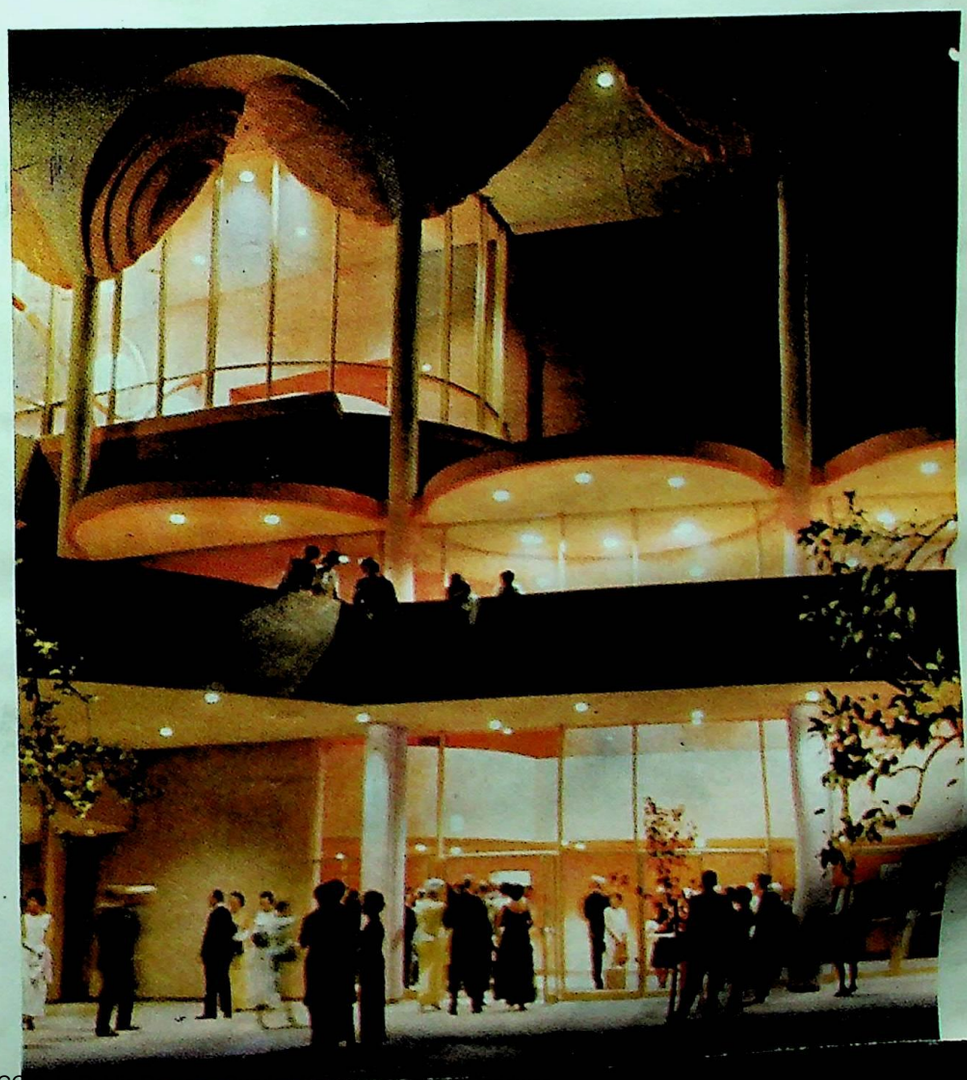


PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. R. [illegible]

AN ARA
ently insp
Lloyd Wr
and Arizo
President
the site fo
campus at
hall enve
goers in
auditorium
wide-spac
ken by ais
pacity for
ance by E
Philadelp

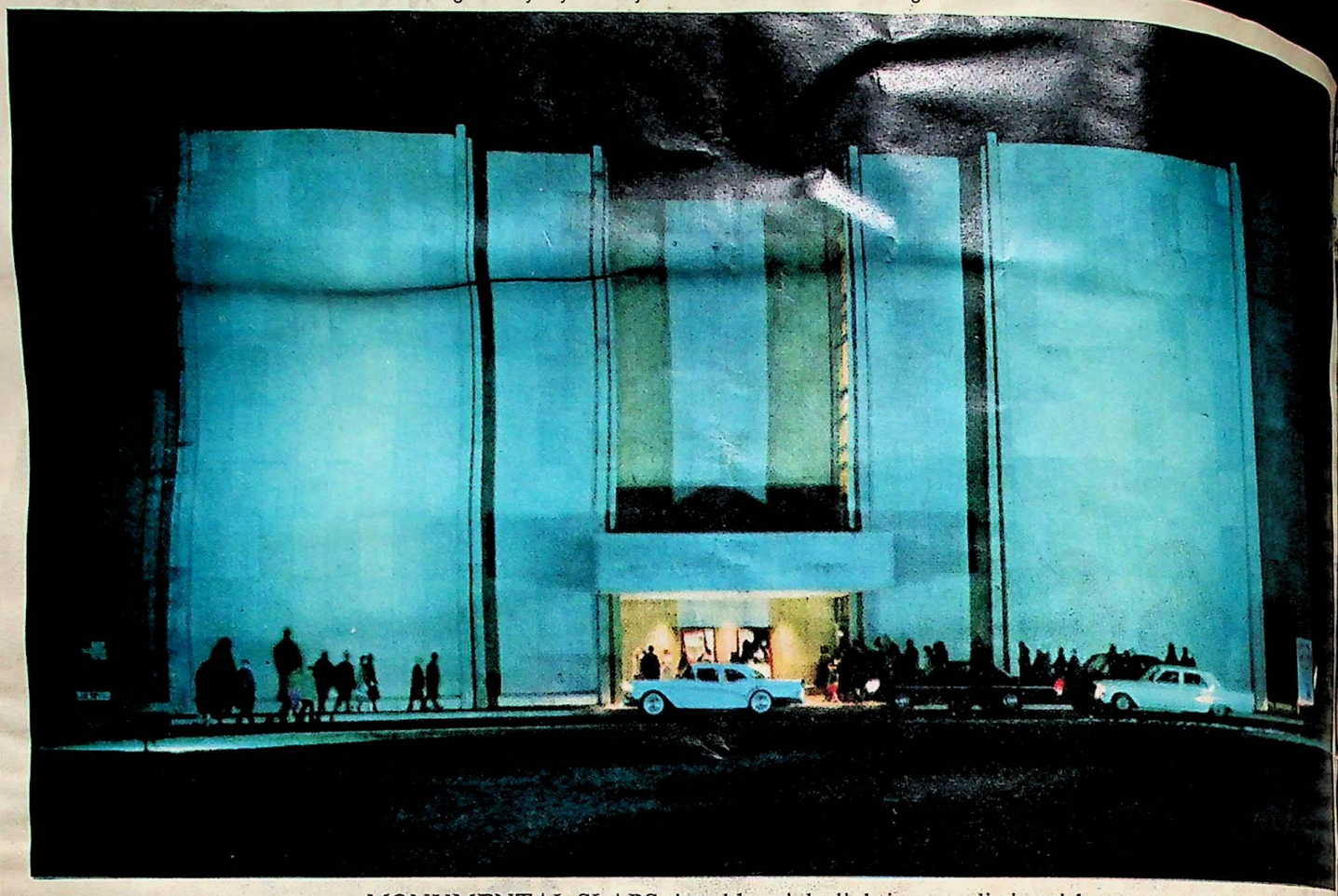
CC-0. In Public [illegible] Gangotri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



AN ARAB CAROUSEL apparently inspired Architect Frank Lloyd Wright in 1957 when he and Arizona State University's late President Grady Gammage picked the site for an auditorium for the campus at Tempe. The $2,800,000 hall envelops arriving concertgoers in overlapping circles; the auditorium seats 3,000 in long, wide-spaced arcs of seats unbroken by aisles, and was filled to capacity for the inaugural performance by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, at left.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



MONUMENTAL SLABS tinted by night lighting are distinguishing feature of Clowes Memorial in Indianapolis. Designed by Architect John Johansen for Butler University, it is city's main culture center and home of Indianapolis Symphony, seen below.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE CSERNA

Public Domain. In Collection

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

geles' La Cienega Boulevard has be-
me an art market second only to
New York's 57th Street.

Buff's success has also inspired other
uilding projects, the biggest of which
the new Los Angeles County Art
seum on Wilshire Boulevard. De-
gned by William Pereira, it is all but
mpleted. Costing $20 million in all,
$11 million in private money was
sed by Edward William Carter, 53,
sident of the Broadway-Hale chain
department stores, director of a doz-
companies and organizations, and
airman of the University of Califor-
's board of regents (*see* EDUCATION).
The museum's main pavilion will
use the permanent collection in gal-
ies surrounding a large, four-story
rium. A second building will house
e changing exhibitions, those on tour
s well as those originated by the mu-
eum. The third part of the complex is
n auditorium seating more than 600
r lectures, films, concerts and tele-
ised programs. In the past, several
ajor collections (notably the Avery
undage and the Arensberg collec-
ns) have been given to other mu-
ums in other cities because the donors
t that their paintings could not have
uitable display space in Los Angeles.
w such space is at hand, and already
e Art Museum's board of trustees
s voted a $5,000,000 fund-raising pro-
m for new acquisitions.

"Los Angeles," says Carter, "was
quely ready to spend money on cul-
e. It is a center of artistic and mu-
al activity, and spending money for
ir development is a prideful act. Be-
es, it tends to offset the image that
e place is populated largely by kooks."

Staggering Statistics. But Los Ange-
is only the latest example of what
become a major new trend in U.S.
—listening and looking and reading
doing the things upper-cased as
. The statistics of the change are
ggering.

MUSIC is in the air to the extent that
e number of amateurs playing instru-
nts rose from 19 million in 1950 to
million this year. In the same period,
e number of symphony orchestras
ew from about 800 to 1,300, playing
an audience of some 10 million.
om 1947 to 1964, the number of
ldren studying music at home or in
hool jumped from 2.5 million to 12
illion—an increase of 380%. Last
ar the U.S. public bought 18 million
assical records.

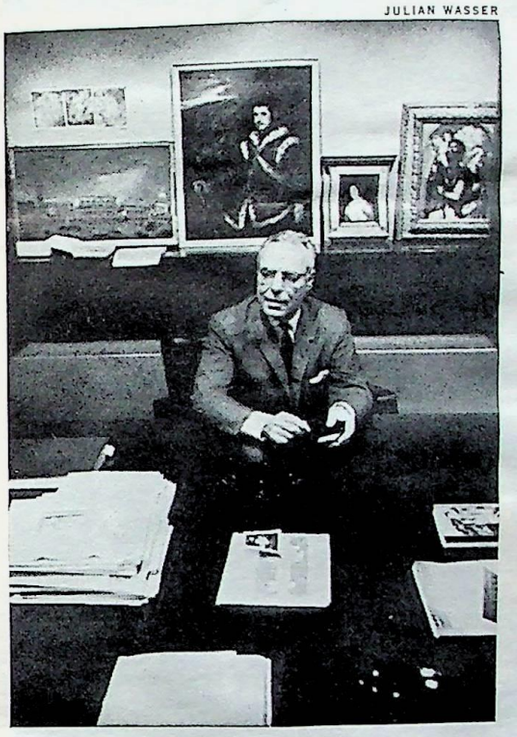
ART galleries are springing up all
er the place. In Phoenix, Ariz., for
stance, there were two in 1950, and
ere are about 18 today. In Manhat-
n, there were 96 art exhibitions in De-
mber 1950 and 236 exhibits in De-
mber 1964. On a recent weekend, the
etropolitan Museum clocked 96,971
sitors, the Museum of Modern Art
1,708, and the Guggenheim 13,701.

BOOKS are now selling at the rate of
$7 billion a year. A 1963 survey by
the National Book Committee estimated that book sales and library circulation have increased three times faster than the population during the previous five years.

• THEATER is no longer limited to Broadway and the road; there are currently 35 playhouses off-Broadway, and there are top-quality repertory companies, such as the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis, the Arena Stage in Washington, and their counterparts in Seattle, Houston, Milwaukee and San Francisco. The stage is not simply a spectator sport; there are reportedly some 5,000 nonprofessional theater groups in the U.S., not counting those in colleges.

• BALLET has become a major U.S. art form. There are 18 professional and

JULIAN WASSER



EDWARD CARTER
The proud were ready.

200 semiprofessional ballet companies in the country, two of which—Balanchine's New York City Ballet and the American Ballet Theater—are rated among the best in the world. Their chief international competition—Russia's Kirov and Bolshoi, Denmark's Royal Danish and Britain's Royal Ballet—consistently play to sellout audiences during their extensive U.S. tours.

• MOVIES no longer mean Hollywood, period, to the man in the street. About 15 years ago, there was no more than a handful of theaters outside New York City specializing in what the trade calls art films—foreign movies, oldtime classics, experimental shorts. The "art circuit" today consists of more than 700 theaters.

Furniture Factory Concerto. Whence comes this sudden surge of national enthusiasm? More education is one answer. Before World War I, 20% of the 14- to 17-year-olds in the U.S. attended high school; in 1964 this has increased to 93.5%, of which 53% go on to college. Enrollment in U.S. colleges increased 102% between 1954 and 1964.

Prosperity is a major factor—and the leisure that prosperity has brought on a scale unknown to any other culture in the history of mankind. And once the trend began, it has been augmented by feedback from all the institutions that serve society. The universities have been reaching out more and more into the communities around them, staging lectures, recitals, plays and debates to which the public is invited. The foundations are handing out more and more money for cultural causes—an estimated $50 million this year. In 1964, for instance, the Rockefeller Foundation made grants to seven symphony orchestras to enable them to extend their seasons one or two weeks, and the Ford Foundation made grants to professional ballet companies from Salt Lake City to Boston.

U.S. business has turned patron in a big way, partly out of tax leniencies, partly out of a new sense of community responsibility. Last year U.S. business supported culture to the tune of $25 million and is expected to spend 10% more in 1964. Chase Manhattan Bank has a $500,000 collection of modern art and gives some $350,000 a year to educational and cultural projects. The Basic-Witz Furniture Co. of Waynesboro, Va., commissioned a concerto by Robert Evett for its 75th anniversary, and General Motors recently sent its employees 600,000 copies of two booklets: *French Impressionism* and *Masterpieces from the Louvre.*

Gown & Town. All this activity needs its housing, and it is getting it. Pity the U.S. architect without an art museum, a symphony hall, an auditorium or a theater on his drawing board—or better yet, the newest thing: a culture center. Many of them have been built by universities to serve both the student body and the civic community. Among the newest and most distinguished are those shown in the preceding color pages:

▶ Monticello College's $2,000,000 Hatheway Hall in Godfrey, Ill., combines physical culture with the other kind: a swimming pool and a gymnasium flank the 1,000-seat auditorium. Finished in October 1963, the "theatron," as it is called because of its steeply banked seats arranged Roman-style around the central arena, is used for lectures and student activities of this small junior college for women, as well as for performances and civic affairs of the community.

▶ The University of Illinois' spectacular $8,350,000 Assembly Hall was financed by two bond issues, the interest on the bonds being paid out of student fees. Opened about a year and a half ago, the mushroom-shaped concrete structure has a capacity of 16,000 permanent seats. The university also plans a $14 million Max Abramowitz-designed

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

center for performing arts with four diversified auditoriums for music, ballet and experimental theater.

▶ The Grady Gammage Auditorium on the campus of Arizona State University at Tempe is a tribute to the determination of the university's late president Grady Gammage that Arizona should have at least one public building by the late great Frank Lloyd Wright, who made the state his second home. The auditorium is combined with a four-story music school, which contains a workshop, classrooms, the departmental library, a laboratory for musical education, rehearsal rooms, recording rooms and offices.

▶ Butler University's $3.7 million Clowes Memorial Hall, completed last year, is used by the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, as well as the university and the community. Its fine backstage facilities, adjustable-size stage and superb acoustics have made Indianapolis one of the prime stopovers for shows on the road, whereas there used to be a saying that "the two worst weeks in the year were Christmas and Indianapolis."

JULIAN WASSER

CONDUCTOR MEHTA, BUFF, ARCHITECTS BECKET & PEREIRA
With fading memories of an uncouth poor relation.

In a Water Tank. Aside from the academic contribution to the explosion of U.S. interest in the arts, almost no town is too big or too small to be engaged in a new cultural enterprise of some kind. Rocky Mount, N.C., for instance, has converted a round railroad water tank and pumping station into a culture center, with an art gallery on one floor, a theater in another, and classrooms on the third. Honolulu has two brand-new theater-concert halls. Saratoga Springs, N.Y., is building a $3,000,000 open-sided auditorium to make itself the summer home of the New York City Ballet and the Philadelphia Orchestra. In 1965 Trenton, N.J., will have finished a state-financed $6,500,000, four-building culture center that includes a planetarium, as well as a library, a museum and an auditorium. St. Paul has just opened a $3,000,000 Arts and Science Center. Milwaukee is more than two-thirds of the way toward its $6,000,000 goal to finance a center for the performing arts. And in Washington this month, President Lyndon Johnson broke ground for the $46.4 million John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, designed by Architect Edward D. Stone.

Most of the centers are largely paid for by private funds. The financing of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, biggest and most expensive of them all, was bellwethered by John D. Rockefeller III, who may be lukewarm about the arts but believes in enhancing his city. His own contributions have not been made public, but the Rockefeller Foundation gave more than $50 million, and the Campaign Committee is only $10 million short of its $160.7 million goal.

Los Angeles has no Rockefellers or their old-rich counterparts, who feel that contributions to their city's culture are a matter of conscience rather than enthusiasm. But it does have a sense of community pride that New York might envy. And it has Buff Chandler.

Driver Driven. Other driving women in other cities and other times have organized civic enterprises, helped their husbands in business, become the local doyennes of culture. But at 63, Dorothy Buffum Chandler does not quite fit the stereotype. Her blue eyes can still turn suddenly shy, and on occasion she can seem at a loss for words. In achieving her formidable goals, she is less driving than driven—by a restless conscience and a sense of time slipping away while things that need doing are still undone. So driven, she has been too b... consider what the effect may ... the bystander.

To the outsider, she sometimes ... dictatorial. By her lights, she is ... trying to get something done. "... like that makes me cry," says Buff, ... unlike most women of consequence ... disarmingly frank both about ... and the resentment she sometim... arouses. "Inside of me I am very ... and warm, but the position in ... I've been placed, the responsibilities ... have, make it necessary for me to ... very strong and very firm. Often ... had to be the catalyst simply because ... nobody else would make a decision. ... So in my way I've had to be ... more firm and forceful in my approach ... ance and speech than I really would ... like to have been. I know that, and ... not the ideal of the person I set ... to be."

Five-Ply Personality. Buff Chan... does so many jobs that it is hard to ... just what she set out to be. She ... every day with a before-breakfast ... with husband Norman in the ... pool behind their house in the Hanc... Park area of northwestern Los Ang... Then any of several things can hap... She may turn up at her office at the ... Angeles Times (she is a company ... president) or attend a meeting of ... University of California's board of ... gents (she is chairman of the buil... and grounds committee, which ha... yearly budget running into tens of ... lions of dollars among the univers... seven campuses). This may be follo... by an editorial conference on the ... tent of the women's section of ... Times, followed by a dinner for 2... home. Next day there may be a gr... motherly get-together with her two ... dren and eight grandchildren.

Every one of these segments of ... time gets her intense attention. "I d... jump back and forth among unrel... activities," she explains. "If I ... clothes, I set my time and I go out ... put my mind only on shopping ... clothes. If it's time to fix up the ho... I don't just run in and out and try ... sandwich that in—I'll spend a day, ... whatever time is needed, and I w... take phone calls unless they're very ... gent. I'm extremely organized."

So organized, in fact, that the ef... is not always endearing—as she ... knows. "When Buff Chandler walks ... a meeting, the rest of us might as ... go home," says another L.A. comm... lady. One of her best friends, who ... worked with her on the Music Cen... correctly forecast early in the camp... that nobody else would raise ... money but Buff. "First," she said, "... got all the weapons—the Times, ... Chandler name, the real power. S... ond, she's just so competitive that ... couldn't bear the thought of not ... ning the victory all by herself."

Buff admits to the competitive... "I'm most comfortable when ... around men," she says. "Most ...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BUFF IN COLLEGE CHORUS LINE (SECOND FROM LEFT)
So much to do.

just don't seem to be competitive

From Sprint to Shimmy. Dorothy ough." Buffum first learned the joys of compe- uffum in high school at Long Beach, tion. Her father had moved to Cali- self, nia from Lafayette, Ill., when she about a year old, opened a general e and built it into a chain of de- ment stores. Eventually he became er, and Buff became a fine sprinter. didn't take to boys much except to against them and beat them," ad- Buff. She had an anxious sense that e was not enough time. "I'd wake frequently with a feeling that there so much for me to do, but would I have time to get it done?"

The anxiety momentarily quieted en she got to Stanford and discov- d boys ("I don't think I ever missed dance on campus"). In no time, she s voted the campus queen. And when orothy Buffum put on a slinky dress d danced the shimmy—"Well, I real- did it up! I think I was probably the est on campus—or the worst, if you nt to look at it that way."

Fellow Student. Norman Chandler, on of the family that owned the Los geles Times, left college after Christ- s in his senior year so that he could started working on the paper and ry Dorothy. She quit at the end of junior year without a qualm.

Not for Me. They had been mar- ten years and had two children, milla, 7, and Otis, 5, when Buff, as had come to be called, became so ssed by what seemed to be the tinued reluctance of the Chandler ily to accept her that she took up dence for six months in a private chiatric clinic in Pasadena run by Josephine Jackson, coming home a visit about once a week. The ther- was an unqualified success. Says "I had begun to doubt myself, to that there was something wrong me. Dr. Jackson helped me to see Norman's family was not going to nge or destroy me, nor was I going change or destroy them."

With her new confidence, Buff found new restlessness. Her children were re and more away at school. "I was interested in the social life of Pasa- na or in joining the bridge-playing. I ew it was not for me. I was still that girl, believing when I woke up ch day that life was running too fast."

Unexpected Volunteer. So Buff went work for Children's Hospital of s Angeles. The hospital management ought they were getting another half- rted volunteer, but they didn't know ff. She zeroed in on personnel prob- ms. "It seemed to me everybody was derpaid." Before the management new what had hit them, Buff confront- them with proposals for more days longer vacations, higher wages. Then war came, and Norman was lled by the Government to other jobs. e asked Buff to take over some areas of the Times, and she moved into the Times building, setting up a tiny, 1½-room apartment on the top floor. Typically, Buff enrolled in a one-year journalism course at the University of Southern California, held beer bull-sessions for the newspaper staff every night, and reorganized the women's page from a narrow provincial society report to a far-ranging survey of all the arts from decoration to ballet.

Zeal & Budgets. Buff Chandler's public career really began, though, when Actor Jean Hersholt, president of the Hollywood Bowl, was impressed by her zeal on the board of the Southern California Symphony Association and persuaded her to join the board of the debt-ridden Bowl.

Buff was all for culture, but she also had an executive's eye for the balance sheet. Her first vote as a board member was to close the Bowl down. The Bowl closed. But typically, Buff had something more in mind. She enlisted the help of Conductor Alfred Wallenstein and devised a scheme to persuade headline musicians to play with the symphony in the Bowl without fees. In two weeks there were enough pledges to make up a whole season. The Bowl reopened and wound up with a tiny profit.

WITH NORMAN IN 1920
So little competition.

The Bowl was saved, but this still left the Los Angeles symphony without a hall of its own. Early in 1955, Buff called up her friend Grace Ford Salvatori, wife of an industrialist and well known for her entertaining, and suggested that they put on a benefit party to house the symphony.

They landed Composer Johnny (*Body and Soul*) Green as master of ceremonies. Jack Benny, Danny Kaye and Dinah Shore were persuaded to contribute their talents, Christian Dior himself put on a fashion show, and the Ambassador Hotel provided free space. Buff and Grace sweet-talked a Cadillac Eldorado out of General Motors to raffle off, and the evening—still remembered as the Eldorado Party—netted a munificent $400,000.

Sudden Chance. For three years the money sat in a bank while Buff busied herself elsewhere. Then one free day, on a sudden impulse Buff drove 50 miles south of Los Angeles to call on Myford Irvine, an eccentric millionaire she hardly knew whose family owned the famed 93,000-acre Irvine Ranch, now being turned into the world's largest private development, master-planned by William Pereira (TIME, Sept. 6, 1963). Her timing turned out to have been just right: Irvine killed himself within a month—but not before he had pledged Buff $100,000.

She scooped up another $100,000 from a foundation, was promoted to president of the Symphony Association, and persuaded the county board of supervisors to set aside 7½ acres in Los Angeles' projected civic center for a hall to house her orchestra. The county board not only agreed but chose top Los Angeles Architect Welton Becket for the job and undertook to pay his fee.

Battle of the Bar. Buff set herself a goal of $4,000,000, installed a fund-raising staff in what had been the swimming-pool changing rooms behind the Chandler mansion, and began a determined

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

AT HOME WITH SON, DAUGHTER & GRANDCHILDREN
Another needed for Nassau County.

assault on every rich Californian she knew. A year later, she called a luncheon meeting of her big-money committee at Perino's Restaurant, prepared to go before them just $250,000 short of her $4,000,000 goal. But on the way in, she spied her old friend, Oilman Edwin Pauley, led him into the bar, and appealed to his patriotism, chauvinism, civic pride, social duty, and the obligation to help out an old friend. Pauley surrendered. Buff was starting out of the bar with his pledge of $125,000 when she spotted another oilman, Samuel Mosher, chairman of the Signal Oil & Gas Co. A few minutes later, she announced triumphantly at the luncheon that the $4,000,000 goal had been reached.

"Once you have the momentum and the excitement going for you, you must keep going or it fades very quickly," says Buff Chandler, who should know. She herself kept plenty of excitement going by constantly enlarging the plans to house the symphony. From a single building, it has become three: the 3,250-seat Pavilion, the drumlike 750-seat Mark Taper Forum for theater-in-the-round, and the 2,100-seat Center Theater. The complex includes two restaurants, private dining rooms, rehearsal halls, studios, set-designing facilities, and underground parking space for 2,000 cars. This meant that she had to raise her own goal to $18.5 million.

But as Buff Chandler is well aware, it's what goes into the building that counts. The Philharmonic's Music Director Mehta is a case in point. When he turned up in Los Angeles as a guest artist, he was such an instant success that Buff and other symphony directors invited him back for another guest appearance—at which Conductor Georg Solti, who had been in Europe at the time and was not consulted, resigned. Buff appointed a committee of top musical figures—among them Cellist Piatigorsky and Violinist Heifetz—which came up with a list of some 20 possible candidates. "I'm a great one for getting all the expert opinion I can," says Buff. "Then, after everybody has registered his view, somebody has got to say 'That's it—let's go.' This is my job." So Mehta it was. In Zubin Mehta's case, it was a job well done. He has made the orchestra one of the best in the country, and his programming last year—mostly modern works—was considered masterly.

Intensely Personal. When Buff is not saying "Let's go," she is getting other people to say it. Well does she know the uses of group appeal: she organized a "Blue Ribbon Committee" of 500 society matrons and housewives to bring in 1,000 people who would contribute $1,000 each (it took them five months, but they made it). "Women work very hard," says Buff, "when you give them a specific goal and a time limit." She has also been successful with a mass pitch, distributing shopping bags called "Buck Bags" to raise $500,000 in contributions, to be matched by another $500,000 by an anonymous donor. Norman and Buff Chandler have not publicized their own contributions to the Music Center, but it is believed that they have given at least $300,000.

Buff can also swing a benefit. To Hollywood stars and moneymen, it seemed presumptuous to ask $250 a ticket just to go to the movies, but they paid it for Buff's benefit première of *Cleopatra*. "No," said Producer Harold Mirisch when she sat down in his office and suggested that he take $5,000 worth of tickets. An hour later, the story goes, he had not only bought the tickets but called his broker and ordered him to buy all the Times Mirror stock he could lay his hands on.

Person to Person. But Buff's main fund-raising gimmick is no gimmick at all; it is to be intensely personal with the extremely rich. As one prac... professional put it: "Let's face it... portant money is raised by impo... people asking other important pe... for important amounts. Asking 2,0... 000 people for a dollar each won't... you $2,000,000; it won't even get... $1,000,000. You need very, very... gifts from very few people." During th... Music Center campaign, Buff kept cr... stantly before her a list of ten to fi... prospects. "If I kept looking at the... whole list," she explains, "I would never... have slept." And it was not just a ques... tion of quantity but quality, because... fund raiser should be at various times... psychiatrist, a psychologist, a marria... counselor, and even a sort of fina... doctor. You have to know the fa... situation at all times. Divorce, illn... death—or just a routine change in... family financial situation—can affe... contribution." Buff even consults as... ogy on occasion. She is not a blind... liever, but she is sufficiently impre... with it to run an astrological chart... every major prospect before she ap... proaches him.

Then there is the question of kno... which motivational buttons to p... "Some people don't care about musi... all, but they want to be in a pres... group, which the Music Center bui... ly is. Other donors like to see t... names on plaques on the walls. ... others like the idea that the Music C... ter will provide employment for m... cians and artists."

Buff found that she averaged ... visits to each major donor ($25,0... more). She is especially sensitive to ... easy disparagement that with her h... band's name and the Times on her s... it is simple to get people to kno... under. She admits that in many instan... the Chandler name has been a h... But she insists that often her connec... with the Times has had just the oppo... site effect. "Out of an hour's appoi... ment with a man," she says, "I m... spend 45 or 50 minutes answering qu... tions about things in the Times that ... challenges or dislikes. And if I'm n... careful in those 50 minutes that I'... talking, then I lose my sale in the ... minutes I have left."

All the Way. The spectacular succ... of the Music Center has spread B... Chandler's fame as a fund raiser acr... the land. Recently she was asked ... her formula by three representatives ... the seven-building, $45.5 million ... F. Kennedy Civic, Educational and C... tural Center for Nassau County, ... also designed by Welton Becket, w... will begin to rise late next year.

"The most important thing," she ... them, "is not a formula but a pe... who will be a catalyst for the proje... someone so dedicated to the p... that he will stay with it until the ... completed. This is something that ... committee or group can do; it ... begin and end with one person ... will stay with it all the way."

Like Buff.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PIANISTS

The Evolution of Emil

Pianist Artur Rubinstein was passing through Odessa one day in 1931 when a piano teacher cornered him and insisted on dragging him off to the local conservatory to hear her pupils. "You know how boring such an ordeal usually is," Rubinstein recalled a few years later. "But by God, there was this boy there, with a mass of red hair and short, with a mass of red hair and freckles—who played . . . I can't describe it. All I can say is, if he ever comes to the U.S. I might as well pack up my bags and go."

In 1955 Emil Gilels came with full trifles and flourishes as the first top Russian artist to perform in the U.S. since Composer Sergei Prokofiev's visit in 1921. Now, at 48, Gilels (pronounced Gill-*ells*) is back for his fifth tour of the U.S. and playing better than ever.

His visits, in fact, comprise a case study in the evolution of a good pianist into one of the great masters of our day. Isolated within one school of music, in this case the Russian, the growth potential of an artist such as Gilels was, like a sapling in a tin can, limited. But with a decade of exposure to the cross-currents of Western musical life, Gilels has spread his roots and matured to a remarkable degree since his U.S. debut. His attack has become more assured. Once objective and calculating, he now plunges deeply into a work with daring abandon, searches out its mysteries, takes chances. A fireplug of a man with square, stubby hands, Gilels foregoes note-picking accuracy for a more fluid use of fingering.

At mid-tour Gilels has drawn rapturous acclaim wherever he has appeared. At Chicago's Orchestra Hall the overflow crowd spilled onto the stage.

ART SHAY

GILELS AT CHICAGO'S ORCHESTRA HALL
Out of the tin can.

Gilels rewarded them with a magnificent performance of his tour de force, Liszt's massively difficult *Sonata in B Minor*. Last week at Seattle's Opera House, the audience awarded Gilels one standing ovation after another.

Gilels, a professor of music at Moscow University, was genuinely touched by the size and fervor of his audiences. Especially, he said, since "Americans have stereo, hi-fi and the best of records. Still they come to the concert hall. The recordings to them are like canned food. A concert is like fresh food."

JAZZ

The Third Thing

Little Herbie Solomon was, everybody said, a square. While the other saxophone players at Brooklyn's Abraham Lincoln High School were trying to imitate the new bebop style of Charlie ("Bird") Parker, Herbie was still practicing to old Illinois Jacquet and Flip Phillips records. You're not with it, Herbie, they said, and refused to let him play with the school's dance band.

But Herbie endured, eventually changed his name and instrument, and, as Jazz Flutist Herbie Mann, has become at 34 one of the most successful jazzmen in the business. This week he was voted the top musician in his field for the eighth consecutive year in the *Down Beat* magazine readers' poll. But, to the inner circle of jazz *aficionados*, Herbie is still not with it. Mainly, says Mann, "because I've committed the cardinal sin of being successful."

Languid Afternoons. With a canny eye on the box office, Mann has attracted a devoted following from "the lay and fringe public" with a unique amalgam of jazz and ethnic music. Last week, in Manhattan's cavernous Village Gate, the Herbie Mann Septet was serving up one of its typical jazz potpourris: gently infectious bossa nova, thumping Afro-Cuban, variations on a North African tribal chant, a Middle Eastern treatment of the theme from *Fiddler on the Roof*, a brooding interpretation of a classical piano piece written in 1888 by French Composer Erik Satie. Mann also introduced a new gimmick: he played a flute improvisation against a tape recording of eerily exotic, centuries-old *gagaku* music, played by the royal musicians of Japan's imperial court, a memento picked up when Mann played with the *gagaku* musicians during a tour of Japan three months ago.

Mann's flute is a sparrow in the treetops, lightly flitting and chirping above a heavy, sensuous beat laid down by the rhythm section On alto flute, the mood is more softly introspective, evoking languid afternoons by the sea. The music is easy on the ears, mildly diverting in its melodic simplicity and ease of approach. Mann plays with eyes closed, standing disjointedly and undulating as

BEN MARTIN

MANN AT THE VILLAGE GATE
Up in the treetops.

if to entwine himself around the microphone, conscious that "some chicks just come to see me move. They're stone-deaf freaks, but I'm not knocking it." He doesn't knock anything, in fact, that might lure people into a nightclub. Last year, to add a little "carnival excitement," he hired two Afro-Cuban dancers who cavorted about the stage showering the audience with confetti. Such tactics, scorned by jazz purists, bring Mann a $50,000 yearly income.

Mann scored his breakthrough when he discovered that the gentle flute, an upstaged squeak in the company of flashy trumpets and saxophones, could best flex its personality against a background of drums. Mann formed an Afro-Jazz Sextet and embarked in 1959 on a highly successful four-month tour of 17 African countries.

Boom-Boom. Back in the U.S. the combo's "ethnic jazz" gained a wide audience. But in the mounting din of his drummers Mann found himself becoming "a sideman in my own group" and he fled to Brazil. He came back playing a new music that helped touch off the bossa-nova craze in the U.S.

"One reason jazz is not salable," says Mann, "is because the musicians and audiences stopped enjoying themselves. People used to swing and be happy in a club. Now they must come out emotionally destroyed. We play simple, enjoyable music. My audience doesn't know it's supposed to be something they shouldn't like. It's not jazz and it's not authentic ethnic; it's a crossbreed, a third thing."

Confident that he has now achieved his life's ambition—"to be to the flute what Benny Goodman is to the clarinet"—Mann is looking for new worlds of music to translate into the third thing. "At the moment," he says, "I'm very interested in American Indian music. There's more to it than boom-boom, boom-boom, you know. The possibilities are endless."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Harid

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

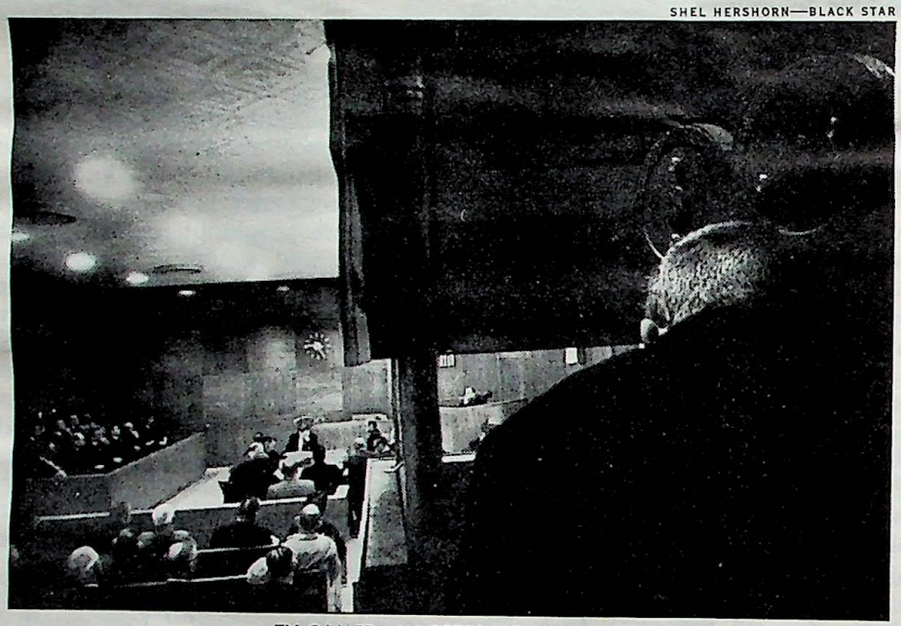
NEWSPAPERS

Free Press & Fair Trial

During his trial on charges of swindling fellow Texans—to say nothing of assorted banks and financing companies—Billie Sol Estes objected vehemently to the presence of TV cameras in the courtroom. His objections were overruled; Estes was convicted and sentenced to eight years. In agreeing to consider his appeal last week, the Supreme Court did not concern itself with Billie Sol's guilt or innocence. The sole question before the court is whether his unwilling TV performance prejudiced his right to a fair trial.

Whatever the eventual decision, it could affect more than TV's tireless insistence on sharing the newsman's right to cover trials. In accepting Estes' appeal, the Supreme Court involved itself in the kind of quarrel that has been stirred up whenever the press, in the exercise of its constitutionally guaranteed freedom, is accused of infringing a defendant's constitutionally guaranteed right to a fair trial.

SHEL HERSHORN—BLACK STAR



TV CAMERA IN ESTES COURTROOM
Not a question of guilt or innocence.

The Lesson of Dallas. The longstanding controversy is picking up fresh impetus. Last week Jon O. Newman, U.S. Attorney for Connecticut, ordered his staff to tell reporters nothing that might prejudice a defendant's rights. "If in doubt," admonished Newman's memo, "keep silent." A New Jersey Supreme Court judge recently imposed a similar silence on every lawyer and policeman in the state. In Rochester, N.Y., two men awaiting trial on gambling charges won a temporary injunction against publication of their police records by a local newspaper. If such intelligence got out, they claimed, it would impair their chances for an impartial trial. After a few days, however, the court canceled the injunction.

Such actions reflect a prevalent opinion that the press is less concerned with impartial justice than with unthrottled crime coverage. It is an attitude that found support in the Warren Commission's report on the Kennedy assassination. "The promulgation of a code of professional conduct governing representatives of all news media," said the commission in summing up, "would be welcome evidence that the press had profited by the lesson of Dallas."

That newspapers often try, and frequently decide, criminal cases well in advance of judicial process is a fact that even editors do not deny. This year a convicted wife-murderer, Dr. Sam Sheppard of Cleveland, was released for retrial after ten years in prison because a federal judge agreed with Sheppard's contention that Cleveland papers had so inflamed public opinion as to destroy all possibility of cool justice.

Six years ago, Chicago papers seemed equally determined to convict a suspected killer. TERRORIST BARRY COOK ADMITS SLAYING WOMAN IN PARK, ran one banner headline that was only part of a noisy press chorus demanding swift court retribution for the crime. This sort of coverage did not abate until Cook's trial jury, obviously unresponsive to newspaper suggestion, acquitted the defendant.

Legal Support. Cook's release despite the energetic newspaper campaign to have him executed, is cited by defenders of the press's habit of trying cases in print. At discussions on press freedom and fair trial, Managing Editor Robert C. Notson of the Portland Oregonian has repeatedly and vainly asked lawyers and judges to name one occasion on which hostile newspaper publicity helped convict an innocent man.

But newspapers are not without support in the legal profession. "My original view that pretrial publicity is generally harmful to our system of justice has withered away," said Claud... Sowle, associate dean of Northwe... University School of Law. "My ... confidence in the wisdom, effective... and good taste of a free press ... grown considerably."

Discussions on the relative rights ... a defendant and the newsman cover... his trial, rarely produce such reasonab... comment. "No s.o.b. judge can tell me what to put in my paper," said a Wis... chusetts newspaper editor, in the co... of a discussion convened to frame ... voluntary code for newspaper cover... of court procedure. Replied the ju... "And no s.o.b. editor is going to ... me into a mistrial."

House Cleaning. As far as the ... is concerned, any censoring of pre... cial pretrial testimony is the co... problem. And the fact is, the pol... lawyers for both prosecution and ... fense, and judges themselves, have ... betrayed a strong inclination to ... cases in the newspapers.

In 1956, when the FBI made ... arrests in the Brink's heist in B... J. Edgar Hoover's announcement, ... ried by both national wire services, ... maturely declared that "intensive ... vestigation by the FBI for the past ... years has resulted in the solution of ... million dollar Brink's robbery. Of ... eleven members of the gang respons... for the robbery, the FBI this morn... arrested six." When word leaked to ... Chicago Daily News that two of ... six cops arrested for burglary in ... were ready to talk in exchange ... lighter sentences, the paper refused ... first to publish the story, even thou... the city's other dailies did. The N... suspected that it came from defense ... torneys interested in getting it prin... so that they could claim a mistrial.

"I would not ask the news media ... change their practices until we in ... legal profession admit that our ow... house is in need of cleaning," sa... James R. Thompson, assistant state ... attorney for Cook County (Chicago, ... Ill. Laws prohibiting prejudicial pr... trial talk by court and law-enforcement ... officials are already on the books in ... states, and these statutes reflect a ... year-old canon of the American B... Association. But the A.B.A. has ne... invoked its canon.

Voluntary Codes. Whatever the S... preme Court's decision in the Billie S... Estes appeal, the television industry ... yet to demonstrate the ability to reco... the TV camera as unobtrusive a co... visitor as the pen-and-pencil newsma... And whatever view the Justices ta... about the big eye's right to be co... sidered a court reporter, their ru... promises to have powerful impact ... the profession of journalism, which ... jealously possessive of its freedom.

In an effort to avoid outside en... croachment, the press in two states ... Massachusetts and Oregon, has already ... adopted voluntary codes that circu... scribe the reporting of court proc... dures. The Massachusetts guide,

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

kample, which is followed by half the ailies in the state, suggests that papers efrain from printing court testimony hat has been stricken from the record, retrial confessions, and criminal rec- ords unless introduced as evidence.

But most editors and publishers still sist formal rules of procedures. "I an envision no machinery that would ake possible the absolute enforcement any code without doing violence to edom of the press," says Managing itor Clifton Daniel of the New York mes. His sentiment is heartily en- rsed by Editor Richard W. Clarke of e New York Daily News. "As long as ere's no law prohibiting the publica- on of court information," said Clarke, e'll get it and we'll print it."

COLUMNISTS

ife Imitates Art

"There has been a lot of discussion as o whether J. Edgar Hoover should be sked to resign from the FBI after his ecent remarks about Martin Luther *King* and the Warren Report," wrote yndicated Columnist Art Buchwald ast week. "I can now reveal for the irst time why President Johnson can't sk J. Edgar Hoover to resign. The eason is J. Edgar Hoover doesn't exist. e is a mythical person first thought up by the *Reader's Digest*." Buchwald went on to develop his theme: that even e name was a phony, attached over e years to 26 "hired people" who ok turns posing as the FBI's non- xistent chief.

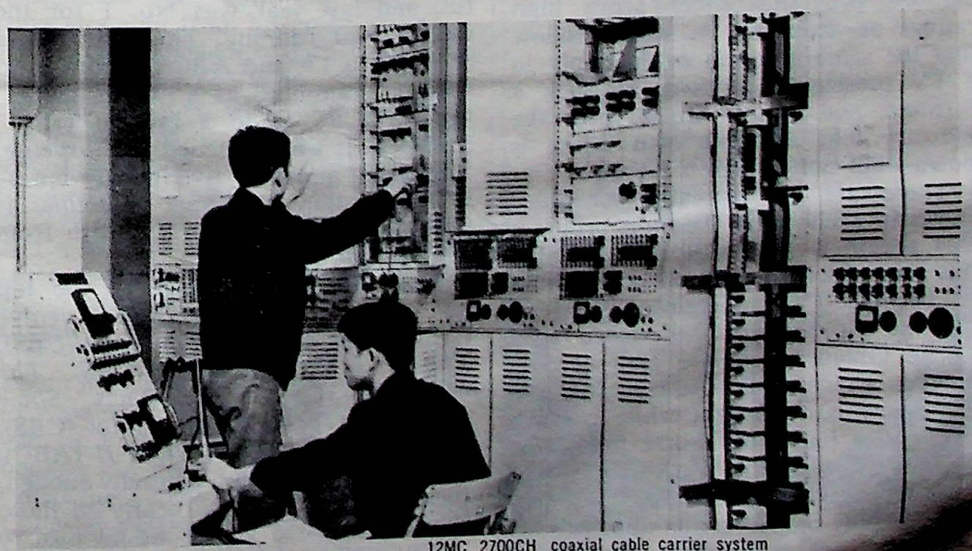
As usual, Buchwald was only kidding. ut his column, syndicated in 207 news- pers, reaches millions of readers, not of whom saw through his whim- cal jape. Soon newspapers all over ere fielding telephone calls from anx- us subscribers seeking assurance that ere really was a J. Edgar Hoover, or erily offering to prove Buchwald rong. "Hundreds took Buchwald se- ously, and thought he was just mis- formed," reported the Austin (Tex.) tesman.

In Phoenix, a similar avalanche of eader inquiries inspired the Arizona epublic to set the record straight with me whimsy of its own in an editorial titled, "YES VIRGINIA . . ."* Said the epublic: "Telephones have not pped ringing as one after another ller has demanded that we either pre- nt proof that Hoover does in fact ist or else print a retraction. After a orough day-long investigation, the Re- ublic is now in a position to report hat J. Edgar Hoover does in fact exist d is in the best of health. What our vestigators further turned up is the ct that Art Buchwald does not exist. e is a mythical person first thought p by *MAD* magazine."

* A reference borrowed from an 1897 edito- al in the New York Sun, written in response a letter from a worried eight-year-old girl, suring her: "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus."

For this frustrated tribesman this situation means a delay in communication. The message he has to beat out is urgent. In this manner, primitive methods of communication were crude and unreliable. Modern communication however is speedy, reliable and conclusive.

FUJITSU proudly proclaims its reputation internationally as one of the leading exponents in the manufacture of advanced telecommunication and electronics equipment.



12MC 2700CH coaxial cable carrier system

FUJITSU LIMITED
Communications and Electronics
Marunouchi, Tokyo, Japan

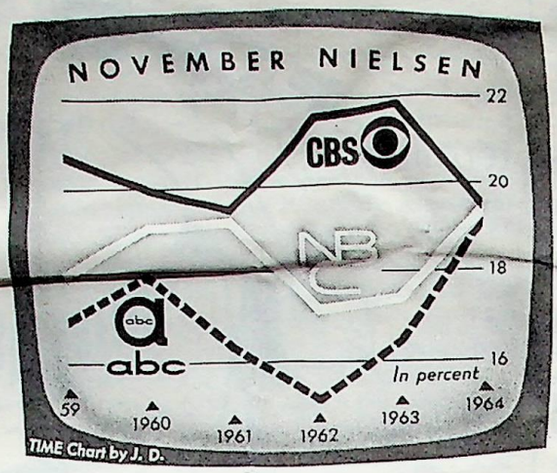
43

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"BONANZA'S" LORNE GREENE

"BEWITCHED'S" MONTGOMERY



"GOMER PYLE'S" JIM NABORS

"PEYTON PLACE'S" KASEY ROGERS

Along with apples from Appalachia . . .

. . . soap and sex

TELEVISION

Year of the Photo Finish

For the first time in the history of TV's Nielsen ratings, the three major networks last week ended up in as close a thing to a photofinish as statistics are likely to produce: a dead heat between CBS and NBC, each scoring an identical 19.4%* and, only a whisker behind, long-lagging ABC with 19.3%.

Sitting there basking was ABC Network President Tom Moore, who says expansively: "None of it was really a surprise, only a confirmation." ABC's shows are apparently more dynamically mediocre than CBS's, for it is obviously out of CBS that ABC has taken its great equalizing bite (*see chart*). ABC, at any rate, has fresher and less mechanical situation comedies than CBS, and with its two *Peyton Place* programs it has proved to all television that audiences at night like sex and soap as much as audiences do in the daytime.

Score or Drop Out. CBS still has six of the top ten shows, so its loss is not entirely without honor; but where the profits show, in the overall sampling of the total mass of people who watch a given network during a given minute, CBS has lost millions of fans. CBS-TV President James T. Aubrey Jr. has built his success on cold formula: quality be damned, programs either score high ratings or drop out. It would follow that the same criterion might apply to a TV president who lives by such a formula, and rumors are all over the industry that Aubrey's own rating is down—but not enough to be out.

There are 91 regularly scheduled shows in prime time. The top program this season is NBC's *Bonanza,* which has long since outshot all competition to become TV's preeminent Western. On the air five years, *Bonanza* stars Lorne Greene as a late 19th century Nevada rancher who talks softly and with psychiatric insight while combating, say, a half-breed horse thief, who was the heavy in this week's show. The dialogue uses pithy aphorisms ("When you are only half of something, you are really half of nothing"), which eventually works its way toward a modern message: "Never feel guilty about having warm human feelings toward anyone." The episodes are surprisefully plotted and seek variety in the bizarre: next week a knight in armor rides out of the purple sage and rams his lance through a stagecoach door.

Over and Over. The second-highest-rated show is ABC's *Bewitched,* in which Elizabeth Montgomery (TIME, Oct. 30) goes on "twitching her nose into other people's business," as the dialogue put it last week, reassembling broken vases, halting rainstorms, and engineering marriages through her special talents as an authentic but broomless witch. If the ratings are correct, some 32 million people watch this show each week, in which the same sort of thing happens over and over again—something breaks, the girl's nose twitches, the film is run backwards, the broken object is whole again, tune in again next week, same time, same staple.

CBS's *Gomer Pyle,* or *Simple Simon, U.S.M.C.,* has scored third highest in the ratings. Like *Bewitched, Gomer* is a new show this year, and it is unusual for two out of the top three programs to be new ones. But it is not unusual to have an apple of Appalachia like Marine Private Gomer Pyle, played by Jim Nabors, as a high-rated hero. CBS's *Beverly Hillbillies* has a whole basketful, and last year was No. 1 for the second year running. This year it has dropped to 17, and ABC's Moore, who sees programming as a "chess game," thinks, "CBS made a tactical error." Last year it was preceded by *Suspense,* a program aimed at riveting its viewers to one station; this year *Hillbillies* is preceded by *CBS Reports,* fourth from the bottom in ratings.

Sump Pit. The balance of the top ten includes, in order, *The Fugitive* (ABC), *The Andy Griffith Show* (CBS), *The Red Skelton Hour* (CBS), *The Munsters* (CBS), *The Lucy Show* (CBS), *The Jackie Gleason Show* (CBS), and—No. 10—*Peyton Place II* (ABC). The bottom ten shows, naturally enough, include in the sump pit nearly all those that an educated viewer would turn to —CBS's *World War I,* which holds absolute last place, *The Bell Telephone Hour, CBS Reports,* and *Slattery's People,* which is one of the few faintly commendable dramatic shows on the air.

This may be Jack Benny's last ye... From No. 16 a year ago, he has... clined to No. 62. Jack Paar—No. ... to No. 71—is doing worse than Be... Joey Bishop—37, now 89—is d... worse than Paar. Allen Funt's C... *Camera,* No. 13 a year ago, is now ... 34. Into gaps left by dropped sh... NBC will put a popular-music ... called *Hullaballoo* and an imit... *Fugitive* called *Branded,* set in the W... and starring Chuck Conners as a ... credited West Pointer. CBS is d... some elaborate switching, trying o... dozen shows in one another's time ... to see if audiences will respond. ... most notable change involves CBS ... *ports,* which was on the air during ... children's hour, Wednesday at ... E.S.T., and has been moved to Mo... at the adult hour of 10.

ABC's *Peyton Place* situation ... cates, finally, how little the inte... merit of a program has to do wit... rating. *Peyton Place* is broadcast ... a week—the first program ever to ... vide such a test for the meaning ... ratings—and, as continuing night... soap opera, both parts are essentially ... same. Yet *Peyton Place II*—Thurs... 9:30 p.m. E.S.T.—is No. 10 on the ... and *Peyton Place I*—Tuesday, 9 ... p.m. E.S.T.—is No. 30. Clearly, ... time slot a show occupies has as m... to do with ratings as any other fa... Television, moreover, has become ... flavorless and homogeneous that m... people obviously turn it on only to ... time; the viewer's schedule of other ... tivities influences ratings too. *What* ... regularly on the air can be far less ... than *when* the set owner happens to ... watching.

BROADWAY

Goodbye Mary, Hello Richard

There was nothing contrary ab... *Mary, Mary.* When Jean Kerr's com... closed last week after 196 weeks ... 1,572 performances, it had taken ... nearly $6,000,000 at the box ... another $4,000,000 from the ... company, and $400,000 from Wa... Bros. for movie rights. Was Au... Kerr, whose more serious *Poor Ri...* had opened to mixed reviews a ... and a half before, sorry to see ... go? "It did $18,000 last week, and

** Of TV homes with their sets tuned in during an average minute.*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

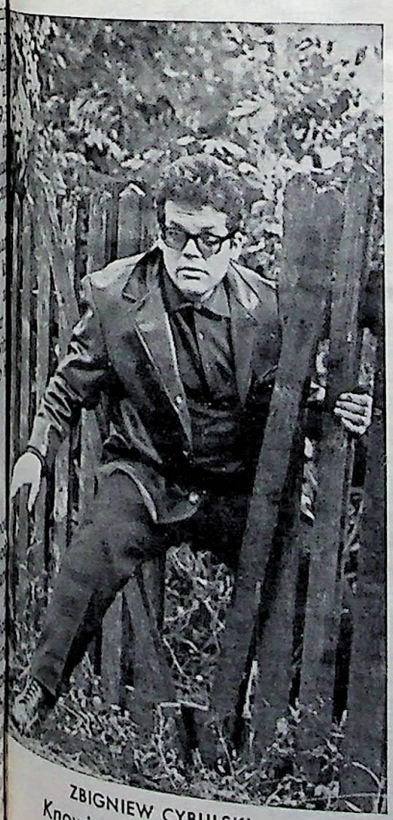
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

rt of sad it has to close," she said. hen did she feel *Mary's* lease on life as running short? When the curtain went up recently and ten minutes later n outraged voice in the audience cried: My God, I saw this damn thing."

ACTORS

e Man in the Green Lenses

Zbigniew Cybulski may have an unpronounceable name, but women in a ple of dozen countries have develd a sudden passion for linguistics in er to fondle his exotic consonants. land's Cybulski, now 37, is the first rnational film star, in the celebrity se, to come from behind the Iron rtain. He first became known in the st when his Polish pictures *The Gen-tion* and *Eighth Day of the Week* n critical praise in Western countries d *Ashes and Diamonds* took numerous festival prizes. Now he has begun appear in films made in Western nations. His newest is *To Love,* a Swedish diction forbidding the death of sex, which Cybulski and Sweden's Harr Andersson spend four-fifths of their e inventively in bed (TIME, Dec. 4). The trademark of Zbigniew (say ie-nieff) Cybulski has been his sunses with green lenses—worn all the e, day and night, interior or exterior. e glasses rest on the bridge of a nose it is short and running to pug, and ind them is the meaty face of an sually handsome center linebacker, it is not surprising that the only film which he has ever shed his shades is Love, and then only for those moents when they would have been a drance to sensuality. But in his next ish picture, *Manuscript Found in Saragossa,* he plays a Catalonian army captain, and has been forced to abandon his glasses altogether. "But generally," he says, "without my glasses I can only play frightened and unfortunate men."



ZBIGNIEW CYBULSKI
Knowing how to die well.

Relaxed Controls. Despite all that, Cybulski is not a typical film star hiding a bushel of inadequacies under the half-light of tinted glass. He is a good actor and a consummate man of the theater, a stage director, a writer of screenplays, and producer of his own avant-garde theater group. While at Cracow University, he joined a student theatrical group and found his real profession when he toured the Polish provinces. "That was shortly after the war," he says. "The people who had witnessed all the horrors of the Nazi occupation felt mentally sterilized. Reciting to them the verses of our poets, I could read in people's eyes how deeply they were moved and how much longing they had for art."

In the mid '50s, state controls over the Polish film industry were relaxed, and young Polish film makers began to flourish. Cybulski's fame as an actor rose simultaneously. More than any other film, Andrzej Wajda's 1958 *Ashes and Diamonds* established him both in Poland and beyond. He played an underground worker ordered to kill a man whose life he saw no sense in taking; he played the role trenchantly and in the end died himself, miserably twitching, shot down in an empty lot full of rubble. "We've never seen anyone die like that," wrote one French critic. "This extraordinary actor with such an unpronounceable name! But we will never forget the face."

Vistula Sound. Cybulski now lives in Warsaw, is married to a painter whose specialty is icons, and has a four-year-old son. He goes West often. In cinema circles in Paris, he is a welcome bear of a figure. At Les Halles, he once lost his temper and tore singlehanded into a group of German legionnaires. Waitresses have been known to drop their trays at a glint from his green glasses.

Parisian moviegoers once called him *"le James Dean polonnais,"* but producers and directors, who have learned to put up with his rise-at-noon, work-until-4 a.m. schedule, protest that he is far more—"A fine actor, a real comedian, a force of nature who never gets tired, and a true friend." As evidence of the latter they like to cite the story of a group of Polish jazz musicians—total strangers to Cybulski—who told him that if they could not find work they would have to leave France and go back to Warsaw. Cybulski walked the streets with a French friend until he finally booked the Polish combo into a place called the Tabou. For weeks after that, Cybulski carried leaflets around Paris advertising the Tabou's fabulous foursome with the Vistula sound, and proclaiming: "Jazz is not a capitalist exclusive." Nor, for that matter, are legendary film stars.

CITIZEN
TIMEPIECES...
Incomparable gifts to capture the imagination of even the most discriminating...

Top: Women's Formal 19, 21 or 23 jewels/sapphire-cut crystal / shockproof / unbreakable mainspring / white gold-plated case

Bottom: Newmaster 21 jewels/waterproof/shock-proof/calendar/unbreakable mainspring / antimagnetic / automatic wind

See these and other fine Citizen timepieces at quality jewelers throughout the world.

CITIZEN WATCH CO., LTD.
Tokyo, Japan

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, H

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DRUGS

The Pros & Cons of LSD

"The mind—that seven inches of inner space between the root of the nose and the occiput—is our prized possession; its study on every level is most important," says Los Angeles Psychiatrist Sidney Cohen. The newest and most controversial way of carrying on that most important study is with the aid of drugs that produce hallucinations or illusions. But the responsible hopes raised by serious and cautious research have been matched by wildly visionary claims. Irresponsible misuse of the drugs has led to both scares and scandals.

For all that has been published about the pros and cons of LSD and other hallucinogens, there has been no impartial appraisal by a competent scientist writing in lay language. Now, in *The Beyond Within: the LSD Story* (Atheneum, $5), Dr. Cohen has done the job with commendable skill. Man's drive to find out what his mind is like, says Cohen, besides "including a search for release from the painful realities of disease, disaster and death . . . also attempts to find an answer to the question of how one human should relate to another, and how man should understand his own impermanence. [It] ranges from a hedonistic sensuality to a search for the highest philosophic abstractions, from a tool for deriving scientific data to a sacrament taken to achieve loss of self and union with the ALL."

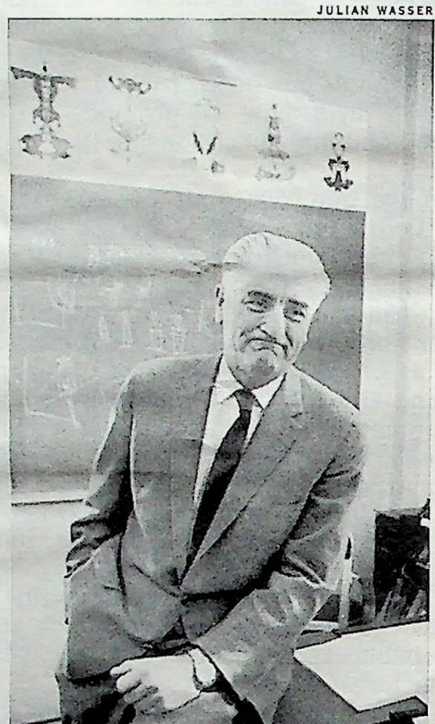
"A Bit of Death." LSD (D-lysergic acid diethylamide) has so far proved no cure for any disease. The overriding interest of both scientists and pseudo scientists in LSD (and, to a lesser extent, in the other hallucinogens) is in its effects on the mind. And these are so fantastic that most experimenters insist words are not the right medium for describing them, but they have devised no better tool for communication.

The all-pervading, almost universal effect is incredibly intensified perception. This may be pleasurable or not, depending on the individual's emotional state. Most people seem to float, and often to be outside themselves, so that they are really two selves. A common feeling is that there is "a little bit of death" in the LSD experience, but usually it is not frightening because the subject is dissociated from himself and can observe the situation dispassionately.

The Smell of Music. One of the unique qualities of LSD, says Dr. Cohen, is its capacity to bring back temporarily the vividness of newness. Subjects who get a lift from the drug describe all colors as bright and gay—a traffic light may become an object of surpassing beauty. If the subject becomes depressed, the colors darken or bleach out. Highly colored geometric tapestries flow past the closed eyes. Time stands still. Hearing becomes intensified; listening to music is a tremendous esthetic experience. Changes in taste and smell are relatively uncommon. But synesthesias—crossovers from one sense to another—are common, so that subjects "hear" colors or "smell" music. Ideas become visible. Thought and emotion are inseparable. Memory is oddly affected: the ability to repeat a set of numbers backward, or do simple tests, is grossly impaired, but long-ago events may be recalled accurately in minutest detail.

Effects on creativity are unclear. LSD subjects create what seem to be masterpieces or make momentous discoveries that are later seen as commonplace or nonsensical. But those who are by nature creative may get a fillip to their creativity through the sense of release from narrow, binding reality. As for whether hallucinogens might be used to establish mind control over the masses, Dr. Cohen dismisses this as a bogy. But he is deeply concerned over the possible use of such drugs in chemical warfare.

JULIAN WASSER



PSYCHIATRIST COHEN
Which way to nirvana?

A Bottle of Bliss. "Is the LSD state a model of madness, a touch of schizophrenia, or is it a short cut to Zen *satori*, nirvana for the millions?" asks Dr. Cohen. His answer: it is certainly not schizophrenia, and it differs from a true psychosis much as a wooden model bridge differs from the Golden Gate. Conflicting reports of diametrically opposite results with LSD are difficult to explain. Some subjects found the experience as horrible as any psychosis and would have no more of it; others, with the same dose, could not get too much. "Was it possible that out of the same bottle madness and supernal [illegible] could be poured?"

It was. Dr. Cohen's explanation is that if a subject takes LSD under laboratory conditions with impersonal attending technicians, if he expects to be temporarily mad and if he gets no assurance, a psychotic state is likely to occur. But in a more relaxed situation with hopeful expectations of his own, the subject will probably have a [illegible]. Dr. Cohen notes that this is true of other drugs: "From the same jug of whiskey come tears for one and laughter for another."

"Majestic Quietude." After an experiment Cohen himself conducted, a doctor wrote: "I had read that a number of people have a painful catatonic withdrawal. I fancied that I would be [illegible] catatonic . . . The first change was a sense of pleasant relaxation. This increased to an indescribable mood of great ease and peace. The problems and strivings, the worries and frustrations of everyday life vanished; in their place was a majestic, sunlit, heavenly inner [illegible]. tude . . . I seemed to have finally arrived at the contemplation of the eternal truth." The doctor suffered nausea and shivering so severe that he needed three blankets. But he accepted these discomforts as a small price for admission to nirvana. And he suffered no catatonia.

At the opposite extreme was a woman psychologist, ordinarily bright and friendly, who had given no thought to a possible catatonic reaction. She had one so severe that Dr. Cohen says it would have been difficult for a psychiatrist to pick her out of a room full of female catatonic schizophrenics.

"Endure Not to Know." If LSD is taken on three successive days, the subject builds up a tolerance for it and gets no effect from the normal second dose, which is only 100 micrograms (1/300,000th of an ounce). After a few days, this wears off, and the same person can take LSD again. The drug is not addicting, though it may be habituating. A second experience is not likely to be a repeat of the first. A woman who had been preoccupied with external matters on her first dose decided on the second, to look into her own soul. Typically, she became two people, but each was herself. One self asked: "What should be my relation to Ultimate Reality, to God?" And the second self answered: "Endure not to know."

To Psychiatrist Cohen, some of the most interesting questions about LSD involve its value as an aid to psychotherapy, especially in the treatment of alcoholics. The main advantage, Dr. Cohen believes, is that the patient becomes better able to accept what are normally painful insights into his own shortcomings. He can observe himself with detachment, and this speeds treatment. There are some patients, though, especially those on the borderline

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

psychosis, for whom LSD is definitely
ngerous.

Antics & Reaction. In the last few
ears, Dr. Cohen and other reputable
esearchers have been disturbed by
what he calls the "beatnik microcul-
ure" and its abuses of LSD and other
llucinogens. The danger, he says, is
at public reaction against oddball an-
s may set back serious research for
ny years.

It is tempting, he suggests, to say
r one gets from the LSD encounter
at one deserves, but he quotes Aqui-
for a more accurate summation:
uidquid recipietur secundum modum
ipientis recipietur"—our nature de-
mines what we receive. But man-
d will not always know its present
ental limits. "The mind's surmised and
l unknown potential," says Dr. Co-
en, "is our future. The experience
lled hallucinogenic will play a role in
ding us into the future."

PUBLIC HEALTH

$3 Billion Plan

Unless we do better, two-thirds of all
mericans now living will suffer or die
om cancer, heart disease or stroke.
xpect you to do something about it.
—President Johnson, April 17

The 18 physicians and ten other
blic-spirited citizens whom the Presi-
nt thus exhorted when he named them
a special commission reported back
him last week that the U.S. can in-
ed do something about its greatest
lers—but at a price. Under the chair-
nship of Houston's famed Surgeon
chael E. DeBakey, the commission
animously concluded that much needs
be done in several categories.

Pay if Possible. The report began
h the stark facts: in 1963 heart-
ery diseases caused 55% of all U.S.
ths, and cancer 16%. Strokes killed
201,000; diseases of other arteries out-
side the brain combined with diseases
of the heart to kill 793,000. Cancer
killed 285.000. Many of these deaths
were "premature," judged by the fact
that they carried off people under 65.
"Every day," said the commission,
"men and women are dying who need
not die. Every hour, families are be-
ing plunged into tragedy that need not
happen."

This, said a commission spokesman,
is because "medical miracles are in
many instances available only to the
fortunate few who can get to the unique
medical institution or specialist who
can perform that miracle." To make
miracle care available to all, beyond the
areas of the 50 or so medical centers
now providing it, the commission pro-
posed a network of:

▶ High-powered regional "centers"—
25 for heart disease, 20 for cancer and
15 for strokes—for intensive care of
difficult cases and for research into bet-
ter methods of care.

▶ Community "stations" across the na-
tion—150 for heart disease, 200 for
cancer and 100 for strokes, half in ex-
isting medical centers and half in com-
munity hospitals, for immediate diag-
nosis and emergency care.

At both centers and stations, patients
would be expected to pay if they could,
either directly or through insurance. In
other cases, payment would come from
the usual welfare resources. Even so, the
federal treasury would have to find $124
million for these networks the first year,
and the bill would rise to $453 million a
year within five years. This program,
the commission insisted, is not socialized
medicine but an answer to it.

To the Grass Roots. For the long
haul, the commission urged that all the
affected community health services be
integrated with university medical cen-
ters. Special emphasis, it said, must be
given to getting the most recent devel-
opments and techniques of prevention
and treatment to the grass-roots level so
that the practitioners may keep up and
the people obtain the best care possible.
In addition to the $153 million already
appropriated for this year, the commis-
sion recommended that $56 million be
spent on another year of intensified
research into the basic causes of the
"big three" killers. The commission also
asked for $45 million for training tech-
nicians and $52 million for added facil-
ities and resources.

Despite the commission's disclaimers
about "socialized medicine," the plan
was sure to meet stiff opposition on
political grounds. And because of the
estimated $3 billion price for the plan's
first five years, there was immediate
criticism of its costliness. But the com-
mission said it was not asking for a
bit more than the plan was worth. The
annual cost to the U.S. economy from
lack of effective treatment for men and
women in their productive years, said
the commission, runs into the billions
of dollars.

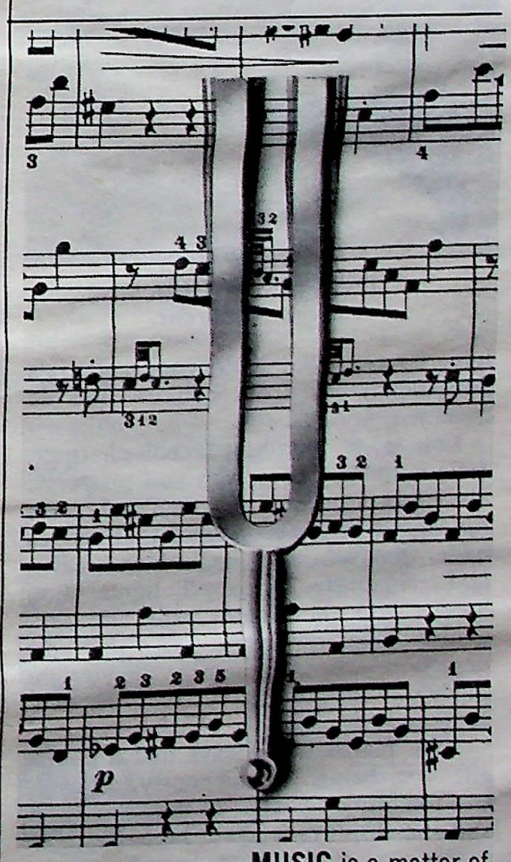
UPI

DEBAKEY & JOHNSON AT WHITE HOUSE
A needless tragedy every hour.

When you do business in Japan..

Rely on the Nippon Kangyo Bank, a local bank with international capabilities and complete foreign exchange service. Our 67 years of experience can help your business in Japan and many other foreign countries through our 135 domestic branches, 3 overseas offices and 1200 international correspondents.

NIPPON KANGYO BANK
Hibiya, Tokyo



MUSIC is a matter of interpretation, temperament. It lives only in performance. In reporting on the arts, TIME is concerned with the performer as well as the work; in following all the news TIME is concerned with the personality as well as the events.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Ha

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Thin Salami

Ready When You Are, C.B.!, by Susan Slade, is a stopped clock of a comedy. Every once in a while Julie Harris or the playwright shakes the thing and it ticks off a few farcical laughs, but for most of the evening *C.B.'s* immobile face tells no comic time at all.

Julie Harris plays a would-be actress who is too unnerved by auditions to try for any parts. Since her rent-controlled Manhattan apartment costs so little, she sublets it and lives off her tiny capitalistic mite. Her latest boarder (Lou Antonio) is a big Hollywood stag hiding out from his studio. He has been afflicted with a bad case of that

MARTHA SWOPE

JULIE HARRIS IN "C.B.!"
A smarmy boarder.

integrity rash that Hollywood celestials periodically get from banking lots of money.

Lou is an outgoing wench-charmer. Julie is miserly of person and property. She locks up salami in a wall safe, sets rattraps to maim any hand that gropes under the sofa for the hidden vodka, and religiously snaps off lights. Lou breaks into the salami safe and religiously snaps on lights. After this epic depiction of character, Playwright Slade can do nothing but tuck the twosome in bed.

Julie Harris has always had a child's gift for being mischievously amusing and touchingly wistful at the same time, and she displays it again here. Since he is smarmy, rubber-legged, and given to fixed, fatuous grins, Lou Antonio is a more difficult taste to acquire. With comedies like *Barefoot in the Park, Any Wednesday, The Knack, Luv* and *The Owl and the Pussycat* in competition, a play like *C. B.* is not an also-ran but a never-walked.

Finger Exercises in Dread

The Room and A Slight Ache. Harold Pinter's plays not only have plots; they often seem to be plots. He conspires to elude, delude, tease, frustrate, irritate, and mystify the audience, all of course to a highly salutary end. Pinter leads the playgoer very far from home to signify that something at the mysterious heart of human existence consists in being precisely there—very far from home. *The Room* and *A Slight Ache* are early Pinter one-acters of quasi-comic menace, not always dexterous but distinctly absorbing, the work of a man forming his own indelible dramatic signature.

The Room takes place in the cozy, mangy flat of Mr. and Mrs. Hudd. Mrs. Hudd (Frances Sternhagen) tongue-rattles along at a great rate—about the icy weather through which her husband (Clarence Felder) must drive his van, about the unoccupied basement apartment she fears is occupied, about the tea and toast and trivia that mortise daily life. The landlord, who may not be the landlord, enters and reminisces about his mother and sister, who may or may not have been Jewish. After the landlord and the husband depart, a young apartment-hunting couple intrude with the disconcerting news that the Hudds' apartment is supposed to be unoccupied.

Agitatedly, the landlord reappears to tell Mrs. Hudd that a man in a darkened room in the basement demands to see her. The man proves to be a blind Negro (Robertearl Jones) who begs her to come home and implies that he is her father. Mr. Hudd returns, savagely batters the Negro to the floor, and as the curtain starts to drop, Mrs. Hudd turns blind. There are no safe guesses when it comes to Pinter, but a half-safe guess is that the blind Negro is Death or Fate, the ultimate invaders of cozy islands of tranquillity.

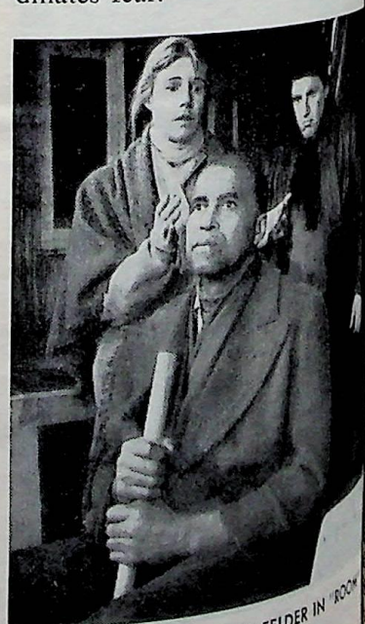
A Slight Ache lasts longer but makes its point quicker and clearer. Edward and Flora, a husband and wife, are enjoying a sunlit view of their country-house garden. He (Henderson Forsythe) is a scholar of distant cultures. She (Frances Sternhagen) is a busy suburban bee. Edward is obsessively irked by a human blight just beyond the garden, an aged, decrepit matchseller who haunts the forsaken site from dawn to dusk with no prospect of selling matches. Edward invites the old man into the house to have it out with him. The matchseller looks like a cross between a Skid Row derelict and a desert-baked Bible prophet, and he remains silent throughout the play. For Edward, the matchseller is the mirror image of his fears and failures, and in self-defensive, self-incriminating monologues, Edward crumbles like dry rot.

BUM & HUSBAND IN "ACHE"
A mute guest.

For Flora, the matchseller reflects desires and the need to love and ish a man. Husband and bum re roles, and at play's end, Flora pu matchseller's tray between Ed nerveless fingers and grasps the man's hand in hers.

The spirit of Edgar Allan Poe over these playlets, not only in ing menace, but in the sealed and abodes where characters are filled the breath of death. The actors perfectly attuned to this death's d kingdom, most notably Frances S hagen, who is scrupulously convi as she shifts from the droning dr *The Room* to the animated superf niceties of professional wifeliness *Slight Ache.*

These early dramas were Pinter's ger exercises on the theme of dr Later, he wrote his symphony of in *The Caretaker.* He is a master of theater of equivalence—finding op stage symbols of terror that match fuse with the nameless panic that m ern-day playgoers bring into the th ter with them. What he may hope achieve in the future is a new and tr scending vision that pierces and sub dinates fear.



STERNHAGEN, JONES & FELDER IN "ROOM"
A blind visitor.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Divorced. By Sue Lyon, 18, cine-mpet (*Lolita*) and teen tease (*The ...ght of the Iguana*): Hampton Fan-..., 26, sometime flamenco dancer, ...r III was banned from the *Iguana* set for ...nizing Sue; on grounds of mental ...lty; after ten months of marriage; ...Santa Monica, Calif.

Divorced. By Dorothy Malone, 39, ...00-a-week star of *Peyton Place*, ...s serialized sexposé of small-town ... Jacques Bergerac, 38, French law-...actor previously married to Ginger ...gers; on grounds of extreme cruelty; ...er five years of marriage, two chil-...; in Los Angeles.

Died. Sam Cooke, 32, Negro rock-'n'-... singer who sold 10 million records ...u *Send Me, Kissing Cousins*) in ...e years, last spring advertised his ap-...earance at a Manhattan nightclub with ...20-ft. by 100-ft. billboard that pro-...imed "Sam's the biggest Cooke in ...n"; of bullet wounds inflicted by a ...el proprietress when the singer burst ...n her half-clad; in Los Angeles.

Died. Koji Harashima, 54, Japanese ...ious and political leader, a onetime ...olteacher who in 1940 joined the ...st Buddhist sect, Soka Gakkai ...E, Dec. 11), rose to be its second-...command and last month organized ...movement's political arm, the Clean ...ernment Party, which already ranks ...he nation's third largest political ...e; of a heart attack; in Tokyo.

Died. Walter Gibson, 63, Wall Street ...er widely credited as the sole in-...or of the subspecial martini that ...s his surname; of a heart attack; in ...hattan. As a habitué of the Ritz ...Paris, Gibson gratified two hitherto ...ally exclusive tastes, for dry gin ...pickled pearl onions, by schooling ...bartender to substitute a single *Al-...cepa* for the conventional olive in ...favorite cocktail. His claim was ...ely drily disputed, however, by those ...o attributed the gin-onion union to ...ist Charles Dana Gibson or the late ...d Gibson, Gene Tunney's primetime ...ager.

Died. Lord ("Billy") Rootes, 70, ...rman and co-founder of the Rootes ...o company and organizer of Britain's ...war export drive to the U.S., a rud-...supercharged salesman who, with ...help of his brother Sir Reginald ...otes ("I get the ideas and Reggie tells ...why they can't be carried out"), ...ded his father's auto-sales firm into ...ain's largest distributor by unload-...g cars as fast as they could be de-...ered, then, deciding that the manu-...turers were "too sluggish," bought ...the Hillman, Singer, Sunbeam and ...mber automaking firms and led the ...d on the U.S. economy-car market in the early 1950s, making the family-owned Rootes Group such a profitable venture that Chrysler last year paid $35.2 million for a 30% interest in the company; in London.

Died. Percy Kilbride, 76, Hollywood's "Pa Kettle," a skilled Broadway character actor who won hayseedy fame as the first of the Beverly hillbillies, got so bored with lucrative Kettle-boilers (seven in all) that he refused to make any more; of injuries suffered when a car struck him three months ago; in Los Angeles.

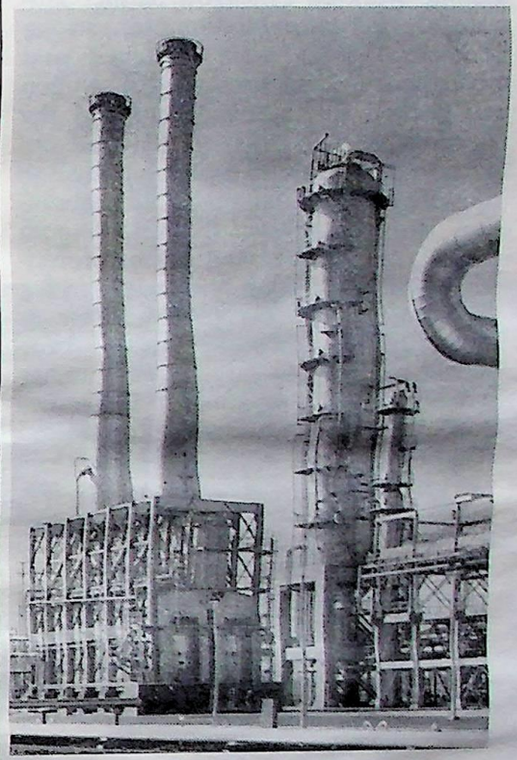
Died. Lord Marks, 76, Britain's foremost retailer, who built a string of penny bazaars founded by his father into the huge, thriving Marks & Spencer clothing chain (239 stores, annual sales of $564 million), diverted much of his fortune to Jewish charities, notably Israel's Hebrew University and Weizmann Institute of Science; of a heart attack; in London.

Died. Dame Edith Sitwell, 77, peppery British poetess, whose acerb verdicts on her critics were as memorable as her melodious verse; of a heart attack; in London (*see* THE WORLD).

Died. Alma Werfel, 85, Viennese intellectual and wife to three geniuses, who took up with her second husband, Architect Walter Gropius, while still married to her first, Composer Gustav Mahler, had an illegitimate son by the late Austrian Novelist Franz Werfel (*The Song of Bernadette*), for whom she later divorced Gropius, explaining "the greater a man's achievements are, the more I love him"; of bronchitis, in Manhattan. In her autobiography she also told of her affair with Austrian Painter Oskar Kokoschka, said she was immortally roled by Dramatist Gerhart Hauptmann ("In another life," he said, "we two must be lovers") and memorably serenaded by Russian Conductor Ossip Gabrilowitsch.

Died. Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan, 88, Railroad Tycoon Cornelius Vanderbilt's regal great-granddaughter, who in 1895 became one of the first U.S. heiresses to join European nobility when her mother forced her into marriage with the Duke of Marlborough; of a stroke; in Southampton, N.Y. Duchess Consuelo gave Marlborough $100,000 a year, dutifully carried out mother-in-law's first command—to bear a son to prevent "that little upstart Winston [Churchill]" from inheriting the title—only to find that their children and her money were all that she and the duke had in common; in 1920 she divorced him to marry the late French Aviator Jacques Balsan, thereafter presided over the social life of the Riviera and her native Long Island.

Chiyoda offers completely integrated process plant service - ALL THE WAY



STAFFED WITH well over 1,200 experienced engineers, of all fields who are completely familiar with world-wide standards and specifications ,CHIYODA alone in Japan, offers a completely integrated service from design, fabrication, procurement to construction of complete process plants.

Plants and Equipment for: Petroleum, Petrochemicals, Synthetic Resins and Fibres, Synthetic Rubbers, Sulphuric Acid, Vegetable Oils, Urea, Ammonia, and other related Chemical Products.

CHIYODA

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING & CONSTRUCTION CO., LTD.

No. 12, 3-Chome, Akasaka-Tamachi, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan Tel: (582)-4111 Cable: CHIYODA TOKYO Telex: CHIYOTAKA TOK 23-610

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PAINTING

Grandeur in Decay

Perhaps only a city that grew up around a stockyard could appreciate the art of Ivan Albright, now 67. And last week there it all was, 60 works in Chicago's Art Institute, in a fantasia of wattles, dewlaps and varicose veins, the lifetime work of Chicago's painter laureate. It is an exhibition for strong stomachs. Limbs were blotched and misshapen, rolls of flesh sagged swollen and pocked. In the background of the paintings were tumbles of battered objects, microscopically detailed, and all in ripe decay. Presiding over this exhumation was the master himself, smooth jowled, red cheeked and full of protesting innocence. "What I am really trying to do is to make a coherent statement about life," he said, "one that will force people to meditate a bit. I want to jar the observer into thinking, to make him uncomfortable. But I am not telling him what to think."

Fish from the Freezer. Uncomfortable the viewers most certainly were. Albright, who was tapped by Hollywood to portray Dorian Gray in his penultimate desuetude, collects adjectives like "loathsome," "gruesome," "morbid," "putrescent" and "repulsive" the way other painters collect gold medals. But, he protests, "in any part of life you find something either growing or disintegrating. Let's say I'm equally interested in growth and decay."

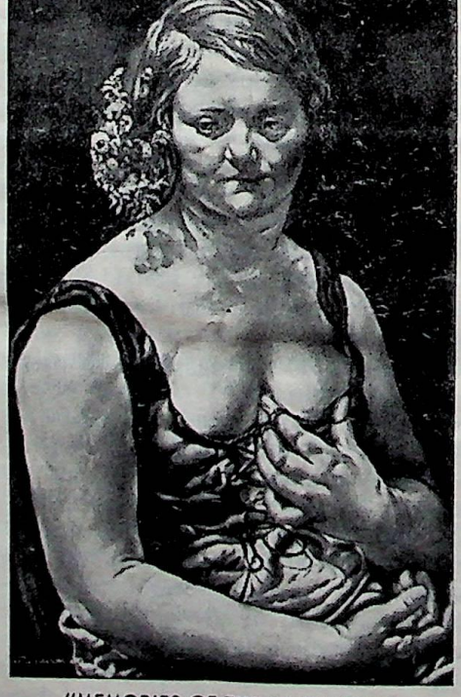
Albright, who got his start as a medical illustrator in a World War I base hospital, assembles his painting props with all the care of a pathologist preparing for an autopsy. For one painting, titled *Poor Room—There Is No Time, No End, No Today, No Tomorrow, Only the Forever, and Forever and Forever Without End,* on which he has worked for 21 years, he selected each brick from a yard in Aurora, added a baby shoe lovingly plucked from an ash heap in Warrenville, and topped it off with a corset that belonged to his mother. One still life required him to keep fish in the freezer for three months, taking them out for three hours a day. "As soon as they began to thaw, I would stick them back in the freezer," he explains. Title of this work? *Ah God, Herrings, Buoys, the Glittering Sea.* Why? Confesses Albright brightly, "It sounded better than *A Bunch of Fish.*"

Controlled Chaos. Albright also insists that live models be present while he paints. Among them have been a Mexican-Indian fisherman, a union leader and onetime bootlegger, an 81-year-old Rosicrucian monk, and Mary Lasker Block, the wife of a vice president of Inland Steel.

And yet for all the meticulous care Albright takes (he once painted Lincoln's portrait on each penny in a painting), he is far from being a mere copyist. "Everything in the canvas is fighting," he points out of *Poor Room, etc.* "Some objects are falling, others are rising, others are spiraling in a kind of controlled chaos. I compose in motion. I wish to create tension and conflict." Nor, after the first shock has passed, are his models bereft of their own kind of grandeur. Decay, once faced, gradually loses its morbid horror. Albright seems more the dedicated diamond cutter who positions his gem, then splits it into perfect fragments of glitter and decay. Albright's real goal is thus to make the viewer feel the precise sense of death implicit in life, and that split second when both are terribly real.

COURTESY OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

ALBRIGHT SELF-PORTRAIT (1935)



"MEMORIES OF THE PAST" (1930)

Out of morbidity, split diamonds.

The Plumed Serpents

Their lines lash, writhe and s
like snakes conjured out of encha
paint pots. Their color is alive with a
pentine swirls, and beneath the a
surface can be glimpsed figures
tooned like confetti-draped masquera
ers. Not French, though living in P
and not American, for all the
resemblances to U.S. abstract
sionism, the artists are known
acronym COBRA, which is derived
the first letters of the European
tal cities of their birth: Co
Brussels and Amsterdam.

These northern Europeans
claim as ancestors both such
expressionists as Emil Nolde and
Norwegian Edvard Munch, repre
an increasingly individual point of
Their kind of psychic improvis
takes its cue from dense color and
ly woven forest. Fundamentally
ate paint slingers, they are equally
with lithographs, a sampling of
went on view last week in Ma
Lefebre Gallery. A few, such as
genheim International Prizewinner
el Appel, are well known; others
publicized are:

• CORNEILLE (full name: Corneille
laume Beverloo), 42, was born in
gium of Dutch parents. His splat
spatters of color mash nature ou
like culture-smear samples sandw
between giant microscope slides.
ways need to latch onto exterior
ty," he says, "but I don't do any
liminary work. It's like jazz tak
theme: the rest is spontaneous,
tional creation."

• ASGER JORN, 50, a Dane and a f
pupil of Léger, makes art scamp
with the mythical trolls who lu
arctic forest shadows. Jorn has
solved the haunted figures of Nold
Munch. In his equally demonia
tasy, man remains only as dismem
memories in a decorative dream, a
ing Rorschach test of tortured, te
sensibilities.

• PIERRE ALECHINSKY, 37, is a
Belgian who claims that copying
bores him. Yet, says he, "my work,
voked by emotion and spontaneity,
never be abstract. It will always re
sent man." But man is a strange
ture to Alechinsky, brought up on
dition of Hieronymus Bosch and J
Ensor, and his provocations have le
a bestiary of amorphous animals, g
noggins, jumbles of legs. For him,
canvas is a proving ground, not a
to hide behind."

No misery, however, is implied
colorism of COBRA. Bogged down
dark morass of existential despair,
postwar European art either has
the tenacity of U.S. abstract ex
sionism or was bowled over by the
pact of pop. COBRA's impish
meld genial monsters with bright
to make a joyful vision. Never
slick nor stuffily sober, this art
from dreams, not nightmares.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE ECONOMY

Question of Psychology

From their offices just across from the White House, the President's hard-working economic advisers are expected to stay on the job *until they see the* lights blink off in Lyndon Johnson's Cabinet Room. Last week their lights burned even later than usual as the members of the Council of Economic Advisers grappled with a problem that vitally affects U.S. business: how to keep the economy expanding well into 1965. The council members—and many businessmen—are concerned about the calculation that the economy is showing signs of age after its 45-month expansion, and that there is little on the horizon to keep it rising rapidly beyond next year's first half. Business psychology, after all, is an important ingredient in the advance, and no one wants to see it turn bad.

Quite a few experts are warning businessmen against talking themselves into a slowdown. "The majority of forecasters are too pessimistic," said James Cleary, vice president of the Life Insurance Association of America, in a speech in Manhattan. The speculation that a leveling-off in 1965 has already led to a certain nervousness, notably in the stock market. Since reaching an alltime high of 891 four weeks ago, the Dow-Jones industrial average has retreated 27 points. Depressed by the talk, as well as by Britain's financial crisis, it fell 6½ points last week. The usual year-end rally could still occur—the market has risen in 50 of the past 67 Decembers—but last week's decline pretty well dashed the hopes of the bulls who had expected it to crack through by New Year's Eve.

Some Doing. Many businessmen are hoping that Lyndon Johnson's year-end policy statements about the economy will put some fizz back into business psychology. "My guess and my hope is that he will turn up confidence-building statements," said Raymond Saulnier, former chief economic adviser under President Eisenhower.

There is, in fact, plenty of basis for confidence. In industries as diverse as paper, furniture and electronics, top officials last week reported record sales for 1964—and said that they expect to do at least as well in 1965. The steelmakers have already surpassed 1955's production record of 117 million tons and are well on their way to a 125 million-ton year; the automakers last week set an alltime weekly production mark of 223,500 cars. Personal income is rising by an average of almost $2 billion a month, and retail sales, running 5% ahead of last year, are headed for an alltime high at Christmas.

Precisely because the economy has performed so splendidly in 1964, the Government's policymakers realize that it will take some doing to maintain the momentum in 1965. Last week the Commerce Department predicted that capital spending in next year's first half will rise 8%, to an annual rate of $47.7 billion—a good gain, but not as great as this year's 14%. The consensus of economists is that the gross national product, which rose 6.7% this year, is due for an advance of some 5% next year, to $655 billion. While that might seem satisfactory, it would neither significantly increase corporate profits nor reduce unemployment.

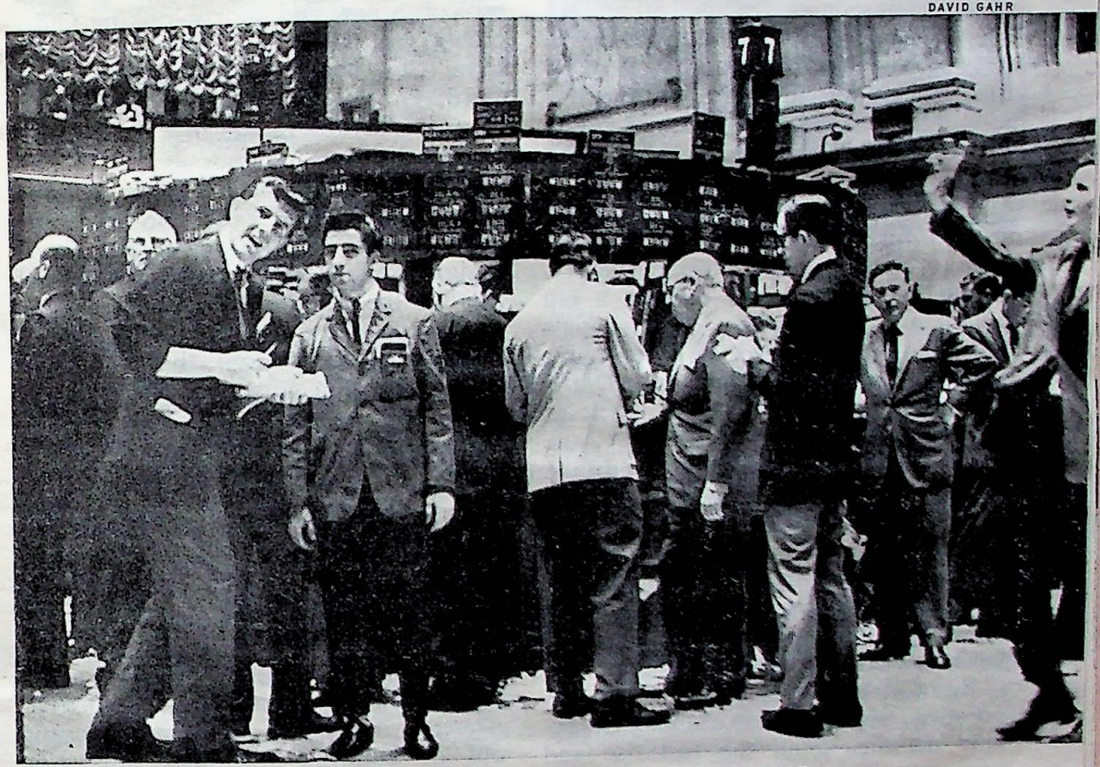
New Approach. To give the economy a greater lift, Chief Presidential Economist Gardner Ackley and his colleagues on the council are readying several plans for further tax cuts, and M.I.T.'s influential Paul Samuelson has strongly counseled President Johnson to push federal spending "above the psychological level of $100 billion." The Administration figures that it will have no trouble cutting excise taxes by as much as $3 billion, but it also plans to revive the concept of "temporary" reductions in income taxes that Congress turned down when it was forwarded by John Kennedy in 1961. Instead of asking for full presidential power to act, as Kennedy did, Johnson has in mind a plan by which the President would only propose a temporary cut, leaving Congress with the power to act upon it. The Government's economists feel that the quick success of the 1964 tax cut, plus Congress' recent tolerance of budget deficits, makes the acceptance of such a proposal "very likely."

WALL STREET

The Profitless Wonder

When the stock of the Communications Satellite Corp. went on the market six months ago at $20 a share, demand for it was so great that brokers rationed it to 50 shares or less per customer and only the favored few got their piece of space. But professional Wall Streeters generally stood aloof, willing to sell it but not so willing to buy. Comsat might become the bluest of space-age blue chips, they said, but that was many profitless years away. The professionals failed to assess properly the romance of space and, as a result, vastly underestimated Comsat's continued attraction for investors. The stock has been rising almost steadily for three months, and last week it soared in a speculative orbit all its own.

DAVID GAHR

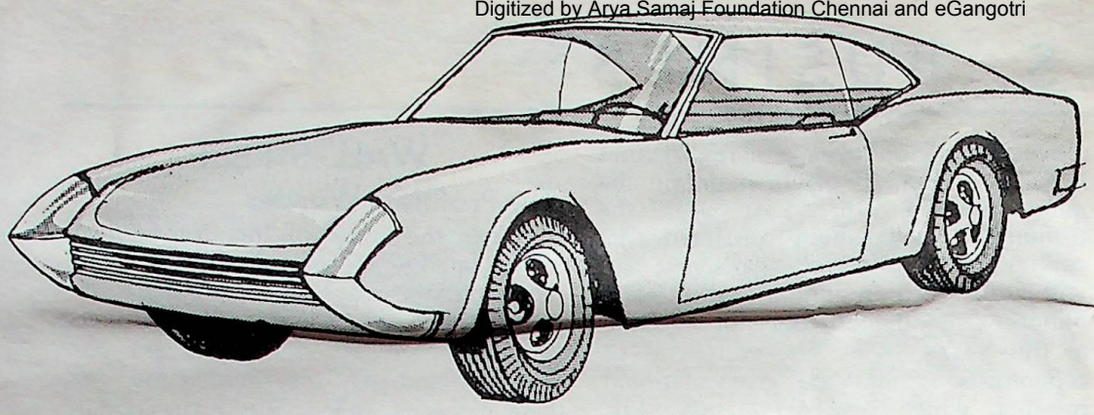


COMSAT TRADING POST ON NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
Thrust into orbit by the romance of space.

Flabbergasted Street. Opening on Monday at 55½, Comsat danced all over the tape as the week's most active stock, then closed on Friday at 64⅝. The flood of buy orders twice forced the Stock Exchange to delay Comsat's opening, and trading once had to be suspended for two hours. The Federal Communications Commission ordered an "informal" inquiry to make sure that in the speculative rush foreign ownership had not exceeded its 20% legal limit. The stock hit a record high of 66¼ after Comsat announced plans to start the first commercial service between North America and Europe in May with its "Early Bird" satellite. Wall Streeters were still flabbergasted. "It would have been unpatriotic to expect it to go down," said Merrill Lynch

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Ha

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



OLDSMOBILE "HOLIDAY" (SKETCH)
A lead from Da Vinci and a bold step into controversy.

Vice President La Rue Applegate, "but we never expected this run up."

One big reason for the run up is the stock's short supply. Half of Comsat's 10 million outstanding shares have been held from the start by 163 U.S. communications companies; the others are held by more than 200,000 individuals, most of whom still own fewer than 50 shares each and who show little inclination to part with them. Mutual funds and insurance companies have been grabbing large blocks when they could. The Street had expected many of the initial investors to cash in their capital gains as soon as they crossed the six-month tax divide, thus causing a big sell-off and falling prices. Professionals thus sold an estimated 100,000 shares short, borrowing the stock to sell at a high price and figuring to repay it at a lower price. But after Dec. 3, the first date on which investors could take capital gains, the price went higher instead of lower, forcing short sellers to scramble to cover their losses and sending the stock even higher. Many brokers, fearing that Comsat could be riding for a fall, got on the telephones last week to warn their customers away.

Risk-Filled Infancy. The Comsat corporation, whose officers are understandably nervous about the fast rise and anxious not to encourage it, is still not expected to take in a dime for another six months, or show a profit or declare a dividend for at least four years. It has not even decided how much to charge for its services; rate schedules will be submitted to the FCC by Feb. 1. Though Comsat had hoped to own the series of ground stations to transmit satellite signals, the FCC announced last week that it will also consider customer ownership; Comsat must await a ruling on this matter before it can set up any stations. And not until after next May's "Early Bird" tests can Comsat choose which of three possible satellite systems to use in its network. Only when that decision is made, probably late next year, will Comsat be set to push on toward putting a full global communications network into operation by the end of 1967.

Despite all these risks and doubts and delays, investors in Comsat are obviously hoping that they are getting in on what will be the A.T. & T. or the G.M. of the future.

AUTOS

New Drive at G.M.

In Detroit, where secrets are hard to keep, General Motors has for many months been working on a top-secret project: a new and sporty-looking Oldsmobile that will be the first U.S. auto to have front wheel drive since the 1937 Cord. The new car—code-named "Holiday"—is a 1966 model that G.M. plans to introduce next fall.

The Holiday is bound to be controversial. Ever since Leonardo da Vinci proposed one in 1500, men have been designing vehicles with front wheels that provide the traction or driving power, rear wheels that merely go along for the ride. Today, more than a dozen small European cars have front wheel drive, and both Renault and Peugeot announced last week that they would market new models in 1965. But Detroit has always been wary, discouraged by the performance and cost of experimental models. The Holiday is thus a bold G.M. step into an area where rival U.S. automakers and even other G.M. divisions have feared to tread.

Spinning a Problem. Experimental cars tested by Detroit have tended to oversteer on curves, sometimes spinning out of control—a problem that the smaller, less powerful European cars have not encountered. Cars with front wheel drive have also proven less efficient on steep grades, noisier at low speeds. Their power must be transmitted to the independently-sprung and swiveling front wheels rather than to fixed rear wheels, requiring a more complex axle that could cost Oldsmobile $150 more per car than the conventional drive. Says a rival Big Three executive: "Front wheel drive is just not worth the added cost in a conventional American car."

Oldsmobile has apparently solved the mechanical problems, hopes that the advantages of front wheel drive will more than pay for its added cost. Because front wheel power eliminates the need for a long drive shaft and a rear-axle differential, the Holiday will have a flat, low floor without a center tunnel or differential hump, more room for passengers and luggage. Front-wheel traction and more weight at the front will make the car more stable on windy days and on icy roads. Perhaps even more important to Oldsmobile, the novelty of its new car should draw many additional prospects into Oldsmobile showrooms, where they will gape at the Holiday but buy a conventional model.

Wrapping a Drive. To further entice customers, Oldsmobile has wrapped the front wheel drive into a handsome, four-passenger hardtop that will be the biggest yet of Detroit's growing fleet of cars with fastback roofs. The Holiday will be 210 in. long, weigh about 3,500 lbs., come equipped with a 425-cu.-in. engine and cost about $4,400—a price that places it in direct competition with Ford's Thunderbird, which still dominates the luxury sports-car market. To absorb some of the Holiday's development costs, G.M. is making many of its parts interchangeable with the new Buick Riviera, which could be adapted to front wheel drive at a later date.

The Holiday has even created a behind-the-scenes controversy within General Motors. Oldsmobile's new general manager, Harold Metzel, 60, is an enthusiastic devotee of front wheel drive and apparently has been backed by G.M. President John Gordon and Group Vice President Ed Cole. Others in G.M.'s hierarchy are hesitant, and both the Chevrolet and Pontiac divisions have flatly rejected the concept. This dissension is only normal at G.M., where interdivisional rivalry—more than anything else—gives the big corporation its four wheel drive.

MANAGEMENT

Era of the Seven-League Sell

One of the 20th century's great romances is between the businessman and the jet. Of the passengers on U.S. domestic flights, a remarkable 86% are businessmen. Their rush to take advantage of the jet's speed and convenience has not only helped to hike airline bookings and earnings (trunkline passengers so far in 1964 are up 9.4% to 71 million), but is also having profound effects on the very methods of doing

EXECUTIVES ON AMERICAN AIRLINES JET
Higher efficiency and lower hotel bills

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

siness. "I can reach our principal
stributors in Phoenix, Denver, Salt
ake or Spokane in two hours," says
os Angeles' Thomas A. Welch, west-
rn regional sales manager for Carrier
orp. "What's happened is nothing less
han a revolution."

Here Comes the Boss. Everyone
om chief executive to chief clerk
ems to be flying for the company,
t no one has felt the revolution's ef-
s quicker than salesmen. Once they
lded from stop to stop with a sam-
case jammed into a Pullman berth;
day they jet across greatly expanded
rritories while their sample cases ride
the luggage compartment as air
ght rather than as expensive excess
ggage. In the era of the seven-league
, salesmen also have to be more
ert. Sales managers jet around, too,
d more often than not they skim off
e and previously inaccessible custom-
s for the home-office account. Then
ere are the more frequent visits from
e top. "Any time the boss is in an
rea," says Earl C. Janson, manufac-
uring director of Beckman Instru-
ents, "you're bound to increase the
ergy level."

With jets, bosses move about more
cause they can fly out and back fast
ough to prevent piled-up paperwork.
We now have a tendency to make a
p for a two-day meeting that we
uld have put off before," says Lear
egler Vice President John J. Burke.
Bell & Howell, six ranking officers
ll use the ordinarily dead week after
hristmas for a jet swing to pep meet-
gs in Cleveland, New York and Los
geles, returning to Chicago in time
New Year's with their families.
ny travelers never glimpse the city
which they have been set down, hold-
g their meetings either in airport con-
rence rooms or in the motels that
g every large terminal.

The jet trend brings lower hotel bills
well as higher efficiency. Bankers
d buyers travel to New York's money
d merchandise markets more often,
t for shorter lengths of time. The
ngth of occupancies in Manhattan ho-
ls has dropped from 3 days to 2.2
ys per guest with the advent of the
s. "We go to New York at the drop
a hat," says Vice President Brown
ggs of Hollywood-based Capitol
cords. "The jet has made the whole
ng much more casual."

As Easy as Washington. It is also
using significant changes in corporate
ocedure. Lear Siegler now supervises
even divisions with four corporate
ficers, who spend half their time trav-
ling. International Harvester has dis-
osed of five company planes, since
commercial jets can do the job just
s well. Company travel budgets have
en sharply: the Garrett Corp. of Los
ngeles spends $1,500,000 a year *v.*
500,000 ten years ago.

Many companies now locate their
plants as close as possible to airports,
nd an executive hunting for a home
ends to keep in mind how many min-

utes he will have to allow before flight time. And while some large corporations are closing out now unnecessary branch offices because of the jet's ability to get their men to the territory fast, others are expanding. When small Technical Operations Inc. of Burlington, Mass., acquired a $6,000,000 company in San Carlos, Calif., jet speed was a definite consideration in the deal. "If we couldn't get there readily," says Dr. Marvin G. Schorr, Techops' president, "we wouldn't have got involved. But it's as easy to do business there now as in Washington."

The once heroic 100,000-mile-a-year traveler has been superseded by the 250,000-mile man; both Kaiser Industries President Edgar Kaiser and Loew's Hotel President Preston R. Tisch flew that far last year. Jets also make it possible for prosperous executives to live in one climate and relax in another. Pan Am has a regular clientele of Manhattan businessmen who have bought winter homes in Nassau, jet from snow to sun weekends on an easy 2-hr. 50-min. flight.

INVESTMENT

Getting Comfortable

The $29 billion mutual-investment-fund industry, a glamorous financial phenomenon of the '50s, fell into a long slump after the 1962 stock market dive. Now mutual funds are finally regaining popularity with the investing public. Last week the Investment Company Institute predicted that fund sales, after setting records for five months in a row, will climb 32% this year to an all-time record of $3.25 billion—10% above the old peak set in the 1961 bull stock market. The dollar volume of shares cashed in by investors has dropped from 61% of sales last year to 52% since June, indicating that the public is once again beginning to view the funds with favor.

No Riches. How good is an investment in the funds? While the Dow-Jones industrial stock average climbed 20.7% from January of 1962 to the end of September this year, half of 20 leading diversified common-stock funds did better; five did about the same as the Dow-Jones, five worse.

Over the year ended last September (the latest yardstick used by Manhattan's Arthur Wiesenberger & Co., the industry's Boswell), Penn Square Mutual shot up 29% *v.* a 19% rise in the Dow-Jones industrials, Fidelity Trend rose 27%, and the $744 million Dreyfus Fund, whose symbolic lion gives its sales promotion a distinctive flair, climbed 23%. Among the big funds that emphasize a mixture of growth and income, United Accumulative Fund rose 17% and Affiliated Fund 16%. Massachusetts Investors Trust, the nation's oldest and second largest ($2.1 billion assets), made a 15% gain. But most funds gained closer to 12%, and some, like the $1.8 billion Wellington Fund (up 9%), lagged well behind the leaders.

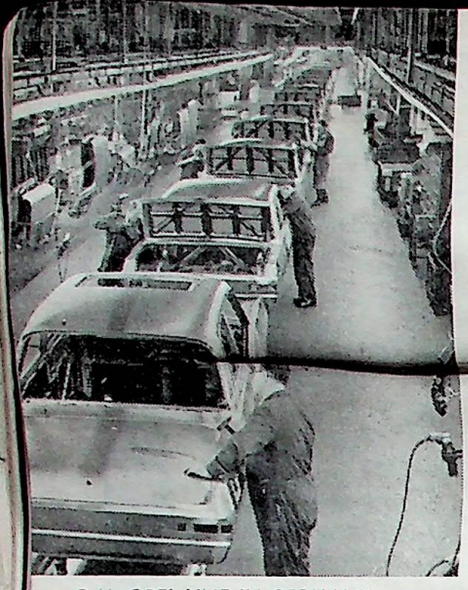
Despite healthy rises, few of the more than 300 U.S. mutual funds promise to beat the stock averages. Says Vice President William B. Boscow of Investors Diversified Services, whose Investors Mutual Fund is the nation's largest ($2.6 billion): "We're not trying to make people rich. We're trying to make them comfortable." Mutual Fund managers point out that automakers and oil firms account for most of this year's gain in the Dow-Jones industrials, and that many stocks in the average were selling last week at prices uncomfortably close to their 1964 lows: Allied Chemical at 52¼ *v.* a 1964 low of 51⅛, Alcoa at 59⅞ *v.* 59½, American Can at 42½ *v.* 40⅝, A.T. & T. at 66⅞ *v.* 65⅜, Woolworth at 28 *v.* 27. Two key stocks hit new 1964 lows last week: U.S. Steel at 50⅞ and General Foods at 78¼.

Lower Commissions? As the fund industry recovers, of course, the competition sharpens. Lehman Brothers' besieged One William Street Fund, whose redemptions ran $9 for every $1 of sales in the first half of this year, recently became the first big fund to give up the controversial "front-end load" on its contractual plans—under which Lehman deducted an 8½% commission on the entire contract before investing its customers' money. Sears, Roebuck plans to enter the field on a nationwide scale in about 18 months, and insurance companies hope to grab some of the market with variable annuity plans. Many fund managers expect this new activity to produce pressure for lower sales commissions (now typically 6-8½%), but many also welcome the competition. It could, as they see it, spread mutual funds into new areas, notably small towns, where the idea has not yet had much impact.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WORLD BUSINESS

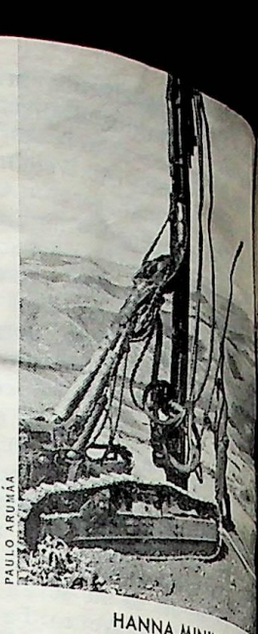


G.M. OPEL LINE IN GERMANY

DAVID MOORE—BLACK STAR

CYANAMID PLANT IN AUSTRALIA

A problem of pride as well as economics.



PAULO ARUMÁA

HANNA MINING IN BR

AMERICANS ABROAD

The Welcome Grows Cool

A change of attitude is taking place on the international scene that has potentially vast consequences for businessmen in the U.S. and in many other countries. In some parts of the world, particularly Western Europe, there is growing concern that heavy investments by U.S. industry threaten to dominate whole economies. U.S. businessmen last year increased their direct investments abroad by $3.4 billion to a record $41 billion. This year the rate is growing even faster, and the ubiquitous Yankee investors are drawing more and more cries of "dollar imperialism."

Ultranationalists in Brazil last week sought to block M. A. Hanna's plans to build a $25 million iron ore port, even though the government seemed determined to approve the deal, and the Supreme Court will rule soon on whether any foreign company has a right to mine in Brazil. In Australia, where U.S. companies are investing at the rate of $4,000,000 a week, the government is under mounting pressure to require part local ownership of foreign subsidiaries. At a special luncheon in Paris, the *crème de la crème* of France's business leaders listened last week to dire predictions that their country may be overrun by an "invasion" of powerful U.S. corporations, whose investment there has risen to $1.2 billion. Said René Sanson of the National Assembly's finance commission: "The potential of the U.S. scares me."

Giant Squeeze. No major country is ready to slam the door on U.S. businessmen, but the welcome is cooling most rapidly where recent American investments have been heaviest. As the flood of dollars shows no sign of receding, European businessmen are increasingly worried about being squeezed out by U.S. corporate giants, which have such a high scale of financing, research and marketing. In West Germany, where U.S. business has a $2 billion stake and General Motors' Opel has become a formidable competitor of Volkswagen, German industrialists are beginning to pressure the government to do something. While Italy still courts investments for its underdeveloped south, a former Cabinet minister has expressed "reservations" about the extent of U.S. capital in Italy. Even in countries that encourage U.S. investment, there has been increasing criticism that American business subsidiaries are a disruptive influence, overpaying and overhiring, then laying off local workers on short notice.

France has raised the loudest outcry, and has followed its words with action. Before French Deputies would endorse a draft of the government's fifth economic plan last month, they demanded that *Le Plan* be rewritten to deal more directly with the "colonization" of France through U.S. investments, which they believe to be the nation's No. 1 economic problem. The Deputies also voted to revise the tax laws to encourage mergers and to require foreign investors to buy stock in French companies only through French bourses, thus preventing another surprise takeover à la Chrysler-Simca.

Whose Caravelle? For the countries involved, there are a lot of complications and irritations in dealing with the problem of the overwhelming American presence. French businessmen concede, for example, that it is too late to regain control of certain sectors of the country's industry that are now dominated by U.S.-owned companies, such as food processing, synthetic rubber, farm machinery and electronic computers. The problem is also one of pride as well as of economics. It was almost more than President de Gaulle could bear when, earlier this year, he learned that he would not be able to promote his China policy by selling Caravelle jetliners to Mao Tse-tung. Reason: too much of the Caravelle's electronic equipment was American, and thus came under the U.S. Battle Act against trading with the enemy. In spite of all the complaints, many countries are unwilling, like France, to get really tough on foreign investors. They do not want to scare off the large infusions of money their economies need to keep growing.

EGYPT

Too Much & Too Little

Along with the Aswan Dam and [illegible] industry, President Nasser's ten-year [illegible] velopment plan has given Egyptians [illegible] bigger appetite. Since the plan was [illegible] ed in 1960, it has added 1,000,0[illegible] workers to the country's payrolls, [illegible] creased both total national income a[illegible] production by about 30%. It has [illegible] given millions of Egyptians the whe[illegible] withal to improve their meager die[illegible] and that fact has created a prob[illegible] that the planners did not anticipate: [illegible] acute food shortage.

Egyptians can now afford to eat mo[illegible] than their farmers can produce. D[illegible] mand for food has been twice as gr[illegible] as expected, and consumption of im[illegible] ported meat has soared 58%. Price[illegible] have spiraled, the black market flou[illegible] ishes and queues for food are an ever[illegible] day sight in Cairo. Last week, face[illegible] with the unpleasant fact that a measu[illegible] of austerity is the inescapable price of [illegible] crash development scheme, the gover[illegible] ment took the drastic step of banning [illegible] the slaughter and sale of meat three [illegible] days out of each week. It's back to co[illegible] and beans for the Egyptians on Sun[illegible] days, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, though [illegible] tourist hotels will still be allowed to [illegible] serve meat daily. Violators could ge[illegible] up to one year in jail. To ease the shor[illegible] age, the government has also set aside [illegible] $90 million in precious foreign exchange [illegible] to import Russian frozen fish and Amer[illegible] ican chicken and canned meats.

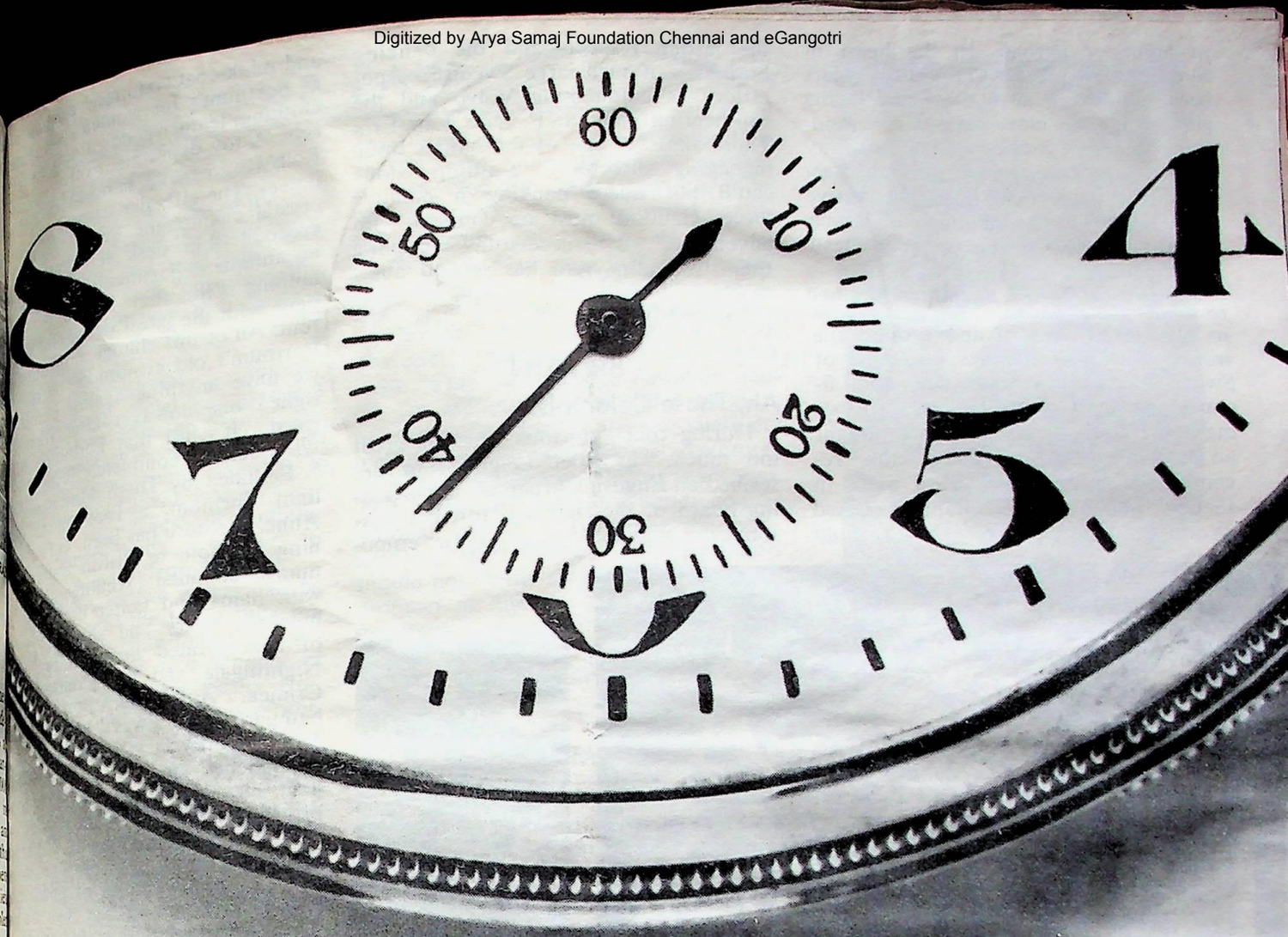
SWEDEN

Bankers to the World

Everywhere in Sweden a traveler is [illegible] likely to find *smörgåsbord*, attractive [illegible] women—and the 100-year-old Skand[illegible] naviska Bank. Ranging from a new [illegible] highly computerized branch at Sunds[illegible] vall in the northern timberland to a [illegible] modest cottage draped with a fishing [illegible] net on the island of Tjorn, Skandi[illegible] naviska's 284 branches thoroughly cov[illegible] er the country. While assiduously court[illegible] ing the rural shepherds and woodsmen [illegible] it does not overlook the city folk, either

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Each minute, each day something happens somewhere
that makes news. Each week
TIME sorts out the most important happenings,
extracts what makes news from what
merely makes noise. In the process, TIME keeps the
world's most interested readers informed on
the world's most interesting people, places and events.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridw

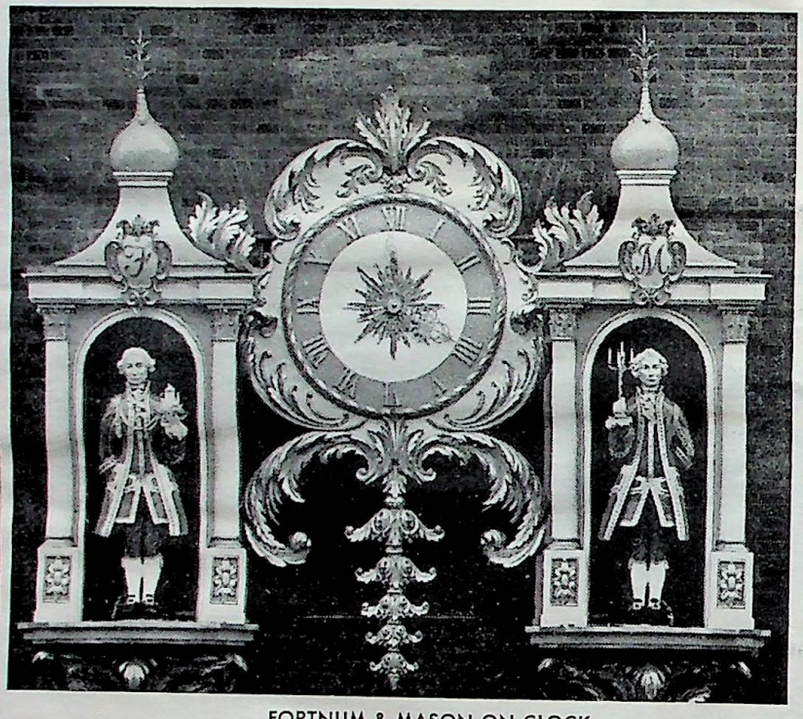
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

at home or abroad. In the heart of Stockholm, it has for the past two years been bulldozing away hills and laying girders for an eleven-story stone-and-glass palace of money that is currently Sweden's biggest construction job. Last week the bank celebrated the festive "roof laying" at the building, into which it will move next spring, one year ahead of schedule.

Aggressive Thrust. Skandinaviska had to build in a hurry to keep up with its growth in Sweden and around the world. The bank handles one-third of Sweden's currency exchange and finances one-half of its exports. Thrusting aggressively overseas, it has bought an interest in a Moroccan bank, recently acquired control of a bank in Geneva and joined the Bahamas-based World Banking Corp. to gain a toehold in Latin America. It backed construction of a $30 million paper plant in Portugal, and this year became the first Swedish bank since World War II to underwrite a foreign bond issue, for a Norwegian power project. All this activity has helped Skandinaviska in the past ten years to double its assets to $1.5 billion.

Though second in size to the Svenska Handelsbanken and less renowned than the Wallenbergs' Enskilda Bank (TIME, June 7, 1963), Skandinaviska has long been Sweden's foremost international bank and is widely regarded as its most modern and creative financial institution. In its earliest major deals a century ago, it raised money in Germany for Sweden's infant railroad and financed Swedish iron and timber exports. Skandinaviska also bankrolled the worldwide ventures of Swedish Match King Ivar Kreuger to the tune of $65 million, and his collapse in the 1930s almost brought the bank down as well.

Caution & Adventure. Skandinaviska bailed out many of Kreuger's companies in a rescue operation that won it the lasting respect—and the banking business—of such large Swedish corporations as automaking Volvo and the ball-bearing giant SKF. Says Lars-Erik Thunholm, 50, one of the bank's three managing directors: "Caution alone could not make banking a creative force. Caution must be coupled with adventure." By successfully coupling them, Skandinaviska has proved anew that one plus one often adds up to much more than two.



FORTNUM & MASON ON CLOCK
Turning wives into mistresses.

BRITAIN

Ah, Those Colonials

During that "glorious time of great too much," as Poet Leigh Hunt described an English Christmas, the groaning board of the rich and titled is customarily supplied by a unique emporium named Fortnum & Mason Ltd. Fortnum's is the world's only grocery with wall-to-wall carpeting, chandeliers and morning-coated clerks, who preside over stacks of specialty foods that can quickly run a grocery order to sky-high figures. Christmas accounts for 25% of Fortnum's business; last week 700 employees hustled to fill orders from eminent customers for such items as Beluga caviar ($44 a lb.), Stilton cheese, smoked Scotch salmon and *pâté de foie gras en croûte*, flown from Strasbourg. Almost every order includes that centerpiece of British Christmas, Fortnum's plum pudding, 70,000 of which will be sold in London or mailed around the world this year.

Not Quite So British. While all this seems quite traditional, the fact is that the Piccadilly store, dating back to 1707, is changing drastically under the direction of Garfield Weston (TIME, Oct. 26, 1962). Since the Canadian bread and grocery magnate (more than 700 stores in Britain) acquired Fortnum's in 1951, emphasis has shifted away from foods. Britain's bowler-hat and mink-coat contingent can now at Fortnum's for women's wear, clothing, leather goods, linens, eve sets. A toy department offers min Rolls-Royces and hand-carved ro horses. The gifts department has a crystal champagne bucket and a crocodile-skin desk set. There is an antique department in which almo nothing is less than $1,000, and a bo tique with the latest designs by St. La rent. All of this change at first unsettled Fortnum's old customers. "It isn't that we have anything against Canadians," sighed one dowager after Weston ar rived. "It's just that Fortnum's has always been so completely British."

Founded by Hugh Mason and W liam Fortnum, a footman to Q Anne, the store has been, in fact, a ru ning footnote to British history. Fo num's supplied Wellington's offic with hams and butter during the N poleonic Wars and shipped 250 of concentrated beef tea to Flore Nightingale and her wounded in Crimea. At home, Fortnum hampers have always been *de r* fare at Derby Day, Eton-Harrow cr et matches or an Oxford-Cambri boat race. Dickens praised Fortn provender, and Benjamin Disraeli, a hard day in Parliament, was met his wife with "a pie from Fortnum Mason's and a bottle of champag "My dear," he winked, "you are m like a mistress than a wife."

DEREK BAYES
WESTON

Bows All Around. While Weston broadened merchandise lines, tighte operations and increased profits ($5 000 before taxes this year), he made shrewd concessions to Fortnu traditional atmosphere. Cash regist have been installed for the first ti but their bells are muted. A soda fou tain has been added, but its décor decidedly British and it has become popular teatime spot for London m trons. Weston also erected a mammo exterior clock—Britain's biggest sinc Big Ben went up in 1859. From it, o the hour, 4-ft. figures of Founders For num and Mason emerge through bronz doors and bow to each other, seemingl happy that a Colonial has managed change their emporium while maki his own bow to them.

SOVIET UNION

Ads for Ivan

Now that the Soviet Union is thirs ing more of consumers, it is borrow ing another approach from the con sumer-oriented capitalist world—adver tising. The Russians have made a de with the small Manhattan firm of S Koppe to place ads from U.S. compa nies in Soviet trade publications. Pur pose: to step up trade with the U.S. b stepping up trade promotion. Althoug the U.S. has exported some $30 millio worth of goods (excluding wheat) t the U.S.S.R. so far this year, it rema to be seen whether many U.S. compa nies want to buy ads there, and whethe such ads would produce much busines

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

Second Thoughts on Obscenity

For judges faced with the problem of defining the "dim and uncertain" line between obscenity and constitutionally protected free expression, the Supreme Court has painfully worked out a combination of three tests:

Whether the material is "utterly without redeeming social importance."

Whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest."

Whether it also "goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor" to affront the point of "patent offensiveness."*

Unfortunately, no two judges can be counted on to read the test results the same way. After judging John Cleland's 200-year-old *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, better known as *Fanny Hill*, the New York Court of Appeals recently cleared the all-time erotic bestseller on the ground of "literary value." Applying the same tests to the same book, courts in Rhode Island and Massachusetts banned it. Last week the banners were joined by New Jersey's Bergen County Superior Court Judge Morris Pashman, who found *Fanny* "sufficiently obscene to forfeit the protection of the First Amendment."

Fanny Hill's U.S. publisher, G. P. Putnam's Sons, had asked Judge Pashman to enjoin the county prosecutor from blocking sale of the book in New Jersey under a law that bars distribution of "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy or indecent" material. The usual parade of witnesses—psychiatrists as well as literary critics—argued that *Fanny Hill* contained not a single four-letter word. But Judge Pashman was not impressed.

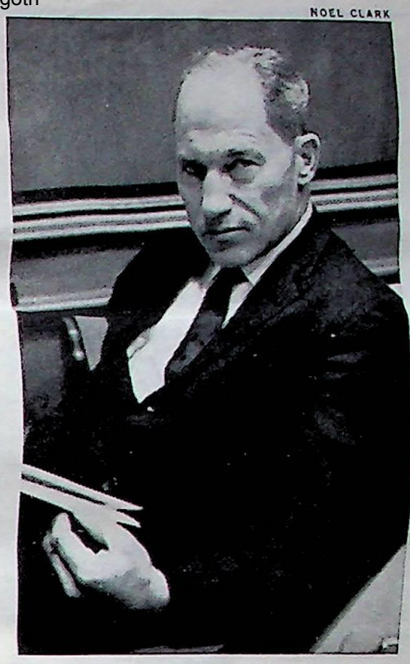
Though "sex is not synonymous with obscenity," he said, *Fanny Hill* makes it so. "Free rein," Judge Pashman added, "should not be given under the guise of constitutional guarantees to vilely depict perversions and sexual adventures as John Cleland saw fit 200 years ago. This is not the way to a better constitutional world; it is rather the path to decay and decline. The Constitution should not be the sword of the shameful profiteer of filth. It must be the shield to protect our sense of moral decency." Next testing station: the New Jersey Supreme Court, which will have to read *Fanny* all over.

*A fourth, unofficial test involves "hard-core pornography," described by one expert as "a succession of increasingly erotic scenes without distracting nonerotic passages."

THE SUPREME COURT

Strict Caution on Miscegenation

The door was wide open. When it ruled on the case of *McLaughlin* v. *Florida*, the Supreme Court could easily have ruled on the constitutionality of all miscegenation laws in the 19 states where they still exist. But strictly speaking, Connie Hoffman, who is a white woman, and Dewey McLaughlin, who is a Honduran hotel worker, had been convicted of only one form of miscegenation. They had violated a Florida law forbidding an unmarried couple of different races to "habitually live in and occupy in the nighttime


NOEL CLARK

JUSTICE WHITE
Postponing the larger issue.

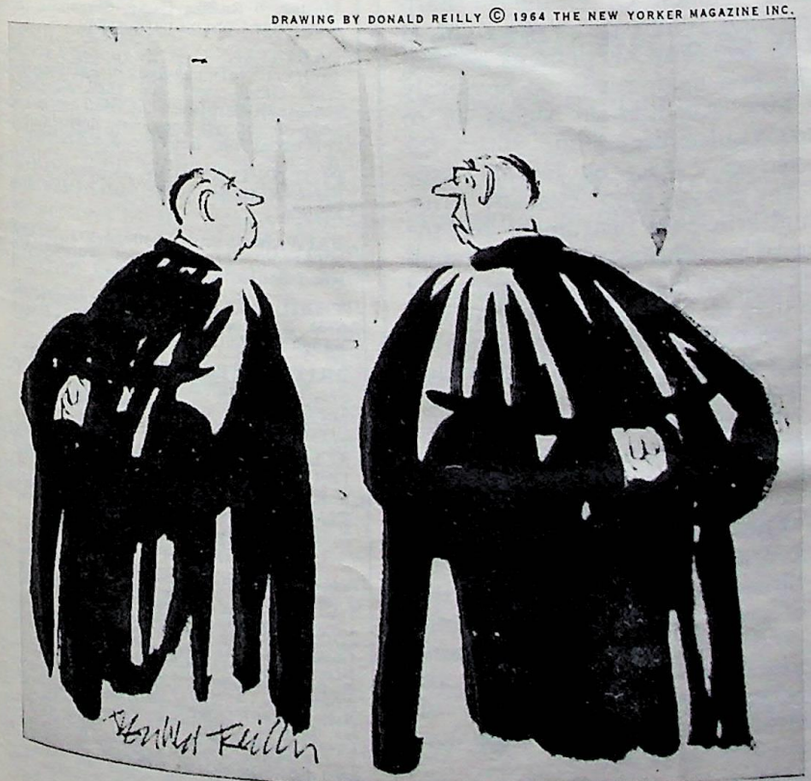
the same room." And the court, so often decried as a ruthless uprooter of social customs, likes to speak strictly and cautiously on issues of sex and morality. It voided the Florida ban on interracial cohabitation, but it postponed the larger issue.

Race & Policy. Arrested in Miami in 1962, sentenced to 30 days in jail and fined $150, Dewey and Connie appealed to the Florida Supreme Court. The trial judge, they pointed out, had specifically denied them the defense of common-law marriage, which Florida recognizes when contracted between persons of the same race. The judge did so on the grounds that Florida bans interracial marriage. The defendants argued that that law was unconstitutional, but the state's highest court, citing an 1883 Supreme Court decision upholding an Alabama law against interracial sexual relations (*Pace* v. *Alabama*), affirmed their conviction.

In the Pace case, the mere fact that white and Negro defendants received equal punishments was enough to convince the Supreme Court that Alabama had not violated the equal-protection clause of the 14th Amendment. But today's desegregation decisions have "swept away" Pace's idea of "equality," said Justice Byron White, speaking for the present court. They have made all racial classification by state laws "constitutionally suspect." To stand, the classification must now be totally reasonable. Race cannot be a relevant factor unless it is necessary to "the accomplishment of a permissible state policy." A state does have almost unlimited power to proscribe sexual offenses, said White. But Florida cannot be allowed to ban cohabitation between unmarried persons of different races—while permitting it between those of the same race.

Future Decision. Justice White's opinion left intact, for now, "what is claimed to be a valid ban on interracial mar-

DRAWING BY DONALD REILLY © 1964 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE INC.



"I AGREE THE BOOK IS DEFINITELY OBSCENE, BUT DO WE WANT PEOPLE TO THINK WE'RE SQUARE?"

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE FUND OF FUNDS, LIMITED

The Fund of Funds offers a portfolio of leading United States mutual investment funds and fund management companies, selected for comparative performance and future growth potential.

The Fund of Funds; IIT, *International Investment Trust;* and *Research Investing Corporation* (RIC) are offered under *The IOS* Investment Program.*

Dec. 8	Asset Value Per Share	Total Assets *(in millions)*
The Fund of Funds	$14.24	$104.3
IIT	$ 4.64	$ 7.8
RIC	$12.91	$ 16.4

* INVESTORS OVERSEAS SERVICES/largest Mutual Fund and investment program distributor specializing in the international market/1,000 Associates serve clients in 116 countries on six continents/complete financial planning services.

Executive Offices, Investors Overseas Services
119 rue de Lausanne Geneva, Switzerland

☐ *Please send a Prospectus and information for*

_____ *to:*
(insert name of fund)

NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY

COUNTRY M

"HERE COMES OUR FAILURE"

These words were once spoken of France's Jean Anouilh by a director of acknowledged ability—and doubtful foresight. TIME quoted him in a searching article on the playwright. Just such commentary gives TIME's features on famous people authenticity and bite. It's in evidence throughout the wide ranging Show Business section, which gleans theatrical news from every corner of the world. Small wonder millions of families around the world read TIME. It keeps them up-to-date on the very business there's no business like.

riage." Though concurring, Justice Potter Stewart sharply protested what he called the court's implication that such a law might be valid if the state could show "some overriding statutory purpose." Said Stewart: "I think it is simply not possible for a state law to be valid under our Constitution which makes the criminality of an act depend on the race of the actor." Although the majority stuck to the limits of the specific case before it, it seems likely that Stewart's views will be the court's when it finally faces up to the constitutionality of laws affecting interracial marriage.

Test for an Ancient Law

Twice before, Connecticut doctors had asked the Supreme Court to void the archaic law that bans the use of contraceptives in their state. In 1943, when one doctor said the law threatened his patients' lives, the court ruled against him because he failed to prove that it violated his own constitutional rights. In 1961, the court rejected another doctor's appeal for a declaratory judgment on the grounds that he presented an insufficient "controversy." Connecticut, the court told Yale's Dr. C. Lee Buxton, had never prosecuted anyone for violating the law and appeared unlikely to do so.

But the situation promptly changed, and last week the court indicated that Buxton has a case at last. Five months after the 1961 decision, police arrested Buxton and Mrs. Estelle Griswold, executive director of Connecticut's Planned Parenthood League. Fined $100 apiece for dispensing contraceptives at a birth-control clinic in New Haven, the defendants lost their appeal in the state's highest court. Then they went back to remind the Supreme Court of Justice William O. Douglas' sharp dissent in the 1961 case. "The right of the doctor to advise his patients according to his best lights seems so obviously within First Amendment rights as to need no extended discussion."

Enacted in 1879, the law at issue says: "Any person who uses any drug, medicinal article or instrument for the purpose of preventing conception shall be fined not less than $50 or imprisoned not less than 60 days nor more than one year, or be both fined and imprisoned." The law is obviously ignored and flouted by thousands every day, but doctors cringe at the penalty, which applies to them through the state's accessory law that makes a criminal out of "any person who assists, abets, counsels, causes, hires or commands" another to use contraceptives.*

The birth-control statute rests on the power of every state to regulate public morals, and it has until now been stoutly supported by the Roman Catholic clergy, whose flock comprises 46% of Connecticut's population. Dr. Buxton

* Though 29 states regulate birth-control devices and information, only Connecticut forbids the mere use of contraceptives.

A World Leader in Telecommunications and Electronics

NEC

Nippon Electric Company Limited
P. O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 1[illegible]) c/o People's Stores Corp. (Ava House), 291 S[illegible] Pagoda Road, Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 1[illegible]) c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 2[illegible] Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 1[illegible] 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8[illegible] c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul.

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$400; 3 yrs, NT$800; 5 yrs, NT$1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 15[illegible] Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

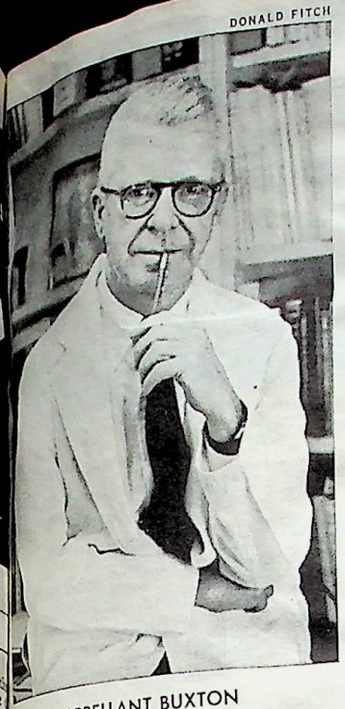
ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S.$11.25; 3 yrs, U.S.$22.50; 5 yrs, U.S.$[illegible] TIME International, 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam 18, Netherlands

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Donald M. Brumbaugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard M. Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Clay Buckhout, Hardy Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Jerome S. Hardy, D. Parker Bradley, John L. Hallenbeck, Ralph D. Paine, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley, Arthur R. Murphy, Ralph D. Delacorte, Jr., Bernard Luce III, Allen Grover, Jr., Howard Black, P. I. Prentice, Comptroller and Assistant Secretary; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Richard B. McKeon; Assistant Treasurer, Charles L. Gleason, Jr., Assistant Secretary, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeon

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

DONALD FITCH



APPELLANT BUXTON
An overriding medical interest?

nd his colleagues argue an overriding terest: that the law threatens health d life.

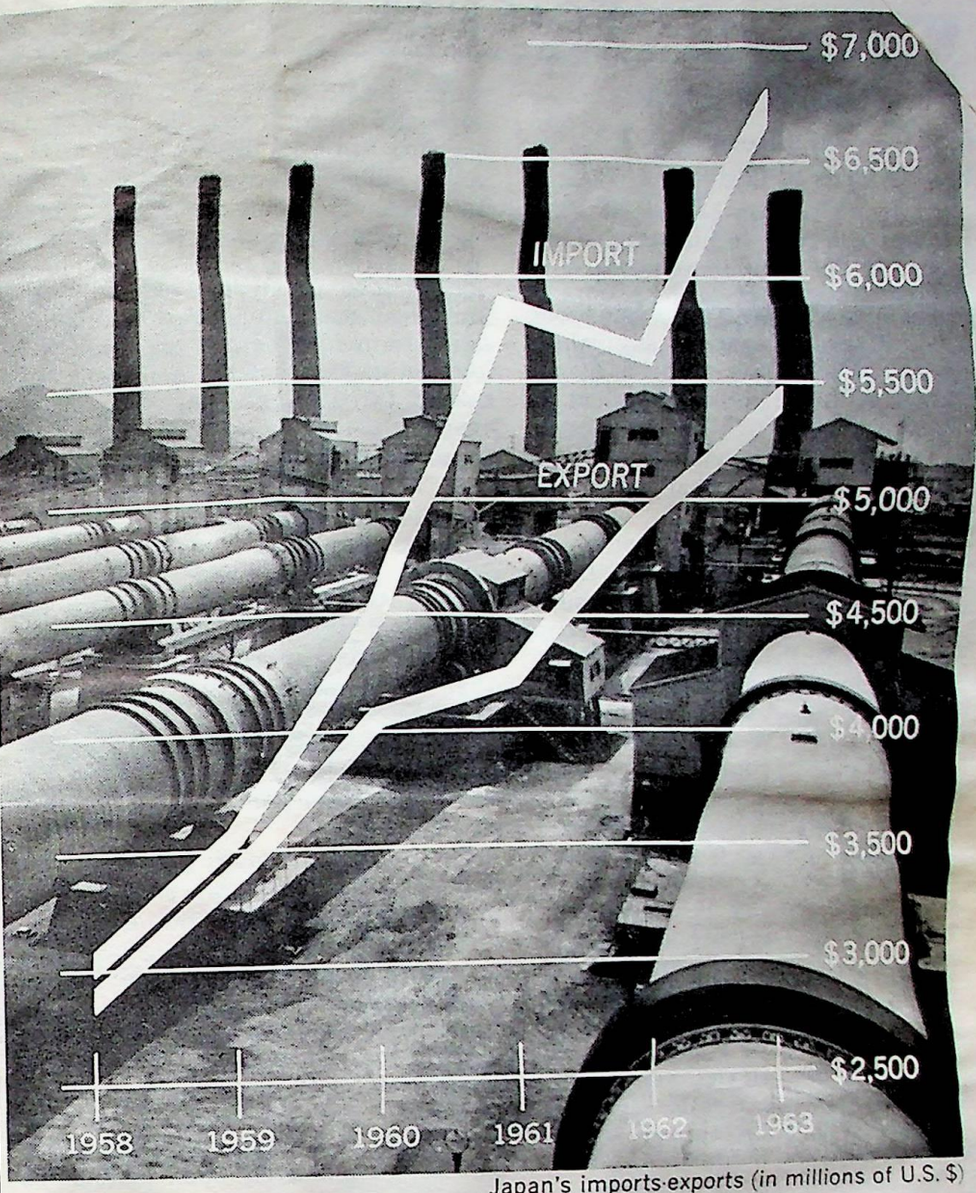
Not only does the law violate the urth Amendment guarantee against easonable search and seizure, says e Law Professor Fowler Harper, but fact that it does exist and can be forced threatens the Ninth Amend-nt's implied right of privacy or what rper calls "freedom from coerced rital conformity in the bedroom." Worst of all, says Harper, the law total-fails to attain its goal of "preventing entious relations between unmarried sons, since the forbidden contracep-e devices may be obtained in prac-lly all drugstores in the state."

LIBEL

Shout from the Times

During his 1962 re-election cam-gn, Washington Democratic State presentative John Goldmark and his Communist wife Sally were loudly cried subversives by the weekly Tona-et Tribune and some local John rchers. When Goldmark lost, he and s wife slapped a $225,000 libel suit on e of their critics. Last winter the trial y denied recovery to Sally, but arded $40,000 to Goldmark on the unds that he was beaten by criticism t overreached the limits of fair com-nt (TIME, Jan. 31).

Last week the Goldmarks got a ock: Superior Court Judge Theodore rner granted the defendants a new ial because "the case was submitted the jury on a basis which the U.S. preme Court has declared is funda-entally wrong." Turner was referring *New York Times Co.* v. *Sullivan*, landmark decision holding that public officials can sue their critics only for a false statement "made with actual mal-ce—that is, with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard for whether it was false or not."



Japan's imports-exports (*in millions of U.S. $*)

How to buy and sell in the billion dollar Japanese market

One way is to open your own office in Tokyo staffed with 3,000 experts on Japan's industries, commerce and foreign trade. In effect this is what you get when you deal with Japan's largest general trading company, Mitsubishi Shoji of Tokyo. From its head office with 100 branches and associates throughout the world, Mitsubishi Shoji helped over 5,000 overseas firms do $1,500,000,000 worth of import-export business in Japan last year. Mitsubishi Shoji handles everything from consumer goods to heavy industrial equipment. Long association with other Mitsubishi enterprises (30 of Japan's largest corporations) gives you a priceless advantage when either buying or selling in the Japanese market. Put Mitsubishi Shoji's proven ability to work for your firm. For complete information write to:

General Importers & Exporters
MITSUBISHI SHOJI KAISHA, LTD
Head Office: Marunouchi, Tokyo, Japan

Overseas Trade Network: New Delhi, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Karachi, Lahore, Dacca, Rangoon, Bangkok, Saigon, Manila, Phnom Penh, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Djakarta, Hongkong, Taipei, Naha and 40 other major cities around the world.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ASTRONOMY

Measuring Moisture For Chances of Life

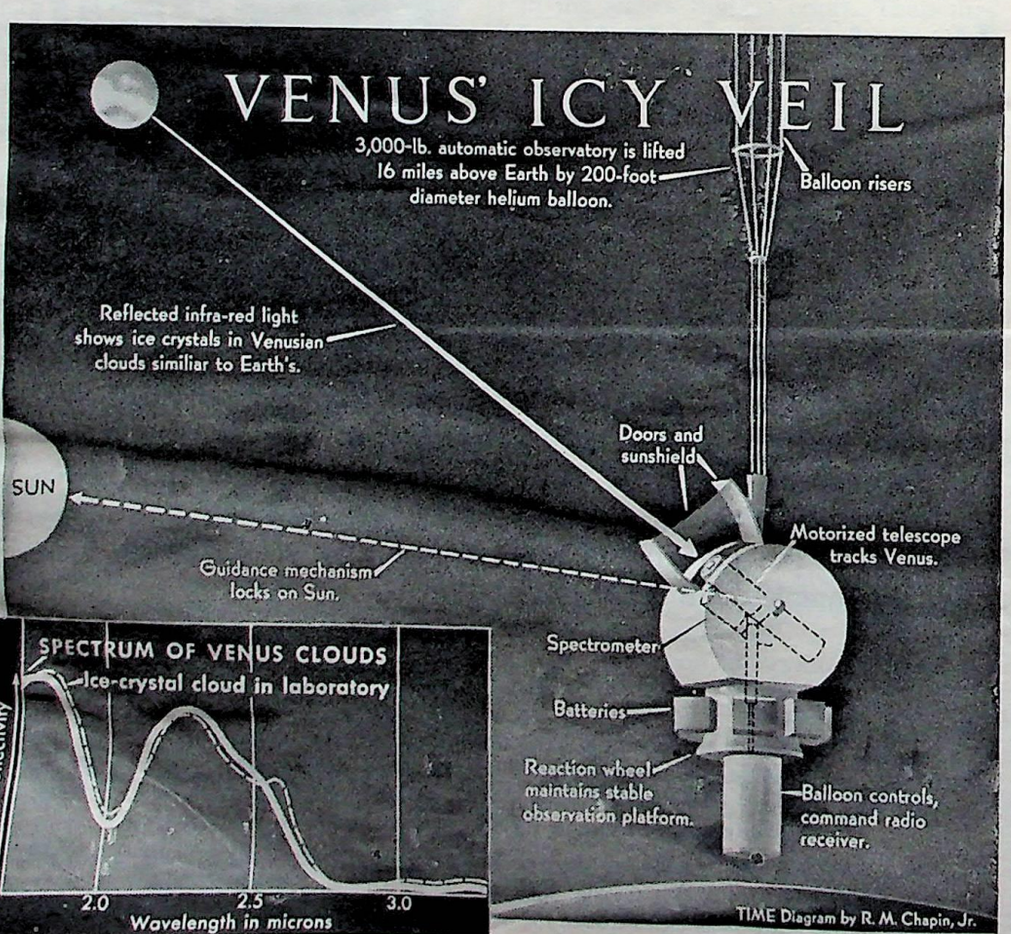
The giant balloon hoisted the Johns Hopkins telescope 16 miles high—high enough to get it up above most of the dust and water vapor in the Earth's atmosphere, high enough for a clear look at the dark-blue daytime sky where stars and planets glow with hardly diminished brilliance. Most important of all, it was high enough for the mechanized scope to scan accurately the infrared rays from the sun that were being bounced off Venus.

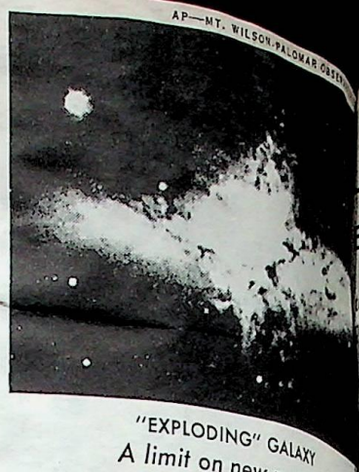
Laboratory Match. Measured by the 180-million-mile voyage of the spacecraft Mariner II that took it within a scant 21,000 miles of Venus (TIME, Jan. 4, 1963), the telescope's short ascent seems puny indeed, and it cost the sponsoring Air Force an insignificant $100,000. But the data it collected before it parachuted back to Earth promises to stir up a lively astronomical argument. Mariner confirmed earlier radiotelescope observations and reported that the Venusian surface is far too hot and dry to support any Earth-type life. The flying telescope got a vastly different slant. After careful analysis, says Hopkins Balloon Astronomer John Strong, he is convinced that the clouds hiding the Venusian surface are made of ice particles, just like the Earth's high clouds. And if Venus has that amount of water around, it may also have some sort of life.

By combining 120 separate spectroscopic measurements, Dr. Strong and his assistants got a smooth curve showing how strongly the Venusian clouds reflect different wave lengths of solar infra-red. This curve matched almost perfectly the reflection spectrum of an ice-crystal cloud observed in the laboratory. It was wholly different from the curves of dust, liquid carbon dioxide, liquid formaldehyde and the other noxious substances that are generally considered to be the content of Venusian clouds.

Far-Fetched Maneuver. Dr. Strong does not reject Mariner figures, only their interpretation. To take the temperature of a planet's invisible surface by radio is, he thinks, a far-fetched maneuver. All sorts of things besides hot rocks and dust can generate radio waves. They may come, for instance, from storms in the thick Venusian atmosphere, which is churned by twice as much solar energy as hits the Earth. Experts on cloud physics are finding that even gently turbulent clouds give off radio waves.

Dr. Strong also doubts the theory that the carbon dioxide known to be present in the atmosphere of Venus must trap sunlight by a "greenhouse effect" and necessarily make the surface too hot for living organisms. The ice crystals in the clouds, he believes, are so highly reflective that they bounce much of the sun's energy back into space before it gets anywhere near the planet's surface. Thus layers of the Venusian atmosphere may be comparatively cool, perhaps as cool as similar layers on the Earth.





"EXPLODING" GALAXY
A limit on new matter?

COSMOLOGY

Procreation in Space

How was the universe created? A
at once, and billions of years ago, s
the "big bang" faction of cosmologi
and not a single atom has been cre
since that explosion. "Continual c
tion" cosmologists take a different t
They believe that the matter in the
verse was created gradually and
being created, probably as neutron
hydrogen atoms in the lonely s
between the galaxies. Not quite s
fied with either theory, Professor
liam H. McCrea of the University
London's Royal Holloway College
offers an improvement on continual
ation. In the *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*, McC
argues that matter is created in
places where matter is thickest,
dense centers of galaxies.

The biggest failing of the stand
version of continual creation, says M
Crea, is that almost no matter has be
found between the galaxies. Accordi
to the theory, there should be 100 ti
as much in intergalactic space as
galaxies themselves. But it was alw
rather silly, McCrea thinks, to assig
to space, which is the absence of ma
ter, the ability to create tangible thing
such as hydrogen atoms. He bases h
own theory on the principle that "co
tinual creation of new matter is a pro
erty of existing matter depending up
its physical state."

In the McCrea universe, the galax
are the breeding place of matter. De
in their hearts new atoms appear, gu
ering together to form new stars
adding to the mass of old ones. Even
tually the galaxy reaches a limit, breaks up and expels into space a clot of ma
ter that forms the embryo of a young growing galaxy. In accordance w
some principle that McCrea does no
claim to understand, new galaxies a
born at the proper rate to fill the vacuo
spaces left by the general expansion of the universe.

Deep in space, many galaxies ha
recently been found that are apparen
exploding. These "quasars" (quasi-st
lar objects), give off more energy th
any other bodies in the universe.
McCrea is right, they have created th
limit of new matter and are in
throes of stupendous parturition.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Esso Operetta

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg is a triumph of taste, spirit and style over a plot drenched with soulful clichés. This flashy, sparkling French musical, in which every word is sung, is attuned to the sensibilities of sad young lovers who like to contemplate futility while walking barefoot in the rain. The film delights the eye, but it gives the mind very little to feed upon.

In rainy Cherbourg, Geneviève (Catherine Deneuve) keeps slipping away from her mother's umbrella shop to meet an ardent garage mechanic, Guy (Nino Castelnuovo). Guy goes off to the war in Algeria, leaving Geneviève pregnant. When she doesn't hear from him, she lets her mother marry her off to a sober young jewel merchant. One Christmas time years later, the lovers meet again briefly and find themselves virtual strangers. Geneviève is now a chic, prosperous Parisienne. Guy has acquired a pleasant wife, a son, and an Esso station he can call his own.

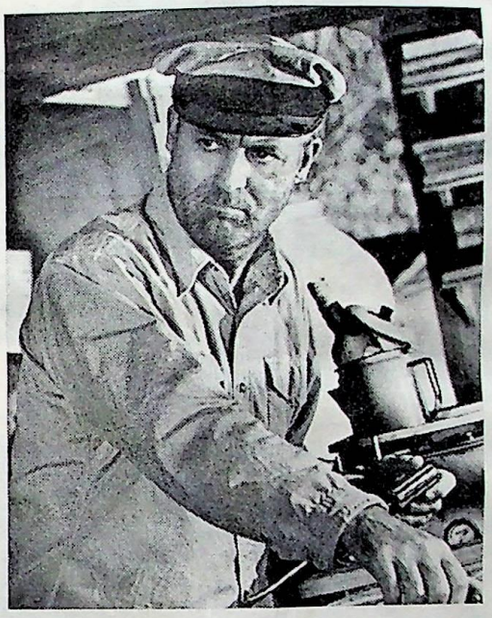
The audience may justly snicker a bit when this climactic encounter is interrupted by a uniformed station attendant who sings: "Shall I fill it up, Madame? Super or standard?" The sound of Muzak lyricism in the score is for the most part standard. There are no songs as such, but the script, in rhyme translated by prosaic subtitles, weaves themes of love and despair into insistent chatter music that accompanies every utterance from *"Je suis enceinte, Maman"* to "pass the sugar."

Despite its seeming effort to imitate operetta, *Umbrellas* is essentially pure style, cleverly edged with pessimism. By exercising a stylistic *savoir-faire* that blithely regards faults as virtues, Director Jacques Demy transforms it into a film of unique and haunting beauty. Suspended in silvery rain above a cobblestone street, the camera peers down at a crimson umbrella that is soon accosted by others into a colorful mosaic. Again, the tumbling of carnival masqueraders past a plate-glass window adds ineffable poignancy to Actress Deneuve's tranquil blonde perfection as she waits for Guy. And in her wedding scene, wearing a maternity bridal gown, she is the exquisite embodiment of every girl who ever traded her first careless rapture for a bit of tangible security. Director Demy not only risks the commonplace, he makes simplicity almost a fetish, disarms the audience with ingenuousness. Like a kid with a handful of bright new crayons, he scrawls his sadly cynical fairy tale across the shabby landscape of the town. Through his eyes Cherbourg becomes a city of promise done up in candy-box décor, where every shopfront, boudoir and corner bistro has been daubed with gentle pastels or vibrant reds, yellows, pinks, blues. This is the way things ought to be, he wistfully suggests, not yet faded with the passing seasons into the greyness of things as they are. Hollywood has been performing such tricks for years, but rarely with so graceful a touch.

Smooth Sailor

Father Goose. The man looks as seamy as an old sea bag. His chin sprouts a day's growth of stubble. Tattered shirttails flap outside his trousers. Coltish Leslie Caron sums him up succinctly as "a rude, foulmouthed, drunken, filthy beast."

The filthy beast is Cary Grant, somewhat whimsically cast as a Pacific island beach bum. World War II has begun,



GRANT IN "GOOSE"
A sprightly stab at crudity.

and Grant greets it with the disdain he might ordinarily show for a stale canapé. Nevertheless, Australian Navy Commander Trevor Howard tricks him into a position as a plane spotter on a remote islet near New Guinea. Soon he has to rescue Caron and her seven giggling schoolgirl charges, who have fled the French consulate at Rabaul.

After a promising beginning, *Father Goose* hits the shoals and settles down as a slick but superficial imitation of *The African Queen*. Its darling juveniles strain their precocity to freshen up the familiar fireworks between a proper young lady and an improper gent. The war itself looks like one of the livelier attractions at Disneyland. Grant and Caron endure pretty little hardships, finally try to get married by a chaplain over short-wave radio during a Japanese strafing attack.

The film's main interest lies in the novelty of a grubby Grant. He is miscast as a Bogart, but he makes a sprightly stab at crudity. When his dinghy starts to capsize with a full cargo of sweet young things, one tiny mutineer bites him, and he throws a capful of water in her face. When Caron slaps him, he lets her have it too. When Trevor Howard informs him that the island has a hidden treasure-trove of good Scotch whisky, Grant starts pawing the turf like Pavlov's dog. His engaging brand of roughhouse finally proves a point that was never seriously in doubt in the first place. Scrub the style and polish off Cary Grant, and what do you find? The real polish underneath.

Knocking Off Fort Knox

Goldfinger. A grey sports car spirals lazily up an Alp. Looks like any other Aston Martin? Look again. This rod has bulletproof windows, and can change license plates at the flick of a switch. Its radioscope tracks a bugged automobile 240 km. away. From vents in the rear it releases a smokescreen and an oil slick. From ports in the grille it protrudes a pair of machine guns. What's more, the rear axle of the chariot is armed with bladed hubcaps that telescopically extend to chew up the rubber of an overtaking vehicle. And if the driver should decide to ditch an obstreperous passenger, he need only press a button: the roof glides back and the jump seat violently ejects the jerk.

In the driver's seat, it goes without saying, sits that gadget-gaga gumshoe, James Bond (Sean Connery). "Ta-ta," he chortles as he charges full throttle into his latest caper. Poor James. Little does he know that he is about to encounter the grand master of all master criminals, "the most evil genius he has ever faced": Auric Goldfinger.

Gold is the operative syllable. Goldfinger is a modern Midas who owns a solid-gold revolver, a solid-gold Rolls-Royce, and a gold-plated girl friend. He is reputedly a "bullionaire," but still he wants more gold; he wants all the gold in the world. To get it, Goldfinger has assembled a ghastly crew of criminal specialists. Among them: Oddjob (Harold Sakata), a Korean karatist whose hands are so strong he can crush a golf ball between thumb and forefinger; and Pussy Galore (Honor Blackman), the person who flies lead plane in Goldfinger's private air force. With their assistance, Goldfinger intends to execute a criminal masterpiece. "Tomorrow," he blandly announces, "we will knock off Fort Knox."

A bit much? Yes, but it's meant to be. Like *Doctor No* and *From Russia with Love*, the two previous Bond bombshells, this picture is a thriller exuberantly travestied. No doubt *Goldfinger's* formula for box-office gold contains entirely too much brass, but who cares? In scene after scene Director Guy Hamilton has contrived some hilariously horrible sight gags. Item: a gangster Goldfingered for liquidation is taken for a ride to the nearest junkyard, where car and contents are seized by a giant claw, dropped into a mighty mangle and ruthlessly crushed into a small square bale of bloody metal. "Ah, yes!" Goldfinger graciously explains when somebody wonders where the gangster is. "He had a pressing engagement."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Start quizzing your Omega jeweler already today, and you'll be more expert when it's time to buy a watch

Of course, your Omega jeweler will be happy to sell you a watch. But he'll be just as happy to answer your questions. To tell you what makes an Omega tick. And why it ticks so regularly, for so long. He knows his subject. Watches are his life. He's a man worth meeting.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

nly few jewelers carry Omega watches. hose who do are experts. They lected Omega because the watch mmands their professional esteem.

invitation to browse and ask ques-s. They take pride in selling the nd. They take pleasure in merely ing you browse and ask questions. ice how they handle the watches as lay them one by one on the velvet play tray – fondly and respectfully, e an art dealer lovingly placing a sterpiece on the easel. For these are ordinary watches. They are destined be worn for life.

isurely watch buying calls for this ecial setting. Don't be surprised if e sales room of your Omega jeweler s wall-to-wall carpeting and if you are fered a comfortable seat. Omega has commended seven types of chairs to jewelers, including designs by Eero arinen and Charles Eames.

r you will want to be at ease. Mak- a lifetime investment in high ecision requires leisurely reflection. you will be sitting at 25.5 inches ve the floor, the top of the sales nter will be 31 inches high. You thus examine the watches without ing forward.

e hanging lamps above the sales nter are also arranged for your com-. If they were too high, the merchan- would not receive enough light. hey were too low, you would feel e heat of the bulbs.

d-fashioned salesmanship... avant-rde watches. In helping you make r choice, your Omega jeweler will play personal, unhurried salesman-p. You may be a little astonished to d this art still being cultivated in an of self-service and discount houses. s your choice is among hundreds of atch types, the jeweler will proceed iodically. What would your reac-n be if suddenly you were confronted ith a bewildering profusion of watch-den trays?

stead, you will be shown an initial oice of only six models representing e main groups in the jeweler's lection. Together with your jeweler u will now determine the group most kely to appeal to you.

our choice might depend on your b or hobby. Let us suppose that you ve shown a preference for a self-inding Chronometer.

he jeweler will then help you narrow own your choice with a succession of ays containing Omega Constellation hronometers only.

n the process he will explain to you the eaning of the word Chronometer (it fers to a watch that has proved its ceptional accuracy in an official Swiss sting laboratory). And he will draw your attention to the advantages of the self-winding feature (it's not so much the convenience of never having to wind your watch as the fact that self-winding watches are better time-keepers).

Or, depending on your profession or hobby, you might opt for a specialist's watch. For the Omega Speedmaster wrist computer, for instance, designed for production engineers and rally enthusiasts. Or the Omega Seamaster 300, a deep-sea watch for the skin diver.

Foremost Swiss Chronometer. Alone, the Omega Constellation accounts for 61.47% of Switzerland's production of Chronometers—"super" watches that have proved their exceptional accuracy in an official Swiss testing station. Shown here is the new Omega Constellation "C".

How to choose from the largest range of ladies' watches. Even more formidable is the variety of Omega ladies' watches. Here, too, the jeweler will try to pinpoint the customer's preference by first showing her a pre-selection. Among these models will be the Omega Ladymatic, a self-winding watch whose 176-piece movement weighs little more than half a sugar cube (one-tenth of an ounce). There will also be the Omega Sapphette. Its watch-glass is a man-made sapphire whose faceted edge sparkles like a gem. Almost as hard as a diamond, the Sapphette crystal can neither scratch nor break.

For the vast collection of Omega diamond and gold-bracelet creations, many jewelers maintain a special sales counter in the rear of the store. This arrangement assures privacy and security.

Ω OMEGA

In 129 countries, expert service for your Omega. Your Omega jeweler not only helps you select your watch. He not only issues the Omega guarantee. He also takes a personal, lasting interest in your watch.

Here he enjoys the backing of his Omega colleagues in 129 countries. Any one of them will honor your Omega guarantee as though he had issued it himself.

Every Omega jeweler belongs to a unique international club of watch experts, the Omega World Service Organization. Every single member of this global network is thoroughly familiar with your watch.

Wherever business or pleasure may take you (interestingly enough many Omega owners are inveterate globe-trotters), you are therefore likely to find there an Omega specialist to whom you can entrust your watch for maintenance*. Thanks to a worldwide training and exchange program, your watch will receive locally the same care as at the Omega factory in Switzerland.

World's tiniest self-winding watch. The movement of this Omega Ladymatic weighs about 1/10th of an ounce—barely more than half a sugar cube. Yet it contains the 176 parts of a high-precision movement that never needs winding. Omega's collection of self-winding ladies' watches is the world's largest.

Behind the store window, a warm welcome. For the Omega jeweler in your town, your neighborhood, store hours mean open house. Drop in on him the next time you pass by. A warm welcome and a world full of fascination await you behind the red velvet backdrop of his window.

** Maintenance means oiling and cleaning by an Omega jeweler once every two years. This simple precaution assures accurate and reliable timekeeping for decades. Your Omega works 24 hours a day, ceaselessly, yet it only needs a fraction of a droplet of oil every two years!*

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

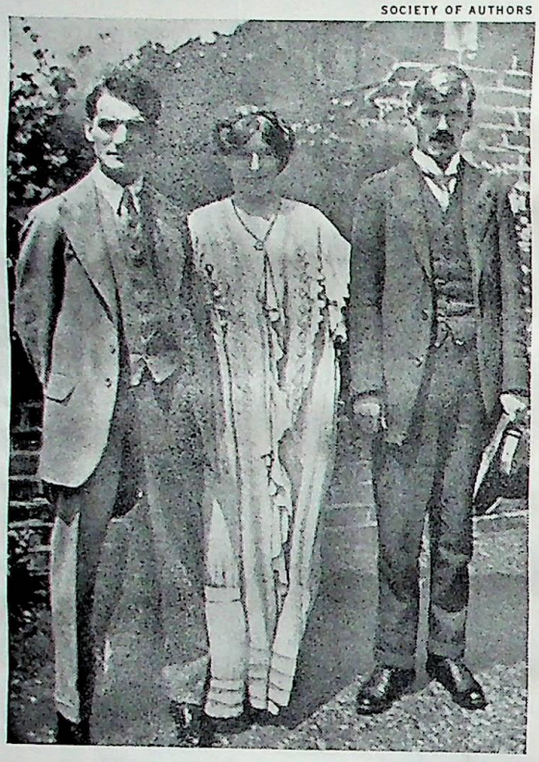
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The Fleshly Muse

FRIEDA LAWRENCE: THE MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE *edited by E. W. Tedlock Jr.* 481 pages. *Knopf.* $7.50

As an early prophet of the century's sexual revolution, in prose and by example, D. H. Lawrence attracted swarms of intense female admirers, several of whom rushed into print right after his death with memoirs whose burden was that only the author understood "Lorenzo's" real self, and only his cloddish wife Frieda stood in the way of some blazing fusion that would make sexual, if not literary, history.

SOCIETY OF AUTHORS



MURRY, FRIEDA & D. H. LAWRENCE
As generous of body as of soul.

Lawrence died in 1930, leaving generations of teen-agers to pore over his lyrical celebrations of sex (*Lady Chatterley's Lover, The Plumed Serpent*) as a mystical force that was its own imperative, displacing petty considerations of established custom, narrow morality or Christian ethic. For 26 years, until her own death in 1956, Frieda loyally supported the image of Lawrence as the ultimate male. But all the while she was writing an extensive fictionalized memoir. In this book, Professor E. W. Tedlock Jr. of the University of New Mexico has tried to patch together her fragmentary memoir into a coherent whole, and has also assembled a collection of hitherto unpublished correspondence by and to Frieda. The result is to transform Frieda from an offstage presence into a compelling personality in her own right.

More than Reality. The memoir itself is lesser Lawrence in philosophy ("Sex is almost the essence of living"), and the style is the still lesser English that might be expected of a Prussian baron's daughter. But the letters are delightful and perceptive. Most startlingly, they reveal that Frieda was at least as sexually uninhibited as Lawrence himself professed to be (which was a good deal more than he was in reality).

In the first year that she left her professor-husband and three children to live with Lawrence, Frieda was admitting that she could be attracted to other men. She and Lawrence, not yet married, set off on a walking trip with David Garnett and his friend Harold Hobson. Before the trek across the Alps was over, Frieda had confessed to Lawrence that she had felt a strong physical attraction to young Hobson, and he to her. Frieda discussed it freely in letters to Garnett, and Lawrence furiously scribbled comments across her letters: "Stinker! Bitch!"

There are many letters reflecting the affair she had several years later with John Middleton Murry, husband of Katherine Mansfield. "Why, I ask myself, was it *you* who should have revealed to me the richness of physical love?" Jack wrote to Frieda many years later, lamenting that he had lacked the courage to steal her from Lawrence. "And the loveliness there was between us came out of the generosity of your soul as much as the generosity of your body."

Inner Torment. The primary value of the collection, however, is in its illumination of the stormy relationship between Frieda, the German aristocrat, and Lawrence, the coal miner's son. Lawrence emerges as much prig as immoralist. But he also amply demonstrates his doctrine that the most lasting relationship between man and woman is "love-hate." She concedes that some inner torment sometimes hurled him "over the edge of sanity. Once, I remember he had his hands on my throat, and he was pressing me against the wall and ground out: 'I am the master, I am the master!' " Her response: "Is that all? You can be master as much as you like, I don't care."

But Frieda has as many self-important feelings as self-effacing ones. She complained to one admirer about "so-called 'men' " whose chastity was "male conceit," and she added: "I know to my sorrow that I am six times the 'man' that any of you are." But with Lawrence's death at 45 of tuberculosis, Frieda was seemingly knocked to her knees: she reported "seeing his greatness whole for the first time." Like "a hero in the old days," he should be "burnt on a funeral pyre," and as his widow, she should "throw herself as a last tribute into the flames."

Where she threw herself instead was into an alliance with a pottering Italian painter and ceramist with whom she lived until she died, the last six years in wedlock. In explaining away her h... and the family of four that were ... in Italy, Friend Aldous Huxley poi... to Frieda's "extreme helplessness w... left alone to cope with a practical sit... tion." It was indeed a fact, never ... tioned in these jottings, that D. H. ... done most of the household's dust... and dishwashing.

Outer Fidelity. For all her ... to Lawrence's person, Frieda ... resolutely loyal to his work. The ... est reservation by a reviewer ... with massive rebuttal. Her husband ... wrote, had "changed the world's ... look on sex for all time," and had ... persecuted "only because the world ... not ready for the new reality."

The world has now accepted ... "new reality," and its views on L... rence's literary skills have consequ... become clear-eyed, discovering that ... prose was often embarrassingly o... blown, his plots contrived, his cha... ters stylized. But Lawrence was at he... a polemicist, driven by an idea, a... that idea lifts and illuminates his ... pages. More than many a more ... craftsman, Lawrence had changed ... manners and morals of the An... Saxon world.

. . .

The Sunday paintings of D. H. L... rence have long been a source of ... centious but frustrated fascination ... cause few people have ever seen th... "I put a phallus in each one of ... pictures somewhere," Lawrence to... painter friend, "and I paint no pic... that won't shock people's castrated ... cial spirituality." The London po... obliged by closing up Lawrence's ... showing in 1929. Now, at last collect... and vended by Viking Press (*Paintings of D. H. Lawrence;* $12.50), the ... forbidden fruit proves to have been ov... dated by onrushing realism. There is ... sampling of candid nudes, but the ... proach is less pornographic or primitive than merely earnest. In the artistic ou... put of Lawrence, 10,000 pictures would have been worth less than one wo...

LAURENCE POLLINGER LTD. & UNIVERSITY OF NOTTING...

"NORTH SEA" BY D.H.L.
As much prig as immoralist.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Pennies can prevent this from happening to you

Working hot metal can be highly profitable—and extremely dangerous.

Metal-working machines, drop forges, die-casting machines and others may carry small streams of potential destruction in their hydraulic lines—flammable petroleum hydraulic fluids.

A minor mishap—a broken line or seal—and flaming liquid and explosive spray can jet through your plant.

That's why the slight additional cost for Monsanto Pydraul* hydraulic fluids can be such a wise investment.

Pydraul will not support combustion.

Pydraul in your hydraulic lines can mean lower insurance costs.

And Pydraul gives you other benefits. It won't sludge or thicken, it's not corrosive, yet Pydraul provides all the lubricating qualities of premium grade, but flammable, petroleum oils.

Pydraul is a performance-proved combination of safety and utility. Try it. You'll like the feeling of security Pydraul can give you.

And if other fluids in your plant are giving you trouble, talk to your local Monsanto representative. Chances are he's got something to help you.

Monsanto, St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.

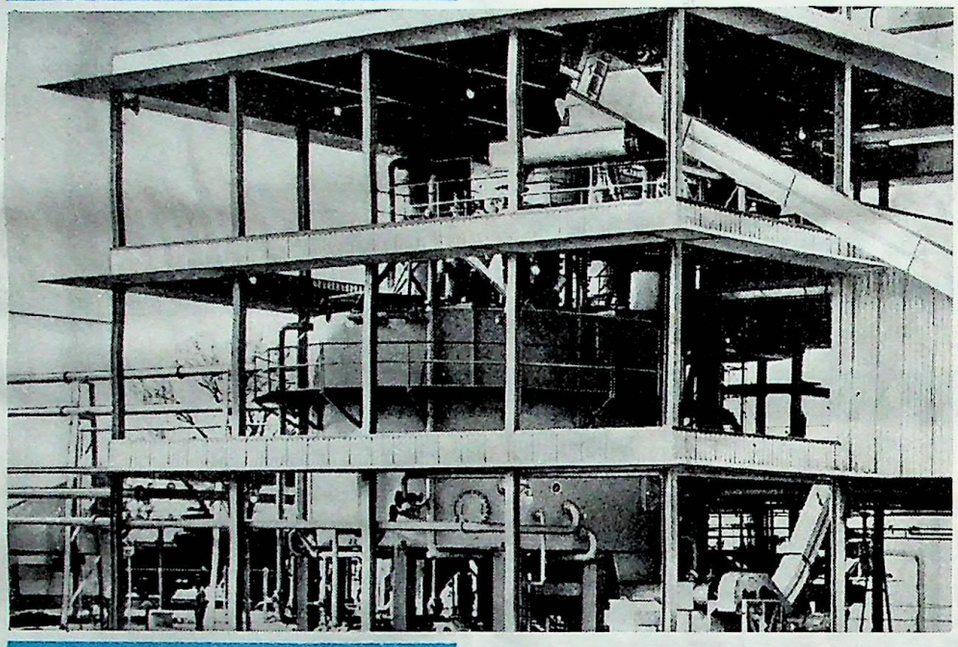
*Trademark of Monsanto

Monsanto

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

KRUPP



Outdoor ROTOCEL Vegetable Oil Extraction Plant.

Further details are given in our publication No. 49/64 Write for a copy to

LET KRUPP HELP YOU FIND THE BEST SOLUTION

More than 150 years of experience and more than 100,000 employees in modern research centers, engineering and production departments are your guarantee for the highest return on your investment.

KRUPP design and build complete industrial plants, locomotives, heavy trucks, ships, excavators, bulk-handling equipment, cranes, can-making machinery, tools, chemical process equipment, civil engineering structures, etc.

The complete catalog of products and services comprises some 3,000 items. 355 agents represent KRUPP in 116 countries, and KRUPP sales engineers are stationed in many parts of the world.

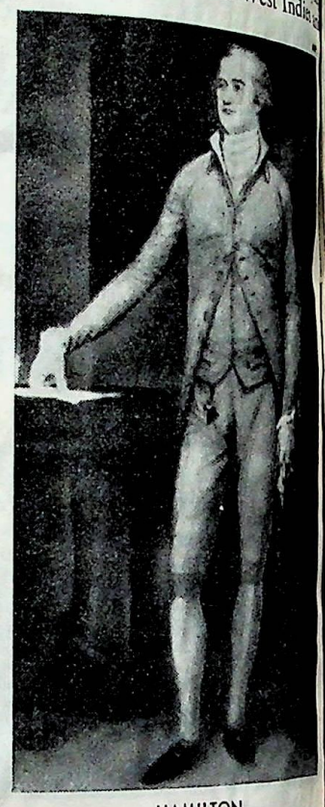
FRIED. KRUPP · ESSEN

The Calculated Deceit

NUMBER 7 by Julian P. Boyd. pages. Princeton University. $4.

James Bond, it turns out, was not the most illustrious man to be assigned number 7 (give or take a couple of zeros) in the records of Her Majesty's Secret Service. His real-life rival, in stature if not in ingenuity, was not only a zealous informant for Great Britain but also, at the very same time, the U.S.'s first Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton.

Teetery Credit. A decade after the Revolution, Britain was still denying U.S. ships access to the West Indies,



HAMILTON

Whose effigy was for hanging?

still treating the new nation, economically, as a colony. The policy of Secretary of State Jefferson was to threaten counterembargoes and demand concessions. Hamilton believed that conciliation and appeasement were the only hope. Outtalked in Cabinet meetings, Hamilton set about negotiating with the British on his own. He justified his interference on the ground that the threat teetery credit rating of the U.S. economy required *rapprochement* with the British at virtually any cost.

In preparing the 17th volume of *Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, Editor Boyd reconstructed from scattered documents evidence of Hamiltonian double-dealing so "far indeed beyond the limits of honorable conduct in public office" that Boyd has now rushed out his findings in a separate monograph. He does not remotely suggest that Hamilton was in any sense a British agent. He does argue that Hamilton was so passionately opposed to what seemed to him the pro-British bias of his own Government

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THOUSANDS OF EXPERTS AT YOUR SERVICE

AN AIR FLEET UNDER X-RAY. No breakdown or other defect in any type of material can escape from X-Ray and from the special testing beds that ALITALIA employs in the overhauling and maintenance of its fleet. Apart from the most accurate and routine inspections carried out before and after each flight and at every intermediate landing, all ALITALIA planes are subjected to a check for a minimum number of hours equal to those of their service duration. Thus ALITALIA planes are new planes at any time.

ALITALIA AIRLINES

ALITALIA IS IN ALL OF ITALY AND GOES EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridw

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

that he conspired with a British agent to change it, confiding to him the deliberations of the U.S. Cabinet itself and engaging in a "calculated and continuing use of deception."

Hamilton's go-between was British Major George Beckwith, who was assumed to be Britain's *de facto* Minister to the U.S., but who in fact had been a master spy since 1780 when he arranged the defection of Benedict Arnold. The major and the Secretary rendezvoused five times, Beckwith relaying his information to London in coded dispatches that referred to his high-placed source as "Number 7."

As a Cabinet officer, Hamilton was obligated to inform the President of any confrontations with a foreign representative. But he doctored his reports to further his unilateral policy of entente. When the word from Whitehall was hostile, as in the first rendezvous, Hamilton simply did not report the meeting at all. The memorandums he submitted of later meetings, maintains Boyd, were nothing but "gross misrepresentations." Hamilton's indication that the British favored alliance he calls "deliberate distortion," and his notation discrediting the performance of U.S. Minister to London Gouverneur Morris was "libel."

Compromised Dignity. It is Historian Boyd's argument that Hamilton's machinations "compromised the national dignity and the national interest" of the new republic and weakened its hand in the continuing negotiations with Whitehall. Thus, when an Anglo-American agreement finally emerged in 1794, the U.S. secured almost none of the concessions it had sought, including trade reciprocity in the Caribbean. Its signer, Chief Justice John Jay, was hanged in effigy, and the agreement is still known as "Jay's treaty." But Boyd believes that its name, and the effigy, should have been Hamilton's.

In Search of a Faust

THE CHALLENGE OF MODERNISATION *by I. R. Sinai.* 256 pages. *Norton.* $5.50.

"Backward" is a word no longer used in polite Western circles to describe the underdeveloped nations of the world. Yet this is precisely the word that I. R. Sinai uses, plus some even blunter ones, in an angrily eloquent book on the problems and prospects of the new nations. "The international atmosphere," writes Sinai, "is absolutely clogged with slogans, speeches and books extolling the 'Great Revolution' that has supposedly been brought about in all these populous territories. What we are witnessing in reality is a colorful masquerade, a sort of superior political orgy, superficially exciting but essentially undermining and leading only to a process of dissolution."

Lithuanian-born Author Sinai, 40, is an Israeli citizen who is now lecturing at Manhattan's New School of Social Research. Along with some other realistic observers, he contends that Western imperialism was much too easygoing. Assailed by guilt feelings, sentimentalizing the alien cultures over which they ruled, the imperialists failed to overhaul the social structures of the subject nations. They gave the non-West a taste for Western-style living without supplying them with the economic base or the management training that could provide it. As a result, the former colonies, now touchily proud new nations, are worse off than they were under colonialism.

Time to Give Up Gandhi. Non-Westerners, writes Sinai, fail to understand that the West's envied economic progress is not a matter of technology alone. It rests on character traits developed over centuries of Western history: an assertive individualism; a secure, well-defined ego; a Faustian drive to learn and master.

ALFRED STATLER

SINAI
Ex-colonies never had it so bad.

All of these traits are conspicuously lacking in the non-West; nor are non-Westerners at all sure that they want them. Believing their own propaganda about the "spiritual superiority" of their way of life, they stand with a foot in each world. A leader like Nehru urged, on the one hand, rapid industrialization, and on the other revered the Gandhian ideal of small, self-sufficient communities dedicated to hand spinning. The non-Western personality is in fact schizophrenic, writes Sinai; and in an acid aside, he suggests that psychiatrists might be more useful in the new nations than economists.

Supremacy of the West. Since the new nations must undergo a change of heart before they can progress, writes Sinai, the West is wasting its time with economic aid, which is tantamount to "pouring oil into a motor with ruined cylinders." It is also unrealistic to expect them to be democratic. They are so far behind the West that it takes a strong man to pull them up. Such a leader is likely to be an "exceedingly unattractive specimen," obsessed with the idea of modernization and oblivious to the niceties of diplomacy. And since he has to take so many unpopular steps he cannot take a chance at the polls where he is almost certain to be defeated. Only when a degree of modernization has been achieved can he afford to relax and allow more democracy.

Turkey's Kemal Ataturk proved to be almost the ideal strong man. When he modernized Turkey and pushed it to economic "take-off," he discouraged dreams of national expansion and left his neighbors alone. Though he ruled as a dictator, he prepared the country for an eventual transition to democracy. Turkey is far from perfect today, but it is in much better shape and has much better prospects than any underdeveloped nation. Strong Men Nasser, Nkrumah, Ben Bella, take note.

From Pish to Posh

A TREASURY OF AMERICAN POLITICAL HUMOR *edited by Leonard C. Lewin.* 476 pages. *Delacorte.* $6.50.

American political humor is as old as American politics, and the best of it has been collected in this volume. What strikes a reader as funny, writes Editor Leonard Lewin, depends on what "sacred cow is gored." So he has selected his material from the right, the left and the middle, showing that political wit knows no ideology. Included are David Crockett's tale of how he traded drinks for votes when running for Congress; Artemus Ward on Honest Abe's reaction to his nomination ("Don't bother me, I got 200,000 rails to split before sundown"); and Will Rogers on Wilson ("President Wilson says the Old Testament stayed as it was written and he thinks the League of Nations is just as good authors as it did"). Coming a bit closer up to date, there is H. L. Mencken on Warren Harding's inaugural address ("It drags itself out of the dark abysm of pish, and crawls insanely up the topmost pinnacle of posh"); and a constituent's letter to Texas Congressman Ed Foreman ("My friend over in Terebone Parish received a $1,000 check from the government for not raising hogs. What I want to know is what is the best kind of hogs not to raise hogs on and the best kind of hogs not to raise").

And finally, Lewin quotes Oliver Justice sen's version of the Gettysburg Address as it might have been delivered at an Eisenhower press conference: "We have to make up our minds right here and now as I see it, that they didn't put up all that blood, perspiration and—well, that they didn't just make a dry run here, and that all of us here, under God, that is, the God of our choice, shall beef up this idea about freedom and liberty and those kind of arrangements, and that government of all individuals, by all individuals, and for all individuals, shall not pass out of the world-picture."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Any time's time to have fun... with Martini ! For Martini goes with life's best moments. Chilled, with soda or on the rocks, you'll taste with every sip the expert blending of the very best wines and aromatic plants. And whatever you do, be sure to enjoy yourself with MARTINI on the rocks.

on the rocks !

MARTINI

vermouth

In the U. S. it's **MARTINI and ROSSI,** in the rest of the world it's simply Martini wherever you go it's the same superb Vermouth.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Styled by Stile

THIS IS THE ALL-NEW *Contessa 1300*

Stile Torinese

The styling of Turin—Stile Torinese—is obvious. Designed by world-famous Italian auto stylist G. Michelotti, Contessa 1300 possesses the classic look with that unmistakable Italian flair.

Competition performance. Lightning-quick acceleration. Fast, flat cornering. Remarkable handling ease and stability at high speeds and even on slick conditions. You'll get all of these performance features in this versatile car. Yet you'll be amazed by the 1300's fuel economy and maintenance-free care.

New power-packed 1251cc GR100 rear-mounted engine. Hino's exclusive Optimum Balance. Standard or 4-speed stick shift with crunch-proof synchromesh gear boxes. These and hundreds of other automotive advances are incorporated into the all-new Contessa 1300.

Discover a new world of pure driving excitement. Test-drive the Contessa 1300 at your nearest Hino dealer today. Just seeing the Contessa 1300 will be worth the trip.

Hino **HINO MOTORS, LTD.**
Tokyo, Japan

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ECEMBER 25, 1964

ASIA EDITION

TIME

CHRISTIAN REN

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Yuletide greetings from the Philippines and San Miguel Beer. Make holiday celebrations more enjoyable . . . serve San Miguel Beer, recognized for quality and taste the world over.

IMPORTED
San Miguel
BEER

Ask for SAN MIGUEL BEER in the U.S.A. • JAPAN • HONGKONG • GUAM • MALAYSIA • THAILAND • SINGAPORE • OKINAWA • VIETNAM • PHILIPPINES

Also available at Officers' and Enlisted Men's Clubs in Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Cambodia, Laos, South Vietnam.

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY San Miguel Brewery MANILA, PHILIPPINES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The Richeville

always tells you the exact time and date...

Why?

AUTOMATIC
The RICHEVILLE, latest creation of Girard-Perregaux, is 100% automatic. A jewelled gyrotron, a truly remarkable invention, does away with the bore of having to hand-wind you

ACCUR
The RICHEVILLE
exceptional accuracy by pa
tests of the Official Swiss Testing Stations.

RUGGED
The RICHEVILLE never wears out: 39 jewels and a special bearing system guarantee its long life. It is also shock-protected by a patented system.

PRACTICAL
Every night at midnight the new date appears automatically in the dial of the RICHEVILLE.

WATERPROOF
Neither water, humidity nor dust can affect the accuracy of the RICHEVILLE: it is 100% waterproof.

ELEGANT
Men of taste readily appreciate the functional beauty of the RICHEVILLE with its modern-style dial.

THE RICHEVILLE OFFERS ALL THE GUARANTEES YOU'RE LOOKING FOR

The RICHEVILLE is a product of Girard-Perregaux, one of the greatest names in Swiss watchmaking since 1791. — Each RICHEVILLE is given the Girard-Perregaux seal plus a certificate guaranteeing the watch's authenticity. — The RICHEVILLE is recommended by the very best watch dealers. — The RICHEVILLE is backed by a world-wide after-sales service.

COUPON
NAME AND ADDRESS:
.....
.....
.....
.....
501

this coupon for free
of our latest catalogue
ad map of Switzerland

GIRARD-PERREGAUX

Fine watches since 1791

S.A. GIRARD-PERREGAUX & CO — LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS — SWITZERLAND

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING KING SIZE VIRGINIA

The Greatest Name in Cigarettes

All over the world more people smoke Rothmans than any other King Size Virginia. The reason is not hard to find: Rothmans extra length, finer filter and the best tobacco money can buy give you that cooler, smoother, more satisfying taste.

Rothmans King Size really satisfies

WORLD COPYRIGHT R81TA

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridw

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The way it is in Orissa

In the state of Orissa, Indian farmers are in a very happy state of mind. They're discovering how to get the most out of their land.

Parts of India, of course, have long suffered severe food shortages. Orissa, unhappily, has had more serious problems than some other Indian states.

Happily, however, the State government and the Government of India have taken a bold, decisive step to remedy the problem. This year, they turned to a foreign firm for technical cooperation. They turned to Japan and to Kubota.

In four areas of India, Kubota has helped to develop elaborate model farms. Staffed with Japanese technicians, fully trained by Kubota, these farms have become training centers for hundreds of eager Indian farmers. They are learning the very latest scientific agriculture methods: Soil chemistry. Proper fertilization. Conservation. How and when to irrigate. Seeding procedures. And many other techniques of modern farming. In short, they are learning how to get the most out of their land.

Why was Kubota selected to participate in this program? Because Kubota's rugged agricultural machinery is especially designed with Asian farming methods in mind. And because Kubota's experts are happy to instruct farmers on how to best use this special equipment.

Asian farmers, using Kubota's tractors, power tillers, irrigation systems, and rice threshers are producing larger crops than ever. And better crops invariably mean happier people.

That's the way it is in Orissa today.

If you would like specific information about Kubota's products and services, please write to Kubota Foreign Trade Department, 22, Funade-cho, 2-chome, Naniwa-ku, Osaka, Japan.

KUBOTA
IRON & MACHINERY WORKS, LTD.
OSAKA-TOKYO, JAPAN

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 23

SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.).* "This Way to Santa," a documentary on a Santa Claus who spends most of the year lonely and drifting but gets into his red suit each Christmas for the children.

Thursday, December 24

CHRISTMAS from the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in Manhattan; (NBC, midnight-1:45 a.m.), Mass from St. Patrick's Cathedral in Manhattan; (CBS, midnight-1 a.m.), from St. Luke's Lutheran Church in Manhattan; (ABC, midnight-1 a.m.), Mass from the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, D.C.

Friday, December 25

TODAY SHOW (NBC, 7-9 a.m.). Burr Tillstrom and Kukla, Fran and Ollie, in a special Christmas Day program.

THE ENTERTAINERS (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Carol Burnett, Caterina Valente, Art Buchwald and Bob Newhart star in a special Christmas show.

Saturday, December 26

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME (ABC, 2 p.m. to conclusion). The final contest for the 1964 A.F.L. crown.

Sunday, December 27

NOYE'S FLUDDE (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). A 13th century miracle play, originally performed in the English cathedral city of Chester, reinterpreted by Benjamin Britten.

YEAR END REVIEW (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). An NBC News special reviewing the events of 1964.

YEAR IN—YEAR OUT (ABC, 10:15-11 p.m.). An ABC News special on the events of 1964.

Monday, December 28

CAROL FOR ANOTHER CHRISTMAS (ABC, 9:30-11 p.m.). The first of a series of specials on the U.N., this dramatic show is based loosely on Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, has a script by Rod Serling, a musical score by Henry Mancini, and is directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz.

Tuesday, December 29

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Madlyn Rhue guest-stars as a lorn lovely who asks Agent Napoleon Solo for help.

PROJECTION '65 (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). NBC News's annual forecast of world events.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. Bill Manhoff fills every round with comic impact in this verbal slugfest, pitting a fiery, sexy shrew, Diana Sands, against a self-righteous bookstore clerk, Alan Alda.

LUV refuses to keep a straight face before some of the pious obsessions of the contemporary world and stage. Eli Wallach, Alan Arkin and Anne Jackson do honor to Murray Schisgal's comedy and Mike Nichols' direction as they rant and romp on a bridge.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR. Every living wordmonger of sacred theatrical clichés would swear that no one could make musical entertainment out of the spilled blood, blind gallantry, and stupefying idiocy of World War I. Joan Littlewood and her amazingly adroit London Theater Workshop company have done it. The re-

* All times E.S.T.

RECORDS

Best Listening: 1964

OPERA: Baritones rarely get the girl, but this year they take the cake. Geraint Evans turns in one of opera's great characterizations as the lecherous old swindler in RCA Victor's *Falstaff*, amply supported by the other singers and by Conductor Georg Solti. In *Rigoletto* (Deutsche Grammophon), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, best known for his sorrowful lieder, proves himself equally expressive as the tragic hunchback in a powerful performance led by Rafael Kubelik.

CHORAL: Carlo Mario Giulini masterfully melds the Philharmonia Orchestra, chorus and four soloists into an incandescent Verdi *Requiem* (Angel). Intricate but eloquent, the *Symphony of Psalms* is performed by the CBC Symphony and the Festival Singers of Toronto, spurred on by Igor Stravinsky (Columbia).

ORCHESTRAL: A triumphant beginning to the Boston Symphony Prokofiev series is the big, wartime *Fifth Symphony*, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. Leonard Bernstein fired up the New York Philharmonic for Liszt's *Faust Symphony* and cooled them down for a lapidary performance of Haydn's *Symphonies 82 and 83* (Columbia). Haydn (in *Symphonies 95 and 101*) also got the benefit of Fritz Reiner's accumulated wisdom and inborn precision in his last recording, made two months before his death (RCA Victor).

FOLK MUSIC: Only two months old, the songs from *Another Side of Bob Dylan* (Columbia) are already being hummed and strummed, for no one in the folk world hits so many responsive chords.

JAZZ: *Big Band and Quartet in Concert* (Columbia) shows off nine virtuosos, playing Monk, with Monk, at Philharmonic Hall. *Dizzy Gillespie and the Double Six of Paris* (Philips) combine acrobatic trumpeting and exhilarating scat singing, while on the dreamier side, there's *Getz/Gilberto* (Verve), the record that introduced the girl from Impanema. *Coltrane's Sound* (Atlantic) sounds great.

MUSICALS: Barbra Streisand, Carol Channing and Zero Mostel are the winners from the Broadway precinct in their cast recordings of *Funny Girl* (Capitol), *Hello, Dolly!* and *Fiddler on the Roof* (both RCA Victor).

CINEMA

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG. Every word of dialogue is sung in this sparkling French musical by Director Jacques Demy, who tells a rather foolish fable of young love with taste, spirit and style.

GOLDFINGER. Another slam-bang spoof of Ian Fleming's fiction has James Bond (Sean Connery) testing his mettle with a gilded nude, a shapely henchwoman named Pussy Galore, and a master criminal who plans to pry the gold cu... Fort Knox.

THE PUMPKIN EATER. Three husband... swarm of progeny and a nervous colle... leave a well-kept wife with an unkem... psyche in this marriage-go-round.

SEND ME NO FLOWERS. Rock Hudson ... an exurban hypochondriac who persuad... himself that the hereafter is at hand. Do... Day is his widow-to-be, and Tony Randa... is the sprightly crapehanger next door.

MY FAIR LADY. Lerner and ... of G. B. Shaw retains Professor ... rison as the Edwardian phonetics expert ... who transforms Audrey Hepburn from a ... cockney flower peddler into a proper La...

BOOKS

Best Reading

FRIEDA LAWRENCE: THE MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE, edited by E. W. Tedlock Jr. Essays, letters and fictionalized memories reveal that D. H. Lawrence's wife was herself a typical Lawrence heroine—and in being openly unfaithful to her husband, practiced in fact the sexual freedom that he earnestly preached in fiction—and priggishly deplored in reality.

THE FOUNDING FATHER, by Richard ... Whalen. The facts of Joe Kennedy's career—the fortunes he made in oil and real estate and his swift conversion of money into power for himself and his sons—need no embellishment; his life is a blueprint for the wheeler-dealer and the kingmaker.

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY, by John ... O'Hara. More short stories by one of the alltime masters of the art.

SELECTED LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST, edited by Lawrance Thompson. This collection shows the poet's wit, shrewdness, ego—and also the courage that saw him through an unrelenting succession of painful family tragedies.

LIFE WITH PICASSO, by Françoise Gilot. Picasso's penultimate mistress tells in bitterly frank detail of her nine turbulent years with the century's most extraordinary painter-genius and illumines, by her own very considerable artistic knowledge, his views on the art and artists around him.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (2)
3. The Man, Wallace (3)
4. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (4)
5. Julian, Vidal (8)
6. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (7)
7. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (6)
8. This Rough Magic, Stewart (5)
9. Armageddon, Uris
10. The Brigadier and the Golf Widow, Cheever (9)

NONFICTION

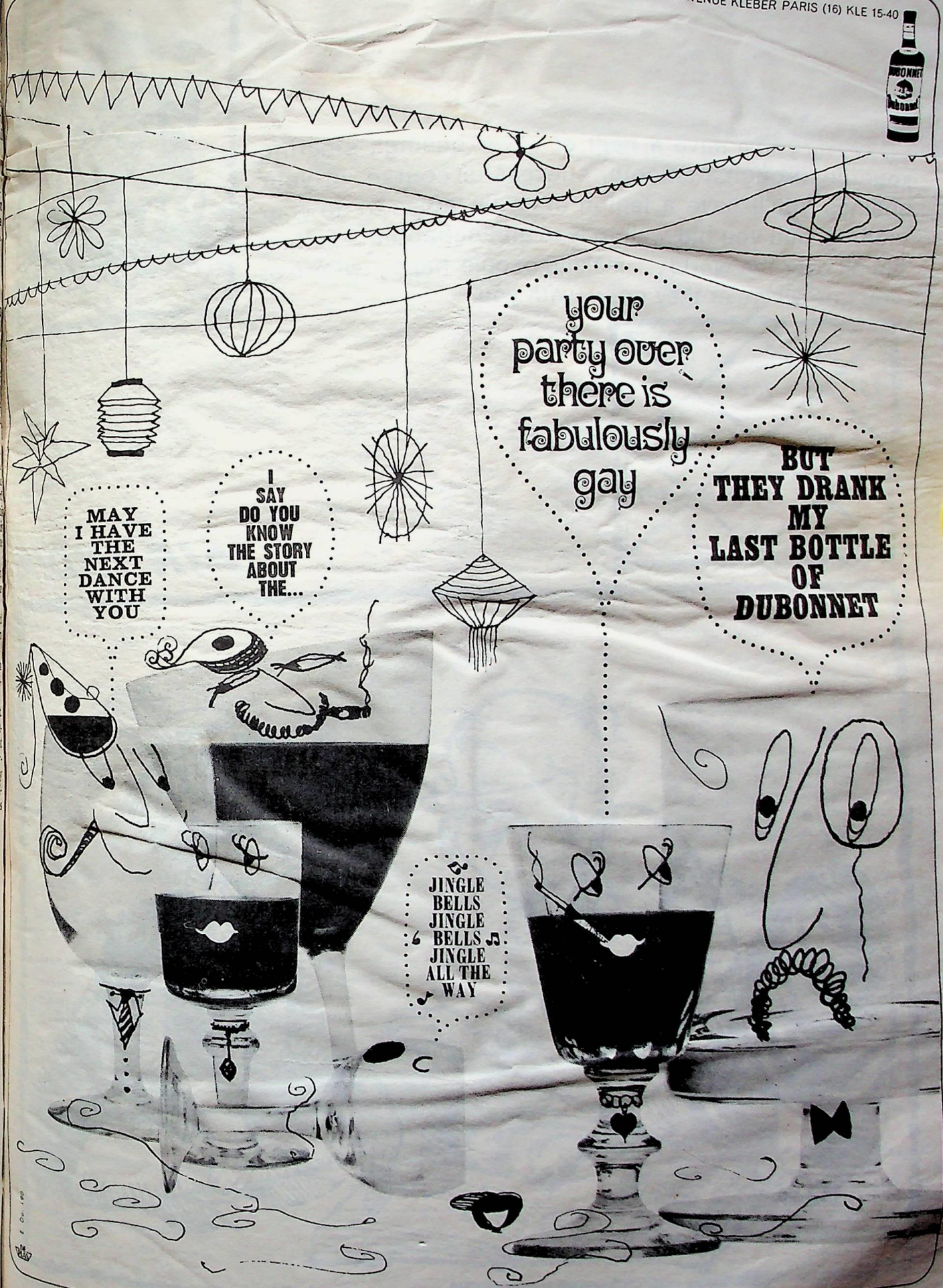
1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. Reminiscences, MacArthur (2)
3. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (5)
4. The Italians, Barzini (6)
5. The Kennedy Years, The New York Times and Viking Press (3)
6. My Autobiography, Chaplin (4)
7. Life with Picasso, Gilot (8)
8. The Words, Sartre (10)
9. Russia at War, Werth
10. The Warren Commission Report (7)

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam 18, Netherlands. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries listed elsewhere.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

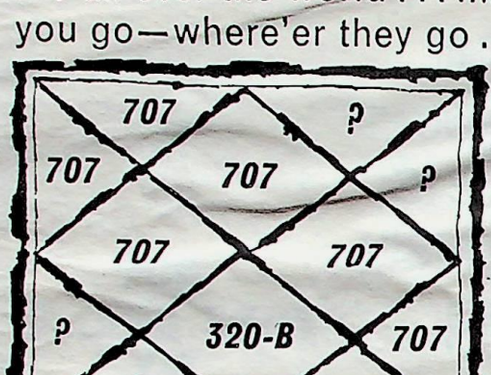
DUBONNET IS A PRODUCE OF C.D.C. EXPORT DIVISION 30 AVENUE KLEBER PARIS (16) KLE 15-40



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

you'll go through a smooth, successful course. in your boeings you'll have a legion of lovely ladies to do your bidding. and you bid well to lead an enchanted, exciting life all over the world . . . making people happy where'er you go—where'er they go . . . with you.



AIR-INDIA

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: If TIME's Man of the Year is the man who most dominated the news, then Republicans and Democrats, liberals and conservatives, will have to agree that that man is Barry Goldwater.

ARTHUR STAWINSKI

[illegible] Calif.

Sir: Gutsy, brainy Secretary of Defense McNamara. May his kind live forever!

DANIEL L. AUBRY

New York City

Sir: L.B.J., who outtalked, outshook, outran and out-White-Housed them all.

CRAIG A. STARKEY

San Diego

Sir: Damn, damn, damn, damn! You've grown accustomed to his y'alls, his doags, his coarn! L.B.J. will be your Man of the Year, but rightly, it should be J.F.K., our brilliant young President to whom we owe so much. It was his presidency that set our lives on fire with love and pride for America. In years to come, American greatness will prevail because John Kennedy so deeply inspired all of us.

BROTHER DOMINIC

Passionist Monastery
Chicago

Sir: Robert F. Kennedy. He showed his courage at a time when ordinary men would have faltered.

PAUL H. ZAREFSKY

Bellaire, Texas

Sir: California's George Murphy, the only man ever to beat the Kennedy image.

HUGH SCARAMELLA

Fresno, Calif.

Sir: The Beatles (Yeah! Yeah!).

KATHY MANCUSO

Schenectady, N.Y.

Sir: Pablo Casals, whose artfulness in intertwining freedom, music and even politics is beyond contemporary comparison.

BARTLETT COURTEEN

Pompano Beach, Fla.

Sir: Moise Tshombe, El Cid of the 20th century.

(MRS.) MARGARET SULLIVAN

Chicago

Sir: Major Michael Hoare and his mercenaries in the Congo.

GERALD D. MURPHY

Haddonfield, N.J.

Sir: Joseph Cardinal Ritter, Archbishop of St. Louis, the most forward-looking church leader in America.

WILLIAM J. CONWAY

Dallas

Sir: Pope Paul VI, for pioneering papal travel, trying to "reconcile Christian reve-

Chicago

The Way-Out Middle

Sir: Your article on Buddhism with the picture on the cover of the Dai Butsu of Kamakura [Dec. 11] reminds me of an unforgettable notice inside the stomach of the Buddha (which one can climb into, like the Statue of Liberty). It read: "American soldier beware. You are entering the womb of the cosmic forces of Universe." This was in September 1945, and doubtless was a reaction to Hiroshima.

CLARENCE W. BARTOW

Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Sir: Your statement about "Buddhism's strident inner contradictions" is as naive as saying, "Once a man is an American, he must immediately recognize racial equality because the Constitution of the U.S. recognizes racial equality." Like Americans, Buddhists are human beings. Buddhism forbids killing, stealing, adultery, lying, use of alcoholic liquor. But among those who don't practice the teachings, there are killers, thieves, adulterers, liars, drunkards. It is simply a case of man against religion—just as racial trouble in the U.S. is a case of man against an ideal. As for your statement that many Buddhists secretly believe they "can tame Communism," I have known several Buddhists to turn down Communists who posed as friends by pointing out this or that common denominator in the two "isms" and by saying that Buddhism and Communism are the same. Buddhists call the trick the "Communist killing-by-clinching method." Buddhism has never been a prey to other isms. Buddhism will die a natural death, as Gautama Buddha said, after it has completed 5,000 years.

TIN SWE

Rangoon, Burma

Sir: Although I am not a Buddhist, I interpreted your article on the subject as an unregenerate evaluation of the antinomies of a great religion. The adroitness of this article does not, in my opinion, redeem it from constituting an affront to the exponents of this faith. Antinomianism is not peculiar to Buddhism, but is rather an inherent pitfall in any religion. The deeper the spiritual insight one attains, the more dramatic the manifestations of this particular pitfall might become.

THOMAS C. MCGOWAN

Centerville, Mass.

Sir: Perhaps Madame Nhu, the "Dragon Lady," was right after all. She *said* the Buddhists in South Viet Nam were trying to embarrass the government and cause dissension with their [illegible] aries have tried to [illegible] en these unfortunate people. Unlike Madame Nhu, I do not propose fighting fire with fire, but I have to agree with her that as a group they are certainly exasperating.

(MRS.) ARLENE HALL

Joliet, Ill.

Sir: TIME's article on Buddhism illustrates again the strictures religion imposes on the mind: provincialism rather than a world view, indoctrination rather than real education, persecution of nonbelievers rather than realization of varying viewpoints, fanaticism rather than individualism. Christianity, along with other religions, has the same history—the Spanish Inquisition, the European religious wars, the hanging of Quakers in Massachusetts Bay, and the separation of Christian Negroes and whites in the South.

MILDRED D. MICHAEL

Hanover, Pa.

Death Down South

Sir: I suggest that Sheriff Lawrence Rainey and Deputy Cecil Price [Dec. 18] volunteer for the Peace Corps and serve in the Congo.

M. L. MASON

Littleton, Colo.

Sir: Just the thought of Mississippi scares the daylights out of me. But having a somewhat adventuresome spirit, I'm going to Mississippi this summer, merely to understand how it feels to be in a land where methods of controlling thought and action are probably as strong as those employed by Eastern European Communist states. For protection I'll get false membership cards in the Ku Klux Klan and White Citizens Council. I don't have the guts of Schwerner, Chaney or Goodman.

JOHN L. BAILEY

Pittsburgh

Sir: The "White Knights" of the K.K.K. could well be renamed The Simbas of the South.

MANETTE BUSTANOBY

Syracuse

Sir: I favor dropping an atom bomb on the state of Mississippi. I am ashamed that such a savage state exists in the country.

C. M. MOORHEAD

Bucyrus, Ohio

Sir: While there's Mississippi, how can there be the Great Society?

LEONARD SOLOMON

Indianapolis

Sir: Your reference to Mr. Edgar Killen as a Free Will Baptist preacher is in error and casts a serious reflection on our denomination. Mr. Killen is not, and has never been a Free Will Baptist preacher.

BILLY A. MELVIN
Executive Secretary
National Association of Free Will Baptists
Nashville, Tenn.

▶ TIME *erred.*

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

AIRMAIL TO:
TIME International
5 Ottho Heldringstraat
Amsterdam 18, Netherlands

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To enter a subscription to TIME in your own currency, please refer to complete listing by country on another page of this issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

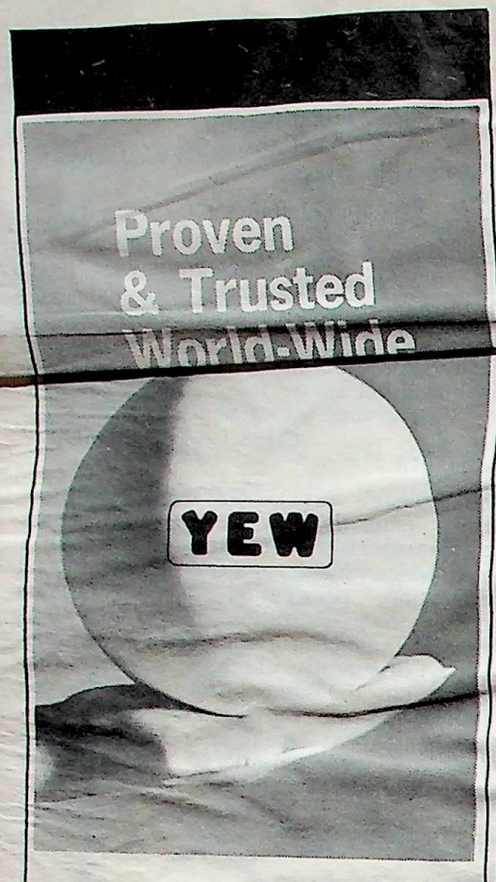
name

address

city country

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Electrical and electronic measuring instruments manufactured by YEW represent half a century of research and proven technology which have placed YEW among the foremost leaders in its field. World-wide acceptance of Yokogawa's reliability and dependable accuracy has proven the complete trust time and time again. Leading firms of the world are joining the list of the satisfied YEW clients. However large or small your requirements are, you can confidently depend on the experience of YEW, a trusted name . . . proven World-Wide!

Feel free to write to:
YOKOGAWA ELECTRIC WORKS, LTD.
2-9 Nakacho, Musashino-shi, Tokyo, Japan
Cable Address: YOKOGAWA MUSASHINOMITAKA
YOKOGAWA ELECTRIC WORKS, INC.
40 Worth Street, New York 13, N.Y., U.S.A.

Free Speech at Berkeley

Sir: As a Republican and a student, I am very aware of our fine American traditions, including our freedoms of speech and of political action. Every American must always be willing to guard these precious liberties. The students and faculty of Berkeley are doing just this [Dec. 18] and deserve the admiration and support of every American who believes in democracy and the freedoms it guarantees. If it is the "Trotsky groups" and "members of the [illegible] Republican Party and register as a Communist!

RICHARD INLANDER

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir: The "civil rights militants, Trotskyites, and members of a Communist front" do not represent a majority of the students as far as their pro-Communist beliefs are concerned. We realize there are Communist-front groups at Berkeley, but the members of these groups are often the same civil rights workers in Mississippi whom TIME heralds as brave and devoted humanitarians. Why the distinction? The tactics of the students were not those of Castro but rather those of Gandhi.

PETE MOTOLA

University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

Home, Sweet—Home

Sir: I got quite a chuckle out of your use of German in your treatise on sculpture [Dec. 11]. Did you mean *Lebensraum* (room or space to live in), or *Liebesraum* (room to love in)? The implication of the combination was delightful. Miller's *Mary: Walking Sequence*—beautiful!

ERIKA B. PAULSON

Muskegon, Mich.

▶ *It depends on the sculpture. Miller's* Mary *obviously needs both.*

Fallingwater

Sir: May I speak in regard to two men who are not around to speak for themselves? There was no occasion to "talk" my father into building Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater [Dec. 11], now in the excellent care of the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy. My role was to make Wright and my father acquainted, some two years before Fallingwater was designed. From there on, Wright's architecture needed no sales talk, and my father's quality as a client has been appreciatively described by Wright in print. Thank you for your good words about the Aalto room.

EDGAR KAUFMANN JR.

New York City

Consultant Competition?

Sir: The "Executive Peace Corps" [Dec. 4] seems an ironic commentary on the modern concept of free enterprise. There are a number of experienced consultants in the "developing" countries providing the continuity of contact essential to effective consulting who will now be faced with cut-rate competition sponsored by the U.S. taxpayer.

SPRUILLE BRADEN JR.

Bogota, Colombia

Ancient Trade

Sir: The photograph in your Cinema section [Dec. 11] of a slave trader coolly examining the teeth of a naked woman closely parallels the 19th century French

painting *Slave Market*, by Jean Léon Gérôme, in the Clark Art Institute, Williamstown, Mass. [*see cut*].

ALLEN M. BURNHAM

Manhasset, N.Y.

Pitching Camp

Sir: Re Susan Sontag and the derivation of the word Camp [Dec. 17], how the reference to the Aussie term "low saloon" was dug up is beyond me. Camp may be purely New York slang, argot. I first ran across it in the early '30s. At that time groups of homosexuals lived together in apartments they rented en masse. The apartments were called "camps," and by extension the residents thereof were also called camps—I don't know why not campers, but they weren't.

JACK OSWALD

Miami, Fla.

Sir:

A Tiffany lamp is very "low" camp,
Old postcards are Early Heterosexual,
Scopitone's the rage, for those college age,
And Miss Sontag's the square's intellectual.

MAGGAIE RAE

New York City

Sir: By printing your analysis of Camp, you have ensured that Camp will no longer be Camp, if you see what I mean. We philistines will now recognize the unique virtues of vulgarity, while the avant-garde will be driven to rely once more on their taste, if any. Western civilization has again been snatched from the brink.

DAVID W. SIFTON

Patrick A.F.B., Fla.

Sir: You describe Miss Sontag as an intellectual. How could any intellectual have anything to do with these lovers of crass, bourgeois vulgarity, these cutely clipped poodles of the human race, who devote themselves to the cultivation of worthless trivia, making a mockery of man's true greatness, his intellect.

JOHN G. GUINAN

Worcester, Mass.

Sir: Whether the derivation of "Camp" comes from the low "Aussie" saloons, or from the police rating "K.M.P." (Known Male Prostitute), or from the World War II concentration camps, where homosexuality was supposedly rife, "Camp" is here to stay. True—the vulgar and outrageous is Camp. What could be more ostentatious than Victorian "Tatt" and Barbra Streisand and superlatives like "divine," and "delicious." But I must add that the term Camp (Down Under, anyway) is not derogatory in implication.

JOSEPHENE OSBORNE-BROWN

Wellington, N.Z.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD ..... ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT ..... JAMES A. LINEN
SENIOR STAFF EDITOR ..... THOMAS GRIFFITH

EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN ..... HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ..... ROY E. LARSEN

EDITOR

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
James Keogh

SENIOR EDITORS
A. T. Baker, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George G. Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Henry Anatole Grunwald, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Jesse L. Birnbaum, Gilbert Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, William Johnson, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Ronald P. Kriss, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Marshall Loeb, Ed Magnuson, Peter Bird Martin, Robert McLaughlin, John McPhee, Martin O'Neill, Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, John Blashill, Jon Borgzinner, Gurney Breckenfeld, Clell Bryant, Richard Burgheim, John M. Cavanagh, Alton L. Clingen, Eugene F. Coyle, Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Arnold Howard Drapkin, John Gregory Dunne, José M. Ferrer III, Timothy Foote, Alan H. Grossman, Piri Halasz, Ben M. Hall, Bruce Henderson, Leon Jaroff, Robert F. Jones, Horace Judson, Ray Kennedy, Alwyn Lee, David C. Lee, Mitchel R. Levitas, George Love, Jason McManus, Philip Barry Osborne, Thomas O'Toole, Edgar Shook, William E. Smith, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, John Noble Wilford, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Essie Lee (Chief), Nancy McD. Chase, Manon Gaulin, Berta Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Marylois Purdy, Margaret Quimby.

Virginia Adams, Joy Roscoe Aila, Ruth Annan, Nancy Atkinson, Priscilla B. Badger, Jean Bergerud, Dorothea Bourne, Ruth Brine, Carol Ann Butcher, Rosemary Byrnes, Nicolette Caliendo, Anne Chisholm, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian Coxhead, Mary Crouin, S. Spaulding Davis, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall, Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Leah Shanks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Deborah Hall, Grace Harrington, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Andria E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Jane Jacobson, Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Martha Keech, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Krieger, Judith Lierech, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Merrin, Marcia Minns, Nancy Newman, Penelope Oster, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Pampel, Jean Pascoe, Jane Pett, S. Marion Pikul, Sue Raffety, Wendy Kupsick Sherman, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Statler, Frances Stevenson, Paula Strong, Betty Suyker, Fortunata Sydnor Trapnell, Mary Vanaman, Susanne S. Washburn, Nancy Williams, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Robert T. Smith, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Jess Cook Jr., Robert A. Ellis, Simmons Fentress, Dean E. Fischer, Jean A. Franklin, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, John Mulliken, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White, Marvin H. Zim. CHICAGO: Loye W. Miller, Jr., Jon Anderson, Marsh Clark, Christopher Porterfield, Miriam Rumwell. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, Joyce Haber, Keith R. Johnson, Robert B. Kaiser, Andrew D. Kopkind, Joseph Lewis, William A. McWhirter. NEW YORK: Nick Thimmesch, Christopher T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA-HOUSTON: Harry Johnston, Arlie W. Schardt, Roger M. Williams. BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Hugh D. S. Greenway, John L. Wilhelm. DENVER: Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, Benjamin W. Cate, Joseph J. Kane. SAN FRANCISCO: John M. Mecklin, Arthur Zich. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.

LONDON: Murray J. Gart, Robert Ball, Honor Balfour, Charles Champlin. PARIS: Curtis Prendergast, Barry Farrell, Judson Gooding, Jeremy Main, Friedel Ungeheuer. BONN: James Bell, Herman Nickel, Samuel R. Iker. ROME: Robert E. Jackson, Israel Shenker, William Rademaekers. MADRID: Piero Saporiti. BEIRUT: Lee Griggs. HONG KONG: Frank McCulloch, Loren Fessler, Eric Pace, John Shaw, James Wilde. NAIROBI: Peter Forbath. WEST AFRICA: Jonathan C. Randal. NEW DELHI: Louis Kraar, James Shepherd. TOKYO: Jerrold L. Schecter, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. OTTAWA: John Beal, Richard J. Gwyn. MONTREAL: Martin Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed Ogle. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan. CARACAS: Mo Garcia. RIO DE JANEIRO: Roger Stone. BUENOS AIRES: Gavin Scott. NEWSDESKS: Barry Lando, Robert Parker, Donald Bermingham, Clara Applegate, Eileen MacKenzie, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ..... Lawrence E. Laybourne
John J. Frey
GENERAL MANAGER ..... James A. Thomason

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR ..... Edgar R. Baker
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR ..... David W. Ballard
GENERAL MANAGER FOR JAPAN ..... Yasuo Kitaoka
INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... William S. Honneus
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... Stephen S. LaRue

© 1964 TIME INC. All rights reserved.

Season's Greetings and our very best wishes for the New Year.

Bernhard M. Auer
PUBLISHER

INDEX

Cover Story...33

Art.....28	Medicine.....46	Sport.....44
Books.....58	Milestones.....49	Theater.....38
Cinema.....57	Modern Living...24	Time Listings.....2
Education.....56	People.....23	The U.S.....9
The Hemisphere.14	Religion.....33	U.S. Business
The Law.....40	Science.....27	The World
Letters.....5	Show Business..42	World Business...34

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER
revised edition!

Fishing is fun—*when they're biting.* But it's fun all day with the new HITACHI WH-999 aboard. There's always a cranny in your knapsack for this super-compact yet super-sensitive out-of-doors sidekick. What's more, a carrying case of top-grade leather gives this fine instrument the protection it deserves.

Sturdy, positive controls keep the WH-999 on the right band and wavelength, and the newly-designed RADAR TUNING screen provides razor-sharp station selection visually. Electronic fine-tuning makes short-wave program selection easier, too. An added feature is the dual earphone jack for tandem listening in privacy.

The WH-999 three-band 9-transistor —The TRUE SPORTSMANS' RADIO, anywhere and in any weather.

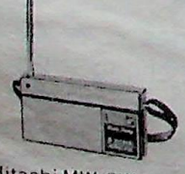
Shown below are a few other examples of Hitachi's mastery of electronics. Besides a wide variety of household appliances, Hitachi's 10,000 products include heavy electrical, construction, and transportation equipment and extend to precision electronic instruments and scientific apparatus. If you're interested in any of our product lines, we'll be pleased to send you complete information. Or if you'd like to know more about Hitachi's latest developments in electricity and electronics, you'll enjoy our popular, informative quarterly, Age of Tomorrow.

MAIN PRODUCTS: Turbines & Generators • Transformers • Rolling Stock • Nucleonics • Power Shovels & Cranes • Pumps • Machine Tools • Electronic Computers • Communications Equipment • Switchboards • Lighting Equipment • Electron Tubes • Semiconductors • Scientific Instruments • Refrigeration • Air Conditioning • Motors • Wire & Cables • Iron & Steel Products • Insulating Materials • Electric Home Appliances

Hitachi, Ltd.
Tokyo Japan

Overseas Offices: New York • Buenos Aires • Sao Paulo • Bogota • Mexico • New Delhi • Calcutta • Karachi • Johannesburg • Madras • Beirut • Bangkok • Singapore • Taipei • Cairo • Dusseldorf

Hitachi Shirt-Pocket Portable Radio Model TH-600



Hitachi MW/SW 2-Band 7-Transistor Radio Model WH-777

Hitachi MW/SW 4-Band Portable Radio Model WH-900

Hitachi FM/AM 4-Band 10-Transistor Portable Radio Model KH-1007

Hitachi Transistorized Portable Tape Recorder Model TRQ-510

Hitachi High Fidelity 4-Track, 2-Channel Tape Recorder Model TRA-505

Where 10,000 products share one feature—excellence

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
December 25, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 26

THE U.S.

THE PRESIDENCY

Deep Background

On two nights last week, President Johnson played host to small groups of newsmen, gave them "deep background" briefings* into his plans and aspirations for his first full term in office.

Limited Mandate. Despite his overwhelming election victory, Johnson has no grandiose ideas about the extent of his mandate. He considers it a limited one, directing him to steer a middle-road course. He sees his role as that of a catalyst through which a national consensus may develop. Toward that end he will continue to urge such diverse elements in the nation as business and labor, liberals and conservatives, to "reason together"—a technique that has largely accounted for his longtime political success.

Johnson has no illusions about his ability to reshape and reform U.S. life in four years. Although he was an admirer and a protégé of Franklin Roosevelt, he still disparages the zealous young New Dealers who sought sweeping national changes overnight. And one of F.D.R.'s few faults, Johnson believes, was his habit of playing various elements of U.S. society against each other. Johnson seeks accommodation, not conflict.

To Johnson, this concept in no way represents a forfeiture of leadership. It means merely that he is willing to accept slow but steady progress toward the "great society" he envisions, rather than risk a setback or stalemate by trying to knock heads together. Johnson's great society does not consist of some grand philosophic design. Johnson distrusts philosophy. He is a pragmatist, and his interest lies in moving step by step toward clearly attainable goals.

Thus, Johnson frets about the fact that the U.S. population, now 192,807,000, is expected to swell to 350 million in 25 years; he constantly asks himself what, specifically, can be done to keep up with such an increase. He intends to enlist the nation's best brains in a search for ideas on how to create new jobs, how to give employable skills to the many youths who do not go to college, how to cut the commuters' travel time in the nation's congested urban areas. He is convinced that this year's tax cut has spurred the economy, yet he hews to no dogmatic economic theory. At the moment, he is determined to hold down Government spending. Yet, if the economy lags, he has no compunction against greater spending, or a bigger tax reduction, or both. He will do what he feels must be done.

Patience & Prudence. Johnson takes the same flexible approach to foreign affairs. He believes that new leadership in the Soviet Union, West Germany, Britain, India and Italy indicates a world in flux, full of new problems—but also new opportunities for accommodation. Aware that events may not always be to the U.S.'s liking in such a world, he counsels patience and prudence. The tide, he feels, is running in favor of the

AP

THE PRESIDENT WITH BUSINESS LEADERS AT THE WHITE HOUSE*

Facing the next four years without illusions.

* Seated: Outgoing Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges, Alcoa's Frank Magee, Henry Ford II, Johnson, Litton Industries' Charles Thornton, and American Can's William Stolk. Standing: Gardner Ackley, Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors; General Motors' Frederic Donner, John T. Connor, Chase Manhattan Bank's David Rockefeller, U.S. Steel's Roger Blough, Vice President-elect Hubert Humphrey, Connecticut General's Frazar Wilde, Campbell Soup's William Murphy, American Electric Power's Donald Cook, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, IBM's Thomas Watson Jr., Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith's Michael McCarthy, A.T. & T.'s Frederick Kappel and CBS's Frank Stanton.

* Direct quotes were banned. So, for that matter, was the fact that the President had held the sessions. But the Associated Press, which was not represented, broke the news.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

West in its competition with Communism. He has faith that world leaders, too, can learn to reason together.

Thus, abroad, Johnson believes that a multilateral nuclear force may emerge among Western allies as a practical means to prevent nuclear proliferation; but he will not try to coerce allies into accepting it. He hopes that the U.S. and French President Charles de Gaulle may find wider areas of agreement, but he is resigned to the possibility that this [illegible] Johnson prudently agreed to renegotiate the Panama Canal treaty as Panama has been demanding—and just as prudently announced the intention of the U.S. to build a second canal (*see* THE HEMISPHERE).

Lyndon Johnson knows that he may be criticized for being too cautious. But he is convinced that his approach ensures progress—and that is his principal interest.

Gracious Host

President Johnson last week invited a few folks to drop by the White House. About 8,000 of them did.

First came eight new ambassadors to the U.S., presenting their credentials. Next it was 155 children, most of them Negroes, from Washington settlement houses. Lyndon joined them for a puppet show in the East Room, was greeted by one boy with an airy "Hi, Johnson"; later, he escorted them to the Blue Room to see an 18-ft. balsam fir Christmas tree, thence to the State Dining Room for ice cream and eggnog.

A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany and seven other labor leaders were put in proper holiday spirits by the President's renewal of a campaign pledge to work for repeal of the Taft-Hartley law's section authorizing state right-to-work laws. Then, after sandwiching in a buffet supper for some 1,500 White House staffers, the President greeted 14 business leaders. As he always does, Johnson impressed the businessmen, and A. T. & T.'s Frederick R. Kappel spoke for them all when he reported that the President "is being extremely wise in his thoughtful evaluation" of the U.S. economy.

Toward week's end Lady Bird Johnson and Muriel Humphrey conducted a White House tour for 1,500 women who had worked as volunteers for the Johnson-Humphrey ticket, and the President was host at a party for reporters accredited to the White House and their families, numbering 4,000. And one chilly night he appeared hatless and coatless before several thousand people gathered on the Ellipse, south of the White House, pushed a button turning on 5,000 red and white lights on a 72-ft. Adirondack white spruce, a gift of New York State.

"At this Christmas season of 1964," the President said, "we can think of broader and brighter horizons than any who have lived before these times. For there is rising in the sky of the age a new star—the star of peace.

"By his inventions, man has made war unthinkable, now and forevermore. Man must therefore apply the same initiative, the same inventiveness, the same determined effort to make peace on earth eternal and meaningful for all mankind.

"These are the most hopeful times in all the years since Christ was born in

[illegible]MINISTRATION

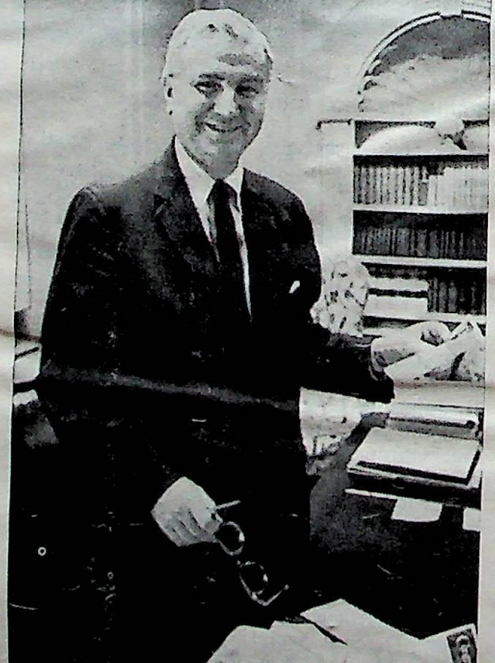
Prescription for Commerce

Nothing annoys President Johnson more than the notion that he cannot get good men to come to work—for him—in Washington. Last week, in his first Cabinet appointment, the President took special pains to disprove that theory: he named John T. Connor, 50, president of the multimillion-dollar drug firm, Merck & Co., as his new Secretary of Commerce to replace Luther Hodges.

Hodges, 66, a former (1954-1960) Democratic Governor of North Carolina who once showed his salesmanship by posing in his underwear to promote his state's textile industry, was in John Kennedy's original Cabinet, made his most notable mark as Commerce Secretary by launching an export expansion program that helped boost U.S. exports from an annual $19.6 billion in 1960 to $25 billion now. But when he was first appointed, Hodges told friends that he would quit after four years. Last week he did—and Drug Executive Connor seemed to fit perfectly the presidential prescription for a replacement.

Who Should? He Should. He is a freewheeling, sharp-speaking man whom other businessmen like to describe as a "maverick," and he has had solid ca-

BEN MARTIN



SECRETARY-DESIGNATE CONNOR
The boss's kind of man.

reers in both Washington bureaucracy and big business. A graduate of Syracuse University ('36) and Harvard Law School ('39), he went to work for a top New York law firm, moved off to Washington in 1942 as a Lend-Lease Administration lawyer, soon switched over to be chief counsel to Dr. Vannevar Bush's Office of Scientific Research and Development, which was then working on the atomic bomb. [illegible] spent a postwar [illegible] aide of the Navy, and in 1947 went to Merck as general attorney. In that capacity he was instrumental in getting his old boss, Bush, signed on as the firm's board chairman.

Connor has never been modest about his talents or about his ambitions. In 1955, when Bush was scouting for a new company president, he asked 30 top Merck executives whom they would like to see in the job. Most picked Connor, and when Connor himself was asked, he said: "I should be the new president." Connor was only 40—and he got the job.

He boosted Merck's research spending to new highs, at the same time in his nine years as president managed to almost triple company profits, from $13 million to $36 million. His salary at Merck is $129,800 a year. He holds 21,000 shares of Merck stock (now $45.50 a share), not counting options, and as of last week he had not decided whether he would keep it (and thereby risk conflict-of-interest criticism), put it in trust or sell it, assuming the Senate confirms his appointment next month.

"Liberal Businessman." Connor has long been one of the blue-ribbon U.S. businessmen that Washington officials tap for aid and advice. After the Bay of Pigs fiasco in 1961, he helped collect millions of dollars worth of drugs that went to Fidel Castro as part of the ransom for Cuban prisoners. He is vice chairman of the Business Council and a member of the Committee for Economic Development.

Politically, he is Lyndon's kind of man. Connor used to describe himself as a New Dealer, now says, "I am an independent Democrat—or a liberal businessman." But when it comes to a conflict between doctrinaire liberalism and business interests, Connor is a businessman first. In 1959, when Tennessee's liberal Democratic Senator Estes Kefauver was chairing an investigation into drug-industry pricing practices, Connor testified with patient, detailed expertise but found he simply could not penetrate the Keef's preconceptions. Connor admitted that the probe, in a general way, was not without merit, but he blasted Kefauver: "He asks loaded questions; he disregards facts that undermine his line of argument; he watches the morning and afternoon press deadlines and introduces a juicy tidbit at a time that defies immediate correction or refutation."

In the past, Connor has argued against the Johnson Administration's effort in

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

current Geneva negotiations to reduce tariff barriers across the board by 50%. Last week, after his appointment to the Cabinet was announced, he was still reluctant to back down. Said he: "I consider myself at the midpoint between a strict protectionist and an all-out free trader. I am against arbitrary 50% tariff cuts across the board for U.S. manufactured goods. Each reduction should also be made on a reciprocal basis."

As Commerce Secretary, Connor will head up an awkwardly diversified department that has 33,538 employees, operates on a $4.5 billion budget, and includes the Bureau of the Census, Patent Office, Bureau of Public Roads, Weather Bureau and Area Redevelopment Administration. But the true mission of the Secretary of Commerce cannot be written into an organization chart. In its simplest terms, it is to promote confidence in the Administration among businessmen. That is something at which President Johnson himself works almost full time, and he is awfully good at it. In John Connor, the President should have an able helper.

THE SUPREME COURT

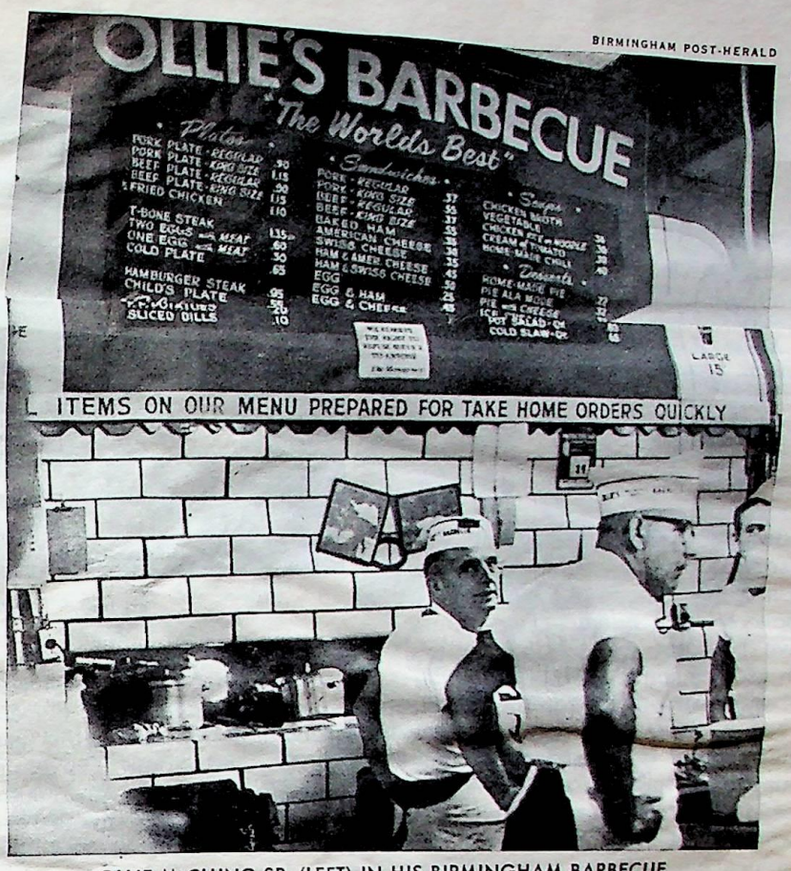
Beyond a Doubt

The U.S. Supreme Court proved last week that, when faced with a matter of truly national urgency, it can make up its mind in a hurry. Little more than five months after enactment of the most far-reaching civil rights act in U.S. history, the court unanimously declared that a key section of that act was constitutional. It thus removed the last doubt about the right of Negroes to equal access to public accommodations anywhere in the nation.

In a legal sense, the court's decision merely reaffirmed a rule of 140 years' standing, holding that the Constitution's commerce clause gives Congress sweeping powers to regulate any activity that even remotely affects commerce among the states. But its potential impact upon U.S. race relations was nonetheless momentous. A Negro can now travel anywhere, stop at any hotel or café and be certain that the law, at least, insists that he be served.

"No Limitations." In an opinion written by one of its two Southerners, Texan Tom C. Clark, the court dismissed arguments by Georgia's Heart of Atlanta Motel and Ollie's Barbecue in Birmingham, Ala., that they could not be compelled to accommodate Negroes under the guise of regulating commerce.

Clark noted that ever since 1824 the courts have consistently upheld a rule by Chief Justice John Marshall in a famous case (Gibbons *v.* Ogden, involving steamboat traffic between New York and New Jersey) that the commerce clause gives Congress a power "complete in itself" that may "be exercised to its utmost extent, and acknowledges no limitations, other than are prescribed in the Constitution." The only real test of that power, wrote



OLLIE McCLUNG SR. (LEFT) IN HIS BIRMINGHAM BARBECUE
After the shock, five new customers.

Clark, is "whether the activity sought to be regulated is commerce which concerns more than one state and has a real and substantial relation to the national interest."

Clark cited testimony before congressional committees which showed that racial discrimination is a nationwide problem, that Negroes are so uncertain of finding accommodations when traveling that it impairs their "pleasure and convenience" and has "the effect of discouraging travel on the part of a substantial portion" of the nation's 20 million Negroes. Observed Clark acidly: "One can hardly travel without eating."

The fact that the main intent of Congress in passing the act was to deal with "what it considered a moral wrong," does not affect its validity under the commerce clause, Clark ruled. In past cases, such as those involving laws against white slavery and gambling, the court has upheld commerce-clause regulations that had more of a moral than an economic intent. Nor is the size of a specific activity relevant. Thus in 1942 the court upheld the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1938 as applied to a farmer who sowed only 23 acres of wheat to feed his own cattle. The combined output of many small farmers, said the court, affects the total flow of interstate commerce.

Slavery & Servitude. The Supreme Court also rejected arguments that forcing a motel or restaurant owner to serve Negroes amounts to "involuntary servitude" (which, ironically, is prohibited under the anti-slavery 13th Amendment) for the proprietor. Clark cited the ancient common-law rule that innkeepers must serve any well-behaved person, also noted that longstanding public accommodations laws in 32 states have never been successfully challenged.

The court dealt harshly with the claim that a proprietor who cannot choose his customers as he wishes is deprived of property without the due process of law guaranteed by the Fifth Amendment. In a concurring opinion, Justice William O. Douglas cited with approval the following argument: "The institution of private property exists for the purpose of enhancing the individual freedom and liberty of human beings," and is often restricted for just that reason. "The most striking example of this is the abolition of slavery. Slaves were treated as items of private property; yet surely no man dedicated to the cause of individual freedom could contend that individual freedom and liberty suffered by emancipation of the slaves. There is not any question that ordinary zoning laws place far greater restrictions upon the rights of private property owners than would public accommodations legislation."

This whole line of reasoning was easily applied by the court in the case of the Heart of Atlanta Motel, which fronts on an interstate highway, welcomes white transients, advertises in national magazines, and gets 75% of its guests from outside Georgia. Ollie's Barbecue was a tougher problem, since it is eleven blocks from the nearest in-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

terstate highway, does not advertise, seeks no transients. Although it is in a Negro neighborhood and employs 24 Negroes, it serves Negroes only from a take-out counter. Yet Ollie's beef—some $70,000 worth last year—was purchased from a Birmingham wholesaler who imported it from Hormel meat-packing plants outside of Alabama. Racial discrimination, ruled the court, affects the volume of Ollie's business, President of the Heart of Atlanta Motel, complained: "This makes possible a socialistic state." Ollie McClung Sr., co-owner of Ollie's Barbecue, declared: "I'm shocked."

Yet, despite their distress, Ollie, 48, and his son Ollie Jr., 24, announced that "as law-abiding Americans, we feel we must bow to this edict." Two hours later, five Negroes walked into Ollie's —which grosses some $450,000 annually—and were served. As for the motel, it had begun accepting Negroes under an earlier federal court order, but only five couples had applied so far—probably because its rates are the highest in Atlanta. And even Rolleston took a philosophical view of the eventual outcome of such race controversies. "With my grandchildren, there won't be any problems at all," he said. "They won't even know there were any."

Obliterating the Effect

After deciding that the public-accommodations section was constitutional, the Supreme Court turned to a less significant but more nettlesome legal problem: Could the thousands of sit-in demonstrators who had invaded the South's segregated lunch counters and been convicted under valid state antitrespass laws still be punished for acts that are now undeniably legal? The question split the court's earlier unanimity.

A five-man majority of the Justices declared that the sit-in convictions "and the command of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 are clearly in direct conflict." Referring to a 1934 ruling by Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, the majority found precedent to assume that Congress intends "to avoid inflicting punishment at a time when it can no longer further any legislative purpose and would be unnecessarily vindictive." The fact that the sit-in convictions were under state rather than federal law, ruled last week's majority, is "a distinction without a difference." Explained the opinion, also written by Justice Tom Clark: "Since the provisions of the Act would abate all federal prosecutions it follows that the same rule must prevail under the Supremacy Clause which requires that a contrary state practice or state statute must give way."

"No Precedent." Declaring that "the great purpose of the civil rights legislation was to obliterate the effect of a distressing chapter of our history," the opinion concluded that the specific convictions under consideration (cases from Arkansas and South Carolina) "must be vacated and the prosecutions dismissed." The ruling meant that some 3,000 other cases now pending or under appeal in which sit-in demonstrators had acted "peacefully" eventually would be dropped.

In biting dissent, Justice John M. Harlan called the majority's reasoning "revolutionary" in its voiding of state convictions. Justice Hugo Black was even more scathing. "It certainly relieves us of work to abate these so-called sit-in cases," he commented in court. But, he contended in his written dissent: "I do not find one paragraph, one sentence, one clause, or one word in the 1964 Act on which the most strained efforts of the most fertile imagination could support such a conclusion. The idea that Congress has power to accomplish such a result has no precedent, so far as I know, in the nearly 200 years that Congress has been in existence."

"Incomprehensible." In Black's view, such demonstrators still have no right "to take the law into their own hands by sitting down and occupying the premises for as long as they choose to stay," particularly since the very aim of the new law is to "take such disputes out of the streets and restaurants and into the courts."

The decision does not automatically end local prosecution of sit-in cases; civil rights lawyers may have to seek dismissal in specific cases. Yet it does mean that a great variety of civil rights advocates—ranging from Mrs. Malcolm Peabody, 73-year-old mother of Massachusetts' lame-duck Governor, to Mardon Walker, a 19-year-old daughter of a white Navy captain, no longer need fear confinement. Said a relieved Miss Walker in New London, Conn., where she is a student at Connecticut College: "I somehow felt that I would never have to serve 18 months in jail for trying to be served in a restaurant. It just seemed incomprehensible."

The decision also frees some $2,000,000 in bond money posted by individuals and civil rights groups, dating back to the winter of 1960 when a band of determined Negro students first sat down at a variety-store lunch counter in Greensboro, N.C., and refused to move. That money is not likely to remain idle for long. Civil rights leaders plan to use it to push voting-registration drives and—despite general compliance with the new civil rights laws in metropolitan areas—to push into rural Southern hamlets where the law has never even been tested and WHITE ONLY signs still proclaim defiance.

SIT-INS AT CHARLOTTE, N.C., LUNCH COUNTER (1960)
Freed from fear with a $2,000,000 bonus.

THE CONGRESS

Challenge to Charlie

Nearly six years ago, Indiana's Republican Congressman Charles Halleck overthrew aging Joe Martin as his party's House floor leader. In so doing, Halleck got vital help from a small but powerful group of young insurgents, including Michigan's Gerald Ford, who wanted a more aggressive, positive leader. In Halleck, they got all the aggressiveness they could stomach, and very little positivism. Last week Jerry Ford and his rebels were out to oust Charlie Halleck, 64.

As his opening shot, Ford, 51, sent telegrams to Republicans who will be in the next House, asked them to back him against Halleck as minority leader when they caucus on Jan. 4. At a press conference, Ford explained: "It is a question of having new, dynamic, bold, innovating leadership. It is a question of using all the talent that we have available among Republicans in the House."

Friendly Terms. Challenger Ford, ranking G.O.P. expert on military appropriations and chairman of the House

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ublican Conference (caucus), has ked closely and on friendly terms n Halleck. He is only slightly less servative than Halleck. He admires tough old rooster's capacity for com- But he, like many other House Re- icans, feels that Halleck presents ty image too much in the negative ere is also widespread alleck's reluctance to parcel out nsible positions to younger Repub- s. Ford, a onetime University of igan star linebacker, last week football terms in pointedly prom- that under his leadership every e Republican would be "a first- player" and a "60-minute man." ord has widespread support among se Republicans, but his success inst Halleck is by no means assured. rlie has been around for a long le, has in his possession a lot of tical IOUs, and will certainly not itate to call them in. Last week, be- e Ford announced his candidacy, House Republican Conference met, expecting Halleck to come out ging against any imminent threat is leadership. But Charlie sweet- l the dissidents about party har- , to the point that one of them, chusetts' Silvio Conte, told re- s. "It's as peaceful in there as impton's sewing circle."

zy Clubbers. To put together a ity against Halleck, Jerry Ford have to win support from a wide y of Republicans, ranging from dyed conservatives who happen to a grudge against Charlie, to mem- of the relatively liberal Wednesday so called because the group usu- meets on Wednesday afternoons). Wednesday Clubbers so far are cozy about supporting Ford in s of winning pledges from him to give them preferred committee assignments when and if he beats Halleck.

This, of course, is exactly the sort of politics that Charlie Halleck also understands. But whatever dickering Jerry Ford has to do he apparently has already done. When he announced his candidacy, he said that he would

JIM MAHAN

MICHIGAN'S FORD
Out to get a tough old rooster.

SEQUELS

Spies' Demise

Two men were convicted by a Newark, N.J., federal court jury early this month for spying for the Soviet Union. One man was a Soviet national named Igor Ivanov, who was working in the U.S. for Amtorg, the Russian trade agency. The other man was an American-born engineer, John W. Butenko, 39, who had been working on highly classified electronic equipment for the International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. FBI agents had trailed Butenko and Ivanov for six months and in October 1963 had arrested the two in the company of two Soviet diplomats. In the Russians' car, in addition to pieces of espionage gear, the FBI men had found Butenko's dispatch case containing top-secret documents.

Last week Federal Judge Anthony Augelli passed sentence: 20 years in prison for Ivanov, and a total of 30 years' imprisonment for Butenko. They were led off to jail, protesting their innocence.

CALIFORNIA

After Sam's Scalp

Congressman James Roosevelt, 57, last week decided to take on a tartar. He announced his candidacy against Los Angeles Mayor Samuel Yorty in next April's municipal primary.* Said Roosevelt in a gibe at Yorty's notable irascibility: "Los Angeles must not be subjected to government by tantrum."

Yorty, 55, is no pushover, not even for the eldest son of F.D.R. A maverick, he started his political career as an ultraliberal California assemblyman but turned conservative, and vociferously anti-Communist, during two terms in the U.S. House and backed Republican Richard Nixon in 1960. That brought threats from regular Democrats to get Sam's scalp, but he went on to win an upset victory for mayor in 1961.

Yorty has reduced discrimination in city hiring, placed qualified professionals at the head of key city departments, and reversed a city ordinance that required housewives to separate cans from all other trash. He defends his record literally from A (for airport—"We made it self-supporting") to Z (for zoo

* The Los Angeles primary is a nonpartisan preference vote, but if any candidate gains an absolute majority, he is automatically elected mayor. Otherwise, the two leading candidates qualify for the general elections the next month.

JIM COLLISON-PI

CALIFORNIA'S ROOSEVELT
Facing a shrewd old hand.

—"The city is getting some rare albino kangaroos"). But his administration has been marred by his constant and noisy fights with the city council, and he is currently involved in a controversial attempt to amend the city charter to give the mayor more power.

Roosevelt, a six-term Congressman, plans to campaign "not as a liberal Democrat but as a man with a bread and butter program for getting things done." He has the backing of Governor Pat Brown, and will have the support of the state's regular Democratic organization. But Sam Yorty is an old hand at knocking over organizations.

OPINION

The Chinese Who?

"The American public," said a report issued last week by the Council on Foreign Relations, "is not well informed about China."

That is hardly the half of it—at least according to a survey of 1,501 people done for the council, a nonprofit institution (board chairman: John J. McCloy), by the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center.

When asked, "What kind of government does most of China have now?" or "Do you happen to know if there is any Communist government in China now?", an incredible 28% indicated that they did not know. Moreover, 39% did not know of the existence of the Nationalist Chinese government. Of those who were aware of the two Chinas, 62% opposed U.S. help to the Nationalists in an attack against the mainland. Seventy-five percent favored the U.S.'s remaining in the United Nations when and if the Chinese Communists are admitted; only 5% would want the U.S. to withdraw.

Shifting its sights to the south, the survey asked: "Have you happened to hear anything about the fighting in Viet Nam?" An astonishing 25% said no.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PANAMA

Dig We Must

President Johnson last week took a step that U.S. policymakers have been talking about for years. "This government," he said at a White House press conference, "has completed an intensive study [illegible] should press forward with Panama and other interested governments in plans and preparations for a sea-level canal in this area. Second, I have decided to propose to the government of Panama the negotiation of an entirely new treaty on the existing Panama Canal."

Wonder of the World. The need for a new canal is growing desperate. In the 50 years since U.S. Army engineers carved the present seaway out of the Panamanian jungle, the canal has proved one of the wonders of the world. Today some 50% of Japan's exports to the West pass through the canal; such South American nations as Ecuador, Peru and Chile depend on it for between 75% and 90% of their total imports and exports. But ships have slowly outgrown the intricate network of three lock systems that carry them across the hump of the isthmus, and trade is expanding far beyond the canal's capacity to handle it. Over the last ten years, commercial traffic has climbed from 36 million tons annually to almost 65 million tons. Today, some ships lie to for 15 hours or more awaiting their turn. The biggest tankers and aircraft carriers cannot squeeze through at all. With the trend to bigger and bigger ships, the canal will be obsolete altogether by the year 2000.

Johnson mentioned four possible sites —all of them publicly discussed on earlier occasions—for a sea-level canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific without need of locks. One is a 95-mile route in northwest Colombia, another a 168-mile route slicing through Costa Rica and Nicaragua; the remaining two are in Panama itself—one running 60 [illegible], which would need considerable widening and deepening to eliminate the locks. Johnson gave no hint as to which route the U.S. preferred, saying only, "I have asked the Secretary of State to begin discussions immediately with all the governments concerned."

Presumably, the State Department will sound out each government to see if it does or does not want a canal, then negotiate a series of treaties with them that will permit the U.S. to make a thorough study of the possibilities. The test borings and surveys would take about four years. Once a route is decided upon and a final treaty written, construction will get underway. If possible, the U.S. would like to use nuclear explosives to dig the trench. Nukes are faster than dynamite, run one-tenth the cost, and would hold the price for the Colombia canal to $1.2 billion, the Nicaragua-Costa Rica canal to $1.24 billion, or the southern Panama route to $500 million.

Nuclear techniques are obviously impossible in the present densely populated Canal Zone. Bypassing the locks and widening the main Gaillard Cut by conventional methods would cost about $2 billion, would require shutting down the canal for only twelve days over the entire construction span. Whichever route is chosen, a new sea-level canal could be ready for operation within 10 years from the day that work starts.

A Time to Negotiate. The [illegible] point, of course, is what kind of a [illegible] the U.S. can write for control, [illegible] tion and defense of a new canal. [illegible] Panama Canal made Panama a ma[illegible] Yet for years Panamanians have re[illegible] against the 1903 treaty, which [illegible] the U.S. [illegible]-mile Canal Z[illegible] manding a bigger share of the [illegible] and more control of both the ca[illegible] and the zone. Last January's [illegible] kee riots, which left 26 dead (in[illegible] three U.S. G.I.s) showed how d[illegible] passions go. The U.S., as Johnso[illegible] last week, is now willing to re[illegible] 1903 treaty for the remaining [illegible] present canal, striking out the [illegible] word sovereignty and giving [illegible] most of what else it wants, bu[illegible] ing on some form of iron-clad [illegible] control.

How those negotiations go may determine the shape of the treaties a new canal—and whether or not U.S. decides to build in Panama. Costa Rica and Colombia reacted thusiastically to the prospect of nal on their territory. No one to understand that better than Pa[illegible] ma's recently inaugurated Pres[illegible] Marcos Robles. On TV last week told his people of President John[illegible] "transcendental" announcement [illegible] "the happy prospects on this [illegible] day for our nation."

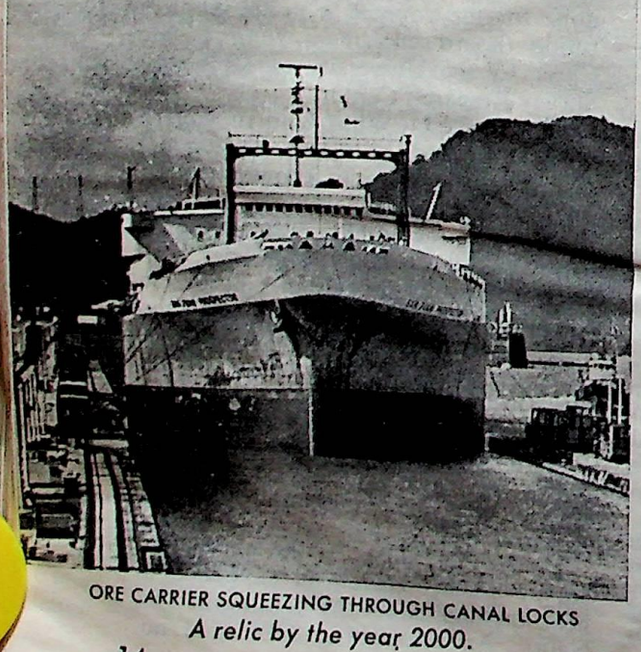
COLOMBIA

The Unspoiled Speck

It is only a flyspeck island off coast of Nicaragua, but last week tiny Colombian colony of San And[illegible] was churning up tidal waves all the back to Washington. More than sporting types from New York [illegible] been flown down to the island by c[illegible] tered plane as expenses-paid guests the El Dorado Hotel. All they had to was buy a few stacks of chips and the hotel's casino a chance to win the price of the junket. The trou came when several guests tried to c in chips, and the hotel refused to th them. The ensuing uproar got so [illegible] that Colombia had to fly in se peacemakers; a U.S. consul hur over, and Washington's Civil Aero tics Board even called for a full review of all such junkets to [illegible] and domestic gambling meccas.*

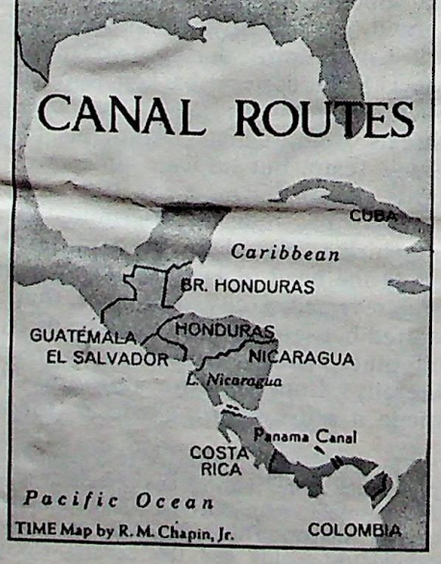
Any Number Can Play. Gambl[illegible] only the latest racket for San And[illegible]

* Heading for such places as Las Vega[illegible] Bahamas, and South America, the penses-paid junket has become somethi[illegible] big deal with gambling promoters. [illegible] large hotels in Vegas have representati[illegible] fully scouring such non-gambling, bi[illegible] areas as Boston, Hartford, New Yo[illegible] Dallas for "big rollers," offer them [illegible] thing free from soup to nuts if they w[illegible] on down to join the play.



ORE CARRIER SQUEEZING THROUGH CANAL LOCKS
A relic by the year 2000.

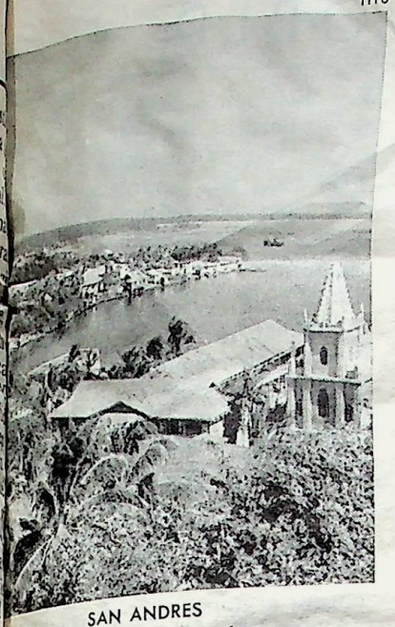
AP



CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TITO



SAN ANDRES

A hint to go straight.

ought on by hard times. Up to now, island's real business and been smuggling. In 1959, hoping to mote tourism, the Colombian gov- ent made San Andrés a free port, ed that any five-day visitor could $150 worth of goods back to the and without paying a centavo in . Before long, luxury-starved Co- ns were stocking up on every- from perfume, booze and china dios, phonographs and TVs. ainland duties are high, and what cheap on San Andrés brought two three times the price in Bogotá. pletely banned items, such as birth rol pills, turned a 400% profit. lers strapped wristwatches the full h of their arms and legs, stashed band in dirty clothes where in- rs are loath to rummage. Airline s left booty aboard for cooperative tenance men to pick up. And wom- ho weren't pregnant often left San és looking as if they were.

Duty Port in a Storm. From 1960 ough last year, according to one ghtful estimate, 235,000 Colom- s visited San Andrés and returned e with $120 million worth of mer- dise, well over three times the legal That represented a dizzying drain Colombia's dollar reserves. So month the government abruptly med the door. Henceforth, every Andrés traveler could bring back $20 worth of goods—and he could only two trips a year. The ruling d disaster for the island. A wave nkruptcies swept the business dis- Unemployment zoomed. Over o Havana, Fidel Castro eagerly d San Andrés to revolt against "Co- ian imperialism"—and join his unspoiled paradise. Soon the only rs to the island were bill collec- . Things had come to a pretty pass. ch was just when somebody thought he gambling junket idea.

But by last week the new little mon- eymaker seemed headed for the same fate as smuggling. The Colombian government ordered the El Dorado casino closed and intimated that the island ought to try something legitimate for once. That may be difficult. The tourist-folder boast that San Andrés is an "unspoiled paradise" is only too true. The island has yet to be spoiled by a decent electrical system. [illegible] some time before the Caribbean speck is spoiled by tourists.

BRAZIL

Billion-Dollar Booster

Since 1961, the U.S. has poured some $780 million into Brazil only to see most of it disappear down the Amazon. The prospects became so disheartening that Washington aid to the wobbly, leftist regime of João Goulart gradually dwindled to a trickle. Last week, after eight months spent in careful observation of the revolutionary government of President Humberto Castello Branco, the U.S. announced that it is ready to try again with $453 million, a package that makes Brazil the greatest U.S. economic-aid beneficiary of any nation except Pakistan and India. With the addition of expected funds from international agencies and private capital, Castello Branco will be getting a 1965 boost totaling $1 billion.

The U.S. aid will be put up by half a dozen sources, from the Agency for International Development (AID) to the U.S. Treasury. The Brazilians will use it to reduce next year's enormous $475 million budget deficit, to provide credits for farmers and businessmen, and for a host of seriously needed development projects (the A.F.L.-C.I.O. is making a $23 million loan for workers' housing). To make sure the funds go where they should, Brazil has agreed to a regular review of progress, faces a cutoff in the flow of funds if performance is not good. "This is a calculated strategy on which the odds look good," said U.S. Ambassador to Brazil Lincoln Gordon after the agreement was signed. "This time, for the first time, there is support—honest backing for a program from the President on down—and that is what will count."

ARGENTINA

Comfort over Pride

After Spain's General Francisco Franco told Argentina's ex-Dictator Juan Perón, 69, to stop meddling in Argentine politics or get out of Spain, those close to Perón felt that pride would force the aging exile to seek asylum elsewhere. But life is good at Perón's opulent villa in Madrid, and for the moment at least comfort overcame pride. Last week Perón surrendered to Franco's terms, solemnly promising to abstain from all political skulduggery "while I remain in this country."

CANADA

Their Own Flag at Last

The argument dragged on for six months, generated more than 270 windy speeches, produced the longest continuous session of Parliament in Canadian history, and all but divided a nation. Last week the debate over a national [illegible] Prime Minister Lester Pearson calls a flag for all Canadians. All that remained was for Queen Elizabeth to proclaim the new flag as the official emblem of Canada. Then down will come the old Red Ensign with its British Union Jack in the corner. And over Ottawa's Parliament Hill will fly the new banner —a single red maple leaf on a white field with heavy red bars on either side.

To the very end, Opposition Leader John Diefenbaker and his Conservatives fought bitterly against the maple-leaf flag, arguing that it was an affront to Mother Britain to replace the Red Ensign* that had flown for 19 years. Yet Pearson, head of an unsteady minority government desperately trying to unify Canada's divided English and French-speaking populations, persisted and finally had to shut off debate by invoking closure for the first time since 1956.

DOMINION-WIDE

LIBERALS CHEERING MAPLE LEAF

A line for the books.

As the clock ran out, Pearson and Diefenbaker leaped to their feet for one last speech. When Pearson got the floor, he offered half his time to Diefenbaker, who refused, raging: "When the Greeks produce gifts, we recognize what they mean." Pearson was barely audible above the Conservative catcalls, but he got out a line that will join him in the history books as the man who gave Canada its own emblem: "This is a flag for the future."

* A Canadianized version of the British merchant marine flag, the Red Ensign was first flown by Canadian merchant vessels in 1892, became Canada's "unofficial" flag in 1945.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

AP

WINNER DE GAULLE*
Setting him up to get his way.

NATO

Off Collision Course

It began as a tale of two deadlines. By far the more *important* was set by Charles de Gaulle, who had stipulated that the Six must achieve a joint grain price by Dec. 15—or else France might pull out of the Common Market. At Brussels last week, his deadline was met to the day, and while this was a victory for De Gaulle, it was also a major victory for Europe (*see following story*). The other deadline had been set against De Gaulle's opposition by the U.S., which had insisted that by year's end, or early next year at the latest, some kind of multilateral nuclear force must be established, possibly even if the U.S. and West Germany had to go it alone. At last week's NATO ministerial meeting in Paris, the U.S. elaborately backed away from the deadline, decided to let Britain, Germany and the rest of the Europeans try to work out for themselves a compromise on some sort of joint force.

This, too, was a victory for De Gaulle—and one which the U.S. had set up for him, because for months the State Department had kept overselling MLF and talking as if the fate of the world depended on it.

After the meeting, the U.S. line was that MLF had been "neither advanced nor retarded." That was nonsense. It had indeed been retarded and, to all intents and purposes, sunk in its original form. The fact became clear when Secretary of State Dean Rusk was still arguing the MLF case in Paris while in Washington President Johnson casually remarked that the U.S. regarded [illegible] as the year's most spectacular rug-pulling operation. But it was also a sound decision not to wreck the Western Alliance by trying to force through a scheme hardly anybody really wanted, and as a result the U.S. and France were talking to each other again.

Lorelei Umbrella. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara started off in NATO's huge conference room, nicknamed the Cathedral, by once again trying to answer the basic Gaullist suspicion that the U.S. might not defend Europe. In case of an all-out war, said McNamara, the alternative of "Europe or the U.S." did not exist in Washington planning. In nuclear terms, an attack on Western Europe would be an attack on the U.S. As proof, McNamara pointed out that the U.S. has placed in NATO more than 800 ICBMs, more than 300 Polaris missiles and hundreds of bombers. The aggregate yield of nukes stored in Germany alone, McNamara added, is more than 5,000 times the yield of the Hiroshima bomb.

In a sense, this made it all the plainer that no additional nuclear gimmicks were needed. But while the Paris delegates continued to discuss MLF and the British proposals for an Atlantic nuclear force (*see* Great Britain), still another little atomic plan was disclosed that made MLF seem positively brilliant by comparison. It was a West German army proposal to create a "nuclear mine belt" along the West German border fronting East Germany. The buried mines would presumably annihilate an invader without forcing him into a nuclear counterstrike because they would not explode on his own but only on West German territory. It was hard to see how this would serve to heighten West Germany's sense of security, since it assumed that the invader would arrive only on land. But both the U.S. and France professed interest, and in fact similar devices are said to be under installation around, of all places, the Lorelei rocks on the Rhine, presumably to flood the Rhine valley to slow an attacker.

Slapped Hard. It was just about the only subject on which anyone gave a hearing to the Germans, who turned out to be the real losers at Paris. Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder was being more American than the Americans and was still defending MLF when the U.S. had already begun to move away. For his pains, Schröder was [illegible] down hard by the French, who r[illegible] to sign even an innocuous comm[illegible] proposing new approaches to M[illegible] for a possible German settlement.

In two separate talks with D[illegible] Rusk, De Gaulle again explained [illegible] Urals, with Western Europe serving [illegible] a magnet to the rest of the now lar[illegible] Communist continent. If Western [illegible] rope is too closely linked to the [illegible] and locked in a tight Atlantic [illegible] argued De Gaulle, it would be [illegible] to serve this centripetal function. [illegible] countries such as Rumania, [illegible] showing signs of loosening their [illegible] to Moscow, are simply not part [illegible] Atlantic world. It was perhaps the [illegible] cogent argument yet offered again[illegible] "Atlantic Community" concept.

A Member of the Club. In their [illegible] tempts to describe the improved at[illegible] phere between the U.S. and Fr[illegible] the American officials in Paris only [illegible] ceeded in demonstrating De Ga[illegible] diplomatic success. U.S. sources [illegible] a week before Paris had talked [illegible] came away taking strange comfor[illegible] the fact that they had not been "ha[illegible] up." The U.S. hailed as a welcome [illegible] of French conciliation the fact that M[illegible] Namara and French Defense Min[illegible] Pierre Messmer had discussed plans [illegible] coordinating targeting when the Fren[illegible] *force de frappe* bomber fleet com[illegible] into being next year.

It almost sounded as if the U.S. w[illegible] happy that De Gaulle had deigned

ALLIED [illegible]
Sinking [illegible]

* At a memorial service last week for a dead Resistance leader.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

cognize the American nuclear deter-
nt. In fact, of course, it was the U.S.
at had *finally* recognized France's.
or if the French force merits joint
geting with the U.S., it cannot be
ite the impotent *force de farce* that
erican officials have scornfully tried
ake it out to be. De Gaulle in re-
has at last been recognized as a
mber of the nuclear club. In the past,
it meant to exclude France from
ing a separate deterrent; last week
proliferation suddenly seemed to
an joining with De Gaulle in keep-
the bomb from other nations.
When sounded out about a meeting
Johnson, De Gaulle made it plain
the week had given him no inferi-
complexes. Johnson was welcome
Paris, he indicated, provided that he
me to Europe to see De Gaulle—
nobody else.

COMMON MARKET

Triumph for Europe

"Never in the course of our evolution
ve we taken a decision of such mag-
ude," beamed Walter Hallstein, the
mmon Market's usually understated
sident. "From now on we can only
h forward into a European future,"
imed German Economics Minister
Schmücker. He was stubble-
ed and blanched with fatigue after
marathon bargaining sessions that
lasted 42 hours. "It's a great, great
ss, a great political event," said the
pean Economic Community's farm
Sicco Mansholt, his voice breaking
emotion. Then, at 5:30 on a foggy
rning in Brussels, the diplomats un-
steadily embraced one another.

NATO

ALLIED SESSION
Sinking a wreck.

Halfway Price. The cause for jubilation was an agreement on the Mansholt Plan to create a common market for cereals starting with the 1967 harvest, meaning, as Mansholt explained, "From Schleswig-Holstein to Sicily, we'll have one basic system, one set of rules and prices." Despite their startling success in reducing industrial divisions among themselves in the seven years since the [illegible] harmonizing their farm policies—largely because of the disparity between France's low-cost farm efficiency and Germany's cosseted high-cost output. Mansholt proposed an obvious solution: fix wheat, which is the key to the whole farm price scale, roughly halfway between the German and the French prices, at $106.25 per metric ton.

The Germans stalled for over a year, since the price cut would hurt German farm income to the point of putting as many as a million German farmers out of business and seriously endanger the C.D.U. farm-bloc vote in elections next year. But as French grain surpluses mounted, De Gaulle grew impatient, finally announced two months ago that if the wheat-price issue was not resolved by Dec. 15, France would "cease to participate" in the Common Market.

Only ten months ago, the German Bundestag had voted that German wheat prices would not come down until after 1970. In fact, Chancellor Erhard hoped to reform Germany's outmoded agriculture, and wanted to give in anyway; to do so he needed the excuse of pressure from the French and the U.S. (which wants a common farm policy to enable the E.E.C. to negotiate in the Kennedy Round trade talks). As the pressure mounted, the German delegation at Brussels finally surrendered, enabling the Six to meet De Gaulle's deadline.

Neat Paradox. "All's well that ends well," said Erhard cheerily in Bonn after the Brussels accord, despite pained cries that he had capitulated. "It means new hope for all questions of political and economic integration of Europe." Still, the price for Erhard was high: he promised to pay German farmers some $2 billion in extra subsidies between now and 1970 to enable them to adjust to the lower price levels for their produce. That was enough, presumably, to keep the farmers happy at election time next September.

Even De Gaulle joined in the euphoria, as well he might. The agreement, he said, was a "capital step" along the road to political unity, opening "all sorts of possibilities for the construction of Europe"—provided, he added in a dig at the U.S., that Europe acts "by itself and for itself."

Although France stands to benefit most from a common farm policy, the triumph is really Europe's—proving that not all of De Gaulle's adamant positions are wrong, a fact often overlooked by those who automatically hate anything

REPORTERS ASSOCIATES

HALLSTEIN, SCHMÜCKER & MANSHOLT AT BRUSSELS
Tightening ties to march forward.

De Gaulle does. Thus far, French interests and Common Market progress have neatly coincided, a paradox De Gaulle well understands and adroitly used in forcing the grain-price accord.

What he perhaps understands less well is that as France grows more and more interdependent economically, his declarations of political and military independence are likely to carry less weight. While France may well emerge as the leader of an integrated Europe, De Gaulle will no longer be able convincingly to threaten a French withdrawal if he does not get his way on a specific matter. As long as only the industrial half of the E.E.C. was forging ahead, full economic union was impossible. With the addition of the agricultural half in 1967, the ties that bind the Six will draw so tight that a future threat to leave the Common Market—by France or any of the Six—will be virtually impossible.

UNITED NATIONS

Irresponsible & Repugnant

"Never before have I heard such irrational, irresponsible, insulting and repugnant language in these chambers—and language used, if you please, contemptuously to impugn and slander a gallant and successful effort to save human lives of many nationalities and colors."

Adlai Stevenson, who doesn't get worked up very often, had carefully written the speech, overruled the doubts of some of his aides ("Should we be so rough?"), and sent the words flying like stinging chips of wood across the Security Council's horseshoe table. He had reason to be angry; in both Council and Assembly, the Africans' irrational and

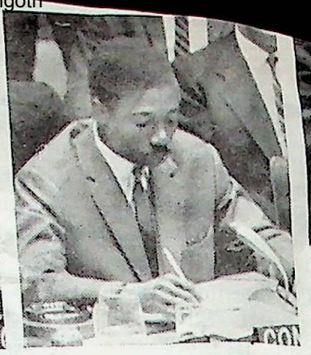
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

KENYA'S MURUMBI

MBAZUMUTIMA

GUINEA'S BEAVOGUI



BRAZZAVILLE'S ...ANISM?

poured forth, supposedly in support of a complaint to the Council that the Stanleyville rescue operation had been an act of "aggression" and "intervention."

The Accusers. Led by Africa's radical hard core—Ghana, Guinea, Algeria, Mali and Egypt—18 of the continent's 35 nations had signed the complaint. The signatories included the tiny leftist kingdom of Burundi, where Chinese influence is strong, and backwater states that once belonged to France: Central African Republic, Brazzaville Congo, Dahomey, Mauritania and Mali. Also on the list, however, were normally more moderate Ethiopia and the Sudan, and the Commonwealth nations of Kenya, Malawi, Tanzania, Uganda and Zambia, of which better things should have been expected.

Despite the fact that many of the complaining nations, such as Tanzania and Kenya, had in the past relied on outside troops to help them keep order, or had called them in to quell uprisings, the rescue operation was roundly condemned by Foreign Minister Charles-Daniel Ganao of the Brazzaville Congo as "the latest aggression committed by the Americans, the Belgians and the British against the black population."

Ganao charged that the operation's only purpose had been "to exterminate the black inhabitants," but Guinean Foreign Minister Louis Beavogui thought it had been carried out "to keep Africa within the orbit of the imperialist powers," and Kenya's Foreign Minister Joseph Murumbi called it a "sordid collusion, a calculated attempt to impose American-Belgian domination in the Congo." For Tanzanian Foreign Minister Oscar Kambona, it "will go down in history as the meanest, most unwarranted and provocative interference by the Western world in the affairs of the African continent."

Burundi's Foreign Minister Joseph Mbazumutima sneered that Premier Tshombe's white allies consider "the blacks, by definition, killers and liars." And Mali's Foreign Minister Ousman Ba even accused the U.S. of "massive cannibalism."

The Specter. It was a chilling display, and its significance reached far beyond the Congo. "Even such a torrent of abuse of my country is of no consequence compared to the specter of racial antagonism and conflict raised in this chamber," said Stevenson. "I personally need no credentials as a spokesman for racial equality. I say that racial hatred, racial strife, has cursed the world for too long. I make no defense of the sins of the white race. But the antidote for white racism is not black racism."

Stevenson charged that the real interventionists in the Congo were Algeria, Ghana, Burundi and Brazzaville —not to mention the Chinese Reds— who were actively supporting the Congolese rebels against Tshombe's legal government. Stevenson warned: "If every internal rivalry is to become a Spanish Civil War, with each faction drawing in other Africans and great powers from other continents, the history of independent Africa in this century will be bloody and shameful."

The Defender. One of the Africans who publicly agreed with Stevenson was Nigeria's earthy, bulldogged Foreign Minister Jaja Wachuku, who noted that the wild, radical charges were not "the only opinion that exists within the African scene." The only serious question before the Security Council, said Wachuku, was the Tshombe government's own charge "that certain sister African countries have been subverting it, aiding and abetting rebellion within its territory, and indeed doing everything to make it impossible for that state to exist."

Wachuku pointed out that Tshombe had sought U.S. and Belgian support only after all African states had refused to help him restore order: "If your brothers and sisters let you down and you know that you have some faithful friends, you turn to them." ... to the left-wing cry that ... must rally against Tshombe, W... remarked acidly that "it appe... there are people who feel that in ... one must all be of the same ty... same size and the same weig... that our color must be exac... same." Such thinking could on... to trouble, he said: "We have d... shades of black in Africa. Som... very fair, some are chocolate b... some are very dark, and some ... what you might call graphite grey."

The Russian Role. All such ar... ments were lost on the Russians. S... Delegate Nikolai Fedorenko chi... wildly that the "monstrous" Stan... ville mercy mission had been part ... "a criminal conspiracy for the dism... berment of the Congo," that Tshom... mercenaries had massacred over ... 000 Congolese.

There was increasing evidence th... the Russians, perhaps jarred into ... tion by Peking's successful inroads ... beginning their first major Afri... drive since they were kicked out ... Guinea three years ago. In Mosc... the Kremlin suddenly closed the C... go's embassy staff on mysteri... charges of "hostile activities." Fr... the Congo, where Tshombe's arm... were running into increased fire pow... from the rebel Simbas, came the ... solid proof that Russia's military ... was getting through. Governm... troops captured from the rebels a q... tity of Russian rifles and machine g... many still bearing traces of heavy p... ing grease.

N.Y. DAILY NEWS

NIGERIA'S WACHUKU
Must all be the same shade of black?

THE NEW YORK ...

ADLAI STEVENSON
Every conflict a Spanish Civil W...

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE CONGO

Lumumba Jumbo

I am the Congo, the Congo has made
I am making the Congo.
—Patrice Lumumba

Four years after his death, a lot of people talk as if Patrice Emergy Lumumba were still the Congo. In and out of the U.N., Communist backers seem determined to turn Lumumba into a martyr-saint. Bulgaria and Albania joined last week to praise the "great Congolese patriot" who symbolized the "heart of Africa" and was "brutally assassinated." The Ethiopian and Guinean delegations compared him to Hammarskjöld, while the Mali representative went one better and compared him to Hammarskjöld and John Kennedy.

Throughout the Communist bloc and much of Africa, Lumumba's name, with its rhythm of jungle drums, is invoked by innumerable agitators. It is also borne by hundreds of streets, dozens of schools. Moscow has its Patrice Lumumba Friendship University for foreign students, Belgrade its Patrice Lumumba student home. In Castro Cuba, romantically inclined young Negroes find togetherness in Patrice Lumumba social centers. Last week in Kenya, the brand new $120,000 Lumumba Institute, built with Russian and Chinese money, opened its doors to rehabilitate the minds of Kenyans with a colonial mentality and teach them how to sacrifice themselves for the good of the country and of Africa as a whole."

No Longer Monkeys. Amid all this Lumumba jumbo, the real Lumumba has been almost forgotten. He was, of course, a violent, often eloquent anti-colonialist, and an infectiously fanatic leader. At the 1960 independence ceremony, he seized the microphone to tell Belgium's King Baudouin that "from today, we are no longer your monkeys." He was also the first Congolese politician to think beyond tribal boundaries, the founder (in 1959) of the Congo's first semi-national political movement, its first real pan-African nationalist—and its first Prime Minister. But at the time of his death, most of his countrymen had either never heard of him or disliked him.

He was, among other things, a confirmed embezzler (of some $2,500 in party funds), a monumental drunkard, an almost compulsive liar, and an addicted hemp smoker. More important, he was a disaster as Prime Minister. Although his party barely controlled less than one-fourth of the seats in Parliament, he refused to make the political compromises necessary to form a workable coalition government, quickly alienating almost every important power base in the Congo. Headstrong, unstable and perpetually frenzied, Lumumba never really tried to govern. His army rebelled less than a week after he took office; his Belgian civil servants fled in terror; vital provinces tried to secede; and the land, neither administered nor policed, reverted to darkness. Howling all the while about white imperialism, Patrice Lumumba himself did not hesitate to sell the exploitation rights to the Congo's vast resources to a fast-talking American promoter, friend Kwame Nkrumah [illegible]

worried letter. "Patrice," wrote the "Redeemer," "if you fail, you have only yourself to blame and it will be due to your unwillingness to face the facts of life." The letter arrived too late: President Joseph Kasavubu had fired Lumumba. Lumumba's response was typical. He tried to fire Kasavubu. But the President was supported by the army, and it was Lumumba who stayed out.

For two months Lumumba lived under the protection of a U.N. guard—

LARRY BURROWS—LIFE

MARTYR LUMUMBA
Like Hammarskjöld and Kennedy?

and used the telephone kept open for him by the U.N. to plot his return to power. One night he ducked past his guards and drove off, alone, toward his home town of Stanleyville, where he hoped to lead a revolution against Kasavubu. He was arrested before he got there. His captors, in Congo fashion, saw to it that he was beaten up, jailed, and, at Kasavubu's orders, eventually turned over to the personal custody of his archenemy Moise Tshombe—who either arranged to have him killed or let him die from wounds inflicted by Kasavubu's men.

Had he been wiser, or smarter, Patrice Lumumba would have been 39 this year. And the Congo might well have become a nation with no more than the normal ration of African problems instead of a blood-spattered land of savagery, corruption and anarchy—which is largely what Lumumba helped make it.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Hunger & Desperation

On a rainy afternoon, South Viet Nam's top three monks made separate arrivals at Saigon Buddhist headquarters—Thich Tri Quang in a blue Renault taxi, Thich Tam Chau in a Mercedes, Thich Tich Khiet in a Peugeot. Inside, they lighted incense, lined up before a Buddha, chanting: "We pledge to fulfill our religious duties, to sacrifice ourselves for the defense of religion, to pray for the people and the nation to live in peace."

The *bonzes* thus began a 48-hour fast in their campaign to bring down Premier Tran Van Huong and install a government that would be the Buddhists' puppet. Retiring to bare cells, they squatted in contemplation, taking only orange juice for sustenance. Crowds gathered but the fast failed to fell Huong, and there were reports that low-level talks had begun, aimed at a face-saving compromise.

As the week wore on, however, Buddhist frustration appeared to turn toward dangerous desperation. After his own fast, Tam Chau, the sect's political coordinator, led 500 monks and nuns in another 24-hour hunger strike; before beginning it, a group of the *bonzes* prudently tucked into a hearty breakfast outside their pagoda. Then a Buddhist communiqué claimed that Tri Quang, leader of northern and central Buddhists, was continuing his original fast into a sixth day. Quang is said to like fasting, on grounds that it "clears the head."

Any reasonably clear head should have seen that the Buddhists were gravely hurting the war against the Reds, who pressed their attacks in the coastal provinces, having seized and held much of the Anlao Valley, despite the government's five-battalion drive to dislodge them. But for the moment, the most crucial war was still being fought between the government and the Buddhists. At week's end, the South Vietnamese army reasserted its political power, dissolved the High National Council, a kind of legislative assembly that has been partly under Buddhist influence. Rumors continued that the Buddhists would again resort to fire; the word was out that during their triple fast Quang, Chau and Khiet had drawn lots from a hat for the honor of self-immolation by fire, and that the 80-year-old Khiet had won.

Catholic Exodus

Deliberately or not, the militant Buddhists and the Communists complement each other in South Viet Nam. Caught by both forces are the country's [illegible] million Roman Catholics, who until the overthrow of Catholic President Ngo Dinh Diem were generally considered

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

to be enjoying a favored position. They are favored no longer.

In recent months, 20,000 Catholic peasants have descended from the mountainous central region to the coastal city of Quinhon, where most of them now huddle in eleven makeshift camps —5,000 live in the gardens of the local cathedral. Many fled because their villages were overrun by the Viet Cong, others because they feared it was about to happen. For quite a few it was a second exodus: they first moved when the Reds took over North Viet Nam ten years ago. North or South, Catholics are treated more harshly by the Reds than are Buddhists. There are, of course, many Buddhists staunchly fighting the Viet Cong—both Premier Tran Van Huong and Military Chief Nguyen Khanh are Buddhists—but the Catholics as a group have always seemed to be tougher anti-Communists.

Double Jeopardy. In several villages where the Viet Cong demanded anti-government demonstrations, Buddhists complied, but Catholics had to be forced to join at gunpoint. One refugee reported that the guerrillas shot 40 men simply because they were Catholics. Guerrillas frequently harvest a Catholic family's rice crop as "taxes," while Buddhists get off more easily. Some Catholics have been executed for not meeting their prescribed quotas of *pungee* sticks.*

To make matters worse, the Buddhists keep harping on real or fancied persecution under the French and Diem, are waging a campaign of anti-Catholic vengeance in the central provinces. Since Diem's murder, Buddhist gangs have burned Catholic huts. More than once, authorities of Buddhist villages, aware that a neighboring Catholic village was under Viet Cong attack, have delayed fatally in calling troops for help. Many Catholic village administrators have been driven out not by the Communists but by Buddhists—after which the Reds took over without firing a shot. Thanks partly to Buddhist help, the Viet Cong have seized two-thirds of the "new life hamlets" (the new name given Diem's old "strategic hamlets") along the central coast.

Moved to Fight. In some villages, the entire Catholic population will pull up stakes, while their Buddhist neighbors stay behind. But Red roadblocks make getting out difficult for the refugees. Families often have to break up in order to slip away individually, usually by roundabout paths or jungle streams. In Quinhon, where the refugees are arriving at the rate of 300 a day, the homeless receive food from Catholic charities and medical care from American Franciscan sisters—though disease is inevitable in the fetid shantytowns.

Apart from humanitarian concern, U.S. advisers worry that the flight may weaken further the central region's crumbling resistance to the Reds. Most of the Catholic D.P.s ultimately want to reach Saigon, where Father Hoang Quynh, unofficial leader of the North Vietnamese Catholic exile community, is trying to resettle the latest refugees from Communism. More than 2,000 have been transported to the capital by Vietnamese navy ship, and Quynh hopes to found new refugee villages in government-held sectors of the Mekong delta. There is a move afoot among Quinhon's male refugees to organize Catholic self-defense corps and fight alongside government militiamen. In fact, Catholic volunteer units have reoccupied four Red-captured villages.

* Needle-sharp bamboo spikes, dipped in dung to infect the tips, with which the Viet Cong sow government trails.

UPI

FRANKFURT COURT VISITING AUSCHWITZ
How to punish without bending the law.

WEST GERMANY
When Does Justice End?

For the first time in 20 years, German language echoed once a through the cells, bunkers and cre toria of the infamous death camp Auschwitz. It was spoken there by lawyers and a judge from a Frankf war-crimes trial, who had made a sp cial trip to Poland to check the cr bility of testimony given at the trial 21 accused Nazi murderers. Since the end, Poland has kept a portion of t camp intact as a memorial to the es mated 3,000,000 slain prisoners, and the German voices rang out, a Po who had himself been imprisoned Auschwitz shuddered. Later he said closed my eyes and it was as if were yesterday."

Shallow Ditch. The tour was gr grisly for the Germans, as they ma ured distances and angles of vision determine whether defendants co have been heard and identified claimed by their accusers. One gr faced lawyer fled an inspection of dungeons of Cell Block 11, crying can't stand it any longer!" Another la yer became ill after visiting one of gas chambers. All stood mutely at edge of a shallow ditch where the N SS troops had burned corpses on py when the crematoria were filled. Tra of ash and bone could still be seen. On German picked up a yellowed, half burned page printed in Hebrew. It wa the Kaddish—the prayer for the dead.

One of the accused, former SS Di Franz Lucas, who is charged with mak ing life-or-death selections of incoming prisoners, voluntarily accompanied th court officials. Said Lucas: "It was m duty to come. Everyone who has th opportunity should come here and se what racism can lead to."

Embarrassed West. Poland, which still harbors bitter suspicions of Germany was impressed by the court's willingne to make this conscientious journey in the past. A doubting world has lo since been convinced of the determin tion of most West Germans to redre the evil of Nazidom. Nevertheless, fear remains that many of Hitler's l lains may go scot-free.* Under the G man penal code, the statute of limi tion for murder runs out after 20 yea That means that no further prosecutio of Nazi killers can be instituted af May 8, 1965, or 20 years after V day, the first date on which prosec tions were theoretically possible. W seems unusual to U.S. lawyers is th West Germany has a statute of limi tions with regard to murder (it is ba

* Since 1945, German courts have inve gated 30,000 accused Nazis, prosecuted 882, imprisoned 5,243, sentenced 76 to imprisonment and twelve to death (the d sentence was abolished in 1949). More t 700 prosecutions are now under way. Du the occupation, Allied military courts p cuted 5,025 Nazi criminals, condemned to death. Russia imposed an estimated 1 sentences on German war criminals.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WILSON & LABORITES AT PARTY CONFERENCE
How to keep that old Red flag flying.

on a German penal code dating back to 1871).

Dr. Nahum Goldman, president of the World Jewish Congress, complains that there are still "warehouses full" of unexamined Nazi documents. Lawyer Robert Kempner, who was a U.S. prosecutor at the Nürnberg trials points out that the Nazi killers of 4,000 Roman Catholic priests have not yet been brought to trial. The Communists may still be withholding evidence about Nazi criminals in order to embarrass West Germany, once the statute of limitations expires.

In a joint resolution, West Germany's ruling Christian Democrats and the opposition Socialists called on Justice Minister Ewald Bucher to report whether or not the statute should be extended by a constitutional amendment.

Pulled Switches. The problem has been hotly argued. Like the U.S. Constitution, West Germany's constitution bans ex post facto laws—typically, laws passed to render an act punishable in a manner in which it was not punishable before. The Justice Ministry holds that extension of the statute of limitations would be just such a law. Some German jurists disagree: they say that extension is perfectly legal if it covers all defendants, not merely Nazis. But the trial would still be Nazis, and the Justice Ministry sees this as unconstitutional discrimination.

While still eager to catch such big fish as Martin Bormann, Hitler's top deputy, and Heinrich Müller, a boss of the Gestapo, who are repeatedly rumored to be alive in hiding, Bonn claims that an extension of the statute would mainly net unimportant minnows at home, and overburden prosecutors who find it harder and harder to prove specific charges after 20 years. As one official puts it: "If you want to bring to court every railroad man who pulled the switches at Auschwitz, knowing that the trains were carrying Jews to their deaths, there will be no end to the number of people involved in Nazi crimes."

GREAT BRITAIN

Benefit of the Doubt

The British Labor Party's official song is more auld hat than *Auld Lang Syne*. At the party's annual conference in Brighton last week, the leaders as usual linked hands on the platform and (to the tune known in the U.S. as *Maryland, My Maryland*) chanted the quaint lyrics:

The People's Flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead . . .

There were no Socialist martyrs at Brighton, but Prime Minister Harold Wilson, just back from Washington, had a hard time keeping that old Red Flag flying and showing just the right hue. Wilson's major troubles are two: 1) the continuing, alarming economic crisis, and 2) opposition from his own left, or deep-red wing.

Master Sinner. In deference to Labor's unilateralist disarmers, Wilson had pledged that, once in office, he would not only scrap Britain's independent deterrent but also oppose the U.S.-backed multi-lateral force. However, in his talks with President Johnson in Washington, he had, in fact, not so much opposed MLF as proposed a way of enlarging and diluting it. In reporting on his talks to the party conference, Wilson hedged: he had not committed Britain to MLF, he said, and had entirely "reserved" his position. This was patently less than the whole truth, but enough to mollify Labor's dissidents for the time being. Rasped militant Left-Winger Ian Mikardo: "We are giving the government the benefit of any doubts which exist—but that is not the same as saying there is no doubt."

In Parliament later, Wilson unveiled the proposed ingredients of his suggested Atlantic Nuclear Force: most of Britain's aging V-bombers; the four or five Polaris submarines Britain is building with U.S. assistance; and even some mixed manning, but—hopefully—not on surface vessels, "the least desirable" solution. Wilson suggested that the U.S. add a like number of its own submarines. He would also like to include some U.S.-based intercontinental Minuteman missiles and West Germany-based Pershing short-range missiles, both to be mix-manned. German influence would be much less than in the original MLF, a welcome feature to the anti-German left wing. The whole setup would be commanded by a vague "single authority," in which all member nations would have a veto.

In the House of Commons, Opposition Leader Sir Alec Douglas-Home sharply pointed up the schizophrenia of Wilson's position: "If ownership of nuclear weapons is a sin, we do not gain absolution by appointing a master sinner to deploy the weapons for us, or by joining a syndicate which deals in these weapons." Home added that with "eight or nine fingers on the safety catch, the force would be almost totally incredible as a deterrent."

Sugared Pill. Wilson won a grudging vote of confidence on defense policy, but he faced worse domestic issues. Despite promises of swift progress toward a just, efficient society, Labor's New Jerusalem seemed dishearteningly remote. When pledged pension boosts had to be postponed until spring, Wilson blamed the aftereffects of Tory red tape. Last week Minister for Economic Affairs George Brown flatly contradicted that version, confessed that he had vetoed the increases because Britain simply could not afford them at present. Most of Labor's other campaign promises were imperiled by a continuing ebb of confidence in the pound (*see* WORLD BUSINESS) that forced the government to postpone repayment of $187.6 million due on U.S.-Canadian loans.

Wilson announced that Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin will visit Britain early next year on his first Western trip since taking power in October. Wilson himself plans to go to Moscow. But international ambitions will hardly keep Labor's Red flag flying if in the meantime Britain goes bankrupt.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

PAKISTAN

Trouble with Mother

"They call her the Mother of the Nation," sniffed Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan. "Then she should at least behave like a mother." What upset Ayub was that Fatima Jinnah looked so good in pants. The more she upbraided Ayub, the louder Pakistanis cheered the frail figure in her *shalwar* (baggy white silk trousers). By last week, with Pakistan's first presidential election only a fortnight away, opposition to Ayub had reached a pitch unequaled in his six years of autocratic rule.

The Big Stick. White-haired Miss Jinnah, 71, the candidate of five ragtag and usually disunited opposition parties, was picked mainly because she was the sister and confidante of the late revered Mohammed Ali Jinnah, father of his nation's independence. But Pakistan's response to her razor-tongued attacks on Ayub's highhanded ways has surprised and shocked the government. Students throughout the nation staged angry protest marches against the regime, and at least one demonstrator was killed by police in Karachi. DOWN WITH THE AYUB DICTATORSHIP, cried posters in the East Pakistan city of Dacca, where students enthusiastically proclaimed Miss Fatima Jinnah Week. In Karachi, Pakistan's biggest city, student unrest prompted the government to close all the schools indefinitely.

Most legal groups in Pakistan have come out for Miss Jinnah, and were denounced by Ayub as "mischiefmongers." In reply, the Karachi Bar Association overwhelmingly adopted a resolution urging "the party in power to get rid of the notion that wisdom, righteousness and patriotism are the monopoly of their yes men." The usually complaisant newspaper editors defied the regime's attempts to make them endorse a restrictive new press law.

To Ayub's claim that he is trying to develop "basic democracy," Miss Jinnah replied: "What sort of democracy is that? One man's democracy? Fifty persons' democracy?" As for Ayub's charge that the country would revert to chaos if he is defeated, his rival snapped: "You can't have stability through compulsion, force and the big stick."

Running Scared. Actually, Ayub has been a reluctant and benevolent dictator. He has vastly improved the stability of a country that was paralyzed by squabbling politicians before he took over. Considering Pakistan's backwardness and poverty, the Ayub-designed electoral system is not half bad, giving the vote to 80,000 middle- and upper-class electors. While that is a tiny percentage in a total population of 110 million, most of those millions are not only illiterate but totally ignorant of political issues. With heavy support in rural areas, where many Moslem electors particularly disapprove of a woman's candidacy and where Ayub's economic reforms have helped more than in the cities, Ayub is still expected to win the election by some 60% of the vote.

Nonetheless, he is running scared, because Candidate Jinnah has managed to focus every form of discontent in the country. To brake her bandwagon, he abruptly decreed that elections would be held Jan. 2, instead of March, as originally scheduled. Explaining lamely that the situation is "a little tense," the government also rescinded a law specifying that political rallies must be open to the public.

At closed meetings with groups of electors, Ayub answered practical questions sensibly enough, but kept lashing out at the opposition with growing anger. Countering Miss Jinnah's repeated charge that he had been unable to restrain the U.S. from helping Pakistan's No. 1 adversary, India, he set out to portray her as pro-Indian and pro-American. Ayub's campaign, in fact, was turning increasingly anti-American.

Though U.S. aid (about $5 billion since 1951) is vital to the nation's wretched economy, a leading member of Ayub's party cried: "America was our friend and never [illegible] aligned with the anti-colonial movements, we are at cross-purposes with America." As for Ayub, he plainly regretted ever calling elections in the first place. For after six years of insisting that Pakistanis were not ready for democracy, the campaign had shown that Mohammed Ayub Khan probably isn't either.

LOUIS KRAAR

CANDIDATE JINNAH

CANDIDATE AYUB

The opposition looked good in pants.

HUNGARY

The Limits of Liberalization

Through an assiduous campaign of relative liberalization, Hungarian Communist Boss Janos Kadar hoped to erase the image of a Moscow toady that attached to him after Russia's brutal repression of the 1956 Hungarian revolt. He largely succeeded. In addition to other forms of relaxation, including somewhat freer speech and more permissive economic planning, Kadar seemed inclined to ease up on the church. After 18 months of complex and arduous negotiations with the Vatican, he recently agreed to replenish Hungary's dwindling supply of Roman Catholic priests and permit freer practice of religion. But liberalization can go only so far.

Radio Budapest last week announced the arrest of nine men—including two Jesuit priests—for "justified suspicion of having prepared a plot." Chief among them was Father Laszlo Emodi, who in 1961 had been sentenced to seven years in prison for organizing religious instruction for children, but was set free last year in a general amnesty. Two days after the Radio Budapest announcement, the Hungarian Supreme Court sentenced five more persons to jail for "conspiracy against the state and organizing an illegal party."

Hardest hit (with a ten-year term) was Dr. Ferenc Matheovicz, 50, one-time leader of the outlawed Democratic People's Party, who has already spent seven years in prison for his democratic political beliefs. The charge this time smacked of the absurd: Matheovicz was planning to restore the Habsburg dynasty, with himself as Premier. There was a more likely explanation, however. Matheovicz has long been a follower of Hungary's Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, who still lives in self-confinement at the U.S. legation in Budapest, despite long-standing rumors that the regime would let him go free. Last week's sentences show that Kadar, despite his easing of religious restrictions, still cannot afford the resurgence of Catholic political influence.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Aber natürlich! When Christian Democrats from the city of Bonn convene next month to select their candidate for the 1965 West German Parliamentary elections, they are expected to nominate the freshest whiff of springtime that has been telling cronies that his hobby for those sunset years would be a back bench of the Bundestag for the term that ends in 1969.

. . .

On his feet for Christmas, swore the junior Senator from Massachusetts. And out of New England Baptist Hospital he stiffly strode with his wife Joan. In a

AP

JOAN & TEDDY KENNEDY
Daddy's hour.

facing (20°) Boston breeze, Teddy Kennedy, 32, cracked brittle jokes ("I just happen to have with me a speech that I didn't get to make at the Democratic convention in West Springfield last June"), then carefully eased into a convertible for a rootin'-tootin' motorcade to the airport. A commercial jet took him to Miami, and the family *Caroline* on the last leg of his odyssey to his two children in Palm Beach. But all that wasn't quite enough for Teddy Jr., 3, who greeted his father with "Carry me piggyback, Daddy?" "I'm afraid you'll have to wait a while for that," said Daddy with what newsmen gamely reported was a smile.

. . .

Nervous about his debut on the Home Service? "Is it likely?" sniffed Winston Churchill, 24. "That hardly runs in the family," considering that his famous grandfather gave the BBC some of its finest hours in World War II. Leaving as little as possible to Mendelian chance, young Churchill started off his daily lunchtime news-and-interviews half hour by asking his first guest, Veteran Pundit Alistair Cooke, "What tips can you give me?" "If you try to be somebody else," cautioned Cooke, "you're lost." So the fledgling commentator skipped politics next day, and interviewed [illegible]

. . .

"It has been a sea of great moments for us all," said the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., 35, relaxing after a Harlem rally for 8,000 before flying down to say hello to Lyndon Johnson. Perhaps he was recalling his ride along Manhattan's East River drive when harbor fireboats turned on their hoses in an aquatic tribute. But the most emotional moment of the returning Nobel prizewinner's welcome by New York came during his reception at city hall, where King, his wife Coretta and his parents were given a standing ovation by Mayor Robert Wagner, photographers and civil rights leaders. Said Wagner, presenting a Medallion of Honor: "This city has welcomed many world-renowned figures, but I can think of none who has won a more lasting place in the moral epic of America."

. . .

With a certain smile, Graduate Girl Novelist Françoise Sagan, 29, reported in *McCall's* (which invented togetherness) that the latest thing for a two-time loser in the Paris set, like Françoise herself, is to wear both her outdated wedding rings together. That way, a man can tell she is a "dangerous person to become serious about," while if he persists in chasing a three- or four-ring *femme fatale*, he is really saying *bonjour, tristesse*.

. . .

As a boy in Minneapolis, Jean Paul Getty wanted a pony and a mastiff dog for his birthday. He didn't get them, but he still likes "simple, childish things." So when friends gathered at Sutton Place, his 72-room shack outside London, to help him celebrate his 72nd birthday, they gave the thrifty billionaire a pencil sharpener, eraser, appointments book, "and one of those brushes, with a long handle, which enable you to brush the back of your jacket properly." The biggest hit of the day were three portraits of himself, taken by Ottawa's Yousuf Karsh, that he had ordered months ago. "I'm hard to photograph, but he made me look almost human," blushed Getty.

. . .

Though the Secret Service men camped in the basement rumpus room find it cramped, Muriel Humphrey, 52, doesn't want to move from her eight-room home in Chevy Chase, Md., to one of the mansions that Lyndon Johnson thinks more fitting for a Vice President's family. "There are things around this house that would make it hard to leave," she explained in her first press conference since the election, proudly pointing out the handprints of her four children (now grown) that are embedded in the cement by the patio.

. . .

Anxious officials issued instructions to Bangkok residents to get out in the streets and wave when Japan's Crown [illegible] ly Queen Sirikit, 32, [illegible] looks. "A meeting of the chrysanthemum and the jasmine," murmured one Oriental queen-watcher as the two consorts paraded past, and a baby elephant presented to Michiko found her so tasty that he nibbled not only the sugar cane

BANGKOK WORLD

MICHIKO & SIRIKIT
Matching flowers.

she gave him but her wrist as well. Prince Akihito, meanwhile, being an amateur marine biologist, sneaked off to the fish market for specimens.

. . .

Sherlock Holmes puffed at his meerschaum. "Extraordinary, my dear Watson," he mused. "When Arthur Conan Doyle took down *The Adventures of the Greek Interpreter* from your notes in 1893, he thought his tales about us merely a device to raise funds so he could devote himself to serious literature. We may surmise that he tucked the published manuscript in a child's notebook while visiting friends, and, being notoriously absent-minded, never missed it. Yet strange indeed are the ways of taste. His serious novels are all but forgotten, while Sir Arthur's surviving son, Adrian Conan Doyle, is wealthy enough by virtue of the royalties my cases still engender in 40 languages (and one remarkable invention, television) to pay $12,600 at a London auction to buy the Greek manuscript from—dear me!—an American."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CUSTOMS

In the Cards

In their several ways, from their several stations, and to a multiplicity of mailing lists, the nation's famous and its merely notorious dealt with that common joy-become-chore of the season: choosing and dispatching a Christmas card.

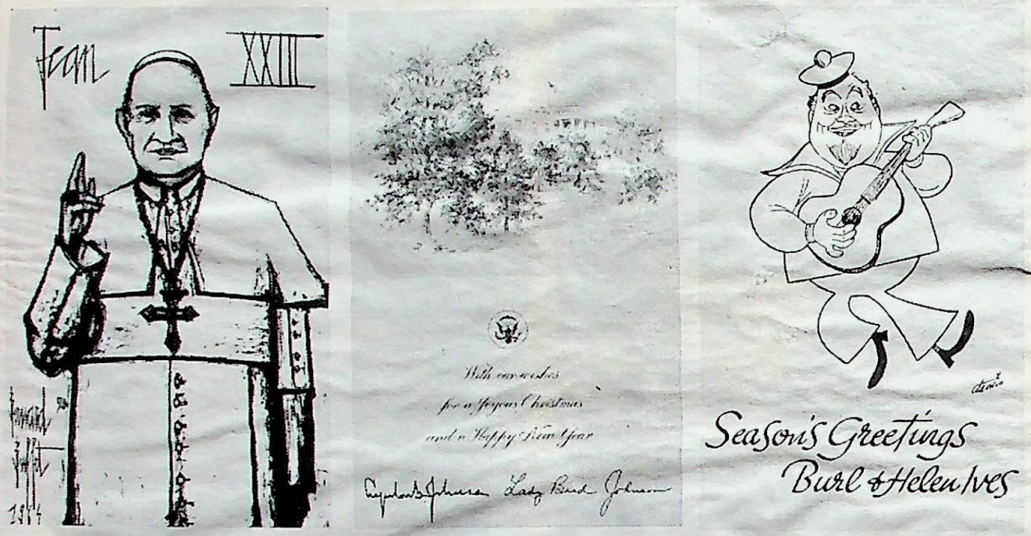
Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing sent the biggest, a 22-in. by 35-in. reproduction of a portrait of Pope John XXIII by Paris' Bernard Buffet; Theologian Paul Tillich the longest, a two-page personal letter. Postmaster General John Gronouski got his 2,000 cards out early, remembered to zip-code each and every one. Georgia's Governor Carl Sanders, who had bucked voter opinion to back Johnson, discovered too late that the etching of the Governor's mansion had been tampered with—the name Goldwater was scratched in amongst branches of an overhanging tree.

On Observatory Hill. Barbra Streisand, Doris Day and George Burns stuck to traditional toys, trees and reindeer, avoided writer's cramp by having their signatures engraved within. Playwright Edward Albee, who selected a 16th century woodcut, signed his cards by hand, as did New York Herald Tribune Publisher John H. Whitney, Newsman Chet Huntley and Actress Joan Crawford. Hedda Hopper was even more personal about it all, sent cards bearing her own portrait. Mother Jolie Gabor sent photographs of herself and her daughters, included a lengthy message: "Come and have a glass of champagne with me at my fabulous pearl salon . . . my charming girls will be more than happy to give you ideas on how to get or give a glamorous Christmas present from $5 to $5,000."

The Home was a favorite motif, whether it was a photograph of Chief of Naval Operations Admiral David L. McDonald's official residence on Observatory Hill, or a black and white print of a watercolor featuring two oak trees, two girls and two dogs, of the Johnson place on Pennsylvania Avenue.

In the Barn. But the most popular theme by far was the Family. Jerry Lewis bundled his wife and six sons into bright red sweaters; the Robert Kennedys dressed their eight in nightgowns and photographed the assembly in the barn. Debbie Reynolds and group were backed by Santa, Jimmy Stewart and children by a Sun Valley snow scene. Walt Disney didn't stop at one generation, issued an eight-page, red-suede and gold-tasseled folio bearing 17 pictures of "Grandma and Grandpa Lilly and Walt" (aged, respectively, four and eight when photographed), plus children and grandchildren.

Versatile Peter Ustinov sent a hand-drawn cartoon of his family, Director Elia Kazan a hard-cover copy of his late wife's poem in honor of President Kennedy, and Burl Ives went so far as to enclose with his card a sermon by the Dean of Duke University Chapel, entitled "Bethlehem and Bedlam." But along with all the frankincense and myrrh was an ever increasing band of Scrooges—Walter Cronkite, David Brinkley and Earl Warren among them—who continued to cry humbug to the greeting game and sent no cards at all.

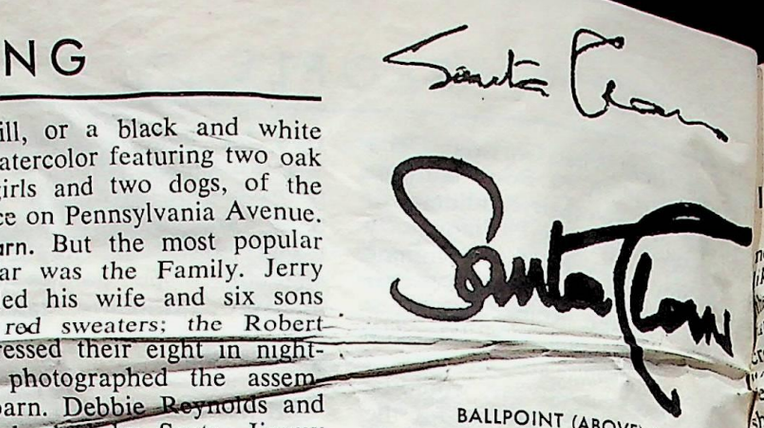


1964 CHRISTMAS GREETINGS: CARDINAL CUSHING'S AT LEFT
Personal portrait and a champagne invitation.

New Look in Longhand

In the good old days when illiteracy was the normal human condition, handwriting was something to be proud of—and looked it. The Declaration of Independence was signed with grace and style, but if John Hancock could see the dim and squiggly john hancocks of Americans today, he might be discouraged about the future of democracy.

Invitation to Flourish. The fine art of handwriting began to splutter into decline with the invention of the fountain pen. In order to hold enough ink, it was a fat, heavy, unwieldy instrument, calculated to muscle-bind the most graceful hand. To make a smaller pen feasible, the manufacturers reduced the flow by tightening up the nibs—thereby eliminating calligraphy's swinging thicks and thins. The end came late in World War II, when a U.S. quartermaster, looking for a pen that would not leak at high altitudes, discovered the ballpoint and ordered millions. At low altitude, ballpoints also had the advantage of being able to forge through vast amounts of carbon paper—a favorite war material of the armed forces.



BALLPOINT (ABOVE) & FIBER
Broader writing and bolder thinking.

The ballpoint not only makes writing a bore and calligraphy impossible, but shows up every early morning tremor. Today, though, the art of handwriting is exuberantly on its way back. The reason is a new kind of pen with a point of chemically treated fiber or nylon, through which the ink flows in broad, brushlike strokes at the lightest pressure—an invitation to arabesque and flourish that the ballpoint never knows.

The Rebellion. The fiber-tipped pens are the hottest counter-top item in years. In Japan, where most of them are made, some 30 companies are turning them out at a clip of more than 500,000 a day and falling behind the demand. The most popular is the 49¢ Pentel, made by the Japan Stationery Co. Ltd.—an old Tokyo company which once specialized in making *fude* (pronounced fooday), the brush that was the traditional Japanese writing instrument.

U.S. manufacturers have rushed in to capitalize on the new look in longhand. Esterbrook brought out a fine-pointed felt-tip pen last January, and in June went so far as to adapt its regular cartridge-fueled pen to a nylon-nibbed version with replaceable point called the Wonder-riter. Other major U.S. penmakers have kept to disposable versions like the Japanese, at about the same 50¢ price. No advertising seems to be necessary. "We just keep ordering more and more, and we're usually out of them," says Gladys Slavitz, co-owner of the Beverly Stationers in Beverly Hills.

President Johnson orders them by the gross, mainly to autograph photographs. Actress Joan Fontaine uses them for everything, as does Vogue's Managing Editor Diana Vreeland, and many another executive large and small. Said one of them last week: "I'm not only writing bolder—I'm thinking bolder."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

NIGHTCLUBS

In Old Morocco

To a right-thinking person, an eminent clergyman has said, the place most like Heaven is a crowded streetcar. By these standards, the opening of Manhattan's new El Morocco last week was crowded enough to be Paradise, but the clergyman hadthe same crowd that the sheathed and chinchillaed, they [illegible] up such a jam of international jetters that there was scarcely room for another square-cut diamond. There wasn't room, in fact, for Princess Lee Radziwill to get in the door; the bigger Begum Aga Khan managed it, but she had to have a table set for her on a landing of the stairs.

The Maharani of Baroda's guest list included both outdoor Americans, such as Ceezee Guest and Wendy Vanderbilt, and indoor Europeans, such as Count Vega del Ren and the Baron de Rede. Mary and Sonny Whitney dropped by on their way up from their place in Lexington, Ky. (horses), to their place in the Adirondacks (hunting). Prince Paul of Yugoslavia and Princess Maria Pia, the Porfirio Rubirosas, and the Fiat-fortunate Gianni Agnellis were on hand. Onetime silent screen star Hope Hampton, who has been making opening-night scenes as long as most people can remember, was there in $3,000 worth of white beads; Mrs. Raymond Johnson, whose husband is a Revlon vice president, wore her gold, green and blue sequins on her shoulders; Maxine Leeb (who got married there last June) turned up in a necklace of bird breasts; Mrs. Huntington Hartford, a shy ex-model, all but hid her light under a bushel of ostrich feathers; and Senator (for a few days more) Kenneth Keating wore his well-known white-on-white hair.

Undercover Activities. What were they all doing there? Casing the joint. For zebraed old "Elmo's," Manhattan's choicest dance-and-supper spot from the early '30s until the death of Proprietor John Perona in 1961, was opening under new management.

The new management's name is John Mills, and he is big: 6 ft. 4 in. and 250 lbs. He is also big in the nightclub business, being proprietor of London's most successful version of the El Morocco formula: Les Ambassadeurs, with its subsidiary *discothèque* called The Garrison and its gambling room called Le Cercle. Almost everyone Mills asked advised him not to buy Morocco, which Mr. [illegible] died and his son Edwin moved the whole [illegible] two blocks farther east. And the rise of [illegible] such as Le Club, Shepheard's and Il Mio had diverted the patronage of the restless junior jets. But on the basis of his London record, it could be presumed that Mills knew what he was doing.

On the basis of his early history, no one could have seemed less likely to become a master manipulator of the smart set. Born 50 years ago in Warsaw into a wealthy Polish family, he was educated in Switzerland and Belgium, where he ran a family-owned cigarette factory. At 21 he was heavyweight amateur boxing champion of Europe. When World War II broke out, he joined the Polish army in France, did time in prison camps, escaped, and eventually found himself under orders from Polish intelligence. When he managed to smuggle himself to London, Intelligence arranged for him to open a Polish officers' club.

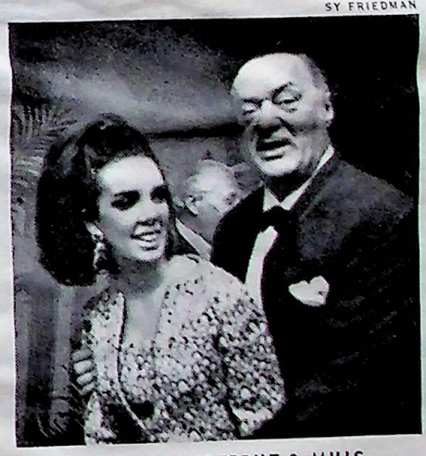
The food and service were so good that more and more British and Americans began to cultivate Polish friends in order to be invited there. In 1944 Mills bought the exuberantly Victorian mansion just off Park Lane built by Banker Leopold de Rothschild and started a restaurant called Les Ambassadeurs. He operated it as a club, as most London nightspots are because of drinking-hours regulations, made membership available to nearly anyone with an air of urbanity and $30 as initiation fee, payable at the door. Its 10,000 members now include the Duke of Edinburgh, Sir Winston Churchill, the Sheik of Kuwait and Cary Grant. The place exudes an atmosphere of luxury, with its heavy carpets, dark brocades and carved woodwork.

Drums for Tables. John Mills plans to base himself permanently in Manhattan, leaving his even bigger son Robert, 6 ft. 8 in., to run the London end of things. His changes in El Morocco will not disturb old Moroccans' sense of security—the white rubber palms with plastic banana leaves still loom against the [illegible] blue star-strewn sky, the zebra-striped banquettes still make the locale of every photographed celebrity instantly recognizable.

Push through a [illegible] change has been made. [illegible] replica of London's Garrison—[illegible] walls, Wellingtonian sconces, military drums for tables, and real plastic flowers sprouting from the ceiling. Here the young and not so young swingers may Frug, Watutsi, Swim—or just twitch—while an intellectual-looking French disque jockesse spins the 45s.

Presiding over this pleasure dome last week, Kublai Khan Mills was beginning to feel that everything was once again coming up roses. The Begum was using his Rolls-Royce, an oilman had borrowed his Bentley, and all seemed right with the world. The world, that is, of what Mills likes to call VIPIs (Very Important People Indeed). "I think we've made it," said Big John Mills. "Now where are we going to put the sauna?"

SY FRIEDMAN



WENDY VANDERBILT & MILLS

MRS. JOHNSON

N.Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM AND SUN

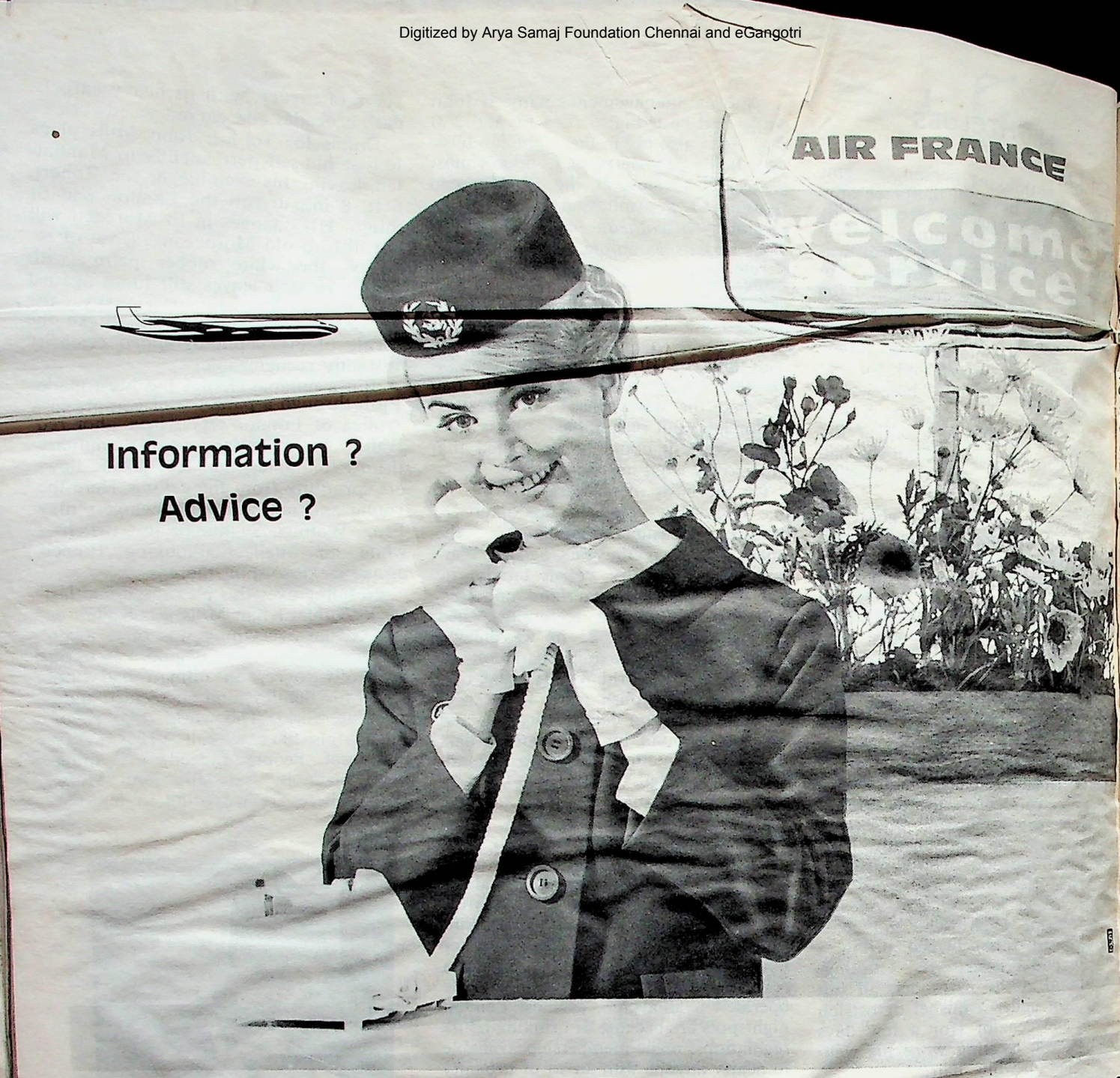
KEATING ON DANCE FLOOR

THE CROWD AT ELMO'S OPENING

Zebra stripes and real plastic flowers.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



THE "WELCOME SERVICE" IS THERE!

Air France does more than fly you to your destination speedily and comfortably. It provides its passengers with a comprehensive range of additional services and facilities — among them the **WELCOME SERVICE.**

DON'T HESITATE TO CONSULT IT

When you arrive, you may want some practical information on the town or city where you're staying, and its environs ; information about hotels, restaurants, museums, doctors, religious services, excursions, etc. The Welcome Service can answer all your queries and give you useful advice to help you make the most of your stay in the locality. Thanks to the Welcome Service, you need never be lost in a strange city.

THE WELCOME SERVICE
OPERATES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

There are more than 140 Welcome Service offices all over the world. You'll find them at the local Air France offices in major capital cities, and also in such smaller places as Cannes, Nantes, Miami, Cleveland, Paramaribo, and even Colomb Béchar.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

à Votre Service

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SCIENCE

RADIOGRAPHY

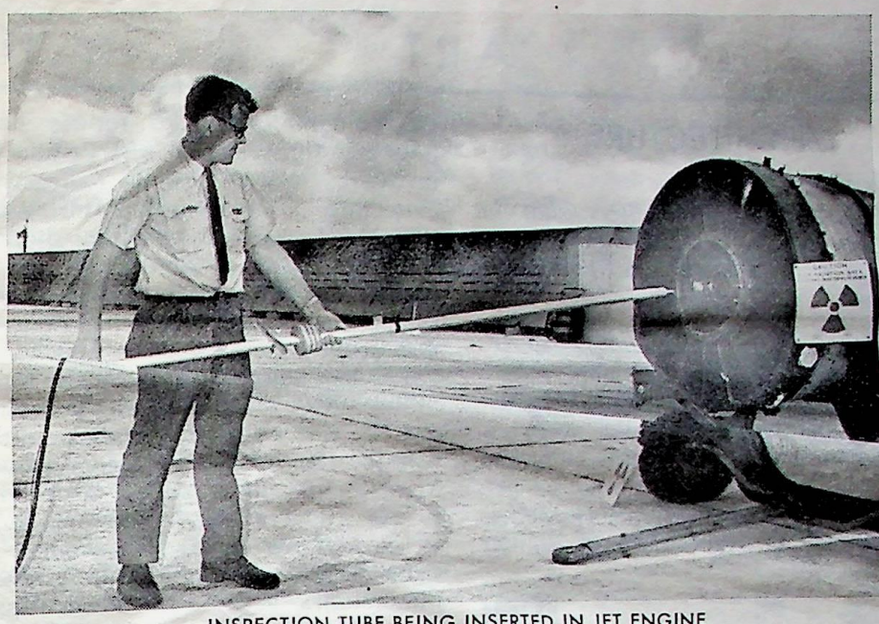
X Rays for Engine Innards

Every month, Eastern Air Lines had been stripping down, inspecting, and putting back together some 90 of the [illegible] that power its planes—a five-day, $500 [illegible] for each engine. Now the price of that [illegible] caution is being reduced rapidly; Eastern has turned to atomic energy to check its engines' hidden parts. Like doctors examining a patient's bones and internal organs with X rays, mechanics are using radioisotopes to make internal engine pictures without taking the engines apart.

The technique was first used for examining welds and joints in everything from bridges to nuclear submarines. Then Technical Operations, Inc. of Burlington, Mass. helped Eastern solve the problem of getting radiographic equipment into the hollow rotor shaft of jet engines by using a 100-curie capsule of iridium 192 that is as small as a pencil eraser but emits gamma radiation powerful enough to pierce the engine's metal innards.

The tiny radiation source is cranked 3 ft. into the shaft. A strip of industrial X-ray film wound around the engine is bombarded by the gamma rays streaming out from the isotope. The result is a detailed X-ray photograph of the hundreds of tough-to-get-at rotor blades that suck air into the engine, compress it and feed it to the combustion chambers.

What isotopic inspection does best is provide a clear picture of the rotor blades deepest inside the engine. These blades are the first to loosen and break free, and when this happens it may mean a complete engine overhaul at a price of $25,000 or more. "Using the isotopic inspection method," says Eastern's System Director of Quality Control Jason Koesy, "we've already caught 14 rotor blades that had begun to work their way loose." Isotopic inspection, which costs as little as five hours and $20 per engine, has already saved Eastern more than $70,000 in maintenance costs. Other airlines are beginning to follow suit.



INSPECTION TUBE BEING INSERTED IN JET ENGINE

Saving both time and money.

CHEMISTRY

Fireproofing from the Dead Sea

High on the list of Israel's slim supply of natural resources are the brains of its scientists and the chemicals such as bromine that can be extracted from the Dead Sea. Making use of both resources, Chemist Menahem Lewin has developed a wood-fireproofing process that may create a new world market for Israeli bromine.

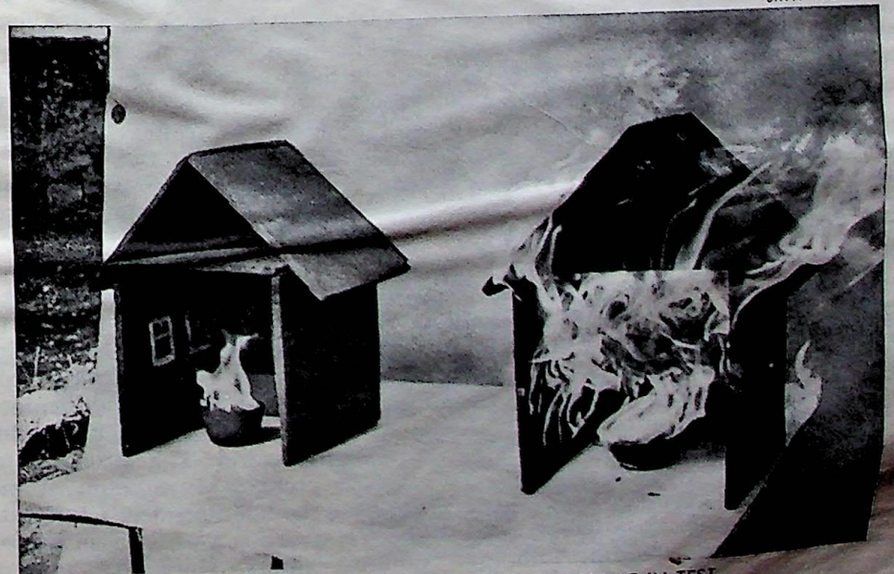
Bubbles & Salts. There are two conventional ways of fireproofing wood and wood products, including paper and fiberboard. One is to coat them thickly with paint that releases carbon dioxide when heated and forms a layer of protective bubbles. This process serves satisfactorily for mild fires, but the bubble layer cannot resist intense or prolonged heat. The other system is to impregnate wood with various salts, but this weakens the wood and adds as much as 25% to its weight.

Bromine has long been known for its fireproofing qualities, but if it combines with wood's cellulose fibers, it weakens them seriously. Dr. Lewin's process gets around this disadvantage by forcing the bromine to attach itself to the wood's lignin, the cement that causes the fibers to stick to each other. The best grades of paper have no lignin, but the types of wood pulp used to make paperboard and wallboard retain enough of it to make Dr. Lewin's process useful.

Pulp & Chlorine. To brominate wood pulp, Dr. Lewin simply adds sodium bromide, which is as stable as table salt, to the solution in a standard bleaching apparatus, then bubbles chlorine through it. The combination of chemicals releases active bromine in a form that attaches itself to the lignin in the pulp. Treating solid wood is a more complicated process, but the results are spectacular. When a piece of brominated wood is put in a hot fire, it does not burn. After a while, a layer of carbon forms on its surface, but carbonization stops as soon as the wood is taken out of the fire. Any structure of brominated wood or wood products is safe from fire unless it is stuffed with highly combustible contents. "We could fireproof Japan," says Dr. Lewin, who sees no reason for false modesty about his achievement.

For all his studies, Dr. Lewin does not yet know in detail how bromine fireproofing works, but in general the action is connected with the way that wood burns. When heat is applied to natural lignin and cellulose, they give off combustible gases that form flames and spread the fire by heating more wood. Somehow, bromine seems to make those gases nonflammable. And with no flames to spread it, combustion stops as soon as the external heat source, such as a lighted match, is removed.

DAVID RUBINGER



BROMINATED WOOD (LEFT) RESISTING FLAME IN TEST

Not for the best paper.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ARCHITECTURE

A Pilgrim's Prize

Q.: Mr. Pei, can you tell us what the new Kennedy library will look like?

A.: No. All I have is a blank sheet of paper.

Q.: There's nothing on that piece of paper?

A.: Nothing at all.

Thus, at a press conference given last week by the Kennedy family, Canton-born architect-icon Ming Pei accepted a commission that any architect would have sold his ancestral home to get: designing the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library at Harvard. Says Painter

THE NEW YORK TIMES

PEI & FRIENDS AT PRESS CONFERENCE
From Coventry, a clue.

William Walton, who, along with Jacqueline Kennedy, served on the selecting committee: "We chose Pei because his work is exciting and expressive, and we felt that he was on the verge of even greater work. He's every architect's second choice—next to themselves."

A man who has avoided headlines while putting his mark on more than 15 U.S. cities, Pei, 47, has won double awards for his dramatic, clean-cut towers and town houses in Philadelphia's Society Hill (TIME, Nov. 6). He is rejuvenating 160 acres of Cleveland, is master planner with vast authority of a $200 million reconstruction project in Boston, has a say-so in the downtown redevelopments in Los Angeles, Oklahoma City, Providence and Columbus. Winning a Federal Aviation Agency commission, Pei has designed a universal trim, pentagonal control tower now being installed in at least 25 U.S. airports. More than any other architect, Pei is engaged in a vast revamping of the U.S. cityscape.

Big Deals & Good Design. Building has fascinated Pei (pronounced pay) from childhood. A Chinese banker's son, he came to the U.S. for his education, won top grades at M.I.T., and was invited by Walter Gropius to teach architecture at Harvard. After World War II, when Communism cut short his childhood dream of rebuilding his homeland, Pei turned to his adopted land's growing problem—the rejuvenation of the city.

Pei had observed that scheme after scheme to beautify America's topsy-built cities failed because the true client was the real estate entrepreneur rather than the aesthetician. Pei signed on with Manhattan Realtor William Zeckendorf to see if a creative balance could be struck between big deals and good design. The working relationship produced Manhattan's Kips Bay Plaza apartments, Montreal's Place Ville Marie and Denver's Mile High Center. But a decade ago, Pei decided it was time to begin striking out on his own: he became a U.S. citizen and set up his own firm.

No Handstands. It is ironic that the commission for a monument should go to an architect who believes that his colleagues are too often overwhelmed with their own edifice complex. Pei holds that doing a handstand in marble on a street-corner site while ignoring the neighbors is an irresponsible posture for an architect. "What's there must influence what comes later," he says. "But architecture must not do violence to space or to its neighbors." Architects must, he believes, "realize that open space is just as important as the shaft, the pile, the solid masses."

While architecture to Pei is not sculpture to live in, he has won the high regard of his profession for the sensitive disciplined design of his individual buildings. His nine award-winning projects number among them Pittsburgh's Washington Plaza apartments, Honolulu's Pan Pacific Center, and the new National Airlines terminal at New York's Kennedy Airport. Pei's projects circle the world from Formosa's Luce Chapel to city planning in Tel Aviv.

While the Kennedy Memorial Library lacks a fixed site or a solid program, it is typical of Pei that he is beginning with such problems as traffic. "If Coventry Cathedral drew 7,000,000 visitors last year," he muses, "what will our problems be in the Boston-Cambridge area?" Pei approaches his prize project as would a pilgrim—from afar, and questioning every painful decision along the way. He is highly aware that more than $10 million in pennies and six-figure pledges has been raised for the library by donations from foreign governments, labor unions, and even schoolchildren around the world. The structure must embrace archives, a museum of material from the late President's 1,000 days, and a Harvard-run working institute for political affairs. Until that faith and those facts are firmly set, nothing is likely to appear on blueprint.

MANUSCRIPTS

A Golden Almanac

Some of the medieval age's greatest treasures are its books of hours, virtually museums within hard covers. These Christian almanacs are crammed with prayers, psalms, and calendars of saints' days. They summarize all that medieval man worshiped and feared, depicted in miniatures wondrous in [illegible] and lavish with gilding. They are the unintentional encyclopedias of their era, and because each is unique, they are almost beyond acquisition.

When such a book does come along, its history is often shrouded in intrigue. Back in 1856, a Paris dealer sold a 193-page manuscript. Dated around 1435, it was recognized by its heraldic symbols as a Book of Hours for Catherine of Cleves, noble daughter of a powerful Dutch duke. For more than a century, no one questioned its completeness. It wound up in 1958 in the Guennol collection, owned by Long Island Investor Alastair B. Martin.

But in early 1963, Frederick B. Adams Jr., 54, director of Manhattan's Pierpont Morgan Library, chanced to find a manuscript from Europe with a title referring to Catherine. It was unmistakably by the same hand as the Guennol version. The library purchased it, and by matching sentence breaks, even stains on the pages, proved conclusively that the two were once one, an uncommonly long Book of Hours illumined with 157 dazzling miniatures. Joined for an exhibit at the Morgan, the reunited book was clearly the finest Dutch manuscript in existence (*see color pages*). Now the halves are separate again.

The master who painted the book is unknown, but he had the sharp eye of a jeweler. Details only 1/32 of an inch are revealed by a magnifying glass as ducks floating on a pond. He portrays hell's horrors with shrieking, Bosch-like surrealism, but more divine images receive less than medieval veneration. Christ's birth and infancy are treated with the tenderness of an uncle. The artist took his greatest liberties in the borders of his illuminations. There he imitates a grape arbor's lattice in textiles and lacework, borders a saint with pretzels that were originally baked to imitate hands clasped in prayer, in a secular study of commonplace reality.

This labor was a wedding present for the duchess. At the age of 13, Catherine was married to the neighboring Arnold, Duke of Guelders. In time, she became vain, violent and overweening. Eventually, with her son, she conspired against her husband. But though the manuscript illuminations speak toward a more secular age, they apply medieval alchemy to make gentle nature glitter with lasting fire. The Cleves master was shrewd but also sensitive, and his work can stir souls. Perhaps Catherine herself was the only one not mindful enough of her Book of Hours.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CHRISTIANITY

The Servant Church

(See Cover)

Behold, I make all things new.
—Revelation 21:5

In Bethlehem of Judaea, most probably between [illegible] B.C., a son was born to a carpenter of Nazareth and his wife. For 20 centuries men have proclaimed this event to be the turning point in the history of the world—that God mysteriously became man in the lowly person of an itinerant rabbi whose life ended in crucifixion, a death reserved for slaves and rebels, on the orders of a despotic Roman procurator.

Scripture says that Jesus Christ, this carpenter's son, triumphed over death's dominion by his Resurrection, and through his teachings revealed the way to eternal salvation. Thus each year, with Christmas trees and carols, tinsel and toys, his followers commemorate the moving and gentle story of the crib in a Bethlehem stable. It is a celebration of eternity's intersection with time and of Christianity's living faith in the promise of Jesus: "Lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age."

A Pre-Reformation Spirit. For many, the most convincing proof that the promise is being fulfilled rests in the churches that bear Christ's name and pay him homage. Divided and fragmented, they yet remain the most durable of man's institutions—together constituting the "ever-reforming church" that in crisis finds within itself the means of rebirth and renewal. And as in the days of Augustine, Francis and Luther, signs show that a renewal is taking shape in Christianity. "There is a kind of pre-Reformation spirit running through the church today," says the Rev. Don Benedict, director of the experiment-minded Chicago City Missionary Society. "It looks as though Christians of today stand on the threshold of great changes in Christendom," adds the Rev. Roger Lloyd, vice-dean of England's Winchester Cathedral. "The prospect of a new Reformation is clearly in sight."

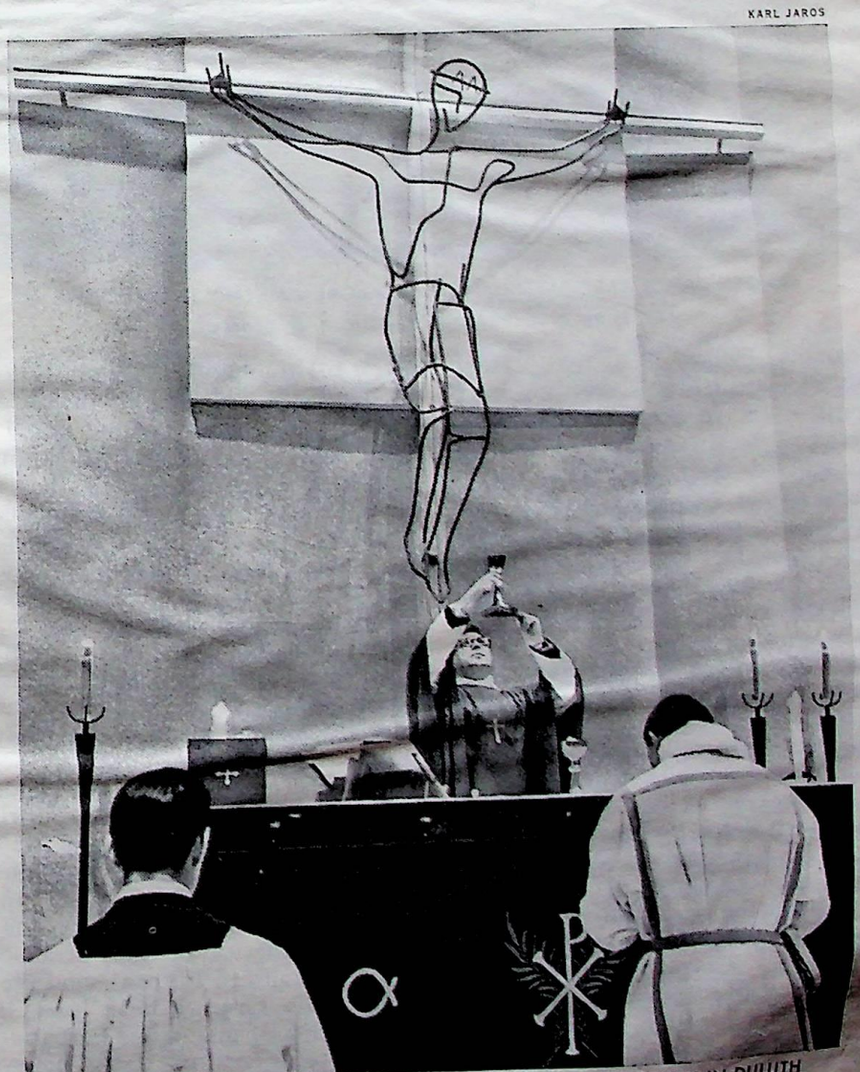
That reformation is most spectacular in Rome, where the Second Vatican Council has unleashed a passion for *aggiornamento* in the most tradition-encrusted of churches. Catholicism's vitality shows in the new liturgy, and in the zest with which a generation of "open church" priests and laymen are calling for more reforms of outdated rules (clerical celibacy, for example), institutions (the Index of Forbidden Books) and teachings (birth control). The renewal at the Vatican has also had a striking impact on the sister churches: it challenges the Reformation faiths to re-examine how reforming they still are. "The ecumenical breakthrough in Catholicism has changed the climate of the times," says Dean Samuel Miller of Harvard's Divinity School.

To many Protestants, ancient divisions now seem so irrelevant, compared with the need for unity, that the churches of Britain, at a historic conference in Nottingham last September, could confidently set a target date for their organic union in 1980. Catholic-Protestant cooperation, the dream of prophetic scholars a decade ago, is [illegible] practice that [illegible] rooted in parish practice. [illegible] scandal when Roman Catholics [illegible] Episcopalians for a service at Cambridge's Christ Church to celebrate the first Sunday of Advent. Liturgy is also bringing the churches together, as Catholics switch to the vernacular and Protestants increasingly restore ceremony to their services. And the big branches of Christianity more and more make common cause in facing the world; last week the Santa Fe Archdiocese announced that it would join the New Mexico Council of Churches—the first time that a Catholic church ever chose to affiliate with the Protestants and Orthodox in the federated National Council of Churches.

Besides ecumenism, two strong catalytic events are changing the chemistry of Christianity. One is recognition that the postwar religious revival in U.S. churchgoing was to an important degree a numbers game—a peacetime reflection of foxhole faith. Justifiably, many critics within the churches wondered whether the Sunday-morning crowds indicated much more than conformism born out of fear of "the bomb." Many of these same critics are now analyzing the evidences of a new *spirit of Christian responsibility* that is transforming many suburban churches, both old neo-Gothic and new fish-shaped. One sign is the number of Christ- [illegible] Bible and [illegible] study groups to read the *Bishop* John Robinson's *Honest to God* and Paul *Tillich's Systematic Theology*. And taking *Christianity seriously* often leads to grappling with contemporary social problems—most notably, the other catalytic issue, *civil rights*.

Today, says the Rev. William Schram of Huguenot Memorial Presbyterian Church in Pelham, N.Y., "the suburb is the most exciting place for a minister to be." In Wilmette, Ill., the First Con*gregational Church has formed* a financial and spiritual partner*ship with* a downtown Chicago parish revived by Don Benedict's Missionary Society. Members of the congregation also welcome underprivileged children from Inner City churches into their homes for

KARL JAROS



LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST AT CONCORDIA LUTHERAN CHURCH IN DULUTH
A celebration of eternity's intersection with time.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

summer vacations, are working in the community to pass open-occupancy covenants. "We broke the barrier of involvement on race," says the Rev. Hugh Saussy of Holy Innocents' Episcopal Church near Atlanta.

New Pentecost. The spirit of Christian renewal in 1964 is searching, questioning, critical—willing to challenge every doctrine and institution of the church. If worship may perhaps be better expressed by folk singing, modern dance or drama, the churches are ready to try. Yet a considerable body of Protestant and Catholic radicals, ranging from bishops to informed laymen,

AP

MODERN DANCE AT PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN LOUISVILLE
The spirit is searching, questioning, critical.

seminarians, believe that the present vitality of Christianity is simply a kind of spiritual Indian summer. Convinced that most of the structures of the church have outlived their usefulness, many of these all-out reformers want a new Pentecost—"a return to the womb and a new birth for the Christian community," in the words of David Edwards, editor of the Anglican SCM Press.

They foresee a day when there may be fewer Christians but more dedicated ones, and when the church will be built around the active cell of believers rather than the territorial parish. It will be a church seeking to identify the sacred in the midst of the profane, attempting to build the Kingdom of God by transforming the organisms of the secular city. In sum, the new church will be a return to the Biblical notion of the "salt of the earth." Germany's great Jesuit theologian Karl Rahner argues that Christianity is already "in diaspora," as the triumphal mass church of Christendom's past evolves into a sectlike community of the dedicated, dispersed throughout the world.

The radicals who predict the disappearance of today's institutional Christianity do so with great equanimity. "I cannot imagine a more enjoyable time to be a Christian," says British Journalist Monica Furlong, herself a convinced Anglican radical. "For while the holocaust is sweeping away much that is beautiful and all that is safe and comfortable and unquestioned, it is relieving us of mounds of Christian bric-a-brac, and the liberation is unspeakable."

Prophets & Persecutions. Such churchly radicalism has the best kind of historical regard, insists Dr. Roger Shinn of Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary. "He was as unconcerned with institutions as anyone could be." Time and again through its turbulent, long history, Christianity has heard the voice of its own angry prophets denouncing the established disorder—St. Paul complaining about the immoralities of Corinth, St. Francis rejecting the pomp of the medieval church, Luther fulminating at the luxury of Rome, Kierkegaard howling vainly against the placid orthodoxy of Denmark's Lutheranism. Time and again, also, Christianity has undergone revolutionary second Pentecosts, and survived by adopting radical new forms of life. The Christian cell of believers, worshiping in the catacombs, brought the church through centuries of Roman persecutions. In the Dark Ages of the 9th century, the fortress monasteries of the Benedictines saved the faith of Europe—and the culture of its Greco-Roman past—from the triumph of marauding barbarians.

The reformers of today believe in total renewal because, in the words of Dr. Harvey Cox of Andover Newton Theological School, "the existing pattern of the church is no longer in touch with real life." One sure sign is that Christianity is not keeping up with the growth of humanity. In the U.S., 57% of the population claim membership in Christian churches. But the rate of increase for most denominations today is somewhat below the general population growth, and many church leaders wonder how many of their faithful are the occidental equivalent of "rice Christians"—those who would [illegible] membership involved faith, commitment or risk.

Elsewhere in the world, the prospects are even worse. By the year 2000, estimates the French Catholic demographer Adrian Bouffard, only 20% of the earth's population will be Christian —compared with 35% in 1900. Moreover, the churches' very existence is threatened in areas where growth is most rapid. In Africa and Asia, for example, the young churches must brave the resurgence of such non-Christian faiths as Islam and Buddhism, the enmity of freedom movements that would eradicate the "white man's religion" as a vestige of the colonial past.

Behind the Iron Curtain, an atheistic authoritarianism has forced many churches back to the catacombs. In Western Europe, church leaders wonder how to evangelize post-Christian pagans for whom towering cathedrals are museums rather than centers of a living faith. Warns the German philosopher and publisher Gerhard Szczesny: "One good salesman, endowed with a sufficient gift of gab and versed in the more recent theological adaptations, might well be capable of converting the European masses to Islam."

The World Come of Age. But the greatest challenge to the churches—one that knows no national borders—is secularization. Dutch Theologian Albert van den Heuvel, head of the World Council of Churches' Youth Department, defines the term as "the process of ever-growing independence from any transcendent control." What it amounts to, in the blunt phrase of Friedrich Nietzsche, is "God is dead."

In a sense, God—the personal, omnicompetent deity of Christendom—has been dying for centuries. His lordship over the world has been threatened by every scientist who discovered a new natural law of organic growth, by every invention of man that safeguarded him against "act of God" disaster, by every new medicine that tamed a disease and solved another mystery of life. But it is the 20th century, the age of technological miracle, that has seen the triumph of the Enlightenment and the apparent banishment of God from the universe—even, thanks to Freud, from the human soul. Writing from his German prison cell in 1944, the anti-Nazi martyr Dietrich Bonhoeffer defined it as "the world come of age," in which "man has learned to cope with all questions of importance without recourse to God as a working hypothesis."

Theologian van den Heuvel warns

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

turning back from the *that there is* ularization. "The human reality of exegeted God away out of *mind has* questions of existence, and *the* or growing up has more and more *man's* chased the various gods out of their *positions* of control of human affairs. Mankind will not go back to the Old Testament for governing principles of how the world was made, but we will with X-rays trace its physical mysteries world in which we [illegible] microscopes. The *out a God* who plays the role of [illegible] continuous and sovereign Controller of mankind, without whom we could have no bread, no health, no safety."

The church of the future, say the Christian radicals, must be prepared to cope with the implications of a totally secular society: the disaffection of millions who want salvation in this world rather than the next, and who see the church as irrelevant to their concerns; the end of such traditional church rights as tax exemptions; the prospect of finding new ways to speak about divine revelation to the world that scorns the supernatural and cannot hear the voice of Christianity's "dead" God. To prepare for the future and to build the new church, many Christian thinkers are first pondering what their answer should be to the ancient question: "What do you think of the Christ?"

Messiah & Magistrate. The author of the *Letter to the Hebrews* declared that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and for ever." True enough, but every generation has shaped its own unique understanding of the Saviour. To the first Jewish Christians of Jerusalem, he was primarily the Messiah spoken of by Isaiah and the prophets. The Christos Pantocrator of Orthodoxy was as royal a governor as any Byzantine emperor. Calvinism emphasized the stern lord of the Last Judgment, a magistrate who could govern the theocracy that was Geneva. The most painted figure in the history of art, Jesus has been portrayed in countless forms, from the fat-legged infant in the laps of serene Renaissance madonnas to the majestic risen Lord of Graham Sutherland's tapestry in Coventry Cathedral.*

"If to the seeker after Christ," says Anglican Theologian Harry Williams, "you preach a 4th century Christ, or a 16th century Christ, or a 19th century Christ, you are still giving him a stone instead of the living truth." For many churchmen, the Christ that must be preached to this century was defined by Bonhoeffer: "The man existing for others." The Jesus for now is not so much the Son of God but the Son of Man, not so much the risen Lord of Easter as the suffering servant who agonized in near despair on the Cross, who died that the world might live. The Jesus for now is the Jesus of preaching and of the Passion.

There is nothing un-Biblical in this conception of the Christ. After all, notes Lutheran Theologian Martin Marty, "when they asked Jesus what it was all about, he told the story of the Good Samaritan." St. Paul informed the church of Philippi that "Christ Jesus, who, though he was in the form of God, to be grasped equality with God a thing ing the form of a servant. [illegible]

THE REV. DON BENEDICT IN CHICAGO
Secularization is here to stay.

to Matthew, Jesus warned his disciples: "The Son of Man came not to be served but to serve." And he wished that the church follow in his path. "I have given you an example," he told the Apostles (*John 13:15*) after washing their feet before the Last Supper, "that you also should do as I have done to you."

Serving Society. One implication of this servant Christology is that the church will also be "for others"—ministering to the world, not standing aloofly in judgment against it. "In the 21st century," says Theologian van den Heuvel, "the church should serve society, which also predetermines its form and shape. In the new world, the church should really live the contents of the Gospel, living out its messianic ministry, communicating with society, gearing itself to its needs."

Servanthood calls for a new understanding of the nature of the church: not the "repository of the saved" but what Editor Stephen Rose of the Chicago monthly *Renewal* calls "a community of people, no better than anybody else, but who are trying to be the light of the world." It is a church, Rose adds, that must seek, through service, "to become the center of life, rather than what it now seems to many: a peripheral institution."

The service that the renewal theologians have in mind is considerably more selfless and anonymous than ladies-aid society bazaars, for example, or the impressive relief programs carried on by denominations. One of the most unsettling convictions of modern church thinkers is that Christianity, in a secular society, is far from being the only instrument of divine action. In fact, God may well be more apparent in a purely [illegible] organization or movement —such as the civil rights revolution or the fight against poverty and hunger in the world—than in the actions of the churches.

It is equally possible that the most profound insights into the nature of man and the meaning of life may appear in the work of an atheist rather than a committed theologian. "We know," says Canon Lloyd with dry realism, "that God could do without the Church of England, the Methodists, or even without the Church of Rome."

In an era of what Secretary-General Willem Visser 't Hooft of the World Council of Churches calls "socratic evangelism," Christianity must seek to identify these secular currents of divine action and join them. This, primarily, is a layman's task, and Dutch Dominican Theologian Edward Schillebeeckx argues that Christians must "draft with vision the blueprints of tomorrow, designed for the dynamic shaping of a temporal society worthy of man." Too often, he adds, the church has refused to become incarnate in the world, with the result that "everything connected with the world's development and prog-

* Measuring 72 by 40 ft., Sutherland's *Christ in Glory*, shown on this week's cover of TIME, pictures Jesus surrounded by the emblems of the four Evangelists. At top left, the man (Matthew); at lower left, the ox of St. Luke; at top right, the eagle of St. John; at lower right, the lion of St. Mark. To the right of the seated Christ is the figure of the archangel Michael, patron saint of the cathedral.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ress was left to the people whom we call infidels and unbelievers."

The Four Worlds. In nearly all thinking about the future of the servant church, says Chicago's Don Benedict, "the structural problem is basic." Explains Francis Ayres, director of the Parishfield Community, a training center for Christian laymen near Detroit: "Everyone recognizes that the local congregation is a limited instrument designed for earlier times, and cannot cope with modern society." The reason for the obsolescence of the geographic parish, says Benedict, is that it serves only one of the four "worlds" inhabited by modern man: *the world of his personal relationships. But urban man also inhabits "the world* of work, divorced from the *residential* world, with its own ethos and structures. *Third, there is the pub-*

TED STRESHINSKY

PIKE OF SAN FRANCISCO
Abandoning the Trinity.

lic sector. Last, there is the leisure world—the second home, spare time." Somehow, argues Benedict, the church must enter all these worlds—as it did, for example, in the Middle Ages.

But how? One answer is the creation of functional rather than territorial parishes—the so-called "guild churches" that would unite a few hundred people with a common interest. Instead of belonging to one church near his home, a man might be a member of three or four worshiping units. Another new instrument of the church is the Christian "cell" of men and women who gather, at work or at home, to study the Bible or discuss the problems of their work. Stephen Rose suggests that the church of the future will still have its cathedrals, as places where the tradition of worship could be preserved with integrity. "Then outside them," he says, "in smaller churches, in houses, in storefronts, there would be centers of outreach, each with a specific function. There would be theaters, galleries, youth clubs, political centers, many of these voluntary and self-supporting."

Restructuring the church means changing the roles of minister and laymen. Many theologians believe that most present-day distinctions between pastor and people will wither away, and that the Pauline notion of the priesthood of all believers will become a living reality. One reason—which Mormons and Pentecostals understand already—is that all Christians will be called to witness in the world. Another is that many clergymen are dissatisfied with the limitations of a ministry that puts them on the fringe of [illegible] divinity [illegible] little interest in entering the parish ministry—and some of those are intellectually no match for the college-bred among their congregations. Many ministers envision the day, and a few have already achieved it, when they will support their parish work by full-time jobs in secular occupations, emulating the worker-priests of postwar France.

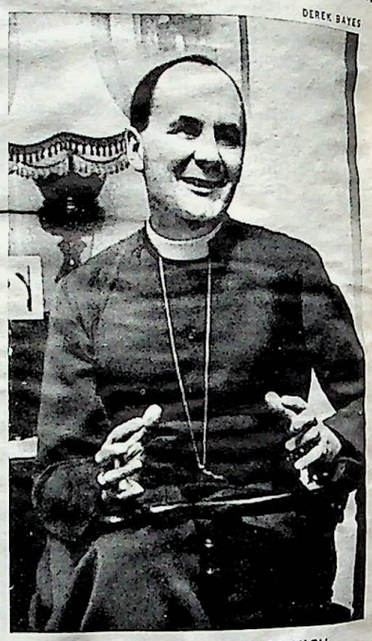
"If the church is to travel sufficiently light," argues Bishop John Robinson, "and to be flexible for a mobile society organized on functional lines, then it must be free to deploy most of its manpower not for servicing units of ecclesiastical plant but for serving within the structures of the world."

Changed Rhythm. According to Princeton Theologian M. Richard Schaull, worship ought to be "an expression in symbol and sacrament of what God is doing to make human life human." Many clergymen, and laymen too, question whether existing patterns of worship are suited to the church of the future. The long weekend and the five-day week have already changed the rhythm of life that made Sunday morning the natural time to pay homage to God. In the 21st century, liturgies may be celebrated—as they were in the early church—in homes or places of work, and rarely on the day of the Lord. David Edwards argues that preaching is on the way out, and that in the future the word of God will be expressed by dialogue rather than monologue: instead of sermons, study-group discussions between ministers and laymen. Already, some ministers and priests are experimenting with unorthodox liturgies. In California, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist ministers have congregated at Communion services in one another's homes. Some U.S. priests have presided at Last Supper-style Masses, following the forms used by 2nd century Christians.

Even more archaic than the form of Christian worship is its language. Says the Rev. Robert Raines, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Germantown, Pa.: "Liturgy is an expression in language of our life before God. We have hymns of the four seasons, of the earth, the sky and rural life. But how many hymns are there about God in the factories? In the city slums? We are living on hymns that are an articulation of life in another term."

The Common Task. When they consider the teachings of the churches, many theologians today are inclined to ask themselves the question put to Ezekiel: "Can these bones live?" How, in the secular era, can the church proclaim Christ in words that the world will hear? There is no easy answer, although many churchmen agree on some qualities that any theology of the future must have. It will be ecumenical. "Renewal is the invitation to a common task," says Hans Küng, Swiss Catholic. It is interdependent. It will be existential. "Theology is overdeveloped in systems and arguments," says French Dominican Pierre Liégé, "and not rich enough in concrete applications to existential problems. As it progresses, it will turn more to the questions of the significance of human life and the application of the Christian message to the existential circumstance." It will also be

DEREK BAYES



ROBINSON OF WOOLWICH
Questioning the God "out there."

open to the insights of science and non-Christian faiths, even to the humanist values—a deep concern for other men's welfare, an intelligently empirical approach to moral issues—of contemporary unbelief.

Beyond that, there is no widespread agreement about how the servant church is to rearrange its cargo of dogma for the hard sailing ahead. Many Roman Catholics and Protestants feel that the primary theological task is re-translation of traditional concepts into contemporary accents, and that to toss doctrine overboard is to betray the faith. Yet an influential minority of Christian thinkers is willing to do just that. It is an unarguable axiom for the Marburg Disciples of Germany's Rudolf Bultmann that Christianity must demythologize—that is, translate the essential elements of the New Testament proclamation into terms that relate to man's existential conflict today, while doing away with nonessentials as so much historical ballast. Advocates of Paul Tillich's method of correlation,

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

which attempts to find theological answers in the Christian message to the existential questions posed by modern philosophy, are content to ignore dogmas that do not relate to contemporary man's ultimate concern.

Not all the radical theologians who want Christianity to travel light are in the seminaries. Two of the most persuasive are consecrated bishops of the Anglican faith: John Robinson, the suffragan of Woolwich, and James A. Pike of San Francisco. In his bestselling (750,000 copies) *Honest to God*, Robinson proposed, among other near heresies, that Christianity substitute Tillich's concept of God as "the ground of all being" for the old notion of "out there," personal deity. Robinson has carried on his theological demolition work in other areas. *Christian Morals Today* argues for a flexible ethic in which the only commitment is to act out of love for God instead of absolute adherence to an objectively valid set of divine commandments. And in a series of lectures called "The New Reformation?," Robinson argues that when its basic truths are at stake, Christianity should preserve an agnostic silence about certain doctrines—heaven and hell, for example, or the devil and the angels—since "these cannot be painted with the assurance or the detail on the wide canvases beloved of our forefathers."

Packaging v. Product. A similar demand for doctrinal caution is voiced by Pike in his recent *A Time for Christian Candor*. He argues that the church keeps the treasure of its revelation in "earthly vessels," and that it is idolatry to accept as eternally true what is only historically conditioned. He suggests that Christianity abandon the notion of the Trinity, which has now become a pagan tritheism instead of what the church fathers intended to say. To avoid confusion of the "packaging" with the "product," Pike would do away with all spatial images of God, everything that suggests a distinction between the sacred and the secular.

When will the church of the future be born? "We're in it now," exults Jean-Paul Meyer, director of Paris' International Protestant Students' Center, and he may well be right. Every church today has its share of experiments looking ahead to the 21st century. In Germany, for example, the Protestant Evangelical Academies bring Christians together for weekend seminars to discuss, on a thoroughly professional level, such secular issues as urban planning and traffic problems. Mainz-Kastel is the center of Lutheran Pastor Horst Symanowski's yearly industrial seminar for ministers, who divide their time between working on assembly lines and learning the sociology of the factory. The spirit of the worker-priests lives on in the Anglican priests of the Sheffield Industrial Mission, the Japanese Christian industrial evangelists, and in Roman Catholicism's Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld, laymen under vows of poverty who "shout the Gospel with their lives" in the slums of Paris, Buenos Aires and Santiago.

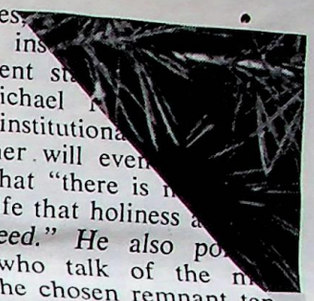
Put Up or Shut Up. In the U.S., every major city has one or more experimental Inner City missions, many of them modeled on the interdenominational East Harlem Protestant Parish, where Holy Communion is often celebrated around a kitchen table in an apartment, and a team of laymen and clerics spend most of their waking hours combatting the apathy of public officialdom and a poverty-stricken community. The National Council of Churches is supporting an ambitious new program of Christian involvement [illegible] In 15 Mis-

DAVID LEES

SCULPTURED CHRIST*
In history, it is still Good Friday.

and volunteers will be working with Negro organizations on voter registration drives, seeking to reconcile the white community to civil rights, establishing community centers to train adult illiterates, advising sharecroppers on agricultural techniques. Justifying the project, Bishop Reuben Mueller told the council: "Our day is saying to all of us in the field of religion: 'Put up or shut up.' It is just as challenging as that."

Faith of the Future? Without question, most Christians are not ready to proclaim the death of the church or to embrace the skeletonized faith of the future that some modern-day reformers propose. The World Council's Visser 't Hooft notes that the much-questioned territorial parish has proved to be a va[illegible] bloc countries, [illegible] autonomous ins[illegible] omnicompetent st[illegible] Layman Michael [illegible] even if the institution[illegible] away, another will even[illegible] place, and that "there is n[illegible] organizing life that holiness [illegible] *are guaranteed.*" He also po[illegible] that those who talk of the n[illegible] church for the chosen remnant ten[illegible] sound a trifle holier-than-thou.



For Lutherans, the very notion of a servant church raises a fundamental doctrinal question: What is the place of salvation by faith in a Christianity devoted to good works? And what is to other humanitarian agency? German contemporary [illegible] Thielicke feels that the Gospel may produce "[illegible] lectualized" theologies comprehensible only to doctoral students in philosophy. Other churchmen question whether the theological striptease proposed by Bishops Robinson and Pike amounts to anything more than the rediscovery of classic Unitarianism.

"Either we experiment in faith, or else we fossilize," answers Canon Lloyd, and Don Benedict argues that in order to re-establish its credibility in the secular age the church must emphasize the ethical rather than confessional aspect of Christ. But today's renewal theologians are far more realistic than the Social Gospelers of the first decades of the 20th century who assumed that the church could guide the world on a path of easy progress toward the spiritual transformation of economic life. Christian reformers, says Rose, "take very seriously the sinfulness of man and are skeptical of any pat solution to the tragedy of human existence." Thus they willingly admit that even the most promising of today's ecclesiological experiments are at best interim solutions, and may be doomed to failure.

Failure and sorrow are inevitable ingredients in the drama of human existence. "In the sacred history of man on earth," wrote French Author Léon Bloy, "it is still, alas, Good Friday." But Good Friday was, and is, the prologue to Easter. As usual, it was Bonhoeffer who best expressed the millennial hope for the coming of God's kingdom that lies behind the theology of renewal. "The day will come," he wrote from his prison cell, "when men will be called again to utter the word of God with such power as will change and renew the world. It will be a new language, which will horrify men, and yet overwhelm them by its power."

When will that day come? All that the Christian can know is that the church must ready itself to proclaim the event. Summoned to discipleship, Christianity will be its true self only when it exists for humanity, following the example of the suffering servant who was its Lord and founder.

* A silver-gilt statuette 20 in. high, this work by Italian Sculptor Pericle Fazzini tops a font for holy water used at St. Peter's during Easter.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

THE THEATER

Carnage at Coney

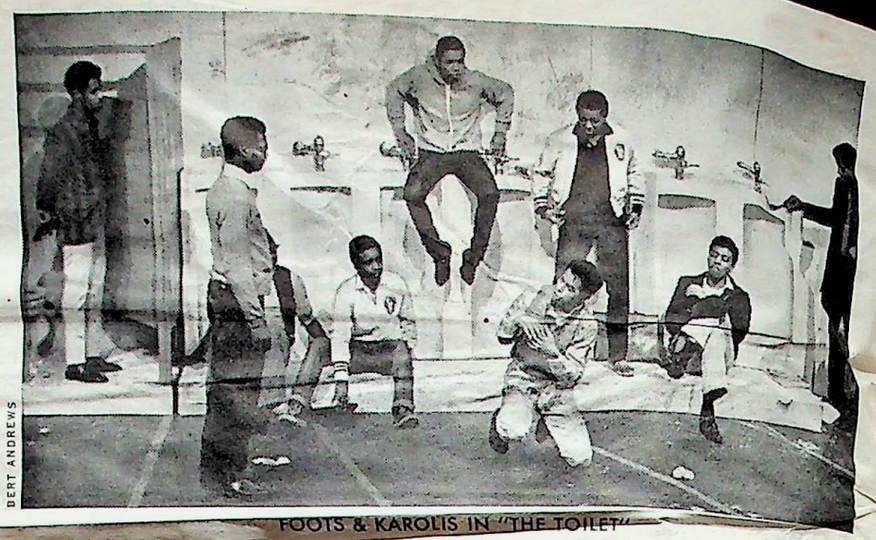
I Had a Ball is a misaddressed musical mailbag. Buddy Hackett, a droll fellow of manic and mournful mien, should be readdressed to oldtime burlesque, where his earthy urbanisms could blue the air like cigar smoke. The frenetically agitated dances should be restored to the speeded-up silent film. The nondescript music should be sent back to recompose itself. The book has never left its natural state—pulp.

The inanimate star of the evening is Sam, a crystal ball that tells the future incorrectly. Hackett, a Coney Island *sharper turned pseudo-Freudian mind-sweeper, has great faith* in Sam ("it comes from Bombay, the farfetched East"). Under Hackett's lunatic gaze, Sam's face turns red, as well it might, since in Act I the crystal ball mismatches two pairs of lovers: an arm-twisting loan shark (Steve Roland) with a *taffy-sweet Ferris-wheel operator* (Karen Morrow), and a glib but honest-hearted Coney barker (Richard Kiley) with a round-heeled golddigger (Luba Lisa). In Act II, Hackett second-guesses Sam; the baddies and the goodies mate up.

Since plot is nought, *Ball* relies on Buddy Hackett for a nightlong transfusion of comic relief. He can fire a salvo of laughter with the whites of his eyes, and step on a dud line so that it explodes, but he has to work so hard to be playful that it kills the fun. Apart from Hackett, only *Luba Lisa* comes out of this Coney Island carnage with talent and personality arrestingly intact. Moving like a sexy-hexy wind-up doll, with the voice of a Jewish Chatty Cathy and the body of Salome, she gives the impression of being cheerfully in debt to the whole male race as she waits for the next man to garnishee her itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny, pom-pom green *intime* bikini.

FRIEDMAN-ABELES

LUBA LISA IN "I HAD A BALL"
Chatty Cathy in Salome's body.



BERT ANDREWS

FOOTS & KAROLIS IN "THE TOILET"
Sickening punishment in the theater of cruelty.

A Bird Is a Bird Is a Bird

Alfie! by Bill Naughton. A bird is a girl in cockney argot, and Alfie is strictly out for the birds. In this unpretentious and consistently pleasant comedy, Alfie counts the workaday world well lost for lust. He is the modern, international antihero, the man who wants to be kind to everyone and responsible to no one.

As a cockney Casanova, Alfie leaves behind him a trail of broken hearts and gravid wombs. If worse comes to worst, Alfie is game to arrange an abortion, though not quite up to paying for it. In the lost lingo of yesteryear, Alfie is a bit of a cad, and it might follow from this that he is repellent. Quite the contrary. Terence Stamp plays him with enormously ingratiating charm, zest and skill. More important, Playwright Naughton has netted a real character, and reality exonerates itself in the theater, turning moralizing attitudes into carping ghosts at a feast.

Alfie woos and walks out on six birds. One bird is a nesting sort and makes Alfie a father. His idea of child support is to buy a teddy bear. Another is a Venus flytrap. Still another likes to slave for Alfie, and it touches him, but workers are neuters. "Look at it —scrub, scrub, scrub."

Like most moderns, Alfie suffers from overspecialization, and the comedy could use some of the variety and conflict that spice drama. Still, Alfie himself is irresistibly in the tradition of the picaresque novel, and his running asides are canny and constant delights: "If you make a married woman laugh, you're halfway there with her. Mind you, it don't work with a single bird. Get one of them laughin' and you don't get nothin' else." Bill Naughton was a truck driver before he began writing plays, but it is obvious that he kept a sharp eye on a lot of things besides the road.

Spasms of Fury

The Toilet and The Slave, by LeRoi Jones, are one-act spasms of fury. Naked hate, like naked love, is very hard to project or sustain on a stage, but Negro Playwright Jones can do it with venomous intensity.

The Toilet takes place in the lavatory of a boys' high school. There are seven urinals. A Negro boy begins the play by using one of them; near the play's end, a white boy's bloodied head lies in one of them. In between, Jones makes it abundantly clear that he would gladly consign every white man's bloodied head to that identical place.

The form of the play is an act of vengeance. The white boy, Karolis (Jaime Sanchez), has written what can only be construed as a homosexual love letter to a Negro boy named Foots (Hampton Clanton). Foots's eight Negro buddies brutally punch, kick and stomp on Karolis. Directed with nightmarish brilliance by Leo Garen, the play moves like a street-gang rumble. Even mock games with rolls of toilet paper seem to crackle with terroristic menace. The Negroes spew the vilest of obscenities at Karolis and each other. On any absolute scale, the dialogue is air pollution of the highest scatological and pornographic density ever recorded on a U.S. stage. Relative to the play, it is an act of verbal violence, matching and intensifying the drama's physical violence. Just before the play ends, Foots cradles Karolis in his arms on an otherwise empty stage and bathes his battered face, as if to imply that this is an interracial love that dares not speak its name.

The Slave is essentially a kind of Greenwich Villagey talkfest. War has broken out between Negroes and whites, and with the sound of machine-gun and artillery fire in the near distance, a Negro military leader (Al Freeman Jr.) revisits his former white wife, who is now married to a white history professor. Ostensibly, he has come to see his two daughters, possibly to kill them, but mostly to gloat and watch the whites cringe before his oft-waved pistol. At one point, the professor asks if

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

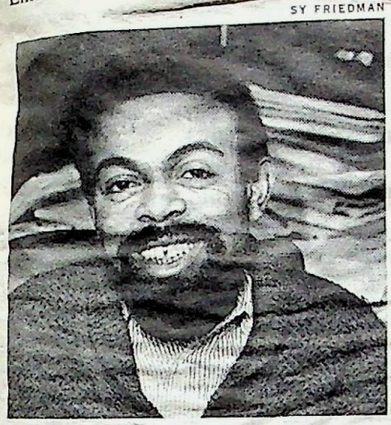
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

there will be more love or beauty or knowledge in the world after a Negro victory. "That was not ever the point," the Negro retorts. "The point is that you had your chance, darling; now these other folks have theirs."

Jones's plays belong to a relatively new dramatic genre that has been called the theater of cruelty. The theater of cruelty aims to punish an audience, [illegible] its stomach. But when audiences seems like a man who needs an enemy so badly that the nearest friend will do. His true target in these plays is the well-intentioned liberal intellectual with namby-pamby notions of cozy, overnight, instant brotherhood. *The Toilet's* depiction of Negroes as semi-cretinous urban cannibals is calculated to affront precisely those white racial ameliorators who passionately argue that Negroes are not like that at all.

Like Jean Genet, Jones, who is mar-

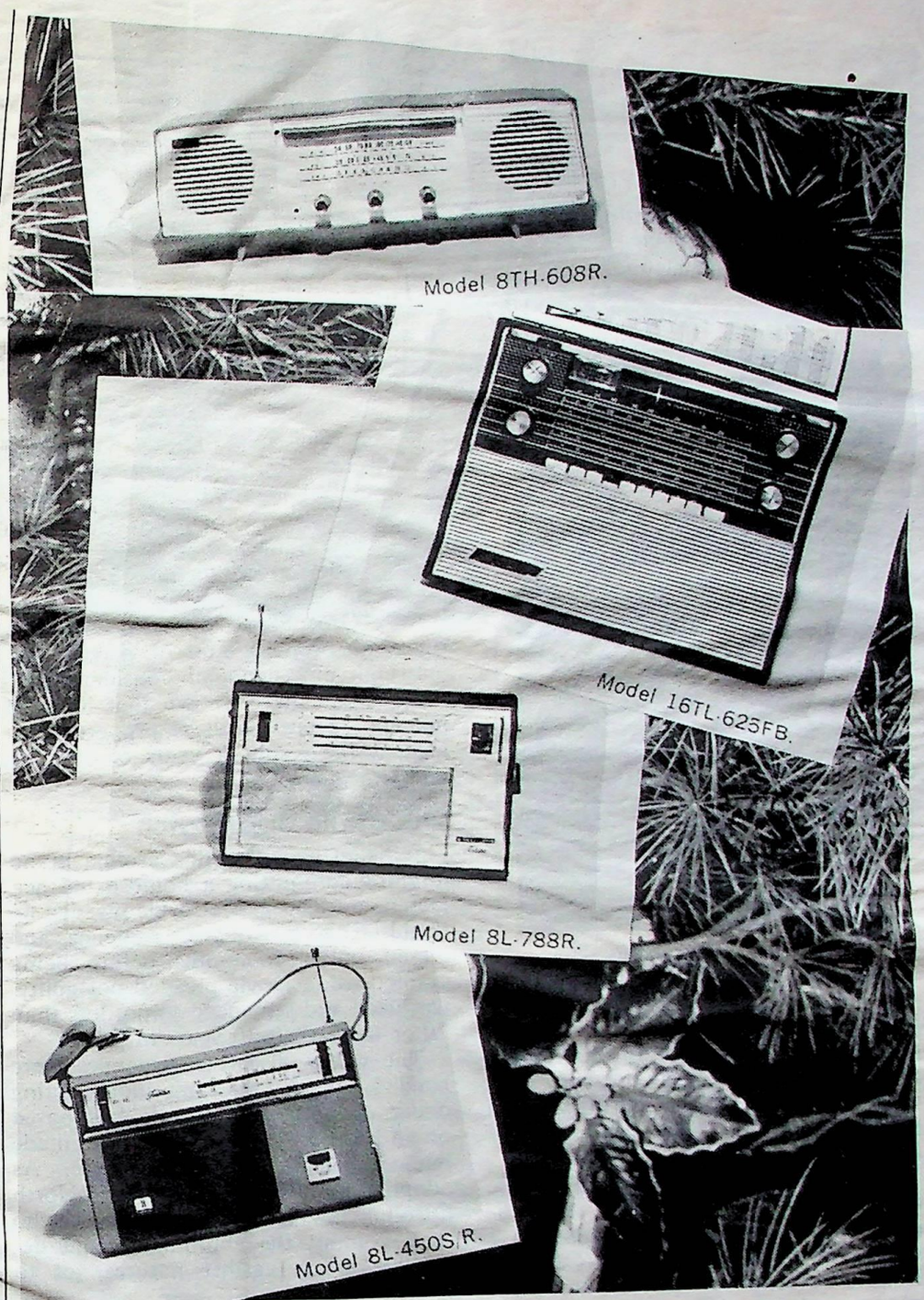
SY FRIEDMAN



PLAYWRIGHT JONES
Every white man's head in a urinal.

ried to a white woman, has the gift for projecting his fantasy life directly onto a stage. His chief fantasy is retaliation. In these plays, the Negro has the gun. He gives the orders, he slugs, he kills, he wins. Dramatically, the virtue of this is that action follows idea like a dagger thrust without the shadow of explanations, descriptions and rationalizations that fall on drama like a blight.

Jones is an excitingly gifted playwright, but as a Negro writer he is edging toward three pitfalls. The first danger is white tolerance, the avid desire of the white masochists to be openly reviled for the indignities and injustices they feel whites have visited upon the Negro. The playwright who falls into the trap of doing the reviling loses his intellectual honesty and ends up practicing prejudice in reverse. Secondly, a playwright cannot afford to fall into his own foaming rage. To translate experience into art, he must achieve the same detachment from his own wounds that a surgeon would show. Finally, he must be leary of topical sensationalism. A playwright whose moving finger writes only of the temper of his times will find that all his passion will not bring back to life a single word he wrote, once the temper of that time has cooled.



a gift to remember —

Toshiba—first in transistorized radios—offers these suggestions for conscientious Christmas shoppers.

Model 8L-450S/R. MW/SW; 8 transistors & 1 diode. Handbag size, in stylish leatherette.

Model 16TL-625FB. FM, MW, LW, 3 SW; 16 transistors. AFC, fine-tuning & meter, two 4″×2-1/4″ PMD speakers.

Model 8L-788R. MW, 3 SW; 8 transistors & 1 diode. Smart black leatherette and silvered-chrome.

Model 8TH-608R. MW, 2 SW; 8 transistors & 2 diodes. All Wave Superheterodyne, green polyethylene cabinet.

Tokyo Shibaura Electric Co., Ltd.

For information: TOSHIBA International Division, Hibiya Mitsui Bldg., Yurakucho, Tokyo

Toshiba QUALITY SINCE 1875

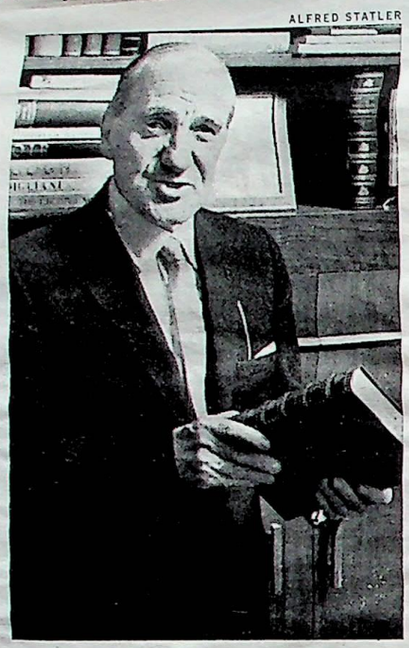
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

TRIALS

The Right of Privacy & Property

After screening the movie *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home*, the University of Notre Dame haled 20th Century-Fox into New York State Supreme Court on the ground that its $4,000,000 farce "causes irreparable injury to the high prestige, reputation and good will of the university [TIME, Dec. 18]." Warmly agreeing, Justice Henry Clay


ALFRED STATLER

JUSTICE GREENBERG
A clear case of commercial piracy.

Greenberg *last week slapped* a temporary injunction against the film's scheduled Christmas Day opening. "The script is ugly, vulgar and tawdry," said Greenberg. "This is a clear case of commercial piracy."

So valuable are Notre Dame's name and symbols that on occasion it has licensed Hollywood to use them at a tidy profit to itself. Twentieth Century-Fox, however, got no permission before plunging ahead with a film in which a befuddled Notre Dame football team is corrupted by Nubian dancers and walloped by treacherous Arabs coached by a Jewish U-2 pilot working for the CIA in a mythical Middle Eastern country. To the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, Notre Dame's president, whom the film depicts as "Father Ryan," there was only one answer: John Goldfarb, please go away.

"Patently Preposterous." In granting Hesburgh's wish, Justice Greenberg set a precedent that may widely affect publishers and other moviemakers if it survives in higher courts. Because a man's name is a property right, Greenberg might have enjoined the film solely on the ground that Father Hesburgh, who was easily recognizable as Father Ryan, had not given his consent. But Greenberg went farther. A university's name is also a property right, he said. To be sure, others may freely exploit it, and for profit, by virtue of the public's "right to know" and a constitutionally protected free speech and press. "Where, however, the use exceeds the bounds of legitimate public interest," said Greenberg, "the law will enjoin such exploitation."

Twentieth Century-Fox argued that "the plot is so patently preposterous that no one with the slightest sense of proportion could take it seriously." Precisely, said Greenberg. The film is not "a satire, burlesque or any other form of literary portrayal or criticism" of Notre Dame or its team. "The glaringly evident purpose and effect of defendants' 'tacking on' of the name and symbols of Notre Dame were to capitalize on the commercial value such name and symbols had acquired in the minds of the consuming public."

Despite Twentieth Century-Fox's plea that it has millions tied up in the film, it was Greenberg's *opinion* that "the rights of property and of privacy far outweigh any financial consideration." Fox "should have known that it could not appropriate another's property, created as the result of years of sacrifice and endeavour."

Out of the Briar Patch

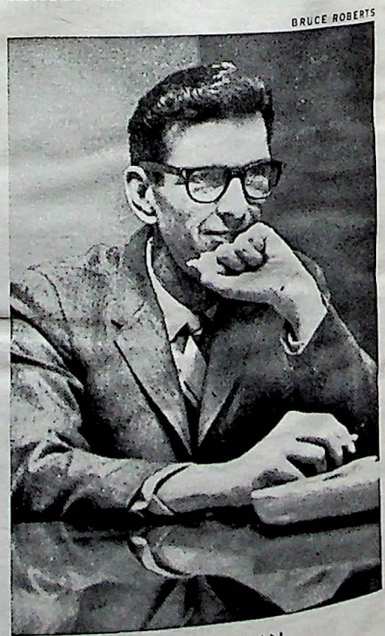
Indicted by a North Carolina grand jury for committing a homosexual act, Defendant Robert McCorkle pleaded no contest, got a five-year sentence and served only 17 months before being paroled. Max Doyle pleaded not guilty, was tried and sentenced to not less than 20 or more than 30 years in prison.

The oddly disparate sentences were handed down by the same judge, acting under an equally odd state law based on an English statute of 1533 that made homosexuality a capital offense. As adopted in 1837, the euphemistic North Carolina law reads: "Any person who shall commit the abominable and detestable crime against nature, not to be mentioned among Christians, wi either mankind or beast, shall be a judged guilty of a felony, and sha suffer death without the benefit of cler gy." As it stands today, the law omit death and Christians, but prescribes a whopping sentence of up to 60 years.

Disposal Law. Not until Doyle's case had the North Carolina law imposed on adult males a sentence longer than five years. But Doyle, the town transvestite, was something of a public nuisance. Previously convicted for prostitution, he wore women's clothes even at his trial. The court simply disposed of the defendant by sending him to prison for what would have amounted to the rest of his life.

Doyle's sentence was twice as long as the one North Carolina gives an armed bank robber, three times longer than a train robber's, 30 times longer than a drunken driver's. His alleged crime—a single homosexual act between consenting adults—is a misdemeanor in New York; in 24 other states, homosexual offenses are punished only when *openly* committed, as Doyle's was not. The prestigious American Law Institute aims to exempt private "deviate sexual behavior" between consenting adults, punishing only those involving force or corruption of children.

Second Chance. Amid these winds of change, Doyle eventually got his case before North Carolina's liberal U.S. District Judge James B. Craven by petitioning for a writ of habeas corpus. Stunned at the record, Craven suggested there was a violation of the Eighth Amendment's guarantee against cruel and unusual punishment. Restricted by precedents, however, he simply ordered a new trial on the ground that Doyle had been unlawfully imprisoned because his court-appointed lawyer had had only a few hours to prepare a defense. In a scathing order, Craven told North Carolina that imprisoning rather than treating Doyle "is a little like throwing Br'er Rabbit in the briar patch." And he asked: "Is it not time to redraft a crim-


BRUCE ROBERTS

DOYLE AS WOMAN DOYLE AS MAN
An unclear crime against nature.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

inal statute first enacted in 1533? And if so, cannot the criminal-law draftsmen be helped by those best informed on the *subject*—medical doctors?"

Whatever the legislature's answer will be, Doyle last week stood trial again—in subdued men's clothes—and on the stand readily admitted that he is a homosexual. "By choice?" pressed the prosecutor. "God in heaven knows, no," said Doyle. Said his lawyer to the jury: "[illegible] and I. It could happen of God" [illegible]. The jury acquitted Doyle and set him free after three years in jail.

COURTS

Problem of Quality

Is he an ambassador? Is he a Cabinet member? Though the title has an august ring, a U.S. commissioner is not nearly so easy to define. In Mississippi, for example, a suddenly famous U.S. commissioner has turned out to be a middle-aged spinster totally devoid of legal training, but with the power to release 19 men accused of complicity in the *murder* of three civil rights workers, on the ground that one accused's confession was "hearsay" (TIME, Dec. 18).

Commissioner Esther Carter's ignorance is in the best (or worst) tradition of an ancient office that now requires no special qualifications whatever. In 1793, Congress began appointing "discreet persons, learned in the law" to accept bail in federal cases. The qualifications died in 1896, when Congress handed over the appointments to U.S. district judges. Today's 700 U.S. commissioners may be butchers, bakers or candlestick makers. Yet they function as the federal judiciary's committing magistrates, hold preliminary hearings and determine whether accused persons shall be released or held for trial.

Limited Power. The key test for holding a person is "probable cause"—a fluid concept that Chief Justice John Marshall defined in the 1807 Aaron Burr treason case as "evidence furnishing good reason to believe that the crime alleged has been committed by the person charged with committing it." Such evidence may be no more than an FBI agent's testimony, or the arrest warrant signed by the commissioner himself. The evidence may be inadmissible at the accused's eventual trial. It may be insufficient for indictment by a federal grand jury, which is the sole indictor under federal law. All a U.S. commissioner really determines is whether it seems more prudent to hold a suspect until the grand jury considers the case than to free him.

If the Government has trouble finding evidence, commissioners may grant continuances until the case is better prepared. But they have no power to determine guilt or innocence. According to the Justice Department, Miss Carter was clearly out of line when, on the whispered advice of a local district judge's law clerk, she invoked the trial standard of hearsay evidence. But except in big cities, where most commissioners are seasoned lawyers, such ignorance is probably widespread. According to a recent study, the commissioners of one North Carolina federal district have meted out fines, put defendants on probation and even tried cases for offenses over which they had no jurisdiction whatever. None of the commissioners in question is a lawyer.

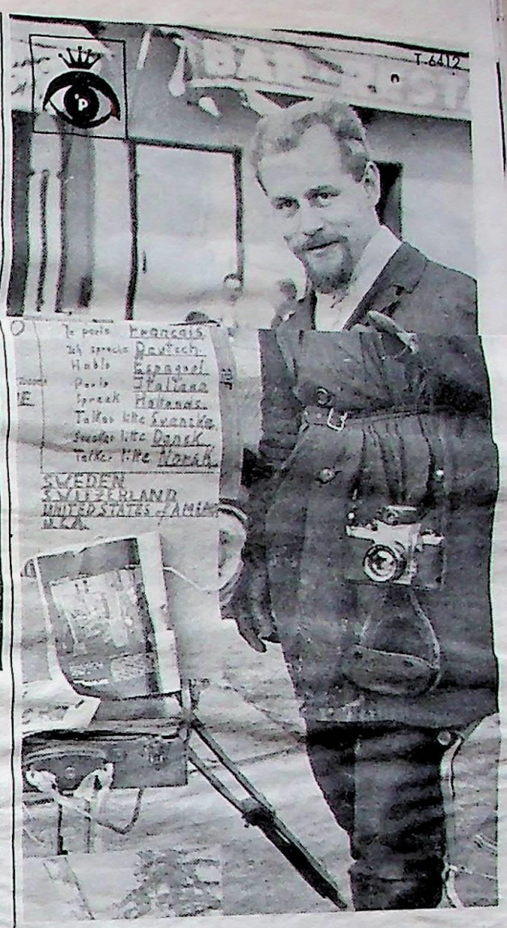
Chaotic Mess. One probable explanation for the poor quality of commissioners is money: they are paid entirely on a fee basis ($6 for signing a search warrant, for example), with an annual maximum of $10,500. Only 25 commissioners hit that level last year; more typically, Miss Carter earned $904. Another problem is that commissioners, who serve four-year terms, are under the thumb of district judges, who may fire them without showing cause. As a result, quality varies widely.

"It's not a system at all," says Warren Olney III, director of the Administrative Office of U.S. Courts. "It's a chaotic mess." Olney points significantly at Detroit, which has not had a U.S. commissioner for 16 years. Detroit's federal judges serve as committing magistrates themselves. "You don't find bail-bond brokers hanging around the courthouse in Detroit," says Olney, which raises the suspicion that maybe one of the commissioners' first functions is to keep bail bondsmen in business." Olney concludes: "Detroit is better off without a U.S. commissioner."

LYNN PELHAM—RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

LEAVING U.S. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE*
A search for probable cause.

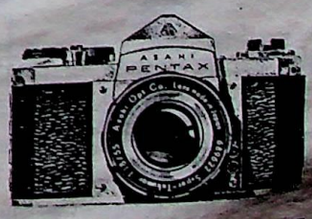
* Alan Kuhn and Jack ("Murph the Surf") Murphy, two of the accused in Manhattan's spectacular Museum of Natural History jewel theft. Originally held in $20,000 bail by Miami's U.S. Commissioner Edward Swan, the pair found their bonds hiked to $50,000 in New York Supreme Court last week.



Just hold an Asahi Pentax

... AND YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHY THIS CAMERA IS THE ULTIMATE CHOICE OF DISCERNING PHOTOGRAPHERS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Asahi Pentax is a beautifully balanced instrument. It's smooth. Precise. Incredibly accurate. Very easy to handle. It *feels* right. Fast too. It's meticulously constructed for constant heavy handling. And the lenses are outstanding both in appearance and performance. Another real advantage of an Asahi Pentax is its *do-anything* versatility. The comprehensive range of high quality accessories enables you to build up a complete system which prepares you for any demand: from microphotography to extra long range telephotography, high speed action subjects to portraiture. *Just hold an Asahi Pentax at your dealer's soon!*

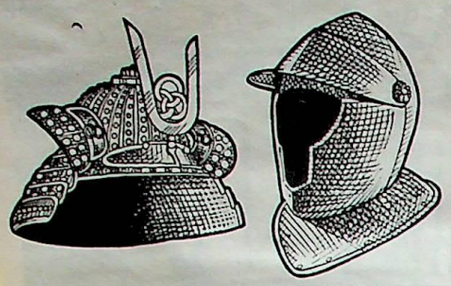


Asahi Optical Co., Ltd.
C.P.O. 895, Tokyo

41

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

. Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



WHAT JAPANESE BANK IS OLDER THAN THE BANK OF ENGLAND?

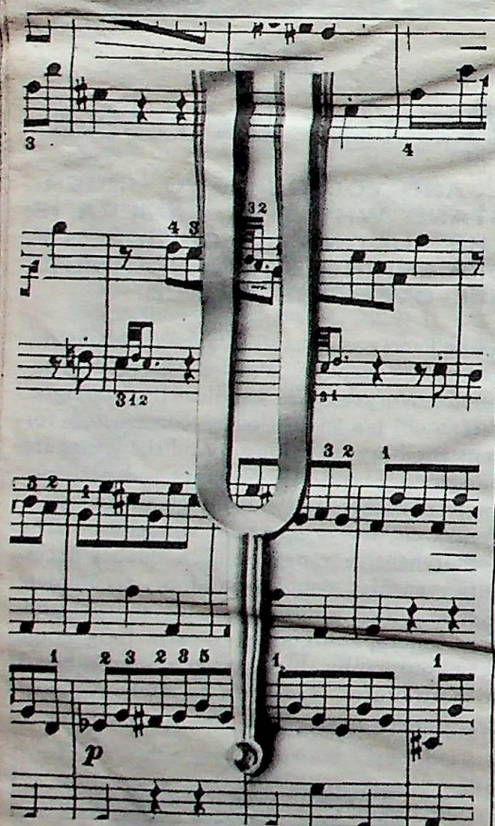
The 281-year old Mitsui Bank

The first Mitsui Exchange House was founded in 1683. From it has grown a vast complex of industries, embracing every aspect of modern business life.

Because the Mitsui Bank still occupies a central position in this great business group, it can be of special help to you in your dealings with Japan.

We are experts in foreign trade and exchange. We are modern, fast, and conscientious. You'll find our branches or correspondent banks in every major city of the world.

THE MITSUI BANK, LTD.

HEAD OFFICE: YURAKU-CHO, TOKYO, JAPAN
OVERSEAS BRANCHES: NEW YORK AGENCY
LONDON BRANCH · BANGKOK BRANCH
BOMBAY BRANCH · SINGAPORE BRANCH

MUSIC is a matter of interpretation, temperament. It lives only in performance. In reporting on the arts, TIME is concerned with the performer as much as the work; in following all the news, TIME is concerned with the personalities as well as the events.

REPERTORY THEATER

After the Fall

The concept of the repertory company is several thousand years older than Shakespeare: a troupe of actors who can perform in any of a dozen or more plays. By contrast with the one-shot, boffo-or-busto standards of commercial Broadway, the dream of the modern rep company is to produce plays that have merit in dramatic literature but only moderate box-office potential, to try out experimental plays and at the same time serve as a living library of the great classic plays of the past, to take green actors and train them to maturity in roles of all sizes, ages and centuries.

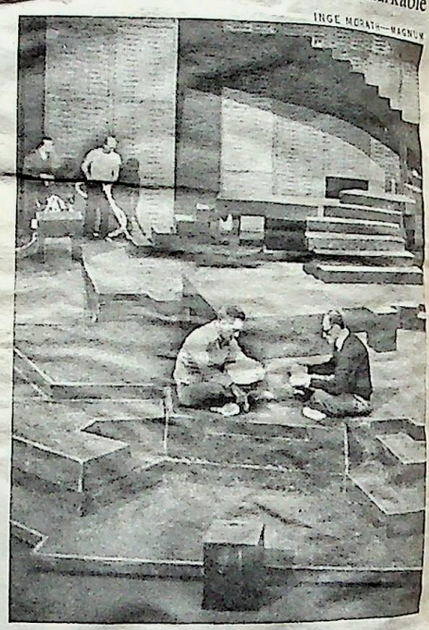
The most ambitious effort in the U.S. to date has been Manhattan's Lincoln Center Repertory Theater, playing for the past year in a temporary Greenwich Village theater and scheduled to move into the Lincoln Center complex next fall. Last week the dream had all but ended. Director Robert Whitehead had been forced out of his job; Director Elia Kazan had followed suit and resigned; and Arthur Miller, the rep company's principal playwright, had given up his association with the theater.

Compounded Errors. What had happened? Critics doubted that the trouble was money. There had been deficits, but they were less than the deficits that had been expected and budgeted. Nor was the massive head-lopping merely a power struggle within Lincoln Center's family of music, dance, opera and theater. Guilty of some miserable productions, the repertory theater had been ultimately damned by its successes; the company that had been created to help revitalize the New York theater has succeeded only in imitating what is already there. News pictures of Miller and Kazan sweating out the "death watch" for daily reviews after an opening illustrated how far they never got from Broadway.

The Lincoln Center rep company began compounding its errors from the outset. When it was set up nearly five years ago, the directors' first move was to go for Broadway brand names and select two of the best: Whitehead, producer of *Bus Stop* among other things, and Kazan, one of Broadway's most celebrated directors, who staged *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. Arthur Miller, after eight years of silence as a playwright, offered his services, which at the time may have appeared to be a dividend.

Miller Showcase. Demonstrating their Broadway orientation, Elia Kazan and Whitehead selected Miller's *After the Fall* as their first production. Whatever one thinks of the play, the one thing one can assuredly say is that no Broadway producer would have turned it down. A distinct timidity about striking out to new, non-Broadway frontiers was thus apparent at the beginning. The second choice, Eugene O'Neill's *Marco Millions*, served mainly to display the panoramic flexibility of the Washington Square stage, a genuflection to physical plant rather than inner spirit. The third selection, S. N. Behrman's *But for Whom Charlie*, was like buying Broadway goods at a fire sale; Behrman is now 71 years old, and *Charlie* is, in fact, an old man's play, a drawing-room harangue about a great deal in the contemporary world that Behrman finds most offensive.

This season the rep company began with its worst fiasco yet, a revival of *The Changeling* that revealed just how inept the company, as presently assembled, is. For example, Actress Barbara Loden, who seemed to be a remarkable



KAZAN & MILLER ON STAGE
Broadway goods at a fire sale.

find as Marilyn Monroe in *After The Fall*, turned out to be embarrassingly like what one would expect Marilyn to have been if she had ever played Dostoevsky, as she was forever hoping to. And with *Incident at Vichy*—Arthur Miller's new hit—things came full circle. Thus, approximately one year after its opening, Lincoln Center has served as little more than a showcase for Miller, an established Broadway talent.

A curious final irony is that while the Lincoln Center rep group has been failing so clamorously, a repertory company has quietly come to the city's Phoenix Theater that is everything the Lincoln Center group might aspire to be. Called the Association of Producing Artists, it germinated as a professional acting company touring the provinces, now alternates between the University of Michigan and Manhattan. Its current production of Shaw's *Man and Superman* is exquisitely performed, brilliantly thought out, and acted with a thoroughgoing ensemble spirit. A.P.A. took

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

five years to reach its present perfection; Lincoln Center apparently expected its own repertory company to rise full-grown like Athena from the brow of Zeus.

ACTRESSES

"Our Eyes Have Fingers"

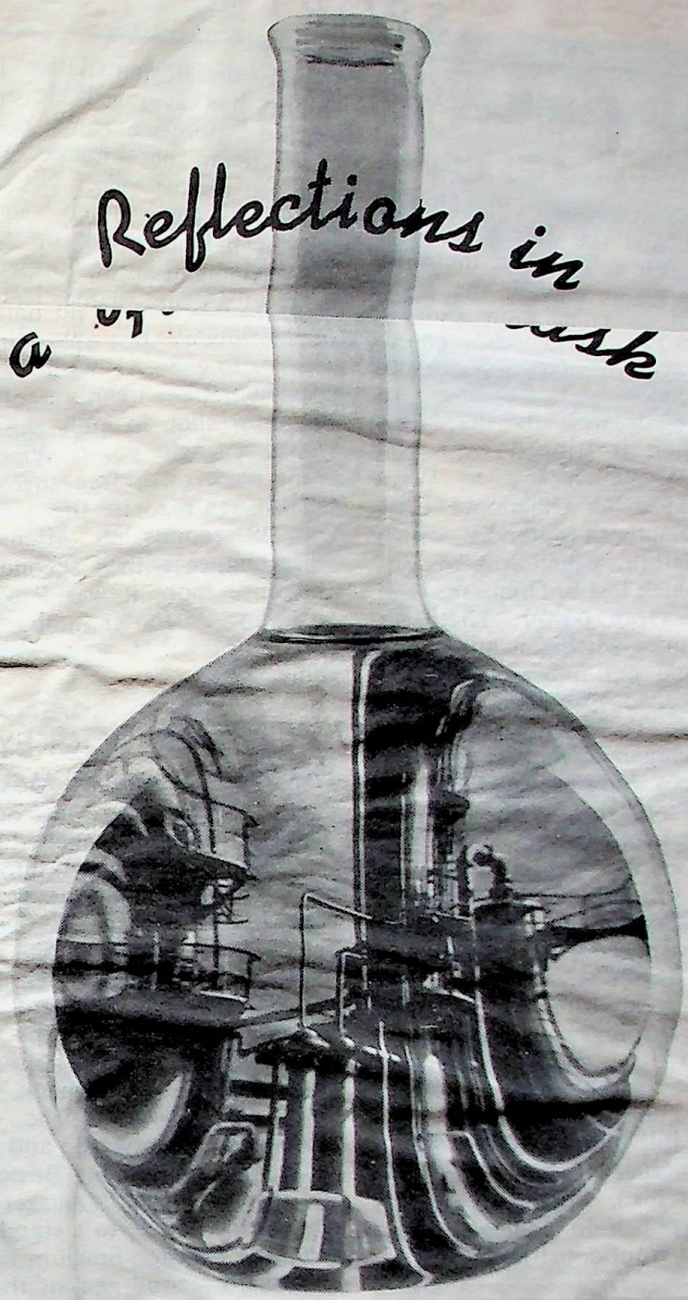
From New York to Puerto Vallarta to Big Sur to Paris, LIFE Magazine Reporter Elizabeth Taylor [illegible] her story in automobiles, hotels, restaurants. From nearly 40 hours of tape came a 6,000-word first-person article, published last week in LIFE. Some passages from her apologia:

"I'm *not* a 'sex queen' or a 'sex symbol,'" said Taylor. "I don't think I *want* to be one. Sex symbol kind of suggests bathrooms in hotels or something. I do know I'm a movie star and I like being a woman, and I think sex is absolutely gorgeous. But as far as a sex goddess, I don't worry myself that way . . . Richard is a very sexy man. He's got that sort of jungle essence that one can sense . . . When we look at each other, it's like our eyes have fingers and they grab ahold . . . I think I ended up being the scarlet woman because of my rather puritanical upbringing and beliefs. I couldn't just have a romance. It had to be a marriage . . ."

First husband was Nicky Hilton: "I got married at barely 18. I really *did* think that being married would be like living in a little white cottage with a picket fence and roses." No. 2 was Michael Wilding, "who was much older than I was." No. 3 was Mike Todd, "a marvelous man. He had a joy, a vitality that was so contagious, so flamboyant. He was a real con artist. He could con the gold out of your teeth." No. 4 was Eddie Fisher: "I really thought for some idiotic reason that Eddie needed me. It turned out all we had in common was Mike."

Cleopatra produced No. 5: "The way I began falling in love with Richard was very funny, really . . . The first day we were to work together, I've never seen a gentleman so hung over in my whole life. He was kind of quivering from head to foot and there were grog blossoms—you know, from booze—all over his face. He ordered a cup of coffee to sort of still his trembling fits and I had to help it to his mouth, and that just endeared him so to me. I thought, well, he really is human. He was so vulnerable and sweet and shaky . . .

"It's so hard to talk about all this," Liz says near the end, "and I'm not sure I should. I have such an ingrained sense of privacy. It sounds like I'm trying to explain myself, justify myself, like most of us do when we make mistakes. And it's so undignified . . . I have paid and Richard has paid through both of our hearts and our guts. Our brains have bled . . . I have learned, however, that there's no deodorant like success."



We can't imagine a more fitting symbol for Toyo Koatsu.

Chemistry's our line . . . production and technique. To 30 countries we supply chemical fertilizers, industrial chemicals, synthetic resins & plastics. Toyo Koatsu production methods and techniques are licensed to the industry of 14 countries.

We produce, or help you produce, chemicals from A.B.S. resin to urea. We're *only* a cable's length away.

TOYO KOATSU
Industries, Inc.

Cable address: "TOATSUIND TOKYO"
Mitsui Daini Bekkan, 2, 4-chome, Nihonbashi
Hongoku-cho, Chuo-ku, Tokyo

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Shall We Dance?

Who's No. 1? Who's No. Anything? The college basketball season is already a month old, and the only thing anybody can say for sure is that there are thousands of teams playing the game. All it takes is a dance floor and two peach baskets, and the next thing anybody knows there's a team. "We're unbelievably good," said Coach Dave Strack. His team won its first four games, but then it tripped over Nebraska (74-73), which lost to Wyoming, which lost to Oklahoma City, which lost to Southern Methodist, which lost to Vanderbilt, which lost to Virginia Tech, which lost to Duquesne, and so on to the 16th power. That was enough to bounce Michigan out of the No. 1 spot and put unbeaten Wichita in. What happened, of course, was that Wichita lost too. To Michigan last week.

Maybe Michigan is the best after all. The Wolverines have a vacation date in Manhattan—playing in the Holiday Festival tournament—which means that they will be among the few Michigan students who will not spend New Year's Day in Pasadena, watching their football brethren work out against Oregon State in the Rose Bowl. And that is undoubtedly a good thing for Oregon State, because if things get sticky, Michigan's football coach might be tempted to put the basketball team to work. They average 206 lbs. per man.

In Center Bill Buntin (6 ft. 7 in., 232 lbs.) and Guard Cazzie Russell (6 ft. 6 in., 220 lbs.), Michigan has the best one-two punch in college basketball. A rugged front-court fighter in the mold of the Boston Celtics' Bill Russell, Buntin has averaged eleven rebounds and 16.6 points a game. Against Duke —the team that knocked the Wolverines out of last year's N.C.A.A. championships—his clutch shooting (17 points) helped break up a 69-69 tie, give Michigan an 86-79 victory.

ART SHAY—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MICHIGAN'S RUSSELL
Bring on the harem girls.

The Wichita game last week was Cazzie Russell's chance to shine. Held to [illegible] points, Wichita was leading 84-81 with 1½ minutes to go, when Russell sank a soft, one-handed jump shot to pull the Wolverines within a single point. Wichita got one point back on a free throw, but Russell hit again to tie the game at 85-85 with 28 seconds left. Michigan got another chance with 4 seconds to play—and once more it was Russell, sinking an arcing 25-footer at the gun for the two points that gave Michigan the game, 87-85.

ICE HOCKEY

The Well-Mannered Mesomorph

Only 35 sec. were left on the clock. The Boston Bruins benched their goalie, sent an extra forward into the game, mounted a desperate attack. But a Chicago player picked off the puck and passed it to a burly blond with No. 9 on the back of his Black Hawks uniform. Gathering it in at full speed, Bobby Hull rocketed down the rink. At the blue line, a Boston defenseman unlimbered a vicious body check. Almost casually, Hull bounced the defenseman aside, leaned forward, and flicked the puck straight into the Boston net. The red light flashed, the buzzer rang; Hull skated off the ice, to a standing ovation from the Chicago Stadium fans. He had scored his second goal of the night, the 250th of his N.H.L. career—and the Black Hawks had beaten the Bruins, 7-5.

Rare Treat. Cheers are a rare treat for the Black Hawks—the only team in the National Hockey League that has never won a championship. "If we won 69 games and lost only one," grouses Goalie Glenn Hall, "the fans would boo us for that one loss." But things are looking up. Last week's victory over Boston was the Hawks' fifth straight. Three nights later, they made it six in a row, shellacking the front-running Montreal Canadiens 6-3, to move within a game of the league lead.

Ask anybody in Chicago how come, and they start talking about Left Wing Bobby Hull, 25, whose sensational scoring streak is the talk of the young season. In 27 games, Hull has scored 27 goals, close to one-third of his team's total and more than twice as many as anybody else in the N.H.L. Against the Canadiens last week, he got two—plus two assists—and only a prolonged slump or injury can keep him from passing Maurice ("Rocket") Richard's mark of

FRED SCHNELL

CHICAGO'S HULL
Send out for cheerleaders.

50, a season record that has been tied twice in 19 years (once by Hull) but never beaten.

Hull is the N.H.L.'s fastest skater (a Canadian research institute clocked him at 28.3 m.p.h. on a typical dash down the ice), and its hardest shooter: his lefthanded slap shot zips toward the goal at 118 m.p.h.—19 m.p.h. faster than the fastest measured pitch-in baseball. Even his backhand tops 90 m.p.h. "Stopping one of Hull's shots on the pads is like being slugged by a sledge hammer," says Toronto Goalie Johnny Bower, and when New York's Jacques Plante tried to block one of Hull's slap shots with his gloved hand, it numbed his arm all the way to the elbow. The research institute concluded that Hull (at 5 ft. 10½ in., 194 lbs.) is a "perfect muscular mesomorph"—which is more or less what his opponents have been saying all along. "Somebody ought to put hobbles on him," growls Detroit's Gordie Howe.

Come to Play. A prodigy from the backwoods of Ontario, Hull signed his first pro contract at 14 (for a bonus so small that "I'm ashamed to mention it now"), cracked the big leagues in 1957 at 18. Since then, he has led the N.H.L. three times in goal scoring, twice in total points (goals and assists). The marks of his trade show on his face; it is cross-hatched with scars, and his two front teeth are gone. But Hull has missed only eight games in his career because of injury. He scored eight goals in the 1963 Stanley Cup playoffs despite a shattered nose and cheekbone, and his manners are practically faultless: so far this season, he has spent only 16 min. in the penalty box.

"Bobby just loves to play this game," says Black Hawks Coach Billy Reay. "He can't get enough of it." Last week against Boston, Hull was on ice a full 35 min.—playing left wing on one Black Hawks line, filling in for an injured teammate at right wing on another line, substituting on power plays when Boston had a man in the penalty box, serving on the Hawks' own special penalty-killing squad. Said Bobby afterward: "I could have gone some more."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

GOLF

Welcome to the Club

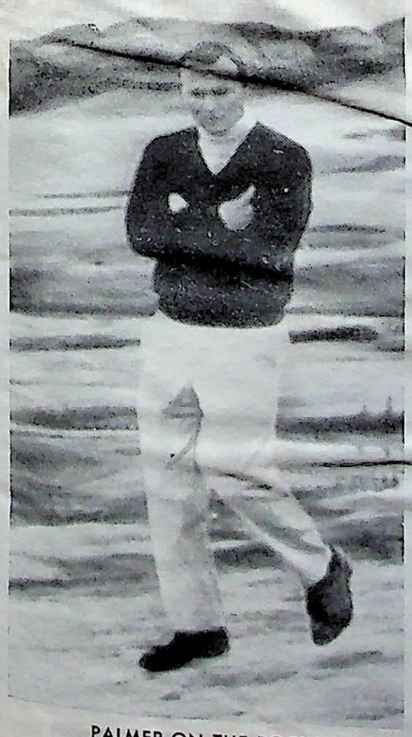
There are football All-Americas, basketball All-Americas, baseball All-Americas, hockey All-Americas, soccer All-Americas, lacrosse All-Americas, *little* All-Americas, high school All-Americas, silver All-Americas, sometime All-Americas and all-time All-Americas. Who needs another All-America [illegible]? At least that was what *Golf* Magazine thought. Last week, after polling 400 sportswriters, it came up with a 1964 All-America Golf Team. It was a little tricky, because golf—man *v.* himself—is hardly a team sport. But that was solved by rooting through the golfer's bag and picking players for their proficiency with specific clubs. Jack Nicklaus thereby became Driver of the Year—a masterpiece of circumlocution, considering that he was good enough with all the clubs to win $113,284 this year.

Arnie Palmer was picked for the long irons, Bobby Nichols for the middle irons, Ken Venturi for the short irons, Billy Casper for putting. The palm for fairway woods went to South Africa's Gary Player—which is a little like naming Australia's Roy Emerson to an All-America tennis team because he won the Davis Cup. Tony Lema took the pitching-wedge award, although he left his wedge in the bag and did most of his pitching with a No. 7 iron when he won the British Open.

Julius Boros got the sort of backhanded compliment that caddies give big tippers: he was picked as the best man out of traps with a sand wedge. "If I hadn't practiced," said Boros modestly, "I couldn't possibly have won. There are many fine wedge players in the game, and none of them got there the easy way."

Now that the ice has been cracked, the possibilities are endless. They could, for instance, give Phil Rodgers the Tannenbaum Award for trying to play his ball out of a spruce tree, taking a quadruple-bogey 8 in the process, and blowing the 1962 U.S. Open. Arnie [illegible] strokes he took in the [illegible] off Pebble Beach, Calif., last January. And how about a Diamond in the Rough for Bobby Nichols, who drove into the rough on nine out of 18 holes at this year's P.G.A. Championship, hit a tree and three traps, still scored a 69 for the round, and won the tournament? One thing, though, about *Golf's* team: it is the richest All-America around. The poorest man on the squad is Julius Boros, and he merely made $28,232 this year.

AP



PALMER ON THE ROCKS
Anyway, he's rich.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▶ Tulsa: a 14-7 victory over Mississippi, in the Bluebonnet Bowl at Houston. Tulsa Quarterback Jerry Rhome was the whole show, completing 22 out of 36 passes for 252 yds., running for the first touchdown himself, flipping a 35-yd. pass to Halfback Ed Fletcher for the winning TD. At the Atlantic City Convention Hall, site of last August's Democratic National Convention, Utah trounced West Virginia 32-6 in the Liberty Bowl—first indoor bowl game ever. The temperature was a pleasantly cool 60°, and Utah Halfback Ron Coleman was red-hot: he gained 154 yds. on 15 carries, including a 53-yd. touchdown burst.

▶ Sam Snead and Shirley Englehorn: the $40,000 Haig & Haig Scotch Mixed Foursome golf tournament, at Sebring, Fla. Taking turns hitting the ball, Sam and Shirley, who won one tournament and $19,582 on the ladies' tour this year, shot a final round 65 to beat Dow Finsterwald and Marlene Bauer Hagge by one stroke. Shirley's contributions to the partnership included a 25-ft. putt for one eagle and a 50-yd. wedge shot into the cup for another.

▶ Joey Giardello: a unanimous 15-round decision over Rubin ("Hurricane") Carter, 27, in a middleweight championship fight at Philadelphia's Convention Hall. Carter's looks (shaved head, drooping Fu Manchu moustache) and ring credentials (a one-round knockout of Welterweight King Emile Griffith) were impressive enough to make him the betting favorite at 11-10. But they hardly awed Champion Giardello, 34, who was fighting his 127th professional bout. Counterpunching craftily, scoring heavily with short, chopping hooks, Giardello won a lopsided victory, to the delight of 6,000 home-town fans.

A World Leader in Telecommunications and Electronics

NEC

Nippon Electric Company Limited

P. O. Box 1, Takanawa, Tokyo, Japan

TIME Asia Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for occasional contractions because of space fitting. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial and advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Printed by Dai Nippon Printing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BURMA (1 yr, K 54; 3 yrs, K 108; 5 yrs, K 162), c/o People's Stores Corp. (Ava House), 232 Sule Pagoda Road, Rangoon

CEYLON (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o Bank of Ceylon, Post Box 241, Colombo

FRENCH POLYNESIA (1 yr, 56FF; 3 yrs, 112FF; 5 yrs, 168FF), Boite Postale 278-08, Paris 8e, France

HONG KONG (1 yr, HK$ 65; 3 yrs, HK$ 130; 5 yrs, HK$ 195), c/o First National City Bank, Hong Kong

INDIA (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o First National City Bank, 293 D. Naoroji Road, Bombay 1

JAPAN (1 yr, 3600 yen; 3 yrs, 7200; 5 yrs, 10,800), Central Post Office Box 88, Tokyo

KOREA (1 yr, 2875 won; 3 yrs, 5750; 5 yrs, 8625), c/o Universal Publications Agency, I.P.O. Box 1380, Seoul

MALAYSIA (1 yr, M$ 30; 3 yrs, M$ 60; 5 yrs, M$ 90), c/o First National City Bank, Denmark House, 6 Raffles Quay, Singapore (Subject to Exchange Control permission)

PAKISTAN (1 yr, 54 rupees; 3 yrs, 108; 5 yrs, 162), c/o National Bank of Pakistan, Local Principal Office, Post Box 4840, Karachi-2 (please enclose declaration that total amount spent this year for foreign books and periodicals, including this order, has not exceeded RS. 500).

PHILIPPINES (1 yr, 38 pesos; 3 yrs, 76), c/o First National City Bank, Calle Juan Luna, Manila

TAIWAN (1 yr, NT$400; 3 yrs, NT$800; 5 yrs, NT$1200), c/o Bank of Taiwan, Chungking Road South, Taipei

THAILAND (1 yr, 225 baht; 3 yrs, 450; 5 yrs, 675), Bank of America NT & SA, P.O. Box 158, Bangkok, Thailand

BRITISH TERRITORIES (1 yr, 80/- (Stg); 3 yrs, 160/- (Stg); 5 yrs, 240/- (Stg), TIME-LIFE Int'l Ltd., Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W. 1., England

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, U.S. TERRITORIES & U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL (1 yr, U.S.$11.25; 3 yrs, U.S.$22.50; 5 yrs, U.S.$33.75), TIME International, 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam 18, Netherlands

TIME INC. with its subsidiaries also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Hen[illegible] Luce III, Arthur R. Murphy, Ralph D. Pa[illegible] P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., Jam[illegible] ley; Comptroller and Assistant Sec[illegible] Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Treasurer, tary, Charles L. Gleason, Jr.; Assistant [illegible] W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SURGERY

Repairing the Royal Aorta

Music by Muzak was soft and low. *Two Sleepy People* and *So Beats My Heart for You* flowed over the operating room in Houston's Methodist Hospital. But the patient on the table, His Royal Highness Prince Edward Albert [illegible] surgeon Dr. Michael E. DeBakey was scarcely listening as he performed an operation that only a few years ago would have seemed dangerous indeed. He slit open the 70-year-old duke's belly and cut down to the aorta, the body's main artery, on which he found a 4-in. section that had swollen into an aneurysm, much as an inner tube will balloon through a weakness in its rubber wall. In 67 min. of delicate surgery, Dr. DeBakey cut out the aneurysm and replaced it with a length of knitted Dacron tubing.

First Hint. The blood royal is no exception to the rule that blood flowing through the arteries exerts considerable pressure and needs strong-walled vessels to keep it in place. This is especially true of the aorta, largest of all arteries. It is a three-ply tube, about one inch in diameter where it descends through the abdomen, carrying blood for the lower organs and legs. The middle layer (the "media," to anatomists) is muscle, and it is a break in this layer that leads to aneurysms. In the vast majority of cases, the first cause of the break is unknown,* and the beginning of the aneurysm's growth may easily go undetected.

The duke had no hint of trouble until about four years ago. Then, during a routine checkup, Manhattan's Dr. Arthur Antenucci diagnosed an aneurysm that required watching. But it was too small at the time to justify the major surgery that would be involved in its removal. No special diet was needed, no drugs. How little distress the aneurysm caused the duke [illegible] year on his movie, *A King's Story*.

No Rush. But this month the aneurysm grew rapidly. The elastic outer layer of the aorta was being stretched thinner and thinner, with increasing danger that it might burst and loose a fatal flood of blood into the abdominal cavity. Dr. Antenucci ordered X rays, which showed that the aneurysm had increased in size, and within a week had grown bigger than an orange. The beat of the blood pulsing through it could be felt by the doctor's hand. And it was in an especially dangerous location, below the branching of the kidney arteries (*see diagram*). It was time for surgery, but there did not seem to be much of a rush —the duke went to Houston by slow, jolting train.

For Dr. DeBakey, who developed the operation and has already done it 6,500 times, the procedure was routine. But after he made a 6-in. incision through the duke's lean abdominal wall, the surgeon discovered that the aneurysm was even bigger than expected. "The size of a small cantaloupe or large grapefruit," he reported. Instead of a simple balloon shape with a neat "stalk," it was "fusiform," with its base extending along the aorta. Worse, the wall of the aorta had eroded until it was on the point of rupturing.

Skin to Skin. The surgeons put a clamp on the aorta above the aneurysm and another below it. Next, Dr. DeBakey cut out the weakened, ballooning piece of aorta and stitched in the Dacron tube (a material devised to his own specifications). Then he and his assistants opened the clamps to let blood clot in the tiny interstices of the knit. Finally, they took the clamps off for good. It took only 67 min. from the first incision to the closing of the wound ("skin to skin," as surgeons call it). Within 3½ hr., the duke was chatting cheerily with his duchess.

By coincidence, a commoner of uncommon note (and a friend of the duke's) had had the same operation at Lebanon Hospital, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, 60, had a fusiform aneurysm cut out by Dr. Joshua Fields, and an even more extensive artery replacement. Her graft, made of nylon-Teflon-Dacron and shaped like an inverted *Y*, was attached at the top near the renal arteries. Its shorter branch was joined to the right iliac artery, and a longer branch on the left extended down into the thigh. At week's end, the patient was doing well.

In both cases, the graft will serve as a scaffolding on which the body will build its own tubing of living cells. This tissue by itself will not be as strong as the original muscle, but the combination of knit and tissue will be stronger. Barring unexpected complications, it will easily last as long as the patients live. And they should be able to get around as well as ever, with negligible discomfort.

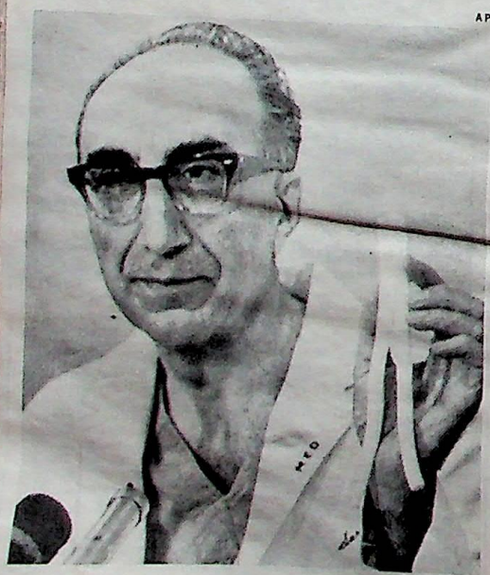
The Wandering Bullet

It began as just another hunting accident. Young James W. Kelley, 17, was stalking deer in the Maine woods when his friend's .22-cal. rifle discharged accidentally. Kelley was hit in the head. "I didn't feel a thing," he says, "but suddenly everything went black. I remember falling on my hands and knees and hollering 'I'm blind!' "

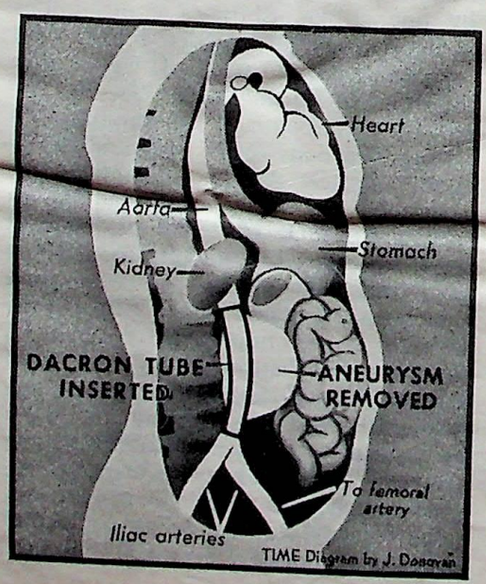
At Cary Memorial Hospital in Caribou, X rays showed that the bullet had passed through Kelley's brain from a

* In sharp contrast with hemophilia, which Queen Victoria passed on to many of her descendants, the tendency to aortic aneurysms develops in later life and does not appear to be inherited.

AP



DR. DeBAKEY & DACRON TUBE
Three hours later . . .



AP

DUKE & DUCHESS OF WINDSOR
. . . a cheery chat.

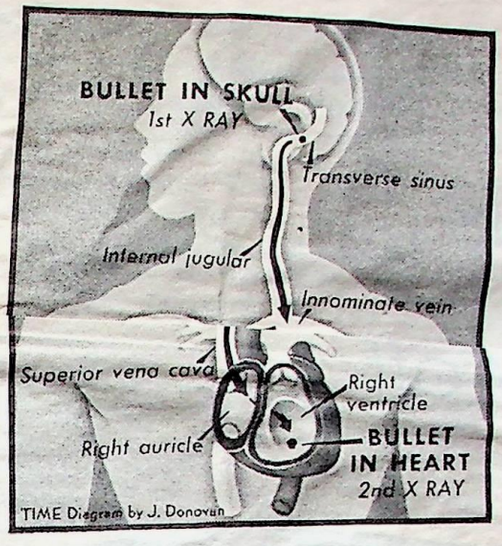
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

point below the right ear and had lodged in the left side of his skull. Dr. Frederick J. Gregory found that the boy's blindness was the result of bleeding inside the skull that caused pressure on the brain. When the hemorrhage was drained and bone fragments were removed, the boy recovered his sight. As for the bullet, it seemed best to leave it where it was.

Kelley recovered rapidly and was ready to go home. A final decided on a last-minute X ray, a final checkup for safety's sake. The results were astonishing: the bullet seemed to have disappeared. Then another X ray found it—lodged in the right ventricle (lower chamber) of Kelley's heart. Medical annals are full of cases in which wandering bullets have traveled from the chest, say, to such unlikely places as the knee. But the young Maine hunter had set what astounded doctors thought might be something of a record. Having been shot in the head, he wound up wounded in the heart.

Kelley was rushed by ambulance to Maine Medical Center in Portland, where Dr. Clement A. Hiebert had to do a 3½-hr. open-heart operation using a heart-lung machine to remove Kelley's bullet. But no less remarkable than Kelley's survival was the strange and tortuous route that the bullet fragment had followed. Slowed by smashing through his skull, it had landed in the left transverse sinus (a large vein). Then it had "flowed" in the bloodstream along the transverse sinus, down the main jugular vein and superior vena cava, into the right auricle (upper chamber) of the heart and through the tricuspid valve into the right ventricle. Thanks to the heart's muscular contractions, the fragment had worked halfway through the heart wall. If it had gone all the way, Kelley, who was ready to go home last week, would probably have died—just as if he had been shot in the heart in the first place. As it is, he will go home for Christmas.



KELLEY WITH NURSE & BULLET
Slow route through the skull

OBSTETRICS

A Cold Bath for Baby

To the vast majority of obstetricians it has always seemed not only sound medical practice but also plain common sense to keep a newborn baby warm—especially if it has difficulty beginning to breathe. In such cases, doctors have a standard treatment: with the baby held head down, they suck fluids out of his nose, mouth, throat and bronchi, and give oxygen. If after five minutes the baby still does not breathe, they may try artificial respiration or give more oxygen. But with the baby kept warm.

To Anatomist James A. Miller Jr. this seemed like one case in which common sense was dead wrong. Since the brain's extraction of oxygen from the blood is a biochemical process, Miller figured that a cooled brain will consume less oxygen, and be in less danger of damage from oxygen deprivation, than a warmed brain. Working with his wife Faith, also an anatomist, and using guinea pigs at Atlanta's Emory University, Dr. Miller found what he considered proof of his reasoning.

That was back in 1949, and all but a few U.S. obstetricians have remained terrified of putting a baby in an icy bath. But last week the Drs. Miller, now at Tulane University, told a Manhattan meeting of the American Academy for Cerebral Palsy that in Finland, Sweden and Switzerland, 150 babies have been chilled and not killed. The few who have died after cooling almost certainly would have died without it. And among the survivors, cerebral palsy is rare or unknown, whereas among babies who have suffered the same breathing difficulty and have been kept warm, cerebral palsy is common.

Dr. Miller does not advocate chilling as a routine treatment for the newborn. Indeed, he insists that it should not be started until a baby has failed to breathe for five minutes after delivery.* Then, while efforts to start respiration continue, the child should be immersed in cold tap water, flat on his back, so that only his mouth, nose, eyes and untrimmed umbilical cord are out of the water. The baby's blood may be cooled as low as 68°F. If the procedure ever wins wide U.S. approval, chilling might be helpful for several thousand babies a year who would otherwise die or be doomed to live with damaged brains.

Abortion, Legal & Illegal

Every year a million abortions are performed in the U.S., and 99% of them are illegal. Back-room operations, they endanger a woman's health and life. Some 8,000 are done by physicians in hospitals, with a semblance of legality, but even this is often a fiction. The law in virtually all 50 states declares that a therapeutic abortion is permissible only to save the mother's life. In some hospitals, doctors construe this liberally and do an abortion if the woman threatens suicide, especially if she is unmarried or has been raped.

Last week the prestigious, 3,000-member New York Academy of Medicine reported in effect that New York State's—and most of the nation's—abortion laws are hypocritical, and would be a farce if they did not prove fatal to so many women. Most doctors, said the academy's committee on public health, are so afraid of prosecution that safe abortions in hospitals have become fewer and fewer, while dangerous, illegal abortions have become ever more common.

The academy's prescription: amend the law to permit "therapeutic abortion where there is a substantial risk that the continuance of pregnancy would gravely impair the physical or mental health of the mother, or that the child would be born with grave physical or mental defects." As safeguards, the academy would require prior approval of an operation by a committee of hospital doctors, and the abortion would have to be done by a licensed physician under the usual safe, sterile conditions in a hospital.

TOXICOLOGY

Season's Warnings

Christmas has hazards as well as joys, and some of them are subtle poisons, says the National Safety Council. One old wives' tale holds that a tea brewed of mistletoe leaves or berries* is good for the circulation. Far from it, says the council: the tea can ruin even an adult's circulation to the point of killing him. A likelier danger from the floral decorations of a contemporary Christmas is that a youngster will pull off and chew one of the pretty, pointed green leaves of a poinsettia plant. These contain an acrid juice that can also be fatal.

* In adults, oxygen deprivation causes irreversible brain damage within about four minutes. Nature's wisdom gives the newborn an extra ten or 15 minutes.

* Said by Pliny to have been used by Druids as a cure for sterility, mistletoe extract is occasionally injected as a circulatory stimulant.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

SIEMENS

If you ask us:

"Aren't you a bit too far off for us?"

We're no further away than the telephone on your desk. Just ring us up! Active in all branches of electrical engineering, the Siemens Group maintains distribution companies or agencies offering full technical service in more than 100 different countries in all parts of the world. There you will find experienced engineers ready and willing to assist you in solving any given problem. The advantages are self-evident: consultation can begin on the spot. Engineers who are familiar with conditions in your part of the world will be in a position to evaluate experience already gained locally in designing the type of system you need.

And, after your system has been placed in service, we will always be on hand if help should be needed: our worldwide network of installation outposts, workshops and storage depots guarantees dependable customer service.

***The Siemens Group* — your experienced partner in all electrical engineering projects**

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

MILESTONES

orn. *To* Archduke Otto von Habs-52, scholarly pretender to the trian throne until 1961, when he re-nced his claim; and Princess Regina axe-Meiningen, 39: their seventh second son; in Munich.

ed. Abbe Lane, 32, Xavier Cu-ed-hot ... for 14 years un-ne divorced him last spring; un-Leff, 38, Hollywood talent agent; for the second time; in Manhattan.

arried. Charles Evans Hughes III, Manhattan architect, grandson of Chief Justice, and Kimberly Jean 40, freelance sportswriter, record er for the largest fish ever landed woman (a 1,525-lb. black marlin); for the second time; in Manhattan.

Divorced. By Les Paul, 48, electric arist who turned such oldtimers as w *High the Moon* into ear-popping hits: Mary Ford, 43, his sing-along ner; on grounds of cruelty; after ears of marriage, one child, now in s custody; in Hackensack, N.J.

ed. William Bendix, 58, comic and ter actor, whose fireplug face and e-mixer voice stole the show in han 50 Hollywood productions *Hairy Ape, The Babe Ruth Story*) n TV's *The Life of Riley*, a series a dopey factory riveter that so d the viewers it ran for eight bringing Bendix some $3,000,- in salary—which, as he put it, bad for a guy who was on relief in ", of pneumonia; in Los Angeles.

ed. Phil Davis, 58, cartoonist-crea-Mandrake the Magician, the silk-d, opera-cloaked hero who hypno-villains into paroxysms of fear and ed their bullets to putty with a snap is fingers in 253 newspapers for 30 rs; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Richard Joshua Reynolds, 58, yboy heir to a king-size slice of his er's tobacco empire (Camel, Win-. Salem), who scorned the family e to become a taxi driver, deck d, aviator, ship owner, horse breed-nd sometime Democratic politician, aging meanwhile to run through million of his $25 million inherit-settling three marriages; of chron-ulmonary emphysema; in Lucerne, zerland, 36 hours before his fourth gave birth to a daughter.

ied. Alberto Byington Jr., 60, Bra-an tycoon who pyramided his fa-r's multimillion-dollar holdings by es-lishing Brazil's first movie, record d air-conditioning companies, added etwork of 22 radio stations, 250 cold rage plants, and a major bauxite de-opment—all on top of a vast coffee ire; of hepatitis; in Rio de Janeiro.

Died. William Montgomery McGovern, 67, political science professor at Northwestern University, who was the first Westerner to enter Tibet's forbidden city of Lhasa, befriended Chinese Revolutionary Sun Yat-sen and served as a top World War II intelligence adviser, experiences that made his "Mc-Gov" lectures ... after a long illness; ... Evanston ...

Died. Carl Joachim Hambro, 79, longtime leader of Norway's Conservative Party (1926-34, 1945-54), and last president of the powerless League of Nations (1939-46), who in 1944 horrified the League by suggesting that small nations should not be accorded equal vote with great powers in international organizations; after a long illness; in Oslo.

Died. Vladimir Yourkevitch, 79, designer of France's famed *Normandie*, chief competitor of Britain's *Queens* for transatlantic honors in the 1930s, who in 1942 stood on a Manhattan pier as the ship burned and finally capsized, crying in vain to police holding him back that he alone had the knowledge to save the vessel; of cancer; in Yonkers, N.Y.

Died. Victor Hess, 81, Austrian-born physicist who, after taking radiation measurements during ten balloon ascensions over Europe in the early 1900s, descended to announce that radiation in the atmosphere resulted from "cosmic rays," not from radioactivity in the earth as had previously been supposed, a theory that was eventually accepted and won him the 1936 Nobel Prize; in Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Died. Lord Woolton, 81, Churchill's food minister from 1940 to 1943, known to his friends as "the greatest quartermaster since Moses" and to the rest of Britain as the man who introduced ration points and the meatless "Woolton Pie" (potatoes, vegetables, oatmeal and gravy), who became Tory Party chairman in 1946 and helped engineer the party's return to power by easing out oldtimers and rebuilding the treasury; of a heart attack; in Sussex, England.

Died. Alexander Meiklejohn, 92, pioneer of progressive education whose views were honored last year with the award of a Presidential Freedom Medal after early decades of rejection, notably in 1923, when he was forced to resign as Amherst College president for scorning standard disciplines in favor of social science and philosophy, and again in 1934, when his Experimental College at Wisconsin University (no grades or exams) was deemed infeasible and disbanded after seven years; of pneumonia; in Berkeley, Calif.

SIEMENS

and Auchel

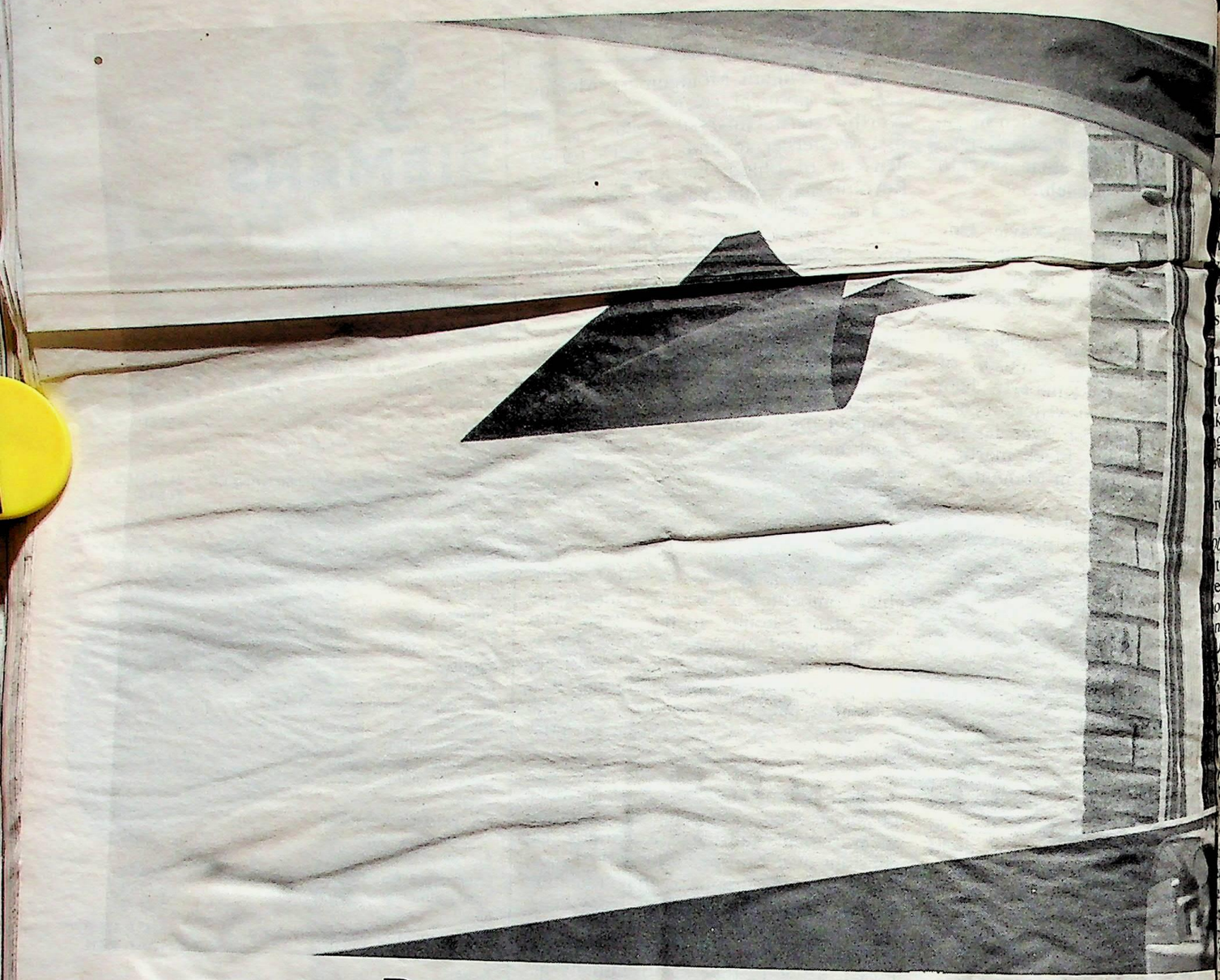
Siemens Afghanistan Ltd. Djade Maiwand 67—68 Kabul	2 19 11/12 2 40 03
Siemens Resident Engineer 91, Sparks Street Rangoon	1 06 24
Jebsen & Co. 12, Pedder Street Hong Kong	3 53 61
Siemens Engineering & Manufacturing Co. of India Ltd · Raj Mahal 84, Veer Nariman Road Bombay-1	24 62 21/25 24 50 07
Siemens Indonesia Office Kebon Sirih 4 Djakarta	OG 4 79 81, OG 4 79 82, OG 4 79 83
Siemens Iraq Co. W.L.L. Electrical Engineers and Contractors Sa'adoon Street Baghdad	8 61 27/29
Siemens Iran Sherkate Sahami Kh. Takhte Djamshid No. 32 Teheran	6 08 71
Siemens Liaison Office Marunouchi 2-chome 8 Naka 10th Bldg., Annex Tokyo	211-1754 211-1755
F. A. Kettaneh & Co. Ltd. King Hussein Street Amman	799, 910
Eisenberg & Co., Inc. Bando Building Seoul	2-08 35, 2-40 24, 2-44 76
Abdulmajeed Al-Gharabally & Co. Gharabally Street Kuwait	32634, 32838 32017, 35411
Ets. F.A. Kettaneh S.A. Rue du Port Beyrouth	22 11 80
Joachim Scheye Al-Hussein Street Beyrouth	25 39 30
Siemens Pakistan Eng. Co. Ltd. Victoria Road Karachi	5 59 11
Machinery and Engineering Supplies Inc. Ayala Blvd. Ext. Corner Camagong Makati, Rizal Manila	8 72 31
The Cycle & Carriage Co. (Malaya) Ltd. Siemens Department 362, Jalan Tuanko Abdul Rahman Kuala Lumpur	8 03 81/85
Syrian Import Export Distribution Co., S.A.S. Port Said Street Damas	1 34 31/33
B. Grimm & Co. R.O.P. 63, Nakorn Sawan Road Bangkok	2 66 61/65
Trans-Ocean Trading Comp. 78, Po Ai Road Taipei	2 30 94, 4 43 91
Groupement d'Achats Mines Industries 94, Boul. Hai-Ba-Trung Saigon	2 39 92

SIEMENS & HALSKE AG
SIEMENS-SCHUCKERTWERKE AG
Berlin · München · Erlangen

D88

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri



Destination: Oblivion?

We're not kidding anybody. Carbon paper will always be with us—in some applications it's the only answer. But there are drawbacks. Carbon paper smudges and smears, it comes off on copies, people and things. It's bulky. After you've used it, you have to throw it away.

That isn't true with NCR Paper. Since it makes copies without pigment (it uses a chemical dye), there's no smudging or smearing—nothing extra to throw away. NCR Paper can save you up to ten times its cost. Ask your forms supplier for proof. Then throw away some of your smudgy, smeary, bulky paper.

NCR *Paper* / multiple copies without carbons

NCR

Be sure to visit the NCR Pavilion at the New York World's Fair • The National Cash Register Company • Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A. 45409

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

U.S. BUSINESS

AUTOS

Bumper-to-Bumper Crop

f all the year-end statements cus-arily made by U.S. businessmen, the heerful came last week from De-The re reason than most to cheer, have spite crippling strikes that cost them production of more than half a mil-n cars, it appears that the industry have its first 8,000,000-car year in tory in 1964. By Dec. 10 the auto-kers had already sold 7,139,135 pas-ger cars; barring disaster, they are ually certain to sell another 465,000 year's end. With sales of 475,000 reign cars counted in, total U.S. sales 1964 will thus come to some 8,079,-00, about 400,000 more than 1963's time high. In achieving this record, e auto industry probably contributed ore than any other single factor to the ntinued advance of the U.S. economy.

Up to 8,700,000. Now that a new rd in 1964 seems reasonably cer-, the big guessing game is about well the industry will do in 1965. week the top men in Detroit took k ahead, agreed that the industry have another bumper-to-bumper but disagreed—to the tune of t 700,000 cars—about just how the year will be. Cautious but mistic, General Motors Chairman deric Donner predicted that 1965 "could well exceed the long-term estimate of 7,800,000 cars and proximate the levels reached in 4." Chrysler President Lynn Town-said flatly that "the industry is now e process of putting two 8,000,000-years back to back," estimated that 00,000 cars will be sold in 1965. erican Motors President Roy Aber-hy agreed that 1965 sales will sur-ss 1964's, predicted that the industry ll sell 45 million new cars in the next years. Henry Ford II topped them : 1965 sales, said he, "may well be high as 8,700,000."

G.M.'S NEW EASTERN HEADQUARTERS
Controversy in the air.

To demonstrate confidence in their predictions, the automakers scheduled the production of 2,600,000 autos in 1965's first quarter—a record for any quarter—and announced vast increases over 1964 in their spending plans. By maintaining what Chairman George Love calls a "conservative dividend policy," Chrysler was able to raise its capital-spending figures by $50 million to $350 million, 80% of which will be spent in the U.S. Ford hiked its program 50%, will spend $400 million at home and $300 million overseas, although President Arjay Miller said that strike-incurred losses had cost the company 10% of its potential earnings in 1964. General Motors' Donner and President John Gordon raised earlier plans to spend $1 billion to $1.1 billion, 20% more than 1964; 75% will be spent in the U.S. Part of G.M.'s capital spending for the next few years will go into a new Eastern headquarters, a controversial 48-story Manhattan tower that will be completed by 1968 on the site of the tradition-encrusted Savoy Plaza Hotel; G.M. has bought half ownership of the new building from its British planners.

1964's auto sales: Compact sales continued their decline, dropping to only 20.1% of the market from 29% in 1963. Their place was largely taken by the intermediates, which captured about 18% of the market. The Pontiac Tempest, the Oldsmobile F-85 and the Buick Special, all of which were upgraded from compact to intermediate in the fall of 1963, made sales gains of 72%, 41% and 26% respectively. Reinforcing this customer trading-up was a further proliferation of optional equipment, ranging from chrome-plated air cleaners to rear-seat speakers. "So many different combinations are available now," says Pontiac Division's General Manager "Pete" Estes, "that we could build 18,184,320 Pontiacs without building two cars alike."

As usual, there were both winners and losers even in a good year. Ford's highly successful Mustang, a quarter of a million of which have been sold since its introduction in April, helped boost the company's sales 9.6% and increase its share of the market from 25.6% to 27.8%. G.M.'s Chevrolet Division, the industry leader, which sold nearly a third of all U.S. cars a few years ago, actually suffered a 5% decline in sales, dropping to 28% of the market. Sales at American Motors, the compact company that has failed to share in Detroit's prosperity, were down 14%. Despite its plight, American is looking toward the new model year with just as much anticipation as its bigger brothers. In March it plans to introduce a fastback Rambler called the Marlin, hoping that it will serve as good bait for the customers who got away in 1964.

AP

FORD'S FORD & MILLER

G.M.'S GORDON & DONNER

ART SHAY—FORTUNE

CHRYSLER'S LOVE & TOWNSEND

18,184,320 different combinations in the plants.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

WALL STREET

Assessing Gilt

AAA may mean the American Automobile Association to millions of Americans, but to cities, states and corporations in search of money it is a supreme symbol of solvency, the highest accolade Wall Street can bestow. Armed with that much-sought but carefully dispensed rating, a borrower can attract more investors, get by with paying lower interest rates on loans, and generally profit by the blue-chip aura that prime rating bestows in the business world. As more and more local and state governments look to bond offerings for financing—a new record of $10.3 billion in bonds will be offered this year

DAVID GAHR

MOODY'S ANALYSTS IN RATING CONFERENCE

Letters mean a lot.

—a high bond rating becomes all-important. Last week, for example, when the state of California offered the largest tax-exempt issue floated this year, for $150 million worth of school and general construction bonds, its AAA rating quickly attracted all the lenders it needed.

Trusted Guide. Because investors generally follow their decisions to the letter, the few bond houses that judge who will receive what ratings have become powerful and much-wooed forces in U.S. finance. Even before borrowers register their plans with the Securities and Exchange Commission, they call on one or all of the nation's three bond-rating services—Dun & Bradstreet, Moody's and Standard & Poor's. With briefcases stuffed full of balance sheets and revenue and repayment schedules, they are quizzed by committees of experts. Of the two largest services, Standard & Poor's makes 11,000 ratings a year, Moody's 9,000. "It is a judgment of analysts," says Moody's Vice President Edmund Vogelius. "No computer can come up with a rating."

After every detail is weighed, the committee hands down its decision in a terse alphabetical shorthand. At Moody's, which pioneered the rating system back in 1909, the four top grades are Aaa, Aa, A and Baa, ranging from prime quality to faintly speculative. Standard & Poor's goes in for the upper case: AAA, AA, A and BBB. Dun & Bradstreet, which also owns Moody's but makes its own independent assessments, spells out its scale: prime, better good, good, medium good.

The idea of the ratings is to provide investors with a handy, trusted guide to the borrower's ability to repay. Below the top four grades, down through the Bs and Cs, come the outright speculative bonds. A Standard & Poor's C means that the borrower is not paying interest; D is the lowest, warning investors of a default. For the borrower, the difference of one grade can mean a difference of as much as .5% in the interest rate.

No Hesitation. Though the bond houses inspect the same figures and usually arrive at comparable ratings, Moody's has the reputation of being more conservative, while Standard & Poor's gives greater consideration to future prospects. Last October, for example, Moody's bumped New York State from its prime rating of Aaa to a high-quality rating of Aa because of its concern over the state's need to find new sources of tax revenue. Standard & Poor's stuck by its AAA rating, and so did the bond market, which snapped up the New York bonds without hesitation. Deep in debt from urban renewal, Baltimore last month took a one-grade demotion from Moody's, from Aa to A. Dun & Bradstreet, on the other hand, recently decided that Camden, N.J., deserved a promotion to "good."

The importance of a good bond rating became especially clear last week when two separate Mississippi issues were put on the market. Bankers hardly nibbled at the first one, a $24.6 million water-supply-district issue bearing a Baa rating. The rating made the real difference, Wall Streeters insisted, and plea by the National Association the Advancement of Colored Peo investors to boycott the state. The day two Mississippi school-improve issues totaling $8,775,000 were snap up by two New York syndi Moody's (Aa) and Standard & (A) had decided that the school b had enough gilt on their edges.

CORPORATIONS

An Attraction of Opposites

With its National Broadcasting C its soaring business in color televis and its $560 million a year in defe and space sales, the Radio Corporat of America has long been the wor No. 1 electronics company. Its imagi tive and aggressive chairman, Da Sarnoff, has ambitions for RCA to much more than that. Having emerged from six years of losses on computers, RCA has twice this mo raised its bid to grab more of the worl wide computer market now dominat by International Business Machines. its most costly move since entering t field in 1958, RCA brought out a ne line of computers (called Spectra 70 with integrated circuits that it clai are faster and cheaper to make than transistor circuits that run most co puters. Next, it signed a ten-year agree ment with West Germany's giant elec tronics and computer company, Siemen & Halske, to swap patent licenses a technical data in a bid to compete w General Electric in Europe.

Last week Sarnoff arranged another alliance with potentially vast conse quences. In what would be a $140 mi lion stock swap, he offered to absor Prentice-Hall Inc. of Englewood Cli N.J., a leading publisher of textbook and specialized business literature. A though Prentice-Hall's 1963 sales $68.4 million are dwarfed by RCA $1.78 billion gross revenues, the merg could result in revolutionary advanc in communications and teaching met ods by linking electronics with the pri ed word—for instance, computer-co trolled printing at fantastic speeds d livered electrically to homes and offic

Both firms seem to have just th sort of thing in mind. Highly diversifi Prentice-Hall publishes books, loose-le reporting services, newsletters a training materials, and a subsidiary o fers residence and correspondenc courses in brokerage and investmen The company is also developing audi visual devices and programmed mater als for teaching. Says Chairman (& co-founder) Richard Prentice Ettinge "We're going into an era of educatio involving more than books. We'll p our knowledge together and beat every body." Added Sarnoff: "I believe th will advance the art of communication as a whole."

The merger (still subject to approv by both boards of directors and stock holders) was fostered by the hands

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

of broker: Prentice-Hall President
roll V. Newsom, onetime (1956-61)
sident of New York University, who
member of RCA's board. After the
erger, he will be joined on the board
Ettinger.

MANAGEMENT

ast from Simon

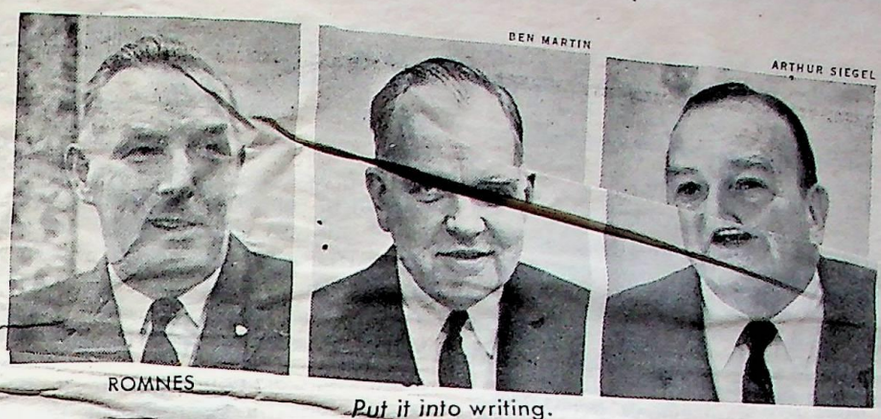
os Angeles businessman Norton Si-
n is not an easy
ether he is buying the paintings with
ich he surrounds himself or acquir-
interests in a growing list of com-
nies. The boss of the $400 million
nt Foods & Industries, he is also a
jor stockholder in McCalls and sev-
l other companies, recently bought
American Broadcasting-Paramount
eatres and acquired a 23% interest in
anada Dry. Simon may crack a few
ecutive heads behind the scenes once
e takes over a company, but his take-
ers have not been marked by public
ncor. Last week, however, he let fly
the former boss of one of his newest
mpanies, excoriating the man in terms
ely heard in the business world.

When he took over last month as
irman of West Virginia's Wheeling
l, said Simon, he found the nation's
th largest steel producer in sorry
e. Wheeling's profits have dropped
most 50% since last year despite a
rise in sales, and its stock has
ped from 41 to as low as 23¼. In
Simon frankly told a special meet
of stockholders in Manhattan, the
pany may lose up to $8,000,000
t year, dividends will have to be
ended for several years, and much
e and new financing may be required
ut the company back in shape. And
was to blame for the mess?

mon laid the blame squarely on
iam A. Steele, 64, the former chair-
n of Wheeling Steel, who resigned a
weeks before Simon took over.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

WHEELING STEEL'S SIMON
Look into the past.



BEN MARTIN

ARTHUR SIEGEL

ROMNES

Put it into writing.

Steele, said Simon, was "not even a good vice president," and his salary of $140,000 a year was "preposterous." Under Steele's direction, said Simon, Wheeling had been "too steel-industry-minded"—it won the praise of the industry for its selected price increases in 1963—and had "wanted to be a good friend and good fellow instead of concentrating on doing a good job."

Simon hinted at possible instances of mismanagement, ordered a three-man committee of review to look into the company's past dealings. The committee's first case: a $70 million Wheeling contract for a Blaw-Knox hot strip mill at a time when, says Simon, Blaw-Knox had little experience in such work—but did have a member on the Wheeling board. Giving Blaw-Knox the order, said Simon, was like "buying an Edsel with a Ford on the board." What did William Steele think of Simon's blast? "Without justification," he said, taking off just enough time from his quail-shooting vacation in Florida to say it.

Three at the Top

Three executives of major U.S. corporations were picked last week for bigger roles of command. The men:

▶ H. I. (for Haakon Ingolf) Romnes, 57, was elected president of American Telephone & Telegraph Co. to succeed retiring Eugene McNeely. Romnes, the Wisconsin-born son of an immigrant Norwegian baker, made his mark at A.T. & T. as an electrical engineer, won six patents in circuit design at Bell Laboratories before moving on to the operating side. As president of Western Electric, A.T. & T.'s manufacturing arm, from 1959 until early this year, he shaved the lead time on orders and deliveries for such critical items as cable. Romnes is a gentle and friendly executive whose great strength is persuasion and persistence; his skill is convincing people that the impossible is possible—and then seeing that it gets done. Moving up from A.T. & T.'s vice chairmanship, he becomes the firm's chief operating executive under Chairman Frederick R. Kappel, who faces mandatory retirement at 65 in January 1967.

▶ Robert P. Williford, 64, who retired last August as the $64,650-a-year vice chairman of Hilton Hotels Corp. (1963 sales: $226 million), was elected the surprise successor to Conrad N. Hilton, 78, as president and chief executive officer. Hilton stepped aside (he remains chairman) only because the SEC and the New York Stock Exchange insisted on separate executives when the company recently spun off its more profitable overseas operations into a separate Hilton International Co. that accounted for $60.3 million of Hilton's 1963 sales. Hilton will continue to head the international branch. Texas-born Bob Williford, a social friend and bridge crony of Hilton, started in 1932 as a $30-a-month room clerk in the original Dallas Hilton Hotel after the Depression collapsed his bond business. Gradually, he became Hilton's closest associate in building the company into the world's largest hotel chain. While Hilton made deals, Williford shaped day-to-day operating procedures. An easygoing executive who campaigns constantly for greater hotel courtesy, he has headed such famous Hilton properties as Manhattan's Roosevelt and Plaza hotels, Chicago's Conrad Hilton and Palmer House. A big color photo of Conrad Hilton dominates his Chicago office.

▶ Henry White Gadsden, 53, will take over as president and chief executive officer of Merck & Co., the big (1963 sales: $264 million) New Jersey pharmaceutical and chemical firm, when his boss, John T. Connor, leaves the post next month to become Lyndon Johnson's Secretary of Commerce (*see* THE U.S.). New York City-born, Yale-educated ('33) Gadsden was a vice president of Sharp & Dohme when it merged with Merck in 1953. As Merck's executive vice president since 1955, with a salary of $124,600 a year, the soft-spoken Gadsden has impressed colleagues with a talent for flawless recall. An administrative catalyst, he likes to have men around him who disagree with one another. Although he gets "many excellent ideas" from "casual chats" with employees on his worldwide visits to Merck plants, Gadsden likes to see things in writing. Says he: "People who can't put ideas into words don't really have a grip on them." Gadsden has a grip on 18,693 shares of Merck (.058% of its common stock), plus retirement incentive and other options on 22,215 shares more.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

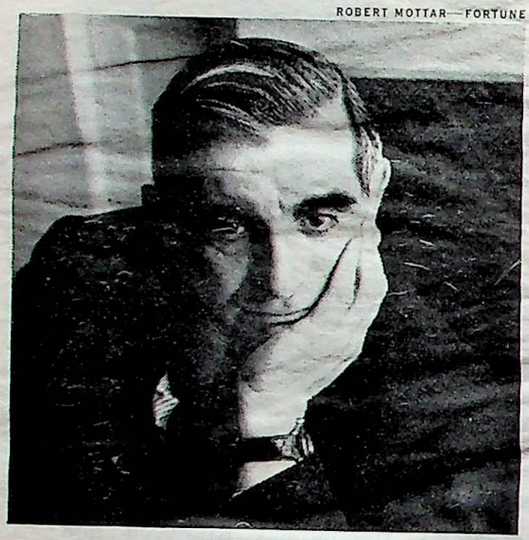
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

BRITAIN

The Halfhearted Economy

Britain is a tiny land, smaller than Sweden or Italy, but its problems are as vast as its pride. Once the source of the greatest colonial empire since the days of the Romans, it has only with reluctance adapted to an age in which empire has withered—and with it much of the commercial power of a nation that must live by trade or perish. This year has been unkind for Britain; the Labor Party's victory has only served to accentuate problems that the defeated Conservatives had struggled with for months. The pound has been put in peril, confidence in Britain's ability to adjust to the demands of the day has shrunk, and over the island that Blake called a "green and pleasant land" has grown an economic cloud that confuses, frightens and frequently infuriates its stalwart inhabitants.

ROBERT MOTTAR—FORTUNE



SIR LEON BAGRIT
Echoes of peril in an unkind year.

Like a Fire. Last week, only a few weeks after the pound underwent one of its greatest tests of the century, Britain's cloud seemed to darken perceptibly. Talk swept London's City—and the Continent—about the further lack of trust in Labor, about the possibility of the pound's devaluation, and about a deterioration in the balance of trade. Though not all—perhaps not much—of the gossip was solidly based on fact, it burned as persistently and as contagiously as a fire in a peat bog.

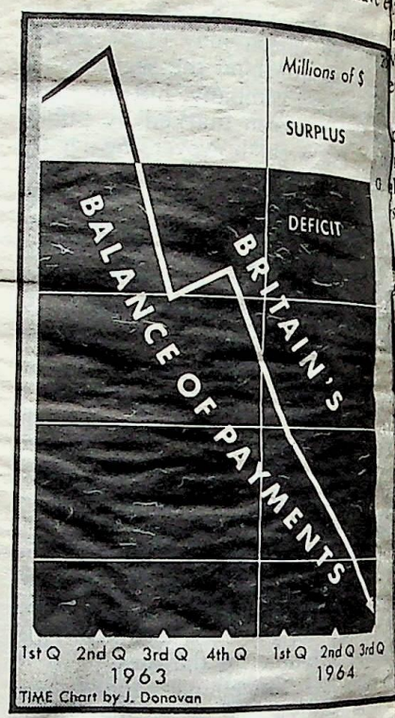
The hard news fed the fire. Britain's government revealed that the trade deficit widened by another $288 million in November. The price of gold was pushed so high by the uncertainty—to the highest level since the Cuban missile crisis—that the Bank of England rushed to support both the securities market and the pound sterling. In a desperate effort to help alleviate its economic problems, Britain announced that it had taken advantage of a 1957 agreement and arranged a postponement of $138.1 million in repayments due the U.S. and $34.3 million due Canada on British reconstruction loans. As if all that were not enough, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) denounced as "inconsistent" the 15% surtax Britain had placed on imports in an effort to right the out-of-joint balance of trade, and demanded that it be removed. Says Sir Leon Bagrit, the chairman of Elliott-Automation Ltd.: "The British economy is a little like Gulliver in Lilliput, when he could not move because of hundreds of cords holding him back."

Attitude of Insularity. What are the cords that hold back what was once one of the world's most powerful economies—and now is one of its most troubled? There are no great secrets about the failure of the British economy to meet its challenges: its root troubles lie in listless management, the wasteful use of labor, small-scale and inefficient production and indifferent salesmanship. At the heart of these manifestations is less of an inherent economic weakness than a national attitude of insularity, a stubborn refusal from top to bottom to believe that Britain's standard of living—and its standing in a prospering world—depends on how much it can sell to a world that is increasingly choosy about what it buys from whom.

Britain's plight would not be so severe were it not for the nation's present eminence in the world's monetary structure. Such nations as France and Italy are better able to undergo economic crises than Britain, whose sterling is the world's second reserve currency after the dollar. Sterling is thus held temporarily by persons all over the world because of the ease with which it can be used in banking and trading—and many of them tend to unload it as quickly as possible when it seems to be threatened by economic difficulties. Since Britain buys so much more than it sells, three-quarters of its sterling reserves are in foreign hands, a fact that straps the British economy into a straitjacket. The only way out of the jacket is to increase greatly the amount of sterling Britain earns.

Britain needs to import vast quantities of food and raw material to live, but it seems increasingly unable to afford the price of these imports. Although British exports are still among the world's highest and have risen steadily in absolute terms, the nation's share of world exports has been steadily declining. A measure of Britain's plight is that the Beatles' 1963 overseas earnings of $56 million was hailed as a major contribution to the balance of payments. Another measure is that in the past decade Britain has almost exactly reversed positions with Germany, where Britain had 20.9% of world exports of manufactured goods in 1953, and Germany only 13.4%, Germany, by latest figures, has 20.2% v. Britain's 13.7%. In a land that reveres Dickens, Mr. Micawber's terse economics seem very apt: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."

No Miracle. Britain's misery lies deep in its industrial and commercial bones. While other European nations have experienced a postwar "economic miracle," Britain's average growth rate over the past decade has been only an unexciting 2½%, among the lowest of Western industrial nations. Its industrial production has increased by only a third in the past decade, while such nations as Japan, France, Germany and Italy have more than doubled production. Improvement in productivity in most branches of British industry has been meager. Britain, in short, has been living considerably beyond her means.



Britain's industry, while boasting some of the world's most efficient companies (such as those in electrical equipment and chemicals) is generally antiquated; three out of every five of its machine-tool population of 1,484,49 are more than ten years old and mo than one in five is over 20 years o While Britain had 75 computers in stalled in 1957 v. 55 for the entire Com mon Market, six years later it had only 550 against the Market's 1,500. U Management Consultant William N Allen has pointed out that it takes three

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

ons to produce a ton of steel *v.* one
erican worker, that shipbuilding in
tain uses about 40% more men than
essary, and that it takes three to
times as long to build a house in
itain as in the U.S. Asked Allen:
Britain a half-time country, get-
half-pay for half-work under half-
ted management?"

Many Britons—as well as others—
that it is. "In this country," says
Leon Bagrit, "there is some resist-
e to change, whereas in ... 'change'
is equated with 'good.'" "What do
need in this country?" asks Joe Hy-
n, chairman of Viyella International.
a word: change, the acceptance of
nge." But no one has better summed
what is wrong with Britain—and
at it needs—than Viscount Watkin-
, the boss of Schweppes Ltd. To sur-
e, he told his countrymen, they must
come "a nation of salesmen."

Bagmen & Touts. The difficulties of
ch a transition can be seen in the
risory names that British give their
lesmen: bagmen, touts, counter jump-
s. The no-sell approach may have been
right in the days when a manufac-
r had only to stamp "Made in Brit-
on his product and wait for the
d to come running for it, but it
not work now. "It certainly won't
r the 1960s," said *The Director,* a
gement publication, "and it could
end of us in the 1970s."

ritain's inability to hold its own in
—while the most dramatic of its
bles—is only symptomatic of the
o-seated attitudes of the British bus-
sman. Britain is operating today at
% of industrial capacity, and at a
1.47% unemployment rate. Under
circumstances, many British exec-
es do not care to expand their op-
ons to scramble for overseas mar-
, where competition is open and
its run to 5% *v.* 15% possible at
me. Of the 6,000 firms in Britain that
port, 200 account for one-half of all
e nation's exports, and fully a third of
e total is accounted for by only 70
mpanies. The remark of I. H. Levi-
n, managing director of the British
oe Corp., is typical of the British
usinessman's attitude: "Exports are
t very profitable, and we can sell all
e want on the home market." Or, as
other British businessman put it, "I
eady have one Rolls. What could I do
h a second?"

British firms, unlike foreign competi-
s, tend to keep their better salesmen
domestic rounds, frequently do not
ther to send salesmen abroad at all,
rely hopefully on agents to sell for
em. Salesmen who do go overseas
en find themselves outnumbered: for
ery British salesman, one survey has
own, there are 2 Germans, 2.3 Amer-
ans and 2.8 Japanese. Salesmen are
equently hampered additionally be-
use their firms neglect to learn the
arket. "Many British manufacturers,"
mplains an Australian department-

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

MR. MICAWBER
In a choosy world, a declining share.

store buyer, "do not even know that American garment sizes are generally used in Australia."

Bad Management. All this adds up to a major failure of British management. Cecil King, chairman of International Publishing Corp., has said: "The standard of management in business in this country is abysmally low. Too many old men cling on long past their ability to contribute anything. Too many jobs are given to school friends or relations." The average age of 100 top British executives was recently given as 61—older than either bishops or members of the Cabinet. Many companies are still family-owned and fusty, and the existence of an "Old Boy" network of gentlemen amateurs discourages the formation of an industrial meritocracy. Many executives lack professional business training—and there are few places where they could train anyway: there are only about 600 management students in the entire country.

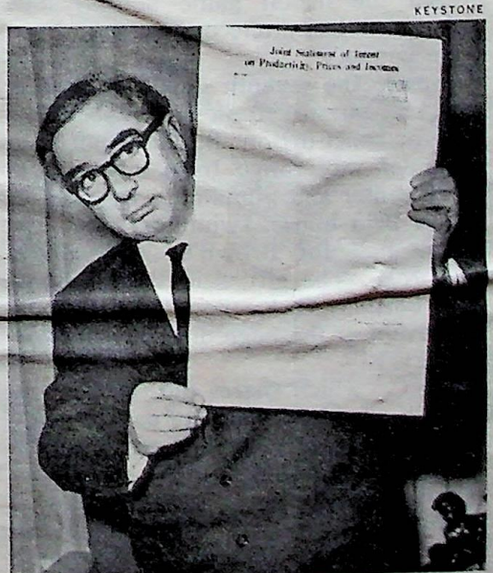
While the advance of technology has produced professional managers elsewhere, many of Britain's 500,000 managers are arrogantly suspicious of the new breed of engineers and scientists, and slow to spend money on research. "Of all the countries I know," said Author C. P. Snow, now Parliamentary Secretary of the newly formed Ministry of Technology, "this country respects engineers least." Result: a brain drain that has robbed Britain in recent years of some of its best scientific talent. British managers also tend to look down their noses at the self-made man and in the opinion of Sir George Briggs, deputy chairman of Hawker Siddeley Industries, "to root out the prejudice that trade is non U."

Britain's organized labor has its own set of cobwebs. The archaic trade-union structure, a bewildering complex of 623 unions, is involved in continual controversy over jurisdiction. One firm may have to deal—as does Ford of Dagenham—with as many as 21 different unions within one plant. Still, the lack of notice, severance pay and worker retraining has made British labor among the least protected in all Western countries and often moved workers to resist whatever changes are attempted. This situation encourages overemployment—one of Britain's main labor problems—makes it more difficult and expensive for firms to export, and tends to make all workers progress at the speed of the slowest.

More Than Declarations. To cure such ills, economists believe, Britain must change the very milieu in which its economy operates, acquiring in the process a thirst for efficiency and modernization. The nation that sired the Industrial Revolution two centuries ago needs a new revolution. It can be nothing less than the sort of upheaval that Jean Monnet wrought in France, when in the mid-'50s he was able to shake his nation out of its sloppy practices. The Labor government has made only a beginning: it has offered tax rebates to companies that increase their trade abroad, given new hope and *esprit* to the scientific community. Last week Minister for Economic Affairs George Brown—whose ministry was created by the Labor government—signed with representatives of unions and management a historic declaration of intention meant to keep wages and prices stable.

The deeds and declarations all had a stirring ring, and there are prophecies that Britain is about to rebound. "The giant is now stirring," says Sir Leon Bagrit, "and at last a determined effort to modernize is about to begin." It had better begin soon. In the new world war of hard international trade, the panzers of the more progressive trading nations are often merciless. With too many gentlemen amateurs still in command, the British economy is still badly outgunned.

KEYSTONE



BROWN WITH WAGE-PRICE AGREEMENT
Out of crisis, glittering prophecies.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

UNIVERSITIES

The Climate at Berkeley

To mutinous students at the Berkeley campus, the University of California's board of regents last week "reconfirmed" itself as the "ultimate authority for student discipline," and then moved in the direction of granting the major student demand.

President Clark Kerr opened the meeting in the paneled Regents' Room of the University's Los Angeles campus with a long report on such scholarly research as treatment for fruit canker and survival of the condor. Finally, he brought up the subjects that had summoned Governor Pat Brown from Sacramento and newsmen from all over the state. Should the 23 regents under Chairman Edward Carter accept a demand, supported by Berkeley students and faculty, that a committee of professors henceforth pass judgment in student discipline cases? And should the university abandon its regents-conferred right to add its own punishment to any given out by courts to students arrested for illegal action—typically for civil rights demonstrations?

The regents rejected the first proposal by insisting that discipline must remain primarily up to the university administration and ultimately the regents. On the issue of political protests, the regents named a three-member committee to investigate and report next spring. Its instructions are to review university policy "with the intent of providing maximum freedom," including free-speech and due-process protection guaranteed by the Constitution.

One regent summed up the climate of opinion. "Trying to determine what kind of student activity is legal was an ill-conceived stand in the first place," he said. "In the end you have to let the courts decide what is lawful."

Two-Time Winners

Getting a gift of several million dollars "won't make your life any happier," the Ford Foundation's James W. Armsey warns panting university officials. Though the money "is comforting to contemplate, the new level of excellence the grants are designed to help you reach is disturbing and disruptive to achieve." Since 1960, the foundation has generously disrupted ten universities and 47 private liberal arts colleges with gifts amounting to $200 million. Last week Ford raised the total by $18.5 million, awarded matching grants to Brown, Brandeis, and the University of Southern California.

JULIAN WASSER

KERR, BROWN (IN DARK-RIMMED GLASSES) & CARTER AT REGENTS' MEETING

The canker of the fruit, the survival of the condor, and the behavior of the student.

Each school must match the payment within three years—by raising $2 for every $1 of philanthropy in the case of Brown and $3 for every $1 in the case of richer U.S.C. and Brandeis. The rules were familiar. The trio had played the match game before, thus joining a select circle of two-time Ford grant winners.*

▶ Brown, the seventh oldest college in the U.S., earmarked most of its $5,000,000 for construction. Buildings planned or under way range from a graduate-study center and humanities building to a new field house, swimming pool and dining hall for Brown's sister school Pembroke. The gift, said Brown President Barnaby C. Keeney, "is an important event at the beginning of our third century."

▶ U.S.C., which shares the record with Brandeis for matching its earlier grant about two years ahead of schedule, used that money to polish a new reputation for nurturing scholarship as well as football heroes. The administration established cash awards for outstanding teaching and research, revamped the liberal-arts and graduate c lums. U.S.C. will invest its new grant of $7,500,000 in long-ter dowments, use matching funds fo rent operations and plant expansio

▶ Fast-growing Brandeis, having up more than 50 major building years, will slow down the rate o construction. Almost all of its $6,0 000 from Ford will go toward sch ships, fellowships, and endowme more than 30 faculty ch endowment; $400,000). "Here we a teen-ager among the universit ants," said President Abram L. Sach "and we had better be good to wa going steady with the best." With latest gift, he added, "we will secu virtually all our tenured professorsh in one fell swoop. This will make ac demic history."

* Others: Johns Hopkins, Notre Dame.

TEACHING

New Views on Grades

Schools use the word grade in tw quite different senses: as a chronolog cal measurement of class levels and a mark of student performance. By c incidence, there is now a small b growing trend to drop grades—in bo senses. One out of four large-sized scho districts combines first, second and th grades into a single primary unit. Chi dren learn at their own fast or slow pace without competing to hurdle the artificial barrier of promotion, and the only mark they get is the deliberate ly vague judgment of "satisfactory" o "unsatisfactory."

Detroit public schools next term wil try a new kind of ungradedness. Kin dergarten and first grade will be com bined, and a bit later the second grad will be added to the mix. Most chi dren will remain in the big non-gra for three years before entering co ventional third grade, but the new fle ibility will allow some pupils to finish two years while requiring others to ta four.

High schools, while not tempted t eliminate grades as year levels, are u der pressure to eliminate grades marks. New York's influential and form-minded Public Education Assoc tion argues that in some cases ma spur bright, college-bound students take easy courses just to inflate th academic record.

Colleges are also getting leary grades-are-everything competition. T first major school to act is Californ Institute of Technology, which week eliminated freshman grades. C tech's ferociously smart freshmen still take exams and do graded hom work assignments, but at the end of t freshman year students will simply pa or fail. With grades "unattainable," Fa ulty Chairman Ernest H. Swift hope that freshmen "will find it easier to co centrate on the content of their cours This, in turn, may enable them to ma more sensible choices as to the invest ment of their time and energy."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Study in Depth

World Without Sun. Like a giant mollusk, the two-man diving saucer glides toward its parking garage on the floor of the Red Sea. Near by lies a five-room underwater house looking like a huge plumbing joint made of stubby cylinders. Here seven pioneer oceanauts lived and worked for a month during the summer of 1963. Life in and around their pelagic tank town is the subject of this eerie, colorful documentary by Jacques-Yves Cousteau, a successor to his awesome epic, *The Silent World.*

Oddly enough, the film is most absorbing when Cousteau lets his camera or his commentary dwell on the extraordinary detail of his men's day-to-day existence. In the heavy air, laden with double the normal amount of oxygen, cuts and abrasions heal overnight. Beards almost stop growing. In the 86-ft. Deep Cabin, the male larynx, in reaction to helium, produces shrill chipmunk sounds. The men listen to music, keep house, play chess, pamper a parrot, and begin to feel strangely detached from events in the surface world. Jewel-bright sea creatures hover outside the glass windows, coolly observing behavior in the manfish bowl. When divers venture into the abysmal blue depths to explore, they come upon sharks, barracuda, and marine life hitherto unheard of—all recorded in skillful underwater photography that magnifies even minute plankton into glittering monstrosities.

"Alone in the sea at night, I am always afraid," one veteran diver confesses. The audience shares his fear and fascination, and occasionally even his lethargy becomes swimmingly real. It is hypnotic and hilarious to watch a school of scallops, threatened by a starfish, go snapping across the ocean bottom like a herd of stampeding dentures. The film has its faults: it grows repetitious and tries to provide variety with music full of scubadoo cuteness. Thus, by the time the saucer plunges down for a climactic survey of the queer fish and mating crabs found at the 1,000-ft. ready to surrender all the human marine miracles a landlubber can tolerate at one sitting.

OCEANAUTS' HOME IN "WORLD"
Town for the menfish.

Bacchanalian Bash

Zorba the Greek. A wild wind whirls through an open door. A wild old man strides into a dingy waiting room. His face is like a side of cheese the maggots have been at, but his eyes are bright and piercing. "Hollow cheeks, strong jaw, jutting cheekbones, a large voracious mouth, a living heart, a great brute soul not yet severed from Mother Earth"—this is Zorba the Greek. He strides up to a young man he has never seen before and looks deep into his eyes. "I like you," he announces fiercely. "Take me with you."

"Why?" the young man answers with a gasp. He is a timid essayist who takes refuge from life in literature.

"Why!" the old man roars with exasperation. "Will no man ever do anything without a reason? For the hell of it, that's why!"

The hell, the horror, the wonder, the sheer animal delight of it have drawn thousands of readers to a novel called *Zorba the Greek,* a mad magnificat to man composed by the late Nikos Kazantzakis. This translation of the book into an English-language film might easily have changed the author's hearty wine of life into cinematic sugar water. Instead, Director Michael Cacoyannis (*Electra*) has served it up in a grand uproarious Bacchanalian bash.

For the hell of it, as the film begins, the young man (Alan Bates) turns suddenly to the old man (Anthony Quinn) and says yes. "I have a lignite mine in Crete. We can work it together. May God be with us." Zorba lifts his glass. "God," he bellows sturdily, "and the Devil!"

Speak of the Devil and he appears. First night in Crete, the old man turns into an old goat and goes snorting after a dilapidated soubrette of 60 (Lila Kedrova), who followed the British fleet to Crete in her flaming youth and made enough money to retire by entertaining admirals on the bridge. Next day the old man urges his young friend to hold similar converse with the village widow (Irene Papas). The young man is afraid to try. "It would only make trouble," he murmurs. "Trouble!" the old man hoots at him. "Life is trouble. Only dead is not."

KEDROVA & QUINN IN "ZORBA"
Ode to an old goat.

The young man doesn't have to look far. The morning after his first night with the widow, she is grotesquely murdered by the vengeful villagers. Some days later, as Zorba's silly old slut lies dying, bestial peasants burst into her house and strip it while she lies weakly watching, strip it to the walls and leave her there alone with nothing but a bed to die on. And at the climax of the film the mine and all the money the young man has sunk in it go smash in one catastrophic afternoon.

The young man is struck numb with horror; but the old man, though his heart cracks and his eyes weep blood, rises up stronger than ever from every disaster to dance the delirious unremitting dance of life. "Zorba!" the young man cries, "teach me to dance!" The old man rises up, his eyes alight. "You lack madness, my friend," Zorba says softly. "A man must be a little mad to cut the rope—and be free!" A little mad, the young man begins to dance.

Kazantzakis is the Dostoevsky of the Mediterranean, and *Zorba the Greek* is his most popular work. Director Cacoyannis treats it with respect but not with awe. The big moments of the book are all in the film, but the fictional furbelows are trimmed, and some dazzling cinematic doodads added. The camera sees much that Kazantzakis didn't, and the movie is often funnier than the book—Kedrova's minx emeritus, she of the floor-length eyelashes, frequent chins and raucous reminiscences is, for instance, a major comic creation. Zorba, of course, is the heart and soul of the show, and Quinn plays him to hellangone. In his finest frames, at the dominant moments of the drama, he is the fire of life itself, a piece of the sun in the shape of a man.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

The Visionary Musician

LANDOWSKA ON MUSIC by Wanda Landowska, edited and translated by Denise Restout and Robert Hawkins. 434 pages. Stein & Day. $7.95.

Few who heard her could forget her. Wanda Landowska saw to that. A tiny black-clad priestess, palms pressed together in prayer, she would float in hushed silence to her altar, the harpsichord. A Romantic who played pre-Romantic music, she got shadings and majestic effects seemingly impossible on her instrument, and no one could equal her in bringing to independent life Bach's intertwined melodies. She took great liberties in interpretation, serenely confident of the backing of the dead composer. "You continue to play Bach your way," she told one musician. "I shall continue to play Bach his way. What I do is comparable to the improvisations of a good jazz band," she explained. "Did Bach, Couperin and Scarlatti play the harpsichord to preserve historical truth or because on this instrument they were able to express passion, joy or despair?"

PHILIPPE HALSMAN

LANDOWSKA
Surprise and suspense.

Corsets & Cats. Landowska died five years ago, aged 80, leaving behind a legacy of great recordings and the articles, scoldings, commentaries and *pensées* that are now gathered together in this book.

She writes about composers and their works as familiarly as she would about people in her family, which of course they were. Scarlatti, she says, "is the only composer who reminds me of the playfulness of a cat, and he does not suffer from this comparison. We all have seen a kitten play with a twig. It is impossible to describe its grace, charm, vivacity and inventiveness." Couperin's work, she observed, has "an immutable and restricted frame. He moves in it with ease, as did the actresses and dancers of the past, even though they were tightly laced in their corsets." As for Saint-Saëns, she noted that he was considered a master of form. "Yes, the form is there, bright, like latticework. But there is nothing in it!"

Alone with Her Rubato. Landowska was constantly musing over the role of the interpreter in music. "One must have visions. The richer the imagination of a musician, the more possibilities of sonority he hears." She insisted that "the idea of objectivity is Utopian. Can the music of any composer maintain its integrity after passing through the living complex—sanguine or phlegmatic—of this or that interpreter?" But at the same time an artist must not go out of bounds, warns Landowska, reminded of the time Gounod had to chide his wife at a funeral: "Be careful; do not cry louder than the widow!"

It was Landowska alone who decided how loud to cry. When a critic complained that he could not follow her in a certain rubato, she thought, "I am perfectly happy, alone with my rubato. Why should you follow me?" Nor did she welcome ghostly interference, however distinguished the ghost might be. She announced that "if Rameau himself would rise from his grave to demand of me some changes in my interpretation of his *Dauphine*, I would answer, 'You gave birth to it; it is beautiful. But now leave me alone with it. You have nothing more to say; go away!' "

In 1950 a former pupil reproached Landowska because she had noticeably changed her interpretations over a period of ten years. Why not? asked Landowska. "What would you say of a scientist or of a painter who, like stagnant water, would stop his experimentation and remain still?" She insisted on surprise and suspense in her performances. The "tragedy" of recordings, she remarked, is that they catch "only one moment, one aspect of an interpretation when there are a thousand and one others, always different."

Arabesques & Soliloquies. Landowska, like a little Polish mother, never stopped giving advice. "There is a certain common way of playing trills which reminds me of an electric doorbell," she warned. An ornament should "fill space with arabesques." How to begin to play a piece? "One has to concentrate and be entirely ready so that when the first note is struck, it comes as a sort of continuation of a soliloquy already begun. Similarly the last note is never the last. It is rather a point of departure for something to come." She was, in a way, describing her own lifework—the continuation of a centuries-old musical soliloquy, and, because of her eloquence, intelligence and devotion, a strong new point of departure.

The Prodigal Painter

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON by Alice Ford. 488 pages. University of Oklahoma. $7.95.

The Frenchman who became the world's most celebrated delineator of birds was himself a bird of paradox. His name, until he anglicized it, was Jean Jacques Audubon. His adopted home was the U.S. And his natural habitat, proclaimed by assuming an additional name, was "La Forest." But a major part of his time was spent in courtrooms eluding creditors, in Europe's royal courts soliciting patronage, and in scientific academies quarreling with competitors.

Alternately driven and dreaming, irresponsible and ingratiating, mean-spirited and maudlin, Audubon was inevitably misunderstood by contemporaries and maintains Biographer Alice Ford, "errantly idealized" by her dozen-odd predecessors. As an antidote, Author Ford has presented, in rather stilted fashion, back-to-back facts that usefully clear away the web of fabrication that the Audubon family did their best to spin.

COURTESY GWENNE STOTT

AUDUBON (BY HIS SON)
Wanderlust and salesmanship.

In-Port Wife. His granddaughters, romanticizing Audubon's own embellished accounts, implied that he might have been France's "lost Dauphin"—the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, whom she tried to smuggle out of France just before she died on the guillotine. John Audubon was, in fact, the bastard son of a Breton-born chambermaid, and was sired not at Versailles but in Haiti in 1785. The father was Jean Audubon, a captain of French merchantmen and men-of-war. Though he commanded a corvette in Count de Grasse's fleet at the surrender of Yorktown in 1781, Jean Audubon was never, for all his son's boasting, of flag rank or a staff officer in the so-called "Battle of Valley Forge." He was also, despite

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

d speculations in the Caribbean and nsylvania, ever at sea financially. hen a native insurrection threatened Haitian holdings in 1790, he brought ung John and another love-child (by quadroon) back to his complaisant -port wife in Nantes. She happily dopted both of them.

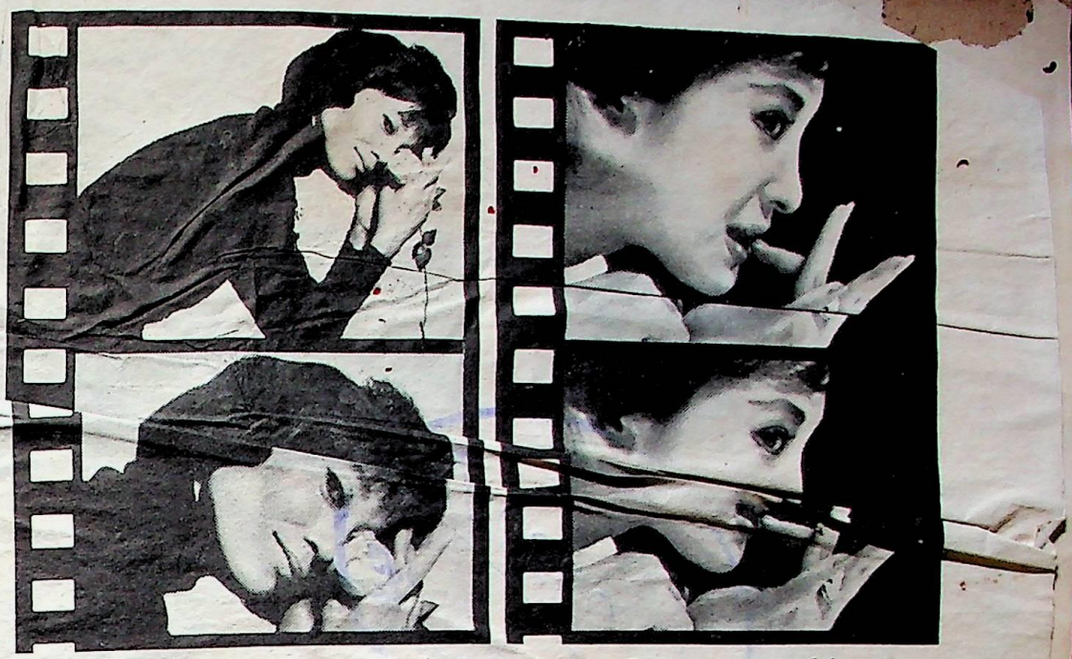
John ... out of maritime training school, and was bundled off to Pennsylia to try his hand at business. He roved even more inept than his father. s first investment was in a frontier ore in Louisville. On a typical day in firm's short, unhappy life, Audun's horse strayed away with a saddle- full of cash while the proprietor lked an unfamiliar warbler into the nebrake. Subsequent business ventures other states and territories also foun- red, leaving Audubon briefly in debt- r's prison.

Peddler in Coonskins. The failures convinced Audubon, at 35, that his real vocation was as a painter and naturalist. He started on the 435 drawings that were to become his masterwork, *The Birds of America*. It was 18 years in the works, and in the meantime he supported himself as a sign painter, debutante's tutor and dancing master. To help feed the two children, his wife Lucy taught school.

When he had completed most of his field work, he sailed to Europe, beginning a frustrating decade of exhibiting his works, painting potboilers for pin money, and overseeing the London engravers who were producing his folio. Most important, of course, was the peddling of it, and at that, Audubon proved to be about the most charming salesman since Benjamin Franklin. His "simplicity" drew the praise of both Sir Walter Scott and Actress Fanny Kemble, though the guard at the Louvre barred the door when Audubon tried to enter in coonskin cap. Baron de Rothschild "hitched his trousers" at the idea of paying $1,000 for the four volumes,* but came around after further cogitation. France's future King Louis Philippe signed up, saying, "This surpasses all I have seen." So did King George IV.

As every ornithologist knows, Audubon was a far better painter than a naturalist. Honors were showered upon him by learned societies in nearly every civilized nation. To his credit, Audubon was not content to rest on his laurels. At 58, he set off on a rigorous sketching foray to the Yellowstone River. By then toothless and unable to eat the buffalo his companions shot, he somehow fattened (by 24 lbs.) on the trip. But once back home in Manhattan, Audubon wasted into senility and then death. His two artist sons, who collaborated on his last work, *Quadrupeds of North America*, squandered their proceeds like the Audubons they were. At 70, Lucy Audubon had no choice but to go back to schoolteaching.

*The 100 surviving sets would now fetch $80,000 apiece.



Zoom from wide angle to tight telephoto. Focus as close as 5 feet.

stop taking amateur movies

[*and start filming professionally*]

If you are really serious about your home movies, you want every scene with perfect light values, colors that come alive whether you shoot indoors or outdoors — movies that are exciting to look at *more* than once. Here is how the new Minolta Zoom 8 makes a technician out of you:

A powerful CdS light meter is built in. It's highly sensitive, measures candlelight to bright outdoors, and is every bit as accurate as the hand-held meters the professionals use. The meter automatically calculates the available light and sets correct exposure for you. You sight and shoot. That's all.

Zoom from wide angle to tight telephoto, pan from dark shadows to bright light. Use slow motion, fast motion or conventional speeds. Focus as close as 5 feet. Zoom 8 acts like a computer automatically adjusting to any situation.

Here is a perfectly balanced 8mm movie camera — light, compact and truly automatic in every respect — equipped with the world-famous F1.8/10-30mm Rokkor lens.

Compare Zoom 8 with any other 8mm movie camera made. Then compare the price.

Minolta

MINOLTA CAMERA CO., LTD.

TIME

Name dropping is news when it's done by TIME. Each issue is full of the week's most important names. TIME tells you why they're important, and how they made news in lively, concise reports. Week after week, people in the know keep up with people in the news through TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine.

DROPS NAMES

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

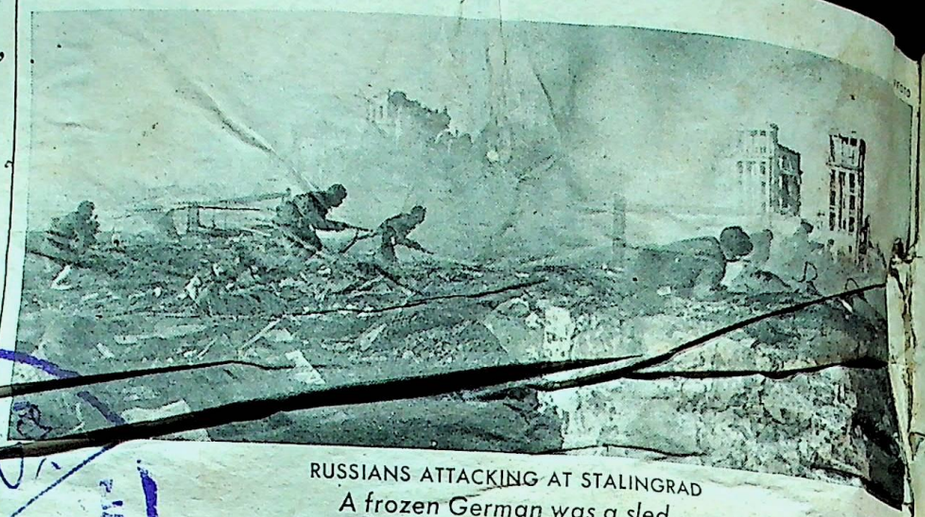
Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

"Have you tried Mitsubishi Bank?
If anyone knows Japan they do."

Why do businessmen coming to Japan call on Mitsubishi? Because 84 years' banking service has indeed made it the bank that *knows* Japan. A complete range of financial and business services is available to assist the international businessman. *Our* business is to help you further *your* business in Japan. May we serve you soon?

MITSUBISHI BANK
Head Office: Tokyo, Japan Cable Address: BANKMITSUBISHI

New York Agency: 120 Broadway, New York 5, N.Y. ☐ *Los Angeles Agency: 626 South Spring St., Los Angeles 14, Cal.* ☐ *London Branch: 7 Birchin Lane, London, E.C. 3* ☐ *Correspondent banks located around the world.*



RUSSIANS ATTACKING AT STALINGRAD
A frozen German was a sled.

The Eastern Front

RUSSIA AT WAR: 1941-1945 *by Alexander Werth.* 1,100 pages. *Dutton.* $10.

Though it ended months before the Atomic Age began, the Russo-German portion of World War II was in almost every way a conflict on a thermonuclear scale. Upwards of 20 million Russian civilians and soldiers lost their lives. Over 3,000,000 German soldiers were killed, wounded, or missing. The U.S.S.R. lost over 60% of its coal production; total industrial output declined by one-half. Whole cities were heroes: the Battle of Stalingrad lasted seven months with as many as 40,000 people killed in one day, while the siege of Leningrad went on for 2½ years and killed nearly 1,000,000.

In the two decades since the war ended, there has not been in English a complete history, in both military and human terms, of Russia's remarkable role. Author Alexander Werth is uniquely qualified to make the attempt. He is an English journalist who was born and raised in St. Petersburg and is perfectly bilingual. He spent all but a few months of the war actually in Russia. As a sympathetic left-wing non-Communist, he was given unusual freedom of travel. He was one of the only two Western journalists allowed into Leningrad during the siege. He kept a day-by-day diary, filed innumerable dispatches to British and U.S. papers, and turned his Russian war experiences into several personal-history books in the '40s. Now he has put it all into one book, drawing also on the voluminous official histories and the published memoirs of commanding officers and common soldiers on both sides of the Eastern Front.

Stuffed with Shredded Paper. Many of the details are unfamiliar and fascinating. Strategically, for example, Werth rates the Battle of Kursk (north of Kharkov), in July 1943, as "Hitler's last chance to turn the tide," and thus as important as Stalingrad the previous year. Werth is at his best in eyewitness accounts of Leningrad or of his tour (in −40° C. weather) through the Stalingrad area just after the mop-up there. The item about Russian children using the stiffly frozen body of a German soldier as a sled makes a one-sentence summary of the horror of war.

Yet, for all its excellences, Werth's book is as irritating as the kind of Christmas present that has dozens of valuable tiny pieces to be groped for in a large box stuffed with shredded paper and excelsior. The style shifts from a somewhat wide-eyed journalese to a plodding heroic prose. The latter parts, it turns out, are lifted in great chunks from his earlier books of reporting. He quotes endlessly from Pravda and Red Star editorials; he stuffs out his pages with Supreme Soviet speeches complete with the ritual enthusiasm of "(*prolonged, storm of applause*)"; he is mercilessly repetitious.

Questions & Exonerations. Worse are the omissions and persistent seeming biases. In his account of Russian unpreparedness for war, Werth does not mention that the Soviets received a clear and correct warning of Hitler's timetable from their trusted agent in Japan, the German journalist Richard Sorge. He gives no more than a sentence to the three-to-four-week delay of the attack on Russia that was caused by Yugoslav and Greek resistance in the spring of 1941, although that delay may well have been the most important single factor in the German failure (by 40 miles and some bad weather) to capture Moscow before winter.

Too often, Werth converts his justifiably high regard for the heroic Russian people into excuse-making for the annies of the Soviet state, such as the confiscation of all private radio receivers or the summary street-corner execution of suspected civilian traitors. His most egregious example is his treatment of the controversy over the tragic Warsaw uprising in the summer of 1944. The consensus of Western historians holds that Stalin apparently held back the capture of that city until the anti-Communist Polish underground was destroyed by the Germans. After a scrupulously fair sawing summary of the argument, Werth, without substantial new evidence, weakly chooses to agree for the most part with the official Soviet self-exoneration.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Taping

NOW, J-M PRESSURE-SENSITIVE AND THERMOSETTING TAPES HELP SOLVE MANY ELECTRICAL AND INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS

To provide you with one source for all your taping needs, Johns-Manville International now offers every major type of electrical and industrial tape. Be it for splicing, sealing, pipe wrapping, strapping packages or any one of a thousand other uses, there's a J-M Dutch Brand® friction, rubber, paper or plastic tape to meet the individual need. Here, as with all J-M products, you can count on the right materials for the job, as well as on the help of J-M Resident Engineers.

Your Johns-Manville Distributor invites queries on tapes as well as mineral fillers, insulations, friction materials, packings, building materials and filter aids. Contact the J-M Distributor in your country or write: Johns-Manville International Corporation, Box 280, New York, N. Y. 10016, U.S.A. Locations: Beirut • Buenos Aires • Goteborg • Hong Kong • Lagos • Lima • London • Madrid • Mexico City • Milan • Paris • San Juan • São Paulo • Wiesbaden.

Johns-Manville International

Over 100 years' experience

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Satisfying aviation's appetite for oil...

15 FEB 1965

... *Caltex serves all consumer needs for petroleum products in more than 70 countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and New Zealand...* **you're never far from the Caltex Star.**

CALTEX ON THE JOB: BUSY SCHIPOL AIRPORT, AMSTER

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

~~4265 9.0.2 4.2.10~~ 5.2.10

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Compiled
1999-2000

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar